

THE  
FORTNIGHTLY  
REVIEW

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EDITED BY

W. L. COURTNEY

VOL. CXXII. NEW SERIES

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1927

(VOL. CXXVIII. OLD SERIES)

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED,  
11, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C. 2

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY  
249 WEST 13TH STREET  
1927

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY  
THE CORNWALL PRESS, LTD., PARIS GARDEN,  
STAMFORD STREET, LONDON, S.E. 1.



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## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXXVII. NEW SERIES. JULY 1, 1927

### THE DECAY OF PARLIAMENT

By LT.-COM. THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

BEFORE 1914 the Parliamentary system of government was without rival. Even in countries governed by autocracies, as, for example, Russia and China, the main effort of the reformers was to establish a Constitution with an elected Parliament and a Cabinet responsible to it. In Germany, where the Executive enjoyed tremendous powers, the Liberal and progressive elements struggled to increase the rights and efficiency of the elected Chambers. The typically Anglo-Saxon institution of Parliament had been adopted throughout the British Dominions, North and South America, and in Europe wherever the progressive elements had made sufficient headway.

It is true that in certain of the Latin countries and in Austria-Hungary the Parliamentary system worked none too well even before the war. But popular opinion put this down to lack of experience and held that all difficulties would gradually pass away with the passage of time. That, broadly, was the situation in which democracy found itself before the world upheaval of the Great War.

The position to-day is very different. Parliamentary institutions are challenged everywhere; openly in Russia, Greece, the Balkan States, Chile, China, Spain, and Italy; not so openly but, nevertheless, directly challenged in France, England and Germany. In the United States and the British Colonies the challenge is not yet so evident. In Germany the threat to the elected Reichstag comes from the parties of the Right, led by the association known as the Steel Helmets, and, of course, from the Communists.

The Chamber of Deputies is challenged whenever there is a serious financial crisis in France. In England the

change has been gradual, and has taken the form of decay. Yet the reasons for the sovereign power being in the hands of elected Parliaments remain, and when the abnormal circumstances of our time pass away Parliament will come into its own, *provided it is reformed and remodelled to meet present-day needs*. In England the people still believe in the Parliamentary system in theory but are dissatisfied with its workings in practice.

The causes of the trouble are well known to experienced Members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, who have given study to the subject. The remedies required are drastic and entail radical alterations in the Constitution itself. Parliament, irrespective of the party forming the Government of the day, is above all a conservative institution, and any proposed changes are sure of strenuous resistance. There is always the dead weight of inertia caused by the Government's occupation in administration and with the day-to-day work of getting Government business through the House of Commons.

Every extension of the franchise in the past and such changes as the granting of Home Rule to Ireland have been fiercely resisted. Yet these made little difference to the form and procedure of Parliament, and it is this very form and procedure which needs alteration.

Let me now deal with the symptoms of the disease. The Press is a mirror of public opinion, and the power of the large circulation popular papers is increasing. Except when a sensational measure like the present Trades Disputes Bill is before Parliament very little attention is given to its day-to-day proceedings. The newspapers are published for profit, and to make profits they must give the public what the public wants. What the public obviously wants to-day is not accounts of the debates in Parliament, but sensational tit-bits about personalities and the so-called "scenes." The suspension of a Member fills the London newspapers' contents bills when there is no sensational murder occupying the public mind.

Yet the decay of Parliament is not traceable to the so-called "scenes." All old Parliamentarians and political journalists are agreed that Parliament is more orderly and its debates conducted with greater decorum

than in the reign of Queen Victoria, to go no further back. The Speaker of the House of Commons in these days occupies a more exalted position than his predecessors. The fact of the matter is that the debates and proceedings have become unreal.

The reason is that the business of Government is so complicated, and economics and finance play such a great part in our day-to-day affairs, that Parliament, as at present constituted, and with its antiquated procedure, is unequal to the tasks required of it.

Hence, except when there is a full-dress debate the attendance of Members is meagre. At other times the Government supporters are warned when a division is expected, most of them then leaving the precincts, only returning in time to vote.

There is plenty of hidden talent in the present Parliament, especially among the younger Members on the Conservative side of the House. The Government Whips actively discourage them from taking any part in the debates, though they always have men on hand if required to take part in the proceedings, and to talk against time to avoid the taking of a snap division in case the Opposition tries to catch the Government unawares with most of their men out of the House. In this Parliament the Government majority is very great, and for the first time in the history of Parliament a deliberate and open system of working the Members in relays has been brought into use.

Unofficial committees have been formed of the Government supporters in order to keep the Members, especially the younger men, in the Parliamentary sense, busy in unofficial and, I am afraid, largely ineffective discussions on agriculture, finance, health and housing, the fighting Services, and so on. The emptiness of the House of Commons on three days out of four has its reflection in the meagreness of the space devoted to Parliamentary proceedings in the Press.

The House of Lords, where, it is admitted, the standard of debates is generally higher than in the elected Chamber, is in an even worse state. Less than a hundred Peers out of seven hundred and forty-two, including the Bishops



and the Irish representative Peers, attend except on the rarest occasions. The House of Lords has been in a state of suspended animation since the Parliament Act of 1910.

A special Cabinet Committee, strengthened by representative Conservative Members of Parliament not in the Cabinet and Peers, has been examining into the question of House of Lords reform for two years. Not much progress has been made.

But it is with the House of Commons I wish particularly to deal.

It is a melancholy fact, but it must be admitted, that the most important of all Parliament's functions, the control of finance, has virtually disappeared. The great Civil War was fought in order that public expenditure could be controlled by elected representatives of the people. There is no such control now; the Executive is all-powerful. The so-called Supply Days, twenty in number, are a farce; in every Session these twenty days are set aside under Standing Orders for the sole purpose of discussing Estimates. On Supply Days no other business may be taken.

During my eight years' membership of the House of Commons I have missed few of these Supply Days, and I shall not be challenged by any politician who knows the facts when I say that for purposes of controlling expenditure Supply Days are utterly useless and a pure waste of time. The discussion of grievances before voting Supply for the King's Government is an ancient privilege. Grievances are discussed, it is true, usually in a nearly empty House, but as soon as the voting takes place even a reduction of £100 is invariably treated as a vote of no confidence by the Government and resisted accordingly. The Whips are put on, and every member voting knows that the defeat of the Government will be followed automatically by a General Election. It has grown up into an established Parliamentary tradition that a defeat on Supply means the resignation of the Government.

In recent years, in recognition of the futility of the present system, two select bodies have been set up composed of specially chosen Members of Parliament from all parties. These are the Public Accounts Committee and

the Estimates Committee. The Public Accounts Committee has at its disposal the Auditor-General and his efficient staff. But both the Public Accounts Committee and the Estimates Committee are engaged in post-mortems on past accounts and expenditure and old estimates. True, the Committees can call permanent officials before them; their reports are published, and have on many occasions drawn attention to abuses, extravagances and mal-administration. But neither of these Committees has any executive power. They examine into Estimates and Accounts that have passed the Treasury, passed the Cabinet and passed the House of Commons, either after being discussed during the twenty Supply Days or by coming automatically under the "guillotine" at the end of the Session and being forced through by the power of the Government's majority.

The Government of the country has to be carried on, and we cannot blame the Government of the day for using such machinery as it has at its disposal for the purpose of governing.

But from the point of view of the general public and the taxpayers the position is altogether unsatisfactory. My constructive suggestion here is that we should follow the procedure which has been adopted as the result of experience by the French Chamber and by the American Congress and Senate, that is to say we should set up special Committees drawn from members of all parties to examine into the Estimates of all the spending departments *whilst these Estimates are in process of being framed*. As in the French and American practice, once a member has been appointed to a Committee he should, in the ordinary course of events, remain on it. In France and America the older members of the permanent Committees become with knowledge and experience real watchdogs of the public.

The Committees suggested for Westminster should have executive powers, they should be able to call Ministers and permanent officials before them, and they should be enabled, if necessary, to sit in camera. The senior member of the Committee should be chairman, irrespective of party, as in the American model, and each Committee

should have a small permanent secretariat composed of Civil Servants whose appointments and promotions should not depend on the Treasury. Above all, a vote in these Committees should not be taken as a vote of confidence in the Government, and there should be no Whips. We have the rudiments of such Committees in the Scottish Grand Committee examining into purely Scottish affairs, which was set up to meet the demand of the Scots for greater control over matters affecting the northern kingdom. Furthermore, certain matters of foreign policy and of defence can only be discussed fully in camera, and I see no other way of Parliament regaining its control, not only over finance but over general policy, especially where the majority supporting the Government is strong. Such Committees would give scope to the individuality and independence of loyal party members, loth to criticise the Government of their own party on the floor of the House, yet whose sense of public duty is outraged by their present enforced silence.

This question of Parliament regaining control over finance is really crucial. There is general agreement that the country is far too highly taxed and public expenditure too great.

The present Chancellor of the Exchequer is probably the strongest individual Minister in the Cabinet. He has been head of nearly all the spending Departments, and has actually been the political chief of all three fighting Services. The war, however, so strengthened the entrenched Civil Service and so weakened Treasury control that the spending Departments have been too strong even for Mr. Churchill. And once he is defeated in the Cabinet he gets little help from the House of Commons under the present system. In fact, this is one of the worst defects of the party system; though no other system has been so far discovered to take its place.

It is not going too far to say that if Parliament fails to regain its control over finance the demand for a dictatorship, or at least a financial dictatorship, will become irresistible.

Again, take the question of unemployment. Successive Cabinets have been beaten by this problem. It is hardly

to be wondered at. Each Minister is extremely hard worked by his own Department, and yet the system of Cabinet responsibility with the Cabinet of twenty-one members means that this large body must sit in judgment on every question of first-rate importance. Thus the Foreign Minister must consider whether the vote is to be given to women at the age of twenty-one, and the Minister of Health must be prepared to give his views and counsel in the Cabinet on questions of China or the Navy. Little wonder, therefore, that the question of unemployment, bound up as it is with the long-continued slump in trade, has never been thoroughly tackled. Any resolutions on this subject brought forward in Parliament under our present system are treated as party matters.

The suggestion has been made that a strong committee composed of Members of Parliament not engaged in administrative duties, that is, non-office holders, with one of the elder statesmen not in office, preferably a member of the Opposition, as chairman, should sit in continuous session to examine all proposals for the alleviation of unemployment and suggest remedies. But why not carry this idea further? Special committees should be set up, drawn from all Parties, to examine into questions of policy and expenditure and to make constructive proposals. For we have the anomaly that whereas the great majority of Members of Parliament have too little to do and spend their time in the House of Commons kicking their heels and waiting for the division bells to ring, Parliament is congested with business. At the end of every session important measures, virtually agreed upon in their broad outline, are ruthlessly guillotined. The annual "slaughter of the innocents," as it is called, is often tragedy. The long overdue Transport and Factory Bills are examples. There is also real ground for complaint on the part of the local authorities whose important business is held up through the congestion of the time table. The expense of promoting local Bills is far too high under the present condition of affairs.

I have outlined above a system of decentralisation and devolution of duties. But this will not be sufficient to bring about the necessary remodelling of Parliamentary

procedure needed to restore Parliament to its former importance in the life of the nation, and to introduce greater efficiency into our national system of Government. Every year of delay increases the danger to the Parliamentary system of government. The threat in England is not yet fully apparent, but it is there all the same. If different classes of the population alike find their interests neglected by Parliament they will lose faith in it; and its fall will be only a question of time.

The next proposal frequently discussed and canvassed, and carrying with it a large measure of agreement, is that of devolution. The grievance of the Scots in particular whereby all their local business has to be brought to the Parliament in London is of long standing. There is certainly a large majority of the electors in Scotland in favour of the establishment of a National Parliament in Edinburgh for the conduct of purely Scottish affairs. But this would leave the English problem in nearly as acute a condition. During the Coalition Parliament following the war, two very useful days were spent in debating this matter, and there was general agreement as to the need of some form of devolution. The matter was not considered on Party lines at all. Probably the most workable arrangement would be the maintenance of the present Parliament for Imperial affairs, defence, foreign policy and matters affecting the whole nation irrespective of locality, including, of course, finance, but the local Parliaments should be established for Scotland, Wales, the North of England, the Midlands, London and the Home counties, and the West of England. Every year the business of Parliament becomes more and more congested, and something of this sort will have to be attempted sooner or later if Parliament is to maintain its position and the Government of the country freed from congestion.

Now as to the Second Chamber. There are three broad views of the House of Lords; the first, that it should be left exactly as it is; the second, that it should be abolished altogether and single chamber Government established. The third view is that the Second Chamber should be reformed and its functions more accurately defined and altered to meet the supposed needs of the Constitution.

With the first two views we need not concern ourselves. They are by the "Left" and the "Right" of our political Parties. With regard to the third view, there is a large body of opinion favourable to a radical modification of the constitution of the present House of Lords.

The retention of an hereditary element will probably be proposed if only for the purpose of receiving the assent of the Peers themselves. A thorough enquiry into the whole question was held by a very strong conference of thirty-two members of both Houses, set up in the autumn of 1917. It sat for over six months under the distinguished chairmanship of the late Viscount Bryce. Its findings constitute a foundation on which to build. The whole subject was carefully thrashed out, but the tremendous events of the time and the following years caused its findings to be lost sight of or forgotten. The war brought about a great swing to the Left in our politics, and the pendulum has swung the other way since the peace. With but three dissentients the conference "plumped" for a purely elected Chamber.

To-day, the proposals brought forward by a Conservative or Liberal Government would probably include the revision of the hereditary system, one-third of the reformed Second Chamber being chosen by the whole of the hereditary peers voting for perhaps a hundred peers in every Parliament to sit in a Chamber of some three hundred. With regard to the election of the remaining two hundred, the Bryce Committee was very emphatic in its objections to direct election, holding that there would be danger of a Second Chamber so elected overshadowing the House of Commons, as is certainly the case with the American Senate, which has overborne Congress. It also rejected the interesting suggestion for Lords of Parliament elected by borough and county councils as likely to lead to partisanship and log-rolling. Nomination by the Crown acting through the Cabinet was also examined, but rejected. And it was finally recommended by twenty-nine of the thirty-two members, drawn from all Parties, that the elected members of the Upper Chamber should be chosen by the Members of every new House of

Commons, acting together in geographical groups. Thirteen areas of approximately the same size were suggested. Thus London would be one area, sixty-three Members of Parliament for Greater London electing twenty-seven Members for the Upper House. Wales, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Scotland, each formed separate areas, together with Wessex, East Anglia, the South Midlands, and so on.

It was suggested that as local patriotism is very strong the local Members of these areas could be counted on to elect the most eminent men from their own districts.

These Peers of Parliament were to be elected for twelve years, one-third retiring every four years, but being eligible for re-election. The Bishops were to remain. To-day the religious denominations other than the Church of England would probably be invited to elect representatives also.

The Bryce Committee thought that some such method would preserve the best elements of the present House of Lords, whilst at the same time bringing the elected Second Chamber into touch with the voters of the country. We were to retain the bicameral system of Government, but a Constitution in which the official Opposition in the present House of Commons, the Labour Party with 156 members, is represented in the House of Lords by less than ten Peers must be altered. And the proposal is certain to be made that a certain number of members would be nominated by the great trade unions and professional associations of the country.

But whatever changes in the Constitution are eventually decided upon, there is no doubt that to most thinking men with experience of Parliament reform is long overdue, both of the Lords and the Commons. Regional devolution and the House of Lords Reform could scarcely be brought about without a General Election. But the establishment of the Committee system could be accomplished by the House of Commons itself effecting the necessary changes in Standing Orders.

There may be many doubts about the proposals made above, but few as to the need of far-reaching changes if Parliament is to remain the unchallenged governing body in the British Constitution.

## GREAT BRITAIN AND MOSCOW

By "AUGUR"

GREAT BRITAIN has broken off diplomatic relations with Moscow. This short sentence contains the momentous announcement that the conflict between Great Britain and Moscow has entered into a new phase.

The first question which must be answered is about the reasons for the break. The official pretext is that the raid on the offices of Arcos and the successful decoding of the telegrams exchanged between Moscow and its diplomatic representatives abroad have supplied the proof of the disloyal attitude of the Soviet Government. Certainly, we agree that the evidence thus obtained was convincing. But, after all, there was nothing new or unexpected in this evidence, for the disloyalty of the Bolsheviks was established long ago. When the French Government, less than two years ago, proposed to take a step similar to that which the British Government has now taken in regard to relations with Moscow, London refused to co-operate. In February last the same Cabinet, which voted unanimously for the break in May, refused to go further than the dispatch of a new Note of warning to Moscow, adding yet another useless document to those previously drawn up by consecutive Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs.

Statesmen in Britain have never had any illusions about Moscow. Politicians may have believed that, if the "bursting cornbins" of Russia, which, let it be said, existed only in their facile imagination, could be put into direct contact with the London market, the Bolsheviks would gradually be drawn into an economic co-operation, and their zeal for promoting revolutions in the world would be reduced. But the statesmen knew that this was all a chimera, and that in reality a state of inextinguishable warfare exists between Great Britain and Moscow. We use the word "Moscow" deliberately instead of "Russia," because with the great country, which,

for a passing moment in history, is hidden under the artificial name of the Union of Soviet Republics, Great Britain has no quarrel. But the Tzars of the Lenin dynasty, who sit in the Kremlin, have even less right to represent the Russian people than the Romanoffs. Like the latter, the Soviet Tzars maintain themselves by force, and they hate the democratic spirit with an undying hatred. Between these tyrants and democracy there can be no real peace ever. British statesmanship, registering blow after blow inflicted upon British interests all over the world and at home by the Bolshevik attack, consoled itself with the thought that time, an old and trusty ally of Great Britain, was working irresistibly in our favour in spite of the apparent successes of Moscow. The hotheads, who demanded immediate forceful action, were put off, and admonished to be patient, because "time was working for Great Britain." When the wave of the Muscovite attack menaced to carry all before it in China, to the extinction of British interests, wise diplomatic experts preached patience, because "the Bolsheviks are in too great a hurry, and in the end will defeat themselves."

Now the break has come. Evidently, the moment was considered ripe for a drastic move. What had happened? We venture to say that the break was the psychological outcome of the fact that the world has discovered the weakness of Moscow. This inherent weakness has been there always, but few people understood it. We are reminded of the delightful story of the Danish fabulist Andersen. A king had the habit of going about naked, because he was convinced that his loyal subjects would not see his nakedness. For a long time this state of affairs continued and the people, although the king went about naked among them, could not bring themselves to see him as he really was. On the contrary, they continued to exclaim on the beauty of the royal costume. At last it happened that a child, peeping from behind the skirts of its mother, suddenly exclaimed: "But the king is naked." Then suddenly all saw the nudity of the king, who was obliged to withdraw hurriedly, running the

gauntlet of the contemptuous remarks of the subjects he had been able to gull for such a long time.

The weakness of Moscow has been exposed by the Bolsheviks themselves. We want to quote the opinion on this subject of a master of diplomacy, M. Jacques Seydoux, who for many years has been a leading light at the Quai d'Orsay. In the number of *Pax* for June 5th he said:

A few months ago the civilised world trembled yet at the danger of Soviet propaganda. The latter seemed to be everywhere, destroying the foundations of modern civilisation. It seemed that resistance was impossible, and when in February last the British Note was sent to Moscow we had doubts about the outcome of the conflict.

But Moscow is weak. It limited itself to a mere protest when Italy adhered to the Treaty of Guarantee for Bessarabia. In China, in spite of an immense effort and of considerable expenditure, it has been defeated absolutely; and, after the raid on Arcos, all that it has been able to do was to protest, whilst secretly it urgently instructed its ambassadors to control the trade delegations and other more or less official agencies.

If the Soviets have not reacted otherwise it is because they cannot—because they recognise their impotence. The latter is caused by two groups of circumstances. When in 1922 the Soviet delegates demanded credits, whilst refusing to make concessions which would permit these credits to be given, Europe was still in a parlous state. With the exception of the neutral States and of Great Britain, all other Governments were financially bankrupt. People did not know a way out of the chaos, and, like Mr. Lloyd George, many were of the opinion that misery in Russia should co-operate with misery in Western Europe and, getting into the same boat with misery in Germany, a better progress could be achieved. But we have had to get along with Russia, because the Soviets would not concede anything. Europe is on her legs again. We have worked and we have organised. Meanwhile the Soviets have clung to their principles. Europe does not need them any longer; she is strong and they have remained weak. Europe can do without the Soviets, but the latter need the capitalist world. They have not been able to realise the world revolution.

M. Jacques Seydoux voices with authority what the whole of Europe, the whole world, is now saying: Moscow is weak. A psychological change has arrived: the fear of Moscow has vanished. We see it in the way the break with Moscow has been received by the City. This delicate barometer, which registers the slightest changes in the financial atmosphere, remained steady when the decisive step was taken. This proves that it feared no repercussion on commercial affairs. The Soviet Government has menaced to deprive Great Britain of its

trade, but already we know that this empty menace cannot be fulfilled and that Moscow will continue to buy and sell as much as it possibly can. The police has escorted the official representatives of the Soviets to the frontier, and the Soviet Embassy stands empty. But Soviet traders are at work in the offices of Arcos as if nothing had happened. In fact these specialists feel themselves more at ease because the controllers of the Tchekka have departed. If the break had occurred a year ago there would have been a great outcry among the Opposition, but now, after a spectacular and obligatory flare up in Parliament, the thing is already forgotten by the public. The life of Great Britain goes on as if nothing extraordinary had taken place.

The next question to be asked is about the practical consequences of the break. That is about the objects, which will be pursued by British policy in the new phase of its conflict with Moscow. We say with confidence that the idea of an armed conflict with the Soviets does not enter the plans of British policy at present. Neither does it desire to see other States involved in any such conflict. The evident object of British policy will be to carry out a moral blockade of Moscow. By its disloyal attitude towards civilised principles the Soviet Government has placed itself beyond the pale of Europe. It cannot return unless it accepts to bow before these principles. The object of the moral blockade is to make the situation clear to the Soviet Tzars that British policy will welcome any movement in Europe for the creation of a united front in this issue, because the more there is unity in carrying out the blockade the quicker may one hope to obtain satisfactory results, to the advantage of all parties concerned, and most of all of Moscow itself. Soviet diplomacy understands the danger of a moral blockade by a united Europe, and we see Chicherin travelling feverishly to Paris, and to Berlin, to prevent European unity from being realised. But "Moscow is weak," and in practical politics "the weak have few friends," so that even on the part of Germany we see a reluctance to demonstrate to the world the ties which exist between Berlin and Moscow.

Germany with a wry face has accepted to take care of Soviet interests in London.

There is no hurry. The Soviet Tzars, who are politically sterile and feel the cruel grip of relentless time tightening gradually around their hearts, live in a feverish haste, desiring to accomplish as much as possible before the inevitable extinction. But democracies live for the future, and are content to do their bit, leaving to the future what belongs to it. So at present, in discussing the conflict between Great Britain and Moscow, we shall be content to watch it in its new stage without trying to foresee further developments. The list of prophets has been closed in the Bible, and further applications are not viewed with favour. Yet this we shall say: what has happened is irrevocable in the sense that it carries us a step nearer to the *dénouement*, which some day will bring to a close the conflict between Great Britain and Moscow, a fight to the finish between democracy and tyranny. For the rulers in the Kremlin may masquerade as much as they like as Socialists: they cannot hide the truth any longer that there is more Socialism among the capitalists of Europe than among the Soviet successors of the Romanoffs. In Russia a dynasty worn out has been replaced by another, which enforces the Tzarist *régime* with renewed ferocity.

## ANGLO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS

By E. F. WISE, C.B.

No question of foreign policy has for a generation exercised so deep an influence on English party politics as that of relations with Soviet Russia. It was the main issue at the last General Election, and will certainly play a big part in the next. Anglo-Russian relations are of great importance also to world politics generally. No question now is causing so much anxiety to the Foreign Offices of Europe. In Asia the most dangerous factor in a situation dangerous enough already is the growing rivalry and hostility between the two countries. Its effects are visible in China, Persia, Afghanistan, and elsewhere.

The immediate controversy has centred on the desirability of bringing to an end the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement of 1921. It is vital first to get the facts clear. At present prejudice and passion obscure them. Abuse does duty for argument and newspaper slogans pass for policy.

First, what was the basis of the Agreement, and what have been its results? The negotiations which led up to it began early in 1920. During 1918-19 the Allied Powers had given military, naval and financial support to various Czarist and anti-Soviet leaders. But by the end of 1919 all foreign attempts to break the Soviet Government by force and the blockade which followed had completely failed.

Undoubtedly the blockade had inflicted much suffering and damage on Russia, though it brought no advantage to this or any other country. By the end of 1919 the fact that the boundary States were themselves entering into relations with the Soviet Government made its continuance impossible. The trade depression which has overshadowed Europe ever since was beginning also then to appear in England and the Western countries. European prosperity was impossible without the 150,000,000 Russian producers and consumers, and British trade recovery

largely depended then, as now, on European prosperity. The Trade Agreement, which marked a change in policy, was based on the assumptions that trade between England and Russia was mutually necessary, that peace in Europe was desirable, and that trade would assist the establishment of peaceful political relations. England certainly took the lead. Many other countries very quickly followed. Actually at the time of its signature in March, 1921, negotiations for similar agreements were proceeding between Russia and Germany, Italy and other States.

"Augur" has complained that the Trade Agreement gave the Soviet Government a standing in Europe which otherwise it would not have achieved. Possibly if Great Britain had continued active hostilities against Russia other States which were then very dependent on England's goodwill might have delayed longer in making terms with Russia. Without the British lead Russia's return to world trade might have been delayed. But this would have been no advantage to Great Britain or to anybody else.

In negotiating with the Soviet Government the British Government merely recognised existing facts. The Soviet Government was in fact the Government of Russia, and whatever view was taken of its methods, morals, or policy, there was no room to doubt its effective existence. It was then indubitably the only possible Government of Russia with any chance of maintaining peace. The Czarist *régime* was hopelessly discredited. Most of such loyalty as remained had been destroyed by the incompetence, corruption, and cruelty of its adherents who followed in the wake of Denekin and Koltchak. The other parties had neither men, will, plans, nor public backing. The only alternative to the Soviet Government was a prolonged and chaotic civil war whose reactions on European peace no one could foretell.

The purposes of the Trade Agreement as defined in the negotiations and in the document itself were three-fold.

First, it was intended to bring active hostilities and the blockade to an end. Secondly, it gave the possibility of starting business. The mines blocking access to Russian



ports had to be swept up. Arrangements had to be made to enable merchant ships of the two countries to use the ports, to furnish traders with *visas* and necessary trading facilities, and, in the absence then of proper diplomatic relations, for representation of each Government in the capital of the other by Trade Delegations of a semi-diplomatic kind. The privileges enjoyed by the two or three leading members of the Trade Delegations in London and Moscow have been much exaggerated in public controversy. In fact, they hardly amounted to more than immunity from arrest and search and the right to communicate privately with their Governments. These are privileges normally accorded to official foreign representatives by all civilised peoples and generally respected. Thirdly, the Agreement was to be a preliminary to a general political and commercial treaty between the two countries.

The Preamble contained two conditions. The first was the much-discussed Declaration that both sides would refrain from propaganda or hostile action against the institutions of the other. The second provided for the immediate return of all prisoners and citizens of the other by the two countries. There was also a Declaration of Recognition of Claims under which each party declared that all claims of itself or its nationals against the other in respect of property or rights or obligations should be equitably dealt with in the formal General Peace Treaty to be made later, and each recognised in principle its liability to pay compensation to private persons who had supplied goods or services for which they had not been paid.

The Trade Agreement has been attacked from two directions. Some maintain that it did not go far enough, and others that it went much too far. The former argue that any agreement with Russia should first have provided completely for the settlement of debts and claims. But to expect the repayment of debts in 1920-21 was palpably absurd. Production and trade at that time were practically at a standstill. The towns were hardly able to feed themselves, much less pay debts which the vast majority of the population then believed not to be justly due.

Moreover, the claims themselves, many of them grossly exaggerated, would have needed months of investigation. It was first of all necessary that Russia should begin to live and work again. Only by trade with the rest of the world can any debts at all ever be paid.

Those who argue that the Trade Agreement went too far divide themselves into two categories. There are still some people, happily not very many, who seem to think that this country ought to continue to wage war on Russia until her Government has been replaced by the sort of Government which they think Russia ought to have. "Augur," for example, talks vaguely of "a firm hand," and quotes the late Sir Eyre Crowe and others as to the value of war as a basis of peaceful relations. He does not condescend to details. But such talk was and is mere folly. The Churchill campaigns continued only so long as the public were ignorant of the real facts, and in any case they completely failed. Neither then nor now would the British public knowingly be landed in a campaign if it suspected that any part of the object was to change the form of the Government of Russia.

"Augur" seems to think that all that was necessary was to insist on Russia transforming Odessa and other ports into treaty ports on the Chinese model, through which barter operations could be carried on. It might reasonably have been expected that the history of extra-territorial rights in Turkey, Egypt, and now in China would have made clear by this time the futility and dangers of such a plan. Neither the Soviet Government nor any other Russian Government with any self-respect or regard for Russian opinion could entertain such a proposal. It is a fantasy which ignored the economic facts and the political realities of the situation. It was born of the superiority complex of the years just after the war when some people really believed that Germans and Russians could permanently be treated as inferior beings.

How far have the objects of the Trade Agreement in fact been achieved? This is the proper test. Its signature practically coincided with the transfer in Russia from war communism to the new economic policy. This was hardly



an accident. From that moment Russia was in a position to begin to build up her industry for peace purposes in reasonable security from interference. She had a real inducement to modify her organisation so as to make relations easier with the rest of Europe. Whether due to the new economic policy or to the revival of foreign trade, or to both jointly, from that time Russia has steadily progressed towards stability and prosperity.

With regard to the establishment of peace the Agreement certainly marked a turning-point in the relations between Russia and the rest of Europe. Active military and naval hostilities against Russia ceased. The door was opened for agreements with other European Powers. Now Russia has treaties with almost every country in Europe. Previous to the signing of the Agreement hostilities were almost chronic in Eastern Europe. Since its signature there have been no hostilities at all on the frontiers of Russia, and steadily relations between Russia and her neighbours have improved. It is significant that the rupture of the Agreement has been followed by the gravest apprehensions of the renewal of war since 1918.

As regards trade, year by year has witnessed a steady development. The total turnover of Russia's foreign trade in 1924-25 was £137,000,000 sterling; in 1925-26, over £150,000,000. The direct share of Great Britain shown in the figures of sales of Russian goods on the British market and purchases in Great Britain for Russia amounted in the period 1920-1926 to approximately £170,000,000.

Before the war the bulk of Russian trade was with Germany. The Trade Agreement definitely shifted the commercial centre for Russian foreign trade from Hamburg or Berlin to London. Purchases in London include a considerable proportion of goods not manufactured in Great Britain. But, of the total figure, 80.5 per cent. are goods produced in the British Empire. Most of them were actually exported or re-exported from England, only a small percentage being shipped direct. Additionally there were large payments made for shipping, banking, insurance and other services, amounting in the aggregate in the period to not less than £13,500,000. A turnover

which averaged for the last three years £40,000,000 per year is not one which this country can afford to disregard.

The Trade Agreement, moreover, did not look merely to immediate foreign trade figures. More important than these was, and is, the establishment of internal conditions of production and trade from which ultimately a vastly greater contribution to world trade might proceed. England's position in world trade is such that she stands to gain wherever economic conditions improve, or wherever other countries are in a position by increased trade in other directions to pay for the goods they need from her. Thus ultimately Russia's agricultural and industrial recovery is vital to British trade, and even Germany's growing trade with Russia is helpful to British trade, for Germany is one of our best customers. Figures available show that the internal recovery of Russia has been more rapid than the restoration of foreign trade. The acreage under cultivation, which had sunk in 1922 to 68 per cent. of the 1916 figures, had increased to 99.8 per cent. in 1925, and is still increasing. The livestock figures show a corresponding increase, though the number of horses, heavily depleted during the war and civil war years, is still down. Broadly speaking, the peasantry are now producing as much as pre-war, and though prices are low there is no rent to pay, and taxes are said to be lower than pre-war. Agriculture is still extremely badly equipped, judged by American standards, but the introduction of machinery proceeds apace. The peasant now has overcome his antipathy to modernised methods and machines.

The recovery of industry has been slower, for every trade had to be reorganised. But, as Mr. R. C. Long says in his interesting article in the April *FORTNIGHTLY*, "The quantitative progress of Soviet-Russian industry is an undoubted fact. It is certain that in the last completed business year 1925-26 the output of industry very nearly reached the pre-war level." Actually, the production of coal, oil fuel and textiles is now above pre-war figures, though the heavy industries still lag behind. A new banking system has been brought into existence, and func-

tions fairly efficiently, and a new currency based on gold and real values has been established and stabilised.

But much remains to be done in all directions. Wages are still low. Housing in the towns is still very bad. The most difficult problem of all is the disparity between what the peasant gets for what he sells and what he must pay for the industrial goods he buys. Russian policy, following American and many other precedents, is to make the country independent of the foreigner for ordinary factory goods. But factory costs are very high. The immediate price problem might temporarily be eased by opening the ports freely to foreign goods. This, however, would sacrifice the hope of future prosperity and stability to immediate comforts, and would help the agricultural population at the cost of ruining the industrial workers. Politically it is obviously impossible. Economically it is almost as certainly against the interests of Russia. In refusing to adopt this way out the Soviet Government is, of course, in accord with the policy of De Witte. Much is hoped from the great electrification schemes which are already beginning to supply cheap power to the factories. Factory technique is also receiving much attention. The help of German engineers and American efficiency experts has been obtained. Much is being spent on research and technical education. Propaganda on a wide scale is directed to interesting the workers in higher production and improved factory efficiency, and though there are many material difficulties the authorities are not faced at all with the psychological problem of suspicious opposition like that of many British workpeople to improved industrial methods, for the main causes of this suspicion do not exist in Russia.

But industry suffers severely from lack of capital and outworn equipment. The machinery in the factories and in the mines largely needs replacing, a fact which adds heavily to running costs. Each year the Soviet Government and the banks set aside considerable sums for new capital purposes, and increasing assistance is being received from the supply of machinery on credit from abroad. The £15,000,000 worth of German machinery

furnished in the last few months on two to four years' credit guaranteed by the German Government has been of great value. The credit facilities which the Midland Bank had offered to give to enable British engineering firms to undertake immediate orders for £10,000,000 would have substantially increased the contribution which a few leading British makers of boilers, electrical and textile machinery have already made. But the need is far in excess of the supply, and credits, even for three or four years, are not really a satisfactory substitute for long-term investments. Financing of capital construction and developments from income constitute a heavy burden on the standard of life. All the same, the present difficulties are small compared with those of five or six years ago. Now it is a question of adjustment, improvement, and speed of development. Then it was a question of the very life of the community, of the re-establishment, almost *ab initio*, of the simplest machinery of trade, of the reorganisation of practically every industry, factory and mine in a country itself practically without funds and technical experience, and at war with the rest of Europe. Russian opinion is confident, having overcome the greater problem, that it will, given time and peace, overcome the smaller one. After all, as important as finance is the capacity and enthusiasm of a whole population for ordered and willing work. Without doubt this last now exists. Admittedly, the assistance of foreign loans and credits would be immensely valuable. So far the failure to settle the questions of debts and propaganda has prevented this. Mr. Crozier Long doubts whether, despite the internal recovery of Russia, her foreign trade will grow appreciably. His argument relies mainly on the policy of internal industrialisation which is designed to remove Russia's former dependence on foreign industry. But Russia's demands for goods are still far in excess of the capacity of her industries and will long continue to outstrip them. The interest of the population is now mainly concentrated on an improved standard of life. As this proceeds the demand for foreign-made goods will correspondingly decrease. (The experience of America is that increased foreign trade has had to keep

pace with a rapidly increasing industrialisation.) Much of the machinery and equipment for capital construction can also be supplied only from foreign markets. And the increasing production of agricultural foodstuffs and raw materials must in any case largely find its market abroad. It will also furnish the payments for increasing imports of the goods which the peasant is now beginning to demand.

This brings us to the third objective of the Trade Agreement, the conclusion of a general treaty settling all outstanding questions, of which the only ones of real difficulty are debts and propaganda. In 1924 it looked as if satisfactory solutions had then been, or would be, discovered. But the electorate—misled in a manner which need not be discussed here—decided otherwise. Since then political relations have slowly got worse, and now have culminated in a complete rupture. Relations with banking and business circles were certainly improving. Actually, in Paris negotiations concerning debts have proceeded a considerable distance towards an agreement, and the Soviet Government has repeatedly expressed its willingness for similar negotiations here. The City also certainly strongly desires a settlement. So also does Russian opinion. There is little doubt that if authoritative representatives of the City of London had sat round a table with official Russian representatives a settlement of the debts problem would have been quickly found. The City widely believes that extreme measures ought somehow to have been avoided, and disapproves the rupture. There is an uneasy feeling that the wiser heads in the Cabinet have been stampeded by the Home Secretary. Without doubt the propaganda question presented serious difficulties for both sides. There were certain groups in both countries who were by no means willing to observe the conditions of the Trade Agreement. But their importance has always been exaggerated, and was certainly growing less. In Russia the last year has been marked by a great struggle between the Administration which stands for co-operation with the rest of the world, and the Die-hards of the earlier revolutionary period, when it was generally believed that world revolution was essential to

the success of the Russian Revolution. The latter had been heavily defeated and, as trade developed, were gradually being overwhelmed by the growing evidence of the value of better relations with other countries.

In any case, it is hard to believe that anybody really in contact with working class opinion and problems honestly holds that Russian propaganda had or has had any important influence on our industrial affairs. It is of far less importance as a political influence than as a political party cry.

Attention lately had been concentrated on alleged Russian influence in Chinese affairs. But a study of the despatches of leading American, German and French journalists, and of missionary opinion—British, American and others—reveals a vastly different appreciation of the Chinese situation than that largely held here. Still, the campaign on this question produced a serious effect, which materially helped the Government when the raid on Soviet House made the only possible alternative of a rupture with Russia the break-up of the Government.

What now is the position? How far has the rupture helped British interests? What will be the results of it on world politics? It is early yet to say how serious the ultimate results may be. But the first reactions are clear.

Without doubt many of those in favour of the rupture believed that the British example would be followed by several Continental Powers. But whilst the Continent is prepared to follow a British example making for peace and trade, such is far from being true in a reverse instance. Germany cannot and will not quarrel with Russia. Trade and politics alike prevent it. France still hopes to bring about a renewed Franco-Russian alliance, and anyhow wishes to get a debt settlement. To Italy the alternative to Russian wheat and oil is a dangerous and very expensive dependence on America. These expectations, then, have been so far completely falsified.

But throughout Europe the feeling is widespread that the rupture means a vastly increased danger of war. The murder of the Soviet Minister in Warsaw brought it to a head in the gradually developing tension. Everywhere

anti-Soviet opinion has received an immense accession of strength. In Russia itself anti-British feeling and suspicion have been correspondingly increased. In Europe and in Asia it is widely believed that the British action is intended as a prelude to an attack on Russia, if not by Great Britain herself, then by other countries helped by British interests. Whether there is or is not justification for this point of view is less important just now than the fact of its existence. It is by far the greatest menace to world peace and to the overwhelming British interests in peace that anywhere exists.

As to trade, also, some of the results are clear. The political uncertainty and shock to business confidence make inevitable a heavy contraction of Russian British trade. In particular, the Midland Bank credit scheme and similar schemes which would have followed it cannot now be proceeded with. Russia cannot risk placing orders here for equipment, etc., even if the credits had continued to be available. She can continue, perhaps, to sell many of her raw materials on this market, for most of such sales now take place before the goods have left Russia, and are paid for in advance. The centre of Russian foreign trade has been shifted to Hamburg and Germany and America will get orders that would have gone to this country. The loss of British trade to Russia will delay but it will not cripple Russia's recovery. A good harvest this year may completely obliterate any possible ill-results.

And as for anti-British propaganda, the Trade Agreement did at least provide a check. None now exists. Short of an actual declaration of war—and this will not help very much—the British Government has now no means at all of influencing the Russian Government to adopt policies friendly to British interests. The effect in Russia of the rupture is, as was prophesied, to strengthen the hands of the opponents of moderation and reasonable relations with the West. It has given rise to a renewal of the Terror, and to all the old fear of war which has always been a foe in all countries to progress in the arts and ways of peace. Relations must either get worse or better. Hardly anybody on either side wants war. In

this country working class opinion is unalterably opposed to it. It is hardly to be believed that the British Government expects some violent change inside Russia itself. Such an eventuality would throw Russia back to where she was in 1920. And all Europe would be drawn into the cataclysm.

There is only one way out—friendly negotiation on the points at issue. Sooner or later it will have to be undertaken. What advantage is there in delay? Since 1924 there has been no real contact or negotiation between the Governments. Diplomatic relations, in fact, have hardly existed. The British Government laid the blame on propaganda. The Russian Government from time to time offered negotiations, but always was met with the reply that first propaganda—never exactly defined—must cease. On its side, again, the Russian Government complained of the anti-Russian influence of British representatives, and was encouraged in the belief in this by the implacable venom and hostility shown in the speeches of some prominent Ministers. It has been a dangerous and futile circle. The present rupture was the almost inevitable result.

Public opinion in both countries undoubtedly earnestly desires a settlement. The interests of each and the peace of the world require it. Neither "a firm hand" (so often a synonym for bluffing or bullying), nor mutual vituperation, nor newspaper slogans will help.

The only way is by frank discussion and negotiation on the points at issue to establish such commercial and political understanding of a mutual kind that hostile propaganda is contrary to the interests of both countries. The common-sense of moderate opinion in both will then be given a fair chance. This does not mean that either country should change its commercial and social system or cease legitimate advocacy of its own ideals and policy. But it would involve a greater willingness in each to concentrate on peace, trade and other matters of common interest to both rather than on unavoidable and insoluble points of difference.

## THE INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

EARLY in May nearly two hundred delegates, accompanied by a still greater number of experts, from nearly fifty different nations, arrived at Geneva to take part in the International Economic Conference, the preparations for which have already been described in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. To see them gathered in the hall of the Reformation was to conjure up a picture of the Assembly of the League of Nations at work. All the benches and desks which adorn the hall in September had been brought out, labelled with the names of the nations. On the great chair on the raised dais sits M. Theunis, who has very precise notions of what we should all do to become happy and wealthy and wise.

On the floor of the hall, sitting in the far corner, rather nervously prying at the scene, are the Comrades from Moscow, who have left for the nonce the barriers of the economic fortress in which they live. They are ready to grasp the hand of the capitalist if they can persuade him only to unbutton his pocket and supply the necessary credits; but they are determined as ever to preach the necessity of his downfall if the world is to be improved. An odd way of conducting business, of which more anon. For the moment let us look at these 180 black-coated delegates from whom the Bolsheviks hope to obtain something. They have come from chambers of commerce and counting houses, from the busy money markets and workshops of the world. And the great majority of them from countries which have been steadily building their tariff walls higher, to exclude the goods of their neighbours. Nevertheless, the result of the Conference is to prove that they have an inkling of the truth, that all commerce being an exchange of goods, the more freely goods can be bartered the better. They are, however, from protectionist countries, and the avowed Free Traders are few in number. These are ready to tilt at the windmills, but is there

any hope that they will succeed any better in their venture than Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? For is not all Europe divided by tariff walls, as you may see from Sir Clive Morrison Bell's model map of the prison houses in which we live, now placed in a shed on the Quai du Mont-Blanc for the edification of the nations? If these gallant Free Traders succeed in knocking a brick or two off the higher walls, that is all that we can hope for. But the odd thing was that once the Protectionists had escaped from behind these walls, they began to open their eyes to the light of certain obvious facts which had apparently escaped their notice. So sudden was their conversion that one began to suspect that some of them had heard of Colbert's famous phrase that liberty is the soul of commerce, and had read Adam Smith and dipped into Bentham or Ricardo, or had heard of Cobden, for speech after speech was made in the Salle de la Reformation, not in defence of Protection, but denouncing the high tariffs of Europe. All the orators vied with one another in agreeing that the interests of States were interdependent, and that international trade, instead of being a sort of war, could flourish only if the nations were united in promoting the general prosperity. It seemed as if the walls of Jericho were going to fall at a single blast from the Free Trade trumpet, which was blown so skilfully by Runciman, Layton and Cassel and Colijn. But it was not so simple as this, for one soon gathered that it was not their own walls which many of the orators were thinking about, but their neighbours' barriers. They were quite sure that the tariffs of their neighbours ought to come down, but they were prepared to defend their own when the time came. Nevertheless, they could hardly fail to be startled by the fact that of the twenty experts who represented the International Chamber of Commerce only two were Protectionists. Moreover, the British and the Scandinavian groups were almost exclusively Free Traders, while Loucheur, the French expert, and Von Siemens, the German industrialist, were evidently prepared to blow up any obstructions that stood in the way of international industrial agreement.

It was not the function of any of the delegates to express the official view of his Government, for the Conference, like those of Genoa and Brussels, was to give free expression to the opinions of the experts untrammelled by any political considerations. But one expected to find some vestige of the views of the French Government in the delivered judgments of the French delegation in the opening speeches of the Conference. For surely some explanation was necessary of the apparent inconsistency of the French Government in introducing a new Tariff Bill at the very moment it was sending a delegation to Geneva to discuss the possibility of lowering tariffs. Nor was it France only who was the culprit from the Free Traders' standpoint. Great Britain also was piling up her tariffs under the excuse of safeguarding her industries. Yet not a single word was addressed by either the English or the French delegates to the Conference in the Reformation Hall which suggested that either country was represented by Protectionist Governments. The cynic might argue that this was natural enough. Great Britain had sent the sturdiest champions of Free Trade that she could find because she wanted to persuade other countries to lower their tariffs to the admission of her goods. France similarly was thinking of those horrid duties on motor cars, tyres, and silk dresses, by which her exports to the British markets were handicapped. If it could have been argued that the Conference was nothing but a battle of wits, in which everybody was out for the advantage of his own nation and cared nothing for economic principles, there might have been something in this theory. But when one considered the world-wide reputation of many of the speakers as economists and business men, it was obvious that they were out for the truth and nothing else. Whether their Governments shared their opinions and why they were sent is another matter. But such was the effect of the debate on the French Government in the stimulus which it gave to the opposition in the French Parliament to the new Tariff Bill that its discussion was postponed until the Conference was over. Here at any rate was one of the direct results of this spate of talk at Geneva. The triumph

of the Free Traders was even more marked when the Conference went into Committees on Industry, Commerce, and Agriculture.

The committees, which consisted of about eighty members each, divided into sub-committees, hammered away at the subjects on the agenda of the Conference with excellent results. In this way the Committee on Commerce considered liberty of trading, customs, tariffs, and commercial policy and treaties, and indirect means of protection—in fact, all the questions which were pertinent to the tariff issue. The Industrial Committee had a less controversial task in the debates on the industrial situation, rationalisation of industry, and international industrial agreements, and the best method of compiling industrial statistics and disseminating information on economic questions. The Agricultural Committee was, so to speak, marooned in the Hall of the Reformation, and not liking its isolation, came over presently to the Secretariat, where the other committees sat. The experts of the soil had a good deal to say about the unequal prices which were paid for agricultural produce as compared with the profits of other industries. Here they touched upon one of the results of Protection from which the farmer is generally the loser, even in those countries in which there is a tariff on agricultural products. For the agricultural tariffs are never so high as the tariffs on manufactured goods, and the farmer has consequently to pay a higher price for his machinery without gaining a corresponding advantage in the prices he receives for his crops. But this complaint did not reach very attentive ears at Geneva, and agriculture had perforce to take its place as the Cinderella of the industries.

After the sub-committees had done their work their resolutions were considered by their respective committees and passed on to the plenary Conference for its approval. The Free Traders did not have it all their own way, but they carried their colleagues with them much farther than they had expected. Thus, the resolution finally passed by the Conference concerning liberty of trading and customs tariffs reads like a manifesto from the most famous masters of political economy. The Protectionists might say that

it was no part of the business of the Conference to attempt to pass judgment on the principles of Protection and Free Trade. They could point to safeguarding phrases in the resolutions, which spoke of the effect of abnormal conditions and exaggerated tariffs. They maintained that it was only these post-war tendencies which they had come to discuss. Nevertheless they were so overborne by sheer weight of argument that they found themselves yielding ground all along the line. There is hardly a word in these resolutions which could not be applied with equal justice to the whole theory of Protection. Take the statement that "tariffs, although within the sovereign jurisdiction of the separate States, are not a matter of purely domestic interest, but greatly influence the trade of the world." Now what is this but the proclamation of the fundamental doctrine of Free Trade, that all nations in the economic sense are interdependent, and that the prosperity of one cannot be achieved at the expense of another? Take, too, the statement in the resolution on commercial policy, which makes it clear that nations must import to export. This elementary doctrine is rubbed in so well that the Free Traders must have chuckled when they got this through. In the next sentence, the tariff advocates tried to limit the effect of these admissions by the declaration that "the removal of substantial reduction of customs barriers cannot be brought about suddenly without causing dislocation"; but the Free Traders returned to the charge in an appeal to the Governments to "prepare plans immediately for removing or diminishing by successive stages those barriers which gravely hamper trade." The authentic voice of the Free Trader rings out more strongly still in the sentence which, like all the others, the Conference finally adopted: "The Conference believes that if the true results of the present system now prevalent in Europe were understood by public opinion, it would be possible for the Governments to commence this process forthwith."

All this was most encouraging. Beneath the cover of an assault on post-war tariffs and prohibitions the Free Traders contrived to deal some very shrewd blows at the

whole fabric of Protection. If the Protectionist appeared to be unmoved, it was because he consoled himself with the thought that it would take a great deal more to shake the tariff walls of Europe, deep rooted as they are, in the ideas of national sovereignty and national security. He had no fear that anything more than a brick or two would be dislodged from the top of these walls, and as he was ready to admit that they had been built too high, he was quite willing that a vigorous blast should be blown on the Free Trade trumpet.

But the resolutions are so decisively on the Free Trade side that one cannot believe that the advocates of tariffs remained uninfluenced by the course of the debate. They could scarcely have otherwise declared that the return to the effective liberty of international trading was one of the primary conditions of world prosperity, or that the experience of the years since the war had proved that import and export prohibitions, arbitrary practices and disguised discriminations had produced deplorable results by hampering the normal play of competition, and that it was therefore important for the recovery of trade that Governments should forthwith abandon an economic policy which was injurious to the interests, both of their own and other nations. Again, the Protectionists appeared to be hoist with their own petard when they assented to the proposition in favour of a return to a more reasonable tariff policy, and condemned the idea that the effects of the disorganisation of industry and the inflated currencies which followed from the war could be corrected by tariffs. Moreover, the theory that tariffs should be used as combative weapons to extract concessions in the lowering of hostile customs duties was thrown overboard, which was not the least of the remarkable results achieved by the Conference when one considers how wedded the Protectionist is to aggressive methods. That he should have consented to consider not only the dropping of his favourite weapons, but also have submitted to the order "to move in an opposite direction," is a striking tribute to the force of argument. After this it was not surprising to find the advocates of tariffs, and all that they imply,



meekly swallowing the doctrine that internal taxes should not be imposed on imported goods in the interests of the home producer, and that there should be no discrimination in export taxes on raw materials, which indeed should be avoided altogether. And wonderful to say, the foreigner, who is so frequently regarded as an enemy when he comes to offer his goods for sale, is now to be taken by the Protectionist to his heart and treated as one of his own family.

Thus did the torchlight of economic truth, which it was feared would glimmer but fitfully in the hall of the Conference, search out the dark corners, revealing fallacy after fallacy, until, as someone said, the Protectionist had hardly a rag of his self-sufficiency to stand up in. Indeed, this very self-sufficiency is condemned in the following resolution :

Nations may determine for political and other reasons that it is essential to their safety to develop increased self-sufficiency, but it is appropriate for the Conference to point out that this has in most cases involved a sacrifice of material prosperity. In such circumstances the loss is borne by the consumers, who have to pay more for the products of the protected industry, and by those engaged in the industries that would otherwise have a larger possibility of export.

Fine words, the Protectionist may reply, do not butter any parsnips, and the Free Traders had better wait and see what the Governments will do before they throw up their caps over the new era which is to arise out of the Conference. Nevertheless, if ideas ultimately rule the world, this at least we may hope, that these discussions at Geneva, which so clearly brought out the relation between economic tendencies and the peace of the world, will mark a beginning towards the working of more equitable principles in the commercial policy of nations.

Now for a few words about the findings of the Industrial Committee. No one can deny that the rationalisation of industry, in so far as it eliminates waste, reduces overhead charges, and standardises the processes of manufacture, is a good thing. Has not Europe watched with envy the increase in production and the rise in wages which have followed these methods across the Atlantic?

Anything that the Americans had to say on this subject was listened to with deep interest. The head of the American delegation, Mr. Henry M. Robinson, and his chief assistant, Mr. Norman H. Davis, looked, by the way, not the least like those hard-faced men of business one associates with ruthless industrial methods. No one doubted, in listening to them, that they had a genuine sympathy for the difficulties of Europe and had a keen desire to lend a helping hand. Although they could hardly deny the soft impeachment that the United States were more prosperous than Europe, they never once adopted the airs of superior wisdom. The two points on which they most insisted were the necessity of greater stability and simplification in tariffs, and equality of treatment, so that all nations might deal with one another on a most-favoured-nation basis. As far as tariffs were concerned, the Americans, whatever their private views may have been, could hardly go beyond this, for the United States are surrounded by one of the highest tariff walls in the world. But this wall is at least of an equal height all round. Moreover, as Mr. Robinson explained, the United States owe a large measure of their prosperity to the fact that they have in their own continent the largest Free Trade area in the world for the exchange of their goods. It is this which renders the methods of mass production so popular; it is doubtful whether in Europe, with its twenty-seven economic frontiers, American methods could be so successfully adopted. But that increased production, and not restriction on output, is the best way of combating unemployment and raising wages was the view not only of the Americans, but of eminent European economists like Professor Cassel, who warned the Conference against the restrictive methods of industrial trusts.

In the discussion on trusts the French and German industrialists led the way, the British delegates appearing to be a little shy of their enthusiasm for international cartels. This was very noticeable in the cautious attitude of Sir Arthur Balfour, who spoke for the heavy industries



and considered that it would be better to see how the Continental trusts worked before linking British interests to them. To this the Germans replied that the British had better put their own house in order before they talked about seeking alliances abroad. Nevertheless there is no doubt that the Germans would like to draw the British into an international cartel for the regulation of prices in the heavy industries. The one thing that struck the workers' representatives about all this was that rationalising methods often led to the dismissal of large numbers of workers. Indeed, this has recently happened in the coal industry in Germany, the Ruhr producing a larger output of coal with 50,000 fewer miners. The workers are therefore nervous about all this talk concerning the speeding up of industry. Although it may ultimately lead to improved conditions, they consider that the worker who is temporarily displaced should receive compensation; but this the employers' representatives in the Conference refused, and all that they would do was to consent to the insertion of some vague phrases in the final resolution on this subject about safeguarding the legitimate rights of the workers. When, however, the Americans struck a warning note against allowing cartels unfettered liberty, the industrialists had perforce to pay attention, unreasonable as they appeared to think it, that anyone should question their altruism. They have, of course, a great part to play in the reorganisation of industry in Europe. They may prove most useful in helping to free trade from its shackles by planting branches of the industries in this or that country, and thus jumping the tariff barriers which are meant to exclude their products. But that the politician should give place to the industrialist and expert, and that our lives should be ordered according to their ideas, heaven forbid! For the last spark of liberty in Europe would then be extinguished, in the sacred name of rationalisation and efficiency. We have a warning of what might happen in the new State organisation of factory and workshop which is being established in Italy. Nevertheless, if the democracies of Europe will not heed the warnings of the Economic Conference and use the services of the indus-

trialists and experts for setting their house in order and combating the evils of unemployment, they may find the reins taken out of their hands by these very efficient gentlemen. For most of the blunders which the Governments have committed in the economic sphere are due far more to ignorance than to malice. The first step necessary for an improvement in the conditions of Europe is that they should link up their administrations to the expert knowledge and skill which are available. If the nations of Europe are not gradually to be dragged down by the burden of unemployment they must pay heed to the warnings of the Economic Conference, and in the new organisation which is to be set up at Geneva for the scientific study of economic tendencies they will find the information and guidance which they need. The connection between militarism and high tariffs is a commonplace of history, and all the forces of reaction will be encouraged if a determined effort is not made to establish a more liberal economic system in Europe. In the meantime the Free Traders have scored a remarkable triumph in the resolutions of the Economic Conference at Geneva, which can hardly fail to have an effect on public opinion. Even a pessimist can afford to be hopeful with such a striking vindication of the fundamental truths of political economy.

A last word about the Russians. It was clear that Ossinski, Sokolnikoff, Lepse, and the rest of them represented two parties in the Soviet camp. For whereas Sokolnikoff, the ablest of them, was reasonable and conciliatory, Ossinski occasionally lapsed into abuse of the capitalist system, and Lepse openly preached class warfare, to the embarrassment of Khinchuk. The latter, who was the head of the Trade Delegation in London, cut a rather sorry figure, for he was doubtless anxious to build a bridge between London and Moscow, and believed that he was doing so until the raid on Arcos took place. His surprise and dismay at that occurrence were almost comic to see, for Khinchuk, better than anyone, understood the need of credits in which Russia stands. If the Russians did no business at Geneva and left in a cloud of suspicion, owing to the action of the British Government in breaking open the

strong boxes of Arcos, none but a diehard, who believes that the more Russia is isolated the better it will be for the rest of Europe, need rejoice at this. The Western Powers need Russia as she needs them, and it was all to the good that the Soviet delegation should come to Geneva. For they learnt that the pillars of European society have not been shaken by their revolutionary propaganda, and that there is far more prosperity among the working classes outside than inside their economic prison-house. What induced the British Government at this particular moment to blow the Russian hopes of extended trade with the rest of Europe sky-high and send their delegation home sore and angry no one at Geneva could understand. Surely, it was argued, a great nation with sound and stable institutions like the British was sufficiently proof against the rantings of Communism to have ignored the latest ebullitions of Bolshevism in Moorgate Street. The Germans, who know all about this propaganda, consider that the best way to cure the Russians of their nonsense is not to turn them into pariahs, but to bring them back to decent society. They were particularly pleased that the Russians should come to Geneva, and their judgment on the whole business was that it was most unfortunate that the British Government should have had an attack of nerves at the very moment when the Soviet delegation was learning to find its feet at Geneva.

Since then the cruel executions of ex-Tzarists in Russia, especially the judicial murder of Prince Paul Dolgorukoff, appear to afford the necessary justification for the action of the British Government in severing official relations with the Soviets. But the Russian problem has not been rendered any easier on this account, and the potential danger of the situation overshadowed all other questions when the Foreign Ministers of the Great Powers met at Geneva in June for the Council meeting of the League.

## THE SURGE OF LIFE IN PLANT AND ANIMAL

BY F. YEATS-BROWN

THIS is not a tale told when Haroun was Caliph, although there is a magician in it who weaves spells as wonderful as anything ever imagined in Arabia. It is a simple chronicle of fact derived from the life work of Sir Jagadis Bose, as set forth (for the first time in popular language) in his latest book.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Jagadis most rigidly abstains from all ethical or metaphysical speculations, but he makes inarticulate life reveal its own inner history by means of records bearing the plant's signature. He demonstrates ancient truths in a new way and points a moral that philosophers and sages have discussed down the centuries by means of graphs instead of by means of dialectic. There is, indeed, this difference between Bose and the philosophers: two rival speculations may exist side by side, but not two rival formulæ, for in the realm of positive knowledge truth is one. It is on the foundation of established facts that Bose is building his edifice of surpassing wonder.

We hear little and see still less of the myriad movements and voices of creation. "But," says Bose, "out of the imperfection of his senses man has built himself a raft of thought to make daring adventures in the great seas of the unknown. He is a creative being, and if his organs of perception are defective he can create others which have no such limitations. Where visible light ends he still follows the invisible; where the note of the audible reaches the unheard, even there he gathers the tremulous message. The difficulty which thwarts the investigator of plant-life at every step arises from the fact that the interplay of life-action is taking place within the dark interior of the plant or tree. In order to reveal the intricate

(1) *Plant Autographs and their Revelations*. By Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., C.S.I., C.I.E. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

mechanism of its life it is necessary to gain access to the smallest unit of life, the 'life atom,' and record its pulsation by devising supersensitive apparatus which will magnify and record movements the extent of which is smaller than even a single wavelength of light."

Hitherto it had been an accepted theory of science that only animals could feel, perceive, and regulate their life with a nervous system: now we know that the plant also registers impressions from its surroundings, retaining within itself these excitations and their memories. The writing of Bose's plants on the wall of the learned societies of Europe is the *Mene mene tekel upharsin* alike of narrow specialism and sentimental theology. Religion and science, Bose shows us, must march together into the arcana of nature.

When I attended Sir Jagadis Bose's first London lecture last year and listened to him telling us, in his quick voice, that "science is a simple thing, for all truth is simple," I felt just a little doubtful how to describe his experiments. It was all so new and strange. His approach was so different from the usual heavy scientific method.

This impression is confirmed in Bose's new book. It is all written in the simplest possible way, and if he can think of a light illustration (one of his audience, for instance, searching for a seat in the dark and finding none sat on a hot-water pipe—his swift uprising is made to exemplify the nervous reflex arc) it is always used in preference to the *G* and *G'* and *g* that revolt the volatile mind of the man in the street.

He shows us that a plant such as the mimosa is ten times more sensitive than a human being; that it grows, as "animate" creation grows, in a tide-rhythm; that it has a heart, a balancing device, and a nervous system; that it sleeps, glories in the sunlight, and dies at last with a passionate struggle of regret if cut off in its prime, and placidly, after a full and well-spent life, as does the human organism.

To describe one of Bose's experiments as I witnessed it will serve to show his method better than any more formal description of his technique.

A snapdragon was under the lecture table on the occasion I have in mind, attempting to bask under the rays of a daylight lamp which furnished the photic stimulation necessary to an inhabitant of sunny skies on a wet day in London. The optical sphygmograph—an instrument invented by Bose and made entirely by Indian craftsmen—stood beside the speaker.

"I take a branch of the plant, like this," he said, "and place it in the machine. You will now be able to watch its pulse-beat and see how that changes under the various drugs. First we will try it with a little stimulant."

Bose made some deft movements among the battery of syringes containing doses of different drugs. Silence fell. We had been listening to a lecture on the world invisible, on voices inaudible, on feelings hitherto unknown, on a gamut of life above and below our perceiving, yet suffering, struggling, rejoicing, even as we. That was over. A poor little living thing—the snapdragon—half dead with our fog and rain was before us on the "operating table."

The plant was fixed into the ivory jaws of the apparatus; a tiny beam of light flashed, and a mirror projected a line of light on the distant scale. The light, swinging alternately to the right and left, revealed the pulse of the plant. An electric metronome rang the seconds by which the time of each pulse was counted. In the hush it seemed to me that I assisted at the strangest scene of this century. Great events steal on us thus quietly: they never come in the livery of light or the music of the multitude, panoplied and fully armed. Bose's thirty years of research was being focussed and dramatised for us by that moving trail of light. There was awe in that moment. I do not think it fanciful nor irreverent to say that it seemed to me as if a mystery was being celebrated here with a direct bearing on the Christian Sacrament. For were we not to see, with mortal eyes, a truth that the Church has taught from its foundation, that we are all members of one Life?

"You are watching the heart-beat of this plant. It is sluggish. Watch the effect of a stimulant."

The cut end of the snapdragon rested on a tiny bowl into which a restorative was poured. In a few moments the

sap-stream was reinvigorated; the pulse quickened, the dying plant came back to its full life.

"Now we will kill it," said Bose.

A woman in the audience cried, "Oh, please let it live!" But Bose, the scientist, would not hear. He poured in the poison. And the band of light which, under the full exuberance of life, had moved to the right, now became arrested. Life now trembled for a time in an unstable poise, then death claimed mastery with a supreme spasm. The band of light jerked to the left and it was finished.

But the death of a snapdragon does not prove, of course, that sensation is quantitatively the same in a plant as it is in a human organism. An underlying unity there is; but there is a diversity within the unity. Let us consider a semi-ethical experiment with a mimosa. Bose takes a plant carefully protected under glass from outside shocks and nurtures it with sedulous attention. After a month or two of such treatment it will look flourishing, but in reality it has become flabby and decadent, for its nerves are atrophied and have ceased to function. This is fact, not theory. Bose proves it by measuring the reflex arc of the mimosa's nervous system.

First he gives the normal, healthy plant a blow, and measures with his delicate instruments the time it takes for the shock to reach its nervous centre; also he measures the time it takes for the centre to send a return message to the leaves, which shiver, contract or flinch from threatened danger. Here, then, is the reflex arc: a comparatively slow sensory current reaches the centre and a command is sent back to the extremities, the command being telephoned out from headquarters eight times as fast as the news of the disturbance is received. When an animal starts to eat a leaf the sensory nerve sends a message to the nerve-core, and the reply is at once flashed back, "Danger. You must fall down." The plant literally "lies low," makes itself invisible, and thus escapes.

To return to our pampered plant: here there is no nervous impulse and no warning message. But when a

succession of blows rains on the effete specimen the shocks themselves create nervous channels and arouse anew its deteriorated nature. Exactly the same thing, of course, occurs in human beings, for it is the shocks of adversity that evolve true manhood. Every moment of our present is enriched by the store of latent memories, which is nothing but the imprint of previous stimulation. Stimulation by thought actually increases our power of thought, and it is by the accumulation of such stimuli that nervous matter ultimately becomes automatic, a phase which is seen in many steps from the birth of thought to inspiration.

Another remarkable demonstration of Bose's is that showing the four-times cycle of lethargy, stimulation, exhaustion and extinction in plants. Our life—and all lives—are lived on a curve. The world first sends its messages to us, striking at the periphery of our being and stimulating it to activity. We need just so much shock and no more. A little less and we are only half alive; a little more and we begin to grow exhausted. Finally the hammer of life strikes its last blow, the metal is forged and drops from the anvil of consciousness into darkness, to what end we know not. Does it all end in total extinction? Bose once gave me an answer in conversation—a suggestion, at any rate—which I think is impressive: "I won't speculate on the life beyond," he said, "for that is the business of priests, but I can tell you this: every organism at the moment of death is subject to an intense electrical excitation, and that spasm can hardly be supposed to vanish in a sudden silence and darkness; a sound or ripple, repercussions or tonal wave-lengths, must inevitably extend outwards to infinity."

In *Plant Autographs* he writes that certain considerations show us that there is a continuity in the phenomena of life and death. After a slight shock the organism is stimulated and new nerve-paths opened. A severer shock dazes the organism, but it recovers. An intense shock causes insensibility and extinction. "Sensibility and insensibility—tokens of life and death—thus alternate. Death is an extreme case of stimulation."

"In records of response of mimosa taken under moderate, strong and excessive stimulation we find certain characteristic differences. In the first case the recovery is completed in the course of fifteen minutes, as seen in the curve of recovery reaching the axis or base-line" (referring to a graph). "With a still stronger stimulus the recovery is prolonged for an hour, the recovery-curve meeting the axis at a still greater distance. Up to this time there is possibility of restoration. But the shock may be so strong as to prove fatal, and the violent spasmodic contraction proves to be the spasm of death. The line of recovery is now parallel to the axis, and never meets it.

"Let us examine the suggestive case of a real image of an object formed by a concave mirror. The reflected rays cross and meet at the axis, forming a real image. As the object is brought nearer and nearer the image, like the line of recovery under stronger stimulation, is projected to a greater distance. A time comes when the reflected rays never meet and no image can be formed on this side of the surface of the mirror. Has it, then, completely disappeared? Not so, for the phantom is now transferred to the other side of the mirror! And after the supreme shock of death, though there is no restoration on this side of the great mirror by which we see nature reflected, is it possible that there may be a restoration and renewal on the other side that is hidden from us?"

Here are deep and subtle thoughts; here is a marvellously flexible intellect, trained both in the introspective methods of the East and the scientific methods of the West, and harnessing each to his purpose. Whilst we still struggle in the Western net of names and forms, the Eastern has swept the universe into a synthesis and seen the One in its changing manifestations. I think Bose is more than a pioneer in his own line of research; he is a portent of the new powers that may be loosed upon the world by a marriage between the systems of Orient and Occident. The virile and ever-questing mind of the Aryan has stirred the pulse and lit the eyes of the *débutante* of Western science.

Thirty years ago the *Spectator*, with an insight which was prophetic, wrote as follows of the then by no means accepted young Bengali.

There is something of rare interest in the spectacle of a Bengalese of the purest descent lecturing in London to an audience of appreciative European savants upon one of the most recondite branches of modern physical science. It suggests at least the possibility that we may one day see an invaluable addition to the great army of those who are trying . . . to wring from Nature her most jealously guarded secrets. The people of the East have just the burning imagination which could extort truth out of a mass of apparently disconnected facts; a habit of meditation without allowing the mind to dissipate itself, such as has belonged to the greatest mathematicians and engineers. . . . We can see no reason why the Oriental mind, turning from its absorption in insoluble problems, should not betake itself ardently, thirstily, hungrily, to the research into Nature which can never end, yet is always yielding results . . . upon which yet deeper enquiries can be based. If that happened—and Professor Bose is, at all events, a living evidence that it can happen—that would be the greatest addition ever made to the sum of the mental force of mankind.

The prediction has been justified. Sir Jagadis Bose has three times astonished the world with the result of his researches; first, on the properties of invisible electric waves; then in revealing the inner and invisible activities of plant life; thirdly, in establishing the identical behaviour of plant and animal life.

Of his first discoveries Lord Kelvin wrote "with wonder and admiration for so much success in the novel and difficult problems" he had attacked. A recent German Encyclopædia, *Menschen und Menschenwerke*, mentions his success as far back as 1894, "in firing weapons and explosives at a distance by means of wireless waves." And Professor Einstein, after hearing him lecture at Geneva, said that even if for only one of his many discoveries, he should have a statue erected in his honour at the capital of the League of Nations. So he should, for his work has always been on a level of high dispassion.

He said in a recent address: "The whole world is interdependent, and a constant stream of thought has throughout the ages enriched the common heritage of mankind. It is the realisation of this mutual dependence which has kept the mighty human fabric bound together, and ensured the

continuity and permanence of civilisation. Although science is neither of the East nor of the West, but international in its universality, yet India, by her habit of mind and inherited gifts handed down from generation to generation, is well fitted to contribute to the new humanism. The true laboratory is the mind, where behind all illusions we catch glimpses of truth.

"In order to discover the life-mechanism in the interior of the tree, one has to become the tree and feel the systole and diastole of its heart. This inner vision has, however, to be frequently tested by results of experimentation, for otherwise it may lead to speculation subversive of sanity. We must advance step by step."

Bose's experiments are all conducted with instruments invented by himself and wrought by the *mistris* who work under his guidance. Some of these apparatus are of astounding delicacy. The magnetic crescograph, for instance, can magnify movement a hundred million times, so that the pace of a snail under the crescograph would be two hundred times faster than the fastest bullet. Such supersensitive apparatus is, however, of no avail unless one can gain complete control of the adjusting hand. A tremor on the part of the experimenter is liable to ruin his test. Bose's hands are as steady as a rock. He smokes cigarettes constantly, but does not drink.

Another of Bose's many inventions is the resonant recorder, which automatically measures and records time-intervals as short as a thousandth part of a second. It has enabled the most accurate determination of the perception period of the plant, and the velocity of its nervous impulse. The conductivity balance for nervous impulse determines the exact effect of various drugs in enhancement or depression of nervous action. With his electric probe it has been possible to localise the nervous strand in the interior of the plant, as also the propulsive tissue which maintains the circulation of sap. A great advance in plant psychology has been rendered possible by the mechanical and electrical recorder for plants, which records the responses of all plants, sensitive and ordinary, under external and internal stimulations. The recorder

for the ascent of sap has for the first time enabled the exact measurement of the rate of movement of sap in the interior of the plant to be measured, as also the change induced in the rate by various stimulants and depressants. The photosynthetic recorder automatically inscribes the cosmic process of carbon-assimilation of plants under sunlight on a moving drum. It is so extremely sensitive that the formation of carbohydrate as minute as a millionth of a gram can be detected by its means. One of the most startling things discovered by this instrument is the increase in the power of assimilation produced by infinitesimal traces of certain stimulating agents, proving that the mechanism of assimilation is essentially similar in the plant and in the animal. Finally, there is the magnetic radiometer, which accurately measures the energy of every ray in the solar spectrum, and has determined the efficiency of the chlorophyll apparatus of green plants in storage of solar energy, an efficiency which has been found to be much higher than had previously been supposed.

With these and other inventions—notably those connected with wireless telegraphy, for which he has been offered large sums of money—Bose might have made a fortune out of patent rights. But he has always held that whatever offerings he could make to scientific progress should be untainted by considerations of personal gain. He and his disciples at the Bose Institute in Calcutta are still on the threshold of the great adventure into the Unknown. They have no time or wish to think of money.

Bose believes that our civilisation will go down to ruin unless our knowledge, now so often desecrated, is harnessed to mutual help and co-operation. With this ideal before him he has devoted his life and his scanty earnings as a professor at Calcutta University to found the Institute that bears his name. Astonishing as it sounds, he has been able, out of his own resources, to endow the Institute with £100,000, and with the help of the Government of India and private benefactions it now bids fair to become an international centre of science.

The Bose Institute is open to both men and women alike, without distinction of race or creed. The dis-

coveries made there are to become public property, and the students are all vowed to poverty, for Sir Jagadis cherishes the ancient Indian faith, that the vision of Truth is vouchsafed only when the mind has reached the point of rest.

Bose has had three gifts of the gods—a heart for any fate; a democratic education amongst his own people, who number amongst them some of the subtlest thinkers in the world; and a helper in Lady Bose, who is a type of all that is bravest and most beautiful in Indian womanhood. She has been his mainstay throughout the difficult years of struggle, and she is always beside him now that he is famous; to her he turned in his difficulties, with her he now finds the sweetness of success. Together they have achieved a great work for scientific progress, and they have set a sign and seal on the charter of India's right to be a leader in civilisation.

## THE COLLAPSE OF THE TORY-DEMOCRACY

By "CURIO"

THE exact terms of the Trade Union Bill came as a staggering surprise to the more moderate and progressive elements in the Conservative Party. The Prime Minister's aversion to any kind of legislation which could be described as anti-working class was notorious, and it was generally supposed that he had behind him a majority of his own Cabinet who did not desire to antagonise trade unionism as such. It was therefore believed earlier in the year that nothing more was to be expected than a short Bill declaring the general strike illegal. If there was to be a concession to the right wing of Toryism it would take the form of a separate Bill substituting "contracting in" for "contracting out" in subscribing to the political levy.

Such undoubtedly was the intention of the Government three or four months ago. But in the interim the Die-hards in the Ministry have seized complete control, and the Trade Union Bill was the first fruits of their victory. It would be idle to deny that many cautious Conservatives regarded it with consternation. They saw their industrial seats shaking, and cast gloomy memories back to the Taff Vale decision and the General Election of 1906. Yet so perfect is the discipline in the Conservative ranks that an amendment or two in committee accepted by the Government, a rebellious speech by Mr. Oliver Stanley on the political levy clause, a tinge of gloom on Major Hills' countenance, the inevitable outburst of Lord Henry Bentinck, and a few protesting letters in the newspapers, were the only visible signs of the collapse of the Tory-Democratic policy. In the old days, let us say in 1912 or in 1886, there would have been a first-class row. But the modern Tory-Democrats have not the vigour of their predecessors and they have no leaders. There is a very good reason for this last fact. All the Tory-Democrats of the pre-war

period are in the Cabinet. They are headed by the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for India, who were respectively treasurer and chairman of the Unionist Social Reform Committee. Practically the whole ability of the Tory Party was concentrated in that organisation, and it has received an adequate reward. Half of them have forgotten half of what they were once taught. In consequence they are marching the Tory Party to a great electoral disaster. From this general accusation I specifically except Sir A. D. Steel-Maitland and Sir Samuel Hoare. I feel sure that they were simply outvoted when the extremists of the Right took control.

If only Mark Sykes and Alexander Thynne had outlived the war! They were both men of great natural ability—they were aristocrats—and not easily overpersuaded to take a line anti-pathetic to a democracy with which they sympathised. But they died, one way or another, in France, and the middle classes are the worst guardians of the historic traditions of Toryism. The Prime Minister knows this as well as any man, but he seems incapable of enforcing his will. The steady stream of middle-aged men who can give a really good cheque to the Party or the constituency continues to flow into the Conservative ranks. We are devoid of leadership; we lose by-election after by-election and then we wonder why it happens. No young man of parts, unless he had outstanding genius, like Lord Birkenhead, would look at the Tory Party for a moment if he was consulting his best interests. The Socialists would pay him out of the political levy, the Liberals would welcome him with open arms and make his path as smooth as his abilities justified. But Toryism goes on with its stolid procession of elderly lawyers, stock-brokers, and business men, who only reach Parliament long after what they are pleased to call their intellects and other people their enthusiasms have been exhausted. The cheque is paid to the central office when the brains have gone.

There are, it is true, one or two bright spirits among the younger Tories on the back benches. Four of them have, indeed, just written a very readable little book. But, of

course, men like Mr. Stanley and Mr. Macmillan will be absorbed by minor office as soon as they show any sign of being dangerous. They will go the same way as the pre-war Tory Democrats—smothered with all their bright intentions in the vast inertia of the Tory machine.

Anyhow, it is useless to blink the fact that the Die-hards are completely in the ascendant. It is not only the Trade Union Bill that proves this fact. There is also the expulsion of the reds bag and baggage, which Sir Austen Chamberlain has been fighting against for years, only to agree with or surrender to (no one quite knows which) his more thorough-going colleague at the Home Office. Thirdly, the despatch of warships to Egypt to back the Note on Army reorganisation showed a new temper in the Cabinet. Put these three policies together, and you can read the end of the "peace-in-our-time" chapter and the "Locarno spirit" story. Some of these decisions may have been wise and some unwise, but their general significance is unmistakable. The general impression in political circles is that the Tory leaders have been convinced by the argument that some sort of fighting spirit must be roused in the Party against the next General Election, and that to do this it is necessary to make a strong move to the Right. It is better, it was argued, to stimulate your own working supporters than to bother about losing the moderate vote—which is, of course, transferring itself to reunited Liberalism.

This is a perfectly respectable argument, but not in this case, I think, a very convincing one, because the by-elections seem to show that it does not work out in practice. The weakness lies in the fact that the real Tory, like the real Socialist, represents nothing but a permanent and powerful minority. The strength of both consists in their cast-iron discipline and organisation. But though each extreme poll their last man, the fluctuating or indifferent vote is still beyond their control and is apt to decide the issue. Of the recent policies decided on by the Government, Russian, Egyptian, and domestic, the most important by far is the Trade Union Bill. It must indeed dominate the political situation for many a year to come.



It is vital because it is a deliberate attempt to turn back the course of Trade Union development to where it stood some twenty years ago, when it had its first parliamentary successes and was in process of capture by the I.L.P. This the Socialists and Communists, the Constitutionals and Direct Actionists, all together, must resist to the death, because if Trade Unionism reverted to anything like its position of a generation ago their power would be gone.

But I am beginning to examine the issue in its historical light, and this will not do for the moment, because the Government have approached the topic mainly from an entirely different standpoint. They say, as stated by Sir Douglas Hogg, that they base their case on the eternal and immutable principles of justice. They put forward four great principles: (1) That the general strike or anything like it should be made definitely illegal. (2) That intimidation in any form in any strike ought not to be allowed. (3) That contracting in and not contracting out is the just means of raising the political levy. (4) That Civil Service organisations ought not to be affiliated to outside bodies like the T.U.C.

The Conservative speakers challenge anybody to deny the various rights and liberties of the State and the individual underlying these four points. My answer is that if a Government or an Opposition are allowed to state their own case in terms of principles which go back far enough, it is impossible to challenge them. If a Government call a Bill to abolish capital punishment "The Right to Live Bill," can you deny that right in the abstract? But then the Opposition call the measure the "Right to Murder Bill." Are you to affirm the right to murder? Or who could object to the Budget of 1909 if it was amply covered by the statement that "God gave the land to the people." Or if an immense compulsory Bill was introduced for the extermination of rats, am I to be told, because I object to a great part of the machinery of the Bill, that I am in favour of propagating rats?

I quite decline to argue the Trade Union Bill on these high lines or to discuss it either pro or con on principle. I see the measure as a definite fact in political time and

space, springing from certain causes and likely to have certain results, and only in this light can it be judged effectively.

The first thing, for instance, that strikes one in this well-meant attempt to enforce certain rights of the community and the individual against the trade union machinery is that when you put the principles into legal clauses they are found to take away and destroy the legality of certain trade union practices and to remove certain trade union immunities. Both these legalities or immunities have long either been or are generally believed to be covered by the law. It is absurd to expect that organised bodies to whom this happens will not feel a sense of grievance, in spite of all the "principles" in the world.

The vital clauses of the Bill may be taken briefly in detail. Clause 2 declares what strikes are illegal and what are the first penalties of illegality. The highest legal authorities, including Sir John Simon and Mr. Justice Astbury hold that anything like a general strike is an illegal act under the common law and that the Executive has the power to deal with it summarily. Sir John Simon has suggested a single-clause Bill restating this fact or making it a legal certainty. If such a Bill had been carried immediately after the general strike it would have been hailed with universal approbation. If it were, in fact, unnecessary, it could do no harm and would be a warning to future industrial conspirators against the State. Mr. Baldwin, however, missed his opportunity. Probably he preferred quite defensibly to do nothing. In the cold aftermath of this summer the Tory Attorney-General produced a clause (once altered through bad drafting) which unquestionably extends the conception of the illegal strike far beyond that of such a general attempt to coerce the community as May, 1926, witnessed. Clause 2 as amended makes illegal any strike which fulfils two conditions. (1) It must be a sympathetic strike outside an industry. (2) It must be designed to coerce the Government directly or by inflicting hardship on the community. The moment a strike became illegal the immunity of trade union funds under the Act of 1906 disappears. They and their agents

can be sued in the Courts in the ordinary way for damage, breach of contract, and all the rest of it. Further, by a later clause in the Bill the Attorney-General can move at once to get a strike declared illegal as soon as it is threatened by going to the High Court for an injunction.

It will be seen at once that any sympathetic strike on a big scale, such as the proposed "Triple Alliance" action of pre-war days, becomes definitely illegal. Further, that there must be immense uncertainty in many instances as to when a sympathetic strike coerces a government or does so by inflicting hardship on the community. It would require years of "case law" to enable any lawyer to give an opinion. But if a trade union official makes a mistake on such a point next year his union might be ruined by a series of legal actions not only launched by employers but by members of the union itself. For Clause 2 of the Bill provides that the moment a strike is declared illegal any man who refuses to go on strike when ordered to and is expelled in consequence can at once bring an action against the trade union funds just as he could bring an action against an employer for unlawful dismissal.

I will content myself with pointing out what a tremendous engine the law has forged here against any trade union which does not confine its strike activities very strictly to the sphere of its own industry. Any union which thinks that as in the old days it can come out lightheartedly and without thinking of agreements on a lightning or sympathetic strike is going to find itself grievously mistaken. The old order has been completely reversed.

Clause 3 deals with Picketing and Intimidation. It was subjected to very severe criticism by the lawyers of all shades of opinion in the Press as soon as it saw the light. Mr. Cyril Asquith, for instance, pointed out that if you extended the definition of "intimidation" to cover not only fear of bodily harm by the potential victim but fear of moral and mental damage, and made it illegal to do anything which could bring anyone who worked or refused to work into "ridicule and contempt," it would

really be dangerous for anyone to laugh at another man within the area of an industrial dispute. The Attorney-General did strike out the absurd phrase about "ridicule and contempt," but he left in the Act the essential words which extend "intimidation" beyond physical fear. No one knows, and no one can know, until the courts have got to work how far this puts an end to "picketing," peaceful or otherwise. That it will curtail existing trade union practices considerably is obvious. The only popular feature in the clause is the protection of the home life of the non-striker.

All arguments for or against a change in the system of the political levy have been exhausted long ago. The debate on this part of the Bill was therefore exceptionally dull even where dullness reigned as a rule. The best judges seem to think that it will make little practical difference to the finance of the Socialist party. Those in favour of it point out that it is unexceptionable in principle—which is true. Other Conservatives hold that it is ungracious for a majority to stop a minority from filling its own party chest in its own way, and establishes a dangerous precedent in this matter.

The clause which prevents a civil servant owing a dual allegiance to the State and the T.U.C. meets with far more general acceptance. The reason is not far to seek. The Civil Service is not in practice deeply committed to bodies external to the State. There is therefore no violent reversal of precedent involved in enforcing the excellent rule that the Civil Service should be an organisation apart with its pensions system complete and with a bargaining arrangement of its own for adjusting its conditions of service. This is far the best plan so long as the State plays the game by its servants.

The sensible case against the Trade Union Bill can be summed up in two sentences. (i) It places in jeopardy certain rights or privileges which the trade unionist has believed to be his (and generally rightly) since the legislation of the early 1870's. (ii) It is so drafted that it makes the trade union dependent for its financial safety on a law the interpretation of which must rest with the

courts, and no man dare say how they will interpret that law.

This is a trade union and not a political grievance, and it must result in a large if silent transfer of votes in purely industrial areas to the Labour side.

The Socialist party has, of course, made a hopeless mess of its own cause in the debates in Parliament. After a few futile shouts and demonstrations it practically retired from active Parliamentary opposition. Instead of fighting the Bill line by line, according to the boast, attendance in committee fell to next to nothing, and the House was actually counted out on one occasion.<sup>1</sup> The Socialist contribution to debate was, with a few brilliant exceptions, like the great speech of Mr. Snowden and the debating performances of Mr. J. H. Thomas, confined to a dreary repetition of statements about the effects of the Bill which everybody—speaker and audience and public included—knew to be false. No wonder it was impossible to raise an agitation in the country against the Bill under such circumstances. The weakness of the Opposition is due to the fact that a large section of its members do not believe in democratic institutions at all. They hate democracy and government by debate as much as the extreme Tories. But the system is there, and is likely to continue. People of the Left or the Right who wish to see it destroyed make, as a matter of common-sense, the very worst advisers as to the best methods of winning under the existing rules of the game. In this matter there is nothing much to choose between Clydeside and the Duke of Northumberland.

The agitation in the country is therefore a failure, but the quiet trickle of votes from one party to another goes on. Here and there the Tory trade unionist votes Labour, while the moderate voter, outraged by the Die-hards, goes Liberal. So much the by-elections prove.

(1) All the best arguments on the Bill were supplied by the Liberals led by Sir John Simon. The most useful amendment to the Bill was advanced from the Conservative back-benchers and accepted. It declared that individual strikers could not be put in prison as the result of an illegal strike. Of course the real weapon of the executive is not imprisonment but the financial liability of the trade union to ordinary civil damages.

The real case for the Bill, though it is seldom stated from Conservative platforms, is not based on principle—or on four principles—at all. It is that the trade union movement, corrupted by the political Socialists and diverted to other ends, is growing into a power which is likely to destroy democracy and strangle the State itself. Against such a movement any method, however it may reverse precedent and set back the clock, is defensible and necessary. To refuse to take such a step is an act of moral cowardice which would involve the Tory party not only in a defeat stamped by the ruin of the country, but in a defeat directly due to its own weakness. In a word, if we must perish, which is not certain, let us go down fighting to the last. The partial capture by a process of infiltration of the Co-operative movement by the Socialists this last June will be used to reinforce this argument.

And it is a strong contention. But there are stronger arguments on the other side. How many among the long list of Tory statesmen would have been found in favour of it? Strafford, no doubt, and Castlereagh and Eldon, and possibly Bolingbroke. But how would such a conception have appealed to Wyndham or Pitt, or Sir Robert Peel, to Randolph Churchill or Chamberlain, or Salisbury? Present ministers are fond of quoting the name of Disraeli—fonder than they are of absorbing his spirit or of imitating his policies. What would Disraeli have thought of such a violent reversal in the working-class legislation of which he had been the most successful and the most practical advocate? One can only guess.

I would suggest that Tory statesmanship if its long history could be boiled down into some quintessential essence would condemn and decline the Trade Union Bill as it now stands. Rights long established either in law or practice ought not to be rescinded. Even in the worst cases the balance of advantage is in favour of standing by precedent. And besides, the people of England are not fools. They will develop their institutions in their own ways, and their method will never be revolutionary.

## DEVELOPMENT OF THE "STATE" IDEA

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

It is an interesting fact that if any one moment of the world's history be taken it would appear, on looking back, that all the preceding history of our planet had been leading up and contributing to that one moment, and that each age is dowered with the entire heritage of the past. In other words, human knowledge and development are cumulative, and events follow one another in ordered and logical sequence, the benefits and evils of to-day having been conceived yesterday, while we are now busy with our legacy for future generations.

In considering the development of the idea of "the State," therefore, we are able not only to trace its growth through every age, but to foresee, to some extent, what shape it is likely to take in the future, for as human knowledge progresses it becomes apparent that few things are fortuitous in a universe so plainly founded on order, and as this fact becomes better appreciated the science of statecraft must become more exact and inspired, for to-day only exists by virtue of yesterday, and to-morrow is shaped by everything that has gone before.

For this reason it will be helpful to run through, very briefly, the altering conceptions of the State from their beginning. It has been admirably described by Mr. Delisle Burns, to whom the writer is indebted.

It is generally accepted that the idea of the State was born in Greece 2,400 years ago with the Athenian *πολις*. The *πολις* was not so much a matter of nationality as an institution that would minister to the needs of the elect few. The Athenians regarded themselves as an intellectual colony in the midst of a desert of barbarism—everyone not an Athenian was a "barbarian"—and Plato and Aristotle never thought for one moment of other republics, or of any other collection of people equally developed. There was no question in this of "the nation," for other nations, *politically*, were non-existent. The Athenians

were the chosen few of the world, and the State was simply the machinery that supplied all their needs, from the framing of laws and national policy, from religion and education, down to physical training, recreation, and instruction in music. The Athenians recognised no connection between the ships that put in at the Peiræus with merchandise and the countries from which that merchandise came; it was their idea to be independent and self-supporting; the State contained everything. It was on this conception that Hegel based his philosophy of the Absolute State, so far as one can judge from the writings of a man that were so involved that it is questioned whether he himself understood what he wrote, and Karl Marx took the Hegelian idea, to some extent elucidated it, and bequeathed it to our modern Socialists. But if the Absolute State was based on a fallacy in the fifth century B.C., how much more inaccurate must it be to-day? The idea was obsolete before Hegel ever lived.

Rome took the idea of the *πολις* and extended it in so far as colonising and foreign adventures were undertaken, but the Roman idea was always to be mistress of the world. She still hankered after State Absolutism, as is brought home to us by such familiar tags as *debellare superbos* and *delenda est Carthago*. In beating down the proud and wiping out Carthage Rome was simply carrying on the Greek tradition that could not conceive of anyone but herself being truly enlightened, and although she gave the world order and justice, it was Roman order and Roman justice, and these two institutions could not, for her, exist under any other form. The Roman idea of the State was more practical than the Athenian, but it was scarcely less limited, and other nations were either her subjects or her enemies.

The first philosopher who took a wider view was the Man of Bethlehem. He recognised the political and economic functions of the State in His admission of "the things that are Cæsar's," but He also recognised and preached the interdependence and unity of the whole of mankind. Our Lord's idea of the State embraced the whole world, but allowed for the practical organisation

which is a necessity for each collection of people actuated by common needs and aspirations.

This doctrine was misinterpreted by the mediæval Church in its attempt to enforce its domination over the whole world. It was still impossible to get away from the combined Greek and Roman ideas of being the one enlightened institution that must proclaim itself the master, and the Church as the dominant State was still an objective thing whose ends must be promoted by every possible means, not so much for the benefit of its members as for its own glorification. The State remained a thing in itself, quite distinct from those individuals who composed it.

There followed "Renaissance Sovereign States," so very capably dealt with by Mr. Delisle Burns.<sup>1</sup> These were, in effect, a revolt against the attempted domination of the Church, and each sought to make itself as powerful as possible, placing the king at the head and personifying him in their objective conception of the State. It had not yet dawned on anyone that the State was actually the members composing it, and *l'État c'est moi* of the French king remained the prevailing idea. Both mediæval ecclesiasticism and Renaissance sovereignty were expressions of State-worship at its worst, but a small advance had been made. From the Renaissance period onwards it was perforce recognised that one State had not the monopoly of power or culture; there were rivals to be fought for gain or the prevention of their becoming too powerful, but it was no longer believed that one State could contain the culture of the whole of civilisation. Each State had hopes of becoming the most powerful, but it was a question of being the most powerful of a family, albeit most of that family were at each other's throats.

All this time the functions of the State had been becoming specialised, and religion, education, and amusement were now less generally State-supplied, as in Athens, but had developed as functions quite outside the conception of the State. Individuality was increasing and demanded wider and more diverse fields of expression than those recognised by Plato and Aristotle. The State represented the material ambitions of the nation, in pre-

(1) "The Morality of Nations," C. F. Delisle Burns.

serving itself from attack, in gaining wealth and power, and in undertaking wars, but it was not an expression of the other activities of its members. The State was not the nation, although if the State were threatened the nation might be said to become the State.

As new political institutions grew during the seventeenth, eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries, the State was further exalted in distinction from religious and economic considerations, becoming less a federation of men of the same nationality and aspirations and more an instrument applied by them for realising international ambitions. "Diplomacy" became an established institution, and ambassadors were raised from being little better than international spies to becoming necessary, peaceful figures in relations with foreign countries. The idea of the necessity of keeping in contact with other States possessing equal rights and worthy to be considered was growing, and other nations were no longer regarded as "barbarians" or potential subjects. The alliances of the nineteenth century were the natural and obvious outcome of these altered circumstances, and formed the next step forward in the development of the "State" idea.

The alliances of the nineteenth century were the tacit admission of inter-State rivalry, but they at least marked an advance, for they were founded on the recognition of common aims amongst States and their interdependence, although the alliances usually owed their origin to jealousy or opportunism. As a result the friendly State of one day was hostile the next, and we find Italy allying herself with her hereditary enemy, Austria, in a fit of pique on account of the loss of two provinces to France, and then fighting with the Entente against the two other members of her own league.

International alliances in Europe were in a continual state of flux, and each war marked a rearrangement of groups. It was all very foolish, doubtless, and an immense amount of blood and treasure was wasted for the negative result of preventing domination by one State, but it did show a growing idea of the right of self-determination amongst States, of their equal rights of existence, and of co-operation for some ideal. No one State any longer

pretended to have the monopoly of power or culture, and a *modus vivendi* for all great states to co-exist had to be hammered out of these altered circumstances. It was a situation of which Plato and Aristotle, in their isolated community, had never dreamt.

State-worship continued, and was to be found in its most obsolete and degraded form in Germany before the War, and the cause of all this sprang from Germany's slavery to intellectual shibboleths of State philosophy which she had fostered and made her own. Had she been a little more imaginative, a little more practical, searched a little more diligently for the spirit of international relations instead of putting all her faith in the dry husks of an effete intellectualism, she must have realised that she was following a creed that was out of date almost as soon as Plato conceived it. But her political concepts were in direct opposition to the industrial development she was carrying out so successfully. It is interesting to note that by "peaceful penetration" (the exact opposite of State dominance) she was capturing the trade of the world through her citizens who had emigrated, while her colonies, which she might be said to "possess," were comparatively neglected and of little value to her.

During the past seventy years, however, three factors, in themselves quite outside politics, have appeared which are now forcing us to revise all our ideas of international relationships, and, with the War, have been directly responsible for the biggest step forward in our conception of the State in the whole of history. These factors are, as Mr. Delisle Burns has pointed out:—(1) Increased facilities for travel. (2) Extended activity of capital. (3) Development of science.

It is now possible to travel swiftly and safely and at comparatively low cost. We travel many times more quickly by air and land and sea than we did before the advent of steam and petrol, and less is thought to-day of a trip to America than of a trip to Berlin a hundred years ago. The result has been a mingling of peoples of all nations that has done much to dispose of the popular idea of "foreigners," and the interchange of visits has done more than anything to promote closer understanding

between different peoples. We see in how many ways they are similar to ourselves—the same hopes and fears, the same individual aspirations—and we also recognise where they differ in outlook, and by understanding this better we are less inclined to be instinctively hostile to such divergent points of view. Friendship and understanding are undermining the old sense of rivalry, and to believe that one State holds the only key to a culture that must be enforced on every other is to-day called "megalo-mania." The attitude of one State to another is not determined nearly so much by their respective rulers and ministers as by the attitude of the bulk of the people. If we had a minister, for example, so foolish as to try to implant a hatred of France or Austria in our hearts, he would certainly fail. Just as in the past the wisest counselors were unable to prevent two rival States from flying at each other's throats if they were set upon it, so there is hope in the future that unprincipled men will find all their efforts vain if they endeavour, for selfish reasons, to incite to war two States whose individual members feel a common bond of understanding. The unanimity with which the whole of the British people two years ago insisted upon the inclusion of Germany in the League of Nations astonished the Press and the politicians alike, and outran the somewhat tortuous mental process of the latter by its clear recognition of the real object in view. By the intercommunication and mingling together of the individual members of States the idea of war must eventually become absurd, since all will realise that they have too much in common to be enemies. This was apparent in the last war. So long as the German Army was thought of in the abstract term of "the enemy," British soldiers fought and killed them with satisfaction, and hailed with joy the thought of the destruction our artillery was wreaking upon them. This they did partly from the instinct of self-preservation, partly from sense of duty, and partly because they realised that only by such means could the war be won and a satisfactory peace attained. But directly "the enemy" materialised as frightened and mud-bespattered prisoners, shorn of all power of inspiring fear, cold, hungry and

wounded, it was usually at once our instinct to feel sympathy for them, to give them food or cigarettes, and to regard them once more as ordinary human beings who were the victims of circumstance. Such an attitude was purely the result of realising things shared in common, i.e., fear, hunger and discomfort. Because the British soldier knew that their nerves and bodies were exactly the same as his own, he was able, unconsciously, to put himself in their place, whereas the abstract term of "the enemy" fails to bring home this realisation to the ordinary man.

If, then, the peoples of States knew each other personally and intimately before a war began, and if they were so accustomed to such an idea of acquaintance that the thought always remained uppermost, it is surely fair to assume that a war could never begin at all, because the people could not be induced to take part in it.

The contribution of increased facilities for travel, therefore, to the development of the State idea will be readily appreciated.

The second factor that has brought such a change to international relations is the extended activity of capital. Practically speaking, the whole world is now knitted together by money invested by each State in every other State. An earthquake in Japan is felt by business houses in every continent. A war in Mexico affects investors of every nationality, and it is impossible for any great catastrophe to occur to one State without every other big State suffering to a greater or less degree. We depend upon other nations to buy our goods and sell us our food, while other nations depend upon us for various needs of their daily lives. Capital knows no boundaries, and for capital the whole world is one State, although some parts of it are safer or more remunerative than others. We find armament firms in one State supplying a rival State with munitions, or business houses in England, for example, whose activities lay mostly in Germany, regarding the War chiefly in the light of a moratorium, and were waiting, with impatience, for the foolishness of war to finish so that they might be able to get on with their work again.

We see now that Germany as a competitor and customer was more valuable to us than as neither, and each great State eventually depends for its economic existence upon the prosperity of other States. This at least we have learnt from the pistol shot at Serajevo that is still reverberating in the world dislocation of trade, in the depressed exchanges and the proofs on every side that war brings victory to no one but impoverishment to all. Unless we have friendly relations and trade amongst the Powers, it would be necessary to revert to the hard, comfortless life of our agricultural forefathers, with conditions fifty times more difficult than they were for them by reason of the increased population.

If increased travel facilities have brought about a broader individual view of the State idea, capital has done just as much to emphasise the interdependence and common interests of States as a whole. Capital shows that war amongst States not only impoverishes the victor by the cost of winning victory and the suspension of trade, but also by the lost buying power of the vanquished customer.

Lastly, the growth of science has resulted in a brotherhood of scientists throughout the world that binds them too closely for difference of nationality to divide. In their work they may be said to be outside the limitations of the State entirely, and as long ago as the Russo-Japanese War we find Russian and Japanese scientists meeting in amicable conference when that war was at its height.

What effect, then, are these three great developments of the past century likely to have upon the State idea as we find it in the form in which we last considered it—the phase of Alliances?

The answer seems plain and indisputable. We have turned and twisted in every way for the last two thousand years, trying first one loophole and then another. Always we have been baffled and thrown back, staggering from one disastrous war to another. Little by little, with progress almost immeasurably slow, we have been buffeted upon the right path, and we can now see ourselves, foolishly



blind, groaning together with the whole of creation in the vast, upward movement of spiritual evolution. Our material progress has outrun our spiritual growth, but this is not to be deplored as bitterly as some of our Jeremiahs have deplored it, for with the sure inevitability of the Divine scheme, that holds the stars in their places and weaves to-morrow from the web of yesterday, our very material advancement is forcing the next step upon us—a spiritual step that demands that we recognise the brotherhood of man through the medium of man's material necessities. Science has already arrived there, even much-abused capital has, however unwittingly, pointed up the same path. Our perceptions that have been widened by increased facilities for every kind of education, exchange of thought and personal contact with a greater number of our fellow beings all lead us to the same logical conclusion, that the State in its steady growth from the isolated circumstances of Athens to the complex relations of the nineteenth century must now go one step further and recognise the necessity for co-operation with other States. Herein lies the great significance of events at Locarno and Geneva. This or that State is no longer the potential enemy, but war itself. The nations cannot escape their destiny, although they can delay or hasten its fulfilment. We have worked up from the family to the clan, the clan to the race, the race to the nation, and the nation to the Empire. There is only one obvious and logical result, and that is such an organisation as the League of Nations.

This is not to say that nationality is to be laid aside, that patriotism is to be a thing of the past, or that a wishy-washy internationalism is to supersede the wholesome stimulant of pride in one's country and its achievements. Rather the opposite—that the task of each State is to concentrate on doing the particular work for which its genius and temperament are best suited, and to take pride in contributing as much as possible to the family of which it is a member.

Britain was once a collection of savage tribes. Gradually they realised the necessity of co-operation, and they combined with the Witenagemote, or Council of Wise

Men, to direct their policy. From this the British Empire was evolved, the greatest force in the world on the side of civilisation and tolerance.

The League is only an extension of the same idea. It is not the sentimental plaything of a few grandmotherly altruists; it is the inevitable and practical outcome of State development and modern conditions. Nor is its function, as many still imagine, that of a world police force, for this, after all, would only mean the combating of one evil with a stronger. The League is the Witenagemote on a world scale, and its aim is to develop as the Saxon Parliament developed into the British Commonwealth. Just as it would now seem to us absurd to think of the East of England fighting the West, so one day it will seem equally ridiculous for one State to fight another.

In some respects, therefore, the functions of the State in its most recent development are reverting to something like the original in Athens, namely, the social and educational care of those who constitute it rather than an objective institution that must be exalted by force of arms. But whereas Plato's State might be likened to a mediæval baron who reserved to himself all initiative and demanded unquestioning service, the modern State has become more plastic and democratic in its organisation, based on the recognition that it is subjective, or made up of and for the individuals whom it serves. The State and the Nation are one. It is not its business to fight for importance or power with other similar bodies: its business is simply the welfare of its members. And there is this great difference—the State to-day is accepted as being only one of many, all with equal rights, each with its own problems, each with a duty to supply something to the common policy of solving some of the general problems of civilised life.

This is the dream that the nations have it in their power to bring, if they can but believe the amply demonstrated lesson that war to-day can bring gain or victory to no one: a world organised for peace instead of for war, organised to enjoy the fruits of industry and enterprise without having to pay the huge insurance against international burglary represented by armaments, without walking for ever in the



shadow of fear and violence. No one would be so foolish as to believe that international jealousies and rivalries and all the age-old problems that have brought war in the past can be abolished by a few signatures on a piece of parchment; it cannot be so, and for centuries, perhaps, they will remain in some form. But it is credible that there is dawning a real understanding of the fact that war is neither the solution of them nor the means of gaining any desirable end, and the most inspiring cause for daring to believe in such a hope is the fact that it is not only the kings and princes and leaders of the people who have seen the vision and dreamed the dream, but the people themselves, whose eyes have been opened by suffering. Sometimes they are seeing more clearly than their rulers.

We cannot go on in the old way: we must believe that such a dream can be made reality, or go back to chaos, as is obvious if one tries to imagine the effect of a series of wars even no worse than the last. Of that it is useless to think; but in the other case one sees the State developing as an expression of its members, of their ideals, their work, their character and their social life: not a Frankenstein that must be served, but an oracle into which all that is best in the nation has been poured to make it wise and eloquent, with freedom as its watchword and service for a shield. If it is in such a way the State is to develop, it is evident that there must be a central body to which States can contribute their offerings to the solution of world problems, where matters that affect more than one State can be discussed and where a general policy can be created. The League of Nations is as good a name for such an institution as any. But our feet are still entangled a little with the mud of the dark ages from which we are clambering, and it is easy to speak and think of the League in the old terms. Thus emphasis is laid on the League "preventing" war, on "loyalty to the League," and people are found taking sides with or against it, as one might back Oxford or Cambridge. It all arises from thinking in terms of war instead of terms of peace, and from that objective attitude that, as this article has endeavoured to show, has led into such sinister by-ways the

supporters of an absolute State that must be exalted by violent partisanship.

The League could no more "prevent" war, if the nations were bent upon it, than a policeman in Piccadilly could have prevented 1914 by holding up his hand. It can help in removing the causes of war by offering itself as a forum for discussing world politics and exchanging points of view, and also by the fact of its existence as a sort of international referee. Here it has already rendered invaluable service. But war can only be actually prevented by the will of the nations themselves, and to think of the League as a super-police force is to think in the old terms and visualise a conflict of Leaguers and anti-Leaguers that would beat 1914 to a frazzle. The League is an instrument of peace, like any other democratically constituted assembly, and the real aim of its existence is to lubricate the machinery of friendliness between States that unsocial things may be gradually abolished and the greatest good of the greatest number be furthered. Thus we find the League assisting in the abolition of the traffic in drugs, women and children, or of tariffs and port dues (which are unsocial, however necessary in separate cases). On the positive side it assists in settling such things as boundary disputes, mandates, calendars and international working hours and conditions, in disseminating knowledge of medicine, science, education and economics; so many things can only be done if every nation does them, and so much is lost by knowledge being kept secret or untabulated. These are all arts of peace, and represent the common contribution of many States; but it is noteworthy that everything is dependent upon the will of the States composing the League, and that just as a State in the old days could not force anything permanently upon its unwilling members, so the League must be a subjective expression of its adherents and not the arbiter of their destinies. Bearing that in mind, one might call the League a super-State, and the hint of aggression that such a term immediately suggests illustrates very well how wrongly the proper development of the State idea has hitherto been conceived. The League is neither a creator nor a governor in

its essence, but the inevitable expression of State development to-day on the line of progress, so that those who say "the League has failed" mean that the civilised States have failed. There is a world of difference between failure and mistakes.

So now we can look backward and see how closely the development of the idea of "the State" has been associated with the progress of civilisation; in what folly and in what darkness man has fought for his mistaken ideals and his distorted dreams, and how patiently the Powers of Heaven have borne with his blindness, asking no more than his stage of development could give. We can see how, in spite of everything, his path has been mainly forward, and that he has, however slowly, been solving the elementary problems given him of organising existence upon this planet in something approaching decency. One can see that the finish of the War has marked the setting of a final examination paper for that phase, with the answers simple enough, surely. To organise for peace instead of for war; for living instead of for killing. How shall we answer it? Again we are not being asked for anything beyond our powers. We can plead neither innocence nor ignorance—we all know the answer, really, and so, if we failed to give it, the punishment would be a terrible one. Like all divine punishment, we should have created it for ourselves out of wilful folly and the prostitution of the gifts of science and organisation in a last catastrophic holocaust of slaughter and burning. Is it possible that this test upon which we are entering is the Last Judgment of the present age, with a new and better age in sight if we pass it successfully, and chaos and disaster of our own making should we show that we had learnt nothing? We know now that we are the State, and we are the League of States: it is unthinkable that we should choose suicide in preference to organising peacefully to enjoy the manifold goodness of God.

## SIR HERBERT SAMUEL AND THE LIBERAL PARTY

BY JAMES CORBETT

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL is to be regarded as a product of the new age. But it is a new age of efficiency, organisation, and control so far as the British Liberal Party is concerned, and I hardly imagine that Mr. Lloyd George could have secured a better organiser for his purpose than the able ex-politician who was Postmaster-General in 1910. Prior to that period he was Under-Secretary to the Home Department, then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but those who know him best will confess he is the dark horse of the Liberal organisation.

There is a marked contrast between the Liberal organiser and Mr. Lloyd George. The latter is inclined to rely more on rhetoric, inspiration and the imaginative impulse of the moment, but there is an air of cold realism about Sir Herbert which marks him out as a formidable factor in the atmosphere of modern politics. His speeches are trenchant with analogy and pungent wit. Like Viscount Grey, he can expound in a single sentence the clarity of an idea, and in a few forceful words can present a vivid comparison between the ideals of Labourists and those of his own party. Yet he prefers hard practicality and fact to vague surmises about the future, and he impresses his audience more with the honesty of his convictions than with any brilliant jibes about the contending forces at Westminster. Just as Mr. Baldwin displayed remarkable ingenuity and tact when he selected Mr. Winston Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer, so Mr. Lloyd George manifested all the arts of wizardry in resurrecting Sir Herbert Samuel from the shades of political neglect. Indeed, the selection for this post has been so brilliant that I am wondering if Mr. Lloyd George has not a deeper purpose behind it all than most political writers can discern. Sir Herbert Samuel is still comparatively a young man. He has already achieved wonderful pre-eminence in every position of State respon-

sibility with which he has been entrusted, and the possibilities about his future appear at the present moment unlimited. May one not be forgiven for speculating whether history is not destined to repeat itself with regard to the mantle of Elijah?

But apart from vague speculation about the personal future of this distinguished ex-Governor of Palestine, we know for a certainty that Sir Herbert Samuel has no delusions about the stupendous dimensions of his present task. It is not necessary for Conservatives to remind him that a few swallows do not make a summer. As a matter of fact, Liberal headquarters are depending upon something more substantial than a momentary tendency of byelections to return Liberal members. Those who are acquainted with the determination of Mr. Lloyd George to win a formidable number of seats at the next General Election can vouch for the whole-hearted preparations being made to defeat Conservatives and Labourists at the next challenge to the electorate. Indeed, whatever disunity may have pre-existed in the Liberal camp, I go so far as to state that Sir Herbert Samuel has transformed himself into the pivot of harmony and conciliation between both groups of Liberals, and, apart from the stupendous surprise that may be in store for all parties when the next big crisis comes at Westminster, Mr. Lloyd George will have planned and laid the foundations of amity and co-operation at Liberal headquarters. Sir Herbert is an organiser and man of resource to the finger-tips. I have heard it stated frequently that he possesses the most consummate tact and ability for any political or national post, and that rumour is confirmed by the significant tendency of Viscount Grey, Mr. Runciman and others not to take any deliberate step of opposition to the plans that are being executed at Liberal headquarters. He has made it clear from the outset that he is not concerned with any particular personality in the Liberal group. Indeed, every speech he makes on a public platform lends support and weight to the conviction that he is out purely and simply for the revival of Liberalism in the nation, and merely to postulate that he is the deliberate emissary of "the little man

from Wales" is to make an assertion far removed from all truth and reality. In a word, he is to be regarded as the chief engineer in charge of the great Liberal machine at Abingdon Street, and I doubt if in all Liberal history there has been a man more psychologically and temperamentally fitted for the post.

We are really a slow-thinking nation. Few individuals ever imagined what would happen in England during a General Strike until it actually occurred, and just as we muddled through that retrogressive episode in constitutional history, just as we waited seven months until the commonsense of British miners reasserted itself in the coal deadlock, so will we patiently hold our breath until all the votes have been counted at the next General Election. After that date it will be permissible to gauge how many miles the British electorate has travelled in a certain direction, and even the supernormal activities of Sir Herbert Samuel and his compeers will not deflect by one vote the psychological tendency of the British nation. But it is moving in a different environment from that of the last decade. It has discerned with the cynical eyes of a philosopher all the manifold activities of the Conservative Party to capture it and hold it in durance vile for a certain period. There is an inevitability about the onward march of the British electorate that is fatalistic and predetermined. It must reach a certain destination before the termination of another eighteen months. If it suddenly deserts the high-road of time and takes a deliberate short-cut across the fields then neither MacDonald, Lloyd George nor Baldwin can do other than give obeisance to its imperial will and desire.

Now Sir Herbert Samuel is skilfully manœuvring to guide the political progress of this electorate. As chairman of the Liberal Organisation Committee he stated at Manchester that if an answer was to be given to Conservatism it would not be found in Socialism. He informed his audience that it was not a mere Conservatism that would satisfy the demands of the electorate at the next General Election. Nor, according to his political faith, was it to be found in individualism. He maintained that such

a doctrine represented only a half-truth. In the conditions of an earlier generation perhaps it was necessary to emphasise that half, but now he believed that the other half required emphasis. He found both solvents embodied in Liberalism. He pointed out that there is a critical Liberalism and a constructive Liberalism. One, he stated, seeks to overthrow privilege, to clear the field for individual activities, to sweep away ill-considered laws which clog initiative and hamper industry and commerce; the other seeks to bring the force of the whole nation to help on its more backward members, to better the conditions of employment, to improve the environment of the people, to open opportunities for education and culture, and to raise to the highest point possible the whole standard of the life of all. If there are any hesitant electors standing on the brink of indecision, Sir Herbert Samuel points to the work of the Liberal Parliaments from 1906 to 1914, the vast system of social insurance, the old age pensions, compensation for accidents, trade boards, the Miners' Eight Hours Act, the Early Closing Act, Town Planning Act, the Small Holdings Act, and other Acts of Liberal reform; and he asserts that the work still before the Liberal Party is but a continuation of the work already done. We know he is perfectly right, for along these progressive lines Liberals have to devote themselves to the urgent question of the relations between employers and employed. For example, the Liberal Industrial Inquiry, which is far advanced, is directed to the question of promoting a more just distribution of the products of industry between the classes concerned, and how to secure for the workpeople a fuller voice in the conditions of employment. And Sir Herbert rightly maintains that the new spirit needed in industry is that which no longer regards the workman as the servant of the employer, but regards both workman and employer in their different capacities as the servants of the community. Towards all these points of human progress the British electorate will nod assent, and certainly another piece of constructive work is to carry into effect the recommendations of the Coal Commission for the reorganisation of that industry. Unless that reform is accom-

plished there is every reason to fear that other great disputes in the coal trade will only be a question of time and opportunity. The electorate knows that it is the duty of every self-respecting Liberal to use efforts to bring to a more reasonable level the cost of living, and it sees clearly that a vigorous public economy, enforced with a firmer hand than has been recently manifested at the Exchequer, should enable tax reductions on a considerable scale to be effected. Sir Herbert, who is evidently a confirmed optimist, further maintains that it is one of the main duties of the State to avoid raising prices by its own action, and in this respect he seems to include those Protectionist measures thinly disguised under the name of the safeguarding of industries. He is also delighted with the active movement proceeding in agricultural districts to press on the Liberal policy of rural land reform, and he reminds us that the urban land policy is of equal importance. And when someone mentions in a dramatic whisper that five hundred Liberal candidates may enable a minority Socialist Government to be returned, Sir Herbert shrugs his shoulders and invites Parliament to reform the system of voting so as to end this minority representation.

But while I am inclined to sympathise with the tremendous enthusiasm evinced by Sir Herbert Samuel, I am beginning to imagine that the poor electorate is becoming surfeited with the aims and designs of separate political groups. Are we really beginning to envisage the formation of a National Party? If so, it seems to me insignificant whether Liberals, Tories, or Labour Progressivists are responsible for such a political evolution. Naturally we are concerned with the relativity of votes in regard to Liberals and Labourists at Westminster, and one wonders if Sir Herbert Samuel has forgotten that the Liberal Party is also in a state of acute transition? Why, even the Conservatives do not always remain in a groove of static immovability. Would Lady Astor not confirm that there was a strong Progressive element even amongst the Tories, and would she not be supported in her affirmation by many junior Conservatives in the Party? No Liberal has ever proclaimed himself a

reactionary, therefore a progressive policy of any kind must appeal to every section of the Liberal Party. And even the most humble layman is compelled to draw a clear line of demarcation between the Parliamentary Labour Party and the Moscow extremists. Formerly it was sufficient to refer to the Left Wing as the Clydeside Group, but the advent of Soviet influence has claimed certain Labour extremists as direct sympathisers with the Moscow policy of international revolt. Personally, I am waiting every day for the Labour Party to split from top to bottom unless the Communist influence is definitely excluded. Communism still stands for world-revolution, and the British electorate is watching it closely. Mr. MacDonald must therefore soon decide as leader of his party whether he is organising for world-catastrophe, or whether he is prepared to stand four-square against all the wild-eyed theorists and visionaries who beckon to him so frantically at present. I am even surmising whether Sir Herbert Samuel is not working behind the scenes for some *rapprochement* with Labour moderates in this respect? Mr. MacDonald cannot temporise longer with the demons of anarchy in world-finance. He must realise long before the next General Election that Labour can only evolve upon lines distinctly different from the plans of the Moscow high-priests. The electors know that Mr. MacDonald faced reality during his short period of political power, and if he has disentangled sophistry from economics we can never imagine him taking a deliberate step into the arms of the fanatics. If he ever did make a supreme blunder of that kind, I doubt if he would ever regain the confidence of the National Labour Party. Sir Herbert Samuel has certainly never looked upon world-revolution as a myth. He is convinced that it is a positive reality, and knowing it to be the constant menace of nations, he realises that it can only be countered by the intelligent acts of a wise democracy. He knows that England stands for the highest democracy in the world. He perceives that everything will depend upon the wisdom of British statesmen to bring to nought and folly the plans of that cosmopolitan group who are deter-

mined to wreck civilisation in their efforts to reverse the social order of mankind. These world-revolutionaries hate the League. They laugh at Locarno. They sneer at the progressive advance of the British Empire. They have nothing but contempt for America, and they loathe any idea of peaceful reconstruction in China. Meddling daily with the internal affairs of other countries, they plan and plot to bring all progress crashing to the ground. They are out for world-war and world-chaos. Liberals know that every serious attempt to introduce the evil spell of Communism has meant civil war and the extinction of liberty. And even in Russia, where the Red tyranny has established itself, we are glad to recognise that a political Opposition is springing up at last out of the best Slav elements in that nation. But many advocates of the League seem blind to the real facts, to the real significance of Muscovite propaganda. Germany has shed her illusions in that respect, France is becoming daily more vigilant and apprehensive, Italy is determined to wrestle with every contingency that may manifest itself in this direction. And Liberals ask what about England? Will the Liberal Party be the bulwark between the forces of extremism in the two great political camps? Meanwhile the crisis of the times demands the emergence of a new National Party in Great Britain. This can be formed out of a transformed Liberal group, or it may evolve out of a new adhesive bloc with Labourists and Liberals functioning as the respective parts of its future composition.

For the men who govern us at present are not very wise. I do not necessarily refer to the existing Administration of well-meaning Conservatives, nor do I attempt to fling a hammer at any particular group of Liberals or Labour visionaries. But whether Westminster happens to be dominated by Imperialists, Free Traders, or Moscow-Socialists, I submit that no modern politician has ever demonstrated any outstanding capacity to govern. I suppose we suffer from the evils of party chicanery and wire-pulling, and I hope we are proud of the democratic freedom which is embodied in all three political groups. It may be that our British temperament has adapted itself

to this distinctive form of representation, yet even when a particular party is returned with the full authority of the electorate, an intelligent minority is forced to acknowledge that what we want is not so much a party as a Cabinet, and, in the last analysis, not so much a Cabinet as a man. Can the Liberals provide us with a National Government of the type I am trying to indicate? To put forward such a desire for common-sense government does not necessarily mean a prayer for dictatorship of an Italian calibre. It does not even represent a craving for a dictator in the individualist sense of the term, for I maintain that dictatorship and governance are not embodied in one individual. To be perfectly frank, government should be dispensed according to the stern necessity of the time, without dependence on abstract personalities, and without determination by prominent cliques or individuals. We know of late years that executive responsibility has centred in the Cabinet, that the Premier is the figurehead of the party, and that since 1914 there has been a marked tendency to allow the Cabinet to usurp the chief functions of government. We remember during the war years how Mr. Lloyd George overshadowed not merely his Cabinet, but his party and the nation itself. He represented the British Government, and he was the virtual dictator of the hour. Indeed, looking back upon that period of stress and crisis, we know that victory was reached owing to this unity of control in our Parliamentary affairs. In the same way the Allies reached the pinnacle of strategy when they placed military government under the guiding brain of Foch, and since the war period successive Prime Ministers have been impressed more and more with the conviction that absolute power must be vested in the Cabinet. They are faced with the lamentable tragedy of experience that the moment governance is wrested from the Cabinet then the party is overwhelmed with impotence, weakness, and vacillation.

We know how badly we are governed at this moment of political destiny in these islands. I shall therefore be forgiven for stating that, in my humble judgment, there is no national government in the real meaning of the

term. What we want at Westminster to-day is moral and political honesty, but instead of political morality in the Gladstonian sense we are burdened with politicians who are mostly concerned with partisan quarrels. We have Cabinet Ministers who substitute party for national interests, we have British Premiers who seemingly cannot rise to the real demands of the nation. Every Member of Parliament seems steeped in intrigue, compromise, and opportunism, and the last idea to enter the head of any denizen of Westminster is the resolve to be fearlessly honest and intractable where vital national interests are concerned. Sir Herbert Samuel painfully reminds us that our system of proportional representation is gravely to blame. We also know that where a Conservative Government cannot claim a majority of votes it is reasonable to expect the Prime Minister of the hour to be conscious of his electoral limitations, and accordingly he suffers from a natural disinclination to take extreme measures of government. He remains under the conviction that he cannot put into force certain legislative measures that are imperative in the national interest, because if he attempts to do so he is haunted by some political Nemesis at a future election, and if he is not deterred by this fact he is harassed by the thought that his measure of reform will be repealed by some rival Government.

In this diatribe I am not directing my shafts of criticism mainly against Mr. Baldwin. I am referring to every British Government that has been in power for the last twenty years, and my contention is that no British Premier has attempted once to rule England as it should be ruled and governed. And if we care to examine the annals of our British history it will be found that partisanship plays the chief role in the case of every Premier who sits at 10, Downing Street. But I submit that the moment has come in our national affairs when vital statesmanship must be substituted for political wire-pulling. Prior to the war, when Great Britain was forging ahead in the van of all competitors, when we could be referred to as a wealthy creditor nation and first-rate Power, when we were not suffering like the present from an adverse

trade balance, we tolerated Cabinet Ministers playing a game of pawns and counters. But what has happened in the interval? We know that the wealth poured out in the war was amassed by our forefathers. It represented not merely the strenuous toil of an era or an epoch, but the effort of many generations, and, as Sir Herbert Samuel knows, we are living to-day in a fool's paradise if we think that reconstruction and national regeneration can be attained without the most drastic economy and wise statesmanship. In other words, irrespective of what Government is in power, it is not sufficient merely to set up a Cabinet Economy Council, as recently proposed, but it is more expedient that the Prime Minister himself should concentrate all his resource and statesmanship upon cutting down the unproductive expenditure of the nation. That is to say, if Mr. Baldwin could only realise that he has the opportunity of a lifetime, if it could only be impressed upon him that it is real government we want and not opportunism or side-tracking, if he would only determine to carry out the wishes of the nation with the most inexorable resolution, then we could refer to him in the days ahead as a politician who had soared to the highest statesmanship. Irrespective of everything that Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Lloyd George are planning at present, if Mr. Baldwin can make up his mind during the next few months and show that he is at the head of a real National Government, if he is ruthless with the wire-pullers, if he can foresee that great things are expected from him as a Conservative Premier, then I venture to prophesy that the polls will declare a sensational surprise at the next election. If our leaders have the vital interest of the nation at heart during these stormy, tempestuous years, then we may be utterly regardless of what political Party is in power so long as we are certain of a National Government.

Sir Robert Horne has plainly informed us that an expenditure of £834,000,000 is an impossible burden for this country to bear, and no individual who believes in reconstruction can remain an optimist if anything approaching

that sum is to be the normal expenditure of the country. We agree with Sir Herbert Samuel when he states that little economy can be effected by petty curtailments in the Home Departments. If Mr. Baldwin is to assist his Chancellor in averting a further huge deficit, then he will not merely carry out the suggestion of Commander Hilton Young in setting up an inner financial council of the Cabinet, but, as I have already hinted, he will place himself in absolute command of that council and see that every practical suggestion of economy is carried into effect. Nothing but the authority of the Cabinet can produce economies and exercise control over the spending departments, and, after all, the policy of the Government is chiefly responsible for expenditure. I am even inclined to agree with Sir Robert Horne when he states that we cannot in our present circumstances afford to maintain the Widows' Pensions Act, representing as it does an expenditure of £7,500,000 per annum. One expert computes it to be an ever-increasing sum which will cost the country in the end something like £700,000,000, and this means that we are robbed of all the benefits we have obtained by the diminution of what was paid out in war pensions. When we consider all the burdens on the credit of the country and the impediments to cheap conversions of maturing loans, no burden so heavy as this has been laid on us since the war ended. Naturally every Liberal will approve of the Act, but such approval does not minimise the fact that it is too big a burden for industry to bear. Is it not time the Prime Minister called a halt in the increase of expenditure on social services? We are the most highly taxed and rated country in the world. The United States has not to pay more than £6 per head of her population, France is paying £4 or £5, Germany something like the same, and Italy, who is competing in textiles and shipbuilding, is paying about £4. Great Britain is actually paying £16 per head of her population, and that is partly because we are asked to contribute these enormous sums to social services. Surely between now and the autumn Mr. Bald-



win can demonstrate to us the efficiency of a National Government? Neither can we quarrel with the argument offered by Mr. Lloyd George that if industry cannot bear such terrific outlay on social services still less can it afford expenditure on cruisers and an elaborate Singapore base. If Mr. Baldwin can rise to the courage of his convictions in regard to economy he will recognise the close connection between armaments and industry, and instruct his inner financial Cabinet accordingly. Indeed, he can go a step further and counsel his Cabinet to pay strict attention to the Supplementary Estimate for China. We all realise that no Government can accept the responsibility of taking troops away until there is a settled Government in China, but even thirty thousand troops cannot be maintained at so great a distance from home without an expenditure that must run into millions. Having regard to that fact, surely the Prime Minister will make absolutely certain that not a penny extra outlay is incurred over what may afterwards be regarded as an extravagant display of military force. We must guarantee protection to the lives and property of British nationals in China, but we cannot police the whole world, and we must remember our limitations as well as our obligations; therefore it will be up to the Economy Cabinet Council to see that our spending departments are governed in this respect. Further, Mr. Churchill played ducks and drakes with the Budget because he had the psychological discernment not to add sixpence to the income tax, but I submit that National Government will provide something more efficient and straightforward in the zone of finance than the wizardry of an expert juggler. A National Prime Minister would not sanction such miserable little economies as the scrapping of the Ministry of Mines or the Department of Overseas Trade. We have to differentiate between productive and non-productive expenditure, and the position of affairs with regard to trade and industry is so serious that a wise expenditure may be a grave and determining factor. No intelligent individual can be pleased with our slow recovery of imports and exports, and, in addition, we are competing with countries

that have none of our burdens. The national debt of Germany to-day is not £130,000,000. Her pre-war municipal debts have been wiped out. On the present basis of the franc, the debt of France is only about £2,600,000,000, and she has reconstructed the whole of her devastated areas, rebuilt her factories, refitted and re-equipped most of her large industrial workshops, and her national debt is about one-third of ours. Germany is also building up her credit. We have hitherto maintained a certain advantage in that our credit is good, but this comparison is not now so much in our favour, for it has to be remembered that Germany is without a debt and without an army and navy, and without the enormous expenditure on armaments which she experienced before the war.

What then is the political situation in the light of all these facts? I am afraid that everything will depend upon British public opinion. It is concentrating more and more upon the stern realities of modern economics, upon the solid interdependence of British Capital and Labour, and upon the utter folly of world-revolution and world-chaos. It is heading straight for a policy of National Government, a policy of compromise between the forces of sanity and political madness, and we can rely upon it expressing approval or disgust with no uncertain voice.



## THE CALL OF SEA AND SUN

BY CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE

IF foreign travel implied only a kaleidoscopic picture of a section of the earth's surface, then to satisfy the keen desire for it manifest in a major or minor degree in almost every educated human being would be a comparatively simple matter. A series of cinematograph films would fulfil the purpose of an army of agents and officials controlling the steamship, railway, and pleasure-travel organisations of the world. It, however, implies not only seeing but also *understanding* and *responding* to novel surroundings. Anyone who has travelled extensively will know that these three essentials of complete enjoyment are by no means synonymous. There is the hustler through countries and cities who sees much but understands little; there is the unread tourist who tries to comprehend, but through the hesitation born of ignorance does not freely respond to his foreign environment; there is the blasé traveller who understands too well to obtain the thrill of novelty. Yet the correct combination will give to each of these different types the pleasures they often seek in vain. It is a matter of studying to understand what is seen and of knowing the "atmosphere" in which one's temperament most quickly responds to outside impressions. There are people who instinctively answer the call of the North, others who respond more readily to the subtle lure of the East or the glamour of the West, while the few—the true explorers and globe-trotters—are sensitive to each and all of these indefinable attractions.

Curious as it may seem among a people who have extended their dominion far and wide over the surface of the earth, geographical knowledge—in the full meaning of this term—has apparently never been one of the strong points of a public school education in these sea-girt isles. Many otherwise well-informed people require the aid of

a map to see where their travel agency has decided they should spend the season or vacation. An atlas, however, conveys so little to those without a geographical sense and so much to the few who possess this peculiar understanding. The former may be able to calculate thereby the statute or sea miles separating his home from the proposed scene of his leisure hours, he may regard the proximity of the Arctic Circle or the Equator with exhilaration or misgiving, while these and other pitfalls are viewed in their true significance only by those who know from study or have business in great waters.

In keeping with the economic law of demand and supply the choice of where to go and how best to get there becomes more diverse, and consequently more difficult, each season. In the following review of the principal pleasure voyages arranged for the summer and autumn months attention will be directed to some of the lesser-known peculiarities, attractions and drawbacks of each cruise.

## THE CALL OF THE NORTH

There is a very general belief that a cruise to the Norwegian fjords during the summer months affords an opportunity to witness the wonderful phenomenon of the midnight sun. This is not necessarily the case. It depends on the latitude reached and the date. Just inside the Arctic Circle, at Svolvær, the upper edge of the sun is visible at midnight from May 25th to July 19th; at Tromsø the whole orb can be seen at the witching hour from May 20th to July 24th; at Hammerfest—the most northerly town in the world—it is visible between May 16th and July 27th, while at the North Cape, Europe's last outpost in Arctic seas, there is no darkness from May 12th to August 1st, and the complete dial is visible from May 14th to July 30th.

From this it will be seen that during August very high latitudes have to be reached in order to witness the midnight sun. In Spitzbergen, which can now be visited by travellers on pleasure bent, a portion of the orb remains above the horizon until August 24th, while on the edge of

the Polar ice-pack it may be visible on the 25th or 26th of that month, and at least one pleasure cruising vessel is bound thus far into the Arctic during the period of perpetual daylight.

The mere fact that the sun remains in view for the whole twenty-four hours conveys but a poor idea of the curiously impressive beauty of this phenomenon of the Arctic summer night. The glittering yellow light of the long day turns slowly to rose-pink, tinting the clouds which seem to come up from behind the world, the wavelets of an indigo sea, the distant snows and glaciers, and the green rocks which form the northernmost sentinels of the inhabited world. Towards midnight the colours deepen until the blood-red orb sits on a violet sea, cleft only by a widening pathway of ruddy light. It is both the sunset and the sunrise.

The Norwegian fjords, however, have other sights, sounds and sensations to thrill the being of those who respond to the call of the North. There is something grand and at times almost overwhelming in the majesty of mountain and glacier towering from the bottle-green waters of the fjords seemingly to the skies. Along the fringe of level land which borders these lake-like arms of the sea are quaint and picturesque wooden villages, with here and there, on the wider levels, such large and interesting towns as Bergen, Merok, Molde—a town of roses, antiquities, and quaint picturesqueness everywhere—Trondhjem, Tromsö—with its Lapps, reindeer and unique Arctic Museum—and finally Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world.

Of cruises to the fjords there are a great variety. First come the twenty-day voyages by the Orient liners, *Otranto* and *Oronsay*, 20,000-ton ships usually engaged in the Australian service. The itinerary includes not only the southern fjords, but also visits to Oslo, Stockholm, Reval and Copenhagen, at a minimum cost of thirty shillings a day. Other voyages by these vessels have a duration of thirteen days, and visits are paid to the principal southern fjords only. Then there are the series of cruises by the R.M.S.P. Company's *Arcadian* and *Araguaya*. Early in

July the former vessel leaves Immingham for the fjords and the North Cape, on a seventeen-day cruise at thirty shillings a day. In this case one of the principal attractions is a view of the midnight sun from the Arctic Ocean. Later voyages are of thirteen days' duration and embrace the southern fjords, or of twenty-one days and include the capitals of Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Finland. The *Araguaya* is scheduled to carry out a number of popular twelve-day cruises to the fjords from London.

Among other fine ships voyaging in northern waters must be mentioned the P. and O. liner *Ranchi*. In this case travellers have the option of a fjord cruise in late July, or a voyage to the northern capitals of Europe and the Baltic during August. Then there are the wonderful series of cruises by the B. and N. ocean yachts, *Stella Polaris* and *Meteor*. The speciality in the voyages of the former ship is the North Cape and the midnight sun, while the latter vessel contents itself with cruises of shorter duration through the picturesque scenery of the southern fjords. On August 6th the *Stella Polaris* commences her romantic voyage through the fjords to Spitzbergen and the ice-pack which surrounds the Pole. Here is a wonderful opportunity, costing only £65, for those who desire to feel the true glamour of the Arctic.

The Cunard liner *Carinthia* will leave Southampton early in August on a unique cruise through North European waters. Seventeen days will be pleasantly spent visiting Copenhagen, Stockholm, the fjords of Norway and Scapa Flow, the famous base of the British Grand Fleet during the European War. Although other vessels of other lines are scheduled for cruises to the land of the Vikings, sufficient has now been said to show that each cruise makes appeal to travellers of widely differing likes and dislikes. There are those to whom the lonely grandeur of the Arctic under the midnight sun will call irresistibly, others to whom the majestic mountain and lake-like scenery of the southern fjords will make the stronger appeal, and where neither of these attractions, away from the haunts of men, are ideal, there are the cruises to the fine and gay capital cities of Northern Europe.

## THE LURE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

For those who prefer the palm to the pine there are the green and flower-spattered slopes, white cities and semi-tropical warmth and foliage of the blue Mediterranean and its shores. No greater contrast can well be imagined than that between the hot sun and southern zephyrs which one experiences during the summer and early autumn in this ancient sea, and the cool, invigorating breezes from the ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean. This difference of climate is reflected in the scenery of the surrounding countries and in the lives and customs of the native population. It also has its effect on all who come within its portals. The sun-worshipper will delight in the warm rays, the tepid water and the vivid lights and shades.

Almost before the traveller realises that he has left English shores the vine-clad hills of Portugal appear out of the summer haze. A day or so ashore at Lisbon, followed by a short voyage on a blue sea tinged violet by the westering sun, past historic Cape Trafalgar and the rock fortress of Gibraltar, and he will step ashore in the old Moorish town of Tangier, passing out of Europe into the African East with such ease and rapidity that some days are required to mentally digest the new diet. It is this complete change of scene and all else which is largely responsible for the lure of the central sea.

All around is the life and colour of North Africa. Here are flat-roofed, white Arab houses, cobbled streets, veiled women and busy native *sûks*, or markets. Then comes a night and a day on a summer sea, which catches the fires of sunset and sunrise, and the beautiful Bay of Palma is reached. Here, in the Balearic Islands, olive groves, mountains and sleepy little red and white villages are the scenic attractions, and before this land of *mañana* has become monotonous the busy docks of Barcelona, the typical Spanish seaport of Catalonia, are entered and left. Passing along the picturesque Côte d'Azur—which is rapidly being recognised as more enjoyable in summer than in winter—Monaco is visited. The famous Casino

and the sea-terrace gardens are usually the first places to be explored in this island principality.

When Vesuvius appears out of the azure haze ahead, and the wonderful Bay of Naples slowly assumes form, colour and shape, the attraction of this sea of ever-changing beauty will be appreciated to the full. Naples has more to offer the sightseer than almost any other place along the thousands of miles of the Mediterranean littoral. There is the blue Isle of Capri, the old Roman city of Pompeii, the crater of the still active volcano of Vesuvius and many other delightful expeditions.

Passing through the Messina Strait, with the lofty, cloud-wreathed summit of Mount Etna for a background to the innumerable blends of blue sea and green hills, the old city of Syracuse is reached. From Sicily the way lies up the Adriatic to Venice, with the bathing beaches of the Lido, down the beautiful Dalmatian coast to Ragusa, Cattaro and Corfu—places for the artist and the dreamer rather than the hustling tourist. Continuing by way of the Grecian islands and the Dardanelles we come to Constantinople and the Golden Horn. Here the voyager steps out of the West into the amazing East. From Turkey to the Holy Land, with days in Jerusalem, Bethlehem and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, is the next scene in the panorama of the Mediterranean. Then comes Egypt and the Nile—the land of colour and romance—with Cairo, where East meets West, standing like a white gem on the fringe of the tawny desert stretching away southwards for hundreds of miles to the confines of the vast Sudan.

With Tunis and Algiers the circle of the Mediterranean is complete, but there are innumerable little places of interest or beauty which for lack of space cannot be mentioned here. Whatever cruise is undertaken in this narrow sea must necessarily afford a kaleidoscopic picture of many lands. This, then, is the speciality of Mediterranean tours—a continuous round of sightseeing under ideal conditions. Among the steamship companies sending one or more of their ocean liners on cruises to the Mediterranean must be mentioned the Royal Mail, the Orient, the P. and

O. and the B. and N. lines. The speciality of the R.M.S.P. Company's *Arcadian* is the Dalmatian coast, and that of the *Araguaya* Athens and Constantinople. The ss. *Ranchi* will visit, among other places, Athens and Cyprus. The fine Orient liner *Oronsay* goes to the Balearic Islands and the Dalmatian coast. The six-thousand-ton motor yacht *Stella Polaris* visits Italy, Greece, Turkey, the Holy Land and Egypt; and the Sitmar liner *Neptunia* carries out a series of cruises from Genoa, embracing all parts of the Mediterranean littoral. At the close of the season in the Norwegian fjords, towards the end of August, many cruising vessels are transferred to the central sea.

#### THE GLAMOUR OF THE AMAZON

It may be thought that a cruise to the beautiful tropical rivers of Northern Brazil would be scarcely suitable for the summer and autumn months, owing to the proximity of these waterways to the Equator. Contrary to general belief, the Amazons are no hotter in midsummer than during the winter; only eight degrees difference in temperature divides the two seasons. So equable is the sunny climate the whole year round, with the exception of the brief rainy season during January and February, that bathing is enjoyed throughout the twelve months at Para, the seaport near the entrance to this amazing region of rivers, islands and lagoons.

To those to whom the mystery and glamour of the greatest equatorial forest in the world, palm-fringed beaches like those depicted in tropical romance, queer natives in pile dwellings and dug-out canoes, fields of the giant Victoria Regia lily, beautiful orchids, birds and butterflies of gorgeous colouring, and tropical sunsets, may make appeal, there is no more delightful cruise than that performed by the Booth liner *Hildebrand*, which leaves Liverpool for two cruises of 1,000 miles up the River Amazon in September and November. One of the features of this sea tour is an inclusive charge which works out at about £100 for the six weeks of this unique sea and tropical river

cruise. The traveller will pass in luxury through a region as large as the whole of Europe, over which the magical word "Unexplored" can still be written.

Within thirty-six hours of leaving English shores there come into view the vine-clad hills of Oporto, the brightly-painted sardine fishing boats, and the busy city of red and white houses, mellowed by the peculiar pink glow of the Portuguese sunset. After a night of cruising along a lofty coast the broad mouth of the Tagus is entered. The sunny Mont-Estori-Riviera slides by in lines of white, green and blue, and then comes Lisbon on its seven hills. Another day and night on a china-blue sea and the island of Madeira rises moist and green from the wastes of the South Atlantic. Then come days on a southern ocean, amid shoals of flying fish, with bathing in the ship's deck-pool, and evenings of concerts and dances under the moonlight or starlight of the tropics.

Para, the interesting emporium of the lower reaches of this isle-blocked river, stands on the spot where the Portuguese explorers first landed. To-day it is a half-modern, half-ancient city of pink and white walls and red fluted-tile roofs in a sea of palms, waving their green fronds in the gentle trade wind. From Para, for over a thousand miles, the great liner winds her way through lanes of sunlit flood, bordered by the greatest equatorial forest in the world. In places so close is the jungle that a stone could be thrown from the deck with the assurance that it would drop in some beautiful sylvan glade which the foot of white man has never trod. Then comes Manaos, a town built with consummate audacity on the *Ultima Thule* of civilisation—a thousand miles up the yellow Amazon in the very heart of South America. Days are spent ashore amid all the wonders of the great forest. The unexpected and the interesting greet the traveller at every turn during his sojourn in this amazing land. The Amazon cruise is one which the connoisseur in foreign travel should make before complaining that he has seen all that the world has to offer in the way of beauty, interest and novelty.

## THE ATTRACTION OF SOUTH AMERICA

In the same way as Africa beckons to those who love its sandy deserts, swampy jungles, teeming negroid peoples and modern states, so do the countries of Spanish-America to all who have eyes for colour or spirits receptive of romance. It is diverse in climate and scenery, in people, language and all else. In Buenos Aires or other capital city one is surrounded by modern luxury, but within a few hours by road or rail the land of the broad horizon is reached or the old Sierra of the Incas entered.

Among sea cruises beneath the Southern Cross must be mentioned the three-months' tour round South America by vessels of the Pacific Line. The way lies southwards across the Bay of Biscay to ports on the coast of France, Spain and Portugal; then comes fourteen days of voyaging in the region of the trades and doldrums. The Bay of Rio de Janeiro is generally admitted to afford some of the most beautiful views extant, and when the vessel passes lofty Sugar Loaf Mountain the capital of Brazil comes into view, either in a medley of white and red houses, broad, palm-bordered seaside promenades and forest-clad hills, or as a crescent of twinkling lights, blending with the bright stars of the Southern Hemisphere, and reflected in the calm waters of the bay. When Rio has passed into the blue haze astern there comes the port of Santos, famous for its enormous shipments of coffee and the picturesque river by which it is approached; Monte Video, the seaside capital of Uruguay; and breezy and barren Port Stanley, in those southernmost British possessions, the Falkland Islands.

Then, in low latitudes, the vessel enters the glacier-bordered Straits of Magellan. Here, amid magnificent scenery created by the chaos of Andean peaks and snows tumbling down in a series of ridges into Antarctic seas, stands Punta Arenas, the southernmost town in the world—but seemingly only on the very edge of it. There is a curious atmosphere of remoteness in this last civilised outpost before the great ice barrier of the Polar Sea—only a few hundred miles distant. Some readers may shudder

at the thought of the cold to be endured, but their fears are groundless, for the temperature during the brief summer is seldom below 50 degs. F., and the days are bright and often breezy.

After the magnificent scenery of the Straits of Magellan the Pacific Ocean is reached and ports of call are numerous until Valparaiso, the chief seaport of Chile, comes into view. Here is an almost European town with wonderful surf-bathing beaches within a mile or two of its commercial and residential quarters. The charm of Valparaiso lies more in its beautiful summer climate and its calm, moonlight nights than in its surrounding scenery. Next comes the wonderful little tropical island of Juan Fernandez—far out in the broad bosom of the blue Pacific. Here it was that Robinson Crusoe, whose real name was Alexander Selkirk, spent his romantic four years of solitary exile.

The homeward route is up the "flaming coast," which is tempered by the Humboldt current, to Antofagasta and Callao, the port for Lima, the capital of Peru. This "City of the Kings" requires more space than can be here allotted to it for adequate description. When Peru is left the vessel heads north towards the famous Panama Canal, Cuba and home—nineteen thousand miles of sea, sun and sightseeing without change of ship. An ideal cruise for the lover of the ocean and those who feel the call of the land of the *Conquistadores*, of old Spain in the New World.

## THE CALL OF THE NEW WORLD

That both Canada and the United States have been brought within the reach of the ordinary traveller is mainly due to the inauguration of a new form of ocean travel called "Tourist Third Cabin" on vessels of the Canadian Pacific, Cunard and White Star Lines, to meet the needs of those who are travelling for pleasure to the two great countries of the New World. The United States cannot be regarded in the light of a playground, but it nevertheless possesses some wonderful scenery, and holds forth the prospect of seeing much that is interesting, new and

enterprising in almost every branch of the realm of human endeavour. Its call is more to the vigorous and ambitious than to he or she who would idle away in pleasant manner a few glorious weeks of freedom from effort. Canada has the lure of the wide horizon and of youth. It would seem that many people who have it in mind to combine business with pleasure could not do better than take advantage of a thirty-five-guinea return passage to either the States or Canada. Quite apart from keeping an eye open for business possibilities, Canada especially has much that is picturesque and interesting—besides the Niagara Falls—to offer the holiday-maker.

There can be little doubt that the sea cruise, if carefully chosen to suit the individual taste, more often provides the thrill of foreign travel without the succeeding reaction than the land tour, because the range is wider and the labour of journeying far less.

## MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S LAND POLICY

By JUDGE L. A. ATHERLEY-JONES, K.C.

It was on the eve of the Great War that Mr. Lloyd George sought to arouse public interest in the condition of our agriculture by impassioned speeches on feudal tyranny, a rack-rented tenantry, an oppressed and perishing peasantry, and fair lands capable of maintaining a hardy race of husbandmen preserved as wildernesses for the purposes of sport.

That our land system, alike in respect of cultivation and cultivators, is open to adverse criticism, and is capable of amendment, is unquestionable; but Mr. Lloyd George's invectives were accompanied by nothing more than vague promises of a revived agriculture and a recreated peasantry, and it is only after a lapse of fourteen years that, with the aid of a Liberal Land Committee, he has promulgated something in the nature of a scheme for changing our national system of land tenure with the view of increasing agricultural productivity.

A careful perusal of the Green Book published by this Committee will satisfy any tolerably well-informed person that its condemnation of our agricultural system is largely founded on inaccurate data, it ignores the insuperable difficulties which beset the transformation of a system of land tenure and customs of agriculture which are rooted in antiquity, and of recreating an agricultural population from an industrial proletariat. It also utterly fails to demonstrate that its scheme of nationalisation of the land—for such it is, save that it secures no revenue but only entails heavy expenditure to the State—will either add to the productivity of the land or sensibly increase our rural population.

There are, indeed, two features of our agricultural conditions which may justly cause national disquietude and form the gloomy background of Mr. Lloyd George's fantastic picture—the continuing diminution of land under

the plough and, coincident therewith and largely consequential thereon, the dwindling of our rural population.

All who are acquainted with the economic history of this country are well aware that these conditions are due to the transition from an agricultural to an industrial and commercial community, and the absence of precautionary action on the part of our statesmen to protect our agriculture. Our insular position and our mineral wealth enabled us in security to become the main source of supply to a troubled Europe of manufactured products, and the necessity of supplying our ever-growing urban population led, under the inspiration of Arthur Young, to the enclosures of commons and the substitution of large farms for the growth of cereals in place of small holdings. For a time landlords and farmers reaped a golden harvest under the protection of the Corn Laws, but the necessities of a starving proletariat prevailed, and virgin soil and cheap freights have caused our farmers to abandon as unprofitable, save in the most favoured areas, the cultivation of wheat.

The statesmen of the Continental States pursued a wiser policy; they recognised that a State for its economic and political security should not be mainly dependent for its food supply upon foreign imports; they realised that the stability of Government would be best assured by reliance upon the cautious and conservative disposition of a land holding or owning peasantry than upon the moods and passions of an industrial proletariat exposed to constantly recurring vicissitudes of trade.

The rudimentary construction of the agricultural system of Germany and, indeed, other European States, was identical with our own; its small farmers and peasant proprietors were menaced by changes in agricultural economy similar to those to which our smallholders succumbed; the statesmen of Prussia intercepted the threatened danger; to Stein and Hardenberg in the protection and encouragement they afforded to the smallholder is due the agricultural prosperity of that country, and the rest of Germany, which enabled her population to be fed during the Great War without appre-

ciable recourse to foreign agencies, and provided her with a steady home market for her manufactures. It must not be assumed that the prosperity of agriculture on the Continent has been achieved by the extirpation of the owners of large estates; the landlord and tenant system still pervades the larger portion of Europe. Even in Sweden, where the Government is exceptionally active in the creation of small holdings, we learn that of farms with arable land up to ten hectares—a size characteristic of peasant proprietorships—no less than 23.1 per cent. are farmed by tenants, and of all farms, large and small, 33 per cent. are cultivated by tenants.

The adverse criticisms of the Liberal Land Committee upon the state of our agriculture may be summarised as follows:—

- (1) Failure to reclaim waste lands.
- (2) Neglect, through misconduct or poverty, by landowners to promote efficient cultivation.
- (3) Inefficient cultivation by farmers.
- (4) Insufficient and bad housing of the agricultural labourer.
- (5) Disadvantages attaching to the present landlord and tenant system.

It is undeniable that more might be done by Government and voluntary agencies in the profitable reclamation of waste lands; the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion, in their Report of 1911, urged that the Board of Trade should have compulsory powers for the acquisition of littoral waste, but its report has not been adequately acted upon. It is, however, abundantly clear that the area of waste which could be profitably cultivated is insignificant, and would make no appreciable addition to the volume of our agricultural produce or the number of our rural population; the land area of England and Wales is 37,000,000 acres, of which 31,000,000 are used for agricultural and horticultural purposes. Of the remaining 6,000,000, about 2,000,000 are forest and woodland, leaving a balance of 4,000,000, which are mainly absorbed by urban and industrial areas, railways, roads and other purposes not

connected with agriculture. The residue, therefore, available for agriculture must be very inconsiderable. The Report dwells upon the reclamation of waste in Germany, Holland and Denmark. It may be doubted whether much success has attended the agricultural results; certainly such has not been the case in Denmark. While our Development Commissioners have not been enterprising enough in this direction, I strongly suspect that this is due to the conviction that reclamation only rarely turns out to be remunerative.

The main if not the sole design of the Liberal Committee is to establish that the landlord and tenant system of agriculture fails to secure that productivity of the land which could be secured if the State were to be placed in its possession and control, and with that object in view it seeks to prove that the landlord of to-day is incompetent for the discharge of those duties which by custom or contract pertain to him. It does not seek to demonstrate that dual ownership is incompatible with agricultural prosperity; it would substitute the County Council for the squire.

It is due to the Committee that it does not charge the landlord with culpable negligence. The incompetence it alleges is that which arises from lack of means to discharge his contractual and customary duties; that is to say, building and maintaining farmhouses and stabling, fences and draining lands. This inability, the Report admits, arises from the intolerable burthen of taxation, notably the Death Duties, for which Mr. Lloyd George's Government is mainly responsible. Lord Bledisloe, however, in an interesting address he delivered some years ago, of which he has favoured me with a copy, suggests that the tendency of the owners of estates is to regard them as an "amenity" rather than a source of income. It is true, as he observes, that a very large number of estates have recently, through the poverty of their former owners, passed into the hands of a most undesirable class, commercial men destitute of any knowledge of agriculture or any sympathy with their tenants; they acquire these ancient seats not to promote agriculture but to enter the

ranks of the county gentry. But the old type of country squire is dependent upon the produce of his farms for his livelihood and it is his interest to see that they are not in the hands of bad tenants. In my wanderings through the country I have often heard the farmer and the labourer bewail the loss of the old squire and the advent of his successor, the commercial magnate. Large farms exterminated the peasant proprietor; crushing taxation is committing to the same fate our ancient squirearchy. It is strange to find that Lord Bledisloe, an admirable landlord, speaks of the class to which he belongs, though in milder tones, as Mirabeau in *The Friend of Man* wrote of the French landowners: "They give over their lands to tenants-at-will or indolent stewards charged with furnishing the means of dissipation and luxury to their owners too proud to look after their estates."

Lord Bledisloe has apparently lent his undoubted authority to the view that our cultivated lands are badly farmed; but his standard would seem to be that which the maximum of industry and the most scientific methods would ensure. His main contention is, however, that "the prime condition under which farm tenancy can prosper is in the owner's knowledge and management of his estate similar to that exercised by the manager of an industrial company." This, indeed, is a riddle hard to read; the manager of an industrial company is, to all intents and purposes, the administrative master of the business and the servants employed therein; but farmers are tenants, not servants; it would be impossible for the owner of an estate of 1,500 to 2,000 acres, the average size of landed estates, let out into twelve or more farms, with their separate steadings and their own particular characteristics, to act in relation to these farms and the farmers as the manager of an industrial company acts in relation to his works and his employees.

It would be idle to deny that the impoverishment of the landowners has in many instances limited their expenditure on their farm lands, and this has been aggravated by the enhanced cost of labour and materials. Further, if Lord Bledisloe's standard of efficient cultivation is to be ac-



cepted, the existing standard admits of much improvement; but if we compare our standard of cultivation with that which obtains in Continental countries there is no reason for discouragement. If we take the average produce per acre in those countries, be it of cereals or root crops, our farming successfully stands the test. I have no intention to burthen this article with statistics; I refer only to wheat crops, and take two periods, 1872, a year of general agricultural prosperity, when we had 3,598,000 acres under wheat and the yield per acre was 28.0 bushels as against 20.0 in Belgium. I compare the produce of wheat that year with that of 1924, when our acreage under wheat crop had fallen to 1,928,000 acres, the produce had risen to 31.43 bushels per acre, an increase, no doubt, partly due to the fact that wheat was more exclusively grown on the most suitable lands. The fact, however, remains that, despite the heavy fiscal burthen imposed upon landlords and farmers, our yield per acre had increased, and its superiority over Continental production was maintained. The only Continental countries which in that year slightly exceeded our per acre output of wheat and other cereals were Holland, Denmark and Belgium, where only a small area, and that the most favourable land, was under wheat cultivation, while Scotland, also growing wheat only on favourable land, showed a much greater production per acre than any of the last-named countries.

Lord Bledisloe justly observes that "the present rate of estate duty will permit no estate of average size and rental, if unbuttressed by external resources, remaining in one family for more than two generations." The fate of ancient families is a matter of sentiment; the deterioration of agriculture is a national calamity. The grant of Government aid is a necessity for the protection and advancement of agriculture; European States have recognised that necessity, and whether or no landowners or tenants derive advantage by State loans for that purpose should be a matter of indifference; and yet, when in 1925 Mr. Churchill refrained from imposing further burthens on agriculture by not increasing the death duties on estates of between 400 and 500 acres, his opponents did not

trouble to consider whether or no this small concession would be of benefit to agriculture; its sole criticism was the assertion that it would be "an upholding of the old order" and "a violation of democratic principle."

The Committee adversely criticise the conditions under which the farm labourer is housed. Here it is on firm ground; there is not only an insufficiency of cottages but a considerable percentage are uncomfortable and insanitary; yet even then they are far more habitable and healthy than the squalid hovels which still abound in our industrial areas. It is not on the estates of large landowners we find unsatisfactory cottages, as a rule they are excellent; but on those of the smaller proprietors lack of capital again confronts us as the cause of this grievance. I cannot do better hereon than quote a passage from the valuable work entitled *Colonisation of Rural Britain*, by the late Jesse Collins, protagonist of the "three acres and a cow" programme, who was good enough to make in his book a kindly reference to my interest in the improvement of agriculture. In this passage he writes: "Thousands of good cottages have been built by owners of large estates and let at rents which yield no profit, whilst if repair and other expenses are reckoned they involve a considerable loss. Such cottages can, however, only be built to-day by owners who have superfluous means, and, unfortunately, in these cases there is no doubt that cottage building will be largely discontinued in the face of the further heavy imposts on land threatened under the policy associated with the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George." Jesse Collins' vaticination has been fulfilled. He, indeed, in 1913, by the "Rural Cottages Bill," sought to secure a subsidy by way of loan to enable the dearth of labourers' cottages to be remedied. The Liberal Party opposed the measure, substituting, as I observed in a speech on the second reading, "violent diatribes against landlords" for any attempt at argument. The Committee, however, make a vehement attack on what they term the "tied cottage" system; the tied cottage stands in precisely the same position to the farmer as the cottage of a coachman or gardener pertaining to a

private gentleman—its occupation is granted to a man for the purposes and the period of his service, and if he quit the service and still retain the occupation of the cottage, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred no dwelling-place is available for his successor. The Committee is good enough to admit this to be the case, but draw, and apparently seriously, a distinction between a cottage which the estate owner builds on his own land and one he builds or buys situate on another's land; in the former, service and occupancy may terminate contemporaneously, in the latter, it contends, the service but not the occupancy. If the Committee had recognised the indisputable fact that the cottage is as much part of the plant of the farm as the entrance lodge to the grounds of a private gentleman is a part of the domestic establishment, it would have refrained from disfiguring its argument by the intrusion of this palpable absurdity.

It is remarkable that the extension of small holdings, the value of which in maintaining and increasing our rural population is unquestionable, receives little encouragement, or indeed attention, from the Committee; their only proposal is that the "Small Holdings Acts" should not be repealed, but should be held "in reserve" by the Authority it proposes to create. Small holdings created under the Statutes have almost uniformly resulted in serious financial loss to the County Councils and the State; in Hertfordshire, which by reason of the ability displayed by the County Council, through its very competent Committee, compares most favourably with other counties, the annual average loss on small holdings, extending over three years—1923 to 1926 inclusive—was £14,843; this was mainly due to the expense of equipment, although incompetent tenants and failure to pay rents played some part.

I am unable to discover that any material improvement in the scheme for their acquisition and maintenance under the 1926 Act can be effected, or any more competent authority for that purpose than the Agricultural Committee of a County Council can be secured. I am indebted to the Ministry of Agriculture for sending me a copy of

a letter addressed to County Councils on the administration of this Act. I note that they press upon the Councils the strong desirability of encouraging owner-occupancy, the experience of which in other countries demonstrates that it constitutes the strongest assurance for securing good husbandry.

We might with advantage adopt the method followed by Sweden, a country of large and small holdings: it at once grants the freehold; for the capital it advances it charges to the holders the moderate interest of  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.; it postpones repayment by instalments of the capital for a period of six years from the date of the loan; it requires the holder to have some means in order that to some extent he may contribute towards the establishment though in need of substantial aid; it takes special care that the smallholders have adequate knowledge of agriculture, a precaution which is not by some of our County Councils adequately provided for.

If we are to quicken the increase of small holdings we must materially increase our expenditure thereon, and be prepared to recognise that the reimbursement of that expenditure must, in the main, be a long-deferred event; but however heroic our efforts may be, it is not in this generation, nor in the next, that we shall secure thereby any material increase of our rural population.

I will now proceed, with as much brevity as possible, to examine the scheme of agricultural reform proposed by the Committee.

The scheme starts with a declaration that on a certain date the State shall "resume possession" of all lands cultivated and capable of cultivation. It is not unworthy of note that of lands, other than folk land or Crown lands, the State never had possession. We must go back to primitive tribal communities for what was then a by no means complete system of public possession; since then the land of England, with the exception above stated, has been in private possession and ownership. The scheme then goes on to indicate how the State is to exercise its proprietary right: every farm holding is to be transferred to the tenant subject to the payment of an annuity to the

land owner, and, further, it is to have the right to transfer any farm inefficiently cultivated to a more competent farmer.

The land owner's annuity is to be the present net rent which he enjoys, if it be a fair rent; but in any event, subject to certain deduction for which the land owner is not at present liable, namely the State is to fix the minimum wage for agricultural labourers, and if the farmer cannot afford to pay it must be deducted from the annuity. On failure of a landlord or any of his predecessors to properly discharge the duties of maintaining buildings, draining, etc., the cost of reparation is to be deducted from the annuity, and finally if the tenant has voluntarily expended money on improvements of a permanent nature, which have added to the value of the farm, the cost of these is to be deducted from the landlord's annuity. We may fairly conclude that with these exactions the annuity to the owner of an average sized estate would be something intangible; the farmer is no longer to pay the rent to the land owner, but to the tax gatherer, and the landlord will, when there is any receivable, be paid by the Government.

In every county there is to be established a County Agricultural Authority, partly elective on the County Council franchise, partly consisting of members nominated by the County Councils and by the Ministry of Agriculture; the members of this body are to be paid not only out-of-pocket expenses, but also compensation for any loss of income occasioned by attendance to their duties.

Their first duty will be to make an exhaustive survey of all land throughout the country; for this work they are to secure the co-operation of geologists, agricultural chemists, meteorologists, and zoologists.

The county agricultural authority having taken possession of all cultivated and cultivable land, would then appoint Commissioners for every county to decide what would be the amount of annuity payable to the land owners by their tenants; this would, of course, involve the appointment of experts, upon whose evidence the Commissioners would act.

But not merely the county, but the unfortunate land owner, and probably also the farmer, would be amerced in expenditure upon lawyers and experts, and if he be dissatisfied with the decision of the Commissioners he may, if he cares to face the expense, appeal to the Minister of Agriculture.

The farmer, again, is not to go scathless; the Authority is to appoint inspectors whose duty it will be to visit all the holdings in the county to discover whether their farming is as efficient as, in the opinion of these persons, it should be, and if the Authority be satisfied that the cultivation is defective he will forfeit his farm.

What public good is to be attained by deposing the landlord who lives among his farmers and enthroning as his successor a popular body sitting in their county town which can do little more than confirm the decisions of the inquisitorial officials who will perambulate the farms? Such a system cannot fail to open wide the door to bias, prejudice, undue influence, and corruption. What public good is to be the purchase price of the immense expenditure of public money on councillors, commissioners, scientific experts, tax-gatherers—for they are to be rent collectors—and an army of inquisitors paying domiciliary visits to the farms within their jurisdiction? The only good will be, according to the authors of this stupendous scheme, the increased productivity of the land. But the land which is cultivated enjoys, as I have stated, a standard of excellence superior to that found in other countries. Is it to correct the neglect of some farmers who farm below that standard? There is no evidence whatever to show that to any appreciable extent this negligence is to be found, and if there be only exceptional negligence how can it justify the creation of such a colossal machinery for so insignificant a purpose? Is it to improve the standard of agriculture beyond what exists in other countries by scientific methods? That object can be attained by public grants, which although conceded in European States is not contemplated by this scheme; a wealthy land owner on his home farm may now in the raising of crops or the breeding of cattle attain the highest

degree of excellence, but the ordinary working farmer, even if he has the will, has neither the resources nor the skill for that purpose.

An impartial survey of the agricultural condition of this country will indeed satisfy us that it is capable of improvement both by voluntary effort and by State assistance, but no impartial survey has been made by the Liberal Land Committee; throughout its report runs one dominant note—antagonism to the landowners and hence gross exaggeration of defects in part associated with their ownership but largely independent thereof.

There is not the slightest foundation for the charge against landlords of rapacity in the exaction of rents, negligence in the maintenance of farm lands, or general incapacity. Adam Smith, whose sympathy with the working classes under the treatment they suffered at the hands of mine owners and manufacturers is undeniable, commends the owners of agricultural land for the equitable relations they maintain with their tenantry. He observed that "There is, I believe, nowhere in Europe, except in England, any instance of the tenant building upon the land of which he had no lease and trusting that the honour of the landlord would take no advantage of so important an improvement." The rents of agricultural lands in England are lower than those of any European country, and the profits of the farmer, even in these times of depression, exceed the rent he pays for the land he cultivates. The days of large profits and high rents have passed; rents have fallen, on an average, 30 per cent. within the past fifty years—in many cases 70 per cent.—but the profits of farmers still exceed the rentals they pay, and the Royal Commission, in their Report of 1897, assert that the brunt of the depression in agriculture was sustained by the landowners, and it is beyond question that at the present time agricultural rents are below the competitive level.

Hitherto schemes of land nationalisation propose to secure for the State prairie value; Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is that of vast expenditure and no financial return to the State.

## THE SUN<sup>1</sup>

BY PROFESSOR W. H. PICKERING

THE sun is, as we now know, simply a star—not a very bright, nor yet a very faint one, but a fair average star. The reason it appears so bright to us is merely because we are so near to it, that is, relatively speaking, for the next nearest star is 270,000 times more remote. All the stars may be said to contain about the same quantity of matter, but some give out less than one-thousandth part as much light as the sun, while others give out many thousand times more. If we were as near to the bright star Sirius as we are to the sun, the solid earth would boil away, and we should exist only in the form of gas—and Sirius itself is not a remarkably bright star. It is about fifty times as bright as our sun, and happens to be quite near us. It is the combination of these two facts that makes it appear so brilliant.

When we say we are relatively very near the sun we must still recollect that it is 93,000,000 miles away, so that if we travelled towards it with the speed of a cannon-ball, let us say at the rate of a mile in two seconds, it would still take us six years to reach it. Its diameter is 860,000 miles, or about 110 times that of the earth, so that if the earth were represented by a small pea, the sun would be the size of a globe some two feet in diameter, and would be situated at a distance of 220 feet. The pea would travel around it at a speed of four feet a day, and would carry with it a large grain of sand, one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, located at a distance from it of six inches, to represent our moon. On this scale the nearest star would be located on the other side of the earth, at a distance of 8,000 miles.

The earth is in reality travelling around the sun at a speed of eighteen and a half miles a second, or at about

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forty times the speed of a cannon-ball, and every second, owing to the sun's attraction, the earth falls towards it one-ninth of an inch. This seems a pretty small distance for it to fall, and yet it is large enough to hold the earth steadily in its orbit. If we should fall any farther the result would be most disastrous, as it would cause us to approach the sun, and we should soon find that the earth was getting far too hot for us.

The sun contains enough matter to make over 300,000 bodies like our earth, and owing to this fact the force of gravity upon its surface is thirty times as great as it is with us. A man weighing 150 pounds on the earth, if transported to the sun, would weight over two tons, and owing to that fact would be quite unable to lift himself from the ground or to move either hand or foot.

Like the earth, the sun revolves upon its axis, but the period of its rotation is of considerable length, almost a month. Unlike the earth, however, it does not revolve all as one piece. While a point near the equator completes a revolution in about twenty-five days, one near either pole takes nearly thirty, so that if we tried to apply some of our ordinary terrestrial computations to it, we can see at once that we should soon get into calendar difficulties. Of course, the sun has no solid surface, so that we may say these are merely atmospheric currents, but that only removes our difficulties one step farther, for the next question asked will be why should there be atmospheric currents there, which are certainly not winds, as we understand the term. The explanation seems to be that formerly the sun revolved as a nebula, and is now preparing to revolve as a solid body. It is, in short, at present in a transitional state between these two forms of matter.

As to its general structure, the sun is believed to be wholly gaseous, but with a sharply defined surface. This is the photosphere which forms the bright surface of the sun which we see. We speak of the interior as being gaseous, because if the pressure upon it due to the weight of the outer layers were suddenly removed, it would expand like a gas with explosive violence. But it is not like any gas with which we are familiar, because at

these tremendous pressures and temperatures all the characteristics which we are accustomed to associate with a gas are removed, and the result is a substance which, bulk for bulk, weighs 1.4 times as much as water, and which in general must behave more like pitch or semi-liquid tar than any other substance with which we are acquainted.

The surface of the photosphere is broken up into nodules 400 to 600 miles across, which from their shape have been called the rice grains. They are something like the rounded tops of our cumulus clouds. Above them lies the chromosphere, which owes its red or pink colour to the red spectrum-line of hydrogen gas. This is really an ocean of fire, and is 10,000 to 15,000 miles in depth. The lowest and hottest portion of it is called the reversing layer, because the spectrum-lines, which appear black when we look at the sun through the instrument known as the spectroscope, appear bright when we turn it on this region.

The chromosphere sends up tremendous flames, occasionally reaching an altitude exceeding 600,000 miles. These sometimes move with enormous velocities, such, for instance, as 250 miles per second. Beside them our most violent explosions would be but as child's play. Such a flame, should it reach us, would engulf and destroy our little planet in an instant of time, but, fortunately for us, they are 90,000,000 miles away. These flames are called prominences when seen in profile, and are often associated with the sun spots. When seen projected on the surface of the sun they are known as dark filaments.

Outside the chromosphere lies the rare gaseous layer, which, when illumined by electric streamers, we call the corona. It is a wonderfully beautiful cream-coloured object, which can only be seen for the few minutes when the moon lies exactly between us and the sun, thereby cutting off all the rest of the sun's light. Such opportunities are eagerly sought for by astronomers, as we have seen lately.

We have all of us heard of the sun spots. These are found in connection with the photosphere. They are usually of very irregular shape, and consist of a black

centre called the umbra and a grey border called the penumbra. They are surrounded by particularly bright regions called faculæ. Many attempts have been made to explain them. One of the latest, and that which best conforms with the facts, is due to Dr. Hale. It supposes that a disturbance or eruption occurs just beneath the photosphere. This assumes a whirling motion. The whirl causes an outrush of material as high up as the top of the reversing layer. This material consists mainly of heavy metallic vapours, such as iron. Above the reversing layer the direction of flow is inwards and downwards, and consists of lighter materials, like calcium and hydrogen. The expansion of the hot material coming from below causes cooling, producing the dark umbra. This, together with the penumbra, lies slightly below the upper surface of the photosphere. The whirling motion of the electrified particles, or ions, carried with the hot material produces a magnetic field.

The larger spots often occur in pairs, with a number of smaller ones scattered about them. To explain the cause of this we may call attention to a fact that we must all have noticed when out rowing, namely, that when we draw an oar out of the water a little whirlpool is formed: indeed, there are two of them, revolving in opposite directions. These are connected below the surface by a sort of U-shaped tube of revolving water. In the case of the sun, however, it has been suggested that the U extends around its whole circumference just below the surface. This suggestion explains certain previously unexplained difficulties. The sun spots show a similar rotation of electric currents, and often of visible material, and, it is believed, bear an analogy to these revolving whirlpools of water. They are, as we have just seen, centres of magnetic force, and they extend their influence far out into space. When the earth in its orbit reaches a portion of space affected by these spots, the compass needles all over the world begin to swing back and forth, electric currents are generated which sometimes seriously disturb and interfere with our telegraph and cable messages, and auroras light up the evening skies. These last occur most fre-

quently, however, when the earth is approaching or receding rapidly from the sun, or just previous to these times. That is to say, we must expect auroras only when there are many sun spots, and chiefly during the months of February, March, August, and September. In our latitudes they are brightest during the early evenings.

Sun spots are sometimes of enormous size, and are then readily visible, without a telescope, at sunset or through a mist, to the unaided eye. Some have been seen of which the umbra measured 60,000 miles across, and the penumbra about double that size. They only occur in certain solar latitudes, most frequently in  $10^{\circ}$  to  $20^{\circ}$ , occasionally at the equator, but never north or south of  $45^{\circ}$ . They last often for only a few days, but instances have been known where their duration exceeded a year. The extreme duration is a little uncertain, because other spots have a tendency to appear in the place where a large one has vanished. They start as small points and rapidly increase in size, the umbra forming before the penumbra. When they disappear the large ones break up into small ones, and then disappear by the rapid encroachment of the photosphere. Sometimes the spots are very numerous and at other times not one is to be seen. It is found that they are most frequent at intervals of about eleven years, but this interval is very variable, ranging from seven to sixteen years.

When a sun-spot period begins the spots appear near latitude  $30^{\circ}$ . As the period progresses the latitude diminishes, averaging about  $16^{\circ}$  at maximum. After some twelve or fourteen years the latitude is reduced to  $8^{\circ}$  or  $10^{\circ}$ , but before this occurs a new set of spots usually starts at  $30^{\circ}$ , so that at maximum we may find four belts of spots upon the sun. This periodicity of the spots is doubtless due to internal disturbances connected with the gradual cooling of the whole mass. After millions of years, when the surface layer becomes cooler and less fluid, the period may become shorter and more marked, and it is possible that our sun will then approach the condition of those stars that are known as long-period variables. Their periods range from six months to two

years, and their maximum brilliancy is due to the bursting forth of huge flames of hydrogen from their interiors, causing them at maximum to be sometimes several times as bright as at minimum. Doubtless their emitted heat also varies through a very great range. Should our sun ever reach such a condition, it is very certain that our little planet would some day disappear in a cloud of smoke. Before that time, however, all life may have become extinct from other causes.

Various attempts have been made to show that sun spots affect our weather, either our rainfall, or our temperature, or the number of our tropical cyclones. Probably they do have such an effect, increasing these manifestations in some parts of the world, and diminishing them, through meteorological interaction, in others; but their maximum result is so slight that it has merely an academic interest, and, excepting for their electric and magnetic disturbances, they at present affect our lives practically but little.

The brightness of the sun is 20,000 times that of a candle placed at a distance of one foot. The reason that it is so very bright is because it is so very hot. The temperature of its surface is about 11,000° Fahrenheit, or half as hot again as any surface we have yet produced on the earth. Any substances with which we are acquainted would immediately melt and boil away in vapour if placed on the surface of the sun. Its interior is many times hotter still. Besides giving out a great amount of light, the sun also gives out a tremendous amount of heat, which is really much the same thing, for, although all heat is not light, yet all light is heat, even that of the fire-fly. If the sun's rays strike our hand we call it heat, if they strike our eyes we call it light.

Now it is quite possible to measure the amount of heat that the sun gives out, and we find that, expressing it in metric units, if our earth's atmosphere were removed, the heat received by every square centimetre of surface exposed directly to the sun would be sufficient to raise the temperature of 2.0 grams of water through 1° centigrade in one minute of time; that is, it would furnish 2.0 calories

of heat. To express this in English units, let us imagine a tin box two-fifths of an inch square and four-fifths of an inch long filled with water. If the sun were to shine squarely on one end of it it would raise its temperature through nearly 2° Fahrenheit in one minute. To express this mechanically, if the sun were to shine directly on one square yard of surface it would furnish sufficient heat to produce one and three-quarters horse-power continuously. Unfortunately, in practice we have not, for various reasons, been able hitherto to attain anything like this result, although solar engines have been built and regularly employed in the pumping of water, both in Egypt and in Southern California.

To maintain the heat supply of the sun would require the burning of a layer of the best coal spread over its entire surface to the depth of twenty feet every hour of the day. If the sun were made of nothing but coal, it would be completely burned up inside of 6,000 years. We know, however, that the sun's heat is not maintained by burning. The sun is far too hot to burn. Its condition is more like that of a globe of white-hot steel, only it is far hotter even than liquid steel. If we should look through smoked glass at some liquid steel poured from a ladle, and should use the sun for a background, the melted steel would appear black by contrast, resembling liquid tar. Even the electric light appears black when placed before the sun.

The question may now be asked, What is the cause of the enormous heat emission by the sun? An early suggestion was that it was due to the fall of innumerable meteors upon its surface. This would undoubtedly produce heat in considerable quantities, but it has been shown by Moulton that it could not exceed 240 times the heat produced by their fall upon the surface of our earth. This is, therefore, obviously a wholly inadequate explanation. We know that the sun is a contracting mass of condensed gas, and such contraction would undoubtedly liberate vast quantities of heat. A contraction of 200 feet a year would furnish all the heat that the sun gives out, and such a contraction could hardly be detected by our modern instru-

ments in less than 5,000 years. That seems satisfactory, but if we go back into geological time and inquire how long it would take for the sun to contract from the size of a sphere filling the whole of the earth's orbit down to its present dimensions, assuming it to give out the same amount of heat every year, we shall find that the whole interval is only about 12,000,000 years. Now we know from geological evidence that life has existed upon our earth for at least 100,000,000 years, and we cannot believe that it started when the earth was just grazing around the surface of the sun, so this explanation also seems inadequate.

Still more recently it has been suggested that the sun's heat is due to the transfusion of matter. Thus if four atoms of hydrogen at a tremendous pressure, and under an inconceivably high temperature, should unite to form one atom of helium, an enormous amount of energy would be given out. Another suggestion is that if an electron and a proton, that is to say, a unit charge of negative and positive electricity, should rush together and not merely unite but actually destroy one another, that might explain the phenomenon. Whatever the precise method, it is now very certain that matter is actually destroyed in the sun, and is converted into energy. Indeed, as far as we can now see, there can be no other sufficient source of the solar heat.

## MACHIAVELLI—PATRIOT AND POLITICIAN

BY LUCIE SIMPSON

No name in literature has been the occasion of so much controversy and obloquy as that of Niccolo Machiavelli, largely because, as one of his biographers declares, a good, matter-of-fact world reads his book—*Il Principe*—out of its context. Also when we recall the fact that by his outspokenness he got himself into bad odour with the one and only advertising agency of the time—the Roman Church—it is not to be wondered at that his reputation was reduced to tatters.

Though a popular playwright, it was as a politician merely he seems to have been known in this country. Shakespeare, true to his own apothegm, that "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," refers to him in *Henry VI* as "murd'rous and notorious," though in *The Merry Wives*, written some years later, the epithets have been modified, and we have the Host exclaiming, "Am I politic? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiavel?" seeming to indicate that the process of readjustment, which on this, the four hundredth anniversary of Machiavelli's death, is scarcely complete, was under way.

However, if few men have been more provocative of argument than Machiavelli, none has been more single-minded in the pursuit of his purpose, which was the unity of his beloved Italy. In view of this he commanded respect in Florentine political circles, holding the post of chancellor and secretary to the *Dieci di liberta e pace* for the better part of fifteen years; that is to say, during the whole period of Florentine freedom; while his writings, whether of a political nature or not, were of a very high order. There is no doubt that his scheme for the establishment of a national militia was the greatest political innovation of his time. While his main object was home defence, it aimed also at destroying the pernicious European system of warfare by mercenary troops which



Machiavelli considered was the main cause of Italian insecurity. "It requires," says Addington Symonds, "an infinite familiarity with the Italian military system of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to understand the importance of this reform. We are so accustomed to the systems of Militia, Conscription, and Landwehr, by means of which military service has been nationalised among modern races, that we need to tax our imagination before we can place ourselves at the point of view of men to whom Machiavelli's measure was a novelty of genius."

Machiavelli's patriotism and political zeal were no less conspicuous in the scheme itself than in the energy with which he strove to make it practicable. That the result was failure and disappointment was not his fault. Even had Italy not been too corrupt and enervated by tyranny to revive a martial spirit to order, the return of the Medici to Florence in 1512 would have put an end to the plan. Owing to this event Machiavelli lost his Government post, was convicted on a trumped-up charge of conspiracy, imprisoned in the Bargello, and tortured to the extent of "five turns of the rack." His innocence being proved he was released, and at once retired to his farm at Casciano. Here he wrote *The Prince*, a book which has retained a curious interest and is perhaps the most unique political document extant. When finished it was offered to Lorenzo d'Medici, but little came of it and no attempt was made to publish it, while the author, lacking employment, besought those in high places to give him something to do, "even if it were but the rolling of stones."

It is an eloquent testimony of the varying fortunes and political vicissitudes of Florence that the three greatest intellects she produced were each fated to humiliation and distress at her hands. Dante in exile and opposition would hold no traffic with her citizens; Michael Angelo after the siege worked on the Medici tombs under protest; and we have Machiavelli entreating to be put to the rolling of stones by the Signori Medici!

Regarded dispassionately, Machiavelli's offence in the eyes of his denouncers appears to have been that his panaceas too closely resembled the diseases they were

expected to cure. That the occasion was an extreme one as that there was no time to lose if Italy was not to become the vassal of France or Spain, is not always considered when criticising Machiavelli's attitude. In *extremis* none but precisians hesitate about the choice of instruments, and to Machiavelli's thinking it was a case for immediate action.

There is no doubt that the instruments, human and other, to which he was prepared to resort were of the most infamous. That so astute an intellect was not aware of this is unlikely. In Cesare Borgia he had had a living instance of the success of the principles he advocated, a fact that not only did much to inspire him, but silenced any scruples in a mind prone to think that the end desired justified the means. It was more than likely that the Pope would countenance the principles and ideas as well as absolve the writer, if Lorenzo saw fit to regard them favourably. For they were both of the House of Medici and the family bond was a strong one. All things considered we are right in thinking that rather than conscientious objections to the book, it was the remembrance of the author's republican and democratic sympathies that turned the scales against him.

The question for the casuist and historian alike is how far a natural obliquity of moral vision, allied to a morbid anxiety for the fortunes of his country and the uncertainty of his own future, condone the writing of a book which frankly and unblushingly advocates drastic measures at the cost of all ethical considerations.

Certain letters and personal statements made at the time throw light on the matter. Writing to his friend Vettore, Machiavelli says:—"I have always kept faith and am not likely to change my nature. My poverty will show that I am loyal." In the *Discourses* we read: "Where it is an absolute question of the welfare of our country we must admit of no consideration of justice or injustice, of mercy or cruelty, of praise or ignominy, but putting all else aside must adopt whatever course will save its existence and preserve its liberty." To Lorenzo in a note that accompanied the MS. of his book we catch more than a

glimpse of the republican as of the satirist when he says : "To know the nature of princes one must be of the people."

However, it is not without precedent that minds can become so perverted as to fail to distinguish between what is and what is not strictly honourable and expedient. Nor should we look to the age for a definition of honour, for never was that commodity of less intrinsic worth or so rusty from disuse.

One thing at least is clear, Machiavelli could be trusted to serve the State. He wished to be employed in Florence and he had the right to wish it. For a mere pittance he had given his energy and intelligence for fifteen years to her service, during which he had been employed as emissary to practically every court of Europe.

There is not wanting an element of satire in the instance of a tried and trusted public servant, a devotee of political freedom, conceiving the notion of presenting to the corrupt son of Piero d'Medici the repulsive picture of what a tyrant must do who would be master of his country's liberties. That men who knew him personally and had had evidence of his public character should think he was himself the monster he painted, he would never have believed.

But the book was more than a satire. Satire does not express its character. Machiavelli saw and felt the corruptions of the time and could not fail to be affected by them, for evil as for good. His most ardent desire as a patriot and a politician was for the unity and independence of the State. For, despite distorting influences, his chief virtue was a profound patriotism; he was, in fact, all for fatherland. To his thinking the worst of evils was foreign domination. The rule of a domestic tyrant, hateful as it might prove, was to be preferred to that. A free commonwealth if it could be maintained amid the conflicting passions, prejudices and desires of men, was the best condition of political security. So that all things considered and conflicting opinions as to his real motive summarised, it was not from the absence of a sense of what is right and just that he took evil for his good. If there

are politicians to-day who make a habit of distinguishing between private and political morality, who will, on occasion, defend this or the other procedure as "not a question of morality but of high politics," how much more excusable the attitude when ideals of political justice were non-existent? For at the time referred to the principles of the robbers' cave governed the policy of princes. Among the Italians themselves private quarrels grew to public feuds, and these gave licence to robbery and murder. At large, republic warred with republic, commune with commune, each jealous of the threatened pre-eminence of the other, while the Church, dreading a rival to her temporal power, persistently maintained for selfish ends—as Machiavelli and later historians attest—the nation in disunion. Though it should be said in justice to the Medicean Pontiffs—Leo X and Clement VII—they wished to give a more liberal constitution to Florence, but were frustrated by the avarice and rivalry of the would-be oligarchs.

The entry of Charles VIII into Italy, invited by Lodovico Sforza for personal ends, was the beginning of the foreign enslavement and gave at once an European significance to a struggle hitherto strictly national. Against the outside foe an effort was made to unite all forces. But it proved of no avail. Tyranny and corruption, despotism and chicanery had eaten their way too deeply into the fabric of national stability and national honour, and were not to be corrected at will. While as to Florence in particular, ambassadors agreed in representing her citizens as timid from excess of intellectual mobility.

Qualities that had established in all their pomp and power the theocracy of Rome, the monarchy of Naples, the aristocracy of Venice, the democracy of Florence, the tyranny of Milan—which culminating in the national genius gave literature and art and liberty to modern society—proved useless in coping with races long controlled by strong monarchical rule.

Machiavelli, not without an inkling of these things, argued that if men are unable to rule themselves they

must not be too squeamish about the nature of tools provided to deliver them from that hell of hells, the rule of a triumphant enemy. And when all is said against him, it needed not a little courage and resolution for setting forth so damnable a thing. The urgency of the situation and the ambition of making his country proof against the designs of every intriguing marauder attracted by her fair plains and priceless treasures, might conceivably have blinded him, in part, to the nature of the means he would employ as to the falsity of his premises and the questionableness of his methods. But then fear plays strange pranks with men at times, and it was fear that gripped the hearts of all thinking Florentines in the early days of the sixteenth century.

We are not for a moment attempting to whitewash Machiavelli. There is no doubt he belonged by habit of thought, custom and ambition to an age that produced the greatest monsters of refined cruelty, of political intrigue, perfidy and subtlety of reasoning for personal ends the world has ever seen. But while these practices characterised rulers and princes, Machiavelli was at heart disinterested. It was his misfortune rather than his fault he had no better means with which to effect his ends.

That he was at great pains to elaborate his theories in *The Prince*, explain them in the *Discourses*, and show how they were to be applied in *The Art of War*, is at least a guarantee of his sincerity. Though in a hurry for their materialisation there is nothing haphazard or unpremeditated in his arguments. In every particular he showed himself a true son of the Renaissance. Versatile, clear-sighted, original, independent in spirit, he was, seeing that his fortunes were at so low an ebb, much more self-respecting than most men who wait on princes' favours. A republican by conviction, it was no insignificant tribute to his skill to dish up his sentiments in such a fashion as to titillate the appetite of rulers of his own and subsequent ages.

*The Prince*, more than any of his other works, is peculiarly the outcome of prevailing ideas and cannot be understood as a rational and deliberate achievement apart from the period that gave it birth.

The Renaissance, it will be remembered, derived its main inspiration from an awakened interest in the past—the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome—acquaintance with the beliefs, art, institutions of which had strangely energising and rejuvenating effects on the susceptible Italians. Many predisposing causes, it is true, had prepared the way for the inception of ideas. The slough of mediævalism being finally cast, man emerged a new being. Modernity, in a word, began. What wonder, in the intoxication of the new thought and freedom, things should be a little out of focus here and there? The variety of accomplishments, the multiplicity of interests, included the activities of a Petrarch, the novels of Boccaccio, no less than the sculpture of Mantegna and Signorelli, the architecture of a Brunelleschi, the discoveries of a Columbus, the inventions of Leonardo, the paintings of Botticelli, the poetry of Ariosto, as also the frescoes of a Michael Angelo and the finished products of a Raphael. It is only by looking to the same source whence these drew their inspiration we can understand the manifestations of men busy in other directions—men like Pirandola, Politiziano, Machiavelli and many others. As at a later time in revolutionary France the study of Greek and Latin history, and especially the works of Plutarch, induced an ardent thirst for liberty and a deadly hatred of tyrants. Withal the tendencies of the time were distinctly worldly. The Renaissance ideal of human life left no room for a pure and ardent intuition into spiritual truth. Materialism ruled the speculations no less than the conduct of the age.

The desire to make the most of the classical knowledge had often strange and incongruous results. Not all at once was adjustment possible. Current prejudices and superstitions would conflict sharply with pagan and cultured creeds. When passions were deeply stirred the new learning counted for little. Thus contradictions in men's conduct abounded, the duality often admitting of an exquisite culture and artistic acumen existing side by side with the most diabolical and bloodthirsty instincts.

Rather than Greece, from which philosophers and

artists derived their stimulus, it was to ancient Rome Machiavelli turned for his incentive. To his thinking the immediate need was the recovery of the Roman military system, the Roman craft of conquest, the Roman pride and poverty, if necessary, and, above all, the Roman subordination of the individual to the State.

Here is perhaps the weakest place of Machiavelli's reasoning. Enthusiasm for the past blinded him, as it did so many of his contemporaries, to the true significance of the present. Of history as a development and a continuity, the Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had little or no comprehension. Rather than regarding life as progress—successive ages presenting new and different problems—they strove to graft the ancient on to the modern, to reconcile paganism with Christianity, to get the best of both civilisations—true to the humanistic belief that nothing which has ever interested living man could wholly lose its virtue. These were in line with Machiavelli's assumption that States and nations can be formed or re-formed by ingenious manipulation of machinery and elaborate codes of procedure—a belief based too narrowly on observation of certain decadent Italian cities and communities where changes were easy. He had no knowledge of constitutional methods. The example of a great modern nation being stirred to heroism and endurance in face of a common danger was outside his experience. For up to his day there had been no great demonstration of this spirit. England faced with the Spanish tyranny, the French Revolution, the American War of Independence were each and all to illustrate the spirit without which national unity is impossible of achievement.

But then had Machiavelli lived to witness any one of these events in its totality, his book would probably never have been written. For both *The Prince* and the events referred to aimed at the same thing—the one consciously the others subconsciously, all due to that enfranchisement of the mind of man which was the distinction of the age and country of Machiavelli.

Not the end, then, but the means by which he would attain his end were at fault, and laid him open to censure. Yet

the glory of his foreseeing remains. This is his justification, for along the lines he indicated all nations have advanced since his time. In the uncertain dawn of a new era he discerned the new thing and did his best to reveal it to all men.

Looking across the abyss of time we see that for success a reversal of the process only was needed. Instead of an individual will dominating a nation, the concerted action of many individual wills was required—of men actuated not by an oligarchical, absolutist ideal, but by an ideal of the good of all who constitute that nation. Of the great sowing time of the Renaissance this was the finest seed, and is still in process of fruition. Here mediævalism and modernity were ever in mortal conflict. Though in bondage to his age, the spirit of Machiavelli transcended the material and obvious and visualised the needs of the future.

More tragically than most men he suffered the penalty of being in advance of his time. The stupendousness of the task he set himself and the insuperable nature of the difficulties attending it are evident from the fact that not until the middle of last century was the unity of Italy proclaimed. That it was so tardy of accomplishment witnesses to certain elements in the national character which, though finding their highest expression in the Italy of the sixteenth century, have still to be reckoned with.

Machiavelli's genius consisted, then, in a new way of writing history. In contemplating the life of a nation as a whole and delineating its spirit, by tracing the operation of political forces through successive generations, and estimating the action of individuals in relation to the evolution of causes, he arrived at those wide and valuable conclusions which make progress possible. This is, in short, the philosophic way, by applying which to history he enriched the science of humanity with a new department and proved himself a discoverer.

## EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. BALDWIN was undoubtedly right when he said that the breaking of relations with Russia was the most popular thing his Government had done. It pleased those who are predisposed to be pleased with emphatic action—those who like to think of themselves as belonging to the “tough,” not the “tender,” class of mankind, to adopt a division made by the philosopher James. It pleased also a good many who have no leanings to Tory toughness in general, but who, after the raid on Arcos had yielded its budget, were frankly disgusted with this new proof of the habitual and cynical bad faith shown by the Soviet Government. Nevertheless, some by no means negligible persons—Mr. Lloyd George at the head of them—think that the gesture was excessive. Apparently he approved the action, that is the descent upon Arcos, the seizure of documents, and the consequent withdrawal of diplomatic immunity from this ambiguous establishment; but he deprecated the severance of diplomatic relations with Russia. That was gesture rather than action, for it was not a step to anything positive. If in resentment of the raid and of its consequences Russia had thought proper to cut the communications, on Russia would have rested the responsibility for disturbing such peace as Europe may be said to have. Those who share this view point to the disquieting events which have followed in Poland as proof of Mr. Lloyd George’s sagacity.

Now, manifestly there is danger. There always is danger when ordinary people have to deal with an armed madman, and it always becomes a question how far he should be humoured. The difference between the mentality of the Russian Government and that of other States is one between dementia and normal sanity, from the simple fact that those who are the Government of

Russia got into power through a terror. It was the same in France at the Revolution; every man who was in power knew that to lose power would almost certainly cost him his head, and all acted in constant dread of reprisals. Nothing could be more characteristic of this state of mind than the Soviet’s reply to the killing of Voikov:—“One of our number has been killed, in vengeance; we will kill twenty, in vengeance for him.” Such measures of self-protection do not give sound sleep at nights.

It is quite possible that the dangers consequent on this political assassination might have been less if the British Government had not immediately before it stirred up the apprehensions of those who hold power in Moscow. Does it follow that the British Government was to do nothing lest they should disturb the excitable nerves of murderers? As for the argument that we have sacrificed trade by annoying Russia, it takes a very robust credulity to believe that Russia sent one pound’s worth of business to Britain except under the compulsion of her own necessity; and according to the figures given in debate we were buying from them four times as much as they bought from us. Trade is likely to continue.

One thing stands out clearly from the hysterical clamour that accompanies Moscow’s brutal act of revenge: Britain’s gesture has pierced through sensibilities that would not have been perturbed by a mere exposure. To be caught cheating at cards is nothing for certain persons unless it is made clear that consequences follow. In such cases ostracism is an ordinary consequence, and that is what Russia has now to face. How the whole series of incidents may affect public opinion and policy in Germany remains to be seen, but there is no country in Europe more naturally disposed to detest the species of activity which this half-Oriental Jew gang have been carrying on.

These intriguers act under the stimulus of what is to them a religion: they have the unscrupulousness and the ferocity of fanatics—but of fanatics goaded by fear. Those who in the luncheon party at the House of Commons and in the ceremonial send-off at the railway station paraded their devotion to Arcos and all the

obscure inhabitants of that complicated burrow, will have received a shock when they read the list of killings so promptly published. Mr. Lansbury, for instance, is a genuinely humane man; and even though he will accept as proven all the statements published by the executioners about those they did away with, he will probably find some difficulty in continuing to them sentiments of enthusiastic comradeship.

Poland, under genuine cause for alarm, has behaved with dignity. It is fortunate that this country, still new to the problems of self-government, should have a leader like M. Pilsudski, whose career and character were so admirably described by Mr. Heathcote in last month's issue of this REVIEW.

What threatens in Yugoslavia and Albania is not easily appreciated from the outside; but at least all the parties directly or indirectly concerned in this quarrel lie within the comity of Europe. The League of Nations stands for principles which are very imperfectly accepted by the nations constituting it; but the fact of even this formal acceptance is worth a great deal. Russia lies outside that comity both in status and in spirit; for, so far as one can understand the ideals of those who are the Russian Government, Russia seeks to destroy the entire existing organisation of European society—substituting for it freedom *à la Russe*.

In China, where ebb and flow, complicated beyond reckoning, set up such conditions as sea-sick passengers to Orkney may remember among the meeting tides of the Pentland Firth, only one fact seems tolerably clear: the Chinese are shaking off their Russian riders. Chiang-kai-shek makes ground steadily, and it is significant that Chang-tso-lin is reported willing to co-operate with the Southern leader on the basis of a general acceptance of Sun-yat-sen's principles. Those principles it is hard for a Westerner to translate into any concrete shape; but the intimate students of Chinese "nationalism" are agreed that wherever a Chinese nationalist lives the picture of Sun-yat-sen hangs on the wall and his writings are the scriptures of the new China—North as well as South.

We have all a fine contempt for Chinese valour, and for the transactions between generals; but it looks as if this monstrous civil war might work itself, by Chinese methods, to a conclusion at least as satisfactory as can be reached by hacking your way through.

Meanwhile, in England the Trade Union Bill goes along without creating any great commotion; by-elections indicate that the public is rather tired of the two extremes, and Liberalism has profited, again winning another seat. Level-headed men begin to discuss seriously the prospect of Mr. Lloyd George getting the chance to form a Government after the next general election. One might easily imagine an *ad hoc* coalition between Centre and Left to alter the electoral system, which, as it stands, gives very capricious results. Tories support it on the ground that Parliamentary government works badly if there are more than two main parties, and that the present system prevents the free development of a third. Undoubtedly it does; and undoubtedly the advantage goes to the Tory Party. But there is not the least prospect that Labour as a separate organisation will cease to exist politically, and it seems to me that even Tories might think that England was in a dangerous position if a two-party division came into being, representing Labour on the one side and anti-Labour on the other. Consequently there seems a strong justification for adopting some method by which a second count should be taken whenever there are three candidates for one seat.

The Irish elections are going to throw considerable light on this subject. In advance, it has been made clear that both the Government of the Free State and that of Northern Ireland, having respectively enjoyed a period in which there was no opposition to speak of, regard proportional representation with distaste because it makes it very difficult for any Party to secure so ascendant a position. Indeed, in the Free State Mr. Cosgrave's Government only possessed this ascendancy because Mr. de Valera and his supporters decided not to sit. Considering what has been accomplished by a Separatist Party in Egypt's Par-

liament, one may be thankful for that decision of Mr. de Valera's. The Free State Ministers needed a free hand at the start and got it, and the best indication of the progress achieved is this—whereas in 1923 armed guards stood over every polling booth, in 1927 the whole election was carried out under normal civic conditions. There was ample discussion in advance, with a little disorder here and there, but far less than we were accustomed to in the days of British rule.

The results certainly bear out the view that proportional representation fractionalises a Parliament. If, in a series of straight fights through the country, the issue had been "accept the Treaty or tear it up," President Cosgrave would have won handsomely. But there was nowhere any clear issue put. People were content, if they wanted the Treaty safeguarded, to vote for any kind of candidate who proposed to stand by it, and this included everybody except the Republicans. It included Labour, and Labour has gained considerably. It enabled Captain Redmond to come back at the head of a Nationalist group. It opened the way for another group of Independents and for a Farmers' Party, and it made it easy to reduce the lead which definite supporters of the Government held in the House. One Minister lost his seat; but it may be said without undue asperity that Mr. Hughes, the Minister of Defence, counted for little and that no one ever knew why he was chosen for that particular Ministry. The real heads of the Government, Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. O'Higgins, have retained their position quite unshaken: their principal colleagues are returned. But (with the results not yet fully declared) it seems already certain that Mr. Cosgrave will have to form a coalition of some sort and will not in the future find either legislation or administration so unhampered as in the past. That is perhaps not a matter for regret; law-making and enactment have gone on more speedily than is desirable in the normal way. On the main question, whether a new Government will have the same stability as the old, there should be no reason for doubt. The acid test will be passed if it can raise the new loan for ten millions as successfully as the last. There

is no reason to expect that Irish bonds which were issued at 95 and stand at something over par will drop in value.

Yet the conclusion likely to be drawn in Northern Ireland is that proportional representation must go if the unbroken ascendancy of the old-fashioned Orange Party is to be maintained in the Belfast Parliament. Under proportional representation all sorts of queer things may happen; and one of the queerest in the Free State elections has been the return of an Orangeman at the head of the polls for County Monaghan. That county will be represented by this Mr. Haslett (a very popular farmer), by Dr. McCarvill, a Republican, and by Mr. Blythe, the Government's Minister of Finance. What, then, is the political allegiance of Monaghan? All one can say is that Monaghan is by two to one against Separatism.

All political topics have been overshadowed for the last month by the fortunes and achievements of airmen, which began with the tragedy of Nungesser and Coli, and then passed to Lindbergh's lone-hand, perfectly-executed flight from New York to Paris. The failure of two British pilots to attain their objective after a flight roughly equalling Lindbergh's in distance caused little emotion; but then came the complete cinema film, with Mr. Levine, the American millionaire, jumping at the last moment into Mr. Chamberlin's machine and leaving his wife to scream and swoon on the field. Knock-about farce attended this exploit throughout. At their forced landing in Germany, a policeman arrested the aviators for damage to the field. After all this, any new Transatlantic flight will seem as commonplace (someone said to me) as another swimming of the Channel. There is a good deal in the comparison: for people had to find out how to utilise time and tide exactly before the big swim could be made; and up to the present no machine can hope to fly the Atlantic without a following wind. Until conditions have greatly altered—an alteration which can be tested over land—there is no justification for renewing the oceanic attempt; and it is little short of criminal to put up big rewards encouraging men to take the risk. Nungesser and his comrade would be alive to-day if some rich man had not offered £5,000



to the first completer of the flight; this made a race of it, and the Frenchmen started in conditions which were certainly not ideal. So perished, in a sort of advertising stunt, one who for the defence of his country had fought some fifty victorious battles in the firmament.

Liberalism, in whatever sphere of action, has an unhappy way of making trouble for itself; each concession produces demands for a further instalment of justice; and it is the nature of Liberalism (in England at least) to measure out justice by instalments—prudence limiting always what justice shall be allowed to exact. Now, Oxford has practised Liberalism towards the race of women and, unlike Cambridge, has opened its degrees without regard of sex. The result has been an influx of the feminine. As a result of this (in the opinion of some at least) young men have been seduced from the pre-occupations proper to young men, and have neglected their duties on the cricket field and on the river, so producing a deplorable predominance of Cambridge in the boat race and at Lord's. Accordingly, the Hebdomadal Council has decided, not indeed to extirpate the evil, but to keep it within bounds. A statute has been drafted which limits the number of undergraduates at the four existing colleges to 620, with a possible addition of 160 in any new society hereafter to be established. But no such new society is to be established unless the average number of women undergraduates has been less for three years than one-fourth the average number of men by at least 160. In short, there may be women undergraduates, but not more than one of them to every four men. That is the limit of Liberalism.

It would be interesting to speculate how far the disturbing influence of the feminine in academic life depends upon its numbers; whether athletics would suffer seriously if three times more young men could have tea or go out in a punt with an undergraduette than get the chance (mathematically speaking) of such *tête-à-tête* at present. There is at least the possibility that the comparative rarity of an attraction adds to its magnetic force.

But after all, can any reasonable justification be given for the proposal "to establish an arbitrary ratio between the number of men and women" present as undergraduates at a university? One material consideration for anyone attempting to answer that question (raised by the representatives of the women's colleges) is to enquire whether women have profited adequately by the opportunities offered. And an instance to be adduced is that the most finished and delightful work of scholarship produced from Oxford of late years is the production of a woman. I am not too old to have respect for my better elders, and base myself on Professor Saintsbury's laudation of Miss Helen Waddell's book, *The Wandering Scholars*. Its author has taken her Master's degree at Oxford, and was Susette Taylor Fellow of Lady Margaret Hall. She has the further distinction of being an Irish woman—from Ulster. "Most moving of all," she writes, "to one who remembers the low grey ruins on the island in Strangford Lough, is the gloss written in the margin of a ninth-century Priscian of St. Gall, 'Mahee of Nendrum.'" Apparently she knows old Irish; or perhaps it is only from a study of the translations that she compares what wandering Irish scholars wrote in Irish with what they wrote in Latin, and prefers the Irish.

What are the three lasting things they asked Cormac, and the answer came, "Grass and copper and yew." Their Latin verse is beaten copper; the Irish has the grass and the yew. It is the incommunicable gift, incommunicable in mere scholarship. But what the Irish scholars did give was their feeling for classical literature; their handling, sensitive and fearless, of paganism. One sees it in Columbanus, whose verse is a mosaic of the old mythology; still more in Sedulius, of Liège, two centuries later. He is writing a song for the Nativity: the choir is to sing it on Christmas morning.

"It is the time of snow, sparkling with sincere light:

The day that Christ was born: it is the time of snow."

He tells the story: the kindly oxen, the patient Joseph, the coming of the wise men from the East with their gifts of royalty and death. From the West now they come, with no gift but their learning only. And Mary, says Sedulius, does not say them nay.

This illustration is taken literally at haphazard. A few pages later you will find Miss Waddell stretching out her



hand for a quotation from some Chinese poet, reinforced by another from Kipling. But her central concern is with mediæval Latin and the early Romance forms begotten of it. She knows Latin as it was written in the different countries of Europe: Aldhelm, the Englishman, for instance, rather jealous of the too clever Irish scholars, and disposed to show off his learning and elegance, is "a little like a South Sea islander in a top hat." She knows how the early Christians were at once allured and repelled by the classics, models of eloquence by which the truth must be defended, but models pernicious to the soul, calling up shameless loves and heathen battle glories at mass itself "in the very act of contrition." St. Jerome tried to put them away, but "after a night of agony one sees him reaching for Plautus as a man reaches for his pipe." The humorist in this humanist is never submerged. Readers may care to know that her brother, under the name of Rutherford Mayne, was the life and soul of those jolly people, the Ulster players, both as actor and dramatist.

But beyond all else, this erudite has the gift of translation. If she cannot get the whole passage to run into a metrical pattern, she will leave a fragmentary piece hanging on to what is flawlessly complete; for instance, this from Augustine:

There is in God, some say,  
A deep but dazzling darkness.  
O for that night that I in Him  
Might live invisible and dim.

But sometimes she carries it through. Here is this from Ronsard's epitaph on a dead actor:

Never while you lived, Mernable,  
Had you either house or table.  
Never, poor soul, did you see  
On your fire a pot to be.  
Death to you is profitable;  
Now you need not pot nor table,  
And, what you never had before,  
You've a house for evermore.

How W. P. Ker would have delighted in this book, and to think that a woman had done it.

## THE VERMILION APOLLO

BY F. TENNYSON JESSE

DAPHNE SYLVANUS had always been unpopular. She knew it, and as a rule the knowledge made her very humble and depressed, but there were fleeting moments when she said to herself, though dimly and confusedly: Damn it all—I do think I have got something they haven't—anyway, I wouldn't change with them; they are all stupid, stupid!

They might be, for Daphne did not move in very intellectual circles, but, alas! she was not clever either. Her mother put it down to her education having been so interrupted: these foreign chaplaincies . . . no settled scheme, my dear . . . no discipline possible, not even any good at languages, which she *could* have picked up if she had had any gift that way, but as for living that sort of life and then hoping when you went to a high school in a small Cornish country town that you could pass the Cambridge local, it was impossible, and poor Daphne must not be blamed too much.

She was stuck-up, said her school friends, when all of Daphne's mind seemed to her to be one raw surface on which she was conscious of every flick of their contempt. Yet she could not, try as she would, be interested in the things they liked; did not even want to be, and they knew that and resented it. But it wasn't because of stuck-up-ness—it wasn't.

Her father died, and the living of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare passed to the Reverend Ambrose Jenson, and Daphne and her mother moved into a smaller house and continued to help in the parish. Then Mrs. Sylvanus followed the ex-foreign chaplain and late Vicar of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare into the sphere where it was to be presumed he would be awaiting her as a highly competent guide, ready to explain to her the ways of the new country.

Mr. Jenson buried Mrs. Sylvanus and condoled with Daphne and asked if she could take on her mother's district as well as her own. Daphne replied that she intended to let the house and live abroad, and with what Mr. Jenson afterwards described as the obstinacy of all really weak people she stuck to her decision. It was part of Daphne's lack of initiative, her timid acceptance of life as she knew it, that instead of striking out into entirely new fields she should go to Italy, where so much of the Sylvanus' lives as an Anglican family had been spent. But even an Anglican family had not been able to spoil Italy for Daphne.

This time, however, she found everything rather changed. In the small boarding-houses which were all that she could afford, she found it impossible to avoid the retired Colonels and bridge-playing elderly English ladies, and they all took such a kindly interest in her. That poor Miss Sylvanus, the quiet girl in mourning, not pretty or amusing, but such a nice girl. Daphne found it unpleasant to have her every

action discussed with her by people twice her own age. Do you think it wise to go such a long way over the mountains all by yourself, dear Miss Sylvanus? You might meet someone . . . some of these peasants are really quite savages . . . a young girl alone. . . . Or, again: Bathing off a boat. . . . But is it safe to go out in a boat alone? How do you climb in again? Not alone . . . a fisherman . . . of course, dear, you did it in perfect innocence, but do you think that is quite wise? These foreigners are not like us, you know. They don't understand a woman doing all sorts of things that cause no remark in England, and that consequently are all right to do in England. But here . . . a young girl alone . . . with her good name to think of . . . the honour of her country to think of . . . with the good name of English womanhood to think of . . . because really and truly these foreigners, nice as they may seem on the surface, well, one does not want to say anything harsh about them, for doubtless they are very well in their way, so shall we say that they don't understand, my dear? Shall we leave it at that, and just be a little more careful?

Daphne fled to Sicily, which she found full of Germans, but as she had mercifully never been able to learn languages they left her alone. Sicily struck her as being much less pretty than she had expected; bleak and bare and sun-whitened and ruinous, but much more, she discovered, what she was wanting than the soft beauty of Italy. Eventually, she found herself lodging with a very cosmopolitan old lady, widow of a Swiss, and keeper of a small *pension* outside Syracuse. She told Daphne marvellous stories of her girlhood in Palermo and how she had seen General Garibaldi riding in at the head of his troops after the capture of the city, riding on a snow-white horse.

Daphne was very happy with old Signora Birnbaum until a specially selected party, headed by the Reverend Ambrose Jenson, came out from St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare. If only she had never yielded to the request for picture postcards!

You who have been here several months, Miss Sylvanus, or Daphne, as the case might be, can be such a help to us. Of course, you can tell us all about the arena at Syracuse.

Signora Birnbaum was pleased to have her *pension* so full, but only politeness kept her from commiserating with Daphne on the quality of her friends. My Signorina may not talk much, but she can see and feel. . . . Those others chatter about antiques and about each other—which, after all, concluded the Birnbaum maliciously, is the same thing. Daphne took more and more to escaping whenever she could, which was generally after she had packed all the others off on an expedition, complete with sandwiches warranted free from garlic. They did not protest very much at her absence because, as they said, although she would understand the language, she never seemed to find out the sort of things they wanted to know.

Daphne had made friends with a wicked old man who kept an antique shop in Syracuse. He had been a sailor, and his shop was filled mostly with the heavy gilded products of the Eastern bazaars. With his friends he would dismiss these things with a wave of his hand and a

sly twinkle in his small blue eyes, so deeply imbedded beneath large, puffy lids. Occasionally he had some rare piece of carving, obtained probably by nefarious means, from the various excavations being carried on, not only in Sicily, but as far afield as Tunisia and Egypt. Learned gentlemen from Rome and Naples would come down to bargain with him for these treasures. Occasionally, too, a mediæval Italian painting, sometimes valuable, but more often merely pleasing for its naïveté, would come his way, but whatever his treasures might be he always showed them to Daphne, who could not buy any of them.

Just before the arrival of Mr. Jenson and his flock he had shown her a battered old picture about three feet square, of which he had great hopes. It was very dark with dirt and time, and before he cleaned it it was difficult to see much beyond the promise of a rather lovely vermillion, apparently part of somebody's raiment. Gradually fragments of the original painting came to the surface. One day Daphne would see the arched shoulder of a wing; next day a shapely leg would shine out clearly. One day the head of a rearing horse with distended nostrils took shape out of what had apparently been a great cloud. Indeed, the picture remained fragmentary to the end. At some period in its existence it had been not only neglected but treated extremely badly. To both Daphne and old Baldo this picture, representing they knew not what, painted by some Ignoto, became such a definite interest that it assumed all the living importance of a personality. They lived for the day when enough of the picture would reveal itself to make a guess at the subject possible. Mr. Jenson and his little band of pilgrims arrived just as this longed-for moment seemed to be in sight. For three or four days Daphne found it impossible to avoid the intelligent questionings of the inhabitants of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare, but at last she had seen them safely off in some rather ancient motor cars to Girgente, and she was free to spend a long day as she wished.

She found old Baldo purring with pleasure in his work-room, at the top of his old house, which looked over the sparkling blue waters of the harbour.

"See, Signorina," he cried proudly, "see what has come out," and he propped the picture up so that the bright light reflected from the sunlit water should illuminate it as clearly as possible.

"It is the best I shall be able to do. You see for yourself, Signorina, this picture was painted at one date and altered at a much later date. It was painted by someone who had a little genius, don't you think so? And then someone with religion, but no genius, came along and altered it. See those two horses' heads. Are they not full of fire and life? That spread of wing—the picture is somewhat confused, but I maintain that those wings originally grew on the backs of the horses. I swear that is the wheel of a chariot behind there, and he, our friend, to whom we have devoted so much time, is it not clear to you who he is? It is Apollo, the sun god, with his chariot, and these are the horses that drew it across the heavens."

"Apollo!" echoed Daphne, at first with incredulity and then with

growing excitement, "Apollo! I do believe you are right. It is the dress that made it seem so unlikely just at first."

"Oh, they painted everything in the costume of their own period, those old renaissance people," answered Baldo, sweepingly. "Tobias with his fish or Gabriel with his trumpet or Orpheus with his lute, it was all the same to them. You will find these trunk hose and doublets everywhere. But, tell me, whom else could he be but Apollo? Look at the sun-rays around his head; look at the easy way he stands, the lift of his head; look how unconcerned he is at those prancing horses; look at those clouds rolling over the mountain-tops where the chariot has alighted, and here—look at this corner!"

He pointed triumphantly to where some lettering was faintly visible, and Daphne could make out "p-o-l." There were some letters both before and after these, but they were indecipherable. The canvas had at one time been badly torn and very roughly mended in that corner.

"I don't think it much matters who he is," she said at last. "It is so beautiful. In spite of so much of it being lost, what one can see is just right somehow."

"Is it not?" cooed old Baldo, and together they looked long in silence at the beautiful head of the vermilion-clad young man.

The head, though small, was exquisitely painted, and its outlines were clear and unblurred. It was the head of a young man of god-like beauty, with curling golden hair, a broad brow, and an arrogantly lifted chin. His dress consisted of a doublet cut very much in at the waist and fluting out below it in rounded pleats. His puffed vermilion sleeves were slashed with white, and his slim vermilion legs ended in vermilion shoes that curled up at the tips like flames. An incredible costume for an antique deity, but one in which the painters of a certain period often represented them. There was something strangely impressive about the contrast between the golden serenity of the beautiful youth and the fiery wildness of the horses which left him so unruffled that he was apparently leaning carelessly against the side of the one nearest him.

Daphne found that the face and figure of this mediæval youth stayed in her memory insistently, and she began to face the fact that, no matter how much old Baldo wanted for the picture, she must somehow contrive to buy it. In her loneliness it became to her a very personal necessity and assumed a strange urgency that she could not resist. When she found that old Baldo wanted £50 in English money for the battered and mutilated canvas, she wrote home to her solicitor and instructed him to sell out £50's worth of stock. After all, what was four or five pounds less out of her income of two hundred pounds if she could have the Apollo always with her to look at, to talk to, to be the companion of her inmost thoughts?

She awaited tranquilly the advent of the money, more tranquilly in that the stay of the Jensonites was drawing to a close and she could soon hope to inhabit her beautiful sun-bleached world alone with her picture, with a not displeasing consciousness of the Birnbaum and old Baldo hovering on its outskirts.

It was the evening before Mr. Jenson left that he came back triumphantly to the evening meal at the *Casa Birnbaum*, followed by a small donkey, on whose back a wooden crate was held in place by two youths of Syracuse. Miss Plumstead and Miss Tregenna, Mrs. Kelynack and her husband, who was churchwarden of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare, and their niece, Miss Pettigrew, formed a guard of honour, triumphant and excited also.

"My dear Miss Sylvanus!" cried Mr. Jenson, "Congratulate us! I have made what I think is a very important discovery, very important to all antiquarians, but more especially to those of us who know and love our dear church of St. Hippolytus and its guardian saint. Nothing less, I venture to think, than a picture, and a very beautiful picture, of the Saint himself. Our kind friends here have all subscribed, and we have been able to buy it. I shall get the dear Bishop to come and bless it, and we will hang it in that bare space in the chancel opposite the organ pipes. Really, it is a most remarkable discovery!"

Afterwards Daphne asked herself why she had not guessed what he was talking about at once, but she had lived so enwrapped in the bright light of the crystal globe which held only her and her Apollo in its sphere that it did not occur to her as possible that the sphere could be shattered by an outside hand. It was merely with a mild curiosity that she saw the lads lift off the packing-case and Mr. Jenson begin to rummage amongst the shavings within it.

Had she been a person accustomed to thinking over her own sensations she would have told herself that never, no never, would she be able to forget her feelings when Mr. Jenson withdrew from the packing-case and displayed in triumph the vermilion Apollo. Being what she was, slow and inarticulate, she tried afterwards to re-live as seldom as possible the pain and bewilderment of that moment. Her first sensation was that she had been basely betrayed, not by old Baldo, in whom, after all, she had not definitely confided her intention to buy the Apollo, but by life or a mocking something that hid behind life and laughed at her.

"You see," Mr. Jenson was explaining—and the cloud of words beat about her head like bats—"there can be no doubt about it. Here are the horses by which the blessed martyr met his death. Here in a corner, very indistinct it is true, but quite plainly to be seen if you look carefully, his name was inscribed. Of course, I need not tell you, Miss Sylvanus, that in Italian our friend St. Hippolytus is Sant' Ippolito. Here is the little 'pol,' and this curve of gold that one can see faintly just above it"—and Mr. Jenson pointed to the half-obliterated wheel of the heavenly chariot—"is, I imagine, the arm of the chair in which Decius, the Prefect, sat as he delivered judgment. St. Hippolytus, as I need hardly say to any of our friends here, was martyred in the year 258 A.D. by being torn to pieces by wild horses. You observe in this picture how he remains quite unperturbed by the proximity of these animals. That is because the picture is symbolic rather than realistic. The horses are introduced merely as the symbol of the martyrdom, just as we always see St. Lawrence holding his gridiron and St. Agatha with her"—here Mr. Jenson broke off rather abruptly, and continued—"in

fact, just as all the martyrs are always represented with the form of their martyrdom symbolised in some manner beside them."

Daphne was incapable of flight. Like St. Agatha, she could only endure while, as it seemed, a part of her very body was torn from her. She felt that she could never go near old Baldo again, but one day she met him under the trees along the water-front, and he came bustling up to her with a child-like smile on his fat face.

"Did the Signorina see what I sold the English pastor and his ladies? The Signorina must have laughed very much to see how clever old Baldo had been."

But Daphne did not laugh. She was staring at him in a way which seemed to disconcert the old gentleman somewhat. He spread out his hands apologetically:

"What would you, Signorina? I am a poor man, and if the English pastor insisted that it was a portrait of his patron saint, Sant' Ippolito, who was I to contradict him? After all, he may be right. Who knows?"

"He was not right," said Daphne. "You know it."

"He paid me what I asked," replied old Baldo, simply. "He said that the wings on the horses' backs were the wings of angels which were standing around to receive the soul of the blessed martyr. Figures had been painted in there, as you know, Signorina. You and I think they were painted over the original picture. The Englishman thought otherwise. He will be amused, the little Apollo, to find himself among English Protestants!"

Daphne did not see old Baldo again, but wandered sadly about Sicily and homewards through Italy and Switzerland, arriving back at St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare a couple of months after the Jensonian pilgrims. She could not quite have told why she went back at all. Her little house was still let and she had to take rooms in the house of the village dress-maker, a woman whom she particularly disliked, if poor Daphne's tepid prejudices could be referred to so violently.

The first Sunday she was at home she did not attend church, but the many visits to enquire after her health and the many condolences on its bad condition which she received on the Monday determined her that she would attend every service on the following Sunday.

St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare was one of those little grey villages between the Lizard and the Tamar which are almost sub-tropical in their green luxuriance of foliage. The Hare, a little but winding river, leapt occasionally into an exuberance which rendered it unnavigable between woods of oak that grew as close and thick as shorn fur over the rolling hills. Against the grey granite or whitewashed houses palm trees reared their graceful heads, and roses maintained their brave show until Christmas. In the small, deep valleys sloping down towards the water the violets and primroses were blooming in February.

The earliest portions of the church of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare dated from Norman days, but there had been much rebuilding as late as the perpendicular period, when the battlemented tower, with its one ear pricked in eternal watchfulness, had been added. That look of cocky alertness struck at Daphne's mind unpleasantly for the first time

in her life as she walked up to the church one evening that week. It even held for her a jeering aspect, and she averted her eyes as she hurried up the moss-grown path between the dripping fuchsia bushes, for it had been raining with the hearty rain of an English July for most of that day.

She went into the church, still with her eyes cast down, for though she had come with a definite purpose she felt herself too weak of will to accomplish it. The picture, she knew, had been hung in the blank space opposite the organ pipes, though the Bishop was not coming to bless it until the 13th of August, the date of the martyrdom of St. Hippolytus. Daphne left the church again without venturing as far as the chancel.

The next Sunday, instead of singing in the choir, as was her wont, she made the excuse of a sore throat and sat at the back of the church. The following Sunday, which was the first of August, she told herself that she must take her accustomed place, and she did so, but as it was opposite the organ she was able to refrain from turning to look at the wall behind her head.

Certainly, everyone remarked, her stay abroad had done her no good. She was looking pale and thin. The rounded firmness of flesh, the bright fairness of hair which had been her only beauties, seemed somehow tarnished. Doubtless that foreign cooking, which was so much too rich.

Work is what I need, explained Daphne, and she obtained the key of the church so that she could go in and polish brasses and attend to flowers, see to the altar-linen, and perform all the other tasks which are preferably done by piety rather than by paid labour, at a time when the church is usually shut. It was still light for many hours after sunset, thanks to that convenient Daylight Saving Bill, which was so helpful to people who liked to work in their gardens. It was equally useful for people like poor Miss Sylvanus, who seemed to have returned home with her usual shyness developed to the pitch of morbidity. Nowadays she was actually known to avoid people if she saw them coming towards her far ahead in the road.

No one ever knew, in spite of much comment afterwards, exactly how Miss Sylvanus spent those hours alone in the church, though certainly the brasses appeared excellently polished.

As August 13th drew on, Mr Jenson became more and more full of his marvellous discovery. It was even rumoured that he now derived St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare from St. Hippolytus-on-the-Horse, and that he was able to explain exactly how and why the transformation in the name had taken place. The churchwarden's niece, in spite of her devotion to all things clerical, could not refrain, for she was in her serious moments a school-teacher, from pointing out that St. Hippolytus had not been on the horse, but behind it, in fact, behind two of them, having had his ankles fastened to their tails, but Mr. Jenson reproved her by saying that it did not do to be too materially minded in these things. It was the spirit that counted, and the spirit of being on a horse or behind it when you were being martyred by it was precisely the same.

Daphne lived through the days to August 13th in an increasing stupor of misery. She told herself that it was absurd, but nevertheless she could not help feeling that when the Bishop had actually blessed the picture she would have lost her Apollo for ever. She had even begun to doubt in herself whether he were her Apollo after all. At first this notion had seemed to her blasphemous, but since her return to Cornwall the dead weight of opinion in the village had begun to bear her down. At first those intimate communings she had held in the church had sustained her, but as the second week in the first August fortnight wore on, the thing had become unreal to her. The beautiful serenity in the pictured face which at first had supported and comforted her, given her a message peculiar and personal to herself, by which she could live, seemed to become first chilly and then definitely sneering. It is a trial of my faith, she told herself, but with a failing heart. All the time she was aware that her Apollo was withdrawing himself behind a cloud of Anglicanism which threatened to settle over him permanently upon August 13th, and change him as completely as baptism changes a little heathen into a little Christian.

August 13th fell upon a Thursday, and there was to be choral matins at eleven instead of the usual plain little service at half-past nine. The Bishop was to bless the picture and afterwards give a special address. Daphne went to church that day as she might have gone, unable to stay away, to see a man she loved married to another woman. She did not phrase it thus to herself, for Daphne was not good at phrases. She was only that quiet, dull Miss Sylvanus who seemed to have lost her looks lately, not that she ever could have been called a beauty, but there had been something nice about her that one remembered now that she had lost it.

It was a very hot day. The sun was nearing the zenith of its course and the church door stood wide open to admit a flood of golden light that poured in through the porch as through a funnel. Daphne, at the end of the last pew, rather hidden behind a pillar, was able to receive the full flood of this warm caress which lay against her left cheek and on her neck.

The Bishop was drawing to the end of his address. He had told them what they all knew, the story of the blessed martyr St. Hippolytus, who had stood guard over the blessed martyr St. Lawrence, and had by his example been converted to Christianity. The Bishop spoke with enthusiasm of the antiquarian and pious zeal of Mr. Jenson, and of what an example the presence of the picture would be amongst the inhabitants of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare. It would be a rash man, the Bishop pointed out, who could declare the limit of the influence which inanimate objects could give off into the circumambient ether. This picture, painted doubtless by some very religious man for pure love of the subject, must have become impregnated with the pious enthusiasm of its creator. It was, if he might so express himself, the reliquary of that holy emotion, and as such, in these days when so much metaphysical and spiritual enlightenment was ours, was still capable of giving off the elevated influences which permeated it.

The faces of the inhabitants of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare looked for the most part either dazed or set in that complacent blankness which is the refuge of those who make no attempt to follow the flights of their spiritual pastors and masters. Daphne sat with her head bent and her hands tightly clasped in her lap where the sunlight warmed them and brightened them so that every now and then they seemed about to float up to her, large and white.

"It is not true—it is not true!" she kept on saying to herself, "oh, why doesn't something happen! If he goes on saying it much longer he may make it true!"

A rustling ran through that portion of the congregation which sat in a line with the wide-open door. There came a turning of heads and a rubbing of best broadcloth or silk against the polished pew seats. Daphne looked round and saw the very queer thing that was happening within plain view of the church door of St. Hippolytus. Up in the golden air of the churchyard, apparently suspended from nowhere, was a pair of vermilion legs. They hung uncertainly for a moment as though feeling their way down some unsubstantial airy pathway, then dropped lower, and a scarlet tunic came in sight and two golden-white hands, "feeling" the air as a man floating down in water might feel that element, fin-like. This strange and incredible sight for a moment held all who saw it spellbound. Daphne alone knew what it was she was going to see when that graceful drifting form dropped a little lower and so cleared the arch of the porch. She was going to see that golden head, that serenely triumphant face, which of late she had lost. The curly head came in sight and a gasp ran through the pews as it was now seen beyond a doubt that this strange visitant was entirely unsupported in the air. He had no wings and no parachute attachment, he had no wire such as supports the people who fly across the stage. He hung there, defying all the laws of nature, looking rather shy and surprised himself, as though he wondered where he had drifted. The god-like triumph had gone from his face, Daphne saw, and there was something almost child-like about it that knocked at her heart.

There was a panic in the church by now. The Bishop and Mr. Jenson were only aware that something extraordinary was happening, and, unable to make themselves heard, came hurrying down the nave. Women were screaming and fainting; the naughtiest boy in the Sunday school had jumped upon the seat of his pew and was cheering madly and throwing hymn books at the apparition. Daphne's tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. She longed to rush out and stop the entry of the beautiful youth into the church where none of the people would understand him, but she found herself unable to move. The figure drifted on into the church with a movement like blown thistledown, the feet only just skimming the floor, the hands held out like those of a blind man in an unknown room. People pressed back, terrified lest this inhuman contact should be upon them. The slim vermilion feet rested at last upon the warm paving beside the font, and for a minute the figure stood there swaying a little. Then, even as they watched it, a change came over his face. It grew pale, seemed to blur, a look of

deathly sickness overspread it, the heavy lids drooped, then opened as by a supreme effort, and the eyes of the god, undoubtedly of the god, looked straight into Daphne's. Terror, appeal, protest, were in that look, and the next moment Apollo had sunk to the ground and lay there unconscious.

Daphne rushed forward and fell on her knees beside him, lifting up the heavy golden head and holding it against her fiercely.

"Get away, all of you! Get away!" she cried. "Can't you see you're killing him? You have brought him here with all your beastly thoughts and your beastly service, and he can't breathe here!"

She began to drag him along towards the church door. Nobody else moved. There certainly was no doubt that as she dragged the golden head over the threshold of the church into the porch, a shade of colour seemed to steal into the wan cheeks. She pulled harder, and this time a couple of men standing near came to her assistance, each taking up a slim vermilion leg, and the god was carried out into the churchyard.

The porch of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare was on the north side of the church, and the northern part of the churchyard was, beyond a certain point, unconsecrated ground where suicides, unchristened babies, and such like were put to rest. Daphne tugged on relentlessly until the limp form lay upon this unhallowed turf, and then regardless of the crowd which surged out of the church door and stood, still at a respectful distance, arguing and shouting, she knelt down in such a manner that she hid the grey tower of the church from the eyes that were slowly opening.

"You will be all right now," she whispered urgently. "I have got you away. You must not pay attention to them any more. You must go ever so far away where nothing they think can get hold of you."

Of the further events of that day no very coherent account remains to us. As the Bishop always said on the rare occasions when he referred to it afterwards, these things in the wisdom of God's providence are meant to be hidden from us. Who are we that we should pry? And as Mr. Jenson said: nowadays, with all this dabbling in spiritualism, there can be no doubt that many vile forces are released upon this earth. We do not know what pernicious habits Miss Sylvanus may have formed during her months abroad. And as his parishioners said: we always knew there was something queer about her. She was one of the sly ones. Those quiet girls are always the worst. The naughtiest boy in the village was left with the fixed determination to become an airman, and there was a whole school of thought amongst the more materially minded, such as the doctor and the school-inspector, neither of whom had been present, that the whole thing was an elaborate joke planned by some unknown friend whom Miss Sylvanus had picked up at one of those queer places abroad.

There was even doubt as to what actually did happen, let alone as to the explanation of it. For the most part the witnesses agreed that the young man in the outlandish scarlet costume had gradually seemed to become stronger and stronger. First he had sat up, then got to his knees, so that he was kneeling opposite Miss Sylvanus and they were

looking straight into each other's faces. Then he sprang up with a bound, seemed to lift himself on the tips of his toes two or three times, and then, with a shout that sounded like laughter, he whipped his arms around her and soared straight up into the air.

She had not cried out or been frightened, and the last they saw of her was floating up at a great rate with her head thrown backwards, gazing up into her ravisher's face. He held her with one arm and with his free hand he plucked off her black clothes as they went. The last the scandalised inhabitants of St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare saw of Daphne Sylvanus was a black skirt floating earthwards, followed by two white tubes, and before a cloud seemed to come across the sky and darken it, they saw the gleam of two white legs hanging down beside the pair of bright vermilion.

Of course, there were always the devout few who maintained that Miss Sylvanus had been a great but unrecognised saint, and that the Almighty had permitted this miracle for the conversion of Cornwall, which only the hard hearts of its inhabitants prevented of accomplishment. The picture disappeared from the church and the space opposite the organ-pipes was blank once more. Mr. Jenson soon afterwards exchanged to a north country living, and rumour had it that later still he became a Swedenborgian or some said a Mormon, but of this there was never any proof.

You may hear a confused version of this story if you go to the inn at St. Hippolytus-on-the-Hare to this day, but it is very difficult to discover from the various versions of the tale who it was that flew away with the unfortunate Miss Sylvanus. It is only agreed that in the last sight available of her face, just before that other glimpse of her, of which the less said the better, she had looked quite indecently happy.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE ELEVENTH NATIONAL BABY WEEK.

*To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—One of the most extraordinary events in connection with infant mortality is the fall in the infantile death-rate in the last 25 years. Who would have thought it possible in 1900 that in a quarter of a century the rate would be halved and that the national effect of the falling birth-rate would be, to a considerable extent, neutralised? The introduction of Hygiene into the home by the Health Visitor has been largely responsible for this. The Maternity and Child Welfare Act, 1918, has also been a valuable aid and has been utilised by most of the Local Authorities in the country. Much, however, remains to be done, and there are three directions, at least, in which our national care of mothers and little children needs development.

*First*, as regards teeth. The foundations of healthy teeth are laid in infancy, even before birth itself. Whether a child will have good teeth or not depends largely on the condition of the mother's health during pregnancy, and her health depends to a large extent on the condition of her own teeth. What is needed, therefore, is the development of a system of Dental Clinics, or some other form of dental care, in association with Infant Welfare Centres.

*Secondly*, we want more sunlight. We now know how important it is for healthy growth that sunlight should be available to an extent not often present in our fog-laden atmosphere. Much, however, may be done. What we need as one means of reducing rickets is the development of sunlight treatment, particularly in towns. Let us aim to get more natural sunlight, and to supplement this by artificial sunlight treatment when the natural supply falls short.

*Thirdly*, the more we study the relationship of the child to its mother and its entire dependence upon her for its early training and correct management, the more do we realise what a complicated responsibility motherhood is. Particularly is this the case for the ordinary working-class mother. She has to be many persons in one. For the benefit of the child we should ease her of other duties and responsibilities where it is possible. Labour-saving devices in the house would help. Mothercraft teaching to girls to prepare them for the duties of motherhood later on would further assist. For want of this the ordinary mother has to perform her job and learn it at the same time, a difficult task often imperfectly performed. It is generally accepted that the first child is the most difficult to rear. These are a few of the thoughts I would ask your readers to bear in mind during the eleventh National Baby Week, the first week in July.

A. BOSTOCK HILL

*(Vice-President of the National Baby Week  
Council and a member of the Executive  
Committee.)*

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

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

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXXVIII. NEW SERIES. AUGUST 1, 1927

### ALBANIA—YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

BY H. CHARLES WOODS

BEFORE the Balkan Wars, when Turkey possessed no political sub-division of that name, Albania was usually taken to mean a stretch of territory lying on the Eastern side of the Adriatic and inhabited by an ancient race which is quite distinct from the other peoples of the Balkan Peninsula. Whilst Abdul Hamid pandered to the susceptibilities of and surrounded himself by representatives of a nationality of whom he was greatly afraid, the Young Turks, instead of recognising that the Albanians could be of valuable support to a Constitutional cause, endeavoured to abrogate many of their earlier privileges. The result of this latter policy was that from 1909 until 1912 large areas of Albania were in an almost continuous state of insurrection, which, in the end, was indirectly, if not directly, responsible for the formation of the Balkan League and therefore for the downfall of Turkey as a European Power.

Although the Albanians took no active part in the Balkan campaigns, it was then that their independence was proclaimed by Ismail Kemal Bey at Valona—an independence almost immediately recognised by the Great Powers. But before the country had been set upon its feet, if, indeed, the measures then taken would ever have achieved that purpose, there came the World War, the departure of the International Commission of Control and of Prince William of Wied, and the disappearance of any form of central authority. The Greeks occupied parts of the South, the Italians disembarked at Valona, and the Serbs and the Montenegrins first of all invaded and then retreated through the country. Towards the end of 1916 an Allied front was established from Salonica to the Adriatic,

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and Albania remained partly in Allied and partly in enemy hands until the autumn of 1918. After the Armistice the Italians took over the military control of the greater part of the country, Allied, French and Serbian contingents occupied various areas, and the Albanians formed a Government at Durazzo.

Albania, which gained admission to the League of Nations in December, 1920, and therefore about a year before the final settlement of her frontiers and the international recognition of her more or less unified Government, is still Europe's least-known State. Once more possessed of approximately her pre-war frontiers, she has an area equal to about two-thirds that of Scotland. Though larger and more primitive, the Republic also bears a resemblance to Palestine, because each is a coastal strip bordered by the sea on the west, each is capable of accommodating a much larger population than it possesses, and each is made up partly of rich ground and partly of lands which are not productive from the agricultural standpoint. Thus, whilst many districts of Albania have an elevation of over 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, the littoral, parts of the centre (particularly the plain of Musakia between Durazzo and Valona), and the district surrounding Kortcha are fertile, and if these were properly drained and irrigated they are capable of increasing the crops to an extent that would be of material assistance in regulating the existing Budget deficit and in balancing the present heavy imports by larger exports than those available to-day. Moreover, whilst large stretches of the country have a bare and barren appearance, there are countless olive groves and many woods, the most important being the Marmoures Forest, which includes roughly fifty square miles now under exploitation by a German company. Lastly, whereas the future importance of these industries is uncertain, coal certainly exists, valuable bitumen is being worked by an Italian company at Selenitza, and petroleum concessions have been granted to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and to several Italian syndicates.

But if the country is varied in its geography, in its

scenery, and in its products, the people also have their sub-divisions. The Tosks of the South, who are hard-working and peaceful, have lived for centuries under the control of the Beys, or Great Landlords, against whom a long-existing antagonism is now on the increase. The Ghegs of the North, for the most part divided into a series of tribes, are much more warlike than their Southern compatriots; they directed the attitude of Albania towards her former Turkish masters, and they are the people who make and break Governments to-day. And then, whereas the language of the whole country is the same (except for modifications in dialect), the total population of roughly 1,000,000 souls is separated in religion, approximately 68 per cent. being Moslems, with the remaining 32 per cent. subdivided so that about 11 per cent. are Catholics for the most part domiciled in the North and 21 per cent. members of the Orthodox Church, generally speaking resident in the South.

The long narrowness of the country and its former sub-divisions are largely responsible for the establishment of the capital at Tirana in 1920. That town, which can be reached from Durazzo by car in an hour, lies somewhat in a hole, it is straggling in its plan, or lack of plan, and it possesses only three or four streets worthy of the name. But if much still remains to be done for a place which has a present population of nearly 15,000 souls, great improvements were made between my visits of the year 1913 and of May last. The capital now has numerous shops, and trade is relatively good. Moreover, with the exceptions of the British Empire and of Italy, who have their Legations at Durazzo, most of the European States have representatives in the capital; there are one or two hotels which are quite comfortable from the Balkan standpoint, and countless cars await the convenience of passengers desirous of going to almost any part of the country. Thus Tirana, which reminds one of a much smaller but pleasanter Angora, is in the course of conversion from an Eastern village into a cosmopolitan centre of minor importance.

All the Government offices, except the Ministry of the



Interior, which was formerly the Turkish Konak, are housed in quarters, often rented at high prices, since it has not yet been possible to construct edifices suitable for their accommodation. The pavilion which serves for the Chamber and Senate on alternate days was originally built for an officers' club. On the outside it has the appearance of a high-class village hall or artistic gymnasium, the interior being arranged with desks and chairs flanked by boxes allotted to various dignitaries. The Presidency itself consists of several small buildings closely guarded and surrounded by day and by night by sentries furnished by the Royal Guard. Ahmed Bey Zogu, the President, who is chief of the Mati tribe, scarcely ever leaves these buildings except to go to his villa at Durazzo in summer, and when he does so far-reaching and careful precautions are taken to insure his safety. His Excellency, who gave me an hour's audience, and who is about thirty-four years of age, is a tall, well-set-up and distinguished-looking man. With brown hair and a small moustache, he possesses exceptionally sloping eyebrows, markedly blue eyes, and very white hands. Speaking Albanian, Turkish and German, he has a winning smile, a deliberate and convincing way of talking, and at any rate a superficial grasp of the home and foreign situations. Indeed, however many may be the faults of the present Albanian ruler, he enjoys all the charm common to his compatriots of high class, he creates an impression that he is trying to do the right thing, and that, although he has made many mistakes, he is far more patriotic than the vast majority of his fellow countrymen.

In order to make clear the present internal situation it is necessary to refer to some of the events which occurred before the return of Ahmed Bey Zogu to power in December, 1924. If we take it that the post-war life of the Albanian State began from the time of the Luisnia Conference in January, 1920, when four Regents and a first Parliament were elected, and when an anti-Italian policy was decided upon, the country was ruled for nearly five years under a Provisional Constitution and by a series of Governments which succeeded one another in comparatively rapid succession. From 1920-1924 the *régime* was

more or less nationalistic without any distinct leanings towards Italy or Jugo-Slavia, and whilst the situation was complicated by a number of insurrections, a struggle was in progress between the more conservative section of the community, which was working for a modification of the frontiers, and the element of the population which considered it wiser to accept the decision of the Western Powers. Even during this time, whilst he was not always in office, Ahmed Zogu, who belongs to the latter school of thought, was by far the most important person in the country. Supported by a number of tribesmen, he inaugurated his political life at the time of the Luisnia Conference, when he played a material *rôle* in protecting that gathering from disturbance by the Italians, then still in Albania. Directly afterwards he became Minister of the Interior, and for the time being he received the support of the South. About eighteen months later, and when he occupied the position of a mere deputy, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and in that capacity put down a rising which broke out among the Mirdites in the autumn of 1921. Later on His Excellency, whose prestige was increasing every day, once more became Minister of the Interior, and again as Commander-in-Chief his force and his personality enabled him to re-establish order after the Tirana Revolution of March, 1922. In the summer of that year Ahmed Bey assumed the position of Prime Minister, and as such or in a nominally more modest *rôle* he remained in fact the Government of the country until a revolution which brought Fan Noli to office in June, 1924. Ahmed Bey, who had been wounded in the corridor of the Chamber a few months earlier, then fled to Serbia. Fan Noli declared that his revolution was directed against the existing corruption and against the retention of feudal privileges in the country, and the temporary *régime* of that political-religious leader, which produced chaos in the country, lasted for a period of only about six months.

Immediately after returning to Albania from Serbia Ahmed secured his election to the Presidency, and in January, 1925, a definite Constitution was voted by the Constituent Assembly, which, in establishing a Republic, thereby did away with the Regency. On paper, at least,

the country therefore, possesses a thoroughly modern and democratic administration, supposedly modelled in some ways along the lines of that of the United States. In addition to occupying the Presidency, Ahmed Bey is Prime Minister; the Ministers, nominated by him, are obliged to obtain a vote of confidence in the Chamber, and, whereas the Senate is partly appointed by the President and partly elected by the people, the deputies are nominally the representatives of the population. Measures are introduced into and passed by both Houses, discussion often takes a heated form, and, on paper as well as in fact, the President has the veto in all legislation. But in reality Constitutionalism is unknown in Albania, and whilst the four Ministers assemble under the chairmanship of Ahmed Bey, he is the only man who counts in that assembly. Thus, even if his directions are not always put into force, nobody dares openly to say or do anything against the wishes of his Excellency, and when something contrary to the printed Constitution is required by headquarters a law is forced through both Houses overriding or putting the printed document on one side. Senators and members of the Chamber receive salaries, mostly because it is convenient to maintain and to silence a certain number of suitable representatives imposed upon the population. There are deputies who have never been known to visit their constituencies, though they receive travelling allowances for so doing, and when discussion unacceptable to the Presidency seems imminent measures are immediately taken by the faithful to put an end to it.

The Ministers of Justice, the Interior, Public Works, and Foreign Affairs are nominally responsible for the work of their departments, but attached to the Presidency are four Inspectors-General who represent their leader as his sort of viceroys. They are therefore able to override the decisions and the work of everybody else. The Ministers and functionaries are appointed not because of their capacity or qualifications but on account of their fidelity to their chief; most of them appear to have gained their experience in the Turkish service, and, judging from what I saw and heard in Albania a few weeks ago, the administration is much more along the lines of that

existing in the time of Abdul Hamid than of those inaugurated by the Young Turks or by Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Indeed, throughout the country corruption is widespread, justice is reported as comparatively rare, and the policy of the former Minister of the Interior, particularly his attitude towards the confiscation of lands in cases where the owners were unable to produce title-deeds, rarely existing in such a country, left almost everything to be desired.

Prefectures have replaced the former Turkish subdivisions of the country, and the Church is now separated from the State. Moreover, whereas the Ottoman law has been in force up to now, the Italian penal code is being adopted, and this is to be followed by the introduction of the French civil code, the only exceptions to these changes being that in certain districts in the North I believe tribal law is still to remain in force. Several model farms exist, but there seems to be no agricultural bank nor means of giving credit to the impoverished and backward peasants, and whereas schools are plentiful, the supply of efficient teachers is extremely limited. On the other hand, although there are obvious difficulties in finding efficient officials, and although a highly developed patriotism cannot be expected in a new country, the Government is to be congratulated upon the existing public security and upon the practical disarmament of the ordinary population. Such improvements, which appear pretty general, mean a great deal, not only to the traveller but to the humble inhabitant of the country. And then if the Italians, the French and the Austrians were responsible for the original building of many of the now valuable roads, and if the Italian loan, granted two years ago, is available for the construction of bridges and other road improvements, the local Administration, particularly the present Administration, has kept up and extended communications, which are now much better than those of some of the neighbouring countries. Thus, with hundreds of miles of relatively good main routes, besides lesser provincial roads, it is possible to-day to motor from north to south and from east to west of the country in comparative comfort at an average speed of

about twenty miles an hour, and to cover in a few hours distances which used to take days by pack-horse. Such a change is possessed of wide and far-reaching consequences, for it tends towards the unification of the people, it helps the Government to maintain order in the more remote districts, and it is of wide advantage to the peasant, even should he depend for his transport upon the pack animal, which can now travel with much greater safety and security than heretofore.

To the traveller who has recently discussed the situation with the President and with most of the leading men in Albania, and who has motored nearly eight hundred miles in that country, it is absurd to suppose that the Government of Tirana is actuated by any feelings of hostility towards her neighbours, or that it has taken any measures for the purpose of threatening their peace. Ahmed Bey Zogu himself assured me, I believe in all sincerity, that he wished to live on good terms with the Balkan States, and that Albania greatly admired the League of Nations. Moreover, whilst certain sections of the gendarmery are now being replaced by regular troops, largely for reasons of economy, I neither saw nor heard of any military concentrations during my stay in the country. At the same time it is advisable to say that the army and the gendarmery number about seven thousand of all ranks on a peace footing, and that in case of war forty thousand men with some form of previous training could probably be put into the field. The army, which is recruited for one year by conscription, is organised in infantry battalions, artillery batteries and engineering sections. The gendarmery is grouped in companies, the men serving on the voluntary basis for three years. There are roughly half a dozen Italian instructors for the army, a British inspector-general, with a staff of about the same number of assistants in the gendarmery, and there were a few ex-Russian officers, whose services are, I believe, being dispensed with, in one or both these forces. In May the troops were going through an intensive training, including night operations, but one could not see the officers or the men, especially on a long march, as I saw

one battalion, and particularly the much too large and heavy boots worn in the ranks, without feeling that discipline is at a low ebb, and that the Albanian army would be of little use as a fighting machine.

To the present writer the financial situation appears to be the most critical and serious problem connected with the internal affairs of the country. The National Bank, the Loan of fifty million gold francs, and the Society for the Economic Development of Albania, all of which depend upon Italy, issue large numbers of notes, and provide for the construction of public works and other changes, but they also place heavy obligations upon the Albanian Government. The value of the imports greatly exceeds that of the exports, and no attempt is made to balance the Budget, the real deficiency in which is far greater than that shown on paper. Moreover, whilst money is spent lavishly on the one side, there are undesirable savings on the other. The President receives nearly £10,000 a year, besides allowances, the details of which are difficult to discover, but the functionaries are not only lowly paid but they are often in arrear as to their salaries. Again, money is wasted upon such things as the building of a fine new avenue at the entrance to Tirana, instead of upon improving the existing road, and a section of Durazzo, damaged by the earthquake of last winter, has been demolished, although the shaken houses would have been capable of repair. And, lastly, whereas railways, and particularly railways unlikely ever to be linked up with those existing beyond the frontiers, are not a vital necessity for a country like Albania, the Government, contrary to Italian advice, has insisted upon the provision of a line from Durazzo to Tirana, work upon which has already been begun. Such extravagances, which are resented by the patriotic and more far-seeing sections of the public, are entirely unjustifiable.

These are some of the factors in a situation which must now be discussed from the standpoints of the prestige and power of the President and of the attitude of the inhabitants of the various parts of the country towards him. According to general rules in Albania, the passage of two

years and a half is partially responsible for the declining popularity of the ruler. The fact, too, that he shuts himself up in the Presidency at Tirana, or remains within the immediate precincts of his villas at Durazzo or Scutari, instead of going about openly as he did in former times, does not appeal to the local mentality. Moreover, in view of the poverty of the State, the President's large civil list and the general luxury of his establishment do not tend to increase the admiration in which he is held by the people. Furthermore, the full control of the elections, the corrupt nature of the Administration and the absolutism of the Government give cause of complaint to opponents who would probably be equally partisan were they in power. And then the appointment to the best posts of only Ahmed's *protégés*, many of whom possess not merely a bad present character, but a still worse former reputation, rankle in the minds of the people, and especially in those of the better-educated sections of the community. These conditions have their bearing to a lesser or a greater degree throughout the country. In the important and relatively prosperous district of Kortcha, into which so much money comes from the Albanians emigrated to America, the attitude of the people towards prolongation of the present *régime* is favourable not so much because they like the President but because of the strength of his rule, and because any change would be likely to lead to further disorders and unrest, which would be to their disadvantage. In Valona the masses assume the same attitude, but here it is important to remember that the Beys, who neither accept Ahmed Bey Zogu as their equal, nor like him personally, desire the maintenance of his power since they fear the advent to office of a Government, like that of Fan Noli, which might be actively opposed to their interests. On the other hand, in the North unrest and dislike of the existing administration are widespread partly as a result of the generally bad conditions which prevail there and partly as a consequence of the attitude of Ahmed Bey Zogu and his subordinates towards the revolution which occurred last November. That attitude, which resembled the policy so often followed by the Young Turks in

Albania, took the form of laying waste the revolted area, of flogging the residents, and of transporting hundreds of people—men and women—to Scutari, where they were imprisoned under conditions which are not necessary to describe here. Such a programme, coupled with the hanging of a priest, with the misery now prevailing and with the presence of a large number of refugees in Jugoslavia, has left a situation which is critical in the extreme.

Reviewing all these factors from the broader standpoint it appeared to me that the President is surely the strongest and most powerful man in Albania. Undoubtedly he enjoys less prestige than heretofore, but the Opposition is divided, it has no leader and it possesses no practical policy. Moreover, Ahmed Bey Zogu realises the present dangers; he is taking every available precaution to meet them, and the military activity depends more upon the advisability of preparing the army for home eventualities than upon any fear of a wish for international complications. And then the policy adopted (during my recent visit to Albania) of giving military grades and half pay to about 200 chieftains from the North and East, who are to command their followers as a militia, in exchange for an oath of fidelity, and the extension of this policy to about forty leaders from the South, not only proves that the President hopes to assure himself of faithful support in case the army should be disloyal, but that he is well aware of the value of a widespread distribution of money among his people. Consequently, whereas it is always unsafe to forecast the development of events in the Balkans, Zogu's future seems largely to depend upon whether or not outside intrigue continues in Albania, upon his ability or lack of ability to meet the financial situation and at the same time to continue his relatively lavish generosity, and upon his future attitude towards the now almost desperate population of the North. If foreign interference ceases, if the economic difficulties can be postponed or surmounted, and if the situation in the neighbourhood of Scutari is capable of amelioration, the President may be able to maintain his power, at any rate for the moment. Alternatively, failing the realisation of all or perhaps any of these improvements,

the duration of the present Government, which seems to be in the wider interests of Albania and of general peace, will be determined by some internal or external event, the nature and date of which cannot be foreseen.

So much for the more local issues. The broader aspects of the problem depend upon whether the life of Albania as an independent State can be prolonged at all, and in the negative upon what kind of *régime* is to replace that which has controlled the country for the last seven years. Whatever may have been the advisability or the reverse of the original creation of a State which was the child not of love but of hatred and competition, once Albania has been instituted as a national unit it cannot be destroyed, since a separate and distinct people have a right to an individual existence, and since, although certain former rivalries have now disappeared, these have been replaced by other conflicting interests which are almost as acute. But if it would be unjustifiable and unwise for Europe to agree to the disruption of Albania, it must seem to those who have witnessed present conditions that patriotism is not sufficiently developed, that education is not general enough, and that the available supply of good officials is not adequate to enable the Albanians at present to manage their own affairs without foreign assistance and supervision. Many alternatives, each with their international and national difficulties, present themselves, but from the internal standpoint perhaps the best solution would be the selection, preferably by the League of Nations, of an adviser, or advisers, authorised to control at least the finances without interfering with the actual independence of the country or with its commercial development by the representatives of foreign nations. Such an arrangement, if carefully and tactfully carried out, would probably be acceptable to the vast majority of the patriotic Albanians who resent the present situation. It might or it might not be a lasting settlement of the existing problem, but it should tend to postpone and perhaps prevent a catastrophe which not only looms over the Eastern shore of the Adriatic, but helps to threaten the peace of that part of Europe to-day.

## AFFAIRS IN CHINA

BY W. F. TYLER

THERE exists a school of thought—it considers itself advanced and those who oppose it out of date—which, applying the law of inevitability to Chinese affairs, maintains that it would have been impossible effectively to oppose the claims of the Southerners regarding treaties and concessions.

When a line of policy, having whatever good intentions, leads to disaster, it is not an uncommon attitude for those responsible for it to maintain that it was inevitable.

The educationists are responsible for the present state of Chinese affairs in a double sense. By the exploitation of their joint hobby and business they not only created the situation prior to the Hankow affair, they not only claimed for that situation the excuse of inevitableness, but they, by means of their widespread influence, persuaded the British Government of the truth of that theory, and so by the commitments of Hankow actually created a smoke-screen of some degree of inevitableness to cloak their responsibility. That, at all events, appears to be the only hypothesis explanatory of the otherwise inexplicable.

At this date there can be no necessity to produce reasons regarding the folly of having accorded the policy of the Southerners the status of a genuine national movement, or to explain how the Southern claims in respect to treaties, concessions and imperialism were Bolshevist-made artificialities for the creation of a crowd-psychosis to be used for Russia's ends.

However, the harm is done. It can be modified, but it cannot be annulled; for now an ambition has been created, in the North as well as the South, for the attainment of conditions as detrimental to the Chinese as to the foreigner; and that ambition—in view of the Hankow commitments—cannot be ignored.

As regards the general opinion of the bulk of those having a wide experience of Chinese affairs, it appears to be

merely this: That taking a long view there is good hope for the future, but that for a period of indefinite length those having financial interests in that country will have a very thin time with their holdings. As regards ports other than Shanghai, this appears to be a well-founded opinion, but as regards Shanghai itself the situation seems much more hopeful—so hopeful, indeed, as to point to a boom in the near future. Such a hope is founded on the belief that whatever may happen elsewhere, wisely or unwisely, the continued Western control of Shanghai to an effective degree will be maintained, and that the collection there of Customs dues on foreign bottoms will be continued under some such system as the present. The normal mind refuses to entertain any serious supposition to the contrary.

Regarding the general situation there are these preliminary considerations: China is the land of the unpredictable, of the unexpected, of the solution of apparently insoluble problems. She is the prestidigitateur of the world's stage, and so she can do what other countries could not dream of doing. Thus she can have a record Customs' revenue after such a year as the last one; the existence or non-existence of a central government over a long period makes no great difference to the revolving of the national machine as a whole; she can have a Boxer uprising in which the Empress Dowager took part, with a few months later the scene of the Legation ladies fawning over her. With even these trifling examples of what China can do, who can say that there is no prospect of an early settlement? Obviously this is no strong argument for optimism, but it is an argument in favour of, say, an even chance, which is better than nothing.

With factors so strange or unknown, with conditions and events so extraordinarily fluid, with circumstances so impalpable, how can any opinion worth recording be come to? The answer, of course, is that the only opinions worth expressing are those dealing with broad tendencies and, it may be added, those based more on an intuition from a long association with Chinese affairs, than on stated premises.

Were it not the fact that the Chinese body-politic is

bound together by a matrix stronger than that of any other country, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the Western educationist to disintegrate it; were the Chinese more advanced from the Western political standpoint or less advanced from the Eastern, the outlook would be a nightmare indeed. A China, susceptible to being dominated by Russian Bolshevism, absorbing in later years, as would be inevitable, their Russian masters, might well result in a Golden Horde that would sweep Western civilisation from Asia and Europe. But fortunately China is not yet so disintegrated—in her peculiar form of automatic self-government—as to become generally infected with the Bolshevik virus. Obviously, too, Japanese interests in Manchuria form a potent factor against the imposition of Bolshevism by force of arms. Japanese policy in this matter is a separate subject. That she will try to turn the situation to her own benefit, with perhaps consequent detriment to Western interests, goes without saying. In the meantime she is a bulwark.

The situation at Hankow created a peculiarly difficult problem for the British Government. The movement, so far, was nominally only anti-British. The chestnut in the fire was in a sense ours, and ours only. Our friends were not at all inclined to help us pick it out. They may even be said to have been entertained—if anxiously so—in viewing our predicament. The British evacuation was possibly necessary; the restraint in using force against the wild mob, even if that force were sufficient to hold the Settlement, was at that stage possibly wise. But where, oh where, lay the justification for acknowledging the Southern movement as a national one, of admitting the justice of its leader's claims regarding treaties and settlements, and of yielding to those claims under the threat of violence in such a manner as to threaten seriously the demolition of the entire edifice of foreign inhabitation and trade in China? The blame has in the foregoing been placed on the educationists. Directly or indirectly, that is where it seems to rest; to suppose that, without their influence, it was the result of a sense of justice based upon extraordinary ignorance of facts seems incredible; that alter-

nately it was a sop given in the hope that it would satisfy the attacking ogre presupposes a cowardice and an ignorance of mob mentality that seems equally incredible. Or was it also a sop to our Labour Party? That it was adopted on the advice of our Minister at Peking the writer does not believe.

But there is a brighter side to British policy. The grasp of the situation at Shanghai and the thorough manner of dealing with it was very admirable, and gives ground for the hope previously expressed about that port. Another silver lining to a very sombre cloud is the effect which the individual behaviour of British troops *vis-à-vis* the populace will have. The mixture of their own obvious potency with their good nature and humour is something that will strongly affect the attitude of those experiencing it, and the word will be passed along. It is not impossible that Tommy's smile and joke may have an influence not less than his bayonet. It may also be the case that the Hankow mistake, taking its place in the kaleidoscopic change of events, will, as sometimes happens, lead to some degree of benefit. It may be that, as our weakness was the cause of the worst of the Communist excesses, so those excesses are the cause of the split in the Southern Party. And, what with that split and our undertaking in regard to the treaties, the moderate Southern Party may evolve a truly national spirit admitting perhaps of coalescing with a similar spirit in the North with hopeful general results. In that case there would be some off-set to the huge price paid, but this is only a vague, pious hope which, merely because it suggests a forecast, is an improbability.

It is repeated that the future cannot be foreseen with any degree of probability. Some of us, however, have convictions based, let us say, on mere intuition. The writer's belief is that comparatively normal trade will be resumed in the near future; that Shanghai will have a great boom within a year or less; and that the present abnormal chaos will revert shortly to the normal chaos of the past ten years. It would be a very sanguine person who would bet on a generally reformed and peaceful China within any stated period. But such individual

opinions can have no outside value. It may be that abnormal conditions will extend over a long period. If so, what then? That, it is considered, is the most important question to deal with.

First let something be said about trade in China. A good, healthy flow of trade does not need peace conditions. It went on gaily through the Taiping rebellion and the Boxer uprising. In the bad conditions of last year there was a record collection of revenue. If China had a stabilised Government the increase in trade would rapidly become stupendous, monstrous freight carriers would have to be specially built to deal with it, and the approaches to Shanghai would have to be deepened to admit a draught of forty feet; and, as regards industries, the merchants of the West would be praying for a new revolution in China. It is by no means certain that a full-blooded regeneration of China is desirable from a Western standpoint.

Chinese trade, even under the most adverse of circumstances, is insistent and has a great momentum. Let a story to illustrate this be told: Many years ago the writer was in charge of works for the amelioration of a very serious rapid on the Upper Yangtse, which had been formed owing to a young mountain top side-slipping into the river and blocking up two-thirds of its width. A whirlpool formed below the slide with a gyrating vortex down which forty-foot boats with their crews dropped as easily as a match down the plug-hole of a bath; and in that whirlpool junks of a couple of hundred tons or more were broken up and disappeared. Down that infamous hole were sucked over a thousand men, women and children in a period of three months. Why was not traffic stopped? That was never considered. It had been the tradition of the junkmen for thousands of years that no risks justified stoppage. Tying up their craft above the rapid, the loadahs and their wives would view the whirlpool, discuss procedure, and then go and make the attempt, singing their shanties as they did so. This is typical of Chinese trade under difficulties.

Then as regards trade routes and marts. These have an inertia which inhibits the shifting of them. It may be



thought that in certain circumstances the Chinese authorities could divert trade from Shanghai to, say, Pukow, opposite Nanking. They could not. Shanghai as a premier port and premier mart of China is impregnably the collector of, say, 60 per cent. of the foreign trade of China. A large factor in that impregnability is, however, the continuance of a foreign control of it, for it is the safety of residence there for Chinese that constitutes a portion of its resistance to change. Thus, whatever may happen in China generally, whatever may be the fate of the other treaty ports on the coast and rivers, the holding of Shanghai provides with certainty the orderly continuance of trade generally with China; and, more, it secures, by means of the continuance of the collection there of Customs duties, the continued service of China's foreign loans.

These two points—the continued Western control of Shanghai and the preservation of the collectorate of Customs dues there—are the vital ones in the situation, and to reinstate such confidence in the future as is possible a definite announcement on these points is highly desirable. At the very worst, then, one envisages a sort of reversion to the situation at Canton in 1840, with conditions vastly more favourable. The writer has, however, no idea that affairs will come to that pass. Nevertheless, he would insure against the possibility.

What goes before is not to say that reforms in China's favour are not necessary at Shanghai. Other ports, it is believed, have given China no just cause for complaint. Shanghai in the past unquestionably has done so. With recent conditions at Shanghai the writer is not acquainted, but some years ago the absurd dogma of "right of asylum" caused Shanghai to be a refuge for criminals, a place where they were practically immune from interference. Any such evils as may now exist should, of course, be eliminated, root and branch.

The cause of China's present condition has been dealt with in many places and in many ways. Have patience, reader, with one more exposition of this object. It has been stated that the responsibility lies with the Western

education, which more or less has been forced on China. Of course, it is not Western knowledge that is responsible, but the unsuitable Western ideas that have accompanied it. What, in this respect, did Japan do? She used Western teachers only for the purpose of forming a nucleus of teachers of her own. By that means she absorbed Western knowledge into her body-politic as a lump of sugar is absorbed in a cup of water. In China there has been no similar absorption. There Western knowledge coated with Western ideas of various kinds—British, American, French and German—has been utterly unabsorbable into its body-politic. The simile here is that into China's cup was dropped, not lumps of sugar, but blobs of oil, and that oil has become putrescent.

In order to realise how baneful that process has been it is necessary to consider the reason for the age of China's special form of civilisation. There are records of many civilisations that were born, grew for a time, and then died. Some of them were great civilisations. There were those, for example, that produced monuments of which China has been incapable. All have disappeared—the Egyptian, the Babylonian, the Aztec—all except China. Why? What has been the cause of this exceptional vitality? It cannot be a mere matter of luck in the absence of outside aggression, for the cause of the disappearance of a civilisation is usually not its attack by a superior one, but the succumbing to an inferior one owing to its own decadence. The commonly supposed decadence of China is at all events not sufficient even to threaten the continuance of her civilisation—except perhaps to some small extent in so far as it has been produced by the results of Western teaching—a newly discovered means to that end in China's history. But China as a whole is not decadent; and it is asked again how through those long ages has she been preserved from it?

The answer to this question is not difficult. To arrive at it consider an imaginary soliloquy of one of the ancient sages of pre-Confucian days:—

"I am a sage—a prophet—what I say is believed. Great, therefore, is my opportunity and great my respon-



sibility. My special study has been the rise and fall of the peoples of the earth and particularly the cause of the decay of past and present civilisations. Great truths affecting mankind are always simple, and the great truth here is merely this: There can from the nature of things be no permanence in a dynasty, yet in the past it has always been that permanence that has been aimed at. The permanence that is needed is that of the body-politic of the people at large. To that end I will lay down such a relationship between father and son, elder and younger brother, villager to the village head, village head to the magistrate, magistrate to the Viceroy, Viceroy to the Emperor, as will provide an automatic Government, the functioning of which as a whole will be to a large extent independent of the functioning of any one part of it. Especially it must be independent of any particular dynasty and thus independent even of subjugation by an alien people, for the effect of the system I will lay down will be the absorption of the conqueror by the conquered."

Thus by means of the teachings of the sages there came into existence a system of government which, like an almost frictionless flywheel, was capable of revolving for an indefinite time—even for so long a time as a century—without the operating of the motive spring of a central government. That system has been the matrix which has bound together the Chinese people through not merely the centuries, but through the millenniums.

To what extent has that matrix been impaired? Among the student class and a considerable number of the younger officials it may be said to no longer fully function, but among, say, 95 per cent. of the populace it continues to operate in that unconscious way that Christianity operates in Europe in spite of apparent evidence to the contrary. Such an innate influence takes longer than a couple of decades to eradicate itself. That it admits of eradication in time by Western influence is perhaps the case. Our old sage foresaw much. He guarded against every conceivable eventuality that lay in his view, but barbarian education lay beyond his horizon.

The question of the effect of Christianity on China has

no place here. That religion is an essential feature in man's evolutionary track, and that it operates in a fantastic manner similar to the fantasies to be observed, say, in insect life, makes any criticism of its activities or any attempt to control them utterly futile. But, in this connection, it seems worth recording that fifty years ago the writer's father refused to allow China missionary meetings in his parish on the grounds that Confucianism appeared to him to provide a code so similar to the essentials of Christianity that the attempt to force on that country the form of Christianity which man in some eighteen centuries had evolved was likely to do more harm than good.

The criticism thus withheld from religion cannot be withheld from education. It should have been the educationist's business to consider the effect of his actions. The Chinese student, whether abroad or in Western-tutored schools, colleges and universities in China, was not merely taught literature, mathematics, and science. He was also taught the special ideals of the nation to whom his teacher belonged. He was taught republicanism and a perverted history of Anglo-American relations by Americans. He was taught the advantages of parliamentary government by the British and the doctrine of force by the Germans. But, above all, he was taught that his country's weakness was due to its failure to adopt one or the other of these diversified ideas. He was taught the virtue and advantages of individualism and the disadvantages of collectivism. He was taught, in fact, to have a growing contempt for the teachings of the sages. In effect, Western education in the manner in which it was applied undermined and disintegrated that matrix of Chinese life to which reference has been made.

The subject of the turning out of vast numbers of technical students for whom no positions could possibly be found is too well known to need mention here. It is, however, the combination of that factor plus the factor of the false ideals taught that is responsible for the present state of China.

The indictment against the Western educationist in China is thus a heavy one. That some excuses for him

are to be found is, however, unquestionable. He was, for example, strongly supported by the diplomatic body at Peking; he was subsidised by chambers of commerce; and no strong warning against his policy was uttered. That he was supported by his home country, that in England he had Parliament at his back, goes without saying. But he had secured more than that, for he had gained the support of the publicity organs of the country to such an extent that any public criticism of his doings was barely possible in England, and the same condition held in America.

This matter was a subject of deep concern to the Viceroy of the old *régime*. It must be some twenty years ago that a Viceroy, in the manner peculiar to high officials at interviews, asked the writer, *apropos* of nothing that had gone before, "And what do you think of the returned student?" To such a question no dissertation was admissible. The answer must be brief—epigrammatic if possible—at all events pithy or forcible, and thus depended on intuition. The writer's answer to the question was given in these coarse words, "Your Excellency, the student has had his mental stomach filled with food entirely unsuitable to his mental digestion. As a consequence he has returned here and spewed it out all over the country in filthy lumps of putrifying matter." "That," said the Viceroy, "is exactly what I think; and what it is going to lead to, heaven only knows."

The writer of this article has had over thirty years in the Chinese service; he fought for China against Japan in 1894; he has been possibly the most active of all exponents of China's rights; in his past connection with Sino-foreign affairs his policy was guided by a firm conviction that what was good or bad for China was good or bad for the foreign trader, and *vice versa*. It is thus, in what he conceives to be the Chinese interests as well as that of the foreign trader, that the foregoing has been written; and in the same spirit he would add this:—

When China has a Government capable of being trusted with jurisdiction over foreigners and their property, that jurisdiction will, as a matter of course, be given

her. In the meantime voluntarily to hand over any control of foreign interests to the tender mercies of China's leaders in their present state of mentality would be the height of folly. It may be that violence in this direction will be exercised to an extent impracticable to fully resist. In that case—and, of course, in any case—let the essentials of Western control of Shanghai be maintained, and let the security existing there for the service of the foreign loans be maintained. But be satisfied with essentials. Realise that there have been practices at Shanghai which have given just cause for complaint—practices which in one way or the other have grown up in the complicated system of jurisdiction and administration dealing with foreign activities—which have played their part in the creation of the present situation, and which must now be rooted out.

May, 1927.

## STRIKES AND THE STATE

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY,  
R.N., M.P.

THE strike and its twin brother the lock-out, under modern conditions, are the most difficult problems facing society. There is a technical difference between the strike and the lock-out not always observed by the general public.

When work is stopped in a great industry and the public suffers there is a tendency to throw all the blame exclusively on the trade unions concerned. There have been two great mining disputes since the war, that of 1921 and—the worst stoppage in the coal mines that the country has ever suffered—in 1926. In both cases the employers offered certain terms to the men differing from the conditions under which they were working by contract, and this made the dispute technically a lock-out. The General Strike, on the other hand, was a strike in the proper sense of the word, and the dispute which now threatens the mining industry anew will also be a strike as opposed to a lock-out.

Just as war between nations under modern conditions has become more damaging and costly to all concerned, owing to the interdependence of nations brought about by the improvement of communications and the growth of modern trade, so the industrial dispute on a large scale causes far more damage to-day to everyone concerned, including both parties to the dispute and the general public, for similar reasons. For the whole modern tendency of industry is for the units, in order to protect themselves and for greater efficiency, to increase in size, and also for the units in an industry to combine and even to form working arrangements with allied industries not of their order.

Thirty or forty years ago each master or each firm or corporation bargained with his or its own workpeople.

If agreement was not reached, and a stoppage of work followed, the members of the craft union concerned in the particular industry fought out the matter with the particular employer concerned, and it became a contest of endurance between masters and men. Serious as this was, and great as were the misery and financial loss caused, other industries were not necessarily affected.

The next stage was the enlargement of the unions on the one hand and the formation of federations of employers on the other. A good example is the employers' federation in the engineering trades covering the whole country, and the corresponding union of the workmen, the A.E.U., also covering the whole country. Another example is the National Union of Railwaymen, who bargain and negotiate, happily in nearly all cases successfully, with representatives of all the railway companies. These examples could be multiplied. If a key industry covering the whole country is affected great damage and loss is likely to be caused to other undertakings dependent upon the particular key industry in which a stoppage has occurred.

Soon after the Armistice, for example, there was a long-drawn-out dispute between the moulders and their employers covering the whole country. This affected scores of engineering undertakings, whose work was held up owing to the moulders being idle; these undertakings in their turn being unable to fulfil their contracts held up work in other industries dependent upon them, while the lack of orders for steel and metals caused loss and dislocation to the steel and metal producing industries.

The pace in enlarging the area of the unions was set by the men themselves; and before the war the railwaymen, the miners and the transport workers were organised in three trade unions. This was the result of years of bargaining between the various craft or regional unions concerned. These three unions then made a working arrangement amongst themselves, the so-called Triple Alliance, which caused great alarm to many good people, especially employers of labour and financiers, before the war. But although the pace had been set by the unions,

the employers had begun to combine together in the first place for the purpose of fixing prices, avoiding undercutting and cut-throat competition. The next stage was for the employers to combine, or rather to utilise their machinery of combination, in order to be able to bargain to better purpose with the unions.

Then came the war, and it gave a great impetus to combinations of employers and merchants. This was owing to the institution of Governmental control in nearly every undertaking, industry and trading organisation in the country directly or indirectly affected by the war. It was necessary for the various controllers and for the Government Department taking over control to be able to consult with representatives of the whole of an undertaking or trade or industry. The various employers, therefore, whether they liked it or not—and there was always reluctance on the part of the more successful or the more conservative to combine with their colleagues or competitors—were compelled to patch up some kind of organisation amongst themselves, and these organisations have remained in being in most cases ever since.

The war also hastened a tendency on the part of many great industries to coalesce into larger units. The small concerns amalgamated with or were swallowed up by the greater. Yet the war only gave an impetus to these processes, which were coming about naturally in any case.

This is the horizontal trustification, that is, the amalgamation of industry in great groups of the same industries. There is another process—vertical trustification. For example, the great engineering firms own coal mines, iron mines, smelting works, rolling mills, engineering shops; and several of them in England perform all the processes for the extraction of coal and iron from the mines to the turning out of the finished product, from a motor car to a battleship, or a plough to a locomotive. Ford in America, Stinnes in Germany, several of the great engineering firms in England, are trustified vertically.

Even where one company does not control all the processes by a system of interlocking directorships, the same group of men control a number of allied undertakings.

And as up to a point such amalgamations and reorganisations lead to savings and greater efficiency, they are unavoidable in a modern State. In all the modern industrial nations this process of amalgamation or trustification—call it what we will—together with the formation of rings, mergers and combines, has gone on apace.

Now organised labour bargains with the organised employers. If the organised employers form themselves into greater and ever greater amalgamations the unions are bound to follow suit, otherwise the scales will be weighted in favour of the employers. Hence the sympathetic strike. This, then, is the problem with which every industrial State to-day is faced. Great amalgamations of employers face great amalgamations of trade unions. They bargain together, with or without Government supervision, interference or control. And, when they bargain, in the last resort the employers claim the right to refuse to employ the workpeople on the terms demanded, and the workpeople claim the right in the last resort to withdraw their labour on the terms offered. In the result, if and when an industrial dispute breaks out, it is on a very great scale, and the whole tendency is for the dispute to become greater. And as these great disputes mean immense losses to the nation and the public as a whole, any Government holding office is faced by an almost irresistible demand to intervene.

The intervention has taken various forms. In a famous railway strike in France before the war Monsieur Briand took the step of calling out the Reserves and breaking the strike by running the trains with the railwaymen as army reservists under military discipline. In the great railway strike in England—a strike for the recognition of the union—in 1912, the Government felt justified in intervening owing to the international situation. A very strained situation had arisen between France and Germany over the Agadir incident, and an appeal was made to both sides to come to terms. The appeals of the Government were listened to. The O.M.S., recognised by the Government, is another form of intervention. In Canada arbitration Acts have been passed, and the two parties to a dispute

are compelled to lay their case before an arbitrator appointed by the Government before the stoppage takes place. Similar attempts have been made in Australia, not very successfully.

In Russia and Italy an entirely different conception of the State is held, and in both these countries the ruling party has declared all strikes and lock-outs illegal. I shall return to the Russian and Italian examples presently.

In England certain industries have managed to avoid disputes for long periods with great success by voluntary arbitration. The classic example is the boot and shoe industry, which has been free from disputes for many years, thanks to voluntary arbitration. The steel smelters is another example. A not entirely successful, but on the whole satisfactory, example of bringing peace into industry by arbitration has been the textile industry of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

This process may be attempted at too fast a rate, however, and then unofficial strikes, more difficult to deal with in many ways than official strikes, take place. An example here is the case of the seamen. There has been no great official dispute amongst the seamen for many years, but a couple of years ago there was a long-drawn-out and very damaging unofficial strike owing to the reluctance of large sections of men to accept the agreed reduction in wages. The emergence of unofficial leaders led to a long-drawn-out unofficial strike.

The attention of the public was thoroughly aroused by the events of last year. It is unnecessary for me to refer to them in detail. The sympathetic action of the unions with the miners and the so-called General Strike produced the Trade Union Bill, which occupied most of the time of Parliament this last summer. Here an endeavour is made to declare the sympathetic strike illegal. The first intention of the Government was to avoid legislation dealing with the sympathetic lock-out. But as a result of criticism the Bill was amended to include the sympathetic lock-out. Owing to obstruction in Parliament only part of the Bill was thoroughly discussed in its passage through the House of Commons. The Govern-

ment had recourse to the "guillotine," in other words a fixed time-table, and in consequence the lock-out clause received not one word of discussion in Committee, but was forced through automatically under the guillotine! It is now the law of the land, and it remains to be seen how this and other parts of the Bill will work.

One of the difficulties of legislating to meet an admittedly difficult problem, namely, that of avoiding these devastating large-scale disputes, is the mental divorcement of different classes of the community one from the other. The actual points of contact between the manual workers and the non-manual workers are very few. By non-manual workers I mean more particularly the directing and employing classes. Far too many members of the middle-class are quite ignorant of the mentality of the manual workers, and *vice versa*. It is extraordinarily difficult for a member of the middle-class to understand the real psychology of the working-man. He will not often get it by talking to him, and, in spite of the war and the throwing together of the different classes in the field, there is still a dangerous amount of ignorance.

The right to strike is looked upon by the ordinary workman as a priceless heritage. As was said by one of the Labour Members in the House of Commons, who has spent most of his life as a casual labourer and certainly understands the mentality of the casual labourers in London, the right to strike is all that to-day differentiates the free man from the slave. This is strong language, and may be an exaggeration, but it expresses the thoughts of the average working-man.

Another trouble is the suspicion of arbitration held by hundreds of thousands of trade unionists and their leaders. The men feel they are handicapped in the arbitration court by ignorance of the true position of the industry concerned. They do not know the true financial position of the employers; they do not know what profits are actually being earned. Published balance-sheets do not show everything. A good example of this is the continually repeated accusation of the coal miners against the employers that they are making hidden profits through

subsidiary companies marketing the coal or dealing in by-products of coal, or purchasing the stores for the pits, etc. And this in spite of the fact that the Miners' Federation of Great Britain employs a first-class firm of accountants to examine into the books of the mining companies. The men's earnings have depended on the actual profits earned. Yet the miners stick to their belief that there are hidden profits not disclosed, even to the auditors, earned by subsidiary or nominally independent companies in which the shares are owned, or control is exercised, by the mine-owners. There is therefore a widespread suspicion of arbitration as arbitration. Yet, as I state above, arbitration is practised with very happy results in many industries.

For many years strikes and lock-outs have been illegal in certain undertakings. Gas, electricity, water, are three examples. Here the community has had to protect itself, and the logic of the position has been accepted by the workmen and employers concerned. The position in which a few key men or their employers, because they cannot agree on the conditions or remuneration of labour, can cut off the water supply of London or Birmingham is obviously impossible.

Another example is that of the pilots. The Pilotage Act of 1913 regulated the whole position of the pilots in all the ports of the kingdom. The pilots are key men, and if they ceased work owing to a dispute with their employers the shipping industry would be held up. Their employers are the various pilotage authorities. Pilotage authorities are the Harbour Boards, or the Trinity House, and the municipalities of the seaports and other bodies exercising authority in different pilotage areas. They vary in composition, but they are public bodies on which the pilots themselves are represented, the shipowners are represented, the harbour authorities are represented, and the other corporations concerned have seats. The pilotage authorities draw up the rules under which the pilots work, fix their remuneration, conditions of employment and the like. In case of a dispute either the authority or the pilots can demand an enquiry. When an

enquiry is demanded the Board of Trade steps in and appoints a small committee, usually under the presidency of a retired admiral, to hear both sides of the dispute and report. The Board of Trade then makes an award which is compulsory on both parties, that is, on the pilotage authority and on the pilots themselves, and by law the pilots and the pilotage authority, the shipowners and everyone else concerned is bound to abide by the finding of the Board of Trade. This works well in practice. Both the pilots and the shipowners, in addition, bring such pressure to bear as they can on Parliament, and both exercise considerable influence. We here see an actual case of compulsory arbitration in practice, and it works successfully. But the situation of the pilots is very different from that of the ordinary wage-earner. Their position is assured; they receive a pension; their numbers are limited; they are sure of a fair living; they are the pick of the officers of the Mercantile Marine, and they only enter the service after a severe professional and medical examination. They are picked men occupying key positions, and their conditions of employment are rigidly governed by Act of Parliament.

Consider the position in Russia. Here we have the Marxian State in being. Nominally, the wage-earners and the peasants govern the State. The Soviet system is only a method of election of representatives of a Government by professions, callings, trades or industries, instead of on a geographical basis. The strike is illegal, and, as in theory there are no employers, the lock-out is impossible. In a purely Socialistic State the strike is an anomaly. The workman cannot strike against himself. In practice, however, in Russia, there *are* trade disputes. Under the new economic policy a good deal of private trade and employment is permitted. There are private employers employing workmen for wages, and disputes take place. But as the private employers are for the most part small men, and as the great key industries are run by the State, the disputes where the private employers are concerned are of a trivial nature. But there have actually been strikes in the State industries; and this in spite of the fact that

the unions are State organised, the higher positions in which are almost entirely manned by members of the governing party, the Communists. These disputes have been settled in much the same way as trade disputes were settled in this country during the war, that is, the Government has intervened and brought pressure, moral or otherwise, to bear on the parties to the dispute. For, besides the railways and other transport undertakings, the large industries in Russia are managed by State trusts. And the State trusts are conducted on very much the same lines as any large undertaking in other countries so far as the management goes, the profits going to the State.

During the war in England, it will be remembered, the Munitions Act was passed, under which the strike and the lock-out were frankly forbidden and compulsory arbitration introduced. In spite of this, however, stoppages took place in the mines and even in the munition works. They were settled by great pressure being brought to bear by the Government, and, of course, public opinion was with the Government. Much the same situation prevails to-day in Russia. There is a complicated machinery for the removal of grievances, and, thanks to the control of all the means of propaganda and public instruction by the Government, no large-scale strike in any basic industry in Russia can hope for popular support. The Government, on its part, undertakes to guard the interests of the wage-earners, and although wages are not high in many industries and the conditions of work onerous, nevertheless, the impression is created that it is for the wage-earners themselves to mould their own existence, and that they have it in their hands to build up a new order according to their own desires.

Now let us turn for a moment to Italy. In the Fascist State the strike and the lock-out are alike illegal. Owners and workers are organised in their syndicates. The Fascist syndicates are the only ones recognised by the State, and they are the only ones legally entitled to represent the entire category of workers or employers in a particular industry. In practice, therefore, the great majority of the wage-earners and the employers are organised in their re-

spective Fascist syndicates. A magistrature of labour, as it is called, has been established by the State and is charged with the duty of regulating labour controversies, of arbitrating where required, and of intervening in all disputes or threatened disputes. Yet the State itself does not attempt to intervene until collective bargaining by the employers and employees has failed. The full Charter of Labour has not yet been adopted, and is in debate in Italy now. It is really a bold bid by the Fascist Government to obtain the support of the organised wage-earners. For, while taking away the right to strike, and also the right to lock out, the Fascist Government offers certain benefits in exchange. The employers are offered industrial peace, the pressure of the State by propaganda and every other method to produce a high rate of production, and State assistance in compelling the observance of contracts. Labour is offered material advantages. The standard of living is defended. The Italian workman who will submit to the ideals of Fascism is promised a living wage and a maximum working week. The professional organisations of employers and employed must undertake the technical instruction of the workers and especially of the younger men in order that they may be given a chance of rising in their crafts or trades. It is a kind of continuation of the apprentice system, and the idea is to offer such educational advantages that the more energetic and intelligent workmen can rise to high positions in the industry. There is a compulsory insurance of workmen against accidents, illness and unemployment. There is maternity benefit for married workers, a statutory annual holiday on full pay is provided for, and where, owing to bad trade or alteration of processes or other causes, a workman is dismissed through no fault of his own he is entitled to certain compensation according to the length of time he has been employed in the industry. And to all these advantages and benefits the employers must agree.

It must be remembered that in Italy the position of the worker is precarious; the population is increasing, the natural resources of the country are few, the standard of living is low, and emigration has been checked since the

war. There is thus a danger of pressure being continuously applied to the standard of life of the workers and its progressive reduction. In exchange, therefore, for surrendering the strike weapon, the Italian workman is offered a defence against unreasonable pressure on his standard of life. How this will work it is of course impossible to tell as yet. The test of Mussolini's success or otherwise will be the actual standard of life of the mass of the working people of Italy. At present it is stationary, and the purchasing power of the average wages of the workers is about twelve points less than in 1920. It stands to-day at about 88 per cent., and has been at this figure for three years. The Italian working-man will apply the standard of the real purchasing power of his wages during the next two or three years as the test.

From this brief survey certain conclusions may be reached applying to our own country. Public opinion in all classes demands a real effort to prevent industrial disputes. To-day the wage-earners are in a weak position; their union funds are depleted, while a long period of bad trade has used up their savings and resources. When trade is bad the employers demand reductions. It is most desirable that some improvement on our present anarchy should be achieved before trade revives again. We surely want the wage-earners to share in the return of prosperity, but not at the cost of great strikes and widespread industrial upheavals.

Time alone will prove how efficacious the Trade Union Bill will be in preventing large-scale disputes. The leaders of organised labour are emphatic in their pessimism. Few optimists can be found to prophesy that a single trade dispute will be prevented or even the settlement of a trade dispute brought about by the Act.

There is, on the other hand, a growing feeling everywhere in favour of the setting up of arbitration machinery. The wage-earners of the country will never submit to the strike weapon being taken from them. But I believe that the State, while endeavouring to prevent disputes by encouragement of arbitration and the provision of the necessary machinery, could do much to cause its acceptance

and use by certain guarantees. The minimum wage, the maximum working week, annual holidays, compensation for loss of employment, are the baits held out by Mussolini to the Italian workmen. In many industries in this country there is already a minimum wage and a maximum working week. Could not these be extended? And while some industries have organised holidays, why should not all industries follow their example? There has been an immense output of ameliorative legislation since the industrial revolution of last century. Health insurance, unemployment insurance and the like are enjoyed by practically all the wage-earners. There is no real guarantee for the existing standard of life or for its improvement when trade revives. If the public wishes to escape the inconveniences and loss resulting from widespread trade disputes, the fact must be accepted that the workers to-day require some defence against the pressure of the modern organisations of employers. If the State can provide such defence, a reduction in the number of working days lost through trade disputes will follow automatically.



## THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

OF the holding of conferences there is no end. Barely has one international gathering finished its work at Geneva than another begins. Thus it happened in July that the International Economic Conference had hardly completed its task, and the International Labour Conference was still in session, when the delegates of the three great Naval Powers assembled at the Palace of Nations to consider the question of extending the Washington Agreement in capital ships to cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and other auxiliary vessels. They came at the invitation of President Coolidge, who, disappointed at the failure of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission to advance the cause of naval disarmament, invited the delegates of the four Powers, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy, to confer with the American delegates at Geneva on the subject. It was not the President's idea at the time to summon a separate conference; what he proposed was that the naval conversations should be carried on as part of the general debate on disarmament, in the hope that a naval agreement might be reached which would assist the work of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission. It was clear from the Note which President Coolidge addressed to the Naval Powers that he was anxious to help the League by removing the deadlock on naval disarmament, and not to take any part of its work out of the hands of the League of Nations, as the French suggested in their reply to the American Note. The view held by the great majority of Americans at the time of the Washington Conference in 1922 was that their country had undoubtedly lost prestige in sacrificing its superiority in battleships and not obtaining equality with Great Britain and a two-fifths margin over Japan in auxiliary vessels, above all, in light cruisers. It was therefore quite in accordance with American policy that the President should attempt to establish his country's claim to rank as a Power second to none in the disarma-

ment discussions at Geneva. France and Italy professed to see in the President's invitation an attack on the authority of the League; but their real reason for refusing to accept it was based on the same argument which was used at Washington: that as destroyers and submarines were the chief protection of the weaker Powers against the battleships of the stronger Powers, France and Italy must be allowed to build as they pleased, and could not accept a strict limitation of tonnage by classes for auxiliary vessels. It is true that the French appeared to concede something to the British view at Geneva when they accepted a classification of ships, but their net was still thrown too wide to satisfy the British; moreover, as they insisted on the right to vary their shipbuilding programme every year there would have been no certainty or stability in such a plan.

When the French and Italians refused to join in the conversations proposed by President Coolidge, and his invitation was subsequently limited to the three great Naval Powers, the British found themselves in an embarrassing position. For any agreement that might be reached by the three Powers was necessarily conditioned as far as Great Britain was concerned by the shipbuilding programme of France and Italy. This was recognised by the United States, which agreed that in the event of the other Powers increasing their fleets the convention between the three Powers should be open to revision.

Nevertheless, the absence of the French and Italians greatly added to the difficulties of the Conference at Geneva, for the British and American delegates, having their eyes on different problems, were constantly talking at cross purposes. Britain was thinking of her long lines of communications and the security of her trade routes and the dependence of her people on foreign supplies. The Americans insisted that their problem was the same, and talked of the ruin which would overtake American industries if the United States were deprived of manganese for the making of steel, and of rubber and tin. But there is really no analogy between the United States, with a vast

continent from which to feed their people and their illimitable resources, and the position of Great Britain. Nothing puzzled the British delegation at Geneva more than the insistence of the American Admirals on claiming parity in naval strength on the ground that the naval requirements of the United States were no less than those of Great Britain. This argument, although sincerely held by the Americans, seemed so incomprehensible to the British Admirals, with their experience of the damage which a few raiders and submarines could do in diminishing the supplies of food and raw material on which Great Britain depended for her existence, that they looked elsewhere for a reasonable explanation of the demand of the United States for equality in warships. It was no doubt partly to be found in the very natural desire of the Americans to increase their prestige, and their belief that in the near future their foreign trade would take on an expansion greater than that of any other nation. But behind the demand for parity was detected the desire for the greater security which could be obtained in the Pacific by an agreement with Japan which would limit her auxiliary ships according to the three-fifths standard. It has always been the chief concern of the United States, as Mr. Hector Bywater points out in his book on *Navies and Nations*, which should be read in connection with the Geneva Conference, to possess a fleet which shall be capable of neutralising Japanese naval power and so ensuring the integrity of America in the Pacific. There are few responsible people in America who believe in the danger of war with Great Britain, and apart from sentimental reasons the Washington Agreement on capital ships may be said to have made that danger extremely remote.

The United States were therefore supposed to be primarily thinking of their security in the Western Pacific. "But very different," to quote from Mr. Bywater again, and as a naval expert he puts the problem as the British Admirals saw it, "is the position of Great Britain. Although our interests in Eastern waters are considerably more extensive than those of the United States, elsewhere

we have commitments of even greater importance, which also call for naval defence. In time of war we should be liable to attack in the Mediterranean, the Channel, and the Atlantic, to say nothing of the Pacific. Manifestly, therefore, a fleet that sufficed for American requirements would be inadequate for our means."

That, indeed, was the British argument from the very first day that our delegates at Geneva were confronted with the American demand for naval equality. Mr. Bridgeman argued the British case in terms of the vital dependence of the British people on overseas commerce for their daily food. The Channel, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic were never mentioned in public speech or talks with the Press; it was the unique position of Great Britain as an island power with insufficient food supplies which was the point insisted upon.

The British Empire's position, said Mr. Bridgeman in his opening speech explaining the British proposals for limitation of auxiliary craft, was defined by the First Lord at Washington as resting on the following factors:—

(1) Insular position of the Mother Country, dependent for raw materials, food, and her very existence on the free passage of the seas. This made their position unique, and made discussion of naval disarmament more difficult than for any other Power.

(2) Length of trade routes.

(3) Extensive coastlines of all parts of the Empire and the long lines of communication to be protected against any danger.

All through the long and tedious discussion on comparative figures of naval strength Mr. Bridgeman, Admiral Earl Jellicoe, and Admiral Field, the chief spokesmen for the British Empire, concentrated their efforts on trying to persuade the Americans and the Japanese that the British demands turned on the purely defensive requirements of the Empire, and above all of Great Britain itself. The British proposals, especially on cruisers, on which the fate of the Conference turned, were so obviously, in the British view, the very minimum which could satisfy the safety of the island Power and her long lines of communication and trade routes that Mr. Bridgeman could never understand

why they were refused. Again and again the British delegation asked the delegations of the other two Powers to state their requirements equally clearly so that on this basis all three plans for limitation should be discussed.

But the Americans, with their plan for a global tonnage for each of the three classes of vessels—cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—based on the careful calculations of their experts, expected the discussion to be confined within the limits of their figures, and were disappointed when the British demurred at it as a plan that began from the wrong end. For the British, who produced no total tonnage figures for classes, but very definite figures as to the displacement and gun power of individual units, regarded the problems of naval limitation in quite a different way. Their method was to follow the tradition of the British Navy in estimating the strength of an enemy fleet according to its number of ships and guns. It was for this reason that the British plan divided the three classes of auxiliary ships to be discussed into two subdivisions according to tonnage displacement and guns. It proposed also to lengthen the life of all classes of ships as a means of effecting economy. On the face of it the British plan appeared to be more logical and more comprehensive in the reductions which it proposed than either the American or Japanese plans. It was, indeed, a reversal of the American procedure of fixing global tonnage limits, for it left the ultimate tonnage to be agreed upon by determining the units in each class according to the defensive requirements of each country.

As the Americans were out for economy as well as parity, they naturally fixed their ratios of tonnage at a limit which would not require them to engage in an expensive shipbuilding programme. The definitions of the three classes into which they divided auxiliary ships were as follow :—

The cruiser class shall include all surface naval combatant vessels which are of standard displacement of more than 3,000 tons and not exceeding 10,000 tons, and not carrying guns exceeding 8 inches in calibre.

The destroyer class shall include all surface naval combatant vessels of

standard displacement of 600 tons and not more than 3,000 tons which have a designed speed greater than 17 knots.

The submarine class shall include all vessels designed to operate below the surface of the sea.

An unrestricted class should include vessels of limited combatant value. The technical definition of vessels to fall within such a class should be the subject of future agreement.

*Replacement.*—The age limit for replacement in the several classes shall be as follows: (1) Cruisers, 20 years. (2) Destroyers, 15-17 years. (3) Submarines, 12-13 years.

The American proposals for tonnage limitations gave in the cruiser class from 250,000 to 300,000 tons to the United States and the British Empire, and to Japan from 150,000 to 180,000 tons; in the destroyer class from 200,000 to 250,000 tons to United States and British Empire, and from 120,000 to 160,000 tons to Japan, while the figures for the submarine class were respectively on parity basis 60,000 to 90,000 tons and 36,000 to 50,000 tons for Japan. There was, furthermore, to be an exempt class for surface vessels below a low tonnage, which was ultimately agreed upon at 600 tons. Moreover, the United States proposed that limitation by total tonnages in each of the several classes should be modified as necessary to provide for transition from the *status quo* to the final allowed tonnages in each of the several classes.

The United States, while suggesting tonnage limitations in the various classes, was willing to accept as low a total tonnage limitation in each of the several classes of auxiliary vessels, on the basis of the principles of the Washington Treaty, as the British Empire and Japan would accept.

The British proposals were as follow :—

(1) The extension of the accepted life of existing capital ships from 20 to 26 years, and a consequent waiving by the three Powers of their full rights under the replacement tables agreed upon at Washington. (2) The fixing of the life of other vessels: (a) 8-inch gun cruisers at 24 years; (b) destroyers at 20 years; (c) submarines at 15 years. (3) The reduction in the size of any battleships to be built in the future from the present limit of 35,000 tons displacement to something under 30,000 tons. (4) Reduction in the size of guns in battleships from the present limit of 16-inch to 13.5-inch. (5) Limitation of the displacement of aircraft carriers to

25,000 tons instead of 27,000 tons. (6) Reduction of guns on aircraft carriers from 8-inch to 6-inch. (7) Acceptance of the existing ratio 5 : 5 : 3 for cruisers of 10,000 tons displacement carrying 8-inch guns. The numbers of these larger cruisers which each of the three countries require was to be the subject of further discussion. (8) A limitation of 7,500 tons and 6-inch guns to be placed on all future cruisers after the number of 10,000-ton cruisers has been decided upon. (9) Limitation of displacement of: (a) Destroyer leaders to 1,750 tons; (b) destroyers to 1,400 tons. (10) Guns in destroyers to be limited to 5-inch. (11) Submarines.—Larger type to be limited to 1,600 tons and smaller type to 600 tons, and the armaments of each to 5-inch guns, their number to be limited according to the respective requirements of the three Powers.

Any limit placed on submarines, suggested Mr. Bridgeman, would make it easier to limit the number of destroyers, and if agreement were reached on these points it would be easier to consider the number of cruisers each Power should possess. It will thus be seen that calculation by units was the basis of the British proposals. This, according to the British idea, would have the great advantage of avoiding competitive building within a fixed ratio of tonnage, while the American plan with its wide range from minimum to maximum tonnage would, on the other hand, leave the door open to competition, for there would be a general tendency to build up to the maximum, since no Power could be certain what the other was doing. The result, declared the British, would be to force up tonnage rather than reduce it. The Americans replied that it should be left to each Power to build what type of vessel it considered best suited to its requirements, and they did not see why they should be open to the charge of forcing the pace because a cruiser of 10,000 tons suited their requirements best, for the British could still use their tonnage as they pleased.

The Japanese had a very simple plan. They just wanted to stabilise the existing position. It was, of course, made by the Japanese to prevent their being compelled to add to their naval expenditure, while at the same time they did not want to scrap anything of value. They fixed neither tonnage limits nor spoke at first of displacement or calibre of guns. Their position as an island Power being similar to that of Great Britain as far as their food supplies are

concerned, they naturally inclined more to the British point of view than to the American. But they showed no inclination to throw their weight more to the one side than to the other until questions were raised on which by giving a push they could hope to secure economy or prevent expenditure. Thus they woke up when the British requirements for cruiser tonnage seemed likely to force up their building programme, while at the same time, to show their impartiality, they sided with the British demand for further reduction in the tonnage displacement and calibre of gun of capital ships.

Almost every day Mr. Hugh Gibson, the chief American delegate, accompanied by Admiral Hilary P. Jones, gave a reception to the Press in the Hotel des Bergues. Questions rained on them, but very little information was forthcoming. The Americans were not at first apparently willing to concede much. But when the British continued to cling with bulldog tenacity to their minimum requirement of seventy cruisers the Americans advanced their cruiser tonnage to 400,000 tons. Scaremongers tried to make out that the British were demanding at least 600,000 tons for light cruisers, but as the total necessarily depended on the size of the vessel to be built, and the British declared that they were willing eventually to replace their existing 10,000-ton cruisers with an even smaller ship than 7,500 tons, all this was guesswork. In the bigger cruisers the British had from the first suggested parity, and if the Americans would have consented to name the number of 10,000-ton cruisers they intended to build, it would have been far easier to have reached an agreement. The higher the American requirements in maximum tonnage displacement, the higher, declared the British, must their total tonnage be. But if, on the other hand, the Americans had accepted parity in the larger type, and had agreed to a limitation of the cruiser to a smaller tonnage displacement in the future, then the British figures for total tonnage would not have been far off the American level of 400,000 tons. So argued the British, and each side in the controversy complained that the other was forcing

the pace, and that if this was done the blame of wrecking the Conference would not lie with them. The experts worked feverishly at figures, trying to adjust them to a compromise, while the chief delegates constantly met. Outside these meetings journalists hovered, interpreting the course of events as best they could, and the usual mischief-makers were not lacking.

The Japanese ceased to smile, for they feared that, whatever the result might be, their tonnage in cruisers would be increased to keep pace with the bigger Powers. They decided to intervene, and put down figures which were based on the American tonnages for cruisers and destroyers. The total tonnages of these two classes they fixed at 450,000 for the United States and the British Empire, being content with 310,000 tons for themselves, thereby accepting a near approximate to the Washington ratios. But this figure was obviously too low for the British requirements, although it would have satisfied the Americans. In the meantime the British kept pegging away at their thesis that if the Americans would consent to accept fifteen or even thirteen big cruisers as the proper figure for this type of vessel, and a lower maximum for the rest, an agreement would still be possible. If not, then the British declared that they must reserve sufficient tonnage to bring them to a parity with the maximum number of the 10,000-ton cruisers which the Americans might choose to build.

Now there did not seem any danger of the Americans building anything like this number. But the British would not take more than a minor risk on the uncertainty.

In the meantime, on submarines and destroyers a virtual agreement had been reached, the Americans accepting a limit on tonnage displacement for submarines of 1,800 tons, and for destroyers of 2,000, the calibre of the gun to be not above five inches. These displacement limits were somewhat above the British proposals, but Mr. Bridgeman was willing to accept them.

I must ring the curtain down on this article before the end of the play. The air is thick with rumours as to

the ultimate outcome of the Conference. The Japanese appear to be very stiff in their demand that nothing shall be done to force their cruiser tonnage up. But that may be only the way of the Oriental in bargaining for terms.

The upshot of it all is to suggest the danger of conferences about limitations in armaments before the ground has been very carefully prepared, in fact, before there is good hope of agreement. For the discussions at Geneva might, with two nations less friendly and sensible than the American and the British, have provoked that very sense of rivalry which the Conference was meant to compose.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

THE events of the past weeks have once more brought into the forefront of politics a Constitutional issue of the highest significance. The issue may be broadly and briefly stated thus: Is there to be, in the relatively calm atmosphere of to-day, a serious attempt to restore the equilibrium of a Constitution more delicately poised, perhaps, than any other in the world; or shall we continue to acquiesce in the provisions of the Parliament Act of 1911, admitted by its authors to be a temporary makeshift, a mere legislative *torso*, until we are compelled to face the problem in the heated atmosphere of an incipient revolution?

It may be desirable at the outset to remind a post-war generation that the controversy as to the Constitutional position of the House of Lords first became acute with the accession of a Radical Government to power at the end of 1905. Mr. Gladstone had indeed foreshadowed the conflict in the last speech which he delivered in the House of Commons (March 1st, 1894). Moved to wrath by the rejection of his second Home Rule Bill in 1893, and by the emasculation of other Radical measures, the old statesman made a vigorous assault upon the co-ordinate authority of the House of Lords. Thus "reform" of that House was bequeathed as a solemn testament to the Liberal Party.

Unfortunately, however, for the executors of Mr. Gladstone's testament, the electorate, when appealed to in 1895, upheld the House of Lords, and banished the Liberal remnant to the wilderness for ten years. It is the conviction of most Conservatives that during those ten years a great opportunity was lost by the Unionist Party. Lord Rosebery had in 1884, and again in 1888, vainly endeavoured to induce the Peers to give serious consideration to the question of "reform," and in the latter year

Lord Salisbury had introduced a Bill to empower the Crown to appoint, from a series of categories, not more than fifty life Peers. But though he carried his Bill to a second reading, he did not persevere. Nor can it be doubted that Tory negligence in the matter of structural repairs tempted their opponents to undertake the task of Radical reconstruction.

The General Election of 1906 gave the Radicals their chance. The House of Lords, by emasculating this Bill and rejecting that, gave them their excuse. In 1909 Mr. Lloyd George, with the deliberate object of provoking a conflict with the House of Lords, produced his "People's Budget," with its fantastic and impracticable scheme of taxation of land values. The Lords, yielding to temptation, or falling into a trap, rejected the Budget. Parliament was dissolved; but the verdict of the country was equivocal, Conservatives and Radicals being returned in equal numbers. The Irish Nationalists, eighty-two in number, held the balance. A bargain was struck. The Nationalists would help the Liberals to curtail the "veto" of the Lords, provided the Liberals would carry Home Rule for Ireland over the heads of the Lords.

In April, 1910, the Parliament Bill was introduced and eventually, after a second Dissolution, again issuing in stalemate, became law in 1911.

The Parliament Act deprived the House of Lords of all power in regard to "Money Bills," left to the Speaker of the House of Commons the decision as to what was, and what was not, a "Money Bill," and in regard to ordinary legislation left to the Lords only a "suspensive veto," thus ensuring that within the limits of a single Parliament the will of the Commons should prevail.

The House of Commons thus obtained supreme control over finance, and all but complete control over legislation. The concurrent rights of the Lords and the ultimate rights of the electorate are equally ignored. Legislative sovereignty is, to all intents and purposes, vested in a single Chamber.

Philosophy and history alike testify to the dangers involved in such a situation. "Of all the forms of govern-

ment that are possible among mankind," wrote Mr. Lecky, "I do not know any which is likely to be worse than the government of a single omnipotent democratic Chamber." "The same reason," wrote John Stuart Mill, "which induced the Romans to have two Consuls makes it desirable that there should be two Chambers: that neither of them may be exposed to the corrupting influence of undivided power, even for the space of a single year."

Experience teaches a similar lesson. The Rump of the Long Parliament, by abolishing both Monarchy and House of Lords, attempted to concentrate power in its own hands. Cromwell's Ironsides were compelled to intervene to put an end to the "most horrid arbitrariness" (the words were Cromwell's) that ever existed. Cromwell himself attempted to rule as Protector with a Single Chamber. The experiment was an admitted failure. Cromwell vainly tried to create a new Second Chamber (and incidentally to revive a Monarchy), but not until the restoration of the Stuarts was either result achieved.

Even more significant was the experience of revolutionary France. The Abbé Sieyès, prince of Constitution-mongers, propounded a dilemma: "If a Second Chamber dissents from the First it is mischievous; if it agrees with it, it is superfluous." The doctrinaires who made the first of the revolutionary Constitutions accepted the dilemma, and decided in favour of a Single-Chamber Legislature. But the experiment did not work, and in 1795, under the Directorial Constitution, France accepted the bicameral principle, and in all her many Constitutions since that day—under Consulate, Empire, Bourbon, Orleanist, under the Second Empire and the Third Republic—has consistently maintained it. Only for a few months—under the short-lived Republic of 1848—did she abandon it.

With singular unanimity the civilised world has adopted the same model. Differing in almost all other respects, the States of the modern world, whether Monarchical or Republican, Federal or Unitary, Oligarchical or Democratic, in the Old World or the New—are all but unani-

mous in their preference for the bicameral form of legislature. Turkey, Bulgaria, Jugo-Slavia, and two or three of the little republics carved out of pre-war Russia form exceptions to this rule, but it is not to the Balkans or the Russians that the world has learnt to look for Constitutional models. The young democracies in the New World have not only adopted bicameralism in principle, but have, generally speaking, endowed their Senates or Second Chambers with substantial power.

Of all the Second Chambers the English House of Lords is to-day at once the most distinguished in personnel and in Constitutional powers one of the weakest. Yet of all the Constitutions in the world that of England would seem to stand most in need of an effective Second Chamber. The reasons are not far to seek, and may be summarily stated. In no other country can fundamental changes in the Constitution be so easily effected. In England, as is well known, we have no "organic" or "Constitutional" laws, nor does there exist any special machinery for Constitutional revision. Whether it be proposed to disestablish a Church, to double the electorate, to abolish the House of Lords, or to pass a Town Planning Act, the same machinery is employed. Some of our most important "Constitutional" changes have come about without any legislation at all. No legislation, for instance, was required to bring into being an Imperial War Cabinet, nor would any have been required had that Cabinet, as was in fact intended and announced, become a permanent part of the Constitution. This is what the lawyers mean when they speak of the "flexibility" of the English Constitution—a flexibility which depends mainly upon the legal sovereignty of Parliament—the complete absence of all legal restraints upon the action of the King-in-Parliament.

To the generally unwritten character of the English Constitution there is, however, one notable exception. Since 1911 the relations of the two Houses of the Legislature have been strictly defined by statute. In a recent debate in the House of Commons (July 7th) stress was

laid, and rightly laid, upon the fact that the English Constitution rests not upon statute law, but upon "the law fundamental": those "unwritten rules" which, as Mr. Buchan well said, "hold society together and can only be changed to society's destruction." That is in large measure true, but what many Conservative critics of the Government seem to ignore is the fact—surely a fundamental fact—that the Parliament Act itself was one of the largest encroachments ever attempted upon the "unwritten rules" of the Constitution. Those Conservatives who have lately conceived so violent an affection for the handiwork of Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George must find it rather difficult to reconcile their latest love with that devotion to the school of Burke which they so ardently and so sincerely profess. But such logical inconsistencies are not apt to worry English politicians. "How does the thing work"—that is the acid test of the value of political institutions.

I should be the last person to decline the test. But observe the argument advanced. The Parliament Act has now been on the statute book for sixteen years; during that time the House of Lords, despite the limitations imposed upon it, has functioned quite satisfactorily. Why not let well alone? Have we ever had a more sagacious statesman than Sir Robert Walpole? Why not adopt his motto: *Quieta non movere*—let sleeping dogs lie?

The argument is a seductive one, especially when addressed to a Conservative audience. But one fact is strangely ignored. The Parliament Act, it is true, is on the statute book, but it has never operated, nor had any real chance of demonstrating its success or failure. Its enactment was quickly followed by the War, and since 1915 no Government has been in power which has not been either predominantly or largely Conservative in composition. But does there not lurk in this statement of fact an implied admission of the validity of the most serious argument advanced against the existing House of Lords? Is there not force in the contention that the revising and delaying functions of the House of Lords are exercised only when a Radical or Socialist Government is in power?

Unquestionably the contention had force, and a far-seeing Conservative statesman would have turned the edge of it by timely reform long before 1911.

Is the opportunity still open? A month ago I should have answered this question with an unhesitating affirmative. But in the interval there has been a three days' debate in the House of Lords, a meeting of the Council—a large body of some 800 members—of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, and a debate in the House of Commons initiated by the moving of a vote of censure in the following terms:—

That this House regrets that the Government has put forward a scheme for fundamental changes in the House of Lords which gerrymanders the Constitution in the interests of the Conservative Party, deprives the House of Commons of its control over finance which it has possessed for generations, entrenches the House of Lords on an hereditary basis more firmly against the people's will than for centuries past, and in defiance of every precedent of modern times robs the electors of power to deal with the House of Lords; and this House declares that it will be an outrage on the Constitution to force such proposals through Parliament without a mandate from the people.

A more clumsily conceived and more ill-drafted resolution it would be difficult to find in the annals of Parliament, and it was defeated by 362 votes to 167; but the debate revealed not only a rare unanimity among the several parties which make up the Opposition, but a serious cleavage in the Conservative ranks. It may be well, therefore, to examine, very briefly, the propositions which the resolution affirmed. On the denial of a "mandate" no words need be wasted. That has long since become the commonplace of party criticism, and, true though it be that in the campaign which immediately preceded the last General Election the Second Chamber problem was thrust into the background by more exciting topics, yet none can deny that the problem has been kept prominently to the front in the official manifestoes and at party conferences for several years past. The programme on which the Conservatives went to the country in 1924 was laid down with exemplary precision in an official manifesto known as "Looking Ahead." An important section of that manifesto dealt specifically with this question: "The Unionist



Party," it ran, "holds unswervingly to the conviction that the existence of an effective Second Chamber is essential for the purpose of securing the revision of hastily prepared measures and of safeguarding the considered judgment of the people. It recognises that the establishment of an effective Second Chamber means a reconsideration of the composition and powers of the House of Lords in the light of modern conditions." The case for reform and the scope of reform could not have been more succinctly stated. So much for lack of mandate.

What were the other points selected for censure by the Socialist and Radical Parties?

First, that the Government had put forward a scheme for fundamental changes in the House of Lords. The fact must be admitted and should be emphasised. But does any sane man deny the necessity for "fundamental changes"? To do so is either to affirm that the existing House of Lords is an ideal Second Chamber, or to deny the need for any Second Chamber at all? On which horn of the dilemma will Socialists and Radicals impale themselves? The plain truth, apart from dialectic, is, of course, that a House of Lords reduced to impotence by the provisions of the Parliament Act suits to perfection those who do not want an effective Second Chamber, and those also who would gladly forget the explicit pledges as to a reform of composition given at the time when the Act was passed and improvidently embodied in its Preamble. But the complacency of Radicals and Socialists should in itself be a warning to Conservatives, and, indeed, to all serious students of comparative politics. Where in the world is a Second Chamber to be found so constitutionally limited as the English House of Lords? And if States such as France, the United States, and the Commonwealth of Australia, each differing widely from the other yet all affording types of advanced Democracy, deem an effective Second Chamber essential to personal and Constitutional liberty, how much more we?

Yet the Government was to be censured for attempting "fundamental changes," largely on the ground that such changes would "gerrymander" the Constitution in the

interests of the Tory Party. How so? I hold no brief for the particular change suggested by Lord Cave, except as a preliminary to further changes. But does it lie in the mouth of Radicals or Socialists to object to a change by which hereditary Peers are to be deprived of their right to sit in the House of Lords solely by virtue of the accident of birth? Let it be clearly understood that this was the essence of the change proposed. And what possible objection can be taken to it, as an instalment of reform? Is it denied that for the purpose of a revising Chamber a House of 700 members is far too large? The French Senate numbers 314, the American 96, the Australian 36. It is common ground to all who have given serious thought to the subject that a Second Chamber should not exceed 350 members, and might well be much stronger if it were much smaller. Or is it that Radicals and Socialists are so solicitous for the rights of individual Peers that they would not exclude a single backwoodsman? Mr. MacDonald's argument certainly tended in that direction, but it is not uncharitable to say that his motives are not, in this matter, above suspicion. Evidently the enemies of the House of Lords have no wish to be deprived of the backwoodsmen argument. Its friends may, however, be reminded that Lord Cave merely proposed to apply to the Peerage of the United Kingdom a process which has long been familiar to the Peerages of Scotland and Ireland. Nor can any impartial person doubt that Lord Cave's proposal (however politically inexpedient it might be) would, in fact, have secured for this country a Second Chamber which in distinction of personnel, in weight of experience, in ripeness of judgment, in integrity of character, and in record of disinterested public service would have challenged comparison with any legislative Chamber in the world—even too palpably, perhaps, with the House of Commons?

I do not, indeed, suggest that, with all this in its favour, the proposed change could have been accepted as adequate; but can it be denied that as far as it went it was sound? Alike in the interests of practical efficiency, and in order to turn the edge of hostile criticism, it is

imperative to effect a drastic reduction in the numbers of Peers of Parliament. Lord Cave proposed to do this by a device involving the least break with the traditions of the past, and to eliminate the least industrious and the least efficient members of the existing House. To ensure a fair proportion of Liberal Peers in the new House the method of election was to be on the principle of proportional representation, and as even this method could hardly have secured adequate representation of "Labour," it was proposed to add by nomination not more than fifty Peers of Parliament to hold office for the term of twelve years. If this was, indeed, an attempt to "gerrymander the Constitution in the interests of the Conservative Party," could any attempt have been more clumsy? Nor is it easy to understand how the exclusion of four hundred hereditary Peers or the inclusion of fifty nominated Lords of Parliament could have "entrenched the House of Lords on a hereditary basis more firmly against the people's will than for centuries past." Such trite and flimsy rhetoric is indeed more reminiscent of street-corner oratory than suited to a reasoned resolution put forward by the leaders of "His Majesty's Opposition."

How did the Government scheme "rob the electors of power to deal with the House of Lords"? We must presume in charity that this criticism rested upon the proposal to exclude from the operation of the Parliament Act any Bill dealing with the constitution or powers of the Second Chamber. The maximum duration of a Parliament (five years) is already so excluded. In other words, the machinery of the Parliament Act cannot be employed by the House of Commons to prolong its own existence beyond the prescribed term. That limitation was deemed proper and reasonable in 1911. Is it less reasonable to ask that the Second Chamber should not be altered, in composition or powers, until the will of the electors on the question should have been ascertained? That was the sole object of the proposal in question, and I doubt not that in any Bill submitted to Parliament that object would be made clear. All that is desired by those who believe that an effective Second Chamber should take

the place of the existing House of Lords is that the final judgment on fundamental issues should not rest with an omnipotent House of Commons but with the electors. How this desire can be interpreted as a plot to "rob the electors of power to deal with the House of Lords," or with any other question, passes my simple understanding. Still less can I understand how Lord Cave's proposals would have "deprived the House of Commons of that control over finance which it has possessed for generations." Not until 1911 did the Commons obtain exclusive control over Money Bills. The Parliament Act deprived the House of Lords of all power over Money Bills, a Money Bill being defined in the Act as "a public Bill which, in the opinion of the Speaker of the House of Commons, contains only provisions dealing with"—a number of very carefully prescribed subjects. These subjects do *not* include local loans or rates, which are, indeed, specifically excluded by the Act. The definition, though detailed, is by no means satisfactory; it is at once widely inclusive and curiously restrictive, and, as a fact, Bills have been certified by the Speaker though they did not grant money to the Crown for supply services, while on the other hand the Finance Bills of the Sessions 1911, 1916, 1917-18, 1918, 1921 and 1923 failed to secure the Speaker's certificate as "Money Bills." Lord Ullswater, who was Speaker in 1909, mentions in his *Commentaries* (II., 103) that in his judgment the Finance Bill of 1909 would not have come within the provisions of the Parliament Act. The House of Lords, therefore, would be legally entitled to reject such a Bill to-morrow, as they did reject the Bill in 1909.

These are highly technical and difficult questions, but the above statement, made on the highest authority, lends weight to the contention that the power to determine such delicate questions should not be vested solely in the Speaker. No one, so far as I am aware, has ever impugned the impartiality or ability of the present or any recent occupant of the Chair of the House of Commons; but it is urged, and with great force, that Parliament is not justified in imposing a task so invidious upon an indi-

vidual, however eminent or impartial he may be. Mr. Lloyd George's scheme of 1922 proposed to transfer this function to a joint committee, consisting of equal numbers of Lords and Commons presided over by the Speaker. Lord Cave's proposal was identical save that the Joint Committee was to elect its own chairman—an alteration which, personally, I regret, and one which would not, I believe, have survived the ordeal of a debated Bill.

In one other important respect, but in one only, did the proposals of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet differ from those laid before the House of Lords by Lord Cave. In the latter the new House was to consist, apart from Peers of the Blood Royal, Lords Spiritual and Law Lords, of two elements only, selected Peers and nominated Lords of Parliament. In addition to the two latter categories Mr. Lloyd George proposed to introduce "members elected, either directly or indirectly, from the outside." The departure from the earlier plan is, I agree, not unimportant, and is, in my judgment, unfortunate. The Government would, I believe, have presented a much less vulnerable front to their opponents had they been content to reintroduce, *totidem verbis*, the scheme for which Mr. Lloyd George was responsible in 1922.

Do I seem to attach overmuch importance to Parliamentary episodes of merely transitory significance? Public attention has, indeed, been concentrated in these post-war years upon economic and social problems; and very naturally. The War plunged us into financial and industrial chaos, and our first duty in domestic affairs since the War ended has been to restore order in that domain and to solve the many urgent problems, social and economic, accentuated if not created by the War. The problem of constitutional reconstruction has thus been thrust into the background.

Can it still be ignored? Can its solution be indefinitely postponed? The English Legislature is practically unique among the Legislatures of the world. It is unique in its attribute of legal sovereignty, and in the fact that it confides the exercise of that sovereignty, in large

measure, to a single elected Chamber. The questions at the head of this paragraph will be answered with a confident affirmative only by those who are blind to the teaching of history, inattentive to the lessons of experience, and deaf to the precepts of sound philosophy. Philosophy, history, and the all but unusual experience of mankind establish the conclusion that a parliamentary system will work safely and satisfactorily only if Parliament is composed of two Houses, each endowed with substantial if not co-ordinate authority.

Philosophy is, however, concerned with the universal; the politician is concerned with the particular, and the English politician is concerned with his own polity. If bicameralism be of the essence of parliamentary government, can it be denied that of all the Constitutions of the modern world that which stands most in need of the safeguards provided by a Second Chamber is our own? Jurists like Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Lecky were deeply impressed by this truth forty years ago. The years which have intervened have enormously strengthened the arguments which they advanced. The Parliament Act had not then been contemplated, and the electorate was relatively restricted. Has adult suffrage impaired the validity of the case for bicameralism? Few Conservatives will answer this question in the affirmative or deny the necessity for *some* amendment, however slight, of the Parliament Act; but could such an amendment be carried through this or any future Parliament if the composition of the Second Chamber were left untouched? On the other hand, why should any noble lord surrender his hereditary rights as a legislator (diminished though they are) except on the assurance that his sacrifice would be compensated by the restoration of the constitutional equilibrium; that an act of personal abnegation would contribute to the stability of the Commonwealth. The problem of "Powers" is then inseparable from that of constitution. The two problems must be solved, if solved at all, concurrently.

## THE ETHICS OF PLAGIARISM

BY H. M. PAULL

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,  
 He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;  
 An' what he thought 'e might require  
 'E went an' took—the same as me!"  
 —Kipling.

It is a platitude that as society changes many practices which were at one time deemed innocent—polygamy, for example—are discovered to be inimical to the community, and a higher standard of morality is set up. In few cases is this change more marked than in the gradual growth of what may be termed the literary conscience. Practices formerly regarded as lawful are now unhesitatingly condemned.

The history of plagiarism is the history of literature. It was prevalent amongst Greek authors; instances can be found in Isocrates, Aeschines, Demosthenes, Plutarch and others; whilst treatises (now lost) were written on the plagiarisms of Sophocles and Menander. The practice was, however, considered dishonourable, and was satirised by Aristophanes in *The Frogs*. It was even sometimes punished; which implies an advanced code of literary morals.

The same state of things obtained amongst the Romans. The dramatists stole freely from their Greek predecessors, fortunately for us: authors pillaged each other without much compunction. Horace and Virgil both complain of being plundered—Virgil especially, though not innocent of the practice himself. When reproached for having appropriated some verses of Ennius, he retorted that he had but taken some pearls from a dunghill.

The early ecclesiastical writers had no misgivings as to their right to appropriate the work of others. "What we understand by a literary and historical conscience simply did not exist in the early Christian environment." (J. M.

Robertson: *The Jesus Problem*.) A writer who did not hesitate to forge the name of an Apostle or Father to give additional authority to his opinions was not likely to have any scruples as to mere plagiarism.

Taking a flying leap across the centuries, we find that in the Golden Age of English literature there was no question as to the right of a dramatist to take his subject, plot, characters and even words from an existing play, novel or other source. It is quite unnecessary to refer in any detail to Shakespeare's usage in this respect: to show how he rewrote old plays, adapted other men's works, versified Plutarch and Holinshed for his historical plays, and so on. A typical example of his method of proceeding is *As You Like It*, which he founded on Lodge's novel *Rosalynd* (who in turn had borrowed from (?) Chaucer's *Tale of Gamelyn*). There is, however, an aspect of the practice of the Shakespearian age presenting peculiar features which is treated at length by Mr. Harold Bayley in *The Shakespeare Symphony*.

In addition to borrowing plots, etc., the playwrights apparently had no compunction in appropriating another author's similes or metaphors: any phrase which struck them—wherever it appeared—was considered common property. For example:—

Divines and dying men may talk of Hell,  
 But in my heart her several torments dwell.  
 —Nash (*Pierce Penniless*, 1592).

The lines appear in *The Yorkshire Tragedy* (? Shakespeare), 1608, and in *The Insaliate Countess* (Marston), 1613; and Mr. Bayley gives versions of the same idea from Beaumont and Fletcher, Peele, Kyd, etc., and even from the *Religio Medici*.

Compare also Shakespeare's:

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.  
 —Julius Cæsar.

with Beaumont and Fletcher's:

There is an hour in each man's life appointed  
 To make his happiness, if then he seize it.  
 —*The Custom of the Country*.

Mr. Bayley gives some hundreds of similar "parallel passages," as they are euphemistically called, which almost seem to imply the existence of that factory of plays for which a section of Baconian theorists contend.

But though plagiarism was so universally practised, it must not be imagined that no stigma attached to it. The author whose work was borrowed often protested, though for lack of a copyright he could do no more. Jonson's "Hang him, plagiary!" (*Poetaster* IV.) is proof of the attitude of the man of letters. Fuller expressly condemned it: "Such Plagiary-ship ill becometh Authors"; and again, writing of Bishop Andrewes, he remarks: "Such plagiaries as have stolen his sermons could never steal his preaching."

Shakespeare himself protested against the inclusion of two of his poems in a collection under another name; though (either with or without leave) he himself appropriated verses for his own plays which he had not written. For example the poem

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May, etc.

is generally believed to be by Richard Barnfield and is included in his collected poems; whilst

Take, O take those lips away,

can be found word for word in Beaumont and Fletcher. Nor did Shakespeare escape the condemnation of his rival Greene, who refers to him as "a jackdaw dressed out in our feathers." (*A Groat's-Worth of Wit*.)

In fact, there was no lack of critics who recognised that a writer who borrowed too freely from others could not claim the praise due to original work. Thus the author of *The Return from Parnassus* (Part II.) refers to the extensive thefts from *Romeo and Juliet* by Daniel, the Poet Laureate:

Only let him more sparingly make use  
Of others' wit, and use his own the more,  
That well may scorn base imitation.

Ben Jonson, too, has a shrewd hit at the misdoings of his

contemporaries, by the mouth of Lady Politick Would-be in *Volpone* (Act III., Sc. 2):

Here's Pastor Fido . . .  
All our English writers,  
I mean such as are happy in the Italian,  
Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;  
Almost as much as from Montagnié.

During the first half of the seventeenth century there seems to have been no marked change in the way in which plagiarism was regarded, but after the Restoration it is clear that authors were beginning to feel an increasing indignation at being despoiled. Butler and Milton both protested, though in modern times the latter has been shown to have borrowed ideas and sometimes more from Caedmon (who interpolated a Low-German poem in his *Genesis*), from Vondel and others. But Milton took the view that it is only the author who borrows without beautifying who is a "plagiary" (*Areopagitica*); so he doubtless felt at liberty, as did his contemporaries, to appropriate ideas so long as he expressed them in a better form—as did Dante before him.

But perhaps the best proof that direct plagiarism was becoming discredited is found in the remarkable book *La Masque des Orateurs*, published in 1677 by the Sieur de Richesource, a small, vellum-covered volume of sixty-four pages. This egregious personage invented the art of "plagianism," which he explains is the ingenious and easy art of adroitly changing and disguising every sort of discourse in such a way that the author himself would not recognise his own work. Some of his efforts are primitive. "*Titius est fort riche*" he disguises as "*Titius a de grandes richesses*." Strange to say, this professor had an academy of orators, and Fléchier, afterwards Bishop of Nîmes, and famous for his funeral orations, was a pupil.

At first sight it would appear that this immoral proceeding being openly advertised proves that no moral condemnation was attached to literary theft; but it must be remembered that no one would endeavour to conceal his thefts if they were considered innocent. In fact, Richesource confesses that he uses the word "plagianism"

because of "reasons which are known to *Jurisconsultes* having prevented me from giving it another name, such as The Art of Plagiarism." But it certainly shows a low condition of literary honesty when men of repute encouraged instead of condemned this impudent rascal.

Yet one may almost doubt whether his book was called for in view of the freedom with which French writers of the seventeenth century appropriated the work of their predecessors. The anonymous author of *Questions de littérature légale* (1812) gives, amongst others, specimens of plagiarisms from Montaigne by Charron, Corneille, Pascal, etc.; whilst Montaigne himself is not free from reproach, though he usually confesses when he borrows. Pascal in his *Pensées* is singled out by our author as "perhaps the most evident and the most manifestly intentional plagiarist" he has come across; though his ultimate conclusion is that in general the accusation of plagiarism is too readily made: instancing the absurd charges made against Milton in regard to *Paradise Lost*.

The subject was in the air. A few years later (1679) M. Jacobus Thomasius, of Leipsig, published his *Dissertatio de Plagio Literario*: a somewhat heavy philosophical disquisition, with innumerable references, tracing the subject back to Martial's use of the word, and enlarging on different *theorema*, such as *Plagium literarium non est plagium proprie dictum*. He gives rules for avoiding plagiarism, and also an alphabetical catalogue of sinners from Acciajolus to Wonverius, including the Fathers and classics, with a supplement. The book is a rare one: there is no copy in the British Museum or the Bibliothèque Nationale, but I found one in the Mazarin Library. A further proof of the interest taken in the question at this period was the publication in 1688 of G. Langbaine's *Momus Triumphans, or the Plagiaries of the English Stage, exposed in a Catalogue, etc.* Other writers, Le Marin and La Mothe de Vayer, for example, also dealt with the matter. The former held that it was allowable to copy ancient writers, but not modern: "*ce qui est étude chez les anciens est volerie chez les modernes*." In Eng-

land there was soon a fresh reason for examining the limits of borrowing, for there can be no doubt that the Copyright Act of Queen Anne (1709) called the attention of authors to their rights, though it was not the result of the action of the authors themselves or for their benefit, but solely to protect the commercial interests of the booksellers, *i.e.*, the publishers. But the Act compelled the authors to be more careful as to the extent to which they appropriated the work of others. Already Pope in a letter to Walsh in 1706 discusses the question as to "how far the liberty of borrowing may extend. I have defined it sometimes by saying that it seems not so much the perfection of sense to say things that had never been said before, as to express those best which have been said oftenest; . . . poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own what they take from others; not, like pirates, make prize of all they meet."

But it is doubtful whether Pope did not exceed the limits he set himself. For example, he took Dryden's lines

For truth has such a face and such a mien  
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

and turned them into

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien  
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

He also plagiarised from Flatman, Gay, Milton and others. Lady Mary Wortley Montague writes: "I admired Mr. Pope's *Essay on Criticism* at first, very much, but I had not then read any of the ancient critics, and did not know that it was all stolen." But Lady Mary cannot be considered an unprejudiced witness.

Pope was, however, as severe on those who plagiarised as if he were guiltless himself: witness his lines in *The Dunciad* (Book I) on his hero Theobald:

Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,  
In pleasing memory of all he stole;  
How here he sipped, how there he plundered snug,  
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.

Swift, though a most original writer, had no compunction in following the practice of the age. For example, the well-known lines :

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell, etc.

are a version of the 33rd Epigram by de Bussy :

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas,  
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,  
Je sais seulement une chose;  
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

Sterne was a notorious offender. Scott, in his *Life of Lawrence Sterne*, writes that Dr. Ferriar "clearly showed that Sterne was the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages." For example, his seventh posthumous sermon (as is pointed out by the author of *Salad for the Social*) "is in a great part cribbed, word for word, from a previous divine yclept Leightenhouse (1697)." It is a curious and amusing commentary on this that Sterne himself denounces plagiarism; and his very denunciation is in words stolen from Burton. (Walsh: *Handbook of Literary Curiosities*.)

As might be expected, plagiarism is frequently referred to by Dr. Johnson. There is an essay in No. 143 of *The Rambler* (1751) devoted to it. The Doctor is by no means a severe critic of the practice, for which he finds excuses. He warns his readers that "this accusation is dangerous, because even when it is false, it may sometimes be urged with probability." . . . "Different poets . . . reflecting on human life . . . would, without any communication of opinions, lament the deceitfulness of hope, the fugacity of pleasure, the fragility of beauty," etc. He gives a few instances without any condemnatory comment. He returns to the subject in *The Adventurer*, No. 95 (1753), where he commits himself so far as to write: "Plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though, perhaps, not the most atrocious of literary crimes."

It was something to have so great an authority pronouncing as a crime what had hitherto been considered as not much more than an impropriety. But even at that date his censure is mild, and he repeats his former senti-

ments in other words, as he again does in the preface to his *Shakespeare*.

That Johnson's modified condemnation might have been more severe with advantage is clear from the complaints of Goldsmith. He did not come into court with entirely clean hands, for in his hack-work for the booksellers he drew on his predecessors somewhat freely; in his *Life of Beau Nash*, for example, where "in several places, without acknowledgment, he inserted passages of considerable length from that invaluable work," i.e., Wood's *Description of Bath*. This is pointed out by Mr. L. Melville in his *Bath under Beau Nash*. Moreover, the hackneyed lines :

Man wants but little here below  
Nor wants that little long

are taken from Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts* :

Man wants but little, or that little, long.

At the same time, Goldsmith was very sensitive on the point of borrowing from others, and warmly resented the suggestion that he had taken an idea for a poem from Bishop Percy.

But if his practice was not without reproach, his opinion was irreproachable. Writing of Parnell's *The Bookworm*, he remarks: "It was the fashion of the wits of that age to conceal the places whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that a lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder." His pathetic preface to his *Essays* shows how he himself had been victimised.

Voltaire, like so many other celebrated writers, condemned plagiarism though himself guilty of it. His bitter enemy Fréron accused him of taking a chapter in *Zadig* (1767) from an Italian book of 1719, and another episode from *The Hermit* of Thomas Parnell. But *The Hermit* was taken from a French *fabliau* of the thirteenth century which Voltaire may have seen. Still, there is no doubt that Voltaire did borrow occasionally (from Maynard, for example), but he was more frequently the victim than the aggressor. For an instance of barefaced impu-

dence we may give the *Histoire d'Allemagne* of Père Barre, who not only copied from the *Histoire de Charles XII.*, but actually attributed to German characters the deeds and words of characters in the Swedish history.

It is pleasant to be able to give instances of honourable delicacy in contrast to those of the lack of it. Thus Denham wrote of Cowley :

To him no author was unknown,  
Yet what he wrote was all his own;  
Horace's wit and Virgil's state  
He did not *steal* but *emulate* :  
And when he would like them appear,  
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

Gray added notes to his poems to show when he had borrowed an idea or simile, whilst Crabbe went even further. As became a clergyman, he could not endure even the suspicion of deceiving his readers. In 1775 he published a poem, *Inebriety*, of which the author of *Poets and Puritans* writes : "Crabbe's work is frankly of the school of Pope. What is more curious, many passages of it are closely modelled on some of Pope's, line for line, the more important words and the rhymes reappearing, though the matter is quite different. . . . To make his plan of procedure still plainer, he printed as foot-notes the passages from Pope which he used in this strange way." This must surely be a unique instance of literary sensitiveness.

With the nineteenth century there comes a distinct change. Not that the practice of plagiarism sensibly decreased, but its condemnation became more decided and general, paradoxical as the statement may appear. The critics made it their business to be on the watch for cases of imitation or borrowing, and they did not hesitate to pillory offenders. Thus *Blackwood* attacked Moore, specifying sixty-five cases of his plagiarising from Béranger and others; and the pages of the various literary gazettes and magazines abound with similar exposures.

There are always minor authors who pilfer from the major—probably always will be. Thus Wordsworth,

writing to De Quincey in 1803, complains that "a wretched creature of the name of 'Peter Basley' had pillaged and plagiarised by wholesale the *Lyrical Ballads*." Unfortunately such practices were not confined to the Peter Basleys. Take, for instance, the most prominent of the writers of the early part of the century, Lord Byron.

When Captain Medwin found Byron reading Scott, the poet pointed out the novelist's unconscious plagiarisms; whereupon Medwin remarked that he would not like to have Byron as his critic. "Set a thief to catch a thief," was the reply. On another occasion Moore asked the meaning of a number of paper-marks in a book Byron was reading. "Only a book," he answered, "from which I am trying to crib; as I do whenever I can; and that's the way I get the character of being an original poet."

Whether jesting or not, there is no doubt of Byron's obligations to others. The *Literary Gazette* allowed "Alaric Andrew" to point out Byron's numerous plagiarisms; and Southey, who hated Byron, wrote to Mr. Jerdan, the Editor, to congratulate him on the exposure. Byron was abroad at the time, but returned furious; however, he was persuaded that it would be wise to leave the *Gazette* alone, and swallow his wrath.

Wordsworth and his circle were not likely to be accused of borrowing from others, as their originality was so marked. Still, we find Coleridge apologising in the letter to Southey (February 8th, 1813) for thefts in his play of *Remorse*, though he states : "they do not lie on my conscience, being partly thefts from myself." He was exceptionally sensitive to any charge of plagiarism, and sometimes defended himself when any defence was entirely uncalled for.

Lamb does not seem to have had a very sensitive conscience regarding borrowing from others. In a letter to Godwin (September 17th, 1801) regarding the latter's play *Faulkener*, Lamb suggests the insertion of situations from *The Fair Penitent*, *Othello*, etc. He continues : "From this what you will perhaps call whimsical way of counter-parting, this honest stealing, and original mode of plagiarism, much yet, I think, remains to be sucked."



Whether Godwin took his advice or not, there is no doubt that many another dramatist has done so.

Somewhat later in the century Isaac Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature* and in other works, called frequent attention to the plagiarism of authors; devoting one essay almost entirely to the subject, and implicitly condemning the practice. This being so, it is more than curious to find that his more celebrated son seemed to have no scruples on the point. In the *Cornhill Magazine* of January, 1912, Sir Henry Lucy points out that the account of the Derby of 1837 in *Sybil* "was deliberately cribbed from an account of the race contributed to the *Sporting Magazine*." Sir Henry gives in parallel columns the two narratives, which fully justify his accusation. Again, Disraeli's speech on the Resolution for the funeral of Wellington in 1852 was taken from Thiers' oration on the Marshal de St. Cyr in 1829, which had been quoted in the *Morning Chronicle* in July, 1848. The *Globe* published on the day after the speech passages from both speeches in parallel columns, characterising the plagiarism as an "impudent and vulgar theft"; returning to the subject later after an ill-advised "Conservative" had attempted a defence. (Erlington.)

That indefatigable collector of literary *ana*, Mr. Walsh, who certainly cannot be accused of over-severity in his judgments, goes further. He writes: "Disraeli was a perpetual plagiarist. There is hardly a clever *mot*, a quotable saying, in all his books, which can be called original. But who bears him any grudge for that?" He justifies his statement—it can scarcely be called an accusation—by numerous instances.

Another very curious case is that of Charles Reade, who showed in his *Eighth Commandment* an exceptional enthusiasm for literary honesty. Yet so extensive were his borrowings from other authors that Trollope states that "of all writers of my day he has seemed to me to understand literary honesty the least," an opinion which Swinburne shared.

These delinquents could claim that they sinned in good company. Mr. Walsh states of Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton): "Every striking line, every unusual incident in

every one of his books has been traced to some original"; supporting his assertion by numerous examples. Across the Channel, E. de Goncourt, Arsène Houssaye, Edmond About and Sardou, amongst others, have been pilloried for their plagiarisms. Even the editors of official publications are sometimes guilty of the same crime.

In 1862 was published the *Official Calendar of Patent Rolls in Ireland*. An "Irish Archivist" in *Record Revelations*, points out that the Calendar takes verbatim whole paragraphs from H. J. Mason, William Lynch, Sir W. Betham, etc., without any acknowledgment, though the Calendar is supposed to be an original work. The Archivist prints passages in parallel columns which amply prove his case: the very errors are copied: *i.e.*, "the reasons which induced Sir John Davies . . . was his inexcusable anxiety, etc." (Erlington.)

But if there seems scarcely any diminution in the number of offenders, there is certainly an increase in that of the literary detectives, who naturally are attracted by the best-known names. Tennyson was by far the most popular poet of his day, and the critics vied with each other in tracing to their sources his epithets and metaphors. The poet protested vigorously against the abuse of such a procedure.

"There is, I fear," he wrote, "a prosaic set growing up amongst us—editors of booklets, bookworms, index hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who believe . . . (that the poet) is for ever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume in order to see what he can appropriate. They will not allow one to say 'Ring the bell' without finding that we have taken it from Sir Philip Sidney, or to use such a simple expression as 'the ocean roars' without finding out the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarised it."

"Fools!" he exclaimed, on hearing that he had been accused of taking "the moanings of the homeless sea" from Horace: "as if no one had heard the sea moan except Horace!"

Tennyson implies that the practice he complains of was of recent growth. But Wordsworth, long before, had voiced a similar protest against "the fiddling way" of

critics in picking out phrases for which parallels could be found, "which is detestable as a general practice."

The law has always been indifferent to the claims of authors to the possession of the products of their own brains, and until an abuse became too outrageous made no attempt to mitigate it. Such an abuse lasted until late in the century in permitting the dramatisation of the work of an author without his permission. Thus no sooner was a popular novel published than the sharks seized on it and rushed on to the stage a mangled version without paying a penny to the unhappy novelist. Dickens was a frequent victim, and vigorously protested in vain. Fortunes were made out of the dramas stolen from Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne*; the proprietors of the rival versions actually suing in Court against each other for their copyright. Not only had the novelist no redress, but if it occurred to him that he would make his own dramatic version and reap the rewards, the author of the pirated version forbade him to do so, on the ground that he was infringing his (the pirate's) copyright!

Matters came to a head with the production of a pirated dramatic version of Mrs. Burnett's popular story, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The novelist's lawyer had the happy idea to proceed against the pirate not for his piracy of the novel, but for infringement of copyright, inasmuch as he had copied certain sentences from the novel in the actors' parts. The pirate lost his case and committed suicide, and subsequent legislation reserved to the novelist the right of dramatisation of his own work.

As we approach the present day, our first impression is that there has been a great change in the point of view of the public generally as regards the sanctity of literary property, as is shown in legislation for the protection of the author. International copyright has given security hitherto lacking, and such plagiarism as was formerly common would now be universally condemned not only by public opinion, but legally. But this first impression would scarcely survive a further examination. In July, 1871, the following complaint appeared in *Notes and Queries*: "There is a practice prevalent at the present day which should be put a stop to, as it has exceeded all reasonable

bounds. I allude to literary men transcribing MS. works deposited in our greater public libraries, transferring a few passages, making a few annotations, and then publishing these works in their own names."

It will scarcely be credited that fifty years later the same practice exists. In *The Author* for January, 1920, a short report is given of an American copyright trial. It seems that Mr. Myers wrote *The History of Tammany Hall*; whereupon the *New York Mail and Express* published in serial form a similar history, paraphrasing Mr. Myers' work. The judge held that the defendants were entitled to take all their facts from the plaintiff's book so long as they expressed them in their own words; and, of course, not only the facts but their arrangement, the theories deduced, and so forth.

This sounds an outrageous decision, but *The Author* is very doubtful whether a similar one would not be arrived at in this country: a parallel case does not seem yet to have come before the Courts.

Doubtless there would be great difficulty in drafting a law to prevent such abuses. How can a student, who has spent perhaps years in accumulating facts, prove that the appropriation of his work is not the result of independent research on the part of the subsequent writer? It can only be suggested that a judge in such a case should place the onus of proof on the defendant's shoulders.

As regards the extent to which a writer may legitimately make use of the work of a predecessor every one must decide for himself. No historian or scientific writer could possibly ignore the product of previous minds, and it would be impossible for him to verify by actual research the accumulated facts and theories of earlier writers. The plagiarist may plead that as a lawyer takes his facts as to law from the special handbooks on the point in question, or a scientific writer accepts the dictum of a previous investigator without himself repeating his numerous experiments, so he may avail himself of the facts which have already been published, and thus made public property. It seems a question of degree only. But every writer may do his best to avoid appropriating without acknowledgment the labour of others, and guided by that

principle he will not find himself in a court of law as defendant, or even condemned by the more delicate judgment of the members of his craft.

The examples we have given could be multiplied to any extent; in fact, one is tempted to accept as true Andrew Lang's humorous definition of a plagiarist—"any successful author." Originality becomes every day more impossible, and we can only echo the despairing cry of Donatus, "*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.*"

Some critics even now seem to hesitate before condemning the plagiarist. Thus, Mr. W. P. Courtney writes in *The Secrets of Our National Literature*: "The illustrations and quotations of Sterne have been borrowed from many an ancient tome reposing in the old libraries around York, and notably from the pages of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Such acts are allowable; indeed, they are to be expected." And Mr. Walsh, to whose Handbook we have been indebted, is still more emphatic; stating that "On the whole, as between the plagiarist and his accuser, we prefer the plagiarist. . . . Thank God that these great men had no literary conscience." This pronouncement sounds a little odd, coming as it does after his pillorying numerous authors for theft.

Mr. Sturge Moore again defends his plagiarisms, though not very successfully. (See *The London Mercury*, March, 1920, *et seq.*) Others seem to hold that if a practice is legal it is therefore allowable. But the plagiarist cannot soothe his conscience with such a plea. It is evident that the difficulty of defining the offence and of proving it is the reason why no enactment in restraint has been made: the law goes as far in that direction as is practicable. All the more reason then for the author who has the dignity of his profession at heart to exercise especial care not to overstep the limits of what is allowable. Let those who plead that no offence has been committed ask themselves how they would like their own original work to be misappropriated by a rival author. The profession of literature is a high one, and it behoves its members to maintain its high estate by straightforward dealing, the outcome of a sensitive literary conscience.

## HUNGARY AND THE PEACE TREATIES

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

WE are most of us agreed that more noble or high-sounding principles than those which were alleged to be guiding our Allied statesmen at the completion of the Great War can hardly be imagined.

"Before we attempt to rebuild the temple of peace we must see that the foundations are solid. Henceforth when the time comes for rebuilding it must be on the rock of vindicated justice."—Lloyd George at the Guildhall, January, 1917.

"We shall not pause or falter until we have secured for the smaller States of Europe their Charter of Independence, and for Europe itself and for the world at large their final emancipation from the reign of force" (November, 1915). And these stirring messages which England addressed *urbi et orbi* during the war through the medium of her greatest statesmen every believer in the Allied cause estimated would be realised with the day of victory.

Acting on the precepts which Woodrow Wilson had first set into vogue, the three great statesmen who were entrusted with the drafting of the peace treaties adopted as the first and fundamental principle in arriving at an adequate settlement the principle of nationality. They solemnly bound themselves to carry out a thorough readjustment of frontiers in any country allied to Germany that comprised dissatisfied minorities, and also undertook to give any racial element that was compelled to remain in subjection to alien rule every possibility of retaining its culture and language, conditional to its not becoming a danger to the State to which it owed allegiance.

Proceeding on these lines an entirely new Europe was carved out of the ruins of the old, and what was originally Austria-Hungary was now split up between seven Powers: Hungary, Austria, Roumania, Poland, Italy, Yugoslavia, and an entirely new Czecho-Slovakia.

Austria and Hungary were both dismembered: the first retained a long strip of mountain valley stretching from

Switzerland to Vienna, which left Vienna the capital of a small republic six million strong; the second was cut down to a third of its former strength, the various racial elements which had acknowledged allegiance to the Hapsburgs being either incorporated in the neighbouring States according to nationality or given an independent status. It mattered little whether the elements that were thus roughly torn away from Budapest were economically, commercially, or even geographically interested in adhering to the Hungarian connection; the mere fact that they now demanded or appeared to demand separation was held to be superior to any other consideration, and the Allies sought to conciliate these demands while repudiating energetically the principle "*victoribus spolia*" with certain secret preliminary pacts which, made under the stress of circumstance and when victory was still uncertain, were absolutely contrary to the spirit of justice. Heedlessly, then, and relying mainly on the advice and counsel of certain representatives of the smaller Allied nations bordering on Hungary whose exaggerated claims they were unable to verify on account of their own lamentable ignorance of Central European conditions, the Great Three proceeded to tear away whole districts from Hungary and to impose a settlement on that luckless country that was not only unwarrantably harsh and severe, but that has succeeded in creating dissatisfied minorities in the three new Succession States lying on her borders that may well become the starting point of a new world war.

Before 1914 Hungary was a perfect geographical unity, a great fertile plain that was ringed round by mountains and connected with the sea at Fiume, while its rivers flowed inward and its plain exchanged its food produce for the minerals and timber of the mountains. It was a country which doubtless consisted of disparate racial elements, since in addition to 11,500,000 Hungarians, constituting about 57 per cent. of its total population, it comprised no fewer than nine and a half million Roumanians, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Serbs, Croats, and Germans; but it was prosperous and contented in spite of its diversity,

a certain irredentist tendency alone accounting for the discontent that was found among certain Transylvanian and Slovak parties.

Now Hungary is a ghost of her old self. Her area has been reduced from 125,000 square miles to 38,000 square miles, her population from 21,000,000 to just over 8,000,000, while she has lost so large a proportion of the raw materials necessary to the development of her industry that her commercial balance for many years showed a deficit, her territorial losses involving, moreover, the sacrifice of nearly all her stock of timber, iron and salt.

Now, of the peoples that Hungary lost through the war there were doubtless several million Czechs, Roumanians, Germans, and Serbs, whose claim to be given a separate national existence could rightly be upheld on the ground of self-determination, and also 1,500,000 Hungarians, mostly in Transylvania (such as the Szekely Magyars), who were so intermingled with predominantly Roumanian, Slovak, or Serbian elements, as well as cut off completely from their Hungarian brethren by large territories in which other nationalities predominated, that apart from the awakening Magyars there are very few Hungarians who have not reconciled themselves to their loss. Along with these, however, are some 2,000,000 Magyars living principally immediately outside the new Hungarian frontiers and localised in certain compact blocks or districts, in which they are undoubtedly in great majority, whose inclusion in the three Succession States that lie to the north, east, and south of their country is an injustice that the Allies would do well to remedy.

Of the various treaties which remodelled Europe at the completion of the war, the three that particularly applied to Hungary were the treaties of Paris, St. Germain, and Trianon, and according to these settlements all elements within the Magyar realm that were not strictly Hungarian were merged into the neighbouring countries.

Transylvania was ceded to Roumania; Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Slovenia, and Dalmatia were incorporated into the kingdom of the Yugo-Slavs; a separate existence was vouchsafed to Hungary and a new republic called

Czecho-Slovakia constituted out of the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia.

Now, taking these three countries in turn, it is abundantly clear not only that the principle of self-determination has been completely disregarded in determining the new boundaries, but also that the amount of territory which the Succession States ultimately claimed and obtained from Hungary was substantially larger than that which would have satisfied them before Bela Khun's *régime*, the confusion and anarchy that prevailed in that country at the beginning of 1919 being primarily responsible for the considerable revisions and additions which the statesmen of the Little Entente then made in their demands.

My firm opinion, therefore, is that if only the frontiers allotted to Hungary in September, 1918, before the revolution are now restored to her, the deep discontent which every impartial traveller and visitor to that country will not fail to have noticed among her population will no longer have any *raison d'être*, the new settlement that I would advocate being incidentally far more compatible with the principle of nationalism on behalf of which the Western nations were held to have fought the war than the one which now holds good.

Glancing at the map that I have pencilled out in illustration of my contention, the reader will notice that, whereas the actual settlement has subjected large Hungarian populations to alien yoke simply because these annexed portions of Hungarian territory boasted coal mines or important railway junctions<sup>1</sup>, the prior settle-

(1) Several reasons were put forward by the nations of the Little Entente for drawing up fresh frontiers for the Hungarian people. It was urged, for instance, that, Communism having already infected their country, it was necessary that her neighbours should safeguard themselves against similar outbreaks by ensuring her inability to do any mischief—in other words, by still further reducing her to insignificance. Again, the fact that certain railway lines in Hungary ran parallel to the western and eastern frontiers originally drawn up for her led to the Little Entente so remodelling the above frontiers that any railways that could be utilised for mobilising troops in war time or for linking up one part of the country with another were included forthwith within her neighbours' territories. Consequently, Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia now possess lines of railways that run more or less parallel to their frontiers, this enabling them at any moment to concentrate their troops at any given point against the Magyars.

ments would have amply repaid the exertions of the Allies without infringing the claims of nationality in any way.

Taking first the southern frontier of Slovakia, we find that a large belt of territory stretching along the whole length of Slovakia and broadest from Bratislava to Parkany, where it attains a breadth of some forty to fifty miles, has been granted to Hungary in view of the fact that it was predominantly Magyar; and, furthermore, that the province of Ruthenia was also left to her, a circumstance that recalls to my mind a certain conversation



*Sketch Map of Hungary*  
showing

FRONTIERS AS AT PRESENT —————  
FRONTIERS SUGGESTED BEFORE BELA KHAN'S REGIME - - - - -  
OLD PRE-WAR FRONTIERS - - - - -

which I had a few years ago with Count Bethlen when visiting his country :—

"If Ruthenia had been left to Hungary, as originally intended before the Communist *régime*," he stated, "we would have had little reason for grumbling at our lot. We were beaten in war, and though we never entered into it with any too good a grace, we were prepared to pay the piper and to make amends. But the economic development of our country has been almost fatally injured by the settlement that was imposed upon us, and for this the Bolshevik *régime* that Karolyi's folly brought about is mainly

responsible. The prior settlement would at least have left us with the forests that we require, and, possessing Ruthenia, we would have had less reason for deploring the loss of the Tatra."

As for Roumania, the frontier that was originally suggested, while leaving over 1,100,000 Hungarians within Roumanian territory (a circumstance that cannot be remedied, since these people are shut off completely from their Magyar brethren and surrounded by large territories, where they are hopelessly outnumbered), extended the present eastern frontier so as to make it include the district known as the Korosvolgy, an area that, varying in breadth from some eight miles to twenty miles, extends from three miles north of Avasfelfalu to Versecz and includes large Hungarian majorities, especially in the towns of Arad, Oradea Mare, Temesvar, and Satu Mare.<sup>1</sup>

Similarly, the frontier first allotted to Yugo-Slavia extended the present southern frontier to include several districts in the Banat, Bacska, and Baranya that were largely inhabited by Hungarians, though it omitted to take into consideration the long belt of territory running along the River Drave, in which considerable Magyar elements were to be found.

There is another weighty consideration, however, which, even more than the facts which I have already described, should impel us to adjust some of the undoubted shortcomings of the treaties of St. Germain and Trianon: the treatment of the Hungarian minorities. How can any settlement be defended which, allowing the Succession States to ignore most systematically the minority clauses,<sup>2</sup>

(1) The fact that large strips of land with large Hungarian majorities have been transferred to Roumania on the western frontier of Transylvania, which is contiguous to Hungary, is so well recognised in the Regat that many Roumanian statesmen have advocated and promoted the colonising of these "purely Hungarian districts" in view of that frontier being neither natural nor racial (Vajda Voivod, late Prime Minister, in a lecture given in Bucarest on February 3rd, 1925). Up to the present, however, the colonisation has hardly been very successful, as the pastoral Roumanian hill dwellers who have been implanted in the Hungarian counties of Szatmar and Bihar are not proving good agriculturists.

(2) The Serbs have done all they could to assimilate the Hungarians, forcibly or otherwise; but have never oppressed them to the same extent as the Roumanians or Czechs.

has subjected millions of Hungarians to a persecution that is not only bleeding them to an economic death, but endeavouring to destroy their very soul and culture by every means, fair or foul?

As I stated at the beginning of this article, the drafters of the peace treaties, while determined to uphold and further the interests of the Succession States that they had brought into being, were as firmly resolved to protect the rights of the minorities. They accordingly embodied in each treaty certain specific clauses by which the new States were placed under the obligation of "protecting the interests of any of their inhabitants who happened to differ from the majority of the population in race, language or religion." In this manner the provisions concerning the protection of the Hungarian (and other) minorities in Transylvania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Yugo-Slavia were embodied in such instruments as the resolutions of Gyulafehervar, the treaties of St. Germain and Trianon, and the Paris treaty of December 9th, 1919.

Now, the fact remains that the application of the above measures has been nullified by deliberate attempts on the part of the three Governments to make them void. The Little Entente statesmen have either ignored any implied obligation, or, as in the case of Roumania, have taken up the attitude that the fundamental law of a country and even its regional law have priority over international treaties. Thus we see Monsieur Bratiano declaring in the Senate that the Roumanian Government would not respect any minority treaty that was contrary to the principle of national sovereignty, or, again, that he regarded the minority peoples as Roumanians and only as minorities in regard to their numbers, from which it followed that, though the unfortunate Hungarian and other minorities did enjoy theoretically "such liberty of conscience, liberty of education, liberty of the Press, liberty of assembly and of association, and every liberty and right as had been established by law," these rights did not necessarily authorise them to use their own language, their own schools, or to exercise their own creeds as distinguished from the majority people. As M. Polony, Saxon senator, declared: "If the Roumanians possess the right to use only

the Roumanian language in the administration, it would be a denial of equality and a privilege to allow the minorities to use any other language. With this simple logic the right to their own mother tongue is filched from the minorities, to whom, according to you, the Liberal Party, equality is granted."<sup>1</sup>

But the oppression of the Magyars has not been confined to the simple negation of any active right of retaining their racial culture, for in Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia more especially the most deliberate attempts have been made to denationalise them through the medium of the schools and administration and even to hound them out of the country when such forcible assimilation was unduly resisted. I remember hearing a leading Roumanian deputy informing a prominent Saxon merchant that his Government would make the country too hot for the Hungarians, while Monsieur Bratiano has never wavered in the attitude that I have known him to have and which can best be summed up in the declaration that he made to me when I was last in Roumania:—

"For over a thousand years the Magyars subjected our unfortunate people to the most intense form of assimilation, and while according us a few liberties so systematically set about destroying our national life that in time many of our Transylvanian towns became almost replicas of the Magyar towns over the borders.

"It is now our task to undo this work, and if ever you return to Cluj or Oradea Mare in another ten years I promise you you will no longer find the present Hungarian majority. In fact, I am confident that the Hungarian inhabitants of Transylvania will by then have been considerably reduced."<sup>2</sup>

I shall now proceed to give a brief account of some of the many proven cases of oppression which have been brought to my notice.

(1) Cf. speech made in the Roumanian Senate in 1925.

(2) Monsieur Bratiano did certainly in the course of this conversation inform me that his Government intended to give the Magyar and other racial minorities every facility for preserving their own culture, language, and schools, but he has unfortunately shown by his subsequent policy that he took little count of this undertaking.

First considering those that concern the Hungarians' citizen rights, I find numerous instances in all three countries of constituencies in which large Roumanian Czech or Slav districts have been deliberately incorporated into Hungarian constituencies in order to convert a Hungarian majority into a minority; other methods utilised to bring about this end including not only the most extensive intimidation, but equally deliberate disfranchising of Hungarian electors and even arrest or personal violence on the day of polling; this latter amenity and method of soliciting votes being advocated by "strictly confidential" orders issued by the Government (in this case the Roumanian Liberal Party by the medium of the Home Secretary, General Vaitoianu), reading much as follows:—

Since it is necessary for the Liberal Party to assure its success at the polling, the following two categories of measures are recommended:—

(1) Official and legal.—These will be executed by the authorities (gendarmes). Under the mask of the law all propaganda hostile to the Government shall be suppressed. Reasons to be given: anarchy, revolution, disorder, menacing the tranquillity and security of the State.

(2) Illegal.—These will be used by the electoral agents of the Government, who must not be hindered in their fight for success; and if they employ *illegal means* (abuse, injury, and beating) the authorities must *pretend to proceed against them (in serious cases only)*, but ultimately they must be acquitted.

Add to these abuses of authority innumerable cases of arbitrary arrest, dismissal of Hungarian officials, judges, and schoolmasters ordered to learn Roumanian, Czech, or Serbian in a ridiculously inadequate period, and then dismissed through being unable to do so within the stated time; wholesale dismissal of Hungarian civil servants guilty of having refused to take the oath of allegiance to their new countries before the signing of the peace treaties, expropriation of church property, closing of denominational schools, and lastly a series of land reforms that in Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia have been utilised as supreme instruments for the utter destroying of Hungarian national feeling and culture, and you will get a pretty good idea of the treatment which is being accorded to Hungarian minorities in the Succession States.

There is no doubt that this injustice must cease, and



that, since it was the Allies who drafted the instrument that gave rise to it, it must be they also who must reconsider it with a view to revising the Hungarian frontiers in accordance with those that had originally been granted to her, this being the only solution that would be acceptable to both Hungary and the Succession States, while I would stress the fact that it would not be Hungary alone that would benefit from such a revision, in that all three Succession States would be advantaged from being on more friendly terms with the Magyars. Roumania because she would then be able to face an attack from the side of Bessarabia without running any risk of being invaded from the west; Czecho-Slovakia because she is economically one with Hungary, and friendship with her southern neighbour would certainly promote the founding of a Customs Union between them; and Yugo-Slavia because she would in return for very slight territorial concessions on her northern frontier gain an ally that would undoubtedly strengthen her position towards Italy.

To sum up this paper, I would remind the Little Entente, and the League of Nations more especially, of a certain passage of Masaryk's *New Europe* in which allusion is made to the necessity for revising the present frontiers of the Succession States:—

The settlement of ethnographic boundaries after the storm of war will possibly be provisional in some cases. As soon as the nations quieten down and accept the principle of self-determination, a rectification of ethnographic boundaries and minorities will be carried out without excitement and with due consideration of all questions involved.

## FIFTY YEARS A POET: SIR WILLIAM WATSON

BY COULSON KERNAHAN

SIR WILLIAM WATSON's first published poem appeared fifty years ago. Hence this year he completes his Half Century of Song; and an attempted estimate of his work may, to the student of poetry, seem appropriate. He came to fame with *Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems* (1890). Known as it is to the reader, one need not write of it here. Instead, some comments upon a criticism which has been passed upon it may be ventured. For that purpose a quotation must be made:

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;  
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;  
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;  
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends  
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,  
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—  
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,  
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,  
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,  
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

To this, exception has been taken on the score that what one not unfriendly critic calls "interpretive criticism" should have no place in poetry. But, in *Wordsworth's Grave*, Watson has given us more than interpretive criticism. Passages there are which fulfil Milton's precept that poetry should be "less subtle and fine" (than prose) "but more simple, sensuous, and passionate." Interpretively critical though the verses quoted may be—in a poem which fills fifteen pages, some variation of theme is surely allowable. Remembering Matthew Arnold's saying that "the grand power of poetry is in its interpretive power," one fails to see why a poet should not flash an interpretively critical passage into a poem on such a subject as Wordsworth's grave. Does the same objection apply to another poem, *The Tomb of*



*Burns*, which is interpretive in a different sense? In *Burns*, Watson tells us, was

The fierceness that from tenderness  
Is never far.

Of *Burns* he makes us realise that though the fierceness may flame on the poet's forehead for all to see, the tenderness, as well as the innate grandeur of the man may be known only to those who see into his heart. Even if such men of genius as *Burns* share faults and failings with those of us who have no genius, *Watson* would have us to remember that,

Not ours to gauge the more or less,  
The will's defect, the blood's excess,  
The earthy humours that oppress  
The radiant mind.  
His greatness, not his littleness,  
Concerns mankind.

*Watson* has a vast vocabulary on which to draw, as witness his command of what I must call the "magnificent" word of many syllables, for if the word be not magnificent in itself, he often endows it with seeming magnificence by his setting. Such lines as:

The iris of the Australasian spray.  
Tremendous silence, older than the world.  
And cold adjudication of the dust,

are instances. Yet though his *Muse* sometimes rides forth, panoplied, like *Joan of Arc*, in the heavy mailed armour of sonorous and many-syllabled words, at more peaceful times, she trips, silken-robed, lightly-clad, and with daisy chains about her neck, to dance a lyric measure in the short, swift steps of one or two syllabled words:

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears!

April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,

April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears!

Of the months and the seasons he sings as one upon whom the mantle of *Wordsworth* has fallen, but in a supremely lovely poem, the *Ode in May*, are four lines which seem to relate, into one Brotherhood of Song, two poets, so little akin as *Swinburne* and *Watson*:

And the triumph of him that begot,  
And the travail of her that bore,  
Behold, they are evermore  
As warp and weft in our lot.

When I say that the lines "relate the two poets into one Brotherhood of Song," I do not mean that the poem owes anything to *Swinburne*. Throughout, it is pure *Watson*, and nowhere more so than in the second stanza:

What is so sweet and dear,  
As a prosperous morn in May,  
The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year,  
When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride?

Whatever *Watson's* subject, a lovely or impressive imagery from nature is rarely missing. He paraphrases an *Ode of Horace*, and we read:

The thunder loveth best to scar  
The white brows of the world.

He ends a sonnet on "Melancholia":

And over me  
The everlasting taciturnity;  
The august, inhospitable, inhuman night,  
Glittering magnificently unperturbed.

Another sonnet, "Power and Charm" closes:

A song frail as the wildflower, and as dear,  
With no more purpose than the eglantine.

Here are lines on a Seabird:

Lone loiterer where the shells like jewels be  
Hung on the fringe and frayed hem of the sea.

He shares *Swinburne's* passion for the sea, but *Swinburne* had the brine at the point of his pen, not in his blood. He knew the sea only as seen from the shore, or from the deck of a Channel steamer. He told me that

a Channel crossing was his longest voyage. Watson has several times crossed the Atlantic where, as he sings in his *Storm in Mid-Atlantic*:

... never a wave repeats another,  
But each is unlike his own twin brother,  
Each is himself from base to crown,  
Himself alone as he clambers up,  
Himself alone as he crashes down;—  
When the whole sky drinks of the sea's mad cup.

And down in a vale of the sea, between  
Two roaring hills, is a wide smooth space,  
Where the foam that blanches the ocean's face  
Is woven in likeness of filmiest lace,  
Delicate, intricate, fairy-fine,  
Wrought by the master of pure design,  
Storm, the matchless artist, lord of colour and line.

Watson's "Hymn to the Sea" is, he tells us, by

... a tarrying minstrel, who finds, not fashions his numbers—  
Who, from the commune of air cages the volatile song.

Hence he touches on other subjects than the sea, as when he sings of Youth:

Youth, irrepressibly fair, wakes like a wondering rose;

or of the Spring and the Dawn:

When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of the Spring:  
When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a bacchante up-leaping,  
Spills, on the tresses of night, vintages golden and red.

But the poet's exulting ecstasy and exaltation in the

Sea that breakest for ever, that breakest and never art broken,

as anthemed in long, surging, Atlantic-roller-like lines, cannot be conveyed by snatched quotations from a poem occupying six pages in *One Hundred Poems*, to which I refer the reader. Those who thus turn to the poem will find that Watson projects the shadow of man over his subject. Both man and the sea fret and chafe continually, and with like result—the wearing away of their own heart—but the parallel, though finely, even greatly drawn, is over long. Now to quote from a nature poem on another subject. In her admirable volume, *Criticism at a Venture*, Dr. Geraldine Hodgson writes: "Any poet might well be forgiven if, after Shelley, he let the skylark

go unsung afresh. But Watson essayed the task and attained. These ringing stanzas to the *First Skylark of Spring* will surely never pass from the memories of English lovers of poetry":

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,  
The virginal untroubled sky,  
And this vext region at my feet—  
Alas, but one have I!

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears;  
My song comes fluttering, and is gone.  
O high above the home of tears,  
Eternal Joy, sing on!

Thy spirit knows nor bounds nor bars;  
On thee no shreds of thralldom hang;  
Not more enlarged, the morning stars  
Their great Te Deum sang.

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,  
In porches of the lucent morn,  
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,  
Or cursed his iron bourn.

Thou singst of what he knew of old,  
And dreamlike from afar recalls;  
In flashes of forgotten gold  
An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one,  
Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh;  
Less inaccessible the sun,  
Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,  
And of the courts of heaven art free,  
And carriest to his temporal ears  
News from eternity.

In writing even of the lark's song of sheer joy, a shadow—that of the listening poet on the earth below—is cast upon the bird singing in the sky. As in the *Hymn to the Sea*, nature is again seen, subjectively, as "the immense shadow of man."

In another nature-poem, *Autumn*, the poet has, for all time, stayed the seasons to that of the falling of the leaf, and so has made the elusive and perishable loveli-

ness of autumn imperishably to abide. The power, art, and poignant beauty of *Autumn* and other poems did not escape the notice of statesmen, who in England, as in America, are not infrequently men of letters, for on the death of Tennyson, so distinguished a classical scholar as Mr. Asquith (as he then was) "strongly urged upon Mr. Gladstone William Watson's claims to the Laureate-ship." That Watson would be no indifferent Laureate, nor an indifferent courtier, many thought in Victorian days when he wrote of the Queen who

Hast taught Thy people how 'tis queenlier far  
Than any golden pomp of peace or war,  
Simply to be a woman without stain!

So shall Thy lofty name to latest years  
Still loftier sound, and ever sweetlier blow  
The rose of Thy imperishable praise.

Then came the *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.*, which covers six pages. The reader may remember such lines as:

Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,  
In high cabal have made us what we are

and those on Ireland:

Beyond that fatal wave, that from our side  
Sunders the lovely and the lonely Bride  
Whom we have wedded but have never won.

as well as those on Scotland:

the northern sister fair,  
That hath the heath-bells in her blowing hair.

Yet even in the gladness of volleying bells and above the salvo of guns, proclaiming the Coronation of a King, the poet hears the volleying of rifles, the roar of guns in war, and will not withhold his warning word to England:

For now the day is unto them that know,  
And not henceforth she stumbles on the prize;  
And yonder march the nations full of eyes.  
Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred  
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose touch  
Of the hour, and overmuch  
Recline upon achievement, and be slow  
To take the world arriving, and forget  
How perilous are the stature and port that so  
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering all  
The hates that watch and crawl.

Of the ode on the death of the same beloved monarch I quote the conclusion:

But when she passed from vision, who so long  
Had sat aloft—alone—  
On the steep heights of an Imperial throne,  
Then rose he large and strong,  
Then spake his voice with new and grander tone,  
Then, called to rule the State  
Which he had only served,  
He saw clear Duty plain, nor from that highway swerved,  
And, unappalled by his majestic fate,  
Pretended not to greatness, yet was great.

Were one line only of epitaph to be inscribed over the spot where King Edward lies, either the fourth of the poem,

This was the *English King*, that loved the English ways,

or the last,

Pretended not to greatness, yet was great,

could scarcely be bettered.

The visit to India of the youthful Heir to The Throne was not an occasion to inspire a poet to write in like strain. Passages there are in *India's Guest* which must be described as stately rhetoric. But one so equipped as Watson—a wonderful "word-finder," a poet who, when a platitude there must be, so loads it with word-splendour that, for a platitude, it may not be recognised—is not likely to fail in any task he sets himself. Nor has Watson so failed. The publication of *India's Guest* in India during the Prince's visit was as felicitous as are the lines:

You of the frank and the transparent brow,  
You of the countenance like an open book,  
Wherein, how curiously soe'er we look,  
Nought may we read but things seemly and pure:  
Kindliness, courtesy, honour and truth: the things  
That, more than purple, adorn the sons of Kings,  
And more than arms, empower a throne to endure.

These

Are the unponderous, the unmassive keys  
That ope great doors with a most golden ease!  
And the great doors of India's soul, that are  
Closed to mere Might as with a mystic bar,  
If Charm draw nigh seem left at least ajar.

Within, what is't we see?  
 Moods and emotions evermore apart  
 From all the way and wont o' the western heart!  
 And as we look on deeps we have never spanned,  
 There comes the thought—Perhaps 'twere well if we  
 Loved less to overawe than to understand.

Of a poem in which such knowledge of India, as well as not a little of India's mystery and glow of colouring, are evident, one asks, as one reads, "If in song so difficult a subject had to be celebrated, how could it more decorously, with greater dignity, be done than as done by Watson?" As I cannot answer the question, I pass it on to the highest living authority, whose first book, published by Pickering when I was little more than a lad, I hailed as treasure-trove, and thereafter missed nothing of his, whether published by Bell or (when it was obtainable) by Mr. Daniel, of Oxford, until my whole-hearted homage was his by the publication of *Shorter Poems*. I mean, of course, that distinguished poet and scholar whom all lovers of Poetry and of Letters hold in high honour, Dr. Robert Bridges, the Laureate. Yet though Watson can pen lines grave and dignified in thought, but glittering with pageantry of imagery and phrase, and so ceremoniously ordered, so attuned to the spirit of the occasion, as to seem to "mark time" to the music of a Royal progress or a State procession, he can also, in the simplest and commonest of all forms of verse (that of four rhymed lines) say what is sometimes in the hearts of us all:

"Not ours," say some, "the thought of death to dread;  
 Asking no heaven, we fear no fabled hell:  
 Life is a feast, and we have banqueted—  
 Shall not the worms as well?"

"The after-silence, when the feast is o'er,  
 And void the places where the minstrels stood,  
 Differs in nought from what hath been before,  
 And is nor ill nor good."

Ah, but the Apparition—the dumb sign—  
 The beckoning finger bidding me forgo  
 The fellowship, the converse, and the wine,  
 The songs, the festal glow!

And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,  
 And while the purple joy is passed about,  
 Whether 'tis ampler day divinelier lit  
 Or homeless night without;

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see  
 New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!  
 There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,  
 And there, O death, thy sting.

Now to write of a very different matter. I was recently asked: "Are not great poets for the most part deficient in humour? Between humour, and the power to write great poetry, the difference seems so wide, that one would hardly expect the two to be found together."

My reply was, "That depends upon the great poet." But I added that if one might use, of a poet's equipment, so unpoetic a simile as that of a "hand at cards," I should say that, generally speaking, though he might hold all three "Court" cards, the one high card which is likely to be missing from a poet's hand is the Ace of Humour. Even when Watson's humour—they may think it his ill-humour—moves him to take whip in hand to humbler folk than a Sultan, he is less likely, playfully to rally, than to chastise them with the scorpions of his scorn. Instead of quoting instances where he thus flays, instead of flicks, I give an example of the grimness of his humour when Watson elects to be sarcastic. He would range himself with Heine as a "soldier in the cause of freedom," the champion of the oppressed, the friend of little nations, and with a soft spot in his heart for the rights even of savage races, now under civilised rule, in territory which they once possessed. For this reason, he recalls that, in the far past, territories, now under English rule, were seized by force, not voluntarily ceded; and, in a retort to a line in *Recessional* ("Lest we forget! lest we forget!") he cannot resist a "fling" at Mr. Kipling:

Best by remembering God, say some,  
 We keep our high imperial lot.  
 Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come  
 When we forgot—when we forgot!

Leaving the subject of England's empire for that of the empery of the heart, I quote a lovely lyric:

O like a queen's her happy tread,  
 And like a queen's her golden head!  
 But O, at last, when all is said,  
 Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed  
 'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.  
 A wild thing of the woods she seemed,  
 So proud, and pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,  
 When from her lips her soul took wing;  
 The oaks forgot their pondering,  
 The pines their reverie.

And O, her happy queenly tread,  
 And O, her queenly golden head!  
 But O, her heart, when all is said,  
 Her woman's heart for me!

There are other love-lyrics no less beautiful ("Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls" and "Tell me not now"), but I must note only the lines in which the poet kneels in courtly obeisance before the daughter of Ireland who honoured him by becoming his wife, and at whose feet he lays his songs. From the same lines we learn that he has regained his faith in

The God who oftimes with bewildering gloom  
 Muffled His beams: who darkly hath sustained  
 And guided, when I knew not: and from whom  
 I had at birth His heavenly gift of song.

For a time Watson who, though faults and failings he may have, loves the truth and hates hypocrisy, thought himself an agnostic, and penned a poem which many reviewers regarded as by an agnostic. I believed, at the time, that they and Watson were mistaken, as did two reviewers who were also poets, and of genius. Each wrote anonymously, but I have reason to believe that one was Alice Meynell and the other Francis Thompson.

As I read *The Hope of the World*, and, so far as I remember what Mrs. Meynell and Francis Thompson wrote, one admits that, were faith dependent upon that god of some rationalists, logic, the poem—in which the poet turns the searchlight of logic upon the Mystery of Existence—made for agnosticism. It shows man as the

Child of a thousand chances 'neath the indifferent sky.

But the impossibility of seeking to define God in terms of logic, or upon logic to found or to assure faith is, in the poem, no less relentlessly demonstrated. Reading

it, one infers that not by logic, but only by that in us which is higher than logic, because more spiritual and more Godlike, can an answer to the Riddle of Life be hinted. Two voices, that of Faith (which in the poem Watson calls Hope) and that of Hopelessness, are heard throughout. To the former he replies:

Hope, I forgo the wealth thou fling'st abroad so free;

but I speak, I believe, for Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson, when I say that it is the voice of Hope which carries the greater conviction and silences the other.

And though within me here  
 Hope lingers unsubdued,  
 'Tis because airiest cheer  
 Suffices for her food!

As some adventurous flower,  
 On savage cragside grown,  
 Seems nourished hour by hour  
 From its wild self alone,

So lives inveterate Hope, on her own hardihood.

She tells me, whispering low:  
 "Wherefore and whence thou wast,  
 Thou shalt behold and know,  
 When the Great Bridge is crossed.  
 For not in mockery He  
 Thy gift of wondering gave,  
 Nor bade thine answer be

The blank stare of the grave.  
 Thou shalt behold and know; and find again thy lost."

With rapt eyes fixed afar,  
 She tells me: "Throughout Space,  
 Godward each peopled star  
 Runs with thy Earth a race.  
 Wouldst have the goal so nigh,  
 The course so smooth a field,  
 That Triumph should thereby  
 One half its glory yield?

And can Life's pyramid soar all apex and no base?"

Even while he thought himself an agnostic, Watson was not without faith. He "builded better than he knew" when, perhaps ironically, he entitled his poem, not "A World without Hope," but "*The Hope of the World*."

When in the Cathedral of Song wherein he now too often seats himself with the congregation, and too rarely

with the choir, there soars upward, whether in anthem or in carol, a fresh young voice which thrills with the authentic note, the incommunicable magic, of poetry, none rejoices more whole-heartedly than does Watson. Stephen Phillips was such a new voice when Watson wrote of him in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*: "The youngest of our poets takes the ancient story, and makes it newly beautiful, kindles it into tremulous life, clothes it with the mystery of interwoven delight and pain, and in the best sense keeps it classic all the while." It is well that we, too, who are not poets, should thus listen for and welcome a new voice, for poets have much to teach us. Some of them have prescience. When, ten years before the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Emerson wrote:

And striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form,

readers, there probably were, who thought that Emerson was either mad or was writing nonsense.

Watson was mistaken when, in a footnote to *The World in Armour*, he wrote: "These three sonnets were first published in 1904, ten years before the Great War." They were published in *The Spectator*, twenty years before the War, and included in *Odes and other Poems* (1894). But he was not mistaken—he had something of a poet's pre-vision—when, in *The World in Armour*, he wrote:

A moment's phantasy, the vision came  
Of Europe dipped in fiery death, and so  
Mounting re-born, with vestal limbs aglow,  
Splendid and fragrant from her bath of flame.  
It fled; and a phantom without name,  
Sightless, dismembered, terrible, said: "Lo,  
I am that ravished Europe men shall know  
After the morn of blood and night of shame."

In closing this appreciation I may remind the reader that it was to *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* Watson owed the first generous recognition, by a great Review, of his merits as a poet. Long ago as it is since the article which first brought him into prominence appeared, he had, even then, penned poems so perfectly chiselled, so lovely in

imagery, as to bring to mind his own words to *Autumn*,  
"O be less beautiful, or be less brief!" —

Love, like a bird, hath perched upon a spray  
For thee and me to harken what he sings.  
Contented, he forgets to fly away;  
But hush! . . . remind not Eros of his wings.

He must, long since, have wearied of hearing himself likened to Landor, and his quatrains to cameos, for, to cameos, they have again and again been likened. The design for a cameo is, necessarily, slight. The design of some of Watson's quatrains is on a great scale. Nor can a cameo convey a sense of space, whereas he can, in a so-called cameo, bring the august panorama of the Alps before us:

Adieu, white brows of Europe! sovereign brows,  
That wear the sunset for a golden tiar.  
With me in memory shall your phantoms house  
For ever, whiter than yourselves, and higher.

Limitations Sir William Watson has—who is without them?—for of poets it is true as of the rest of us that, as he himself sings and majestically:

We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering, also, and tears,  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the Spheres.

But within those limitations he is not only a true but a great poet, to whom in this Year of Grace which sees him fifty years a poet, those who love what is imperishable in song will surely wish to stand at honouring salute.

CLIPPING-TIME AMONG THE WEST-  
MORLAND FELLS

BY W. T. PALMER

IN the days when we were all young clipping-time was a festival of work and play, of drinking, carding, dancing, wrestling among the Westmorland fells. The harvest of fleeces was marked by good fellowship all round, and each flockmaster held open house for all his friends until the last sheep passed the shearers. Then he would say "Tomorn ye'll all be down at Middleton Ha', likely: ye mun ha'e a dance here belike, and a bit o' carding to-night, and I daresay some o' t' lads can russel a bit." And so the day was ended.

One remembers more than one long and happy day on the fells of Wordsworth's parish, talking with old people who had known "their poet-er," and who had seen him, time and again, wander up the steep land to Harthead farm when sheep were clamouring in the shearing pens. He would pause quietly, watch a little, though his vision was not strong, perchance pass a few words with a recognised friend here and there among the shearers, and then pass on, a man respected but a bit frosty and remote in his ideas, said the dalesfolk; still he was alert and in touch with the world about him. He wasn't like "Christopher North" (Professor John Wilson), an ardent wrestler, jumper and runner; nor yet like poor wee Hartley Coleridge, prone to revelry rather than to work.

My own clipping memories extend over many years, and over many a parish from far-off Caldbeck, at the back o' Skiddaw, where John Peel hunted "once on a day," through the fells by Thirlmere to a farm facing the Irish Sea and towered over by Black Combe; then away inland again by Coniston Hall and Rydal, Troutbeck and Kentmere, Forest Hall in Selside ("a fine shearing that used to be") down to Middleton Hall, on the river Lune, the

most distant mountain farm of my acquaintance. Perhaps a typical day might be chosen from all these, for in those years it was my delight to be "in" at everything, and in a shy way to know everybody.

When the mountains are clear of snow in late April the flocks, which have spent winter in the dales and away on the seaside marshes, are driven back to the high grazings, and from these leagues they must be mustered for the clipping. "How many sheep do you reckon to the acre?" asked a lawyer of a dales shepherd. "It's more like how many acres you reckon to a sheep with us," he replied. A flock of two thousand fleeces would need several square miles of rough mountain range: they are scattered everywhere, in the coves, behind the rocks, on the flows and bogs, on the tongues of soft green between the heather or bracken. From this area the shepherd and his dogs have to gather all, without one being missed. "I hate to see a tawsled, wool-torn sheep that has lost its proper clipping: they're the very devil to clip after the wool begins to grow again, and sometimes one has to pull out the old stuff by the handful. It's that loose and messy that the shears can make no sense of it at all."

Let me try to describe the incidents of one day's work at the clipping. A wet spell had prevented the shepherd from bringing down his flock, so that, on the morning appointed for the festival, we had to start soon after midnight for the hill. "Let wee Jimmy gather what he can near the house," he said; "they'll keep 'em shearing for a while; I'll have the others in by about eight, and they should be dry enough to start on at noon." Moisture in the fleece makes a great difference both in the clipping and in the smoothness of the result. A dry fleece is half a bundle of wool already, says the flockmaster.

I'll never forget that march through the purple darkness to the upper fell. We were in the last cove when daylight came, and the dogs which had followed quietly at heel were whistled off. "Gathering is half the fun of shearing-time," said the shepherd, but I declared that I could not see the joke. "You have the fun of knowing that after you've brought down the sheep somebody else is going to

do the clipping." After a march of two hours in the dusk I thought the jest a bit feeble. Light comes early in July, and the collies found little trouble in mustering most of the sheep; here and there, however, a rogue will stay back or an indifferent, lazy beggar be missed. "Hi, Jack, git away by theyr; farder oot; farder oot." The dog which has missed its sheep is quickly on the alert, and in a few seconds one sees a grey blot bounding and running across the scree as though conscious it deserved chasing and punishment. The dog had ceased to trouble after the sheep had been bolted. Sheep can be rogues and lazy, but they never pretend to be innocent when they are found out. That's something in their favour.

To gather all the sheep off a wall of mountain two miles long and two thousand feet sheer from the dale is no small matter. The dogs search thoroughly, and from far beneath the shepherd guides them to any loiterers. A sheep startled by the dogs working below will run uphill, and be over the boundary of the ridge in a couple of minutes if left to its own devices. The collie has a wonderful faculty of knowing his master's sheep, and if sent after such an one a good animal will trace it through a whole flock of hurrying or feeding strangers, and bolt it back to its own pastures. I've seen that done many a time. But beside that great wall, now grey-green in the dawn, which we can see, there are coves behind the ridges and among the rocks where a few sheep are likely to be resting or feeding invisible from below. The collies can work just as well without their master's aid: he leaves them to their driving, and wonderfully crafty they are. Now and again one has known a dog stop and summon its master up the steep to raise some ewe which has rolled over in a hollow and is unable to rise, or which has become cragfast in some impossible place among the rocks. These "cast" or "kessened" sheep are a temptation to unruly dogs: every now and again one of them tastes mutton with the wool and blood, and afterwards it is a less reliable servant. "I never give my dog much chance of that," says old Jacob, for he is off like a lamplighter on the first whimper of trouble from the dogs. "If you don't neglect their warn-

ing they will never savage a cast sheep, and so there's an end of trouble before the beginning, sista?"

Is there a finer sight than the fells on a summer morning, with the dawnlight on the ridges, the evening tide of blue in the coves, and the mist crumpled like damask on the hills above? Then the sun rises, the clouds are touched with red and gold, then the damask is waved away by an unseen hand, and the hills are clear, the larks are carolling, there is a whistle from the curlew, a croaking from the ravens of the rocks, a gruff baa from some old sheep who dislikes the hint to pass on while she snatches another mouthful of grass from the bog. Down in the dale the thrushes are singing, and the ringousel gives a cathedral chime of music. The air is just a drink of living gold.

The sun is peeping over the ridges before the head of the dale is cleared of sheep, and the dogs turn to their work of mustering the flocks on the route home. "They work faster now," said the shepherd, "and the sheep are easier to move." He did not say that at night sheep are sleepy, for somehow or other one seems to hear them munching and tramping every hour of the night. On the rough track in front of us a flock of several hundred fleeces is moving downward, and fresh hosts seem to come up every minute. "They hear the others travelling together, and know what the dogs are about," said the shepherd. "It makes work easier all round."

By five o'clock the entire mountain has been cleared of sheep, and the shepherd stations himself to take stock, to "ken-mine," as he explains, for occasionally wanderers cross the unfenced mountains and attach themselves temporarily to strange flocks. "Now, I can leuk ovver 'em," declared the shepherd, and he fastened the gate so that only a single file of sheep could pass. One dog was enough to keep the flock moving; with the other at his side, the shepherd waited and counted and scanned. "Tak' time," he called. Usually a strange sheep is detected without difficulty—there is a difference of face, of general appearance. And as Jacob worked he talked. "That's Carhullan," he said. "They've clipped, so it might just as well go down with ours. And that's Chapel Hill; they



will be gathering theirs tomorn." And at a whistle and a word the collie singles out the stranger and harries it in the direction of the march or boundary. The shepherd does not look upon his gift of recognising strange sheep as anything mysterious; he has been brought up with a flock, and from childhood has practised the task.

"The lambs will have to be brought off," said Jacob; "that's easy enough. Main of them were marked before they left the farm for the fell, and tham as isn't—well, their dams will show right enough who they belong to." Maternal instinct is used to identify any odd lambs which may be wandering about; if none of the ewes admit possession, the creature must be brought back to the fell and sent over the unfenced boundary. Usually the keen ears of the shepherd can pick out the lament of a mother ewe a mile or more away. "There's never any trouble about lambs," said Jacob; "a sheep doesn't lose hers as easy as all that."

When the identification parade in single file had been completed (and the long string took half an hour to pass), the collies were turned to the task of driving the flock down the long track to the farm, while we travelled slowly in the rear. "There's no more work for me to-day," rejoiced Jacob; "the others are doing the clipping; I've nothing to do but see that the sheep are all there when they're wanted, and to see that they're all fresh marked. Mixing the tar for marking is about the heaviest job I do to-day."

The work as outlined by the shepherd is by no means nominal; every sheep has to be watched, and the flock-master will need a report on any poor carcasses. Even in high summer the high fells are no place for a weakly creature, which is bullied off the best pasturage, and therefore becomes worse and worse with each week. The mixing of tar and the oversight of marking is no trifling job—the black or red must be clinging enough, and "a true mark" must go right down to the skin through the thin wool, or it may be washed out of recognition in a month of storm.

Now the farm has been reached. There is a great noise—dogs are barking, men calling, and the general work of

the farm is being hastened out of the way for "clipping-day," which will engage all hands. It is just turned eight, but the work has been going on for hours, and the flock-master is up and about, eager to examine the flock brought down from the fell. "What such fettle, Jacob?" he says to his old worker. "Thou mun gang and see for thyself, for thou'll never believe me," was the formal reply. They understood each other pretty well, master and man. "There's a bit of dew in their wool. They'll be the better for an hour or two on the hillside." Wherefore the flock is driven into a pasture to await the shearers when the sun has dried the wool.

Clipping moist wool is an abomination—the soft stuff balls up under the shear-blades and will not cut cleanly. "Tarry woo," due to bad smit-work, is also pretty bad. In the wool-sheds they used to sing:

Tarry woo' is ill to spin,  
Grease thy wheel and then begin,

but the trouble began long ago at the clipping creel outside the mountain farm. Tar should rise with the growth of the wool and allow the shears to clip beneath it with a little trouble. These tar-marks are the signs of ownership, and the code is well known to every shepherd and flock-master. A certain estate has a letter, pop, or stripe pressed on a certain portion of the fleece, and this has been secured to the estate for generations. No one thinks of altering the old marks which belong to the stock—it would be rank treason to the neighbourhood.

If one's interest in wool and clipping lapses somewhat after the returns from the fells, remember that it is a hungry job being out soon after midnight and working in the fresh air with a mere crust for a hunger-stopper. The chief interest becomes the kitchen table, where a meal begins with porridge and usually goes on to other farm diet in turn. "I reckon nowt on eggs for an indoor meal," remarks Jacob. "They're all right for the fell, for then one can drink for nowt as often as one pleases. Indoor or down at the market they cost an awful lot in tea or beer to wash 'em down."

Outside, the clear sunshine is bathing the sycamores which act as windbreak outside the old farm. "Clippers isn't coming till ten to-day; they have a few jobs of their own to do," says the flockmaster; "so, Jacob, thee and me'll have a leuk over the sheep as thou's browt doon. We'll be out of sight, anyway." On a great sheep-farm the shepherd is not expected to take a hand with the shears for his own flock. He has plenty of other work to do—not so laborious, but much more harassing. "A hundred jobs," calmly says Jacob, "but not one of 'em owt like clippin'; thee see me at Forest Hall tomorn; that's a job for sweat." Where the flockowner is not an active person the shepherd has a good deal more to look after, for then he will superintend the wrapping up of fleeces, the counting and storing in the wool-loft as well as the more outside matters of healthy sheep, good tar, and correct and deep smits. On a small farm, however, the shepherd has to take his place with the shears and take off fleece after fleece with a few neighbours as helpers, and the smitting and wrapping as jobs for odd moments.

In the rock-studded pasture behind the old farmhouse Jacob and the flockmaster are strolling quietly round the groups of nibbling sheep—now and again a finger is pointed, out of a waistcoat armpit, at some particular fleece, but the men move slowly on. So slow are they that Jacob's two dogs, which had been standing on the alert outside the mob, subside to rest, and finally go to sleep, with their heads turned toward the master, awaiting orders.

"They seem reet eneuf," admits the flockmaster, "let's see how they clip, and then." It does not do for a fell-head employer of skilled labour to be too enthusiastic. Now comes a whiff of melting tar from the great boiler outside the farm; a reek of peat and wood from the kitchen where all men are banned. The hospitality of clipping-day is the last vestige of our forefathers' open-handedness. When some of us were young there were farms in the remote bridle passes at which open house for travellers was kept practically the year round. No one of dales blood thought of going past such a place without calling, and that meant a meal. To offer payment was an insult.

"Say that again, and I'll set t'dogs on thee," would be the first reply to the offer of a few coins. Nor were these old-timers much impressed by their callers. In departing one visitor said, "My friend, there is Lord —; you don't often have a lord in your kitchen." "Nay, hooiver; thoo doesn't say so. We had a Lord Jim there yesterday, in that varra chair; he's a bit daft, but he kens where there's plenty of good eating."

Clipping-time gives mighty work in the kitchen, for voluntary workers are inclined to press all the harder with their job when the hospitality is lavish—trust a hard-headed flockmistress to know that. "There's plenty of tea for them as wants it," she says to the lasses, "and see that ye offer it first—it comes cheaper than beer, and spirits is varra expansive. You only offer them to the relations and neighbours as is better off, and don't drink much. I don't like men to make swine o' theirsels here, and spirits is varra strang and a bit maddlin'; you can't drink them and keep the shears straight."

Nowadays clippers come in by motor car, but when I was a dales youngster they came mostly on foot, with one or two friends from distant farms in a trap. Afterwards there might be a cyclist or two, pedalling along with shears in a bass-bag, their snouts fastened down with a few turns of tape or rag to prevent the blades slipping apart and cutting their way through the bass, as they often did when one got absent-minded on the road home. In those days, too, the newcomers were welcomed with a glass of nut-brown ale, and it was expected that the driving parties had sampled the brew at any public they had passed. The motor car makes for sobriety in working hours, for the party is whisked past the publics and is up at the dale-head before it has time to "get dry" after the drink of tea at home. Why, man, many's the spot where there isn't a drop of malt liquor until after dinner on clipping-day. Our old folks would have considered that a very poor sort of welcome, but the work—and the pleasant hours—go on just the same.

Well, to get back to our clipping-day. The creels are brought out, the sacks for easy sitting placed at the head,

and without much ceremony the work begins. "First come, first served; let's get down to it," is the call. At daybreak the lads at home drove a few sheep from the near hillside into a shed, and there their fleeces have dried quickly. The little flock is passed out into a field, and then one or two dragged out to the shearing benches. There's a trick in catching and throwing an active Herdwick which strangers only conquer after long humiliation, yet it seems to come to the children of the fells. I have seen a lad of fourteen tackle a strong ewe and turn it over for the shearers, but usually the task is reserved for elder and more experienced men. There's a danger of damaging internally the sheep in the struggle if it is not caught at the right place and in the right way.

A good deal of skill goes into clipping the wool from mountain sheep. The shears have to be kept sharp enough to cut the fleece closely, and there is a trick of working so that the skin is not grazed. A sudden kick by a twinter (two-year-old) may bring a slash, and—"Doctor here," with a strong dab of tar to prevent bleeding. The adept shearer turns the sheep off its coat as gently and amiably as a man might assist another to rid himself of a fur garment. The fleece at the end should be in one undisturbed sheet, ready to fold together, roll into a bale, and tie with a rope twisted from the short wool at the neck of the sheep. It's easy to watch, but a hard trick to compass, and some of the men who are most successful are certainly not impressive to look upon. There was old Uncle Jon'than whose fustian breeches were scrubbed fair for every shearing day, a rheumy-looking old fellow but a marvel at handling sheep. He never had a struggle with one of them, and always fleeced it with a real goodwill. "One knows Jon'than's fleeces as they come up to the loft," said one master. "His are the ones I pick for the wool-stapler when he comes round to buy. Never was such good bales."

One has to learn the art of clipping when young, and go on improving until one is old. At some farms the lads are always given the job of shearing the fleece from any dead sheep. They can do but little damage to the wool then,

but when the carcase has been overlooked for a week or so the task is pretty revolting. Still it all comes in the life's work. As one flockmaster said, profits are so fine in these days that one cannot afford to buy a good skin or a bit of wool that's been dead. But, anyway, he didn't have the task of clipping or pulling the fleece.

The clipping benches are soon filled up, and work becomes noisy, the snicking of shears, the voice of somebody slowly intoning an interminable yarn, the muffled bleat of complaint, half throaty, of a ewe on the knees of a shearer, the occasional bark of a dog in the distance, and all the sounds of a farmyard, are heard. And one looks up from this turmoil to the quiet old fells, and wonders whether it is possible that two such scenes could come together in one day of work. I remember the fells, with the stars still hanging over them as golden lamps; and then the cheerful rough-and-ready work of clippin'-day!

The first "drinking" of the morning is carried out to the clippers; there is scarcely more than a halt to drain the pint pots of tea. "That's sowan good for a dusty throat," says Jonty of the Heads. "Aye, but thou knas summat as is better," protests another. "Nay, nay; I've been teetotal quite a while." "Sin when?" "Last neet, of course; for they give no ale here afore noon." One hears a few new yarns and a great many old ones as the work of clipping goes on. "Dar bon, lad; how can one keep an eye on a sheep and on a tale at the same time?" commented one in reply to such an objection. "I like to see how my talk is going down." "Aye, it's rayther bad to git doon is that talk of thine, Ike."

"Nay, Johnty, nut another afore dinner; thou's doun pretty weel," says the flockmaster, who has just had a message from the kitchen. "Then I'll fettle my old shears while the others is gittin deun." And he turns to work with the sharpening hone.

Then one finds that some keen lads have been making scratches on their benches to keep count of the work done. "Nay, noo," says Jacob, who has been looking at the marks and is keen to stop the discussion (which often becomes a bit warm at dinner-time) about the share each

has taken in the day's work. "Them marks is all varra weel—hand's that soap, Jimmy, I'll have a wesh mysel"—them marks is all varra weel, and it's a good job for our master. What, there's ten score and five marked up for these creels, and we've nobbut sent ten score past the shearers. So we've fund five sheep somewheer." So with homely humour, with the snicking of shears, the calls of the markers, the scent of tar, the scrimmage of sheep and dogs, the clipping-time comes to an end. There is a great scene in the outer pasture where the ewes are returned to their lambs. Ma is wondering what her angel child has been doing alone all day, and the angel child is worried about this gaunt, leggy personage who is addressing tender sounds in the back of her throat. "Well, it doesn't really look like mother, but it smells like her," and as she comes back to the hungry lamb, "well, there is something tasty about her as well." But it takes a day on the hills before mother and lamb are quite reconciled to the new conditions. The lambs which are not going off to market run with their ewe mothers until late autumn, and it is at that time there is the wild scene and clamour of separation, the saddest incident, maybe, in the life of the shepherd.

## WHY BRITISH SHIPPING PAYS

By ARCHIBALD HURD

SHIPPING under the ordinary conditions of private management pays its way and yields to investors reasonable dividends, while State-owned shipping invariably becomes a burden on the taxpayers of the country which embarks on such an adventure.

The extent of the incubus which is cast upon national funds by State-owned fleets is hardly appreciated outside the countries which suffer; the Americans, for instance, have spent £600,000,000 on the ships which they built during and immediately after the war, and the Australians and Canadians have lost immense sums on their State-owned ships. The same tale comes from every country which has entered upon such experiments. In the case of Russia the experience has been most disastrous, and there is now little shipping under the Soviet flag, though rather more than there was a year or so ago. Whereas the fortunes of State-owned fleets are always depressed owing to the influence of bureaucracy, shipping conducted in accordance with ordinary business principles has at least periods of prosperity. Lord Kylsant recently remarked:—

Since the end of the War the current of national life and of British trade and commerce has not yet had a chance to become normal. I am personally (he added) a believer in the principle of trade cycles, which throughout my business life have usually been of seven to ten years' duration; it is now just over seven years since the slump began, and I incline to the view that the upward movement, although as yet not very pronounced, has already begun, and I hope the heavy burden of taxation which trade and industry is still carrying may before long be lightened. If only labour troubles can be avoided, we should see a steady and increasing improvement in trade, and, within a reasonable time, and perhaps sooner than many people anticipate, we may witness such betterment that all those at present unemployed who are employable and who also desire work may be absorbed back into industry. Any improvement in British trade and industry is bound to react favourably upon British shipping.

British shipping has been passing through a period of severe depression, as has been stated, but, nevertheless, it has made ends meet, taking the industry as a whole,

and has given shareholders a return on their money, which varies in the case of efficiently managed companies from 4 per cent. to 12 per cent. These results are not obtained exclusively, or even mainly, by operating ships under the present unfavourable conditions. British shipowners have always arranged their finances on conservative principles. They never forget that shipping suffers from violent fluctuations, and in times of prosperity they make it a practice to set aside large sums on account of depreciation and insurance, besides building up reserves. Profits are not, consequently, the result of any one year's trading. Sir Kenneth Anderson explained the principle which the leading companies adopt in a speech to the shareholders of the Orient Steam Navigation Company last month. He and his colleagues in prosperous years put by "nest-eggs," to enable them to keep their fleet thoroughly efficient, and also to support the company in times of depression. He pointed to the disproportion which exists between the real capital in the company, strengthened by reserves and the increased value of the ships, and the issued capital. He showed how this system of financial caution and business enterprise works by recalling that "over the last twenty-five years the dividends have, on the average, represented less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum on the money invested in the ships." The industry generally, as a result of the adoption of this principle, has been placed on a stable basis, and investors, numbered by hundreds of thousands,<sup>1</sup> have the assurance that, though the ships may frequently be run at little or no profit, the companies have resources at their command, the product of past thrift, out of which dividends can be paid.

It may possibly be suggested that the reason why British shipping has managed to pay its way is due, in some measure, to the payment of subsidies by the Government. It is often stated that the industry is specially

(1) Socialists, when they talk of nationalising shipping, forget that British ships are owned by many shareholders, who know by experience that they would be the losers if such an experiment as Socialists advocate were made with shipping.

favoured, and that, through secret channels, it receives large sums from the State. The suggestion has absolutely no foundation. The Government, apart from the "cheap money" which it provided for the Cunard Company in the early years of the century, when the *Lusitania* and *Mauritania* were built in order to recapture the "blue ribbon" of the Atlantic, has made no payments except on a strictly economic basis, and for services rendered in carrying mails. The total charge which, in these circumstances, the shipping industry casts on the British Exchequer is a bagatelle, and the money is well earned. Indeed, some shipowners claim that the terms of the contracts made by the British Post Office are so onerous in the matter of speed and frequency of sailings that the carriage of mails does not pay, apart from the prestige which is gained. British shipowners generally do not desire subsidies, because "whoever pays the piper calls the tune," and they have learnt that Government interference with their freedom is harmful. Governments do not understand business, and invariably check enterprise. That has been the experience in every instance when the State has interfered with any industry in the United Kingdom, whether it has been the making of dyes, the growing of crops, as, for instance, during the Great War, or the settlement of ex-soldiers on the land. The result has always been losses. British shipowners generally ask of the Government no financial favours of any sort. They do not even desire to shut out foreign vessels from British ports or to have any handicap placed upon them. All they seek is equality of treatment and leave to conduct their affairs in conditions of freedom.

The record of history is that a blight rests on any industry with which the State interferes. This is not because Civil Servants are particularly foolish, but because the principles on which they work are radically wrong. The case against State interference with industry was illustrated by Sir Lawrence Weaver in a lecture some time ago.

Treasury control and the State's accounting methods can be considered together. I will say at once that I am wholly in favour of a rigid control

by the Treasury. There are, of course, cases within my own experience, as within the experience of everyone in this room, where it appears to the administrative officer most concerned that the embargo on a specific piece of expenditure is perhaps not wholly reasonable as compared with the sanction given to some other item; but, broadly speaking, it seems necessary that a central financial Department shall review the proposals of every spending Department both generally and specifically. The Ministers and officers at the head of spending Departments are not handling their own money, but the taxpayer's, and it is not in human nature that they shall exercise so vivid a criticism in respect of projects, which they believe to be important for the public welfare, as if they were spending their own capital. I do not think that any of us can quite get out of our minds the delusion that the State has a purse so distinct from our own that raids upon it do not gravely concern us.

At the same time, Treasury control of the details of expenditure on any commercial enterprise must necessarily minimise the chances of success. The obtaining of sanctions is necessarily a slow process under the ordinary Treasury system. In commercial affairs it generally happens that decisions with regard to expenditure have to be made rapidly if the money expended is to be really fruitful. We all know the process of applications to the Treasury and the large number of hands through which the papers must necessarily pass; any avoidable delay, if it is avoidable, occurs just as much in the Department making the application as in the Treasury which receives and considers it; while the present system continues this seems to me quite unavoidable. In particular cases it may be there is slackness in some individual or an undue deposit in his tray, which holds up some urgent matter, as a result of which opportunity and therefore money is lost. It is, however, unreasonable to complain of the anxiety at the Treasury to examine every application received, in particular for money required for a trading enterprise. They have to be satisfied that money has been duly provided in the Department's vote, but even then they have no certainty that the amount of expenditure proposed will cover requirements.

Sir Lawrence Weaver added these further remarks on other aspects of the matter:—

I come now to the question of management, and with it the State's method of recruiting the administrative branches of the service. During the War, when the trading commitments of the State were vast and various, the administrative ranks of the Civil Service were reinforced by a large number of commercial men, some of whom managed the State's enterprises in their own line of business, and others were general utility men exercising their skill and experience in whatever branch of trading they happened to find themselves. In cases where, as in the Wheat Commission, these experts were left to conduct the business by their accustomed methods, being financed practically *carte blanche* by the Treasury, the results, as I understand, were eminently satisfactory. In other cases, which I need not name, but some will be familiar to all of you, where commercial men were put in double harness with civil servants and expected to adopt the administrative routine with which their colleagues were familiar, their success was less conspicuous. They found the whole business irksome, and the particular qualities which had made them successful in the field of ordinary

commerce, namely, the power of making rapid decisions without reference to anybody, their personal influence on other traders, and the reliance placed on the exercise of their unrestricted judgment, ceased to be operative causes of success. I did not myself find the methods of correspondence, of filing or other elements of Government routine at all difficult or irksome, and I think on the whole our methods of handling business are far more efficient than many of the much-vaunted business systems, but I have observed that these methods wholly paralyse many men of high commercial ability and proved success, and render them wholly inefficient in conducting commercial affairs in a Government Department.

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Another misconception as to the prosperity of British shipping has to do with the old Navigation Laws, which were finally swept away in 1858. It is often suggested that if it had not been for this legislation British shipping would never have attained the position which it now occupies, when about four out of every ten vessels at sea, and an even larger proportion of large and speedy passenger liners, fly the British flag. It is arguable that for many years the Navigation Laws, which were passed as a war measure against the Dutch, worked to the advantage of the industry, but the protection they afforded eventually proved a serious handicap. Everyone concerned with the industry—shipowners, shipbuilders, harbour authorities, and even the crews of vessels—being effectively defended against foreign competition, became slack and inefficient. This is not a matter of controversy. The whole deplorable story can be read in the archives of the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade in London, and is set forth in the Parliamentary debates of the early years of the last century. In consequence of the influence of the Navigation Laws the industry was steadily declining a century ago. The number of ships lost at sea was so large that at last a Government enquiry was ordered. The Committee, which was appointed in 1836, reported:—

The frequent incompetency of masters and officers appears to be admitted on all hands, this incompetency sometimes arising from want of skill and knowledge in seamanship, but more frequently from want of an adequate knowledge of navigation, it being proved that some masters of merchant vessels have been appointed to command after a very short time at sea, that others have hardly known how to trace a ship's course on a chart, or how to ascertain the latitude by a meridian altitude of the sun; that many are unacquainted with the use of a chronometer, and that very few

indeed are competent to ascertain the longitude by lunar observations; while some appointed to command merchant vessels are of such extreme youth (one instance is given of a boy of fourteen, all of whose apprentices were older than himself) and others so wholly destitute of maritime experience (another instance being given of a porter from a shipowner's warehouse who was made a captain of one of his ships), that vessels have been met at sea which were out of their reckoning by several hundred miles; and others have been wrecked on coasts from which they believed themselves to have been hundreds of miles distant at the time.

The state of affairs became so bad that at last one of the chief officials of the Foreign Office sent out a circular to all British consular agents abroad asking them their opinion as to the condition of British shipping. Their replies left no doubt that the industry was in a bad way. This official began his crusade, as he admitted, in order to show "the necessity of authoritative steps on the part of His Majesty's Government to remedy what appears to be an evil detrimental to and seriously affecting the character of our commercial marine, and therefore advantageous to foreign rivals, whose merchant ships are said to be exceedingly well manned and navigated." He was overwhelmed by the criticisms of British shipping which reached him from all parts of the world. The reports furnished evidence from all quarters which more than bore out the suspicions which the Government were beginning to entertain.

The more thoroughly the matter was probed the more conclusive became the evidence that British shipping was declining and deserved to decline. The ships were often inferior in design, were not well found, and were not efficiently navigated. But the trouble was even more deep-seated than the consular reports indicated, as Mr. Thomas Grey, who was in charge of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade for many years, revealed. The whole service was rotten to the core. The enervating influence of the Navigation Laws had affected everyone connected with the industry. Ships often went to sea without charts; the lighthouses were frequently the property of private individuals and were indifferently managed; dues paid by shipping were devoted to all sorts of improper uses; there were no harbours of refuge, though a passing toll had to

be paid by all ships off Whitby, Bridlington, Dover or Ramsgate. Moreover, the Tyne, Clyde and Tees were navigable only by small vessels, even at high water.

The case against the Navigation Laws, in their reaction on shipbuilding and shipping, as well as port facilities, was so overwhelming that there was no alternative but to sweep them away, and it was eventually decided to throw open even coastal shipping to the merchant fleets of the world, while leaving overseas parts of the British Empire absolute freedom in the carriage of their goods. When these radical reforms were carried out a great many people thought that British shipping would be ruined, and they said so very forcibly. Many shipowners were opposed to the change of policy, and prophesied that the British ensign would practically disappear off the seas. There was no foundation for such fears.

Open competition with the shipping of the world proved, in fact, a tonic. All who were concerned with the industry suddenly awoke to the fact that bankruptcy faced them unless they bestirred themselves. The reform policy was initiated just at the time when the steamship was beginning to supersede the sailing ship, and the British shipbuilding industry was being reconstituted, with many advantages in its favour, and in particular ample and cheap supplies of coal for the making of iron. The new shipping policy proved a success. In 1823, when Parliament had entered very timidly upon the task of revising the Navigation Laws, there were less than 2,500,000 tons of British shipping afloat, but by the time when the Plimsoll mark was introduced in 1873, as a protection against overloading, the tonnage had risen to 5,756,000 tons, in spite of the fact that the new ships propelled by steam made four voyages where the old sailing ships had been able to make only one.

The late Lord Farrer, who was for many years Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, recorded, in a confidential memorandum which he prepared in 1875, that "the employment of British shipping has increased in a still faster ratio than the shipping itself," and that "this increase has been not only positively greater since the repeal of the Navigation Laws than it was before, but that



British shipping has gained on the shipping of other nations, both in the enormous trade of our own country, of which it carries a larger proportion than it did formerly, but in the trade of foreign countries also, so that it now carries a far larger and more valuable proportion of the trade of the whole world than it ever did." He claimed, furthermore, that the officers and men, having been confronted with conditions of keen competition, were more skilled and more sober, and that "the estimation in which British shipping is held by foreign shippers has greatly improved during the last thirty years." Once the Navigation Laws had been removed from the Statute-book British shipping never looked back, but went on its way with ever-increasing success, confronting and overcoming the fierce competition of the fleets under foreign flags.

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Other causes have been at work to promote the success of British shipping. Anyone who makes the most cursory study of the rise and progress of the great shipping firms in the United Kingdom must be impressed by the fact that they were all founded by "small men" who had a practical knowledge of how to operate ships successfully and economically. Even to-day, when many amalgamations have taken place, resulting in the formation of great combinations, the industry is conducted, in main, by men who learnt their lessons at sea in the school of hard work and adversity, or at least were born without "silver spoons in their mouths." Lord Inchcape was a clerk in a shipping office at Arbroath; Sir Walter Runciman sailed the seas, in poverty, before he owned a single ship; Sir Frederick Lewis, who is now chairman of about twenty associated shipping companies, began his life at the bottom of the ladder in the great shipping office over which he now presides; Sir William Reardon-Smith served before the mast before he became a shipowner; Sir John Latta and his brothers came out of a cotter's home to establish their fortunes in London, Mr. Joseph Chadwick, one of the "grand old men" of Liverpool shipping, who has just celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday, had in his younger days practical experience of service on board sailing ships. These are only a few examples

and could be multiplied almost indefinitely if it were sought to prove beyond cavil that British shipping owes almost everything to the genius of individual men, for the most part of humble beginnings, and nothing to "mob psychology," social influence, or the dry nursing of Government. The industry is an expression of individualism in an island State, which must use the seas if it is to maintain its vital commercial communications.

The men who control British ships not only know how to run their offices efficiently, but they know how to keep their officers and men in good heart. In hardly any other industry in this country have the relations between employers and employed been so smooth and satisfactory as they have been in the shipping industry, both before and since the Great War. When the General Strike occurred in May last the self-constituted "Soviet"—the General Council of the Trade Union Congress—thought to hold up all shipping services, but the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union, to which most of the men afloat belong, would have nothing to do with this "wrongful act," though the leaders knew that their members were still smarting under the reduction of wages which had been necessary in view of the trade depression. As it is, officers and men in British ships are better paid, besides being far better housed and better fed, than those who navigate the vessels under other European flags. To what extent the seamen of the United States are better off than British seamen, bearing in mind the difference in the cost of living—for no mean proportion of seamen have homes to support ashore—is a matter of some doubt, but in any case the disparity is inconsiderable.

British seamen owe their steady employment in large measure to the statesmanship of Mr. Havelock Wilson. Speaking recently of his fifty years' experience as leader and organiser of seamen in Great Britain, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France and the United States, Mr. Wilson said:—

No man knows better than I do the amount of energy required to form a union, and no one has had more experience of the ease with which the work that has been accomplished can be wrecked. It is for that reason that I am cautious in my movements. The National Union of Seamen



was founded in 1887, but my first efforts to arrange a meeting of seamen entailed great hardship and much work. After buttonholing every seaman I met for a period of three weeks, I fully expected a large audience, but to my surprise the meeting was attended by one man only—Mr. Frank Foley, who is still a member of this union, and one of the trustees. The National Union of Seamen was launched in 1887, and by August, 1889, there were 80,000 members and seventy branches.

Then the trouble started. Seafaring men who had hitherto lived in a condition of slavery suddenly found they were as good as their masters. They took advantage of their power, and became so aggressive that they brought into being one of the greatest combinations of employers that has ever been known—the Shipping Federation. This led to much conflict. By the end of 1893 the Seamen's organisation was practically broken, and up to 1911 it had to fight hard for existence. The set-back had its good effect, for it taught me and my colleagues that, whilst it was a good thing to have a trade union, we must not try to progress too rapidly. From 1911 the Seamen's Union met with success, and the leaders resolved on a policy of progressive caution, seeking to settle differences round the table rather than by conflict. The National Union of Seamen has become strong as a result of this policy.

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Again, British shipping has to be efficient, because it must reflect a much higher standard of living than is to be found anywhere else on the European Continent, finding expression in the seaman's accommodation, his food, and his comforts, and yet must compete successfully with the shipping of other nations or go under. It is in no way protected, since foreign vessels receive equality of treatment in all British ports. This principle applies even to the manning of ships. Certain essential conditions are enforced so as to ensure that orders given in English can be understood and carried out promptly, but there is no law which prevents British shipowners employing officers or men of any nationality, and it is well that this freedom in a service which is really international should be preserved.

When an attempt is made to explain why British shipping pays, geographical conditions cannot be ignored. The fact that the British people live in an island means that they must regard the sea as their highway for pleasure and commerce. Their island state has reacted on their character as well as on their commerce, and even on their recreations. No one out of the 45,000,000 inhabitants is more than 80 miles from the sea-coast. Most of the food

and raw materials, as well as luxuries, of all these people must reach them in ships, and the same ships carry away the manufactured goods and coal with which they pay the bill for their imports. It has been suggested that the herring fishery, still a prosperous one, was the foundation of the British mercantile marine, and there is a good deal to be said for the theory. The Great War proved the extent to which British fisheries, still employing a large number of men, constitute a training school for seamen. When the submarine campaign was entered upon by the Germans the fishing population of the British Isles, as well as yachtsmen of all sorts and descriptions, volunteered for the national service, manning nearly 4,000 auxiliary craft. When the Navigation Laws were repealed British shipping offered employment at sea to less than 160,000 men; now, in spite of the economy of man-power traceable to the introduction of the labour-saving steamship, and more recently the motor ship, with varied mechanical appliances, the industry maintains directly a quarter of a million men, and indirectly probably four times as many.

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A variety of circumstances have consequently contributed to the success of British shipping and enabled it to earn large profits in normal times. But of these none has been as important as the character of the population upon which it draws for its officers and men and the tonic effect of freedom from every kind of protection. Shipowners, as well as their staffs ashore and their crews afloat, recognise that they have not only to fight the incalculable forces of nature, but meet in friendly rivalry the merchant fleets of other countries. They have been forced by circumstances to practise economy and to pursue efficiency with the ardour of the chase. They carry their independence to the utmost practical limit. They ask to be left to manage their own affairs in their own way. Of all British industries, shipping, apart from the Government regulations applying to the safety of life and property at sea, is conducted in an atmosphere of greatest freedom. It has built up Lloyd's—the greatest marine insurance institution in the world, and it supports, in association with

underwriters and shipbuilders, its own organisation, Lloyd's Register of Shipping, to insure that every vessel is not only well found when launched, but is afterwards efficiently maintained. The regulations with reference to design and construction which are laid down by Lloyd's Register go beyond even the requirements enforced by Parliament through the Board of Trade. British ship-owners realise that ships, like human beings, get old and inefficient, and make methodical provision for their replacement. Thus it happens that, in spite of the long-drawn-out depression which the industry is passing through, half the ships under the British flag are less than ten years old. There is a continual procession of vessels to the ship-breakers' yards, and new ships, though their cost is still very high, are always leaving the slips to replace the old.

Ships, after all, are to the British people, being islanders, what railways are to most other peoples. Great Britain is the political, economic and social pivot on which the Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies in all parts of the world, representing nearly one-quarter of the earth's surface, depend. The British Empire is incurably maritime, and when all has been said in explanation of the fact that British shipping, with all its ups and downs of fortune, does pay, the character of the Empire, reacting on its peoples, is perhaps the governing factor in maintaining the supremacy of the British mercantile flag. Lastly, let it be added that shipowners realise, as Sir Kenneth Anderson recently stated, that there is no such thing as standing still in shipping; you must either go forward or go back. "Rightly or wrongly, the public demand is constantly for higher speeds, more luxury, larger ships, all involving more capital, and the end is not yet; and it is the business of British shipowners to supply this demand."

## EBB AND FLOW

### A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. BALDWIN'S Government, after meeting with far fewer difficulties than were anticipated over the Trade Unions Bill, suddenly found themselves in a sea of troubles. Nobody, that is to say nobody of the general uninitiated public, expected an attempt to alter the constitution of the House of Lords, still less a proposal to define anew its relation to the House of Commons in such a way as would increase the powers of the hereditary chamber. Perhaps the most significant aspect of the episode was the demonstration that a great many of Mr. Baldwin's own followers showed distaste for this shifting of the balance. There appears to be in the English people a very widespread desire that mastery shall remain with the elected Commoners, and not with those who take part in legislation by another title. Conservatives do not dislike the advantage that they gain by having the House of Lords in their party's pocket; but manifestly a considerable proportion of them do not want to see that advantage pushed too far. In plain words, plain men do not desire—though Tory theorists do—statutory provision to prevent some possible House of Commons from doing what the House of Lords may consider revolutionary. If anybody chooses to alter the composition of the Second Chamber in such a way that it shall be less easily assailable, democratic Conservatives have no objection; but there is no evidence that they actively wish for this improvement. Instinctively they know that once you begin to alter an institution so alien to modern theories of government as the House of Lords, nobody can say what sort of product will result. They perceive that the House of Lords has adapted itself instinctively to the needs of England, and they have no confidence that a "reformed" House of Lords will be as adaptable.

My point of view is, of course, not that of an English-

man; but I have never been able to see that the House of Lords seriously retarded the passage of a measure which the English people seriously desired. In English affairs the Peers have used their theoretical powers as a constitutional monarch should, that is to say, with a wise timidity. They have always had their ear to the ground for any ominous rumblings—at all events since the Duke of Wellington taught them that they must. There would never, I think, have been any need of the Parliament Act had not the Irish complication existed, and, to some degree, the Welsh one also. Not all the bench of bishops on bended knees would prevent the House of Lords from disestablishing the Church of England if disestablishment were demanded with persistency by even a considerable body of the English people. In Wales the demand was all but universal, yet it was set aside almost contemptuously. This refusal was at any rate made much easier because of the complex established in the case of Ireland. In general the attitude of the House of Lords was that Home Rule ought to be resisted the more firmly in proportion as the demand for it was widely extended. The more Home Rulers there were in Ireland the stronger the proof of Irish disloyalty; and if the demand could be regarded as coming from the Catholic Irish and opposed by the Protestants, then the House of Lords was more than ever convinced of its right to oppose, even though it were proven that the English electorate had no objection to Home Rulers getting what they wanted. The same reasoning was extended to the other partly alien country of Wales.

And so we reached the point at which the House of Lords stood as a definite obstacle to two measures of importance on which the English electorate was called to decide, but which did not directly affect England. One of these measures was so important that it marked officially the dividing line between parties, since Conservatives had adopted the name of Unionists. In 1905 a considerable section of the English Home Rulers announced that they would not face the obstacle—not, at least, till a convenient season; they pledged themselves not to bring in a Home

Rule Bill if returned to power at the approaching election. Naturally the House of Lords took heart of grace, and although the Liberals got an enormous majority, the House of Lords said to themselves: "These people are afraid of us." But at the same time a new phenomenon appeared: British Labour sent eighty members to the House of Commons. It is comic to remember now what deference was shown by both Front Benches to this novel element, which was not only novel but English. Under the influence of the first alarm, the House of Lords passed the Trades Disputes Bill. But it rejected one after another a series of merely Liberal measures over which the House of Commons had spent much time before passing them by huge majorities. Nothing happened; and yet the House of Lords was, as it seems to me, very definitely exceeding its constitutional functions. The instinct of caution proper to hereditary legislators in modern times had been superseded by the fighting instinct. The most dangerous thing possible in modern England is that the hereditary element should appear to win against the elective; and instinctive caution should have made the House of Lords aware of this. But this instinct had been superseded by the common plebeian one, which tells a man in a fight, after he has got home some successful blows, to go on hammering harder; and so eventually they threw out the Budget.

My reading of the confused situation which followed is this. The Lords felt they had gone too far, or at all events the Conservative leaders thought so; and the purely English dispute would have been settled without any legislation by a simple understanding that this must not occur again. There was, however, still the Irish question and the Welsh one, the Welsh being closely linked with the personality of Mr. Lloyd George. A General Election had given the Conservatives a great many victories at the expense of both Liberals and Labour. The majority for main contentious measures was still 120, but 80 of these votes did not count, by the Unionist arithmetic, since they were Irish; and the remaining forty, though they represented Labour, represented an element which then

seemed shrinking and not expanding. And so there was a keen fighting spirit on the Tory side. Naturally enough, there was a considerable leaven of this among the Liberals also, and it took the form of backing energetically the Irish and the Welsh demands.

I know nothing of the inner history from the English side; but I do know that Redmond always held that, but for the Irish question, there would have been no Parliament Act. This means not only that it would never have been carried without the insistence and assistance of the Irish Party, but that conflict would never have reached so acute a point, if the issue in debate had concerned England. The Lords would have given way to a declared and determined majority of their own countrymen. And now that the Irish question and the Welsh one are out of the way there is no reason, from the standpoint of English democracy, to interfere with the composition of a second chamber which knows its own place in the scheme of things, and which is likely to remember its place the better the more conscious it remains of being a picturesque anachronism.

Apparently the demand for reform comes from within the Chamber—from those Peers with whom public life is a hereditary vocation. A man like Lord Salisbury knows that the body to which he belongs can produce from those who habitually do its work a hundred legislators whose average of qualification for the work is distinctly higher than that obtaining among any hundred members of the elected House; and it must irk him to find this highly competent assembly disconsidered because it contains, theoretically, a number of other legislators by no means so well equipped. If he could induce his own order to apply to itself the principle of election from within, familiar in the case of Scottish and Irish Peers, that would seem a common-sense proceeding; and it would carry the corollary that Peers not elected to their own House by their own order should be eligible, like the Scottish and Irish Peers, for the House of Commons. But Lord Salisbury and his like are not content with that. They want to have it both ways. Lord Salisbury intends

—and apparently his determination is that of the Government—to preserve the hereditary character of the House; but at the same time he wants to mask this anachronism by introducing some other element, or elements, chosen on principles more easily defensible in logic. That seems an attempt to put new wine into old bottles. New wine goes into old wine safely enough, and the House of Lords with its constant recruitment from persons of distinction illustrates this process of rejuvenation. But an assembly formed on two irreconcilable principles risks dangerous fermentation. Everybody who has read history knows what explosive results followed when it was enacted that a king should have two sorts of qualifications, descent being one, and the other election or selection. In practice the simplest form of succession has worked best, and the English monarchy is the supreme example. I wonder Conservatives never think how much they are giving away about the monarchy when they propose to alter this advanced line of the hereditary principle. The House of Lords, if it does nothing else, makes a front line target on which the artillery of logic and ridicule can exhaust itself.

Why not let well enough alone? Nobody complains that the House of Lords does not show technical competence in its debates; and no sensible man supposes that any Second Chamber, unless chosen by the electorate at large, will be other than Conservative. The use of two Chambers chosen by the same electorate I have never been able to see, and the abuses of this arrangement are widely familiar.

Before me on the table are the photographs of the eclipse taken for the *Times* at Giggleswick, and admirable they are. We have got so used to the marvel that science can predict these phenomena exactly that few trouble to note how in this way more emphatically than any other scientists can force the public to check the accuracy of scientific knowledge. But nobody ought to be quite indifferent to the sort of miracle by which the selected Giggleswick station turned out to be almost the uniquely favoured viewpoint. Since all the credit for

that must be accorded to Providence, science really should, in gratitude, compute the odds against the Astronomer-Royal getting the results he did, when almost everyone else went away disappointed. Yet one very intelligent observer, who had crossed from Ireland to Wales, and saw just about as little as it was possible to see, told me that after the first disappointment was over he felt that he had really experienced something worth the journey. That something was the sudden and untimely onslaught of night, flooding in and enveloping, and having, even for that brief period, its effect on the nerves. Nobody and nothing is the same by night as by day, he said: there is an influence, which extends even to machinery: motors run differently at night. Most of us know very little about this matter, for we shut out the night, or, in our towns, transform it—thus destroying the natural fear, which only rare individuals entirely get over, and which is certainly stronger in the country bred. In trenches townsmen were comparatively normal at night, but recruits from the West of Ireland were liable to panic—just because they were more natural. Night suddenly coming on an hour after dawn, even when you are thoroughly instructed in the cause, does apparently affect the nerves. Animals seem to accept it without terror; but a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* used his vigil for a fishing excursion and observed on a lake in Wales that up to zero hour trout were rising freely (whether at his flies or not, he omitted to state), but that they stopped when it darkened. That probably meant fright, for the advance of darkness certainly does not stop trout from feeding—yet as a matter of angling experience it does not take so much as an eclipse to put fish off the rise.

Lawn tennis this year provided thrills enough to compensate for any failure in the heavens to oblige spectators. France and America divided the honours, but England produced the player who excited most interest. It has not often happened to a young lady of sixteen to be the subject of so much writing as was Miss Betty Nuthall; and she seems to have taken it with admirable philosophy.

Yet there did enter into some of her communications to the Press a trifle too much seriousness about the responsibility which rests on her as "England's Hope." On the other hand, there was a curious lack of enthusiasm over the really amazing performance of M. Cochet, the Frenchman, who won the open singles. In the last three rounds of the competition he won after his opponent had scored the first two sets. It was a big thing to bring this off in the semi-final against the American, Mr. Tilden, a most intimidating player; and perhaps bigger still to beat M. Borotra in the last round of all. This staying power and this control of nerve are just the qualities which the world at large does not habitually attribute to Frenchmen. M. Cochet will have caused some useful revision of international psychology.

The conference on reduction of armaments looks like affording another example of the difficulty which the rich find in being as beneficent as they would wish. America, having as a nation the desire to be magnanimous, and knowing that it can without inconvenience to its taxpayers outstrip all other navy-owning countries in armament, has already agreed to a limitation of capital ships which fixes its quota of them on a parity with the British. But the British still considerably exceed the American secondary armament of cruisers and minor craft; and so America proposes that England, and Japan, should adopt the American proportion of capital ships to others, and, by doing so, should relieve themselves of an expensive burden. Unfortunately, the two island powers, with important overseas communications to maintain, consider that their present provision of minor warships is essential. They raise no objection to America's increasing her fleet in this respect so as to give it complete equality with the British or a five to three ratio when compared with Japan. America, however, does not appear to be pleased with these counter-proposals. Like other philanthropists, the United States desire to lay down the pattern of their own magnanimity; and there is at least a suggestion that, unless Britain and Japan reduce their secondary armaments, America will

abandon the agreement limiting its number of capital ships, and allow itself the luxury of a fleet having decisive mastery in all arms on all waters.

There is no doubt that America can afford, financially, to assume this role of preponderance; and no doubt that she is under no possible necessity to do this. Probably also, no one would be the worse off if she did, unless Japan felt obliged to compete in the race—as she might, the whole of Japanese civilisation being based, as the German was, on a martial psychology. The British naval experts appear to have taken up the sound position of endeavouring to ascertain what ships of each category are necessary for the purposes of their own scattered Empire, and keeping to that limit. One thing ought to be clear. America may choose to bid for actual mastery of the seas; but the American fleet is never going to be a menace to England as, in times past, the German fleet undoubtedly was. It is not necessary to British security that Britain should rule the waves—provided that the waves are ruled by a combination of unaggressive powers. But there must be equipment to rule them. British naval authorities, when they insist on keeping their present supply of secondary ships, may well have in mind possibilities of lawlessness that the world has not yet experienced. America, more than any other country, offers examples of what the modern bandit can do in the heart of civilisation with motor and machine gun combined. The equivalent at sea has not yet been attempted, but it would be rash to suppose that it will not be. The long-period adventures of old pirate days are not now possible, and their modern successors must be prepared to abandon their vessel after a brief career. But they could make pretty havoc in a fortnight.

These notes were put together in Ireland, away in a wild and beautiful glen. I had written a page or two about the Irish elections, hopefully enough, and was actually on my way to post it when the news of their tragic sequel met me. It would probably have gratified the sinister enthusiasts who planned and executed the murder of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins to see the dismay on the face of the news-

bearer. "Now all the destroying will begin again." Thousands more through all parts of the country were saying the same, no doubt. Yet personally I do not think so. So far as the extreme Republican Party can be said to have sought for public approval at the polls, the act is a confession of defeat. Mr. de Valera's original following divided itself between those who formally abandoned the idea of using force to upset the Free State and those who still avowed the intention of resorting to arms when occasion offered. The two sections had roughly an equal number of representatives among those elected four years ago. This election almost wiped out the physical force irreconcilables, while it added largely to Mr. de Valera's following. On the whole the country returned 100 supporters of the Treaty, and 50 opposed to it. By general consent, Mr. de Valera's gestures of protest and his whole line of policy have been weak, confused and ineffectual. This brutality is the extremists' retort upon Mr. de Valera; it is the alternative programme put forward by the despisers of "constitutional" methods. It is also their retort to the electorate.

Unfortunately a handful of murderous fanatics, even though they do not get their way politically, can destroy what is most irreplaceable—a fine brain and a fine courage. Mr. O'Higgins was only thirty-five, but he, more than any other of an able and courageous group, had shown that an Irishman can develop those qualities in Ireland's service which have been so often displayed "in every clime, every cause, but our own." At the Dominion Conference of last year he made his mark among the picked men of the British Commonwealth. Nobody could talk to him for half an hour in private, nobody could hear him speak in public without perceiving the hard, incisive quality of his intelligence, which was lit by a rather sardonic humour. There was no gaiety in his wit; but how should one look for gaiety from a young man whose father was murdered five years ago for being the father of his son, and who at that same period had to order the execution of a close personal friend? Rory O'Connor, chief firebrand of the civil war, was one of four prisoners executed in reprisals

for the murder of a prominent deputy just when the Irish Parliament began: Rory O'Connor, a year before, had acted as best man when Kevin O'Higgins was married. Gaiety is not a creature of revolutionary conditions.

Mr. Healy, the Governor-General, lost his wife on the Friday before the Sunday when his nephew was murdered on the way to mass. In church-going countries like Ireland political assassins have a special opportunity on Sundays. By another stroke of irony the prospect of immunity for a carload of gunmen on such an errand was greatly increased because Mr. O'Higgins, more than any other Minister, had insisted that Ireland should have an unarmed police. He and his colleagues must have been fully aware that they increased the risk to their own lives by this measure; but they went on, and Ireland is orderly and tranquil in all ordinary respects with its Civic Guard. One of the last public acts of Mr. O'Higgins was to present medals to men of this force for bravery shown against armed robbers. He said then that occasions for such difficult courage were becoming less frequent every month, and he spoke truly. But neither he nor any of us guessed how near was the attack of the mad dogs, against whom no police force has ever been an efficient protection.

Many people will say, of course, in Ireland and out of Ireland, that Mr. O'Higgins suffered what his party taught others to inflict. There is no need to go into the circumstances which induced Mr. O'Higgins and many others like him to adopt that course; but it is well to recall the years from 1912 to 1914. It is, however, necessary to say that England conferred upon acts of guerilla war in Ireland the justification of success, and that civil war against the Free State did not receive that justification. Mr. O'Higgins, as much as any man, defeated those who tried to gain their end by creating anarchy; and this new crime will have no other glory than that of having murdered the one who had done most to restore to Ireland her self-respect.

## QUICKSILVER

BY ETHEL ROLT-WHEELER

THOMAS HOWARD had just become engaged, and as he entered the octagonal turret bed-chamber which his ancestors had occupied for centuries he wondered suddenly whether Lilian Thrale, delicate and luxury-loving, could ever accustom herself to such bleak surroundings.

Hexford Castle dated from Norman times. The ruins were extensive, but only a small part of the Castle remained inhabitable. The room in the turret had once been a prison, and inscriptions of historical interest were still on the bare walls. Through the eight windows, seven of which were mere slits, filtered the cold, hard day of the Northumbrian moors. Whether poverty or pride of race had first driven the Howards to take up their abode in this oldest part of the Castle their present descendant did not know, but here for generations the great dramas of family life had had their setting—marriage and birth and death: and Thomas, the last of his line, bore trace of the traditional vigorous upbringing in his tall, spare frame, close-knit and hardy, his blue eyes that were sharp and kind, and his firm skin well tanned by exposure. He was a man of fifty, and his fair hair was already tinged with grey; his career at sea had added a touch of precision to his appearance and manner, and perhaps accounted for an unwonted simplicity in his attitude towards life, which was quite unaffected by the problems and subtleties of modern speculation.

As he crossed his room, absorbed in the past events of the day, he was dazed by a curious sensation. Veils of iridescent colour seemed to waver before his eyes. For half a moment he thought himself actually on the ocean; then vision cleared, and he found he was looking into the mirror he had purchased when his ship was at Venice. Evidently it had been unpacked that afternoon and put into his bedroom while he was busy with his guests in the garden. And strangely incongruous the Mirror looked in this chill and Spartan chamber: for the frame was of carved and gilded cupids climbing and flying amid voluptuous grape bunches—a design that expressed a frankly sensuous delight in material life. Howard had bought it in an old curiosity shop on the Grand Canal, set up in the basement of what had once been a famous palace: in that dim atmosphere the Looking-glass had seemed to reflect the exquisite kaleidoscope of colour that played on the water—sky, houses, boats translated into a rich and unstable medium, shifting and intermingling their hues in bewildering definition. Partly because the Mirror appeared to have some kinship with the sea, which he was now giving up, and partly because a more settled existence lay before him, with some indefinite romance in the background and the duties he owed his race, Howard ordered the Mirror to be sent to his Northumbrian home; and now, on the very day of its arrival, his foresight was justified, for he had found the woman he was going to make his wife.



He sat down before the Mirror and brooded over the events of the past few hours. He had not exactly "found" Lilian: rather, she had happened. In fact, it would not have been very easy to overlook her, for ever since his return some months ago she had been continually in his path. A neighbouring clergyman and his wife, the Thrales, were so very antipathetic to Howard that he could not help being sorry for the pretty daughter who, he came to believe, was victimised by them—the mother wearing her out by household work, and the father with secretarial duties. Howard, in spite of his fifty years, had not had much experience of women. He had been one of those fortunate beings whom the routine of everyday life suffices, with its round of ordinary duties and pleasures, and the indefinable mental discomfort that oppressed him that evening—a doubt almost subconscious—was unusual and disturbing.

Again a wave of colour passed over the Mirror; by a rapid association of ideas the pictures he had seen in the Venetian Galleries flashed into mind—the shining satins of Paul Veronese, jade and azure, rich and billowy, with their lustres of pearls; the golden and purple splendours of Titian, harmonious, sumptuous, full-blooded, pulsing with the glory of mastery. What amazing power those canvases had displayed, what a sure grip on essentials! They showed the vigour and vividness of life itself, its passionate crudeness clothed in the most gorgeous and lovely apparel. As Howard gazed in the glass, half-hypnotised by his memories, he was bewildered by a sense of forces, conflicting, unfamiliar, yet waking some far response, diving down to some primal deeps never before stirred.

He passed his hand over his eyes, and when he looked again a face hung before him in the Mirror.

The purity of it almost stabbed him. Its suddenness, its unearthliness, shone like a pale flame over the sensuous grandeurs he had been remembering, and yet it was a part of that mediæval past. The shimmer of pearls was in the net that enclosed her very pale hair, and pearls were at her throat. The outline of the face was clear, suspended against the silvery depth, young and full rounded, and for one second the blue eyes looked straight into his and he into them. It was not like looking into eyes, but like looking into profundities. Howard read in that one glimpse a suffering intenser than any he had conceived and a steadfastness akin to his own. Then the face faded and all colour died out of the Mirror.

Much shaken, Howard rose and went over to the larger window, where a grey twilight grew over the moors. Beside the reality he had just encountered, all the experiences of life seemed thin and superficial. He did not at first question the occurrence or doubt his senses—he simply felt that something hitherto unknown had been revealed to him, that a whole new tract had opened before him. And with the understanding his life took on a value of which he had been unaware—became richer, more potent for good and evil. . . . Then, borne on a wave of reaction, the events of the afternoon flooded his mind.

He had lent his house and grounds for a Church Sale of Work—the courtyards of the ruins made an ideal setting, and the Castle had for generations been generously available for all the public functions of the neighbourhood—choir competitions, prize-givings, pageants, and the "outings" of the miners from the not-far-distant collieries. This evening Howard seemed to be viewing the scene from a different angle. At the time he had moved unquestioning with his usual quiet hospitality among the throngs of visitors, accepting the crowd as part of the ordinary routine of life; but now his ears seemed assailed with unmeaning chatter and silly laughter and the praise of meretricious goods. He saw again in his mind's eye Lilian at the Refreshment Stall, fragile and distinguished, looking very tired, her face white and drawn, and with black marks under her eyes. Memory yielded what he had been unaware of noticing—that she was almost too smartly dressed and inclined to be irritable with the helpers. He had taken her away for a short rest on the Castle Battlements. A cold Spring wind blew over the wide moors. Then in her soft voice she poured out her intolerable burdens—irksome tasks, unjust reproaches, cruel want of sympathy—she seemed so helpless, so unhappy—and his chivalry responded to the call.

It happened, as everything had happened in Howard's life, without premeditation. He had thought her the prettiest girl in the neighbourhood, with her black hair and delicate features—the cleverest girl, too, and had often wondered vaguely why she had not married—she must be in the early thirties. Somehow it had been conveyed to him that he, Thomas Howard, stood in her way—that she cared for him, would look at no one else. (From whom had he received the impression? Not from Lilian herself. Perhaps that hateful Mrs. Thrale. . . .) But the belief influenced him more than he knew as he stood beside her on the Battlements—then suddenly he found Lilian in his arms, trembling like an aspen leaf. The agitation of success had upset her balance. He had felt no thrill—such quivering sensibility had been only painful to witness. He had tried to comfort her, had promised he would do all in his power to make her happy, but she could not quite regain self-control, and when he suggested sending her quietly home in one of the cars she had accepted the proposal at once.

Had he been aware at the time that there was no passion, no romance, no sentiment even on this occasion—only a prosaic attack of nerves? He had felt nothing stronger than pity and a sense of inexperience in dealing with such a crisis. He was unaccustomed to analyse his sensations, and only his extraordinary adventure with the Mirror had moved him out of old ways. For the Mirror had suggested to him possibilities of sentiment, of passion, of romance, of which he had thought himself utterly incapable. The woman he had held in his arms was less real to him than the Face, the Ghost, the Image that he had seen for one moment suspended in the Looking-glass, and her grievances were as gossamer beside that abyss of sorrow into which for one moment he had glanced.

Face, Ghost, Image—what was it? Speculation at last awoke.



Could the Mirror hold for centuries the reflection of one who had long ago passed before it? Had he surprised in some unguarded moment a woman's very soul? Did he hold in his own keeping to gaze at when he chose the secret emotions of one who thought herself alone? Had he any right to pry into moments so sacred? Yet, drawn irresistibly, he turned once again towards the Mirror, and again the face swam up towards him in a faint halo like moonlight—pale, pure, unhappy, insistent in appeal, noble in courage.

And it was of this face that he first thought when he awoke next day—not of Lilian's. The clear light of morning brought prosaic explanations—some picture ingeniously painted at the back of the Looking-glass, some trick of manufacture. He longed to look in the Mirror, yet dreaded its disturbing power. Would the image persist in this cold dawn?

He rose quickly—a white face, still and poignant, confronted him. The pale hair was unbound; the eyes were bright as if with tears. He hurt no delicacy in watching her; there was no self-consciousness in her expression, no self-admiration, no self-pity. But to see her thus in that early hour moved him almost beyond endurance, though hope seemed alive in her very hopelessness, and strength shone through despair.

It was evident to him that the Mirror held a live memory—that some ancient scene was still vital in its molecules. Some far-off cruelty still bent the plastic matter to its will, and loveliness and anguish still haunted the opal depths. How this had come about he could not tell. By too deep probing he feared to break the enchantment. He was one of those rare souls who are able to accept the inexplicable without tormenting question.

A strange time followed. Mechanically he went through the ordinary routine of everyday—fulfilled his duties as magistrate, landlord, neighbour; but his real life was centred in the Mirror. After riding over the Winter fields hardly outlined under a leaden sky, he would sit in his turret chamber, himself leaner than ever, and watch tides of exuberant colour flood and flush over the silver surface. His stay in Venice, brief as it had been, had given him understanding of the intoxication of the Renaissance, with its passionate worship of beauty, its riotous zest for fierce and reckless life. There was movement in the dusky background of the Mirror—movement sinister and terrible—a gorgeous pageant of colour that hid black motives and blacker deeds. In the glooms of the scarlets and purples he divined surely rank evils and open lusts, and out of the welter of glory and of crime, of roses and blood, there floated before him that pale face, unnaturally grave, a white lily fresh and fragrant, though sore stricken by the cruel usage of the world. Hers was the purity that survives knowledge, the courage that overcomes evil, the sympathy that is born of experience. Dark tragedies encompassed her. Sometimes Howard thought of Beatrice Cenci, more often of Browning's Pompilia. And he was outside, helpless, while the pressure about her tightened, and the fair outline of her face thinned and whiteness spread in her hair. She was so young, so alone. Step by step he went with her through this agony

of her life, all unwittingly developing in himself new powers and new needs, greater capacities for love and for suffering.

So matters stood when the Sparlingham Archæological Society paid its visit to the Castle. Howard's old friend Julian du Parcq was staying there at the time. He was a little wrinkled man with twinkling black eyes, alive with that insatiable curiosity that lends so keen an edge to existence. He had considerable estates in Westmorland, and spent his time in the exploration of out-of-the-way by-paths in science and literature. Howard was almost as much to-day under the spell of his brilliant talk and vivid personality as he had been in old college times.

A heavy snowstorm preceded the day appointed for the archæological excursion, and only some half-dozen members ventured on the somewhat complicated journey from Sparlingham to Hexford. Mrs. Thrale, who was to have driven over with her daughter to pour out tea, excused herself on the ground of the weather, and Lilian, though she hated leaving the fireside, had felt bound to come alone. Lilian regarded the middle-aged and somewhat shabby guests with only half-concealed contempt. The reporter of the *Sparlingham Herald* alone had youth in his favour, but he was too raw and sandy-haired to awaken her interest.

Du Parcq, who had not accompanied the party round the Castle, came unnoticed into the Guard Room, where tea was being served, and stood for a while in the deep shadow watching the scene. The great fire of logs called sharp glints out of the suits of armour. The tea-table stood on a dais under the mullioned window, and the full afternoon light outlined Lilian's figure in soft darkness. She wore the furs that Howard had given her at Christmas, and du Parcq approved the first sight of her as distinguished and graceful. Further observation showed that she was visibly bored. Howard was looking after everyone with his usual quiet kindness, but there was a shadow of anxiety on his face. When he spoke to Lilian she answered with some sharpness. Du Parcq came out of the shadow and stood waiting to be introduced to his friend's *fiancée*.

After the introduction she exerted herself to talk well—here at least was a man who would take her points. His sharp eyes were upon her, courteous yet critical; once or twice they caused her to falter. It was a relief to her when one of the party asked if they might see the inscriptions on the walls of the ancient prison.

Lilian had never before been up the spiral staircase that led to her future bedroom. She had disliked the exertion of a climb, and took no interest in historical associations. A new curiosity animated her to-day. Du Parcq surprised her expression of horror and disgust as she shivered into the bleak turret chamber. The snow-light from outside gloomed through its eight windows. "Rather cheerless, isn't it?" remarked du Parcq.

"It is," said Lilian. She was frankly appalled. "Carpets and thick curtains might do something. . . ." She spoke doubtfully. It seemed a hopeless room to refashion.

Howard, occupied in expounding the inscriptions cut by past

prisoners, was unaware of the effect produced upon his future bride. A sudden exclamation from du Parcq caused him to turn round. Du Parcq was standing before the Mirror. "Good God!" cried du Parcq.

Howard sprang to the spot. It had never occurred to him that the Mirror would yield up its secret to any chance comer. In the looking-glass Howard saw, beside his own, three faces, two faces of the living that appeared in the reflection subtly deteriorated—the face of du Parcq twinkling with idle inquisitiveness, the face of Lilian frowning, dark with discontent. Between them the face of the phantom hung in pale loftiness, in austere beauty, like a pure dream out of another world.

"This is most extraordinary," exclaimed du Parcq. "Why did you never show me the Mirror before? Most curious illusion. How is it done? Is it a trick, or is it psychic?"

"I can see nothing," said Lilian, pouting at her image and setting straight a lock of hair.

The other guests gathered round the glass, trying to get a glimpse into it. In the waning light the Mirror reflected a Rembrandtesque group, but to Howard and to du Parcq these reflections were but surface transparencies, a thin film over the scene beneath.

"It's a veritable marvel!" continued du Parcq. "Like peering through an open window into a mediæval melodrama. You've got a pretty ruffianly-looking villain skulking in the background—and, by Jove! what a beautiful woman!"

Lilian searched the Mirror, and her mouth hardened into suspicion. "I can see nothing," she repeated.

"Can't you really?" said du Parcq delightedly. "That increases the interest. Possibly the thing's only visible to sensitives—a kind of magic crystal——"

There was a surge in the group of archæologists. "I see!" exclaimed the young Scotch reporter.

His raw-boned face was lit with a strange excitement; his long lean figure was tense and trembling. "Come away," said Howard, touching him gently. Were there to be any more spies on these sacred and terrible precincts?

But the others of the party explored the Mirror in vain. It gave back to them only the reflections of baffled and puzzled faces. Meanwhile du Parcq, bubbling with animation, began to describe in detail all that he could see. . . . "a dress of pearl satin, like moonlight, the bodice sewn with pearls. . . ."

"I think we ought to get down the spiral before the day falls," broke in Howard helplessly; "the steps are rather difficult, even with the electric light."

"Where's the hurry?" said du Parcq. "This blood-and-thunder tragedy is ever so much more interesting than your mouldy old stones."

"Mr. du Parcq is pretending, just to take us in," said Lilian.

"I assure you, no," said du Parcq earnestly.

"But what is it, then? Is it a kind of cinematograph? Have you a lantern hidden somewhere?"

"No, Lilian," replied Howard, "I will tell you about it some other time."

"Why not now?"

"It's rather a mystery," faltered Howard. "I don't understand it myself."

"A mystery—so it appears. Can you see what Mr. du Parcq describes?"

"Not exactly," said Howard; "you must really come away——"

"Can you see the woman?" Lilian persisted.

"Yes," said Howard with sudden fire, "yes, I can see the woman." He spoke more emphatically than he had intended. Lilian lifted her eyebrows. She determined not to interrogate him further before du Parcq, but, of course, the thing would have to be cleared up. The Mirror was probably some silly toy—Howard was always portentously grave about trifles.

The Archæologists did not quite know what to make of the Mirror incident. The remarks of the President on the subject of mirror refraction were received by Howard with courtesy but with an evident desire to let the subject drop. The party broke up uncomfortably.

On the following Saturday the whole county knew of Howard's Magic Mirror. He had quite forgotten the presence among his Archæological guests of the Scotch reporter. The young man had made the most of his opportunities, and the *Sparlingham Herald* appeared with great headlines: "Extraordinary phenomenon at Hexford Castle"—"Ghosts in a Looking-glass"—"A Mirage of Dazzling Beauty and of Murderous Terror." The reporter, who claimed the gift of second sight, described the incident in lurid journalese, which, however, hardly veiled his evident sincerity. He put forward the theory that some scene enacted in the room and still embodied in its atmosphere had become so concentrated in the Mirror that those attuned to vision were able to surprise it. Doubtless he himself and Mr. du Parcq, of Westmorland, had been vouchsafed a glimpse into the life of some ancestors of the present highly respected owner of the Castle.

Howard brought the paper with a troubled air into the Guard Room, where du Parcq was smoking. "I've seen it," said du Parcq shortly. "If you hadn't been so huffy I might have saved you this silly publicity."

Howard passed his hand over his brow. "What could you have done?" he asked.

"I could have supplied the *Herald* with a scientific statement. I could have told them the Mirror has only recently been placed in the room. All this farrago about ancestors and ghosts is nonsense. The scene enacted is obviously mediæval and Italian, inherent in the Mirror and not a reflection from outside. I would have set out the causes of the appearance——"

"But you don't know the causes of the appearance," Howard objected.

"I shrewdly suspect them, and if you had given me opportunities for experiment . . ."

"Don't take offence, Julian. This isn't a common case. The fact is, I'm worried."

Du Parcq pulled him into an armchair. Howard was looking really ill. "Sit down, old boy—have a smoke," said du Parcq. "Let me help you—I really can."

Howard shook his head. "Nobody can," he replied.

"Absurd!" exclaimed du Parcq. "What's perturbing you? Simply the Unknown. You've run across a mystery you can't explain—you've got a problem chained up in your bedroom——"

"A private mystery—a private problem——"

"The conceit of these fellows!" said du Parcq. "What do you know about occult chemistry?"

"Occult chemistry?"

"Certainly. Our concern is with the occult properties of Mercury. The old alchemists knew this element possessed mystical powers and used it extensively in their experiments. Everyone has noticed the response of Mercury to vibrations. Not for nothing was it given the name of Messenger of the Gods."

"But how does this explain . . . ?"

"Wait a bit. The Mirror was evidently made by Occultists, with full knowledge of the hidden side of things. They knew how to make the element yield to sight its stored-up impressions. By what means, you ask? That is for us to discover."

"It's a possible theory," said Howard.

"By a lucky accident you and I and this fool of a reporter have blundered on this secret," du Parcq continued; "he may have second sight, as he says. As to you, a pretty straight and vigorous life is no bad preparation for vision. As for me, possibly study in that direction may have rendered me sensitive. In any case, we, you and I, have a real responsibility towards the scientific world; it is our plain duty to conduct experiments, to make tests——"

"We can't do that," Howard interrupted; "there are conditions . . . conditions that make such an analysis impossible. I don't know how much you saw in the Mirror——"

"Oh, just the reflection of an Italian-looking room, a beautiful girl plainly, and a man in the dim background——"

"Quite so—the human element. You have left that out of account."

"There's no human element. I seek the cause of an appearance."

Howard moved uneasily. "My dear fellow, look at it this way. I have come into possession of a document more intimate than any self-revealing diary. It's—well, it's sacred to me. Can't you understand I must shield the girl from curiosity—even scientific curiosity?"

"This grows interesting," said du Parcq; "the reflection has assumed a personality then, it has a history—an attraction?"

"Yes," said Howard.

"Tell me more."

"One can't talk about such things, but, if you must know, I have seen what no man has seen before—womanhood unfenced, unguarded, unconscious of itself."

"So you are touched at last—captured by a shadow," said du Parcq; "well, one can never gauge the lengths to which an idealist will go."

"You understand now why I cannot throw open the door like a showman at a Penny Fair."

"But, hang it all, Tom, the thing's only an image in a Looking-glass."

"I'm not so sure," said Howard in a low voice. "I help her; she is aware of my sympathy. You think this idiotic——"

"I think it hysteria," said du Parcq. "You're losing your balance—and little wonder! All I can say is, it's jolly unwise to indulge in such fancies."

"How can I give the world my real reason for refusing to show the Mirror?"

"I hate hugger-mugger," said du Parcq impatiently; "it always gives rise to absurd speculations."

"I know. Lilian has already set me at my wit's end."

"Ah—Miss Thrale. I had forgotten her. A young lady not easy to put off. You'll have to get rid of the Mirror. She won't stand it. Sell it at once."

"I'd as soon think of selling a woman's soul."

"You're quite impossible!" cried du Parcq. "You'll alienate all your friends by this hokey-pokey. Better break the accursed thing and spill out drop by drop the invaluable knowledge it holds!"

Howard got up and began pacing the room. "Can't you understand, man, how the Mirror draws me, how it possesses me? My very life is bound up with it!"

"In that case hadn't you better throw over Miss Thrale?" asked du Parcq satirically.

"I don't hurt Lilian," Howard replied gravely; "she doesn't want things like—ideals and sympathies. I can give her what she really desires—other things—I needn't go into that."

"So you've sounded Miss Thrale," said du Parcq slowly; "that's a surprise, too. It would have been better to have seen less clearly. Do you think she will submit quietly to this intangible rival?"

"She is not submitting quietly—that is to say, naturally she is inquisitive, and, of course, to-day's *Herald* will prick her further."

"It's going to be a deuced muddle," said du Parcq; "we've not enough experience to meet these new inrushes of knowledge. You'll let me see the thing again?"

"I've locked the Mirror up in the loft above my room," said Howard. "I'm sorry. . . . I can't . . . you're not hurt?"

"You must take your own course," said du Parcq, "but you might have had more confidence in me."

Howard sighed. It grieved him that a shadow should have come on so old an affection.

But if du Parcq was difficult to satisfy, it was impossible to quiet Lilian. While she resented his attitude of secrecy, she began to respect the firmness that resisted her demands. She had always regarded

Howard as a trifle "soft" and had been confident of twisting him round her fingers; lately, however, he had displayed a force that had invested him with personality, so that while she chafed at her loss of power the fibre in him woke in her an answering thrill. She could not know how these months of companionship with a high nobility had given him her measure. She could not divine how all her petty exactions and small jealousies and trivial meannesses showed against the foil of a golden and perfect womanhood. She only knew that the man she had captured after weariful efforts and disappointments was not, after all, a mere wisp of straw; the subtle sense of strength he conveyed, his very reserve had its attraction, and the consciousness of unexplored tracts in his being piqued and held her. She remembered vaguely and brooded constantly upon the description du Parcq had given her of the girl in the white satin gown sewn with pearls, and the thought of her lit a smouldering fire. This picture—supposing it were only a picture—that he kept locked away and apart—this secret that he refused to share with a single soul—this mystery that he denied to all, denied to her, threw flames upon her excited emotions, so that she craved something sharp, something stinging, something vital to answer her mood. Howard was always very kind, very courteous, very gentle, fastidiously thoughtful for her desires and comforts, and she, who had thought to find her best content in ignoring him, would now have given anything to bring an answering flash to his eyes, a grip of real feeling to his touch. He received all the little artificial coquetties she practised on him in so quiet a way that she became self-conscious; she felt that they lowered her in his eyes, yet her whole desire now was to win him. He was concerned at her pallor, the rings round her eyes, the alternations of her moods, but even his enlarged sympathy did not help him to guess the cause. It hurt her, he thought, and naturally, that the county was beginning to look askance at him; he knew that people called him "a little queer"; old stories of haunted rooms revived in the popular mind, and in public places he found himself intangibly avoided. All this would, of course, be very disturbing to his future bride—it was disturbing even to him, for Howard loved to have his kind about him and to rub shoulders with men and boys of all classes. Du Parcq might have come to his aid, but du Parcq stood aloof—talked, indeed, rather unwisely—so that, but for the daily stimulus of the vision in the Mirror, Howard would have been indeed in sad case.

But she seldom failed him; neither did any monotony enter into the revelation. He surprised, of course, only moments of her existence. Sometimes he had to wait for hours before the reflection passed over the Mirror, or rose from its depths, so that it seemed to Howard that the appearances synchronised in time with the old events of that mediæval past. The unfolding was undoubtedly continuous, and each day brought some subtle change. But of these moments he could weave no connected story; indeed, during them he seemed to transcend ordinary experience, and memory failed to account for the emotions that overwhelmed him.

So it drew on to the wedding day, and in the fever of preparation Lilian forgot a little the baffled desires and thwarted hopes that had been darkening her days.

They made a grave couple at the altar—Lilian harassed and strained, and Howard so absent that with difficulty they got him through the service. It had been arranged that the first night should be spent at Hexford Castle, and that the bride and bridegroom should start next morning for Italy. After the ceremony and reception the poor of the parish were given a late tea at the Rectory and entertained by a choir of Howard's boy *protégés*, so that it was not till late at night that Lilian and Howard drove home.

The octagonal chamber under Lilian's directions had undergone a transformation. The walls were hung with tapestry; a rich carpet covered the floor; the window-seats were cushioned, the windows curtained, the great bedstead draped. Howard had loved the old beauty of line, the cool contours and colour; to him the place was hurt by all this gaudy padding and irrelevant upholstery. A few delicate refinements were all that his own mother had desired—tints that enriched without disturbing the harmony. But Howard knew that it was for Lilian to choose—and put such thoughts from his mind.

A log fire burned on the hearth. All its light seemed concentrated in the Italian Mirror.

Howard stared at it amazedly. Lilian was a little pale. "Who has brought this down?" he muttered; "who has had my keys?"

"I gave Lucile the keys," his wife replied; "my new French maid, you know. I told her to lock away my jewellery, to see that all was in order. . . ."

"Yes, yes—but where did you get the key of the loft?"

"Your keys were in your great-coat pocket in the Rectory hall. I could not see you to ask. . . . You don't mind?"

"You told her to get the Mirror brought here?"

"I suppose she saw that the room had no proper one. Do I look nice in it, I wonder?"

She took a step forward. Howard was not a man given to anger, but fierce anger possessed him at that moment. To steal his keys—to rifle his secrets—to make a maid the scapegoat—these were actions so despicable that he felt they deserved no mercy. As he did not answer, Lilian turned to him. She had acted almost on impulse in the matter of the keys, though it seemed to her a permissible trick to have played him and an assertion that his wife must share all his most intimate preoccupations. She had foreseen that he might be annoyed; she had not known that he could assume so terrible an aspect. With a little shuddering cry she faced the Mirror; roused to an abnormal pitch of emotion by the events of the day, and further agitated by the dark look in Howard's face, she attained for one second the stature of vision. There, in the Mirror, instead of her own face she saw a face of dazzling beauty—pale and pearl-like, but, as it seemed to her, cold and disdainful—of an aloofness that Lilian took to be mockery. So here, then, was her rival—living, if not breathing; powerful, if not tangible

—here was the vampire that had sucked Howard's love away from the possibility of her winning it. This white inhuman thing, unreach-able, untouchable, secure in her silver palace, had for the past months been warring against her with a grace, a loveliness, a distinction impos-sible for a provincial clergyman's daughter to combat. A surge of hatred came over Lilian, and in an impulse of passion she made a wild movement. Her hand crashed against the glass, which was only lightly hung in its frame, and it fell to the ground.

But as a drowning man sees at the last gasp all his life concentrated in one flash, so, as it fell, Howard read in its depths the whole shining message he had received. All the beauty and strength of the accumu-lated past gathered itself in the Mirror in one dazzling flame—then crashed to a million sparks at his feet.

Lilian cowered into a chair and covered her face with her hands. The omen of the broken looking-glass on her wedding night appalled her. Her body was shaken with stifled sobs.

Howard's anger left him. A great blank, a great darkness was about him. It was like the finality of death that had wiped out at one blow all that had made life resplendent. He had lived so long at high tension that when the cord snapped everything went to pieces. In a spasm of violent reaction he saw the present in all its sordid reality; he saw a shivering girl huddled up untidily—his wife who had married him from ambition. He saw himself stripped of all his flimsy pretences—knew his supposed chivalry a mere excuse for weak-ness, not even fine enough to secure undivided loyalty to his promised bride. It was the most devastating moment of his life. Everything failed him—faith in the world, faith in himself; the naked truth confronted him—two beings bound together without the glamour of love or the tenderness of sympathy or the sweetness of understanding—two wretched beings thrown together for all the days of their existence. . . .

Lilian stretched out her arms in a kind of blind appeal; her face was drained of blood and looked pinched and old. A sudden pity came to Howard for this girl submerged with himself. Then memories slowly flooded back into his mind. Memories, not of the face that had haunted him so long, for with the breaking of the Mirror that seemed to have faded—memories rather of an influence that had changed the current of his being, memories of suffering nobly borne and the high patience of endurance, and, above all, the courage that faced unflinch-ingly the terror of every day. What was the tragedy of his foolish marriage compared with her martyrdom? The very remembrance of her strength lifted him to a higher level, spoke to his manhood, awoke in him a sense of responsibility. He could not allow his life and Lilian's to sink into hopeless disillusion. That life must be a maimed thing for them both, he foresaw, but the vision had shown him the value and dignity inherent in all life. So from her he gained power to meet the situation.

It was the commonplace he called to his aid. "We must have all this glass cleared away," he said, ringing the bell. His voice sounded

strange to him. "Don't be distressed, dear; no one can help an accident."

"But I saw her," said Lilian, shuddering. "I feel as if I had committed a murder."

Howard shuddered, too, at that. "She will disturb us no more," he answered; "you must think of her as only a reflection in a looking-glass."

"It's awful . . . my wedding night."

Her wedding night. . . . At that he lifted her up and put his arms about her. "Don't grieve, Lilian—you've shattered the past; now we've got to build the future."

"Oh, you are kind, you are kind," she moaned; "if only you could love me."

But Howard knew there were no exalting heights for them to tread—only a difficult and stony path—the path that most of us must go.

The quicksilver, Messenger of the Gods, lay in little silver bubbles among the sparkling glass of broken dreams, until the servant came and swept it up for the dustbin.

## NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

SASHKA JIGOLEFF. By Leonid Andreyev. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is difficult to believe that this is the only novel that Leonid Andreyev ever wrote. *The Red Laugh* seemed to give a veritable new shiver to Russian literature, one which would inevitably vibrate through the novel, as the Russians understand it. In actual fact, it is just this shiver of *The Red Laugh* that makes itself felt in the tranquil home of Sasha Pogodin, that follows him as a boy of nineteen into his new life as the leader of forest bandits, that clings at last to his corpse, which seemed to smile ironically as the white teeth flashed through the torn cheek. Books like this have been written before in many languages, but never after the manner of Andreyev, never with that pervading sense of foreseen, anticipated and yet unavertible calamity.

Everything else is subordinate to the sense of implacable fate which, however hectic in the atmosphere of this writer, none the less has its real kinship with the world of Æschylus and Sophocles. The pessimism of Andreyev was largely due, Maxim Gorky tells us in his preface, to the influence of Schopenhauer and Hartmann: "He began to instil the philosophy of German pessimists into Russian souls." This fact, in the opinion of Gorky, has to no small extent weakened Andreyev's descriptions of the Russians. It was, indeed, Andreyev's persistent clinging to cosmic pessimism that brought him into personal conflict with this friend of ten years' standing, who now writes of him in these unmistakable words: "In the history of Russian letters he will always retain the place of one of the most exceptional and noteworthy artists." Had he written only *Sashka Jigouloff* it might well be claimed that he had a right to such a place. For all the qualities of Andreyev, with their defects, are crammed into the meagre framework of a comparatively simple story, inevitably overburdened by a psychology which is, so to speak, forced back upon itself. But it is probably in the short story rather than in the novel that Andreyev, had he only lived, would have best continued his imaginative and almost physically painful impressions of the Russian people and the destiny of Russia.

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT. By Osbert Sitwell. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

When Anatole France had made a too bitingly exact portrait of a living person under a fictitious name he would occasionally allude in passing to the real person, a gesture of ironical delicacy which Mr. Sitwell, for his part, has disdained making towards Scarborough. On the whole he is right, for Newborough is considerably more than Scar-

borough, is, in fact, the island in microcosm. And he is very harsh towards the little social leaders whom he sees with such unforgiving clarity. It is not merely a question of flogging dead horses, but rather of flicking moribund beetles. For irony has its limitations, recoils on itself, beaten back by its own sting when it depends for its food on such anæmic nutriment as Miss Collier-Floodgaye, her companion Miss Bramley, Miss Waddington, Mrs. Shrubfield, and all the rest of them. They are too like each other, labelled merely by mannerisms, by catch phrases, or by such Tower of Babel exclamations as "*Eccola? Regardez ça, liebchen*," attributed like many another similar morsel of Ollendorf erudition to Mrs. Shrubfield. At the very best they paraphrase each other's platitudes, and have rather less real characterisation than the A, B, and C of arithmetical programmes for whom, incidentally, Professor Leacock has claimed genuine individuality.

Then, when Mr. Sitwell leaves his puppets frankly alone in order to descant on things in general, he approaches the prepared rut of invective, so recently deepened by our most distinguished authors. Instruction, education, particularly in the public schools, social gentility, banality of outlook, timid respectfulness in art and life, all these things have been railed at often in books that are themselves by no means feeble illustrations of the very faults they condemn. But *Before the Bombardment* avoids those fatally standardised lines, and is not merely amusing but original in an unsuspected sense. Miss Collier-Floodgaye and her neighbours, insignificant as characters, have genuine significance when viewed from a slightly different angle. They illustrate, indeed, the whole thesis of *Le Rire* as elaborated by Henri Bergson. Newborough itself illustrates that thesis of comedy which sees in *la raideur* the true origin of the comic. Mr. Sitwell's retired colonel is so much a retired colonel that he becomes comic; his modern schoolmaster is so much a modern schoolmaster that the machinery creaks through his facile erudition; the very cricketers trotting along the green sward become enveloped in cricket, petrified in the game, and so laughable in the Bergsonian sense. The same may be said of all the chief figures of this book, from the permanent companion who becomes a companion and nothing else, up to Miss Waddington, whose very patriotism becomes comic because it is paralysed by *la raideur*. In short, Mr. Osbert Sitwell has given us in this first novel of his what is probably one of the acutest studies in stagnation that has appeared since Goncharov's *Oblomov*. Then the prying eyes of Newborough must not, cannot, be forgotten. Not even Marcel Proust has made the window more terrible.

ADAM'S BREED. By Radclyffe Hall. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)

Perhaps the real clue to this curiously arresting and original novel is its dedication to "Our Three Selves." Certainly, in the three books that form the volume, the author presents three entirely different aspects of his hero. Gian-Luca, robbed of everything except his Italian blood, bereft of his mother from birth, wholly ignored by his

prosperous father, without even a name, without a country, and from his very childhood without faith, is a member of a little community of Italians in Old Compton Street. And among all these varied, well-differentiated Latin figures it is the old grandmother of Gian-Luca who stands out from the beginning to the end as the prevailing, resisting type. She has resisted Gian-Luca's love while he was a child; she has turned away from his successful career as a head-waiter in manhood; it is not to be expected that she will be softened by the last aspect of her grandson when, like a figure in a Dostoevsky novel, he turns from the world in search of his own soul.

Such is the bald outline of Gian-Luca's evolution in his three aspects from his birth to his death in the early thirties. He is at once a problem in heredity and a problem in environment, but it is to the credit of this author's deep intelligence that he has left him not a psychological case in the abstract but a concrete human being, the sort of person that one may be unconsciously on the look-out for any day in the labyrinths of Soho. Zola would have made the waiter's passionate reaction against the gluttony, to which it was his life mission to pander, more grandiose in manner, but not a whit more vital in matter.

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\* \* *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.*

liv *It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-*  
pas: *written.*

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

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXXIX. NEW SERIES. SEPTEMBER 1, 1927

### AN ENGLISH LADY: A LITTLE PORTRAIT

BY HUGH WALPOLE

#### I

SHE was born in the late fifties in a little western town, and was brought up until her marriage in the very sanctity of Victorian domesticity. How secure and complete that was we are forever to-day being told, but in this case at least it was the security of geographical as well as sociological remoteness.

Truro, the town where she was born, was, seventy years ago, almost as cut off from the rest of the world as any of Jane Austen's villages. There was, it is true, the railway, but travelling in the train was still an adventure, costly, rather dangerous, and above all not necessary because it was felt that the town itself had in it resources enough for any human being. There was, of course, the magical adventure of London, very, very occasional and rare, but in the main the small narrow streets, the high lanes thick in the spring with primroses and violets, the stir of the market days, the thrills of the county balls, the local garden parties, the many little private dances, the expeditions to the sea, Newquay and Perranporth and The Lizard and Penzance, these were enough for anyone's life time.

She was the daughter of the principal doctor of the town, one of its leading citizens, related to every family in Cornwall, and cousin to the Barham of The Ingoldsby Legends. In those days Truro was simply a nest of relations, a family affair, Barham and Carlyon and Trefusis and Grylls, a very close and intimate society. There was at the time of her growing up a vast company of young people, there were no easy avenues of escape, and so they found all possible pleasures and excitements in one

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another's society that there were to find. She was herself a member of a large and loving family; I saw her mother first and last when I was myself six years of age with thoughts centering in the main on food; I see her as a very old lady in a white lace cap, in my memory, rather like Queen Victoria, and dispensing sweet curly biscuits known as lemon biscuits out of a round silver box. She gave me a Bible on the only Christmas Day that I spent in her company, and she comes back to me whenever I think of her in a mingled essence of Russian leather and sugary lemon.

The children were brought up strictly but by the hand of love; there was a real intense family life in which everyone was excited by the doings of everyone else. It should have been absolute security here, but no one is safe and, if that generation was free of the alarms of all our modern progress, they were attacked on the other side by ignorance, old-fashioned ways and a tendency to place too much reliance upon an unfailing Providence.

The lady of whom I am writing was my mother, and her world, which must have seemed utterly secure in its atmosphere of little tea parties, readings round the fire, lessons in Italian and water colour painting, was suddenly broken up by a devastating epidemic of scarlet fever which swept the town, carried off a brother and a sister, and left almost every house in Truro a place of lamentation and mourning. I suspect that my mother never recovered quite from this. All her life long there was to be in her a note of apprehension, she seemed often to be summoning her courage to meet some terrible catastrophe. After that epidemic she was never to feel quite secure again, and I think out of that very apprehension she built up her character so that by the end there was simply nothing that she was not able to face.

I have a little yellow photograph, and from this, both prettier and shyer than any girl is allowed to be to-day, she looks out into a world that can, she knows, be terrifying. Nevertheless, those early years must have been delightful; she was, I imagine, one of the belles of the town; everything that came her way was exciting, and the

very fact that in those days the fun was concerned with little things, that outside the excited circle of the adventures that you might have was always the vast dark unknown world of the adventures that you must not on any account have, added zest and spice to everything. My mother never lost that exultation over small pleasures; when she was over seventy I took her to *Saint Joan*, the last play, in fact, that she ever saw, and it seems as though it were only yesterday that I watched her delighted pleasure and heard her little sigh as the curtain fell: "Oh, I have enjoyed that; oh, I *have* enjoyed that!"

And yet I think there were great dangers in the inexperience of that time. It seems to have been the rule with parents of that day to tell their children nothing and to frown on every sort of question. It was my mother's fate in life to be always mentally honest; she could not conceive a lie whether to herself or to others, and with that mental honesty there was an urgent never-ceasing longing that life should be of the finest; nothing would do for her but that. Some people shut their eyes and make of life what they would have it, but my mother could never do that, and as shock after shock of realisation came to her, her courage grew; but it was always a battle. She was no sentimentalist, but intensely romantic in her ideal dream.

Indeed, I think that everyone who came into contact with her felt that she was a little "fey." Even in that early childish photograph she looks as though she had been lost, stolen, or strayed from her own country; that country had been beautiful and marvellous, and this one was something quite other; she would never be altogether a citizen of it.

My father was the first Precentor of Truro Cathedral, coming there with Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He fell in love with my mother at sight, and she with him, and he in his way had had as remote and isolated an upbringing as she; but he could always make terms with life, having a faith and trust in it which he has never lost, believing implicitly that it was of such and such a kind, that it must in return be of that kind. They



were married in Truro Cathedral, and the day after the wedding left for Auckland, New Zealand, where he was to have a church. The journey to New Zealand in those days was no easy business, and their honeymoon apparently was spent in one of the worst of ships on a succession of the roughest of seas. Here was real life for my mother with a vengeance; she who had never ventured outside Cornwall, who had been surrounded by people who wanted nothing but to give her every comfort and pleasure, found the wide world stormy and terrifying. She had, I suppose, no realisation of the suspicions and hostilities of other people; all her life until then had been based on the belief that people wished one well and would rather be kind than unkind; but the Colonial society of Auckland, rough and good-hearted and pioneering, interpreted her shyness perhaps as pride and her breeding as arrogance. She was so young and inexperienced as to charge herself with every fault. Before she left Auckland she understood their good intentions, but those first years there shook her self-confidence; she was never again easily to believe that people liked her or wanted her, and at the first suspicion of her own inadequacy she would withdraw, feeling that she had made another failure.

Moving then to New York, where my father was a professor of a theological college, she met again another kind of startling experience. The noise and confusion of that life, a certain inadequacy of means, three small children, and a persistent homesickness that would never leave her, homesickness that was of something behind and beyond her early Truro life, these things were forever forbidding her tranquility. The Americans were then, and are now, kinder-hearted than any other people; she made some warm friends who persuaded her almost in spite of herself that her lovely gentleness of character, her integrity, her generosity and her quiet, unexpected humour were possessions that they would value all their days. But when she came back at last to England she was sure of what when she had left it she had only dimly suspected—that she would never learn the ways of this strange foreign world.

## II

We lived in Durham for seven years, and became during that time a family. We became it partly in self-defence, because my father was head of a college that was considered by the Durham Upper Ten to be slightly outside the pale. My mother was the least snobbish of all people alive, but her sensitiveness, her distrust of her own power of attraction, made her, if the world showed a rough face, withdraw into her own security. She began at this time to live only for us; she was most happily married, sharing all my father's interests and ambitions and achievements, but she did not care for these things at all in comparison with our own individual happiness. The rest of the family were happy; I was very unhappy and entirely by my own fault. We lived in an odd house hacked out of the college buildings as it were by accident, and surrounded by an overgrown garden and orchard. I considered myself misunderstood and neglected; I read novels insatiably and told myself stories with Cinderella-like themes, mooning up and down the orchard and thinking how fine it would be to throw myself into the river if only I could at the same time survive that I might hear the universal lamentations. Now my mother never, either then or later, had much patience with moonings of this kind. She had a tremendous sense of duty and a queer ironic humour. I was always at the bottom of every class at school, and appeared to her to be forever wandering lazily about doing nothing. Moreover I was clearly very unhappy and for no very definite reason, so during those years we misunderstood one another, and yet the very thing that separated us was the thing that we had in common. She knew that this funny world, with its snobbish Cathedral society, the odd, uncouth young men of the college, the queer, untidy garden, the cold, rainy winds of the north, the occasional rudeness of unimaginative people, the perpetual housekeeping which she always hated, did beautifully, and never until the days of her last illness would relegate to anyone else; these things were not real, and beyond them was some beautiful place where she once had been and whither again she would go. I too had my

sense of an unreal world, bullying, stupid schoolmasters, impossible, torturing mathematics and Greek accents, untidiness and bodily discomfort, and everyone apparently engaged about things that were stupid and waste of time. I could not explain; I was dumb, and my mother, because of her essential shyness, also could not explain. I wrote endless romances to which no one would listen, and I must say in my own defence that I didn't care a hang whether they listened or no. This again seemed to my mother a dreadful waste of time; the writers whom she at that time loved were the heroes and heroines of her Victorian youth—Browning and Tennyson, George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell. I wanted to be romantic, mysterious, unusual, and my mother, loving me, was distressed that I should be so absurd.

In the years that followed I broke away and sought adventures in London, and it was with the publication of my first book that my mother and I suddenly began to understand one another. She perceived that this driving urge in me was real and determined, and I began dimly to perceive the splendid development of character that was in her. She had to fight against numberless things, against allowing the longing for her own real country to become too strong in her, against a rather sharp ironic sense that was, she saw quite plainly, mainly destructive, against an intolerance of people's *gaucherie* and bad manners. She detested bad manners and failures of tact; she had been brought up in a world where everyone was courteous, where servants were devoted to their masters, where people had time to think of small kindnesses, where there was a sort of gentle etiquette of good conduct. A new world was now around her, better in many ways than the old, but lacking many of the things that she loved; she had to fight herself into acceptance of this. Then she had to fight against her shyness, her sensitiveness to what she thought were rebuffs, her shrinking from intimacies in which she could not wholly play her part. She took all her relationships with intense seriousness; she had a conscientiousness that I have never seen equalled in any human being save her daughter; there was nothing casual about her word or

her promise, and when she loved she loved with all her heart. I myself, growing much happier, began to have more understanding, and I dimly perceived how splendidly my mother's character was developing! but it was not until the middle of the War that I realised her.

I should like here to draw some physical portrait of her, but how difficult that always is when one has been so continuously close.

She was very slender, her body moving always with a nervous energy that was yet not restless and with a great dignity so that I think she was always noticed at once in any room into which she came. She had the loveliest white hair that I have ever seen in any human being; it is not only that it was beautiful in its clear silver colour, but that it seemed to have a kind of radiance, or purity of texture. Her features were very delicate, rather sharply defined; all her character was in her eyes, which were very soft and gentle and yet acutely penetrating. Her hands were lovely, aristocratic, strong, and very eloquent, so that all her moods seemed to be expressed in them, but never with ugliness.

When she was irritated or distressed I used to watch her hands and I would fancy that I could feel there the emotion of her mood, and then see the fine control rise in her and command her spirit.

In her last years her body was so slight that you thought that a breath of wind might blow it away, and it was interesting to observe how, as the years came upon her, she grew physically ever more slender and spiritually stronger and more dominating. I like to think of her coming into a room in a dress of some delicate grey colour with her lovely hair, her eagerness to greet some friend, her dignity mingling with her affection, and always at the last that colour of other-worldliness so that you felt that you must hold her there with your eyes lest, at some mysterious command, she should suddenly disappear.

We had always said in the family that mother could stand better than any of us a big crisis, but it was the little things that worried her—a stupid maid at a dinner party, something said that seemed to her in retrospect

false or liable to misunderstand, somebody in trouble whom she was not able to help, reports of some cruelty or meanness—these things disturbed her terribly, but with many another woman of that time the War brought out all the grandeur that was in her. She had no meanness of view nor desire for revenge, she was intensely patriotic without hating the rest of the world, and she watched over her family with the utmost care and tenderness and understanding, and yet had thought and care left for everyone else who was in distress. I was abroad during most of the War, but was conscious through it all of a growing intimacy with her. When it was all over I came home (home being then Edinburgh), and we had a walk one day up and down round Arthur's Seat and finally found one another. I had developed during those years a kind of religion of my own which, when I spoke of it to anyone else, was so vague as to be useless. She led me to talk about it. We had never discussed religion before; many of the dogmas that meant so much to her were meaningless to me; but I found that, more than anyone else I knew, she could understand almost any religious point of view. Her own faith was the most enviable thing in the world—absolutely certain, penetrated with a marvellous spiritual intimacy and confidence, the foundation of all her life and happiness, and finally mysterious as everything in her was a little mysterious, as though again she belonged to some country that must be unknown to us. But this did not separate her from me; it produced in her no arrogance nor condemnation of others; she took me on my own ground, only wanting to understand me and to support me in everything that seemed to her good and courageous.

In these later years everyone, I think, who came into contact with her felt her to be something rare and fine. She was very difficult to know, simply because she took so seriously her pledged word and was so sure that she was too usual and ordinary for people to waste time about her. And yet she had a great pride, a pride not of herself nor of her family, but of her sense that life was a very grand and important thing. She felt, I think, that everyone ought to be proud that they were given the chance of this experi-

ence, and yet although she was a happy woman she seemed always like someone who was only waiting until she could resume her real life again. She grew ever wiser and more tolerant and more kindly; she was very delicate, and almost everything she had to do needed twice as much physical determination as it would for most. She shrank sometimes from social things that seemed to her useless and waste of time, and it was one of her chief troubles that she was not eager enough about the social duties that my father's position necessitated. More and more as the years passed she loved everything that was beautiful—pictures and music and scenery and books. In her young days she had had a very limited education, but her artistic judgment was very seldom wrong, although it was limited, of course, in its attitude to modern things by the generation to which she belonged.

We had one last expedition to Italy together. I think that that was one of the happiest jaunts in her life, and always now when I think of her I see her as a little quiet lady, saying not very much, her eyes shining with pleasure, beautifully gracious to servants and railway porters and peasants on the road, with a great dignity but with a delightful childishness breaking out again and again, an excitement of appreciation that all the stress and conflict of her life left quite unimpaired.

There came then some last terrible months in Mentone when, in an empty villa lent us by a kind friend set in a garden rioting with huge scentless flowers, life slowly ebbed from her. One last victory remained for her; at first when she was unaware of how serious her illness was she struggled for life which she loved, but there came a day when she suddenly knew the truth, and from that moment she presented a most beautiful aspect of courageous acceptance. She hated to leave us, but we were all aware in the last weeks that her temporary sojourn in a foreign country was over. One of the last things that she said to me was: "You don't know what a comfort it is to think that I am never going to be shy again."

She was a very great lady of stupendous courage; she never knew how many people she made happy and proud.

## PRESIDENT COOLIDGE "CHOOSES"

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

It is remarkable that any controversy should have arisen in the United States as to what was meant by President Coolidge when he announced on August 2nd, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." In that statement he reverted to the New England dialect familiar to all natives of that section of country and to those who have associated with New Englanders elsewhere. When a resident Vermonter refuses something offered him by saying, "I do not choose any," he has declined in the most positive form of which his language is capable. Purists may reasonably take exception not only to the use of a dialect in addressing a great nation in which many different dialects are in use, but to the wording of the announcement as well, for a free interpretation of what Mr. Coolidge meant to say is "I refuse to become a candidate for re-election to the office of President of the United States."

There is no doubt as to his meaning, however, and it is possible that his announcement escapes any possible misinterpretation with greater success through being made in a native tongue, which, while blunt and provincial, is unequivocal. It may be safely assumed that he means what he says. Whether or not this will eliminate him from the next Presidential contest appears to be still a matter of discussion, but those who know him and are familiar with the events and circumstances of his administration, public and private, are inclined to accept his decision as final and to turn their attention to other men who are avowed or not unwilling candidates for the succession. This is done more or less reluctantly by many influential elements in American life, for the financial and industrial interests of the country have been strongly behind the Administration, and the very large "safety first" element is entirely content with the policies and actions of the man at the wheel of the ship of State.

On the personal side there is every reason Mr. Coolidge should wish to retire to private life. Since his advent in

the White House he has met with a grievous loss in the death of his son, and he is constantly receiving threats of kidnapping or of violence in connection with his only remaining offspring. Although he is only fifty-five years old, the tremendous strain and exacting duties of the office he holds have told seriously upon his health. Mrs. Coolidge is one of the most successful and popular hostesses the White House has held for many years, but it is no secret in Washington that she is tired of the responsibilities and filled with deep anxieties for her husband both as to his health and his safety. It is believed by many that her influence is the determining factor in bringing about the President's recent announcement. The President is not a man with large private means. Being of economical habit, he will probably be able to retire from Washington at the end of his term considerably better off than when he became Vice-President. This is quite possible, and has been the case with other Presidents even when the Government was not as liberal with its allowances as in more recent years. It is also a well-known fact that an ex-President who has been a lawyer can at once become a member of a New York law firm at a salary equal to that received while President and at the same time secure complete freedom from the excessive work and worry which appertain to the more public position.

Politically Mr. Coolidge has not been particularly happy during the four years he has been President. He inherited the serious scandals of the previous Administration, and while they left him untouched they brought in their train many complications and unpleasant episodes. He is not at all hand-in-glove with the Republican Party managers, and they do not like him. He has been unable to control or even influence Congressional action to any degree. His foreign policies towards Mexico, Nicaragua, and towards Europe have been subjected to fierce criticism at home as well as abroad, and it cannot be said that he has helped to strengthen the forces working for internationalism. His one great achievement in this field was the initiation of the first naval disarmament conference with its excellent results. The more recent conference has not had such a

happy ending for obvious reasons, one of the principal being lack of preliminary work and the remoteness of the United States from problems which are very real to the other participating Powers.

In the field of domestic politics in the United States the great question is as to what can be done for the farmer, who has had a pretty thin time for several years past. Congress passed a price-fixing Bill which was naturally and rightly vetoed by President Coolidge. Any other President would have had to do the same thing, as it was economically unsound. On the other hand, no constructive ideas have come from Washington looking towards farm relief, and the President, probably unjustly, has lost a large element of political support in the great farming areas of the Middle West. The man who can devise a slogan that will appeal to this element will immediately acquire political standing, but he is yet to be forthcoming. It is a very serious question whether there is any real remedy for depressed agricultural conditions in America other than an increase in the world demand for products of the land, and such improvement as could be brought about through more intensive methods of cultivation, the extension of the co-operative movement, and such other aids to scientific marketing as are practicable. The farmers, however, are convinced that their salvation lies in legislation, and whereas two years ago they were tremendously strong for Mr. Coolidge, they are now more or less lukewarm. His strength with the farmers in some sections of the country was further depleted by his refusal to favour State grants to the sufferers from the recent Mississippi floods.

The nominating convention of the Republican Party will not be held until June, 1928, and the election is not until the November following. Much water can run under the mill between now and then. Another session of Congress convenes at the beginning of December this year, and things may happen then which will affect or even completely change the present political situation. In the meantime, however, would-be candidates for the Presidency and their friends have been stimulated to activity

by the glimpse of a free-for-all field given by Mr. Coolidge's announcement. It has been usual for an outgoing Administration to favour the chances of some individual as its successor to power. If Mr. Coolidge adopts this line his favourite will be Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, now Secretary of Commerce, who is a most powerful and some say dominating influence in the present Cabinet. Mr. Hoover is not in favour with the rank and file of the politicians, and as his chief is also unpopular in that direction the latter may not be able to work his will upon a nominating convention. The work of organising to secure the nomination for Mr. Hoover has already begun, however, and along significant lines, for Mr. Will Hays, ex-chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. C. Bascom Sless, Mr. Coolidge's ex-secretary, and his present secretary, Mr. Everett Sanders, have taken charge of affairs.

Mr. Hoover is himself a man of great organising ability, but with certain temperamental drawbacks as a peacemaker. He has the advantage of having a loyal following among the members of his vast Government machine, the tentacles of which reach out into every part of the United States and touch upon all of the manifold activities of a busy nation. He also has at his command the services of those who have been at various times connected with his relief works, of which the European peoples are gratefully cognisant. He would have a disadvantage to overcome in the fact that, while he was born in the United States, he has spent most of his life in foreign countries, so much so, in fact, that when he was first appointed to office he found it difficult to decide upon a home address. He has now adopted California as a good State to come from, however, and would now hail from there, but it is evident he could not expect the support of the "native son" element, a valuable asset to any candidate.

The weight of Administration influence, which is always great, would make Mr. Hoover a formidable claimant, and it now appears that this is to be thrown into the scales in his favour. Mr. Coolidge has a very large following, notwithstanding his loss of prestige in some directions. Had

he so decided he would probably have been re-nominated and re-elected. This is admitted even by his critics, and if he is willing to use his advantage to the benefit of someone to whom he can give his openly expressed approval the odds would be in favour of his favourite, or else he might so deadlock the convention as to bring about an insistent demand that his decision to retire be reconsidered, and that he should succeed himself. This is apparently quite within the possibilities, and it is extremely doubtful whether any man could refuse under such circumstances.

Vice-President Charles G. Dawes is strongly in the limelight as a candidate, and there is considerable sentiment for him in Chicago, where he has been in the banking business for some years. He has the advantage of having had the present German reparations plan named after him, as he was chairman of the Commission which put it into effect. This has given him a world-wide reputation, but it is not such a valuable asset with the American voters as might appear, for domestic affairs take precedence over foreign adventures. One of his most serious handicaps is that the ex-Governor of Illinois, Mr. Frank O. Lowden, is not only a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, but is believed by many to be the most available man the party can adopt as its leader. In 1924 he was chosen by the Republican National Convention as the nominee for the Vice-Presidency, but refused the nomination. It was only through Mr. Lowden's refusal that Mr. Dawes secured the office.

For years past Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University of New York, has been hovering in the Republican background awaiting a stroke of political lightning which would land him in the White House. His figure is still apparent, and he is still "also mentioned," but he does not appear to be in any more danger of a stroke in 1928 than he has been in the years gone by. He might possibly be accepted as a Vice-Presidential possibility should a man from one of the more Western States head the ticket. The political situation in the United States at the present time, as con-

cerns the next Republican bid for a successor to Mr. Coolidge, and barring accidents and unexpected developments, resolves itself into a contest between Messrs. Hoover, Lowden and Dawes in the order of precedence named, so far as probabilities may go, with the chance always remaining that Mr. Coolidge himself may be called upon to make a sacrifice of his own personal affairs and accept another nomination.

It is interesting to take stock of Mr. Frank O. Lowden, who is probably the most acceptable candidate to a majority of the Republican voters. He was born in Minnesota, and is, in truth, a Middle West man. A point raised against him is that he is now sixty-six years old, but, as he himself has said, if the people ever chose him for the Presidency he will only serve for one term, this declaration may bring him favour with the politicians. It may be said of him, however, that he has the physical and mental attitude of a man of fifty. In his earlier years he was handicapped politically by the fact that he married the daughter of the late George M. Pullman, of sleeping car fame, and thus became associated in the public mind with more money and corporate interests than approved of by popular opinion, especially as his late father-in-law had antagonised the Labour interests.

By his own energy and abilities, however, and by identifying himself with the agricultural interests of the country as a practical and successful farmer and fine stock breeder in Illinois on a large scale, he became well known and respected in that powerful constituency. Politically it is unfortunate for both Mr. Lowden and Mr. Dawes that they come from the same State, for when the roll is called in the National Republican Convention next June it now seems likely that the sixty-one votes to which the State of Illinois is entitled will be divided between two "favourite sons." It is always a great advantage to a candidate to come to the Convention with his own State delegation solidly behind him. The man who will get the most support from the Middle West, where lies the balance of political power in the United States, will be he

who can present to the country a practical, constructive programme for farm relief, for this is really the greatest economic, and hence political, issue at the moment.

Here Mr. Lowden has the advantage, for not only is he a practical farmer, but realising the importance of the matter he has made many visits to Europe in recent years to study the agricultural systems of other countries where the industry is better organised than in the United States. Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland and Germany have attracted his attention, for in those countries the marketing of farm products is carried out more successfully than in other countries, through the application of scientific methods. If it is found that these methods are possible of use in the United States under conditions to be found there, it is not impossible that Mr. Lowden will come before the public with constructive ideas which will gain support. The features of the marketing systems in vogue in Northern Europe which have attracted American attention are the so-called "einfürschein" export plan, where the farmer who exports grain is allowed to import a similar amount free of duty, assisted co-operation in all branches of farm work, and Government loans to grain marketing corporations. Mr. Lowden's political strength lies with the agricultural interests, but owing to his considerable financial interests and to his excellent record as Governor of Illinois and Member of Congress from that State, he has the confidence of the business community and the country at large. He is not a professional politician or chronic office-holder, however, and this may give his rivals the advantage in matters of preliminary organisation work for the control of the National Convention.

It is unusually early for American politics to become so turbulent as they are now, but this state of affairs has been brought about by Mr. Coolidge's laconic and unexpected announcement to the effect that he is out of the game so far as a personal candidacy is concerned. He has unleashed the dogs of political war for an early start and a long distance race, in the course of which one or more aspirants may fall by the wayside, and numerous "dark

horses" may appear to confuse the issue. At the present moment, however, the situation is more clearly outlined than is usually the case.

The Republican side of the story is the most important, as it is more than probable that another Republican will be elected in 1928, but the Democratic is also of importance and special interest owing to the circumstances which now confront the managers of that party. In the election of 1924 the Democratic standard was carried by Mr. John W. Davis, formerly American Ambassador in London, an able, dignified and altogether creditable figure of a man. He led a lost cause, however, for the party was defeated before it went to the polls. It will not be such a hopeless cause in 1928, but the odds are strongly against a Democratic victory. The strength of the Democratic vote polled will depend very largely upon who is chosen as the candidate for the Presidency.

As with the Republicans, the Democrats have three possibilities in view. The most talked of is Mr. Alfred Emanuel Smith, Governor of New York, and better known to the world as "Al" Smith. Mr. William G. McAdoo, son-in-law of the late President Wilson, was a candidate for the nomination at the National Democratic Convention in 1924, and developed considerable strength. He is again a candidate, and has an effective organisation. The third possibility is Mr. Albert Cabell Ritchie, now Governor of Maryland. Mr. Ritchie is not so much a national figure as either of his rivals, but he is looked upon by those in the know as a very probable choice.

The great point of interest in the Democratic situation is the fact that Governor Smith, of New York, could have a practically unanimous call to leadership owing to his personal popularity, his acknowledged ability and honesty and his political strength, but for the fear of a religious controversy being injected into national politics. Governor Smith is a Catholic, and there is a widespread opposition in the United States to the possibility of a Catholic in the White House.

Governor Smith is also "wet," although he has recently



declared that so long as prohibition was the law of the land it should be obeyed. Mr. McAdoo is "dry" and a Protestant, Governor Ritchie is "wet" and Protestant. The Democrats are therefore confronted with a perplexing state of affairs. They want Mr. Smith, and Mr. Smith is willing, but as anyone familiar with American conditions is aware, the nomination of a "wet" Catholic would let loose the furies, and the whole country would become embroiled in a bitter controversy out of which might come many unpleasant things. The chance remark of a local preacher, in which religion was brought into politics for a moment, helped to defeat James G. Blaine for the Presidency. No religious issue has been raised in an American election since the Civil War, and the people are loth to precipitate one now. Governor Smith can probably secure a majority vote for the nomination in the Democratic National Convention of 1928, but as the "two-thirds rule" still holds in that body a long deadlock with the eventual nomination of a compromise candidate is indicated. Such a situation would favour the nomination of Governor Ritchie.

Mr. McAdoo never has made any appeal to the sympathies or imagination of the nation, and it has never appeared that he would stand any chance of election even should he be nominated. Political managers are practical business men and try to select a possible winner; that is their only salvation. At the present time a man must present some outstanding reason for his candidacy other than merely wanting place, to bring to his support the vast army of independent voters who care nothing for party ties. The number of those who now vote independently has increased enormously in recent years, and this element now casts the deciding vote in all national elections.

## PEACE IN EUROPE

BY "AUGUR"

IN the week preceding the outbreak of the War a young diplomat happened to be dining regularly at the famous St. James's Club. After dinner it was his habit to have a look at the board in the front hall on which the latest telegrams were displayed. By sheer coincidence the diplomat on several evenings found himself standing close to a group of secretaries from the German Embassy. He could not help hearing their loud remarks, and received the impression that they were particularly interested in the news from Ireland.

We now know that in the summer of 1914 the German Government attached some importance to the difficulties experienced by Great Britain in Ireland. Special agents were engaged upon a scrutiny of the political situation. Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London, was sceptical, but his chiefs in Berlin believed that the Irish trouble, among others, would prevent the British Government from taking part in an European war at the moment. The remarks of the secretaries in front of the green baize board at the club reflected the view held in Berlin. The incident has its value. In spite of the calculations of painstaking investigators, Great Britain did go to war. The mistake made in Berlin is explained by the fact that the German mind, incomparable for hair-splitting dissection, lacks the power of synthetic reasoning, which alone could have warned it against applying a cut-and-dried rule in judging the policy of a nation with a different mentality. If one studies the bark on a tree one may not see the forest, and Germany, with her passion for analysis, is often incapable of obtaining that *vue d'ensemble* characteristic of the mental processes of the Latin mind. In 1914 details like the trouble in Ireland obscured for the Germans the essential point: that the decision in Great Britain in favour of war would be comparatively swift, *because the Opposition would be in*



*favour of it.* Berlin had made a study of the policy of Mr. Asquith and of his colleagues, but had not taken into account the fact that in Great Britain national issues are decided as much as possible "with" the Opposition, not against it.

This example from recent history illustrates our view that in politics it is necessary to place principles above topical events, however spectacular the latter may be. After the summer lull affairs in Europe are becoming lively again, and the coming meeting of the Council of the League of Nations will be the starting-point for new political developments. It is useful, therefore, to re-state the chief object pursued by Europe to-day: its peoples desire to live well, as well and even better than they did before the War. Well-being can be achieved only if there is an improvement all round in the economic situation, and that cannot be brought about without a stable peace. Peace, therefore, is the ambition of Europe. As always happens, the main issue is obscured by a multitude of contradictory events and parochial considerations. Yet the desire of a peaceful settlement predominates, and no statesman can afford to ignore it. Let us see what are the elements which have to be taken into account if peace in Europe is to be maintained and strengthened.

The Entente between Great Britain and France remains the foundation of peace in Europe. Of its usefulness from the point of view of British interests there is no need to speak here. The proof of the part played by the Entente in preserving peace in Europe is in the fact that any scheme for upsetting the present state of affairs on the Continent inevitably begins with an attempt to separate the two great Powers. In Moscow Chicherin, who aims at disrupting Europe, so as to make it obedient to the Communist will, is fixed in the idea that it is necessary first of all to detach France from Great Britain. In Berlin those Nationalists who remain attached to the idea of a German revenge believe that the thing to do above all is to isolate Great Britain from France. International affairs provide daily the evidence of the utility of the Entente. In Germany it

supplies a backing for the Republic in its fight against the extremists of the Right and of the Left. In the Balkans it is acknowledged as the mainstay of peace, and the last crisis in Albania has demonstrated its power. In the Mediterranean, thanks to the Entente, Great Britain can play the part of an advocate of peace. In the whole of Europe the expression has become a commonplace: "When Great Britain and France agree, peace is assured." It is the Entente which made possible Locarno, and it is the Entente again which alone can permit the consolidation in our time of peace in Europe by the recognition of Germany's standing as an equal among equals in our democratic community.

The question of Germany's position in Europe has been the subject of a special study (FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, May, "Germany in Europe"), and here we add only the following consideration. The Treaty of Versailles foresees three political operations: (1) the liquidation of the state of war; (2) a period of probation for Germany whilst she is repairing the harm done by the War; and (3) the return of Germany as an equal among equals into the community of nations according to the terms of the Covenant. The liquidation of the state of war was effected when the German delegates appended their signatures to the instrument of the Treaty. Then began the probationary period governed by the various restrictive clauses. But the inclusion of the Covenant of the League of Nations into the Treaty proves that from the very first the length of this stage was to be limited. It was foreseen that some day Germany would be free to stand shoulder to shoulder with the other members of the Concert of Europe. We hold the opinion that this great change was made dependent on Germany becoming a sincere member of the League. So the question now turns around the degree of sincerity of Germany's adherence to the democratic principle as expressed in the League Covenant. We have had the occasion of explaining<sup>2</sup> that the obstacle to such

(1) For a more detailed statement see *Germany in Europe*, "Augur." Selwyn and Blount, 1927.

(2) "Augur," *Soviet versus Civilisation*. Thornton Butterworth, 1927.

a recognition is the fact of the unnatural alliance between reactionary elements in Germany and Moscow Communists. Fortunately there are signs that a change of opinion is taking place in Berlin, where the partisans of a Western orientation are slowly gaining the upper hand. This change is the consequence of practical considerations, which forbid the Germans to continue to rely on such a weak reed as Moscow. But this does not alter the welcome fact of the change itself, and cannot prevent us from drawing our conclusions from it. Germany is now out to put an end to her period of probation, and demands from Europe to be treated as an equal. Questions connected with the Allied occupation of the Rhineland unavoidably are being raised and must be tackled. The demand for a revision of the control imposed by the Dawes Scheme for Reparations is also looming on the horizon. If and when we accept the sincerity of Germany's conversion to the principles of the Covenant as a fact we cannot refuse to admit the fairness of these demands. For they are all concerned with the restrictions imposed by the Treaty as a temporary measure during probation.

Unfortunately the impression prevails in Germany that, as the latter's full-hearted co-operation is necessary to bring about the economic resurrection of Europe and to create the united front for protection against the menace of Bolshevism, she is in the position of driving a hard bargain in her favour. Demands having nothing in common with the restrictions temporarily imposed by the Treaty of Versailles are put forward, and, most of all, the revision of the question of the Polish Corridor is insisted upon with remarkable vehemence. The Corridor was given to Poland as the only outlet to the open sea of a State of nearly thirty million inhabitants. But it has also a great international importance, because its existence protects the trade of the whole of Central Europe and a large part of Russia from becoming the victim of a German railway monopoly. The geographical continuity of the Reich has been destroyed in the process, and the province of Eastern Prussia has again become, what it was before the criminal

partitions of Poland in the eighteenth century, a separate German island. But its economic ties with Germany have not been interfered with, and are protected by special provisions in the treaties. Naturally, a Corridor always carries with it a measure of unfairness for one party, and the best thing would have been if by an exchange of territory and populations it could have been done away with altogether. But the substitution of a German Corridor to the present Polish one would not help matters in the least, and the resulting damage to Poland would be infinitely greater than the disadvantages laid at present upon Eastern Prussia. The latter is the citadel of the small but powerful group of Agrarian Junkers, who retain a great deal of their old influence in Nationalist circles. This explains but does not improve the persistent German demand for the return of the Corridor.

The decisive factor in the situation is the essential fact that Poland is a Great Power in Europe to-day. A nation which can stand up for itself is a Power. A nation which has the strength and the moral force to exercise a lasting influence over international affairs is a Great Power. No settlement can be made in Eastern Europe to-day over the head of Poland, or against the wish of Poland. There is every prospect that this state of affairs will continue. We conclude that Poland is well on the way of becoming a Great Power in Europe. This comes as a shock for those who are accustomed to the order of things as it existed before the War. But if one reflects that Poland, which ten years ago did not figure at all in the diplomatic list, now takes her seat in the councils of Europe among the Great Powers, one sees that the only thing she lacks is the consecration of her rank in the eyes of the general public. This is a defect which swiftly becomes less with each year that goes by. It was a mistake, therefore, when during the last meeting of the Council of the League, for a reason which is not quite clear, the Polish delegate was not invited to be present at the private conversations which took place between the principal delegates and in which the question of relations with Moscow was passed under review. Poland is the guardian of the Eastern marches

of Europe, and the absence of her representative made these conversations unreal.

The fact that Poland is a Great Power establishes the foundation (1) for the attitude of Europe as a whole towards Poland, (2) for the relations between Germany and Poland, and (3) for the attitude of the Poles themselves towards international affairs. It is a well-understood though unwritten law of practical politics that a Great Power cannot be dictated to, and that in every question in which it has a direct or indirect interest its wishes have to be consulted. This means that the time is past when Europe could present Poland with a cut-and-dried decision. Poland is emerging into the consciousness of Europe as a Power to be considered. To this remarkable change nothing has contributed more than the dignified attitude of the Polish Government towards the mad outcries of Moscow after the murder of Voikoff, the Soviet representative in Warsaw. This unfortunate affair seems to have been the touchstone on which the Polish national status was tried and found to be satisfactory. The contrast between the Bolshevik hysteria and the coolness of Poland was generally remarked and favourably commented. The fact that Poland is a Great Power places her on a parity with Germany. From this it results that relations between the two countries can be conducted only on the plane of absolute equality, and that, in its turn, means that if there are any questions pending between the two countries the proper way of discussing them is by a direct approach of one party to the other. Germany has a grievance in the question of the Corridor. Well and good. The way for airing that grievance is by approaching the Polish Government. Here a remark is apposite. There are questions between States which not only cannot be solved, but even cannot be discussed as long as relations have not been established on the basis of friendship. Germany must recognise the status of Poland as a Great Power, and she must give up all hope of coercing Poland by the direct application of force or by trying to enlist the sympathies of other States. As far as Great Britain is concerned the policy of

the Government towards Poland will inevitably be inspired by the principle: "Poland is a Great Power."

The sentence rings well and inspires a proud feeling. But pride must be tempered by a strong sense of duty. A Great Power cannot stand aloof from international affairs. It has, therefore, international responsibilities. It is expected to accept and to carry them out. This means that its policy cannot be guided solely by its own interests; it is obliged to take into consideration the interests of the group of Powers to which it belongs. *Noblesse oblige*, and a Great Power, especially a Great Power in Europe, cannot refuse to bear its share of responsibility for the common weal, as laid down in the Covenant of the League. The peculiar thing about the status of a Great Power is that it cannot be refused. A nation does not become a Great Power simply by declaring its desire to be one, and a nation which is *de facto* a Great Power cannot decline the privileges and duties attached to the title. The Great Powers welcome Poland into their midst; at heart they are glad that a new member has come to share the burden of an onerous duty. Germany, at the time of her own entry into the League, made a great and, we consider, an ill-advised effort to mark the subordinate position of Poland. The result was contrary to expectations: public opinion became better acquainted with and more favourable to the Polish claim. For nothing can defeat in the end the pressure of real facts.

We apprehend, however, that a question which will call to itself attention during the coming months is that of the relations within the group of the Austro-Hungarian Succession States. The disorders in Vienna, though of a purely local character, have brought the question of the "Anschluss" again into the limelight. But the few statesmen who exist in Central Europe have never ceased to watch it with considerable care. They do not trust the talk about Germany's distaste for the idea of the annexation of Austria. They are guided by what the Wilhelmstrasse has let slip out from time to time about its real intentions in regard to the "Anschluss": "To bide the

time when the thing will happen by natural development." If Germany gets Austria she gets a direct frontier with Italy, Hungary, and Yugoslavia. What an occasion for extending the influence of the Reich towards the south! That Germany intends to proceed slowly in the matter is no consolation for the Czechs and other nations on the Danube. A danger deferred is only a danger increased a hundredfold. The position is that, in theory, if the Austrians are willing and Germany has been reinstated a full member of the European community there can be no lawful objection to the Anschluss. But at present the situation has been described to us by a master of modern diplomacy by the terse sentence: "L'Anschluss c'est la guerre." One can well believe this when one knows the suspicion of German policy which persists in Italy and the fears of the same policy which have not been laid in the countries of the Little Entente.

The Czechoslovak Government, which among the Succession States has given proof of being the most statesmanlike, understands that to counteract the tendencies towards the Anschluss it does not suffice to proclaim a veto; some constructive plan must be elaborated sufficiently attractive to make the Austrians forget their sympathies for Berlin. We know that Dr. Benes is considering ways and means to offer to Austria if not a Zollverein, then at least a system of economic advantages, calculated to keep her in the group of Central Europe. The customs barriers erected after the War with such a ferocious energy by the new States have proved to be a not unmixed blessing, especially on the Danube, where to the general surprise it is now being discovered that, whilst the Dual Monarchy was a political monstrosity, it had, nevertheless, a right to exist as a self-contained economic unit. The web of economic interdependence has been severed in many places by the new political formations, but there are signs that the need for it remains. There are two obstacles to a swift reconstruction. One is the unsatisfactory nature of the relations between Hungary and her neighbours, and the other—the view taken by Italy of her essential interests.

The position of Hungary and her grievances have been brought to our attention lately by a strong, we may say by a violent propaganda. This very violence has done the cause of Hungary a disservice, because it has stiffened the resistance in the States of the Little Entente. We believe that the issues between Hungary and her neighbours are of such a nature that they may not be discussed, much less solved, as long as relations remain unsatisfactory as at present. Discussing this problem Mr. Wickham Steed said some time ago:—

In regard to Central Europe, the only sound policy lies in the cultivation of understanding and good will between its peoples. Any policy that seeks to effect change by pressure or agitation is aggressive and stands self-condemned. The drawbacks of "Balkanisation" can only be overcome when such a degree of harmony and of social stability has been attained that defects in the Peace Treaties can be remedied without fear, by common consent.

The position of Italy is peculiar. Possessed of territories which belonged to the old Dual Monarchy she is recognised officially as a Succession State, though in fact she does not belong to the group of States in the basin of the middle Danube. As such the Treaty of St. Germain has recognised her right to intervene in any economic arrangement between these States. Italy is haunted by the fear of the reconstitution under one form or the other of her old enemy. She has, therefore, until now thrown the weight of her influence against the attempts already made to bring about even a purely economic co-operation. On the other hand, Italy fears the appearance of Germany on the Brenner and the extension of German influence to Hungary and Yugoslavia by direct contact. She therefore opposes the Anschluss. But this attitude must break down under the pressure of real facts. Let us avail ourselves of this occasion to say that we refuse to share the view held in wide circles that Italy, under the present Fascist *régime*, is a danger to the peace of Europe. The signs have been, we believe, grossly overestimated. As far as we can see Mussolini is much more interested in internal reconstruction than in foreign affairs, which for him are merely a corollary to domestic problems. His methods are not ours, and

we, who have trained ourselves to a hypocritical soberness of gesture, are taken aback by his sudden exuberance. But it would be a mistake to come to hasty conclusions. A careful watch over Mussolini's politics fails to reveal any desire on his part to disturb the peace of Europe.

We conclude this essay by repeating our warning against the danger of preconceived notions. The case of Central Europe lends itself as an excellent example. For here we are in the domain of the fashionable notion about the right of nations to self-determination. President Wilson, when he included this principle in his famous Fourteen Points, could not have understood it in the same way as have done the politicians of Europe. If he had it would have meant that he admitted the possibility of the two million Jews in New York denouncing their allegiance to the United States and proclaiming themselves a Palestinian colony. We suspect that what he really meant was only to reassert the essential democratic right of all citizens to associate themselves to put forward their claim for fair treatment. It is a long cry from this to the proclamation of self-determination as a sort of fetish before which all must bow irrespective of other considerations. A modern State is formed and is maintained by the co-operation of racial, political, economic and geographical factors, none of which can be allowed to assume absolute predominance. To assert that the modern State is built entirely on racial unity is to ignore the true state of affairs not only in Europe, but in the whole world.

## THE RIDDLE OF THE CRUISERS

GENEVA, August, 1927.

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

TO-DAY the curtain was rung down on the last session of the Naval Conference without any agreement being reached. 'Tis a melancholy business that it should have ended in this way with Great Britain, the United States and Japan unable to reach any definite conclusion as to a limitation of auxiliary ships. If they can reach no agreement after more than eight weeks' discussion, what hope is there of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, in which there are so many more nations interested and so many more rivalries to compose, bringing their labours to a successful end? But it is at least to the good that the chief delegates should have been able to make their final speeches in a friendly atmosphere and defend their respective positions without heat or rancour. For, as I said in my last article, a conference for the limitation of armaments needs very careful preparation beforehand, if it is not to degenerate into a heated discussion between the experts on each side, who will certainly, if left to themselves, insist on working out the problem of their national requirements in terms of war. After all that is their business—to pit ship against ship and battalion against battalion with all the horrid equipment of war. If this is not to happen again, as, unfortunately, it has happened both in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission and in the Naval Conference, the statesmen must first of all adjust the foreign policies of their respective countries so that the measure of their political agreement may be reflected in a lower scale of armaments. For armaments are an expression of national rivalries and suspicions, and until these can be composed it is useless to proceed to talk about limiting or reducing them. Statesmen may talk about the impossibility of war between their respective countries, but so long as they refuse to take the slightest risk in translating their sentiments into a limitation of armaments, and start at every shadow which their experts

conjure up, disarmament conferences will never succeed. On the contrary, they will stimulate only those very fears and suspicions which they are meant to compose.

The most amazing feature about the Conference which has just failed was that there was practically no preparation for it. None of the Admirals knew what the other parties to the Conference were going to propose. The British were astonished that the Americans should set their requirements for national security as high as their own, since Great Britain almost completely depends on overseas supplies of food. The Japanese, who proved the best diplomatists at Geneva in their efforts to find a way for all the three countries out of the cruiser tangle, were in a continual state of alarm that their own tonnage would be raised. They had, like everyone else, to grope their way through the first day's proceedings. As for the Americans, they were firmly convinced that the British had conceded parity in auxiliary vessels as well as in battleships at Washington, and believed that, as Great Britain had shown her preference for eight-inch gun cruisers since the War, their proposal that each country should be allowed to build as many of these as it liked within a limited tonnage would be welcomed by the British Empire. The truth was, of course, just the contrary, for after making up the complement of bigger cruisers for the Battle Fleet, both the British and the Japanese required smaller vessels and demanded a maximum displacement of six thousand tons and six-inch guns for the ships which they needed to police the seas and protect their commerce.

Thus after the first few days the eight-inch gun came into the picture as the most formidable obstacle to an agreement. For the Americans insisted on the cruiser which could mount this weapon, as the type which was best suited to their requirements. They refused to be restricted in the use of their tonnage to the smaller type of vessel, although they were offered parity with Great Britain not only in the ten thousand ton cruisers carrying eight-inch guns, but finally in all others capable of mounting this gun. The Americans refused to accept the British argument that the most effective way to obtain a limitation of

armaments was to scale down the size of the cruiser so that the maximum displacement should be ultimately fixed at six thousand tons with six-inch guns. They viewed the problem from quite a different angle, convinced that the only way to obtain an effective limitation was to fix the global tonnages of cruisers, destroyers and submarines at as low a level as possible. In doing so they demanded that each country should be allowed to build what it liked within certain limits of tonnage and displacement. But even if in this way an agreement on destroyers and submarines could have been arrived at—for the Americans were willing to bring down the maximum displacement of these vessels very nearly to the British level—the problem of adjusting British and American requirements in cruisers remained insoluble.

It was around the eight-inch gun that the controversy raged. The Americans needed cruisers with this powerful gun (so incomparably greater than the six-inch gun that the eight-inch gun ship could sweep the seas of the smaller cruisers), because the British could arm a much larger fleet of liners than they could in time of war with six-inch guns, thus adding greatly to the cruiser strength of the British Empire. Unless, therefore, the United States took out its cruiser tonnage in eight-inch gun ships it would find itself hopelessly outclassed. In short, there could be no parity for America without the eight-inch gun. Nothing perplexed the layman more than this controversy concerning the fighting power of the liner. For while on the one hand the British Admirals declared that the liner was of little use against a cruiser armed with the same calibre of gun, the American Admirals maintained that, as the liner could mount more guns and was swifter, she was more than the equal of the small cruiser. In any event the Americans did not want the small cruiser, because their lack of sea-bases rendered it comparatively useless either as an offensive or defensive weapon.

"Build what you like within a fixed global tonnage and ten thousand tons displacement," said the Americans in effect, "and leave us to build what we require, and the lower the total tonnage the better. But we will not be

bound to a programme which will send up our tonnage and necessitate our building what we don't want because the British Empire insists on seventy ships mainly of the smaller type for its requirements."

In vain did the British and the Japanese, who sided with the British in their desire to reduce the size of the cruiser, try to get the Americans to state the number of eight-inch gun cruisers which they would build within the terms of a treaty of limitation. The famous formula "twelve-twelve-eight" was invented for this purpose. But the Americans never accepted it, although for a time they seemed inclined to work out the problem of the bigger cruisers in this way.

At the same time they always made it plain that if they did so they would not submit to a maximum displacement for other cruisers which would prevent the mounting of the eight-inch gun. The acceptance, therefore, of a limitation in ten thousand ton cruisers by the Americans would not have solved the problem of adjusting the British and American requirements to a parity basis. For the British Sea Lords would not sign an agreement which left them in doubt as to what the United States might build in the more offensive type of cruisers, that is to say, ships capable of mounting eight-inch guns, which the Japanese, it was said, had placed on ships of seven thousand five hundred tons, or even less.

The trouble, as the writer saw it, was that neither nation was really sincere in saying that it was not thinking in terms of possible war, however remote that might be. For the whole controversy turned on the unavowed determination of both sides to build against one another. Each started with an absolute standard of its requirements which had little or no relation to the needs of the other. Thus while the British Empire—and it is important to remember that the Dominions were represented at Geneva—declared that it must have seventy cruisers, twenty-five of the larger kind with a complement of twelve ten thousand ton cruisers for the Battle Fleet, and forty-five of the smaller kind for the protection of its commerce and long lines of communication, the United States declared for parity in total tonnage,

with freedom to build what it liked in eight-inch gun cruisers. This demand of the United States for parity in cruisers bore, so declared the British admirals, no relation to the requirements of a country which was largely self-contained, but it was conceded. The Americans pointed out that they were quite willing to make their demand relative to the tonnage of the two other countries in the Conference. But their insistence on the eight-inch gun cruiser remained as much an absolute standard of their requirements as the seventy ships which the British Sea Lords said that they must have. And unless one side or the other would give way, there could be no prospect of an agreement.

Statesmen at home might assert that war between the two nations was unthinkable. But this did not alter the calculations of the Admirals and their advisers at Geneva. While the Americans said that they could not understand why the British Empire in a time of profound peace should insist on building a considerably larger number of cruisers than it actually possessed, with the result that America in order to gain parity would have to be obliged to undertake a large shipbuilding programme, the British complained that it was in effect the American insistence on the eight-inch gun cruiser which was driving up their tonnage. For the British Admirals would not take any risk of being out-built in cruisers of this type, so that they had to reserve sufficient tonnage to retain parity against any potential number of this class which might be built. As their requirements in smaller cruisers had to be met at the same time, it was obviously very difficult to keep their total tonnage down to a level which the Americans would accept. President Coolidge might demand parity, but he wanted it as cheaply as he could get it, and the last idea in his mind was to increase taxation on the eve of a Presidential election, whether he himself stood or not. When the Americans raised the cruiser tonnage to four hundred thousand tons, the problem of adjusting tonnages looked less formidable. But they accompanied the concession with the statement that, although they were willing to discuss the number of ten thousand ton cruisers and to accept a secondary class of cruisers of a lower tonnage displace-



ment, this class must not be of a maximum individual displacement which would preclude the mounting of the eight-inch gun. Any further concession on their part, they added, would involve a complete surrender of their right to build ships corresponding to their needs. And so, after more than a month's talk on the cruiser riddle, the Conference found itself back at the point from which it had set out, the Americans on the one hand demanding a free hand to build what they liked, and the British still asking for the number of the eight-inch gun cruisers which the Americans intended to lay down within the terms of a treaty of limitation. In these circumstances to lower the maximum displacement to six thousand tons, as the British and Japanese decided to do when the Americans asked them to take a hand at the game, so far from solving the problem made its solution still more unacceptable to the Americans. Finally the British figures for all three classes of vessels, cruisers, destroyers and submarines, came down to five hundred and ninety thousand tons, which left their cruiser tonnage well within the American mark. Here at last seemed a hope of making the British seventy cruisers square with the American global tonnage. But alas! unless the Americans consented to limit the number of their bigger cruisers and accept a much smaller displacement for the secondary and more numerous class, the British units could not be fitted into the American total.

In vain did the Americans declare that it would be impossible for them, unless they scrapped all their existing tonnage (including the ten vessels of the *Omaha* class, armed with twelve six-inch guns), to build up to the British level in eight-inch gun cruisers within a limited tonnage and a short term treaty. Not even Einstein, said Mr. Gibson, could do it. Why should the British, he asked, be so apprehensive? Had not the United States showed that it had absolute confidence in Great Britain by the fact that she had actually only two eight-inch gun cruisers on the stocks with their keels barely laid, whereas Great Britain had nearly twelve in commission? To remove the last shred of British apprehension the Americans invented a so-called political formula, due to the ingenuity of their

legal adviser, Mr. Alan W. Dulles, to enable any of the three parties to a treaty of limitations to call another conference in 1931, if it thought its security threatened by either of the other two, with the option of denouncing the treaty eighteen months after that date.

Now this plan which the Americans were prepared to tighten up to meet British views really seemed to offer a way out of the impasse. But the British Sea Lords would not accept it. In the first place it left the Americans free to do what they liked for five and a half years. Also an agreement with such a loophole would, they asserted, give rise to the very suspicions and uncertainty which a treaty of limitation was intended to allay. Why enter into an agreement, it was argued, which could be broken in this way, and broken, too, with incalculable friction to the relations of the three countries?

And so the controversy dragged on, the British delegates, before these final proposals were made, having paid a hasty visit to London to see Mr. Baldwin to return with certain modifications of their original scheme, the most interesting feature of which was an arrangement for permitting the Americans to gain parity in the intermediate class of cruisers between ten thousand and six thousand tons by conceding two more eight-inch gun vessels to them in this class. But this suggestion did not appeal to the Americans, for the British had not receded from their demand for a maximum individual displacement for smaller cruisers restricted to the six-inch gun.

Supported by the Japanese, the British delegates then suggested a naval holiday scheme, which was in reality a slightly revised version of their original proposal. They had always declared that they did not want to build any more of the larger cruisers, and now they offered to cease building this type of ship altogether, and to use their yards for the smaller cruisers only, until the Americans had gained parity in eight-inch gun cruisers. The Japanese agreed to do the same, that is to say to cease building the larger cruisers until the United States had established the Washington ratio with their fleet in this respect. But this plan, like the rest, involved the acceptance by the



Americans of a smaller individual maximum displacement for their remaining cruisers, and they would have none of it. For, according to the American view, such a suggestion was to dictate to them their shipbuilding programme and to compel them to build a number of smaller ships which they did not want. Congress, declared the Americans, would not accept such a plan; it would probably strongly object to being tied down to a specific number of ten thousand ton cruisers. And so the wheel came full circle again. There was only one way out of the maze, and that was for the British to give the Americans a free hand and to take the risk, which seemed to be a very small one, of the Americans outpacing them in eight-inch gun cruisers within the terms of a treaty which was not in any event to run beyond 1936. In that event the Americans would have been content to leave the British free on their side to build what smaller cruisers they liked. The alternative was to face the danger of a race in armaments in which the United States could always outbuild the British fleet if it desired to do so. To have made this concession would have so greatly pleased the Americans as to render it extremely unlikely that Congress would authorise a programme which could cause the British or Japanese any apprehension. It was after all what Lord Lee had advised in his letter to *The Times*. He better than most men understands American psychology. But to ask Mr. Bridgeman or Earl Jellicoe to take this course was perhaps to expect too much. They were there to see that no risk was taken, and they believed that to make such a concession would run counter to the whole principle on which the British scheme for limitation was based, and that it would create a dangerous precedent. For what after this could be said to other Powers with their demands for a free hand in building submarines? Moreover, there was no doubt about the immense superiority of the eight-inch gun over the six-inch gun.

Now Sir Austen Chamberlain was at this very time telling the House of Commons that there could be no question of rivalry between the two great Anglo-Saxon countries, and that war between them was unthinkable. If

his words had been translated into the terms of a treaty at Geneva the riddle of the cruisers could have been solved at once. For if they meant anything, they implied that Great Britain had nothing to fear in taking the small risk which was involved in giving America a free hand to build what she required in cruisers. Once granted this liberty there was no reason to suppose that the Americans would abuse it; and what could one or two more cruisers matter if the British retained the friendship and goodwill of the United States.

To the layman it seemed that but a hair's breadth divided the British and the Americans when they parted on August 4th with all its tragic memories of the Great War. A little more willingness on both sides to make concessions, and an agreement could have been reached.

But this is to overlook the fundamental cause of the failure which was due to the insistence of the experts on both sides that the problem of limitation must be worked out in terms of national security and national prestige. Thus the moral factors were ruled out, and all those considerations of reciprocal confidence and goodwill by which the relations of countries bound by long ties of friendship and ancient kinship are normally governed. It was not the business of the experts to go outside their narrow circle. Yet the public has a right to insist that its voice shall be heard, and that these imponderable factors shall be weighed in the balance. The experts are after all the servants of the public. But until the nations bestir themselves and compel their Governments to lift the whole controversy of disarmament on to a higher level, there had better be no more of these talks at Geneva. For if the problem is to be worked out in terms of war and not of peace these discussions cannot fail to mar the good work which the League of Nations is doing to promote the peace of the world.

## THE FLAG CRISIS IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY COL. P. A. SILBURN, C.B.E., D.S.O.

*(A former Member of the South African Parliament)*

AN appreciable majority of the people of Great Britain are ignorant of, or indifferent to, the conditions under which the subject races of the Empire are governed, being oblivious of the fact that these peoples are under the protection of the British Crown, looking to the British Government as their rightful custodian and protector. The people of Great Britain, irrespective of party, should ever bear in mind that their responsibilities and duties cannot be evaded by delegating their obligations to a subordinate authority.

The Imperial Conferences of 1923 and 1926 are responsible for a broader definition of Empire, resulting in the elevation of the status of the Dominions to a position of complete autonomy in respect of their own domestic affairs.

As regards Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, each governed by the flexible form of federal constitution, such autonomous powers strengthen, rather than weaken, the bonds of Empire. In the case of South Africa, however, the case is different. The constitution of that Dominion is not flexible, but is of the rigid form, and is therefore liable to snap under any undue strain. For this Dominion, autonomy is interpreted by the governing class—the Afrikaner—to mean complete sovereignty over the Native British subjects, constituting three-fourths of the population of South Africa. Therefore, any legislation, however unjust, affecting the politically inarticulate majority of the South African population is understood in parliamentary, official, and journalistic circles in Great Britain to be autonomous or purely domestic legislation, whereas the contrary is the case, for any legislation, even remotely affecting the Natives, passes out of the province of domestic legislation into

the realm of Imperial politics, and should be freely commented upon throughout the Empire, rather than a grave injustice be done to disenfranchised people by withholding criticism in the mistaken belief that the measures come within the category of autonomous legislation.

An evasion of the responsibilities and solemn obligations of trusteeship on the part of Great Britain occurred when the British Parliament passed, with little or no discussion, the South Africa Act of 1909. Under this Act five and a half million Native British subjects were handed over, without warning or consultation, to the tender mercies of the bare majority of one and a quarter million white South Africans hungering for native lands and cheap labour.

At the time of the legislative Union of the four self-governing Colonies—the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony—the Natives of those four Colonies outnumbered the Europeans by five to one. In the case of the small colony of Natal and its province of Zululand, the Native population was eleven times greater than the European population. Although the proposed constitutional change affected the Natives as closely, if not to a greater extent than it did the Europeans, they were not consulted in any way as to the form the new Constitution, which carried with it a change of overlordship, should take; they were not represented on the National Convention, a tribunal that was to decide their future, nor was evidence called by that tribunal on their behalf.

The South Africa Act of 1909, under which South Africa is governed, is popularly believed to be a Constitution in the sense as are those instruments governing Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; but this is not so. South Africa is, in fact, the only part of the British Empire—indeed, the only civilised country in the world—which allows such despotic powers as are given by that Act. It gives full play for all the objectionable features of the party system, a system which came into being in its present tyrannical form with the inauguration of Union. This party system of government is peculiarly

harmful in South Africa by reason of the racial division of the population and its varying degrees of civilisation and education. The two principal political parties, formed at Union upon racial lines, openly preach, and when in power practise, the spoils system. This is a heritage from the two Boer Republics and is accepted as an article of political faith by Boer and Briton alike, irrespective of party. As practised in South Africa, the party system has created another and even greater evil, which, in the hands of unscrupulous leaders, gives tyrannical rule, and that is the despotism of the caucus by which a weak minority can impose its will upon a numerically strong majority. Any objectionable measure of a racial or tyrannical nature may be imposed upon the country by an unprincipled or ill-balanced party leader by having it passed in party caucus with a bare majority. When the measure is introduced into the Legislature, party discipline decrees that the party votes unanimously; therefore it is possible for 26 per cent. of the Members to impose their will upon the remaining 64 per cent. of Parliament. The danger of such uncontrolled power is all the more serious in a country like South Africa, where four-fifths of the population are politically inarticulate and are deprived of the power, or means, of protecting themselves against fanatical or piratical legislation.

At the time the National Convention was in session in 1909 a certain number of patriotic South Africans, realising the grave dangers that would inevitably ensue should a rigid form of Constitution be adopted, submitted to the Convention a draft Federal Constitution, holding that such an instrument of government, by reason of its flexibility, was more suitable to meet the divergent political, racial, colour, geographical, and economic problems so peculiar to South Africa. This draft Constitution was rejected by the Convention in favour of the draft submitted by the ex-Republican leaders, and which formed the basis of the Act of Union—a faulty instrument of government, largely responsible for the present racial bitterness, and solely responsible for the constant state of political unrest in South Africa.

As a solatium to the Federal section, and so that there should be some semblance of security against fanatical or racial legislation and as a safeguard for the five and a half million Natives, the Crown right of veto was inserted in the draft Act, as is the case in all sub-Constitutions of the Empire. Section 65 of the Act reads:—

The King may disallow any law within one year after it has been assented to by the Governor-General, and such disallowance, on being made known by the Governor-General by speech or message to each of the Houses of Parliament or proclamation, shall annul the law from the day when the disallowance is so made known.

Section 66 reads:—

A Bill reserved for the King's pleasure shall not have any force unless and until, within one year from the day on which it was presented to the Governor-General for the King's assent, the Governor-General makes known by speech or message to each of the Houses of Parliament or by proclamation that it has received the King's assent.

These safeguarding provisions are entrenched in the Act by section 67 S.A. Act, 1909.

It may be stated here that the Republican leaders on the National Convention accepted these safeguarding provisions as the price of Union, knowing full well that the British and Native population, in handing over the government of the four Colonies to the Dutch section, Republicans still at heart, a weak minority of the total population—required some guarantee making secure for all time the connection with the Crown, and a guarantee that any symbol of that connection would not be interfered with. Sections 65 and 66 of the Act were considered to be sufficient safeguard against any disloyal attempt to separate from the Crown or to evict the British flag.

The means by which the Union of the four Colonies were brought about, the short period given to consider the question, and the ominous fact that the Governments of three of the four Colonies, viz., the Cape, Transvaal, and Orange River Colony, refused to refer the question to the electors either in the form of a general election or by referendum, aroused grave suspicions as to the real object underlying such an unexpected and precipitate agitation

for Union. The genesis of the movement was in the two late Republics' determination to regain by diplomacy more than had been lost in a war of their own seeking. These suspicions have since materialised by the assertion of responsible Ministers that secession is the goal aimed for, and that the substitution of the British flag by a South African flag by Act of Parliament is the prelude of this movement of complete separation.

The Union was brought about contrary to all precedents in constitutional history. The small colony of Natal was the only one of the four that did not ignore the people's rights, for a hurried referendum was allowed the electors on the constitutional change. At this referendum the draft Bill was adopted by a majority of 7,300 in an electorate of 34,784. This, the smallest colony in area and population, was the only one of the four consulted on a far-reaching question affecting the destiny of six and a half million people.

The Federal opposition to the Act, sensing the object of the three Dutch Governments in refusing Native representation on the Convention, and in refusing the inalienable right of the people to be consulted, decided upon the presentation of a Bill of Rights to the British Parliament setting forth the facts as quoted above. This was abandoned upon an assurance being given that the Colonial Office (now the Dominions Office) would apply the provisions of section 65 of the Act of Union to any measure containing differential treatment, or which affected the vested interests of the British or Native population, or which threatened the Crown's supremacy in South Africa.

Upon two occasions since Union the British Government have failed to keep that assurance which alone made the Union of the South African Colonies possible. The first occasion was when it failed to disallow, under section 65 of the S.A. Act, the Native Lands Act (No. 27, 1913), the second occasion being when it failed to apply the provisions of the section to the Colour Bar Act of 1926.

The fact that the British Government neglected to apply the veto in the case of such obviously unjust and provoca-

tive legislation as those two measures—possibly due to the fact that the Colonial Office was not petitioned to do so—has encouraged the Union Government to proceed with a measure which Section 65 was inserted in the Act to make impossible. It is not to be considered that any British Government will again evade its pledge to the British and Native subjects of the same Sovereign, outnumbering the Republican population by eight to one, in neglecting to invoke that protective clause, agreed to by the Republican leaders on the National Convention on behalf of their people, as the price of Union, and accepted in all good faith by the opposition.

The hauling down of the Union Jack, the recognised emblem of sovereignty in South Africa, by Act of Parliament, in face of the bitter opposition of 80 per cent. of the population, would be interpreted by the Natives as the fulfilment of the Afrikanders' boast that the Empire was at last breaking up, and that South Africa was at last an independent nation. This would be carried as a statement of fact through the continent of Africa, to the serious detriment of British rule over the African Colonies and Protectorates. Every Native Magistracy in South Africa flies the Union Jack, and if the white man's influence over the African is to remain unshattered that flag must remain, for it is the only flag that the Native mind connects with freedom and justice. Should any other be substituted for it, not six million African natives, but nearer four hundred million British subjects, natives of Africa and India, will be informed of the fact, and will have ocular demonstration that Great Britain is unable, or unwilling, to protect her loyal subjects, but, acting at the behest of a handful of Anglophobes influenced from Moscow, had hauled down the Crown's emblem of protection against foreign annexation and tyranny.

It may be that more serious and far-reaching events will follow such ill-considered and provocative legislation, to assist in preventing which is the aim of this article. The Natives of Africa take a fanatical pride in an emblem of sovereignty and will not surrender this lightly, especially

should they suspect its surrender signifies a change of overlordship. It may be that the Natives will read the passing of the Union Jack as the end of their allegiance to the emblem of law and order; or it may be that they will endeavour to retain that which they consider the emblem handed down to them by their fathers, of sovereignty, authority, law, order, freedom, and justice, and they may consider any other flag the emblem of tyranny and rebellion, and who but rebels will blame them?

In the anti-British and anti-Native legislation the Afrikaner people are defeating their own object of securing the consolidation, under the Union Government, of the whole of South Africa.

Southern Rhodesia, warned by the anti-British treatment of the colony of Natal, refused to enter the Union, preferring a constitution of their own under the British Crown. The three Native states of British Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland, though surrounded by, or bordering on, Union territory, have nothing in common with the Union, the Natives of those territories, jealous of their freedom and prosperity, enjoying a superior and more efficient form of government than the Natives within the Union; having, too, a voice in their own government, secure against the bribery and corruption of politically appointed officials, they view with suspicion *Section one hundred and fifty-one* of the South Africa Act which foreshadows the ultimate absorption of the Native territories by the Union.

Since assuming office the present government of the Union have been conducting negotiations with the British Government with the object of acquiring territories whose efficient and peaceful administration, being a reproach to that of the Union, is a continual source of irritation. The enactment of the South Africa Flag Bill, following so closely upon the repressive Native legislation, would remove for all time any possibility of the Union acquiring control of the three Protectorates. The large Native population concerned will bitterly resent such a change of overlordship, for, apart from the differential treatment they might expect, the exploitation of their labour by legisla-

tion, a permanent barrier erected against their vocational advancement, there would be, with the withdrawal of the British flag, the certain menace of annexation by such Western or Eastern power as may resent restrictive legislation against their nationals, possibly a Power suffering from over-population, under the stress of which it recognises no other law but that of dire necessity. It is this inevitable result that must follow a change of flag that is causing serious alarm among the Native population in South Africa, and which forbids any possibility of the three Protectorates being incorporated within the Union.

The Native question and that of a South Africa Flag are interdependent, and, that being so, the solutions can only be found by the setting up of a joint commission, consisting of British, South African and Native members to consider the future form of government for the Native population of South Africa, including the three Protectorates, all pending legislation affecting the Natives, including the South Africa Flag Bill, to be suspended until the Commission has reported. Should the Native legislation and the South Africa Flag Bill, now before the Union Parliament, be enacted, and the Royal Assent be granted, then a peaceful and satisfactory solution of the Native problem appears to be impossible.

## THE THEATRE EXHIBITION AT MAGDEBURG

BY W. A. DARLINGTON

I SHOULD define the state of mind in which I have returned from a week's visit to the German Theatre Exhibition at Magdeburg as being a mixture of æsthetic exhilaration and patriotic depression. It is exhilarating to see that so much good work is being done in designs for the Continental theatre of to-day; it is profoundly depressing to realise how miserably far behind our own theatre is lagging in this respect.

The Magdeburg Exhibition, which opened in May and is to close at the end of September, is in three parts. To begin with, there is a large commercial section. I put it first for the sole reason that I spent little time or tissue in examining it, and therefore propose to spend still less of either in discussing it here. Then there is the historical section. This is enormously interesting to the student of the theatre and a perfect triumph of arrangement. You may enter this series of galleries profoundly ignorant of the history of the German theatre and come out at the other end ready, if your mind has been resilient and receptive enough, to pass an examination in the subject. Every phase in the development of the German stage, and every foreign influence that can be proved to have had a bearing on that development, is here presented to you by means of pictures, plans, and any other authentic evidence that may have been procurable, and is interpreted for you into terms of three dimensions by a series of the most remarkable scale models. But even with this part of the Exhibition, fascinating as it is, I am not now very deeply concerned. The third section is devoted to a display of contemporary designs for the theatre, brought together from all over Germany, and it is after a study of these that I am affected by the mixture of exhilaration and depression hereinbefore mentioned. It came as a shock to me to discover how completely our scenic artists and decorators are failing to rise to their modern opportunities.

I say "to discover" deliberately, although the word is not quite accurate. I have been told again and again by people who should know, and I have read, or inferred, the same thing in articles by detached critics, that while the art of the theatre has made immense strides forward on the side of production in recent years, our own theatre has lain outside the main stream of that progress, and has been largely unaffected by it. I have been told this, and have believed it in the easy way in which one accepts things learnt on hearsay evidence; that is to say, I felt that it was a pity that we should have lagged behind, but assumed that we should catch up again in the course of time, and that nothing really fundamental was wrong with us. But now, having seen an accumulation of evidence for myself, I have "discovered" the truth of what I had been told, and it has had the effect of convincing me that something fundamental is wrong with us.

The fact seems to be that, as playgoers, we are insular; that is to say, ignorant. We have a theatre which is in some respects very good, and we let that blind us to the fact that in other respects it is very bad indeed. Mr. John Drinkwater, in a recent book called *The Gentle Art of Theatre-Going*, pointed out that whenever a man sets out for the playhouse he may be going to visit either one of two quite separate and distinct kinds of theatre—the theatre of the imagination or the theatre which is only a diversion. He analysed at considerable length and with great skill his own emotions during the performance of two plays recently produced in London, one in each of the two categories. To represent the theatre of the imagination he chose Mr. Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, and let Mr. Edgar Wallace's *The Ringer* stand as a successful example of the play which aims at providing entertainment and nothing more for its audience.

Mr. Drinkwater made it quite obvious that he had enjoyed himself at both plays. But he also showed clearly that the enjoyment which Mr. Wallace had given him was a superficial emotion, felt only in the theatre, and forgotten before he had claimed his hat and coat from the cloak-room after the curtain had fallen for the last time. He

explained that Mr. Wallace's characters had no life apart from the stage. Except as factors in the story, you did not think of them as possessing reality; you did not wonder where they went when they left the scene—you were solidly conscious that they went into the wings, or to their dressing-rooms. And he demonstrated, in as masterly a piece of technical criticism of acting as I have read for a long time, that Mr. Leslie Faber, in the part of the Scottish doctor who eventually turned out to be the Ringer himself, brought to his work an imagination so powerfully creative that he transformed a stage puppet into a real person—and so almost succeeded in destroying the play's effect by acting too well! Then, turning to *Juno and the Paycock*, Mr. Drinkwater showed that the enjoyment that Mr. O'Casey had given him was a lasting emotion, which could be recollected in tranquillity, and would enrich his experience. Mr. O'Casey's people *had* an existence of their own. When they left the scene you thought of them as going, not into the wings or their dressing-rooms in a London theatre, but into the disturbed streets of Dublin. In other words, *The Ringer* had no value as an interpretation of life, which was precisely the point wherein the chief value of *Juno and the Paycock* consisted. *The Ringer* was entertainment only; *Juno and the Paycock* was, incidentally, entertainment, but it also, much more importantly, was art.

Now, it is a melancholy fact that the average English playgoer does not look for art in the theatre. If it occurs, and does not happen to interfere with his entertainment, he will tolerate it, but that is as far as he is prepared to go in the matter. By the "average" playgoer I mean the man who goes to the theatre pretty often, but has made no special study of the drama. I include in the term people of every degree of education and culture, because I have noticed that even men of discrimination, who set store by what is best in literature and keep the thrilling novels of Mr. Edgar Wallace for railway journeys and times when they want to rest their minds, not uncommonly adopt an entirely different attitude when a play is in question. I am constantly being asked—it is one of the drawbacks of

being a professional dramatic critic—to advise people what plays they ought to see. Long experience has proved to me that any attempt on my part to give a direct answer to this question leads nowhere, because I happen to take the theatre seriously, and the chances are about a hundred to one that the other man does not. Nowadays, I conduct a brief cross-examination to find out what the other man's tastes are, and then temper the wind to the shorn lamb; and it is the rarest thing in the world for me to come across anybody who thinks that asking a critic to recommend him a play has anything more to do with artistic values than asking a policeman to recommend him a pub.

A certain very good friend of mine—whom I instance here because he is a regular and respected contributor to THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, which should at least establish his claim to education—once asked me to recommend him a play. He added that he went to the theatre solely for amusement, and therefore did not want to be bothered with "serious stuff." Subsequent conversation brought out clearly enough the fact that by "serious stuff" he meant much what Mr. Drinkwater means by "the theatre of the imagination." I therefore recommended *The Ringer*, with excellent results. But, personally, I think it scandalous that a man of intellectual standing should be quite satisfied to admit that he ranked his visits to the theatre, æsthetically speaking, with his railway journeys. I have, of course, no objection to his *feeling* like that about the theatre. That may be merely a matter of individual taste, and might happen in any country; but only in a country where respect for the theatre was at a very low ebb could he utter his deplorable views aloud without a shadow of misgiving lest public opinion should not uphold them.

That is the root of the trouble. The Englishman does not respect the art of the theatre.<sup>1</sup> The foreigner does. There is a simple and infallible test which may be applied to discover the attitude of the ordinary citizen in such matters. If the ordinary citizen has a respect for a

(1) There are many encouraging signs that he is beginning to do so. I do not ignore these; but it would be foolish to exaggerate their importance.



particular form of art, then, whether that particular form of art happens to appeal to him personally or not, he is willing that public money shall be spent on it. The Englishman has been brought up to respect literature, and painting, and music; and so thousands of Britons who have no discrimination in these forms of art are quite content that a percentage of the money that they pay in rates or taxes should be used to maintain public libraries, or picture galleries, or municipal orchestras. The Englishman is only just beginning to respect the theatre—rather against his will, since to regard the place as a temple of art is necessarily to lose the pleasant sense of sinfulness with which he entered it when he thought of it as the House of Satan; and therefore, although we have actually got to the point where the establishment of subsidised theatres can be discussed and tentative experiments made by enlightened municipalities (whose Puritan ancestors must turn in their graves at the sight), we are still without a single State-aided theatre. On the Continent there are subsidised theatres everywhere; and I read only the other day a statement that Hungary, in spite of bad times, had just increased the amount of its theatre subsidy. Almost all the designs which I saw at Magdeburg had been made for such theatres. They had been made, that is to say, for managements which had been freed from the necessity to depend upon, and to study incessantly, the capricious taste of an ignorant general public. The artists could work out their own ideas in their own way, knowing that a public which had contributed its money to their upkeep would be a public enlightened enough to respect and even to appreciate their work.

Their work is so good, and, to judge by the collection of models and designs exhibited at Magdeburg, so uniformly good all over Germany, that it seems to me not too much to say that the German stage decorators begin where ours leave off. Yet the thing that has impressed me most (and, as before, depressed me) about this Exhibition is the evidence that it affords of the existence in Germany of a comparatively large enlightened playgoing public. Just before I left England I heard Miss Sybil Thorndike

speak at a British Drama League dinner about her experiences at the International Theatre Festival in Paris, where she had won much praise for her acting in *Saint Joan*. She said that she had gone to Paris full of woe concerning the terrible crisis in the artistic theatre in this country, and expecting to find a very different state of things abroad; but that whenever she spoke to representatives of other nations she found that they, too, were going through similar crises. This was a good debating point, and, since the inference was that we weren't so bad after all, it was cheering to our pride. I accepted that inference at the time, but Magdeburg has made me think again.

In *Die Vierte Wand*, which is the official weekly magazine of the Exhibition, I find articles dealing with the theatre crisis. They bear an air of earnestness and concern for the future; yet nothing will convince me that the crisis of which they speak is anything like so bad as our own crisis. Why, if we managed to arrange a theatre exhibition in this country—which is unlikely—and were bold enough to keep it going for five months—which is practically unthinkable—we should certainly never be able to publish a weekly magazine in connection with it without bringing the whole scheme into bankruptcy.

Yet their crisis is real enough. The theatre is, and always has been, an expensive affair to run. Even the commercial theatre, which aims only at giving a big public exactly what it wants, is not always a paying concern; and the artistic theatre, whose appeal is to a smaller public, and which aims not so much at pleasing people as at expressing something, can hardly hope to pay its own way. Here and there, in specially favoured spots and on a small scale, the thing can be done. There is an admirable example to be found in the Festival Theatre at Cambridge, which, after costing its promoters heaven knows what to equip, is now triumphantly paying its running expenses and even making a profit—instantly applied, I gather, not to the reimbursement of the owners, but to the further improvement of the theatre. The artistic theatre, you see, is for ever trying to cut its coat according to its cloth, and



is yet for ever trying to make the finest coat that its cloth will run to. Consequently, since there is no limit to the magnificence of the coat it could design if it had the stuff, the artistic theatre is always, and in every country, in a perpetual state of crisis. That does not alter the fact that the theatre which has a subsidy and an enlightened public can afford to have a very much less acute crisis than a theatre which has no subsidy and a small or apathetic public.

The lack of respect to which I have referred has a profound effect upon our theatre in every department of its activity. It has an evil influence upon the work of the actors, the dramatists, the producers and decorators. The actors suffer least. It is even arguable that the actors do not suffer at all. Your actor has a curious habit of thriving on stuff which is, artistically speaking, rubbish. The greater the actor, the greater the likelihood that he will give his most successful performance in some part that is quite unworthy of him. Mr. Drinkwater, in the essay I mentioned above, pointed out that his enjoyment of Mr. Leslie Faber's performance in *The Ringer* was tempered by an uneasy reflection that a lover of "the theatre of the imagination" had no business to encourage so fine a player to waste his time by appearing in a play of this description. Mr. Faber's talents would be better employed in such performances as the one he gave in Mr. St. John Ervine's *Jane Clegg*, in which he acted magnificently, but in which hardly anybody went to see him. Here, then, is the actor's position. By playing in *The Ringer*, Mr. Faber not only increases his reputation with the great indiscriminating public, but also wrings a reluctant tribute from the enlightened members of his audience, who realise, like Mr. Drinkwater, that to bring Mr. Wallace's Scottish doctor to life is as great a technical feat as to interpret Mr. Ervine's Henry Clegg, who was alive already. The actor, then, suffers comparatively little. Yet one assumes that Mr. Faber, being an artist, got more satisfaction out of his Henry Clegg than out of his Doctor Lomond. (It may be worth passing mention that I saw *The Ringer* done in Berlin at Reinhardt's Deutsches

Theater on my way home from Magdeburg, and that there was nobody in the cast of anything approaching Mr. Faber's eminence.)

The playwright suffers quite definitely. The man who writes for the theatre of the imagination in England can be successful, but only if he has luck on his side. His play will succeed not according to its artistic merit, but according to the acceptability to the public of his theme and his characters. Mr. Ervine's *Jane Clegg* is perhaps as fine a play as Mr. O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, and is a very much better piece of dramatic construction. In the memory of the man who cares for art in the theatre the two plays stand side by side. But *Jane Clegg* was a study in unrelieved gloom, which appealed only to the few; while *Juno*, though its theme was no less unhappy, had scenes and characters which were written and played with a superb comic sense, and so attracted the great public which only demands to be amused in the theatre. It comes to this—the writer of imagination, unless he is lucky enough to hit the public taste while writing to please himself, cannot find a certain hearing in our theatre. He is tempted, therefore, to write with one eye on the box-office, and so to do work not so good as his best—unless he is a Shaw, and a brave man. If he is a Coward, he fixes both eyes on the box-office, writes too much, and so never achieves his possible best.

But of all the men of the theatre, the producer and the designer are most hampered by the present attitude of the British playgoing public. As a nation we dislike anything "queer," and since anything that is new in art is "queer" at first, the pace of our progress is not often startling. At the moment popular taste in the theatre is bound hand and foot to realism. The kind of scenery that wins a round of applause in a London theatre is nearly always the kind that gives you an exact reproduction of something the audience knows, or has heard of. Beyond this your successful scene must certainly have some other quality—beauty, atmosphere, glitter; but if it is to have an instantaneous success with the British public it must look exactly like some original. The setting for

the third act in *Thark* had a deserved round of applause on the first night, because it looks like the hall of a beautiful country house. Incidentally, it gives a required atmosphere of ghostliness; but it is the superb practicality of its stone steps that really makes its triumph. Monte Carlo in *The Spot on the Sun* looks very like Monte Carlo. The Ambulatory scene in *Saint Joan* and the Caliph's Palace in *Hassan* satisfy the same craving for an imitation of reality. Now since, in England, a play must pay its way, the British producer's natural inclination is to supply his audience with the kind of setting that it is quite sure to like. He is concerned, of course, to make his settings pleasing to the eye; but his first care is to get the details right. If the scene is a forest, he revels in solid tree trunks, mossy banks, a real rabbit or two, and so on. The great majority of our producers and designers—those, at any rate, who count for anything—know that what is wanted is simply to make the audience agree to believe that the scene before them is a wood, and that any method of achieving that end is as good as any other; but they dare not content themselves with merely suggesting a wood, because they cannot believe that the public they cater for—accustomed as it is, moreover, to the complete realism of the films—will believe in any wood if it cannot see the trees.

The German designers are not compelled in the same way to consult the supposed wishes of the unsophisticated public. They have behind them a certain amount of public money, and can rely on a degree of public respect. In consequence, they have shaken free of realism to a great extent. I do not mean that they are never realistic. That would be absurd, since many plays would be spoilt by being set in any other manner; and when they are realistic they use the latest lighting and machinery, and outdo our men on their own ground. But the most impressive of the designs exhibited at Magdeburg had been made for imaginative plays; and in setting such plays the German artist aims not at imitation but at atmosphere. He tries to work on your emotions—to in-

duce in you when the curtain rises the mood in which the author would wish you to approach his play. At his best he achieves this purpose with a subtlety that defies analysis. For the most part his methods are attempted in this country only by incompetent imitators who imagine that they have only to be "queer" to be successful. Some of our best men occasionally bring off something in the same manner, showing that all they need is experience to give them a knowledge of their medium such as the Germans have achieved. But how, in the present condition of our theatre, such experience and knowledge is to come their way, I confess that I do not see.

## THE PREMIUM BONUS SYSTEM

BY W. F. WATSON

WHAT is the premium bonus system? The encyclopædia tells us that the word "premium" is derived from the Latin "præmium," meaning profit, reward, to buy; its general interpretation being a reward, prize or consideration. It is also used in the sense of "bonus," as something beyond or additional, as in the phrase "premium bonus system," where a bonus is given in addition to wages in proportion to the value of the work done. "Bonus," we find, is the jocular application of the Latin word "bonus" for "bonum": a good thing. Without bothering about meanings and origins of words—they haven't the inclination—engineering workers know that premium bonus stands for a complex system of payment by results, that it is not always a "good thing," that there is nothing jocular about it, and they don't like it.

Before describing the details and operation of premium bonus a brief review of payment by results generally, and the futile struggles against it, may not be out of place.

It is difficult to determine the exact period in history when payment by results, as distinct from payment by the hour, day, or week, was first introduced. As far as one can learn, piecework has always obtained in some trades, whilst remuneration by time has always been the custom in others. For instance, until comparatively recently, bricklayers, carpenters, engineers, masons, plumbers, plasterers and agricultural workers were invariably paid a daily or weekly wage (payment by the hour was not, apparently, adopted until well into the nineteenth century), and the artisan class have always opposed payment by results. To this day building trade workers have succeeded in resisting the introduction of piecework, not because of the power of their unions, but by reason of the fact that machinery has not affected these crafts to any appreciable extent, and the absence of repetitive work makes it difficult

to fix piece prices. When carpenters and joiners find themselves in mass production establishments, however, they have to accept payment by results.

Weavers, spinners, tailors, clothworkers, farriers, furriers, brushmakers, shoemakers and hatmakers have always been remunerated according to value of work done. This may be attributed to the fact that these workers formerly carried on their trade in their homes, as many do at the present time, where, in the absence of any system of checking, time payment is impossible, or, as in the case of the farrier, factory methods are impracticable.

As far back as 1851, the first year of its existence, the Engineers' Union adopted the prevention of piecework as a definite policy. Whilst piecework undoubtedly crept into some of the smaller shops, it is a fact that for many years the unions were able to resist its universal adoption. Again this was not because of the strength of the organisations, but because machinery had not yet become the competitor of craftsmanship.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and last century will go down to history as the epoch of mechanical inventions. The spinning jenny, power loom and locomotive gave an impetus to engineering. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 demonstrated the success of the mitrailleuse, a weapon which delivers a shower of small projectiles, and in the 'eighties the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company at Erith booked large orders for the new Nordenfelt quick-firing gun. Late in 1885 Mr. J. K. Starley gave the world the safety bicycle, which soon superseded all others. By 1895 there was such a demand for bicycles that the firms were unable to cope with the huge orders being placed everywhere. Electricity was developing, and many firms were busy manufacturing electric motors and dynamos of all descriptions.

The need for speedy output was both apparent and vital. Labour-saving devices and operation-simplifying machinery began to appear, and manufacturers quickly saw the advantages of standardising parts in order to facilitate production. Chemists specialising in metallurgy were working day and night perfecting the production of

self-hardening high-speed steels, to enable metals to be machined at a far greater speed than previously. Embryonic mass production, to be developed later with the advent of the motor car, had made its debut.

Improved machinery and tools and standardisation of parts begets departmentalisation of work. Departmentalisation necessarily entails repetitive work, which, being monotonous, requires an incentive to induce the operator to keep at it all day. So we find, in the eighteen-eighties, a determined attempt on the part of the employers to introduce piecework. The men put up a fierce resistance, and incipient strikes occurred all over the country, culminating in a protracted struggle, in 1899, at the Maxim-Nordenfelt works in Erith which lasted nearly a year, and ended in complete failure.

"Not in the history of the society," said the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in a report issued immediately afterwards, "were ever arrangements so complete with a view to bringing a strike to a successful and rapid termination. Every member of our society and those of the steam engine makers left. For the first time in a strike all foremen were withdrawn, old and young, but without effect, as the strike was ultimately a failure."

The resistance against piecework was decisively broken, and it became adopted in all big engineering establishments—a vivid instance of the truth that nothing can avail against the requirements of industry. Whilst sullenly accepting piecework, however, the engineers attempted to counteract its operation by running the time out on a job, however good the price, only earning the bare rate.

The engineers' strike of 1897, although ostensibly arising out of the precipitate demand of the London engineers for an eight hours day, was largely due to the employers' determination to be masters in their own workshops, free to introduce what new methods they chose and whatever new systems of payment according to results they could persuade their employees to accept. This strike lasted nine months, inflicted untold suffering on the

workers, and ended in failure. Payment by results had come to stay.

The premium bonus system was first introduced into this country in 1902, soon after the return of Mr. G. N. Barnes, then General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, from a visit to America. The origin of the system is somewhat obscure. Some think Mr. Barnes brought it from the United States; others are of the opinion that it is of British origin. Whatever its origin, Mr. Barnes was an enthusiastic advocate of the system, and he carried his Executive Council with him. Mr. Sidney Webb, M.P., the well-known co-author of *The History of Trade Unionism*, also gave the premium bonus system his whole-hearted support. In a long letter to the October issue of the *Engineers' Monthly Journal*, 1902, he declared:—

I believe that system to be a good one for trade unionism.

Condemning piecework, he said,

... such competitive piecework inevitably leads to degradation and sweating. . . . On the other hand, the crude and primitive device of payment by the hour has many drawbacks. It is, when you come to think of it, essentially the method of the slave owner. It in no way secures equal pay for equal effort—the standard rate—but only equal pay for equal time. It always leads to suspicion, even when not to actual cheating. The employer is never quite sure that he is getting from all the men in the shop a fair amount of energy in return for his wages. He is naturally apt to protect himself by incessant supervision and "tasking," sometimes approaching tyranny. . . . But for definite piecework statements in the engineering trade, neither employers nor workmen are yet prepared. Under these circumstances, the premium bonus system, as provisionally agreed to, seems to me an admirable expedient. The A.S.E. may, in my humble judgment, safely agree to it. The standard time work rate is fully protected. The danger of future cutting of rates is safely guarded against . . . the system makes a distinct advance in rendering more accurate and scientific the working of the standard rate itself—the securing of equal pay for equal work.

Mr. Webb concludes with:—

The only objection that I have heard to the premium bonus system is that it will lead to more work being done in a given time, with the result, as is imagined, of throwing some men out of work. But this is really a gross fallacy. If every member of the A.S.E. turned out 25 per cent. more work, and was duly paid for it, this would be to the advantage

of all the men, as well as to that of the employers and the whole community.

There is no fixed quantity of engineering work to be shared. The demand for machinery of every kind is indefinitely expandable, and grows every day with the lowering of price. The better the engineers work, the more they make, the greater amount of engineering work there will be to be done, and the more numerous will be the men employed. If throughout the world every man's labour was suddenly rendered half as productive as it is now, we should all be worse off, not better. So if every man's productivity were suddenly doubled, we should all be better off, not worse.

Although the provisional agreement referred to was eventually ratified by a ballot of the members, premium bonus was strenuously opposed by the workers, and it was some years before it was taken up by employers generally. Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxims, Erith, formerly Maxim-Nordenfeld, do not appear to have made the change from piecework until about 1906, for in that year their employees struck work against premium bonus, just as they struck against piecework in 1899, and with as much success.

A curious incident occurred in connection with this strike. As is customary after abortive strikes, many of the men were unable to secure re-employment. Amongst those in the case under review was Mr. F. S. Button, the leader and most bitter opponent of premium bonus (who in 1913 was elected to the Executive Council of the A.S.E., and who is now a member of the National Committee of Production). After a period of unemployment, Mr. Button secured work at another big establishment where the hated system was in full operation.

Such anomalous positions arise even to-day. During last year a certain London firm of engineers decided to adopt the bonus system. As the management did not give the unions notice of their decision, in accordance with the terms for avoiding disputes agreed upon by employers and unions, union members were instructed not to accept the system. The firm persisted, and when the men found extra shillings in their pay envelopes they accepted it willy-nilly. Those who persisted in refusing were discharged, and nearly all secured employment where it had been in practice for years! The obvious thing to have

done, of course, was to recognise the futility of opposing its introduction, and to co-operate with the management in seeing that the system was properly administered and the conditions governing it observed.

There is no doubt that much of the opposition is due to the fact that the system is not properly understood and, hitherto, no one appears to have thought it worth while explaining its complexities. Twenty years ago the workers' ignorance of the system was appalling. They hadn't the remotest idea what proportion of the time saved the operator was entitled to, consequently they seldom knew how much to expect at the week-end, and they know precious little about it to-day. The average workman is not a mathematician, and the original premium bonus system was based upon a mathematical principle.

The fundamental difference between piecework and premium bonus is that, in the case of piecework, a man is given a definite price for a given job and, should he earn more than the day rate, he receives the whole of the balance between his time rate and the price of the job, whereas, with premium bonus the worker is allowed a certain time in which to do a job, and if he completes it in less he receives as bonus—in addition to his hourly wage—a share of the time saved, determined by the number of hours taken on the job in relation to the time given. He gets the same proportion of the time saved as the time taken is to the time given.

For instance, supposing a workman is allowed thirty hours for a piece of work and is able to finish it in twenty, thus saving ten hours, he would receive six and two-thirds hours pay as bonus, which is two-thirds of ten; twenty being two-thirds of thirty. Should the workman complete the task in half the allotted time he would be entitled to half the time saved, namely seven and a half hours pay. Now, supposing the operator, being a man of exceptional quickness, finished the job in one-third of the time allowed (very rarely does this happen), he would get one-third of the time saved, six and two-thirds hours, exactly the same as if he had taken twenty hours on the job.

It is a question of simple proportion, the ratio of the

time taken to the time allowed governing the workers' portion of the time saved. The workman's share is found by multiplying the time taken by the time saved and dividing by the time given :

| HOURS<br>GIVEN. | HOURS<br>TAKEN. | HOURS<br>SAVED. | BONUS. |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------|
| 30              | 20              | 10              | 6½     |
| 30              | 15              | 15              | 7½     |
| 30              | 10              | 20              | 8½     |

Although the workers were slow to understand the details of the system, they instinctively grasped the fact that the more time they saved the less of it they got, but as the bonus was earned in less time, the hourly rate and total earnings were increased. The earnings in the three instances quoted above, based upon two shillings per hour, would be as follows :

1. Twenty hours (time rate) plus 6½ hours (bonus) amounting to £2 13s. 4d., which is twenty hours at 2s. 8d. per hour.
2. Fifteen hours (time rate) plus 7½ hours (bonus) amounting to £2 5s., which is fifteen hours at 3s. per hour.
3. Ten hours (time rate) plus 8½ hours (bonus) amounting to £1 13s. 4d., which is ten hours at 3s. 4d. per hour.

Few firms retain the original system, probably because of its complexity. The usual practice now is to allocate a fixed proportion of the time saved as bonus. It is difficult to understand why the employers do not adopt a uniform system throughout the industry. One firm pays thirty per cent. of time saved, another fifty, others sixty-six and seventy-five, whilst some stick to piecework. Uniformity would help to allay the hostility of the men, and would surely facilitate costing.

Opponents to payment by results, usually officials who do not work in the shop or workers with regular employment at a wage far above the minimum rate, aver that piecework and bonus causes friction amongst the men, incites cupidity, and leads to rate cutting. This is not true. Piecework prevails at Woolwich Arsenal, yet they have the best organised shop stewards' movement, and there is little friction in the shops. The writer recently worked in a shop where time work obtained, and the friction

between the men made one's life a misery, and one felt glad to get out of it, although it was what is termed a "comfortable job," i.e., conditions were especially good. It's curious that those who complain about the inadequacy of the standard rate shout loudest about payment by results inciting cupidity. One has yet to learn that desire to increase earnings is evidence of cupidity.

The agreement signed in 1902, and still operative between unions and employers, provides safeguards against abuses. The day rate is guaranteed, no matter how long a man takes on a job. Although the employer retains the right to discharge a man for persistently exceeding time limits, he has no right to post that man's name in the shop as a slow workman. No debts can be carried forward. If the man exceeds the time limit on one job the hours lost must not be debited against him on the next. No time limits can be reduced unless the pattern is changed, the operation altered, or the part number changed. Even though years have elapsed since a job was previously issued, the same time limit must be allowed. Many years ago I was given a big job which had not been issued for a couple of years. The man who did the job previously told me I should be allowed another five hours, so I interrogated the bonus clerk and, although it was some days before the old records could be located, when they were unearthed it was found that I was entitled to the five hours, and my card was altered accordingly. Deductions from wages for bad work, damaged goods or materials, broken tools and machinery are illegal under the Truck Act of 1906, unless such deductions are in pursuance of a definite contract between worker and employer. If a man is dissatisfied with the time limit on his job he can always go into the question with the rate fixer, and if upon investigation it is proved that the time limit is "tight," it will be increased. There are some bad employers who violate these provisions, but in reputable establishments with adequate shop organisation rate cutting is practically unknown.

Time limits are usually fixed by means of charts giving the number of feet per minute metals can be machined, a

percentage being added for tool grinding, etc., and in the case of castings and forgings, where setting up is necessary, extra time is given. This answers very well for standard steels of known and uniform texture, but with heat-treated steels, rough forgings, or castings difficult to fix in the chuck, it is not always possible to assess an equitable time limit by means of a chart. In such cases the rate fixer, watch in hand, times the operations. But the human element is very strong. Knowing that the rate fixer is assessing a time limit, and anxious to get as much as possible, the operator, whilst apparently doing his best, is often really "swanking." Many rate fixers are up to all the dodges and refuse to be deceived. Indeed, up-to-date employers find it profitable to have experienced mechanics, men who know the ropes, as rate fixers. Times are fixed, say the employers, to enable the average workman to earn time and a third, and, whilst this may not be always strictly true, smart workmen rarely fail to earn less. If time is spent in changing from one job to another a man may, by making representations to the foreman, be allowed the necessary time.

Experience teaches that the workers prefer payment by results. There are, of course, exceptions. One friend of the writer, when paid ten pounds balance on a big job one week, took it to the office and told the management that he did not want it; he did not believe in the bonus system. The management gently but firmly declined to take it back, so he gave the whole amount towards building a local trades hall. An exceptional case no doubt, but many instances could be cited of men who threw themselves out of work rather than accept the system. These men are guided by principle, and one can admire them, but what of those who have no such ideas of principle and yet prefer to be paid by the hour? The only thing that guides such people is reluctance to use their brains. They have no ambition. All they want is a regular job where initiative and individuality are not called for. No matter how tedious and mechanical the work, they like to jog along in the same old-fashioned way as their forefathers. Newer ideas and more expeditious methods are anathema to them.

They would much rather cling to a constant three pounds a week than take the chance of increasing it to five, even though the minimum is assured. Needless to say they are not the best mechanics, and, although they may be products of a system, it is a good thing for industry that this brand of worker is in the minority.

Only those with actual experience can appreciate the awful monotony of making the same thing, performing the same operations hour after hour. The writer recently machined two thousand metal bushes. There were eight operations on each bush, necessitating eight different settings, and each bush had to be accurately finished in five minutes. Imagine working by the hour on a job like that! The monotony would be unbearable.

When the week's pay is guaranteed regardless of output, time hangs heavily, and one is apt to slacken, but with payment by results the operator has an added interest in his work and an incentive to do his best. Another point is that rigid supervision is unnecessary. The man who is paid according to work done needs no foreman to hustle him, but with day work men need to be watched to see that they are not slacking, and it is irritating to have foremen continually walking round the shop.

Moreover, men require to exercise initiative and ingenuity to devise speedy ways of getting the work done. For this reason alone payment by results is advantageous. Accuracy is ensured, since bonus is not paid on work that fails to pass the eagle eye of the viewer. It is often contended that men have to work harder when paid by results, which is usually the case, although one has to "stick it" in time-work shops. A lot depends upon method. Many men toil tediously with poor results; others produce more and take things easy.

Having failed to stop the introduction of payment by results, the unions have always limited earnings, usually to thirty-three per cent. above the standard rate, and the man who exceeds the limit (over-booking as it is called) is severely dealt with by the union and ostracised by his shop-mates. Quite recently five hundred men, all trade unionists, struck work because one of their number

earned 25s. 3d. in a day when 23s. 6d. was the limit laid down by the union. Fortunately the strike did not last long, and the men are now free to earn as much as they can.

The Amalgamated Engineering Union is very strict on this point. In fact, it is the law in most shops. Employers recognise this, for in some shops, should more be earned, an "inquest" is held on the job to discover the reason thereof. The reasons for limiting earnings, it is contended, are that it safeguards the slow man, that big earnings lead to reduced rates and sweating, whilst some still hold the view that the less work a man does the longer the job will last, and there will be more work for others.

With all its faults and alleged disadvantages, payment by results is preferred by the competent mechanic who is ambitious enough to be dissatisfied with the minimum rate. I suggest that the employers would be well advised to standardise the bonus system throughout the industry, and, since much of the hostility towards the system rests upon ignorance of details, why not issue a brochure explaining those details? To the unions I would say, Recognise the inevitability of payment by results, withdraw all opposition, and stop the limitation of earnings.

As has been said, abuses only prevail in the bad shops. Let the unions concentrate upon ensuring that conditions and safeguards, as laid out in the agreement, are properly observed, and let the men themselves observe those conditions, and rate cutting would be impossible, and the slow man safeguarded.

## LOTUS AND MANNA

BY LOUIS GOLDING

I do not possess the ingenuity and arcane scholarship of those German savants who demonstrate that Aeschylus and William Shakespeare were pure Germans, and I will therefore not try, as I am tempted, to prove that Odysseus was a pure Jew. It may seem unnecessarily modest on my part, for there is a not innumerable school of Jewish writers whom no ethnic or chronological or psychological difficulty prevents from proving that any gentile possessed of any virtue is a Jew and any Jew possessed of any vice is a gentile. But for my own part I am content to hail Odysseus as the most Jewish of the Greek heroes. I am anxious to claim the *Odyssey* as a poetic pattern of the Diaspora.

It is possible that such a thought would not have imposed itself upon me if I had been content to be a quiet clerk in London or a fervent seller of sewing-machines in Cincinnati. But, waking lately in my vaulted bedroom in the island of Djerba, off the coast of Tunisia, it occurred to me suddenly that I, a humble Jewish wanderer, had at length fulfilled the circuit of Odysseus's wanderings, for Djerba, the island of the Lotophagi, was the only island of Odysseus's tribulations whither my vagrant sail had not yet impelled me. I had bathed from that desperate strand in Ischia where Circe converted his sailors into swine. I had plucked rosemary in the island where the sirens sang. I had climbed the fuming volcanoes of Lipari, where Aeolus unloosed the bag of winds. I had plucked the scarlet anemones of Ithaca, the beginning and end of his journeys.

It was only to the island of the Lotophagi, the Lotus-Eaters, I had not penetrated, the outer limit of his perils, and the most sinister of them all. For here the Lotophagi dwelt, that quiet people who offered not death to the sailors of Odysseus, but oblivion. "Now, whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he



chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way."

It was those words that most of all jangled in my head when I awoke that morning of Rámadán, to the near cry of the muezzin on his minaret and the loud boom of the gun on the yellow shore. I had come to Djerba that I, too, might eat the lotus. I met a forgotten community of Jews that had been eating lotus for two thousand years. True that nowhere upon the diverse tempest-twisted tracks of the Odyssey had I not met Jews—whether they drank Asti Spumante in Capri or *rezzinato* in Ithaca, that careful distillation from glue and turpentine. But here in Djerba I had met the Jewish Lotus-Eaters; I saw them immured in ghettos more impregnable than the sunken fortresses of Verdun—more impregnable because the bastions consisted of no more than a string slung between two twigs which they themselves had suspended. I beheld the only voluntary Jewish ghetto in existence, and the air was heavy with the insidious enchantment of lotus.

So it was that the thought came to me, not that Odysseus was a Jew, but that he was the most Jewish of the Greeks; not that the Odyssey was to be confused with the forty-year wanderings of the pastoral Jews in the stark desert, but that it was a pattern of the adventures of the later Jews, seeking Ithaca, seeking Zion, across a hundred seas, perilous with ogres and seductive with sirens.

Do not try to convince me that the conception of the Wooden Horse was not purely Jewish. It could be proved, moreover—but that would be a digression—that it was the prototype of the Tank which figured so conspicuously in a later Great War. And a man would need little ingenuity to parallel the incidents of Odysseus's seafaring with the uncompleted tale of the Jewish exile. Who is Circe but the goddess of stocks and bonds who has converted so many of our most promising sailors into swine? How many different shapes in our history has Polyphemus taken, from Spanish Inquisitor to Tartar Cossack? How often have we, too, not been detained in the island of Calypso, not for years but centuries, offering our bewitched hearts to Parisian intellect, London

manners? Nor is our Odyssey completed. With Ithaca almost in sight, on what island of Phæacia shall we be wrecked again? And of what nature will the marvellous Phæacian ships be that will carry us home at length? The golden keel of a Rothschild bequest? Will it be the iron keel of some Napoleonic soldier? But we are not arrived in Phæacia yet. Our sailors are dispersed. Some are reconnoitring dizzily between Scylla and Charybdis. Some of us stuff our ears with wax or bind our bodies to the mast because of the gentile Siren that bids us lose ourselves upon her mouth. And some are drowsed with the lotus century beyond century, and are forgetful of the homeward way. It is of the Jewish Lotophagi in the primordial island of the lotus that I purpose to write here.

Once or twice a month the *Compagnie de Navigation Olivier* may provide a craft for you, almost as primitive as the galley of Odysseus itself, whereon you may proceed to Djerba. But I counsel you to take the long journey by train round the flat sandy coast by way of Sousse and Sfax to the oasis of Gabes and thence by a bone-shaking public automobile to the narrow strait which separates you from the white miracle of Djerba. Djerba, loveliest island, I salute you, island of the lotus which seduced the sailors of Odysseus from Ithaca and the progeny of Abraham from Zion.

That once there grew a fruit here, overpoweringly enticing, Homer, and to a lesser degree Herodotus, make abundantly clear. What else attracted hither to this remote beach the first adventurous Jews? What else attracted me? "*Mán hu?*" indeed, as the Hebrews asked when they first saw the manna fallen upon the ground. "*Mán hu?* What is this?" I wonder that no scholar has attempted to prove that manna and lotus were the same vegetable.

What, then, was the lotus? Had I not come to Djerba to feed on it? No man to-day shall decide what it veritably was, saving he enter, as I did, into the dwelling-places of the Jews. Certain learned half-wits declare the lotus was no other fruit than the date (though Herodotus explicitly declares that in sweetness it *resembled* the date,

*ergo* it was not the date). More dangerous patients prove laboriously it was the olive, the clover, the pomegranate. And there are some, finally, speaking more wisdom than they know, who declare it to be the fruit of the wild jujube—*zizyphus lotus*.

I say they speak more wisdom than they know, for if they were to pluck the fruit of that tree and devour it straightway they would abandon their theory. The raw lotus, as Rawlinson correctly says, looks and tastes like a bad crab-apple. I refuse to believe that the sailors of Odysseus forgot the name of their native land in the stupefaction caused by an overdose of crab-apples, or that acute stomachic pains were the cause of their languor. The fact is that, precisely as Herodotus remarks with a somewhat audible sniff, "the Lotophagi even succeed in obtaining from it a sort of wine." Exactly. It was the wine distilled from the lotus which was the secret of it all, the most potent wine I have ever tasted. And it is not the few French colonials of Djerba who distil it, or drink it. It is not the Muslims of Djerba who are responsible for it, the Supreme Teetotaller having turned their talents in other directions. It is the Jews of Djerba who distil the lotus. They are the Lotophagi, by which you must translate lotus-drinkers. Whether it was the Jews in the Jewish villages of Hara-Kebîra and Hara-Serîra who seduced the sailors of Odysseus from Ithaca as they themselves are seduced from Zion I will not decide. So early as that I do not believe that the peoples of Israel in the north and Judah in the south had sunk their differences. It may be that the people of Hara-Kebîra were a colony of Israelites and the people of Hara-Serîra a colony of Judæans, and that they first joined forces to entertain the Greek strangers from the Ionian Islands. All that seems to be rather hazardous theorising. I merely wish to make it quite clear that if you would now desire to partake of the lotus even where those old sailors partook of it, it is from the hands of a Jew you must receive it in the far island of Djerba, hemmed in by yellow sands.

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Not even a Jewish stranger will find room in either of

the Haras, or ghettos, of Djerba. He must pitch his tent in the gentile village of Houmt-Souk, where there are one or two primitive hotels. Here also, though they actually live in the ghettos, the Jewish goldsmiths forgather to sell the gilt trinkets they have hammered and fretted and bejewelled, squatting in their vaulted rooms several miles away. How many shadowy centuries back extends the Jewish tradition of jewellery in Djerba? Whither derived? From those primal goldsmiths who bedecked the heart of a priest with twelve jewels in rows? For though most of the conventions they work in are Arabic or Byzantine in nature, others are earlier than the Hellenic from which the Byzantine are derived; sacerdotal they seem, as if the artificers had an uneasy memory of that thaumaturgic jewellery which winked with its own fires in the precincts of the Lord, the Urim and Thummim. . . .

It was in a beautifully disposed company we set forth southward from Houmt-Souk to explore the ghettos of Hara-Kebîra and Hara-Serîra. We were a Protestant, a Muslim, a Greek Churchman, a French Catholic and a Jew. I could not help pointing out to my friends that I felt like a hen shepherding the chickens she has hatched into the hen-coop they have deserted. They could not repudiate the analogy. "But you seem to forget," said the French Catholic, a somewhat cynical young gentleman, "the part the Divine Chanticleer played in the fecundation of your eggs." When we approached the entrance into the first ghetto, the Muslim, being a native of the island, said a little uncomfortably he would wait for us outside the village. I am certain his motive was not a sense of social superiority. The official cheikhs of the island are Muslims, it is true. But the *élite* are a small handful of Jews. Indeed, a tiny house was pointed out to me in the Hara owned by a certain Jew who was a preponderating influence not only in the politics of Djerba but of the whole colony. His property in the Faubourg St. Honoré was considerably more extensive, but he preferred squatting on a Djerba rug with a decoction of lotus beside him to sitting stiffly in his gilt Louis Quinze salon amid the plop of Veuve Cliquot corks. His motive was not a sense

of social superiority, I repeat, even though every Jew he would meet in the village wore a garment of shame to distinguish him from all Muslims. But it was a garment of shame from which the shamefulness had departed, a distinction retained as deliberately as the string suspended between two twigs marked off the deliberate ghetto. Nor did the Muslim forbear to enter the Hara for fear of physical violence. I say that not only because the Jews and Muslims of Djerba have lately lived together on terms of scandalous amity, but because that particular Muslim was an *Aissaowia*, and therefore very readily subjected himself to more deadly violence than any Jew, or, indeed, any Christian, could possibly have conceived. In certain conditions of religious ecstasy he could transfix his whole body with swords till he looked like a bull in the arena after the banderilleros have finished with him. Moreover, and I have seen him do it, he could devour live scorpions with the utmost relish in attestation of the glory of Allah and the superiority of Mohamet over his predecessors, Moses and Jesus.

It was not fear, therefore, that kept my accomplished friend beyond the circuit of the ghetto. It was taboo. It was the piece of string suspended between the two twigs stuck into the opposite corners of the ghetto street. His friends, the Jews, respected his own taboo. He respected theirs. As foreigners in the island, the Catholic, the Greek Churchman and the Protestant, proceeded with me into the places of my kinsmen.

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The houses of the Jews in Djerba are indistinguishable from the houses of the Muslim. A blind wall faces upon an unpaved narrow lane, and the dark door is opened not a second longer than will allow you to enter. You find yourself in a sunny court crowded with multitudes of children. There are few trees and no flowers in the court, for there is no living water in Djerba. The water-supply of the island consists exclusively of wells and rain-cisterns, which helps to explain why the Djerba Jewesses are much slimmer than their sisters in Tunis. The Djerbans, like Rebecca, must make their way to the well, balancing the

clay jar on their erect heads. The Tunisians have water laid on, which absolves them from their sole opportunity of exercise. Not that their menfolk mind. The Jewess of Tunis is valued by weight. In Djerba she is more frequently valued by her head-dress of gold coins, and still more frequently by charms more impalpable. But I must quell my impatience to arrive at that theme. I must endeavour first to compose their setting. A number of small archways on three sides give upon this central court, and each is the entrance to the single vaulted chamber which is the whole territory of a single family. The walls above the archways of this central court are sometimes inlaid with rows of coloured tiles, but only among the more elaborate jewellers and the master carpet-weavers. The building consists of one storey only. Usually the patriarch of the family, with his spouse, occupies the chamber nearest to the door, so that the constitution of a house is only a single stage removed from a tribal encampment, the tents merely being stiffened into dried brick and whitewash. The cooking has no ampler machinery than a few three-pronged clay shards not many inches high, heaped up with charcoal. There are no chimneys in the rooms, of course, and the open court is the sole kitchen. Water is stored in the shadow in great clay amphoræ, of precisely the shapes that the Romans introduced into the island, and they themselves introduced from Greece. As you enter, the first thing you set eyes on is the patriarch of the household seated upon the capital of some pillar which once held up a Roman temple; he turns over upon his knee the pages of a holy book expounding an earlier creed, a creed worshipped in a temple earlier than the Roman temple, in a temple overthrown by the Roman worshippers. Little does that old man know what a symbol he is of one of the great revenges of history. He is more potent than Samson with the ruins of Dagon about him. For Samson was slain with Dagon, but this old Jew of Djerba has his foot on the neck of Jupiter, and his quiet murmur is in truth a hosanna of victory.

A brightly-striped hanging suspends in each archway. You push this aside to enter a small shadowy vestibule, and

turning right or left you enter the chamber proper, one-half of which is occupied by a low and deep recess. In this recess the whole family sleeps upon piled rugs, and in a higher and smaller recess in one of the side walls the rest of the family's rugs are stored against the keen winter nights. Other belongings than these they do not possess. It is as if they had inherited from some remote exodus the knowledge that he travels swiftest who carries least; as if their lotus-heavy somnolence were sometimes for a sharp moment disturbed by the fancy that the whitewashed brick of their vaults had sagged of a sudden into the brown camel-skin of a nomad tent; as if the wandering from Palestine into Arabia, from Arabia across the torpid sea to Abyssinia, from Abyssinia to this quiet fringe of Libya, must on the morrow be resumed; and the way to the Pillars of Hercules is perilous and the breath of the enemy is hot upon the neck.

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We had not left taboo behind us at the insubstantial portals of the ghetto. It was true that my Catholic friend, on account of his grace and good spirits, was *persona grata* among these Jews of Djerba; moreover, they spoke little French or none, and he a certain amount of their Judæo-Arabic (so that I, incidentally, had an easy channel of communication with them). And yet the moment we swung aside the curtain that shielded from the sun the household of his friend, Sidi Pinhas Sabban, a sense of taboo once more asserted itself. It was an arcane sensation, difficult to describe, and I can vouch that my own little conscious mind had no part in it. I can only speak with certainty of its effect, and its effect was to exclude my three Christian friends from that dark vaulted room as certainly in the spirit as the Muslim was excluded some hundreds of yards away in the flesh. It was not that my friends, and least of all the Frenchman, became in the slightest degree embarrassed or ill at ease. It was merely that they knew that they were outside, excluded, and we, Sidi Pinhas Sabban and I, were within, held together in a mystery till the end of time.

When I come to reflect upon that uncanny moment it strikes me as a more beautiful corroboration of his most desperate allegations than any professional anti-Semite ever dared to hope for. That little goldsmith who twists gold thread in the Island of the Lotus-Eaters off the coast of Libya, and I, the chance wanderer from misty England, we *were*, indeed, the Elders of Zion. We *were* the agents of a wide-world conspiracy. And what made us more dangerous was that our complicity was a thing so subtle, secret, spiritual, spontaneous. We had not sent letters to each other in invisible ink detailing the latest stages in our plans for the assassination of all the gentile financiers in Lombard Street and Wall Street. We had made no swarthy arrangements for the exchange of Muslim and Christian children between our countries to be ritually murdered on the coming Passover. And yet, not having conveyed a single syllable to each other by any medium, or having been in the faintest degree aware of each other's existence until the swinging aside of that curtain, having as common superficial currency not more than five words of French on his side and five of Arabic on mine, we could have organised in the knowledge of our oneness vaster projects than those. Drugged as he was by his African lotus, drugged as I was by my Hellenic asphodel, we had a potency which had already performed great things and will perform them again. It had made their creeds for our Catholic and Greek Orthodox and Protestant friends in the room with us and for the Muslim beyond the gate. It had made their creeds. Who knows to what ultimate creed it may still address itself, even until the fires of the sun wane and the glaciers thrust their snouts from the saddles of all the hills into the grey, nipped lands?

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And, I repeat, all this was uncanny. For how little had I in common with this shy, brown-eyed besmocked little Jew from Djerba, and how much with my three Christian friends? For the Protestant was an Englishman, and we had all English literature in common from Beowulf to James Joyce; and the Greek and I had in common the

memory of the cloven cliffs above Delphi and the blue rapier of the Gulf of Corinth beyond the olive-groves. And if the Frenchman and I had no more in common than the memory of a bottle of Château Lafitte, what a bond was there!

Yet soon, soon, verily, in the bond of the wine distilled from lotus were the two Jews to pledge their race, and in the sweetened lotus preserved whole in spirit to record the mystic benefaction of manna. Yet I confess myself baffled by the nature of the taboo which imposed itself in Pinhas's small room. First he brought forth two three-legged stools and sate himself down on one. He expected, I gathered shortly, that I should assume the other. But I did not do so until I had pressed the three gentiles to occupy it singly or divide it between them. "No, no," whispered the Catholic. "It is not right. We Christians must sit on the floor. It is expected here. Do you sit upon the stool." I did so, my head somewhat in a whirl. I had never known in general history or personal experience the gentile so assume or so submit to disabilities with regard to the Jew. I had a feeling that we had attained antipodes, or the secret side of the moon. Yet I could not suppress a certain sense of self-satisfaction that I and my brother should be enthroned on stools and the Christians lie at our feet upon the floor. It was as if we were the twin Kings of Israel and Judah and the outer tribes had come in to pay us dues. The badge of his shame, the white smock imposed on his fathers by the fathers of his Muslim friends, became in this curious half light a princely robe, the garment of a high mystery. It grieved me that I was not myself thus marked out. But I, at least, I too sat upon a throne. Whatever smouldering inferiority complexes my Jewish existence in a gentile world had engendered in me were at that moment extinguished. "Make yourselves quite at home," I said, with gracious condescension.

Sidi Pinhas was, it was evident, happy to be entertaining us. His wife, he said, would shortly reappear from the well where the camel all day, at the end of a tether, made his sardonic rounds. She had gone with

their first baby to draw water. In the meanwhile he drew forth a cruse of wine. He carefully poured away the layer of olive oil with which it was protected from the air, even as the wine of the Romans two thousand years ago was protected and the wine of the Italians to this day. Then he passed a glass over to me and I made politely to pass it further to my friend the Frenchman. Once more I heard the thud of the wings of taboo in the air.

"Cashair!" he exclaimed urgently, "Cashair!" I wondered in what language he spoke. But I perceived from my host that it was, in fact, I and not the others who was expected to drink that wine. "Cashair!" my host repeated. But upon his Jewish lips, although there was no demonstrable difference in his mode of pronouncing the word, I promptly understood it. *Kosher*, to be sure, the wine was *kosher*. I saluted him and raised the wine to my lips, such a wine as I had never before tasted. A certain acidity there was about it, but an insidiousness which had once worked legendary woe. I was drinking the wine distilled from the lotus, incredibly after three thousand years denied the gentiles and become the Jews' proud privilege—*cashair*, forbidden! For that was the stress placed upon the word by the Frenchman. Till that time I had only known *kosher* as a dietary mode or substance which all the world *might* partake of and the poor Jew *must*. It had now become a stuff of taboo. Only the proud Jew might, the poor gentile must not.

Not that my friends were denied good cheer. To them Sidi Pinhas brought a flask of *boukkha*, the fiery distillation of peaches, which for some reason they might partake of what time the distilled lotus was denied them. To them he brought dried cakes; to me, in addition, the lotus itself preserved in spirit—*nebk*, he called it; and then for us all, out of the rug recess he brought a dish of still warm cooked meats, in the three-pronged clay shard in which it had lately been prepared. It was whilst we were engaged upon these foods, and these liquors to wash them down, that his wife appeared, the loveliest lady I think I ever set eyes on.

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I have seen in various lands ladies who were lovely in various modes. But the wife of Sidi Pinhas (and, to tell the truth, the greater part of these Jewesses from Djerba, though she was the loveliest) had a beauty I could not associate with any living race I had encountered. She was, of course, a long way removed from the cold creatures of the North, fair as they are. Under no grey skies were those eyes enkindled. But she was beautiful not in the way that, for instance, Spanish women are beautiful, or Italian women, or the Turkish women whom Angora has permitted to walk forth unveiled. She recalled to me for a moment the Bedouin women of the mainland, but I was quick to see that that was because, like them, she wore great bangles over her elbows and above her brown feet, and the folds of her gown were held together by a large chased clasp. But she had not their nimbleness, their inquisitive chin, their ridged nose, their restless eyes. She wore a headdress of gold coins, and seemed less like a living woman of the people, despite the child at her breast, than the queen of some race that has ceased to exist.

Or had I not seen somewhere certain women not unlike her, in their gravity, in their calm assurance? Where had I seen them, then, if at all? Then of a sudden I remembered—in the uplands of Thessaly, in the smaller Ægean Islands, where the Greek type still lingers. It was they who seemed her kinswomen, not the urgent and ardent Jewish women out of Eastern Europe, not the tempered Jewish women of Western Europe and America. She seemed, and all these Jewesses of Djerba seemed, not Jewish, not Semitic, but Greek. She seemed even earlier than Greek, as if she went back to the Greek beginnings in Crete and Mycenæ. There I had seen her precise image, I now at length realised, that same full chin, those long, grave eyes, that unilinear brow and nose. I had seen her in the pattern of a Cretan vase treading an airy dance, or bearing an urn upon her head, or distilling potions out of secret herbs. More recently, but not less ceremonially, she had been distilling out of lotus the wine I held to my lips now.

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What secret does that Jewess of Djerba hint at, who seemed so much more Greek than Jewish? What irrecoverable knowledge must first be recovered before it shall be divined? For seeing that it cannot be disputed that she stands at the fountain-head of our race, that she presents our archetype unperturbed by the strains of Khazar or Iberian or Teuton, shall we dare to believe that we were primordially creatures of the Mediterranean sea coasts and islands rather than sullen wanderers from the gaunt Arabian peninsula? The aspect of these or those do we perpetuate, these swift Greek creatures of sea and wind whom no creek in the ultimate antique seas did not harbour, or those swarthy submitters, the Arab Semites, those paragons of the principles of sterility?

Is it preposterous that the Jewess from Djerba should lead us so far away from all our ancient anchorages? Go with me so far as this, then. Admit the Jewess of Djerba and her kinsfolk in those proud ghettos to be not such dull Jews as the Jew of London or Chicago. Admit that when Odysseus brought back to their ships those of his sailors who had fed upon lotus he could not find certain of them. For these had found sanctuary in the ghettos and had thereon taken to themselves Jewish maidens for wives; they it was who produced the race of the modern Lotophagi, whom you may visit for yourselves, those Hellenic Hebrews who read the Torah of Moses and feed upon the lotus of Homer.

## REFORM OR REVOLUTION

BY J. H. HARLEY

THE House of Lords has again revealed itself in its familiar *rôle* as a great disturbing influence in British politics. From the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 it has lurked in the background of affairs, only unleashing reserves of irresponsible backwoodsmen when some dark deed of destruction had to be attempted or achieved. The Parliamentary memoirs of monarchs and statesmen during the period show how its existence added additional troubles to those already attendant on their position. Queen Victoria had to intervene in political crises which the Lords had precipitated in order to secure a smoother passage for the Parliamentary coach. King Edward was seriously perturbed in 1907 lest, owing to the action of the Lords at that particular time, he might be left the sole hereditary authority in British politics. Any of the publicists of the later Victorian days who chanced to take a long view was obsessed with the thought that the House of Lords, more than any other institution of our flexible Constitution, might one day force the unavoidable choice between reform and revolution. But what was to be done? Nobody had really thought out a feasible plan. Lord Rosebery ploughed a lonely furrow. Sir William Harcourt said that the House of Lords could neither be mended nor ended. Mr. Gladstone's last solemn speech in the House of Commons was a calling up of judgment on the Peers, but Mr. Gladstone bequeathed no scheme to his successors for dealing with a situation which he regarded as critical.

If, however, we examine attentively the delicate and complicated machinery of the modern State we shall recognise at once that it is important above all to provide against the risks of getting out of gear. In the nineteenth century constitutional lawyers regarded as the most

important question to be asked in regard to a State Constitution wherever in any particular case was the ultimate seat of sovereignty. To revert to our mechanical metaphor, they wanted the supreme directing source of power which would keep all the rest of the machinery in good working order. In the twentieth century, however, we are coming to recognise that sovereignty in such a complicated arrangement does not inhere in any particular part of it, but in the smooth working and ever more delicate adjustments of the whole. In our modern social life everybody must be kept busy. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do!" Mr. Herbert Smith has just astonished many of the supporters of the present Government, who hold that the miners are hopelessly committed to the destruction of the Constitution, by affirming that he will never be a revolutionary so long as he has a vote and liberty to use it in directing the destinies of the country. But is the sentiment so very astonishing? Mr. Smith simply means that so long as he has a vote, and that vote has a practical value in helping to mould the destinies of the country, he is not even tempted to become a revolutionary. But if his vote, and the votes of his like-minded fellows, are deprived of their effect because they have to beat up against insurmountable obstacles, then the case is very different. There is a break in the machinery. Hot steam has found no release through the safety valves. When a situation like that occurs the times are ready for a revolution.

Now it is because Lord Cave's announcement in the House of Lords on June 20th really amounts to a serious interference with the smooth working of our constitutional machinery that, although there are doubts whether in its form as announced it is still before the country, it is yet incumbent to submit it to serious examination by all men of goodwill. As already indicated, it requires a huge amount of political courage and determination to have anything to do with the House of Lords at all. The Radical politicians of the later Victorian days fought shy of it, and its partisans put their money on a policy which



was known as "filling up the cup." The House of Lords was to go on accumulating fresh articles for the indictment which would one day be preferred against it, and then—but what would happen then was beyond a Radical politician's powers of prevision. Lord Morley, indeed, tells us that, in 1883, at a meeting of federated Liberal Associations under his chairmanship, Mr. John Bright threw out the hint that, if the House of Lords rejected a Bill and it was passed a second time by the House of Commons, it should then be regarded as passed over the heads of the Second Chamber. But this was one of those seminal thoughts which did not at the time take root in fruitful soil. "Under any circumstances," declares the Unauthorised Programme of 1885, "it is needless to include the abolition of the House of Lords in the Radical programme. Supposing that it exhibits in the future the same qualities that, on the whole, it has exhibited in the past, Radicals need not trouble themselves about it. Supposing, on the other hand, it insists on asserting itself, it will of its own accord, and of its own act, be reformed out of existence."

This is, of course, a delightfully unpractical attitude for flamboyant Radicalism to take, and reminds us of the famous but futile dilemma of the Abbé Sieyès. "If a Second Chamber dissents from the first, it is mischievous; if it agrees with it, it is superfluous." The advanced Radical of that period appeared to have it firmly fixed in his mind that the House of Lords for the future would remain in an attitude of perpetual good behaviour. It would "protest first and then register afterwards." It never appeared to him imminent enough to ask what would be his considered policy were the House of Lords to disregard all these nice copy-book maxims. If the worst came to the worst, he had only to offer to the baffled reformer the perfectly ridiculous assumption that in such a case the House of Lords "will of its own accord and of its own act be reformed out of existence."

It was not till 1906, however, that the opportunity came for testing these Radical assumptions. The Parliament of 1906 was, on the whole, one of the most eager and

enthusiastic that has ever clamoured for reform in the House of Commons. New faces were seen in the Lobbies; animation reigned in the House; the buzz and hubbub of discussion penetrated even to the Smoking Room. Almost at once, however, in presence of a House of Commons that appeared to mean business, the House of Lords renounced the canons of good behaviour that had been its guide posts during the previous Conservative *régime*. There supervened a stoppage in the constitutional machinery. The Government's Education Bill, a child of many prayers, and a Scotch Land Holding Bill were rejected by the Lords. The latter indignity might have been borne in reliance on the traditional imperturbability of the Scotsman; but if the previous General Election had settled anything, it was that a mandate had been given to the Parliament of 1906 to amend the Education Act of 1902. Something would have to be done. The House of Lords showed no disposition to act according to orders and proceed to some voluntary process of self-immolation. In the days of the twentieth century miracles had ceased to happen. There was, of course, one well-known safety valve that could have been opened at the last resort. Power might have been sought by the exercise of the Royal Prerogative to create new Peers. But this was a drastic expedient which should only be used as the very last resort.

Fortunately, however, this hour of trial for the constitutional machinery found the man prepared to deal with it. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as his colleagues in the Cabinet soon discovered, had the heart of a lion beneath the easy compliance of a lamb. He saw that what was wanted was another safety valve which need not be reserved for use on extremely critical occasions, but which would be capable of being put into action whenever, as between the two Houses of Parliament, there was a breakdown in the constitutional machinery. He would not dispense with the emergency safety valve; it was no time to run the risk of a revolutionary catastrophe. Neither would he tamper with the constitution of the House of Lords itself. He would keep it as it was, but render it impotent



to do any deadly harm. In an able and well-argued Memorandum which he submitted to the Cabinet he practically adopted the Bright suggestion of 1883, only providing for a second reiteration by the Commons of a Bill rejected by the Peers, and interpolating a Committee of Conciliation composed of representatives of the two Houses to function between the rejection and the first reiteration by the House of Commons. An effort was to be made, however, to speed up the necessary operations, and by the use of the suggested safety valve a measure might be passed over the heads of the House of Lords well within the space of a single year.

Unfortunately when the effort was made, after the rejection of the People's Budget of 1909, to translate these aspirations into actual legislation, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was dead and the Liberal Imperialist Section appeared to be the dominating power in the Cabinet. So far as the actual Parliament Act of 1911 departed from the Campbell-Bannerman Memorandum, it departed for the worse. For one thing, it had a preamble which practically promised a further plan for the reconstitution of the House of Lords on a popular and elective basis. Indeed, it was currently reported at the time that the inner circle of Liberal leaders was agreed in advocating a Second Chamber on the same franchise as the First. This "obligation of honour," as Lord Oxford and Asquith put it, had the immediate effect of bringing the Labour Party of that time into opposition to the Government. A motion was made from the Labour Benches to omit this compromising preamble, and Mr. Keir Hardie made it very plain that the Labour Party would oppose to the uttermost any future plan which, under the plea of mending the House of Lords, really made it stronger to withstand the mandated power of the Commons. In fact, as Lord Cave quite candidly acknowledged when rejecting the elective idea on behalf of the present Government, an elective Second Chamber would even tend to occupy a stronger position than the House of Commons. To this there may be added the further consideration that it is really inconsistent with responsible government itself. You may make

your Ministry responsible to the House of Commons, but you cannot without grave risk to its ultimate usefulness make it dependent on the beck and call of two separate masters.

The preamble, however, was not the only defective part of the scheme of 1911. Its distinguishing merit, of course, was that it did not deviate from the Campbell-Bannerman Memorandum in adopting as its general objective the crippling of the powers of the Second Chamber. In this respect—and the fact is very significant—the Campbell-Bannerman plan has been adopted by the most modern Constitutions—those of Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia. It also retained the emergency safety valve to ease the situation in a grave crisis of emergency. But as regards the normal safety valve, or what may be termed the contrivance for work-a-day crises, it interposed so much more delay in its operation that it may be said to have run the risk of provoking dangerous irritation in some reforming Parliament of the future. Campbell-Bannerman's scheme, as has been before pointed out, would have enabled the House of Commons in a strained emergency to have prevailed well within a single year. The Parliament Act of 1911, on the other hand, contemplated a possible slackening of legislative machinery for at least two years. In one respect, indeed, it went beyond the Campbell-Bannerman plan. It had been for a long time regarded as axiomatic that the House of Lords could not interfere with a Money Bill. This reservation, of course, was fatal to the claim of the House of Lords to interpose obstacles to hasty legislation, for if the democracy is tempted to undue haste at all, it is surely in the nature of things most sorely tempted when it is a question of endowing its own pet projects. But the rejection of the "People's Budget" of 1909 stirred up a new and intenser spirit against the House of Lords. Money Bills which were so certified by the Speaker of the House of Commons were entirely withdrawn from the purview of the Second Chamber.

Still, as regards the smooth working of the constitutional machinery, it must be admitted that the delay interposed

before opening the work-a-day safety valve was a very grave defect. The Labour Party of the time never quite liked this spirit of irresolution, although, in face of the recalcitrant attitude of the Conservative leaders to the whole conception of the Parliament Act, they united with the Government in supporting a recourse to the emergency safety valve in order to secure the measure. On the whole subject, however, it may be said that then and at the present time the policy of the Labour Party is to end the House of Lords, though Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has indicated a willingness to examine any proposals which, without interposing obstacles in the path of the House of Commons, would yet provide machinery for revising legislative projects, and for getting them into a form in which they would endure the closest scrutiny by the Law Courts.

The Parliament Act was soon put upon its trial, and, by a strange irony of fate, the certainty that its safety valve would be opened produced the nearest result to what had more of the outward characteristics of a really revolutionary movement than this country has seen within recent years. It is impossible within the limits of this paper to discuss fully the Ulster manifestations which were apparent after the introduction of another Home Rule Bill, and which continued up to the first days of the Great War. The Ulster leader of that time was a successful and experienced lawyer, and it is possible that there lay carefully concocted in his mind many subtle legal considerations, by the aid of which the Ulster improvisations could be successfully differentiated from anything in the nature of a revolution. But what, looking back on these disquieting scenes after an interval of thirteen years, must strike every attentive student of affairs is this, that, if there was nothing in the nature of revolution intended, there was every one of those outward signs which are supposed to denote the imminence of a genuine revolutionary cataclysm. There were, to mention one or two of them, the drilling of non-Government troops, the reality of dissatisfaction amongst officers of the regular army, and, most significant of all, there was the parade of something like the apparatus of an alternative Government. There can be no question at all that

the working proletariat of England and Scotland were profoundly moved by the sight. Ever since that day the Communist extremist who is trying to convert his comrades to the doctrine of a forcible assertion of their rights points with triumph to the example of Ulster as a lesson from the classes to the masses.

What, too, made this argument of the Communist more forcible still was the fact that the Government Home Rule Bill was not carried into effect, and that two of the leading Ulster protagonists were promoted to the high judicial Bench. In the circumstances, and even before the War suspended all controversy, it is not surprising that there were signs of aggravated labour unrest. There was trouble in the coal and the transport industries. The Triple Alliance began to rear its head. The publication day by day of the evidence before the Sankey Commission enabled a contrast to be made between meagre working-class Budgets and the royalties to which landowners confessed, after having been severely heckled by the miners' leader as to the validity of their claims. It was not, however, till 1922, after the War was long over, that the Coalition Government of that time proposed to deal again with the House of Lords. This time, however, there was no attempt to dispute the main assumption of the Parliament Act. Probably its opponents of 1911 thought it had helped them rather than otherwise in the contest over the Liberal Home Rule Bill.

The Coalition Government's plan for dealing with the question of the House of Lords is in essence the same as that propounded by Lord Cave, a fact of which Lord Birkenhead was quick to remind Mr. Lloyd George in the course of an epistolary controversy in *The Times*. It is true that the Coalition House of Lords was to have an elective element in it, but as there were no relative numbers given of the proposed elective representatives, and Lord Birkenhead laid great stress on the necessity of keeping to the hereditary principle, it cannot be said that the new House of Lords, foreshadowed in either of these schemes, would have had any claim to represent the real voice of the people as against the declared decision of the

Commons. There was also a difference for the worse in the Committee to deal with Money Bills in the Government scheme, but on this point it is probable that the Government would have yielded had their scheme ever been really submitted to the consideration of the House of Commons.

The most dangerous element in such notions for reforming the House of Lords is common to each of these latest schemes. In the first place they both do away with the emergency safety valve. This, of course, is an inevitable result of every House of Lords reformation scheme, and perhaps accounts for the small success of Lord Rosebery as the parent of many abortive plans. But there was not the same excuse for tampering in the second place with the normal safety valve. If this valve is to be effective at all it must be capable of being opened in every possible emergency, especially if there is to be no longer a strictly emergency valve. But a very important and very debatable subject, the constitution of the House of Lords, was to be withdrawn from the benefit of the Parliament Act. The normal safety valve could not be used in such a case. The House of Lords, as a Government which was losing election after election in the country had cared to constitute it, was to be crystallised for ever, and to act like some permanent fifth wheel of the legislative coach.

It is easy to see how dangerous such an arrangement might prove in the eternal conflict between reform and revolution. It is true that the subject of the duration of the House of Commons was excepted from the Parliament Act in 1911, but this did not excite any public interest. The constitution and powers of the House of Lords are quite another question. It is as certain as any forecast in political meteorology can possibly be that one day, sooner or later, the Labour Party will be charged with the governance of the country. As the Liberal Party was in 1906, it too will soon be up against the delaying action of the House of Lords. Indeed, the Committee to deal with Money Bills, as some of the professional supporters of the Government have incontinently confessed,

is mainly designed to see that great Labour measures of organic reform should not be classed as Money Bills, and escape the obstructive action of the Second Chamber. Likewise, as Lord Cave has admitted under pressure of Sir John Simon, the House of Lords Bill will contain a provision forbidding the Commons to claim privilege on a measure involving local rating, which no doubt would be some considerable Labour proposal for municipal action, say a scheme of municipal retail trading in coal, as recommended by the Coal Commission. Soon the House of Lords would be blocked with the long arrears of legislative proposals. Some of them would involve the repeal of previous legislation which is calculated to act as an encouragement to revolutionary courses, such as the recent Trade Union and Trade Disputes Act. The normal safety valve would function slowly, and after about the third session it would hardly function at all. Is it possible that there would not be something of a deadlock? Is it conceivable that there would not be a strong demand in the country for some radical alteration in the House of Lords? And is it not a very serious consummation that, if the Government plan be adopted, there would not be any effective way of meeting the situation by the ordinary agencies of reform, except with the consent—impossible, as corporate nature goes, to be obtained—of the House of Lords itself.

A deadlock like this is a direct encouragement to all the agencies which make for revolution. As we have already seen, the salvation of the modern State consists in its abundance of restorative agencies. If there is trouble threatening there is always some valve to be opened or reform to be accomplished, so as to prevent that dangerous brooding which only makes the trouble more acute. Madame Kossak tells us in her interesting book *The Blaze* that in March, 1917, at the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution, "dark, double-faced, insidious agitators" appeared in her district, who appealed to the men's village council, and "promised, as they fluttered their side papers, an equal division of land without purchase within four months." They harangued to the

men's council, but the men's council had no administrative responsibility, and there was no effective legislative assembly. Consequently the effect of the advice of the agitators could only be to stimulate private and irresponsible attacks on property, utterly untrammelled by any sense of ultimate responsibility. The immediate result, at any rate, was conflict and chaos. The most balanced among the people did not feel, like Mr. Herbert Smith, that they had any chance of influencing, by way of reform, the destinies of affairs, and hence the only way open was the red road that leads to revolution. Fortunately we are not, to the manner born, a revolutionary people. We have too wholesome a sense of humour to maintain ourselves for any long time in that fierce and deadly serious mood which Trotsky declares to be indispensable to the real revolutionary. Here is what Mr. Baldwin's revolutionary compilers of the *Cheltenham Bulletin* wrote in that *ad hoc* broadsheet during the most critical days of the General Strike: "The one train that passed the N.U.R. hut this morning carried no passengers, but had four men on the engine, *loudly cheered by the men on strike.*" The normal British worker has too strong a sense of the difficulties and incongruities of things to expect to get real reform other than by a resolute and continued struggle with the help of the most modern constitutional machinery. But there must be no attempt to tamper with the machinery or to run the risk of a breakdown. That way trouble lies.

## TARIFF REFORM AND CREDIT CRISIS: A LETTER FROM BERLIN<sup>1</sup>

BY ROBERT CROZIER LONG

BERLIN, *July 1st.*

THE Marx Cabinet has thrown a bombshell into the business world. It has proclaimed in favour of a general Tariff reduction, and promised concrete measures for the speediest possible execution of its plan. The decision is, of course, immediately connected with the recommendations of the Commerce Committee of the Geneva Economic Conference. It is, nevertheless, a bombshell and a surprise. Until the middle of June it seemed that, despite much unofficial support and some carefully qualified official sympathy, the Geneva recommendations would have as little practical consequences as the very similar proclamation in favour of freer international trade issued by prominent bankers last year. This conclusion seemed justified by the reception given to the whole Economic Conference Report when it was formally presented to the Council of the League of Nations on June 16th. The German Cabinet had at the same time passed a very emphatic resolution approving of the Report and calling for its realisation, but there was no indication in this resolution that Germany intended to take an independent lead. On June 22nd, however, the Cabinet issued a Press communication in connection with the impending prolongation of the Minor Tariff of August, 1925, in which it declared that the Reichswirtschaftsrat would be invited to prepare a general Tariff revision "with the aim of reducing duties." This announcement was followed by other ministerial statements which show in a general way what the lines of the reduction will be.

The importance of this decision to Germany, to Europe generally, and to Great Britain in particular, can hardly be exaggerated. It is assumed provisionally—what requires considerable assumption—that the powerfully organised German interests will permit the realisation of

(1) The publication of this article has been unfortunately delayed.—  
ED., F.R.

the plan. The intent is to reduce very considerably the industrial Tariff, in which British manufacturers are directly interested. The food duties, which are mainly a matter of concern to North and South America and to Russia, will not be reduced. Indeed, to the consternation of stalwart, all-round Free Traders, the same Cabinet announcement which foreshadowed reduction of duties in general stated that the duties on potatoes, pork, and sugar would be immediately increased. To justify the apparent inconsistency the Cabinet, which in this matter acted under the pressure of the Minister for Agriculture, Herr Schiele, and his German-National supporters, adduced the opinion of the Agriculture Committee of the Geneva Conference—an opinion both innocuous and vague—that “equilibrium” should be maintained between the measures of Protection granted respectively to agriculture and to industry. The German food duties are, in fact, lower than the industrial. The maximum food duties are the same as the pre-War, and the full rates are not imposed, whereas industrial duties have been raised repeatedly since the War. It is the industrial duties which constitute—to quote the Minister of Industry, Dr. Curtius—*Ueberprotectionismus*. The same good authority admits that they have entirely failed in their object, which was to force certain foreign countries which were formerly good German markets to conclude commercial treaties upon reasonable terms.

The present German Tariff is a composite. The Buelow Tariff, which was framed in 1902 after desperate party struggles, is still in force. The food import duties in this Tariff were suspended upon the outbreak of war. In 1922 and 1923, with the ostensible aim of checking luxury imports and protecting the moribund mark currency, duties on a great many articles were raised. By 1925 the question of a general revision of the 1902 Tariff had become urgent. As the work of revision, not to mention the inevitable conflicts in the Reichstag, would take at least a couple of years, a temporary and imperfect revision known as the “Minor Tariff” was put through. The Minor Tariff not only revived the pre-War food duties, but also increased enormously, in many cases prohibitively, the

duties on manufactured goods, although many of these had already been increased in 1922 or 1923. The Minor Tariff had two aims, apart from its expected efficacy in commercial treaty negotiations. It was to restore more or less the pre-War incidence of Protection. German import duties are all specific (they are assessed on the double-centner of 200 metric lb.), and with prices about 40 per cent. higher than before the War the incidence had declined. The second aim was to counter certain effects of territorial losses, of the creation of competitive foreign industries in branches which were formerly German monopolies, and of other changes in the geographical distribution of production. The Minor Tariff was to remain in force until July, 1927, by which time a general revision of the 1902 Tariff would, it was expected, be put through. This expectation was not realised; even to-day the statistical material necessary for a general revision does not exist. In June, therefore, the Marx Cabinet announced, as was inevitable, that the Minor Tariff would be kept in force, and it fixed the new date of expiry as December 31st, 1929. But it announced simultaneously that it had not only in principle accepted the lower-Tariff recommendations of the Geneva Conference, but that it would prepare immediately for putting them into effect.

This decision is all the more remarkable because the party, and to some extent the personal, composition of the present Cabinet is identical with that of the Cabinet of 1925, which repeatedly declared that the mere rise in prices justified and made necessary much higher duties than those in the 1902 Tariff. The economic condition of Germany has not materially changed in the two intervening years. But a great many doubts as to prospects and interests have been cleared up, and the nett effect is a conviction that Germany will gain much more than she can lose if she reduces her Tariff. In 1925 the competitive ability of German industry was unknown. Between 1919 and 1924 competitive ability was a mere function of the fluctuating mark exchange. The financial strength of industry was doubtful, because the first company balance-sheets compiled in stable currency were only then

appearing. The foreign trade prospect was also uncertain. Only a few months before the Minor Tariff became law Germany had been released from the shackles of Article 267 of the Versailles Treaty, and the commercial treaties concluded immediately after the release had not been tested. The "rationalisation" of industrial methods, which has since yielded valuable results, had only then been begun. To-day, in contrast to the condition of 1925, the whole German economy may be considered stabilised. It is, of course, subject to normal fluctuations of prosperity and depression, with their reactions upon production, employment, home trade, imports and exports, credit, and security values; but here conditions do not differ from the pre-War.<sup>1</sup> The Government and the public are to-day far better qualified than in 1925 to decide upon policy in the matter of international commerce. The promised reversal of the tariff policy of 1925 cannot therefore be ascribed entirely to the Geneva Conference. The Conference provided an occasion, and it raised some, though not a very great, hope of reciprocity. Germany's main motive is her realisation of her highly unsatisfactory and, indeed, threatening position as a country with heavy foreign debts, with an unceasing need for foreign capital and credit, and with a payment-balance problem which daily appears more and more unsolvable.

The contrast between Germany's internal prosperity and her increasingly difficult international position is, indeed, marked. For more than a year trade has been rapidly improving. The upward movement, which began with the British coal strike, has so far had no setback, and the pace has of late increased. Shortly before the coal strike, in March, 1926, over 2,000,000 persons were without work. If the industrial crisis caused by the Ruhr occupation of 1923 is left out of account, 1926 had the worst labour record since the War. By October last the number of unemployed had fallen to 1,300,000. By mid-June this year it had fallen to 800,000. It is very doubtful whether in the pre-War sense of the word there is any unemploy-

(1) The official Institute for Study of Trade Fluctuations finds that the duration of German trade cycles is shorter than before the War.

ment at all. Before the War unemployment involved a proportional fall-off in production. The occupations census of July, 1925, the results of which have only just appeared, indicates that present unemployment is entirely "structural," due, that is, in part to "rationalisation" of industry and in part to population changes, so that even the high figure of 2,000,000 unemployed was consistent with increased national production. The census shows that 51.3 per cent. of the population are engaged in some occupation, as against 45.5 per cent. at the previous census of 1907; and though the whole population in the present area increased in the same period by only 7,500,000, the number of persons with occupations increased by 7,000,000. The "rationalisation" in industry of the last two years is estimated to have deprived some 250,000 persons of their work, but the amount of work done by the "rationalised" undertakings has been maintained. At present every leading German industry, with the exception of coal-mining, is either prospering or is in a very much better position than a year ago. Indeed, the coal branch also is much better off than in early 1926, but it has had a considerable setback since the termination of the strike. The output of pig-iron in the first five months of 1927 was 5,297,500 tons, against 3,441,900 tons in the same months of 1926; the output of steel 6,625,900 tons, against 4,323,900 tons. The shipbuilding branch to-day employs 44,000 persons, against 32,000 in December, 1926. The textile industries are working under pronounced boom conditions. Many mills have enough work to keep them fully occupied until the end of this year, and some refuse to book orders for delivery before 1928. The electro-technical, leather, paper, rubber, pottery, and other finishing industries are prospering. The machine-manufacturing branch, though doing better than last year, is not doing very well; the special dependence of this branch upon export is an important factor in the new low-tariff policy, and, indeed, this is the only branch which may be counted upon not to oppose the policy. The industrial activity is almost wholly due to increasing home consumption. This circumstance, which is emphasised in the last

report of the Trade Fluctuations Institute, is independently made clear by the foreign trade statistics. Export this year so far has not increased; it has slightly declined. Yet with industry producing at top speed and export trade stagnant the imports of many kinds of manufactured goods have increased. For the first time since the War the German public is showing ability to buy on a great scale without the stimulus or provocation of a declining currency, which was the cause of the "catastrophe booms" of 1920 to 1923.

The increase in German home consumption is undoubtedly due in great part to reviving prosperity. This is shown by all statistics which concern the reaccumulation of capital—by bank and savings bank deposits, by insurance business, by loan and debenture issues, and even by investments abroad, which have this year been very considerable. In part the increased consumption is an outcome of the extraordinary appreciation of securities which began in January, 1926, and of consequent speculative gains. It is true that national wealth can no more be increased by rises in share quotations than by rises in other prices, but it is an observed fact that successful speculation on a great scale tends to increase consumption, at least temporarily. The third explanation of the heavy demand for goods is the persistent borrowing from abroad of the last two years. The more pessimistic German critics, indeed, declare that this cause is the most potent of the three, and some even roundly deride the trade activity as a *Borgkonjunktur*, or "borrowing boom," which will have disastrous reactions. This view is exaggerated, but it is undoubtedly true that borrowing explains some of the prosperity. In 1925 Germany contracted foreign loans of value 1,254 million marks, and in 1926 1,651 million marks. Including the Dawes loan and about 90 million marks, which is the much reduced total of this year so far, she has borrowed over 4,000 million marks from foreigners since the reparations settlement first put her in a position to borrow. The resulting increased delivery of foreign goods has materially influenced her foreign trade balance. The trade balance, though on the whole heavily passive,

fluctuates very much from time to time. While exports have increased fairly steadily, imports have risen and fallen violently in accord with the irregular demand for raw materials resulting from changes in industrial activity. In 1925 imports totalled 12,362 million marks and exports only 8,796 million marks; in 1926 imports 10,001 million marks and exports 9,783 million marks, or nearly as much; in 1927 again (January-May) imports 5,540 million marks, exports only 3,999 million marks. In the whole twenty-nine months which have passed since the beginning of 1925 the import surplus has totalled 5,325 million marks.<sup>1</sup> The greater part of the import surpluses have been paid for with foreign loans and a small part out of the active balance on the account for shipping and other international services. While the loan inundation continued this system was satisfactory in the present, even if threatening for the future. But in the present year the loan source almost dried up, the import surpluses were heavier than ever, and on the Reichsbank's reserve of foreign exchange a drain set in which in five months reduced the total by 1,000 million marks. When the remnant of the reserve had shrunk to under 100 million marks the bank was obliged to part with gold—for the first time since the currency stabilisation. This sacrifice of gold was entirely normal, and, indeed, psychologically advantageous, because it advertised the reality of the theoretical, hitherto untested, Reichsmark stability. But it also once more called attention to the danger of borrowing in the absence of assured means of repayment. In this emergency the Government acted on the lines of those numerous private debtors who get out of their difficulties temporarily by contracting new debts. It increased, or, put more correctly, it restored the facilities for borrowing from abroad.

The official attitude towards foreign loans has twice changed in the last three years. When borrowing first began after the reparations settlement it was considered

(1) All the above figures omit imports and exports of precious metals. It is officially admitted that imports are over and exports under stated. The corrected total (an estimate) of the Statistical Bureau for 1926 is: imports 9,965 million marks, exports 10,009 million marks.



necessary and was favoured. The Reichsbank President held that Germany would not within visible time reacumulate sufficient capital for her industrial reorganisation and expansion. The Government therefore exempted the interest on foreign loans from "capital-yield tax," which is really a flat 10 per cent. income tax deducted at the source. Late in 1926 this favouring attitude changed. The home capital market revived in an unexpected way. In 1925 all loans and debentures issued at home totalled only 144 million marks, or one-ninth of the total of loans raised abroad. In 1926 the home loans and debentures totalled 1,324 million marks, or more than three-fourths of the foreign loans total. This increase in home loans and certain other phenomena of the capital market led the Government to conclude that borrowing from abroad was unnecessary and should be checked. The Reichsbank complained of the inflationary effects of the foreign loans. In so far as the yield of these loans was not immediately used to pay for imports—and imports in 1926 were small—it was handed as foreign exchange to the Reichsbank, which was obliged thereagainst to issue notes. The Government thereupon withdrew the tax exemption. This withdrawal duly discouraged would-be borrowers, for although the "capital-yield tax" was in law payable by the foreign bondholder, in practice a condition of all such loans was that the German borrower should pay it. Hardly had this step been taken when the home capital resource began to dry up. Interest rates, which had fallen ever since 1924, began to rise. The Government, and it seems also the Reichsbank, entirely failed to realise the new conditions. In February the Government with a great flourish of trumpets floated a home loan at the low interest rate of 5 per cent. It imagined that it had established 5 per cent. as the normal interest rate for loans in the future—a matter of importance to itself because altogether 1,500 million marks will have to be borrowed to meet deficits on this year's and last year's Budgets. Before three months were out the new loan was selling on the Bourse at 4 per cent. below its issue price. The home capital market was entirely dead. Industry wanted capital. A few

months back the industrial corporations expected to get this capital on convenient terms by issuing new shares. The heavy decline which took place on the Berlin Bourse after the beginning of May killed that hope. The Reichsbank, which had complained in 1926 of the plethora of incoming foreign exchange, saw its exchange reserve depleted. The policy of checking borrowing from abroad had therefore to be abandoned. The Government restored the tax exemption. This change of policy occurred too late. New York, which is the chief centre of German borrowing, has of late been inundated with capital emissions, home and foreign. In Wall Street the quotations of European reconstruction loans have of late declined very considerably, and those German industrial bonds which were issued with options to acquire shares came down with a crash after the collapse of the Berlin Bourse. The present prospect is that Germany will have great difficulty in getting foreign capital on reasonable terms. She is therefore at once faced with difficulty in financing her industry, which is expanding at an enormous pace, and of paying for heavy import surpluses. Any sufficient increase in her exports to meet these last liabilities is at present out of the question, and is not likely to be attained in the future unless the tariff position in the rest of the world is modified in the sense of the Geneva recommendations.

The Bourse collapse of the past six weeks has seriously weakened Germany's position. The abnormally rapid Bourse rise of the first months of 1926 was described by me in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of April of that year. Even then the rise seemed to have gone too far, but as events proved it was only beginning, and, in fact, it continued for another thirteen months. By May, 1927, leading stocks had risen 300, 400, and even in individual cases 600 per cent. above the levels of late 1925. Six weeks ago, when well-secured gold-mark bonds were selling on basis of an interest yield of 7 or 8 per cent., stocks of industrial companies whose future is by no means assured sold on a 2 or 3 per cent. dividend basis. The commercial banks deprecated this exaggeration, but financed it and profited by it. In 1926 the speculation credits of the



seven chief Berlin banks increased 520 per cent. The banks' reports for 1926 show that they got rid of their own large holdings of stocks at very near top prices. The Reichsbank regarded the Bourse boom with suspicion and dislike. It complained that credit was being diverted from industry at a time when credit was becoming dearer and when industry badly wanted it; complained that foreign short-term credit was being used to finance the boom; complained finally that the banks' contango credits, which are tied up for half-monthly periods, are not liquid assets. The Reichsbank had the resource of raising its discount rate, and this action would have been justified by the enormous increase in its discounts. In view of the needs of industry it hesitated, and instead brought pressure upon the commercial banks to reduce their speculation credits. The banks consented, though unwillingly, and on May 12th announced their decision. During the preceding week the Bourse had been falling, and a certain nervousness already prevailed. May 13th added a new "Black Friday" to several in the world's Bourse records. Stocks were thrown away for what they would fetch. Some could not even be thrown away because owing to the complete lack of a buying public the Bourse Committee had to strike them out of the quotation lists. The reduction of speculation credits was carried through even more thoroughly than was intended—the total in one month was reduced 50 per cent. instead of 25 per cent. as was announced. But the credit strain did not relax. In the end the Reichsbank had to raise its discount rate, which had been 5 per cent. since January 11th, to 6 per cent. Ever since 1924 German interest rates had fallen without a break. With June, 1927, the period of cheap and abundant credit came to an end.

That Germany will have to resume borrowing from abroad on a considerable scale is beyond doubt. The rise in her home interest rates will attract foreign credit, and will tend to counteract the new unwillingness of New York to lend. She is therefore faced with the prospect of rapidly increasing liabilities to abroad for interest and for repayment of capital. How are these liabilities to be met?

The Minister of Industry, Dr. Curtius, predicts a sufficient increase of exports, but he is almost alone in that view; and the export figures do not support it. The absolute recovery of export trade in the past three years has been very considerable, but the pace of recovery fell off in 1926, and this year exports have actually declined. The monthly averages show this tendency plainly:—

|                    |     |     |     |     |     |     |     | Exports per month.<br>Millions of marks. |
|--------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|------------------------------------------|
| 1924               | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 544                                      |
| 1925               | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 733                                      |
| 1926               | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 815                                      |
| 1927 (January-May) | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 799                                      |

If these figures are examined in the light of German import, the advantages which Germany may gain from opening of the world's customs frontiers on the lines proposed by the Geneva Conference become plain. It is certain that such opening would enable Germany to export more goods. The opening of her own customs frontiers would lead to a very much smaller increase in her imports. Of her imports in the first five months of this year 32 per cent. were footstuffs and live stock. These imports will not be increased, because a reduction of food duties is not designed. The next, the largest, group in her imports, consists of raw and half-manufactured materials, which constitutes 52 per cent. of the whole. The volume of these imports is determined by ability to sell manufactured goods whether at home or abroad. Only 12 per cent. of her imports consists of manufactured goods. The proposed reduction of the industrial tariff would therefore not increase materially the total volume of imports, whereas the expected foreign reciprocity would probably lead to a great increase in exports. The doubtful points are whether particular German industries will allow the reduction to go through, and whether the reciprocity by foreign nations which the Cabinet counts upon will be granted.

## THE IRISH TRAGEDY

BY "MACDARA"

SINCE last I took pen and paper to write for THE FORT-NIGHTLY REVIEW, tragedy has fallen on the Free State of Ireland. Kevin O'Higgins, who was probably the greatest citizen of the Ireland of to-day, has made the supreme sacrifice. This brilliant young Minister, already recognised in international politics as one of the coming men of the generation, had been chiefly responsible for bringing his country safely through the many difficulties and dangers which surrounded the birth of the Free State. He brought her to stability and peace, he set her stumbling feet safely on the road of economic and national progress. For Ireland a great part of his work was done. Out of chaos and terror he created a State in which all sections of men—including those who most hated him—could carry on their business, propagate their politics, cast their votes, and rear their children in safety. These facts are universally admitted, however strongly one differs from the party politics and the alleged personal political views of Kevin O'Higgins.

The majority of people differed from him, I think, because they did not know him; he was not, perhaps, an easy man to know, because he did not think the time was ripe to explain what he was trying to do for Ireland.

For himself life gave little but prison and sacrifice, unremitting toil, long days and nights spent in thought and planning to build up the structure of Ireland's nationhood, the sacrifice of his father's life, of his wife's and children's society—all for Ireland.

Kevin O'Higgins will be two months dead when this article reaches the public, but I have spoken at length of him because his influence is powerful and will be the ultimate deciding factor in the crisis which came on the Free State four weeks after his death.

The three degenerate cowards who struck him down almost at the door of the Roman Catholic church where

he was going to worship have committed one of the blackest and least comprehensible crimes of the generation. They hoped to strike a blow at the bulwarks of the Irish Free State, but what they have really done is to seal the foundations of the Treaty in his blood and make the memory of Kevin O'Higgins into a tradition, to make Kevin himself a national hero whose influence will endure for all time. The crime must have been political, for there is no one in all Ireland who could have anything against Kevin O'Higgins as a private citizen. He was greatly loved for his charity and goodness to the poor. To Kevin O'Higgins and William Cosgrave is due the achievement that the Republicans have now entered the Dail and taken the oath of allegiance which binds the Free State in free partnership to the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is the best thing that has happened for Ireland since the Treaty was signed. It means that all responsible sections of the Irish now work together in the National Parliament and all sections are taking responsibility for the actions of the Government. The only absentees are the small Sinn Fein or extreme section represented by five members, and who are led by Art O'Connor and Mary McSwiney.

The greatest menace to the prosperity of Ireland has always been the fact that one-third of the people did not recognise the Treaty or the Parliament. They stood aside, and by their attitude and their propaganda created and maintained a situation in which the germs of incipient revolution and anarchy were breeding. An abnormal situation, not in itself criminal, but producing an atmosphere of unrest and discontent which sooner or later would end in violence and assassinations. A situation of which responsible people sensed the danger and which was acting as a stranglehold on the economic and moral life of the country.

That is over. For the first time since the Treaty opposing Irishmen sit round the same council chamber, and every economic interest in the country is rejoicing, for they know that in that way lies salvation.

That it has been attained is perhaps the crowning glory of Kevin O'Higgins' career, the historical justification of the Cosgrave Government.

The immediate result may be unsettling, the immediate future be very critical in Ireland, but the greater gain is well worth the cost, for the former Republican critics of the Government are now joining in the administration of the Free State and will have to take responsibility for whatever situation may arise and for the method necessary to deal with it.

The little band of gunmen and their friends are being narrowed into a very small circle, the chasm between them and law-abiding citizens is being widened, and whatever Government comes into power in the immediate future should have less difficulty than ever before in maintaining law and order.

The Cosgrave Government may fall as the result of the entry of the Republicans and their alliance with Captain Redmond's party (ancient enemies of Sinn Féin) and with the Labour Party led by Mr. Thomas Johnson, a very talented Englishman. But William Cosgrave and his members will pass into the Opposition with very cheerful hearts. Whether they go now or in the future to man the Opposition benches, they will have left a house in order and a united Free State to their successors.

The Coalition Government may not last longer than to let the various sections learn the self-discipline imposed by the responsibilities of government, but it will last long enough to let the people for the first time since the Treaty judge for themselves of the party whose practical administration is most to their liking.

The present situation in Ireland is going to make many people take off their smoked glasses and see life as it is. We may flinch a little at what we see, but to be forced to come out from the mists and face life in its stark realities is going to do incalculable good to the Free State.

De Valera in close team-work with his recent most bitter opponents, the Labour Party, and Captain Redmond's party is good. All three can teach each other useful lessons. The Government men, keen, experienced legis-

lators, will, on the opposite benches, act as watchdogs on the strange coalition.

The coalition is indeed bound to be short-lived, whether it acts as Government or Opposition, but it will mark the formal unity of the Republican and Free State forces, and for that all Ireland will give thanks to God. Then there will be a General Election, and the Irish people, with the lessons of recent events still vivid, will be asked again to choose a Government.

Or Cosgrave's Government may have to rule a little longer and face a coalition Opposition. Such severe pressure is brought by constituencies on their members not to vote for the Johnson-De Valera alliance against the Government that these influences may triumph. It really matters little in the end, for a General Election in either case could only be a matter of a very short time. No party in the House has a clear majority now, and none could have a satisfactory term of office. The Treaty cannot be endangered for the short remaining term of the House, and it might, indeed, be in the best interests of the country to let the De Valera-Johnson alliance take the saddle for a short time. The Government would like it, but a sense of duty to their constituents and policy prevented their resigning until they are actually defeated.

In any case an adjournment of the Dail is due for three months, and whatever way the present situation evolves, a General Election will probably take place about Christmas time.

The defeat of the Cosgrave Government by any but the present strange coalition of parties would have been serious and significant. In the present circumstances it is neither unexpected nor unprepared for, for they knew the probable immediate result when they passed legislation designed to force the Republicans either to enter the Dail or be driven from public life. They regarded the result as a party loss but a national gain.

It may be taken for granted that the Irish people will show no indecision and have no doubtful majorities when they elect their next Government.

Every indication points to the fact that they will not allow any endangering of the Treaty position.

The new developments, of course, mean the eventual reshuffling of political parties in Ireland. It is too early yet to say on what lines save that all the big parties will be constitutional and will participate in the Government. As Mr. de Valera and his followers have now publicly stated that they regard the oath of allegiance as a mere political formula it is difficult to see how they can urge its alteration or deletion to be a matter of any immediate importance. Certainly their Labour allies do not intend to take any immediate steps in the matter, and de Valera's own position is now an extraordinary one.

For the last six years, all during the civil war which ravaged Ireland, he preached against the Treaty and the Constitution, and stated repeatedly that no Republican could take the oath in that Constitution. Many efforts were made, but vainly, to convert him, although it was obvious the growing desire of the country was for the Republican opposition to enter the Dail. His propaganda against the Free State was powerful, his opposition unceasing, but as time passed it grew less in violence and intensity until he finally offered to participate in the Dail if the oath were removed. That could not be done without consent from the British, and the Government stated they had no instructions from the people to open up negotiations, and did not intend to do so.

Came the elections, the indecisive voting. The Government, strongly urged by poor Kevin O'Higgins, decided to take the government on again as a duty rather than force a second election. The other Free State parties in the House, who could outvote them, refused to combine and form a Government.

Then in a few weeks came the terrible assassination of the great statesman, the big-hearted, kindly man who meant so much for Ireland's future.

After his death his Government told the people that they knew of an organisation of armed men whose object it was to destroy the State, and who meant to do it by violence and bloodshed. They spoke, too, of de Valera's

organisation, Fianna Fail, which, although constitutional in its own methods, fostered a condition, by non-recognition of the native Parliament and by anti-Government propaganda, in which violence and assassination would be the logical outcome.

In order to stop such fostering, they said, and the recurrence of national tragedies such as the murder of Kevin O'Higgins, they introduced legislation of a very severe nature, which they considered necessary to deal with the situation that might arise. They also introduced a Bill which made it impossible for the future for any Deputy to be nominated for Parliament unless he expressed his willingness to take the oath of allegiance. This Bill comes into law next February. The Public Safety Act is now law.

The former Bill obviously meant the political annihilation of de Valera's party. Nevertheless he waited until both Bills had passed through the Free State Dail, and then, on the last day of the Session, he and his party entered the Dail and took the oath of allegiance to King George as the head of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Mr. de Valera's personal entry has astonished the people, who never expected him to change his mind on this point. His statement that he has taken the oath as a political formula, and that he and his followers do not regard it as binding, appears to have angered many of the people.

One can hear them in public places saying that if he had done some years ago what he has done now many lives might have been spared. Neither do they understand how the oath which a few weeks ago was such an evil thing can now be only a political formula.

His personal position will probably be adversely affected, and many of his own followers may change their allegiance, but in any case the triumph of constitutionalism and unity under one Parliament must be for the good of Ireland and of her relations with England. Free State supporters here deprecate all bitterness, and welcome the Republican even at the last moment.

It is passing strange to onlookers at Irish politics that Mr. de Valera, one of the military leaders of the Easter Week rising, and until a few weeks ago the opponent of the Free State, should on entering the Dail have for his first object the placing of an Englishman in power as Chief Executive of the Free State, and should choose as his allies the Redmondite Party, with whom the young Sinn Fein Party fought its fiercest battles before it came to victory. No one fought de Valera harder in the General Election than the Labour Party.

It is given to all men to be inconsistent, but few national leaders surely have dared to be so openly inconsistent and yet hoped to retain their leadership.

The Irish people have suffered greatly during the last five years, the years that have ended by de Valera's acceptance of the Treaty. One wonders what their answer will be to him when he challenges them at the next General Election.

At any rate, the Free State, which Griffith declared to have been Ireland's national need and economic salvation, will have been vindicated.

The people of the Free State, and probably the people of Ulster, are thinking more of the future adjustment of political parties than they are of immediate political developments. The next General Election cannot be postponed beyond six months, for no matter what party goes into Government in the present Dail they can do little more than mark time. No executive can obtain more than a very small and unreliable majority in the House as at present constituted, therefore, beyond routine work, very little legislation is likely to be attempted.

Most of the new Government's time will be spent in adjournment, then routine legislation, then an appeal to the people.

Nothing really revolutionary can, therefore, happen in the present Dail; there will be no danger to the Treaty; the pro-Treaty parties, although some of them may join de Valera in other matters, have renewed their pledges that the Treaty shall be inviolate.

Indeed, two-thirds of the people decided that at the last election. The voting for party leaders was certainly confusing and inconclusive, but the voting for the Treaty parties as opposed to the anti-Treaty was absolutely clear and definite.

Up to now de Valera was the chief danger, but, in spite of the romantic tradition around him and the powerful personal magnetism which he undoubtedly exercises upon the people, de Valera was unable to put up any effective challenge to the Treaty position. Now that he is himself part and parcel of the Treaty Parliament it is difficult to find any direction from which a definite constitutional challenge can come.

Of course, there is a possibility that another unconstitutional challenge to the bulwarks of the State may be launched, but with Republican and Free Staters united for matters of common national security an attempted challenge is neither likely to be long lived nor difficult to subdue.

There will, doubtless, be constitutional attempts to alter the Constitution—that can lawfully be done within eight years of its passing—and when the atmosphere grows calmer, and when old political protagonists grow better friends and more sympathetic spirits, ways will doubtless be found to bring some of its provisions more into consonance with Irish national views.

Every side of opinion from Imperialism to extreme Nationalism will now for the first time be represented in the Irish Parliament: every constituency will have its deputy, every degree of national opinion its spokesman. Such a future and such a Parliament should, after a General Election, have illimitable possibilities.

The Free State of the past was accused of being anti-national and autocratic, and circumstances certainly tended to make it so. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which it has welcomed the home-coming of its critics, nothing, perhaps, more pleasantly Irish than the welcome given them. And the Republicans are shyly responding. National tragedy and sorrow were companions of the home-coming, a great and beloved

figure is still by his absence breaking his colleagues' hearts. But from President down to junior Minister one hears words of welcome and goodwill. As I said, Kevin O'Higgins' influence is paramount, his last wishes are being lovingly observed—"Country above party. Remember there is to be no bitterness because of this" (his martyrdom).

Whatever tragedies and bitter words may pass in the controversial battle that will take place after this article goes to press, they will pass, goodwill and brave men will see to that. Irish interests will be safeguarded.

Mr. de Valera's followers are still declaring that they are out to achieve an independent Republic in the near future, but this should clear the air and give the people a chance of asking how they propose to do it. His hands are tied until the next General Election, and then the people can answer him.

De Valera is on the slippery slope of which he once warned his political opponents. Wedded to the Republican ideal one day, flirting with the Free State the next, trying to re-establish platonic relations with the Republic the next—Mr. de Valera's political hold on the hearts of the Irish will weaken and die. The Irish are astute politicians, and they are realising that Mr. de Valera is a political failure; he has brought nothing to fruition; disintegration and suffering have followed since he first took control in Ireland. The best thing he ever did for the country was to bring his followers into the Dail; the next best thing would be to retire from public life and let calmer, stronger men bear the banner of his followers.

It is a fine ideal to try and bring people together in Ireland, but if this is to be done successfully the fusion should be immediately followed by a re-alignment of all political parties.

As I always foretold, we shall have new parties, new ideals, new leaders, and it is then and now that Ireland will miss the wise brain and the brave hands of her greatest statesman Kevin O'Higgins.

There are difficult days ahead of Ireland, but the difficulties, though at times violent and dramatic, will be

domestic, and the kindest thing her foreign friends can do for her is just to leave her alone to the care of her own political doctors. Birth pangs are necessarily painful, and the birth pangs of a new national situation must naturally give cause for anxiety.

But Irish national life has a healthier outlook to-day than it has had since the Treaty; the people are looking at things as they are, facing facts rather than dreams. Straight-from-the-shoulder talk is the order of the day; the people seem grimly determined that the present will be the last political crisis they will have to suffer for many a long day.

They don't mind very much which party wins the political toss at the moment; they are preparing for the real decision, which will be given at the General Election, and they are prepared to suffer some inconvenience for the next few months.

Cosgrave's Government is perhaps more popular to-day than it has ever been since its inception; the people see what it did under great difficulties and what it tried to do. They see who are to blame for its sins of omission and commission.

They stand for goodwill and forgetfulness of bitterness, but they will keep their eyes open now.

## EBB AND FLOW

## A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE has been much crying over the result of the Naval Conference at Geneva. One moral seems clear, at least so far as Europe is concerned: nobody in Europe can think for Japan, which matters less because the Japanese seem extremely well able to think for themselves. But Europe as a whole ought really to give up being sentimental about the United States. It does not pay. No other country speaks with quite so many voices, and European ears can always catch the polished periods of some influential American advocating the course which Europe would like America to pursue. In this instance of armament reduction, America was willing to agree upon a scheme provided that America dictated the scheme. France and Italy, much less sentimental countries than England, saw this coming, and refused to play. England went in, and came out with a reputation for being the international spoilsport. America demanded parity on terms which would have meant her superiority, exactly as before the war the possession by Germany of a fleet statistically equal to Great Britain's would have meant superiority for Germany, for Great Britain's navy would have had many more indispensable things to do: and so, naturally, the Conference has broken down.

The reasonable course for Europe would appear to be to take its own line. America will ultimately follow. In matters of taste, literature and art America follows the European lead. In matters of political action, at all events in the gravest, the same is to some extent true. America even followed Europe into the war. If Europe begins to disarm, or even takes any steps towards disarmament, America will follow. For the moment, it is possible that their Big Navy School will secure the building of a fleet equal in all effective classes to that of Great Britain, and therefore strategically superior, since it has so much less

to defend. But there will always be a strong party urging that America should seize the moral leadership of mankind, and so on; and the same form of delay which enabled the Senate to prevent any proposal by which America might assist Europe will be there to prevent any tendency among Americans to do Europe any active harm.

Japan may see reasonable grounds for regarding America as conceivably aggressive in certain contingencies; but every important European nation can count on having enough friends in America to keep America tranquil, unless, indeed, some other Power imitates Germany's example and actively goads the enormous organism into action.

Probably British military and naval experts have not yet given sufficient value to the result of the Irish settlement. There is still a hostility in Irish America, but it is no longer a danger—a hostility living on nothing but tradition and consequently ill-nourished. There was a time when a very considerable section of Americans who came of English-speaking stock could be counted on to push America towards a war with Britain. Nobody could now count hopefully on that impetus; and *per contra* there is spreading among Irish people, even in America, the perception that England's safety and prosperity are necessary to the island which looks to England as its market.

On the other hand, America, which has been so cautiously anxious to avoid the entanglements between European nations, finds itself increasingly interlocked with those forces in Europe which are not national. An American court condemned two men to death on a charge of robbery and murder. Admittedly the men were members of an anarchist organisation, and admittedly they were concerned to destroy records of their complicity lest the police should find them. It does not follow that they committed either robbery or murder, and the evidence on which they were convicted has not been generally regarded as irresistible. But the excitement over their fate is not caused simply by a widespread dislike to seeing innocent men suffer, nor even to the incredibly torturing delays of

American law procedure. They are members of a widespread international movement, and all Socialists therefore believe that this fact has prejudiced judge and jury against them. Constitutional Socialists have tried to bring pressure to bear for their release by international demonstrations and appeals. But in all countries this movement has its left wing, less or more constitutional; and the left wing has demonstrated with a vengeance. The explosions in New York are not at all likely to have improved the condemned men's chances of reprieve, but they have made the world aware of strange unassimilated elements in the melting pot of American society.

So far as there is an American national consciousness, that consciousness is proud of expressing itself in skyscrapers; but a society that lives in skyscrapers is peculiarly liable to danger when war is declared against society. Pale death does not kick with impartial foot against the pauper's hovel and the magnate's tower, whatever Horace may have believed; his imperfect foresight had no glimpse of nitro-glycerine or of the ghastly shambles which a well-placed bomb can make out of these new-fangled erections. Neither did Horace have to speculate on the fact that it is difficult to burn a particular house or kill a particular man without detection; but when you simply want to strike society at large, and do not care what man or what building you destroy, escape is comparatively easy. Americans expend so much pity on Europe that it is the least we can do to offer them in return some sympathy for the special infelicities of their state.

How far it is reasonable to attribute the destruction of State buildings in Vienna to the same widespread international movement, only those on the spot can tell. Neighbouring states regarded it as the enterprise of a few desperadoes, fomented from Moscow. Educated opinion in Central Europe did not look for any serious political consequences, being convinced (in general) that Europe at large would not allow a Soviet Republic to be established at so central a ganglion; and, further, being convinced that Italy, in particular, would not allow the destruction of Austria—at present. Some educated opinion, however, regards Italy as waiting for the situation to ripen.

One potent factor revealed itself in the presence of peasants having rifles and being trained to use them. In Switzerland, a Socialist or Communist rising at one great town was drastically handled by mountaineers, peasant proprietors, hard faced people who marched down and shot down. This class of small holders, educated up to a point and trained by compulsory service in the use of arms, is the real bulwark of Europe against attempts that draw their inspiration from Moscow; and it is a bulwark which does not exist in America or in Great Britain.

In one part of Austria, the Burgenland, Hungarian territory attached to Austria by the treaty of Trianon, a population of this class, Hungarians, Germans, and Vends, when they heard of the outbreak in Vienna hoped for the advent of Hungarian troops. They regard the Viennese Government as too much touched with Socialism. That dream has passed; and in the practice of politics these country folk will always be out-voted and out-manœuvred by the townspeople. Yet in the last resort, if it comes to that, they may coerce the towns. Communism and Socialism are both plants that thrive best indoors.

Roumania has been adding its quota to the sum of international anxieties. When a sovereign dies who has ruled for long in a country where constitutional government is not perfectly constitutional, there must be always some apprehension. In this case the sovereign died in newly acquired possession of vast territories by no means content with their new allegiance; and this fact added to the possibilities of trouble. Further, the dying sovereign had within the last few months of his life thought proper to disinherit his natural heir, the Crown Prince, whose popularity is great with the officers of the army and the younger generation of Roumanians—who would perhaps take less offence than their elders at his complicated series of love affairs. All this would seem to give reasonable ground for expecting some kind of flare-up on the edge of several powder magazines.

Yet it has to be remembered that the Roumanians are not revolutionary by nature or by tradition; they have shown continually an attitude of indifference towards political questions, even when these affected the dynasty



or the form of government. Agrarian risings have occurred in Roumania during the last hundred years, but it is not easy to quote any instance of serious revolt against Turkish suzerainty, or (in those parts where Roumanians were a subject people) against foreign rulers. This is not unnatural, because the independence of Roumania as a State dates no farther back than to the Berlin Congress of Lord Beaconsfield's day; and consequently of all European peoples the Roumanians have least political training and the least definite national consciousness.

Also, Roumania is so far a constitutional monarchy that the King is not the real power in its government. Its supreme administrator is the Liberal politician, M. Jonel Bratianu, who has controlled the country for the last thirty years. He has not, indeed, been permanently in office. No longer ago than the spring of 1926, he relinquished the government to the people's party led by General Averescu, who then mustered twelve members in the chamber. Naturally the People's Party held a general election, and M. Averescu secured 280 supporters, while M. Bratianu's Liberals dropped from 227 to 15. Then, however, the King's health began to fail, and a coalition was proposed. It is not considered that M. Bratianu thought well of this idea, though the other leaders, General Averescu and Prince Stirbey, attempted to carry it out; and for a brief period the latter acted as a sort of warming-pan for the Liberals, who in the meantime must have carried out a very convincing propaganda. For when M. Bratianu resumed office and held another general election, he obtained 314 followers, and the People's Party, which had numbered 280 representatives, entirely disappeared. A statesman who can effect so thorough a change of mind, or at least of voting, in so short a period may be trusted to keep Roumania quiet for his lifetime, and to suppress all disturbing aspirations. In a treatise on the meaning of the word Liberal, there should be a section dealing with the special use of it in Roumania.

Tide levels in France do not change quite so rapidly as in the Balkans, and M. Poincaré, by checking the franc's fluctuation, seems to have stabilised his own position to a

degree that did not seem possible a year ago. The lunch given to him a year after the worst moment should rank with the most memorable festivities. He is a curious figure in Europe, extremely unsympathetic to most English and Americans, and even for his own fellow-countrymen devoid of personal magnetism. But in the ebb and flow of this turbulent period, men, it seems, count more than ever; and all Europe by this time knows that M. Poincaré is a man. It would not be easy to name another statesman whose achievement is so definite and so admittedly personal as his stabilisation of the franc. English people know all this, but they do not as a rule like M. Poincaré any the better. He is unsympathetic to them, because they think he shows an unsportsmanlike temper to Germany. When fisticuffs are over, winner and loser should shake hands and be all the better friends—such is British philosophy; and it is fair to say that towards Germany Britons are practising what they preach. M. de Jouvenel's resignation from the representation of France on the League of Nations at Geneva will confirm British opinion that M. Poincaré is a harsh militarist. For if M. de Jouvenel finds fault with M. Briand for leaving too little to international arbitrament by pacific means, *a fortiori* he will attach the same charge to M. Poincaré. It may be true that "the Locarno spirit" in French policy is less evident since M. Poincaré asserted himself. But if the Locarno spirit appeared at the time when the franc was jumping to 240, and disappeared when it was stabilised, plainly there is something to be said for M. Poincaré's self-assertion. Also, it is well to remember the maxim that moral must precede national disarmament, and the signs of this are not conspicuous in Germany. Herr von Kardorff's speech at the anniversary celebration of the Weimar constitution was little calculated to soothe French susceptibility. It dwelt chiefly on the tact which the Germans had shown when they were in occupation of France during the boyhood of M. Poincaré and his contemporaries. After all, whether these matters be mentioned or not, no Frenchman ever forgets them; and Englishmen do not always allow for the permanent

presence of their memories. M. de Jouvenel differs from his compatriots only in this, that he believes more fixedly than they in a way of escape from eternal fear for France through the League of Nations.

In Bolshevik Russia there is public dispute between the Right and Left wings of Communism. For once it appears that the Right wing is excommunicating the Left—it generally happens the other way. One thing emerges from the debate—an admission that Soviet Russia has failed in China, from which country Borodin and the rest are now in full retreat. What exactly is happening now cannot easily be deciphered. Chiang Kai Shek may or may not have been eliminated; but, upon the whole, it is likely that Russia's adventure in China will result chiefly in creating an opportunity for Japan to extend and consolidate her grasp in the North. She is nearer the scene of action than any other Power; she must understand the Chinese mind as Westerners never can, and, more important still, she can count on the full support of her own people in what is for her a matter of life and death on the frontiers; while all the European Powers concerned will have difficulty in persuading their Parliaments to sanction any serious move in a place that is so far away and so unfamiliar.

Ireland has again come back into the limelight. The murder of Mr. O'Higgins provoked a great public demonstration of sympathy and respect for the victim, and the deed was condemned at once by Mr. de Valera. But President Cosgrave and his colleagues resolved that action was necessary of a sweeping kind. This crime was, they said, the result of a conspiracy to overthrow the State, which took several forms, the extreme one being an organisation to arm for revolt or guerilla war; the less extreme, a circulation of teaching that the Free State was the offspring of a nefarious compact with England, and should be thwarted in every way by patriotic Irishmen.

Mr. Cosgrave therefore introduced two Bills, one giving wide powers to arrest on suspicion, to deport suspected individuals, and to try those charged with conspiracy against the State before military courts, with death penalty.

But this was supplemented by an Electoral Law Amendment Bill which enacted that any candidate must take the oath of allegiance before presenting himself. This proposal would cut Mr. de Valera's party and all Republicans off from popular representation.

These very stringent measures provoked considerable opposition among the 100 members who had taken their seats, of whom President Cosgrave's party numbered only forty-three. But the Farmer group, numbering eleven, and nearly all the Independents, supported Mr. Cosgrave. Labour opposed, and was supported by Captain Redmond's National League. A quarrel broke out between Ministers and Labour, for which Mr. Cosgrave deserves considerable blame. One of his colleagues used words taken to mean that the Labour party were deliberately making capital out of the murder of Mr. O'Higgins, and Mr. Johnson, the Labour leader, instantly demanded withdrawal, whereupon Mr. Cosgrave leapt up: "I ask the Minister not to withdraw one syllable." Mr. Johnson, one of the most highly trained and decorous members of Parliament, vainly demanded an apology, and only after this, it is said, did he go to work to persuade Mr. de Valera and his following (equal in number to Mr. Cosgrave's) to enter the Dail and overthrow the Government. Mr. de Valera, however, continued to assert publicly that he and his would never agree to "solemnly swear allegiance to the constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to H.M. King George V, his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Mr. de Valera's objection was not that this formula contained all the faults conceivable merely as verbiage. His objection to the Treaty from the first had centred on this question of taking an oath; the debates on the Treaty when it came so near to being rejected by Ireland had all turned on the oath; and for the sake of this oath

Ireland had been plunged into civil war. He could not with honour or consistency now take the oath. None the less, if he did not take the oath his party was done for, and after the Bills had passed through the Senate without amendment (and with very little opposition) he and his party published a statement to the effect that they regarded the oath as a mere formality and proposed to take it without attaching the least binding force to what they swore. By August 12th, when the Dail reassembled for what should have been its final meeting, Mr. de Valera and his forty-three were in their places, and Mr. Johnson gave notice of a vote of no confidence, to be taken on August 16th.

But Labour and Mr. de Valera's Fianna Fail did not control a majority of the Assembly. Six Republican members remain non-juring, five of whom were elected as extremists (Sinn Fein), and one of whom (Professor O'Clery) is an Independent Republican, with the cast of mind that does not easily take oaths and disregard them. Labour counts only twenty-two, as against about the same number of Farmers and Independents who support Mr. Cosgrave. There remained Captain Redmond's group of eight, though one of them, an able lawyer, Mr. Vincent Rice, had supported the Public Safety Bill throughout. Still, seven votes (proportionately equal to about thirty in the House of Commons) could decide the issue. The public was then given to understand that Captain Redmond would assist in giving the *coup de grâce* to President Cosgrave's Ministry, and that when a new Ministry was formed with Mr. Johnson as President, Captain Redmond would have a seat in the Executive. Mr. de Valera and his party would not join the Ministry, but support it. August 16th came, and the forces were arrayed, in the closest equality: but at the critical moment one Redmondite ran away. The Speaker's vote kept Mr. Cosgrave in office; and Mr. de Valera has swallowed his scruples for nothing. He has a talent for making the worst of both worlds.

Sometimes one comes on a book that interests largely by its promise. I expect to hear more of M. André Malvil,

whose *Septentrion* is evidently a first novel. It is a love idyll with a Swedish setting, written by one who is in love with Sweden, who loves the island-studded bays about Stockholm and Stockholm itself, and the background of forest country, even in winter, but who feels above all the seduction and intoxication of summer in those regions, which, indeed, the Scandinavian Bojer has already rendered in a book known to me in French as *Les Nuits Claires*. M. Malvil, however, handles his theme in a very different tradition. Marks are left on him by various literatures, and he attempts, for instance, Conrad's trick of letting a story out backward, feet first into the world; but at bottom his book might belong to the time of Lamartine or Musset. He goes at his story of passion as they do, whole-heartedly, shirking nothing in analysis of the stages by which would-be Platonic lovers are dragged to comply with life-forces. But at the same time he is no more inclined than they to pick out as significant those details of sensation which the ordinary decent human being, in love or out of love, neither speaks nor thinks of. To this extent the new author is old-fashioned; but his book has beauty in it, and beauty contrives to keep friends in spite of fashion.

## A POET OF THE SOUTH DOWNS

BY H. M. WALBROOK

IN the summer of 1920 a posthumous little book of verse, called *Songs of the South Downs*, was published privately. The author, Arthur Stanley Cooke, of Brighton, had died in the July of the previous year. He was, I think, the most variously gifted man I have ever known: a skilful etcher and painter, a good musician, a genuine poet, and the author of one of the best books in existence on the South Downs, called *Off the Beaten Track in Sussex*. One of the founders of the Brighton Arts Club, next door to St. Paul's, West Street, he was also an ardent playgoer, and many were the happy evenings he and I spent together in the pit, both in London and Brighton. I knew him intimately for a quarter of a century, and until the end of his life was at hand I never knew him to have a day's illness. His energy and enthusiasm were wonderful, and a walk with him over the Brighton Downs was a sort of joyous whirl. I suppose that, until it was nearing its end, his life was as happy as a man's can be; but Nature has a grim ironic trick of levelling things up or down before she is finished with us, and her final dealings with this favoured son showed her cruelty at its worst.

No man loved Sussex more truly, and few have known it more intimately. For fifty years he explored it, described it in prose and verse, sketched it, and painted it. I have stood with him in the square of Winchelsea and listened to his delight in the noble fragment of her great church, with all its grand lines of arch and window. We have been together on Wolstonbury Beacon on a frosty winter afternoon in an amber sunset, when the hills and the weald below lay wrapped in snow, and a light began to glimmer here and there in a cottage window. We have lunched together on a summer day amid the ancient yews and over-shadowing hillsides of Kingly Vale; and when I would be playing cricket at Crawley, or Seaford, or wherever it might be in Sussex, he had a pleasant way of turning up in the afternoon with a bottle of champagne carefully packed in a bag. There was nothing he did not know of the downland villages and their kind people, the barns, dovecotes, old mill-wheels, and ancient churches. The shadows of the clouds pacing over the tops of the woods or up and down the sides of the hills; the rivers and their stone and wooden bridges; the pleasant old inns, the thatched and trellised cottages, and richly hedged lanes; the cries of the sheep and the rooks, the songs of the lark and the nightingale, and, last but not least, the touch of History and Romance over all—these things were as truly a part of his life, at its tenderest and most intense, as London was part of Dickens's, and the sea part of Conrad's.

As I write, my thoughts go back to a warm afternoon which I spent

with him in the spring of 1917. We walked from his house in Eaton Place, Kemp Town, to a green hillside overlooking Ovingdean, where we sat for a while and talked. Presently a flock of sheep and lambs came by with the shepherd and his dog in attendance. My friend promptly exchanged greetings and opinions with the shepherd on the usual Downs topics—the flock and the weather; and while he was so doing a lamb detached itself from its friends and relatives, timidly approached him, and presently nestled at his side and let him fondle it. That afternoon was destined to be his last on the Downs. He was never to walk on them again. But with a singular felicity the occasion of unconscious farewell had provided at least one picture that was not to be forgotten, and that was beautifully and profoundly characteristic of the man.

The circumstances under which the *Songs of the South Downs* were written add the note of tragedy to the little book. With the exception of four, which dated back to the year 1911, the poems in it were all written during the last two years of his life, 1917 and 1918, when he was only too visibly in the shadow of the thing feared of man. With his right hand rendered useless by illness, he wrote them with his left. With the exercise of walking made painfully difficult by bodily weakness, he yet insisted on taking many of them to a friend more than a mile away for the discussion of technical points. Many were written while he was bowed with sorrow over the death of his gallant son and only child in the war, others during his deep anxiety over the health of the wife who was fated to predecease him by a few months. I can truly say that the fortitude displayed by him during these years of calamity upon calamity offered an example and an inspiration which will never be forgotten by those sadly privileged to witness it.

The truth is that in the writing of the poems he found a practical refuge from the grief and pain of illness, bereavement, and anxiety. There is not a hint in them of the tragedy into which his own life had deepened. Here and there the war is alluded to, and the general trouble of mankind touched upon, but of complaining, or self-pity, or any sort of bitterness there is not a trace. The poems are as cheerful in their "atmosphere" as though their author had still been in the full enjoyment of the health and energy which in happier years had made him positively a wonder. In a very high degree they represent one of the many victories of the spiritual over the physical in which those grim years found one of their golden lights.

In writing those last poems he was able to turn from the burden of the times to lovingly remembered scenes of peace and beauty. He expressed this happily in a sonnet called "The Coombe":

The solitude and silence are as balm,  
The turmoil of the world seems very far;  
Sweet peace dwells here, and with the breeze is blent  
A kindred sound—her sigh of deep content.

And how brave was the heart that could sing again, amid such

shadows, a poem so delicate and gay as the one called "Thistle-down," with its pretty refrain:

Thistledown! Thistledown! Whither away?  
 "I go to rest, if rest I may,  
 With the rosy cloud and the waning song,  
 The butterflies' dance and the midges' throng,  
 The fading blue and the sun's last ray—  
 The beautiful things that die with day!"

or this pretty last verse of his "Song of the Harebells":

And still the children hear the fairies sing,  
 Still dance the elves before their dreaming eyes;  
 And ever since, the sheep-bells' mellow ring  
 In rippling undulation lives and dies.  
 And still the poets sing thro' all the years  
 The song the gentle shepherd sang of old,  
 When fairies kissed his eyes and blessed his ears  
 With wealth of fairy favours, fairy gold.  
*O worldlings sick at heart and dull of mind!*  
*That ye might hear the singing—*  
*See the fairies—hear the ringing—*  
*The ringing of the harebells in the wind!*

I was walking with him along East Street, Brighton, one afternoon when Mr. John Mackie, the novelist, came along, and I had the pleasure of introducing them to each other. After much wandering among the lovely places of Europe, the writer of stories had settled down in Kemp Town. "And why?" asked the poet. "To be near the Downs; I know no scenery more lovable than theirs" came the reply, and seldom have I seen a face so light up as my friend's did in response. On another occasion I offered to take Mr. Cooke to a beautiful and beautifully situated old Sussex barn about a mile beyond the northern borders of Brighton, and he smiled and said he would love to come. I took him up the Ditchling Road and across the Downs to the old Eastwick barn which lies in a valley midway between Patcham and the western edge of Stanmer park; and when at last I pointed to it and its red roofs and overhanging group of firs, and said, "There! Isn't that a picture? Aren't you grateful to me for bringing you?" he smiled again and said: "Yes, I *am* grateful, and it *is* a picture; but I have been sketching and painting it for nearly fifty years!"

I have referred to his son, Lieut. Arthur Stanley Cooke, R.N.V.R. The only child of parents deeply devoted to him, and by temperament and culture far more an artist than a soldier, he took up the sword early in the war in the spirit of Wordsworth's happy warrior; and here again the story is of nothing but the finest. Knowing his father and mother to be in delicate health, the boy's letters home from France were numerous, always full of "the bright side" and making light of his responsibilities; and there were not lacking people who muttered to each other that this young man at any rate was lucky in having "a cushy job." Only after his death in the fighting at Gavrelle on St. George's Day, 1917, did it become known at home through the letters

of Commander Asquith and his brother officers how strenuous and daring his military career had been. Ever ready for any hazardous enterprise, he had indeed been among the bravest of the brave. The news of his death was an irreparable blow to his parents, but sorrow was tempered by a just pride in the tributes paid to his character as a soldier and a man by those who had witnessed and shared his exploits. Several months after his death he was "mentioned in despatches" for gallant conduct, and well do I remember the afternoon when, paying a call upon his mother, she handed me the morning paper containing the announcement, and asked in tremulous tones: "Do you think that is our Stan?" I replied that I was sure it was, and afterwards, on enquiring at the War Office, the father duly received the official confirmation. Six years later, when Mr. Douglas Jerrold's *History of the Royal Naval Division* was published, due tribute appeared in it to the gallantry and initiative of this young Brigade Intelligence Officer. I read it, and it seemed like a voice sounding in the very halls of death. The torn body of the boy himself lay somewhere in France. The father and mother, who would have been so proud of it, had passed *ex umbris in veritatem*, and lay side by side in the soil of the Sussex they had known and loved so well. It is the old story of "the sullen Lethe rolling doom" on all things mortal. But where the human story is so fine as here, one tries to keep it alive a little longer—a little longer.

## TROMKÈ AND THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN

BY LOUIS DELATTRE

*(Translated from the French by Mary Kelly Walker.)*

So you wish to hear, once again, the story of the dog Tromkè, who went to see the little old woman at the Workhouse? And nothing must be left out? And I must say "Wow! Wow!" just as the dog did?

Well, the little old woman lived at the very top of a staircase that made its way in a most leisurely manner from the basement of the house to her attic, turning, twisting, and stretching itself in a way that must have seemed very quaint and amusing to lodgers blessed with good legs; but our little old woman only ventured downstairs as a last resort. She seldom left her room, and her dog was her only companion.

His name was Tromkè. He had a perfectly round body, over which the skin was stretched as tightly as that of a drum, for that is the meaning of his name in the Brussels dialect. His scanty coat was snuff-coloured, and the tip of his nose was fast becoming grey, but his eyes were, as they had always been, a pair of pure and liquid topazes. As he was losing his teeth, his food consisted of liver chopped up with bread and a pinch of salt.

Tromkè was spoilt and inclined to be disobedient. He did not mind vexing his mistress, who was often obliged to get out of bed in the middle of the night to let him in. And yet, you must know, it was on those occasions that he was given the choicest morsels, and it is my belief that the old woman loved him like a son, that is to say, more dearly than ever when he had behaved badly and wounded her tender heart. You will find out yourself, some day, that the hearts of women, even of little old women, are not always happiest when they are at peace.

After dinner, when Tromkè, with the gait of a well-fed and over-corpulent citizen, took himself off to roam the streets, she would lean out of the window and follow him with her eyes until he disappeared round the next corner.

It was a beautiful window. You must not be sorry that it had no curtains, for the view of the sky was much clearer and finer without them.

Outside, in an earthenware pot on the window-ledge, a plant of heliotrope was slowly fading, with each of its little branches carefully tied to the main stem. In the shade stood a bottle of oil wrapped in greasy paper, and a little fat stone jar containing the fine, moist shreds of a roll of civet-flavoured tobacco.

From the window, far into the distance, stretched a rolling sea of blue and red roofs. Here and there could be seen the mossy spouts of the gutters; the tiny bridges between the earthenware chimney-pots, leaning at crazy angles on every side; the clothes-lines hung with all manner of garments, ragged and blown to and fro in the wind; in the dark well of some courtyard, a creeper struggling to climb a broken trellis,

and the red stain of worn and scoured bricks. Near at hand, the vent-pipe of a workshop spat out its steam with a sound as of sharp and rhythmic breathing.

As well as being a source of great enjoyment to the little old woman, the window also provided a useful observation post. On Sunday mornings, some neighbour or other never failed to ask leave to watch, from this vantage-ground, the return of his carrier-pigeons from their trial flights.

The man would move softly in his stocking-feet, and hold his breath when one of his birds alighted on the roof, shaking its feathers, and dived swiftly into the dovecot, making the little swing-door rock as it passed through. Then he would rush away, upsetting everything on his passage, without closing the door, without thanking his hostess for her kindness. For people, you see, once they have got what they wanted, lose their gentleness and think nothing of jostling you; so, if you have done anyone a service, stand aside and let him escape at once. But, of course, you know this already, you have heard the story so often before!

Neither need I give you a detailed description of the attic of which I am speaking. Fussy housewives, who scrub their kitchens from morning till night, might perhaps have thought it dirty and untidy. Ah, do not believe them! Look instead at the smiling little old woman, sitting in her low chair, and at all the things around her, worn and polished by homely hands; their dim colours will soothe and caress you like a picture by Chardin, the painter who has shown us the souls of humble things, which others believe to be lifeless.

There is the table, roughened by much scouring, the tougher fibre of the wood standing out in polished oval relief. On this table stand a bowl of pottery decorated with blue flowers, the milky coffee which it contains making a pool of harmonious brown; a slice of bread, the colour of the sun on a heap of straw and edged with sunburnt crust; a lump of golden butter on the tip of a black-handled knife . . . and Granny stretches out a shaking hand; the faintly speckled skin is drawn tightly over the hollows on its wasted back, transparent and glossy like the film inside an egg, revealing a network of delicate blue veins.

Does it not seem as though all these things loved the little old woman and wished to weave her a frame of smiles, like the ribbons of the Scotch bonnet, embroidered with thistles, that used to flutter round your rosy cheeks when you were quite a tiny girl, dear little one?

Tromkè, having finished his walk, would scratch impatiently on the door. On being let in, he would take a few turns round the room to make sure that everything was in its right place, and then Granny would say:—

"Tromkè, I am going to make the coffee for tea."

And she set to work. It was Jacquemotte coffee, and had cost a fair price. Its flavour was dear to the heart of the little old woman. She ground it slowly and finely in a little mill with a funnel of dented brass,

held tightly between her knees—the handle, I remember, was an empty cotton-reel. Then she shook the box carefully so that not a grain of the precious stuff should adhere to the wood. If the powder stuck, she would say: “There will be a change in the weather,” for it is a sure sign of rain. Then, while brewing the coffee (I will tell you, some other time, the tale of the brown coffee-pot), the good woman murmured:

“So there you are, Tromkè! Naughty boy! He spends the whole day in the street, but he has never a bit of news for his mistress! And yet I am sure that, on the pavement, he carries all before him. For the very first dog he meets, Tromkè puts on his most charming manners. But for the poor old Granny who makes the coffee, never a single word! Ah, the wretch!”

Now do not mistake me. Words cannot tell everything; are not caresses and kisses hidden among those I speak to you? The old woman’s talk ill disguised her affection for the pot-bellied rover, the neglectful Tromkè; her old heart could not hide the fact that we love those who disdain us. . . .

When daylight began to fail, the little old woman supped off two roast potatoes and went to bed, while the dog, curled up in his basket, spent some time grunting, snuffing, and turning round before going to sleep. Sometimes his growls and mutterings would wake his mistress.

“He is dreaming,” she would say, “of the stationer’s dog, who has a blue cloth coat and a collar with bells.”

It was true. Tromkè often gave great sighs in his sleep, and sometimes little laughs. Dogs in their dreams are happy and contented, or suffering and complaining, exactly like men. Like men, too, there are some who, in the watches of the night, complain without suffering at all.

In this way, for our two friends, the days came and went in happy harmony. You have seen that Tromkè was as dear as a son to the little old woman, and you have heard that she told him all her inmost thoughts. . . . If only he had been a little more talkative, their happiness would have been complete.

For these simple souls lived on nothing at all. Their sweet friendship was enough for them; they were perfectly contented. There are souls which remain unwithered by the fevers, unharassed by the tumult of the world; a breeze as light as a murmur among birch-trees is enough to refresh them. Thus, children care not for wine: they drink the clear waters of the meadow brook, and they are gay!

But, alas! the happiness of the two companions was not to last.

One day, the old woman’s married daughter arrived with the news that, after many applications, much coming and going, and with the help of numerous documents signed by stout gentlemen with gold watch-chains, she had at last obtained permission for her mother to enter the Workhouse.

This place is a refuge for women who are old and poor, or whose children no longer care for them. They go there to die when their eyes are worn out and their long, yellow hands are numb and useless. They

may bring nothing of their own with them; they are seized and stowed away, and each one lives by rule in her own appointed place. It is all very quickly and easily arranged.

The little old woman bade farewell to Tromkè. Ah, the ungrateful son, the lazy lover! He was hardly back in time to receive those soft caresses, those tender kisses! She knelt down, leaning on her hands, but he would not let her touch him; in her eagerness to catch him, she dragged herself painfully across the floor, but in vain, for her tears were blinding her. He only answered “Wow! Wow!” and buried himself in his basket. The selfish fellow’s only thought, at this sad moment, was to appear strong and manly, to make people believe that he did not mind parting from the old woman. Nevertheless, when he heard the door close upon her, he could not help barking. But his mistress did not hear him, and that was Tromkè’s punishment, for you know, of course, that God punishes dogs as well as men.

The next day the attic was cleared out. The old woman’s daughter took the dog to her own house, because he was very old and could not fail to die before long. In his new abode he was given a meal once a day, and, after that, nobody heeded whither he went. There were no more friendly scoldings, there was no one to ask him why he sulked. If he growled, he was whipped. Now at last his thoughts turned to the kind mistress he had lost!

She, poor soul, was established in that great barrack of a place in a certain steep street lined by stone walls covered with many-coloured advertisements. Here and there a tree poked its head over these walls, as though to bid good-morrow to the passers-by.

The high door of the great building is shut; the curtains are evenly drawn across the windows. Their symmetrical neatness is reproduced inside the Workhouse, where everything is perfectly tidy and in its right place. The pendulum divides the day into neat little slices, and life keeps its straight course, looking neither to right nor to left.

This change in her mode of living was very painful to the old woman, and for some days she felt bewildered and homesick. She had to fumble among the folds of her pensioner’s uniform in search of the pocket which held her handkerchief and snuff-box, and the string of her black cap scratched her chin. She had nothing to do; her coffee was hot when brought to her, and she was free to twiddle her thumbs, for the other old women, her companions, jealously guarded the little tasks that fell to their lot, and hugged themselves selfishly in their corners, chuckling:

“Look at that lazy creature! She never does a stroke of work!”

So saying, one would resume with renewed energy the polishing of a shoe, another would frown with earnestness over the stocking she was darning. In short, our poor little Granny was eating her heart out for want of something to do, when one of the inmates died; and the dead woman’s task of peeling the vegetables devolved upon her.

Between ourselves, this was the pleasantest job of all. Every morning the greenstuff arrived from market still wet with dew. Sometimes—I tell you this in strict confidence—she would slyly nibble the end of



a rosy turnip, or, better still, the tender heart of a lettuce. Above all, she could say with much satisfaction :

"How busy I am, to be sure! No, I shall never be able to get through my work to-day: . . . Don't talk to me, for pity's sake!"

Plop! fell the pieces into the basin of water at her side. She rolled up her sleeves with a determined air, and straightened the glasses on her nose. There was not a minute to lose!

The only distraction she allowed herself was to lift a corner of the curtain and take a sly peep at the street.

"The neighbour opposite is a good housewife," she would say to herself, "just like I used to be. Her doorstep and the pavement in front of it are as clean as a new pin. . . ."

Meanwhile, Tromkè was looking everywhere for his mistress. The liberty he was now allowed amounted almost to complete desertion, and he felt lonely and neglected. In his heart he acknowledged how wrong he had been to sulk with his kind mistress, to grunt and growl instead of responding to her caresses.

Where could he find her? He hunted untiringly throughout the little streets nearby. . . . He went into the greengrocer's shop where she had dealt for years. She was not there. Neither was she in the White Horse Tavern, where she had sometimes dropped in to drink half a glass. The woman in the dairy chased him out of her shop, where he had been pursuing his investigations. At the cross-roads the despairing Tromkè stopped running and yelped long and plaintively, turning his head from side to side.

At last, one day, the little old woman, who was peeling vegetables in the Workhouse, recognised his voice. Trembling with emotion she opened the window and leaned out.

"Tromkè, Tromkè, my darling!" she cried.

The dog lifted his head, and, catching sight of his dear mistress, began to tear round in circles, unable to utter a sound. He spread out his front paws in the middle of the road, beating his tail on the ground and leaping into the air. At length he began to bark, while the little old woman clapped her hands, shaking her head, and repeating : "Tromkè, Tromkè, my darling!"

For a long time they stayed like this. She asked him for all his news, and then told him what she herself had been doing. He listened, grunting with joy, and giving sudden little leaps and skips. Then they gazed long at each other, tenderly and in silence.

By and by Tromkè came and leant against the wall, and the old woman bent down to stroke him. But, though she was on the ground floor, and though Tromkè—usually so heavy and clumsy—stood on his hind legs and stretched out his neck, she was not able to touch him. She tried a second time, for he was almost within reach, but without success, and Tromkè dropped on to his four paws again. Then Granny had a good idea. Taking her stick, she tied her snuff-stained handkerchief to the tip and, passing it through the window, was able to touch Tromkè. She stroked him long and lovingly with the end of the red rag. After a time she told him to get up, to be sensible, and

to go home like a good boy. He trotted away, and she shut down the window.

Returning to her chair, the little old woman rubbed the mist from her glasses and set to work again on her vegetables without shedding a single tear. It is true that she could not keep her thin lips from trembling during the rest of the day on which Tromkè had come to see her, such a long way and all by himself!

Every day after this Tromkè set out for the Workhouse. At the corner of the street, near the wall with the red and yellow advertisements, he would call out :

"Wow! Wow!" And again, as he drew near : "Wow! Wow!" This meant, you know, "I am coming!" At last, below the window, he sat down and repeated :

"Wow-wow-wow! I am here, dear mistress! Dear mistress, Tromkè has come to bid you good-day; open the window!"

The little old woman opened the window. She held her kitchen-knife in one hand, and, in the other, a potato from which hung a corkscrew of curly peel.

"Oh, oh!" she said, "So here comes Tromkè!" And then they began to talk.

Tromkè came back every day, every single day.

"Tromkè, do you remember the round basket in which you slept, under my bed?"

"Wow!"

"And the ha'porth of liver I used to buy for your Sunday dinner?"

"Wow!"

"And the evening you didn't come home, and I went to look for you all over the place, late at night? You were hiding near the 'Three Partridges,' waiting for the stationer, who was having a drink, with his pretty little curly-haired dog beside him. . . . Ah, you rascal! I had to pick you up in my arms. You bit me and wanted to run back again!"

"Wow! Wow!"

The other inmates of the Workhouse soon learnt of these daily visits. They all wanted to see Tromkè, and each kept a piece of sugar for him. When he arrived the old withered faces at the window were wreathed in smiles. He soon got to know one from the other, and yapped in answer to the caresses they bestowed on him, turn about, by means of the handkerchief tied to the end of the stick. . . .

He was now in a fair way to being thoroughly spoilt. Without ceasing to love his friends of the Workhouse, Tromkè, who in this was as unreasonable as any man, soon lost his first keen appreciation of caresses for which he had now no need to ask. He began to forget the sad days when he had had to beg for them, and, if he was kept waiting for a moment at the window, he was ready to sulk as of old.

One day he did not pick up a piece of sugar that had been thrown out to him. Another day he took himself off in the very middle of a conversation, leaving the astonished old women to call and beckon in



vain. Sometimes three or four days would elapse between his visits, without any apology on his part, without the slightest token of regret!

All these things pained the little old woman, and one day she said, tremulously:

"Tromkè doesn't love his mistress any more, though she is getting very old and weak, and has not long to live. Tromkè only comes to see her grudgingly. Let him think that soon she will have gone away for ever!"

But the dog was not really cruel, only thoughtless, like a spoilt child. His mistress's words touched him so much that he promised never again to be late or to miss a single visit. Accordingly, next day, he set out earlier than usual for the Workhouse.

"I will prove to my mistress that I love her as much as ever," said he, wagging his tail and hastening along, on fire with zeal and good resolutions.

Ah! why did he catch sight of the stationer's curly-haired dog on the doorstep of the "Three Partridges"? She was waiting in the alley for her master, who was having a glass of beer. Tromkè, to do him justice, took no notice of her at first. It was she who called out: "Hou! Hou!" At this he turned his head, but only to bow to her.

"Hou! Hou!" repeated the pretty little dog. "Well, Tromkè, is this your way of proving the affection of which you talk so much? Yes, yes! You wanted to make poor Curly believe you, but you are but a fickle gallant. Heaven knows to what new friends you are hurrying at this very moment!"

Now, I ask you, how could he explain to a little dog in a cloth coat that he was hastening to the Workhouse, to see his Granny who was old and ill?

—"With a little pat of butter, and cakes, and a bottle of wine?"—

No, no, that belongs to another story. . . . Look, here comes the stationer, wiping his mouth and clearing his throat. He puffs at his pipe and whistles to his dog.

Tromkè followed Curly, trying to whisper a word or two in her ear before going off. The little coquette allowed him to draw near, and the moment he touched her, jumped to the other side of her master. The latter walked on unheeding; Tromkè could not make up his mind to leave the teasing little thing without a word—and meanwhile the time was passing.

"At this moment," thought Tromkè, "I ought to be in front of the window; little Granny is there already. . . . Now," he thought, a minute afterwards, "it is too late. I have broken my word, the very day after all my promises! What is she thinking of me?"

But still the stationer's dog would not listen.

"Hou! Hou!" said she. "How sheepish you look to-day, Mr. Tromkè! To see your drooping ears, one would think you were following us most reluctantly. . . . What, villain, do you want to escape up a side-street? Go away, then! go away, don't let me detain you! I should not dream of encouraging a boor who treats me with such scant politeness!"

Despite her reproaches, Tromkè still followed Curly. The hour of meeting at the Workhouse had gone by, and now she wouldn't even look at him!

On their return home he stopped and sat down on the kerbstone ready to jump up at the least sign from his cruel charmer. But she made none.

"Coquette!" he barked at last, in his anger.

He was in despair. Had he been a man, that evening he would have drowned his cares in alcohol. He had broken his promise, and had gained nothing thereby. Dogs are tender-hearted, and Tromkè wept.

It was already nearly dark, but he resolved to call at the Workhouse. Sitting down in front of the window he barked "Wow! Wow!" quite gently, as if in fun; yes, just as though he were laughing at an innocent little joke he had played on his kind little Granny.

Ha! Ha! A little joke! Wow! Wow! But he took care not to let it last any longer.

She did not come. Through the window, all that was to be seen was a faint light that grew brighter as the shadows darkened. Tromkè did not lose patience; he began to call again, softly, and waited submissively for his kind mistress to open the window.

Sometimes he would shut his eyes, or turn them aside for a few seconds; after which he would glance sharply at the light, to make sure that it had not moved in the meantime. In this way poor Tromkè gave himself from time to time a fleeting moment of hope.

All night long, the light remained stationary and pitiless, and the curtains drawn. At daybreak Tromkè went away.

He came back in the afternoon, and again the following day, and the day after that, and so on. Sitting on his haunches he howled dismally at the closed window. One day an old woman appeared. When the curtain moved Tromkè spread out his front paws ready to spring forward. Alas! it was not the voice of his mistress, but of a stranger, which said, from inside the room:

"Oh, do come and see! It is Caroline's dog barking in the street! . . . Tromkè, don't you know that your mistress is dead? She waited a long time for you the other day. You never came, and she died. . . ."

Tromkè never got over the shock of this news, and, before very long, he went to join his old mistress. And as he was truly sorry for his sin, I am sure that she has forgiven him.

You know that, in Heaven, the good dogs sleep under their masters' thrones, like the greyhounds who keep watch at the feet of the stone figures on old tombs. And it is St. Roch who has the finest dog of all.

And now *you* must finish the story, my little maid.

—"Well, Tromkè went to Heaven with his little old Granny, and there he plays all day long with St. Roch's dog, and they have cakes and sweetmeats for dinner instead of dog-biscuits and mashed potatoes."

Yes, yes, that is true, quite true! Ah, little one, never, never forget that we must smile upon those who love us!

## CURRENT LITERATURE

## TROLLOPE AND MID-VICTORIANISM

By S. M. ELLIS

As a confessed but unrepentant Victorian I naturally anticipated reading with much zest Mr. Michael Sadleir's study of Anthony Trollope, the most typical, perhaps, of the Mid-Victorian novelists—because his sturdy, boisterous, truculent, sport-loving personality and his visible neat "corporation" were so entirely in the picture with the aspects of English life he so inimitably portrayed in his books, those humanistic novels of the fifth and sixth decades of the nineteenth century ever to be associated with prosperity, roast beef, sound port, and resultant full family quivers; the golden age of the fox-hunter and the English countryside.

Other great contemporary novelists also immortalised similar aspects of that sound and jolly era, but their personalities were not in keeping with the scenes they pictured. Dickens had the flamboyant appearance of the actor, the strolling player, and he would have been a foreign figure indeed in the ingle-nook of his Dingley Dell on Christmas Eve. Thackeray ever remained a town Bohemian, and a Parisian one at that, with the faint odour of *Le Gremier* still clinging to him from the "brave days" of youth. Charles Lever was a strange combination of rough doctor and British Consul abroad; Frank Smedley a lifelong invalid, unable even to walk; Surtees a rather prim, spruce lawyer converted into a squire; Cuthbert Bede "a pale young curate then"; and so the list could be carried on with not one author fitting into the conception of their creations in the way that Trollope seems an integral part of Barsetshire.

As I said, I looked forward to Mr. Sadleir's study<sup>1</sup> of this most engagingly typical Victorian figure, for no one of Mr. Sadleir's generation writes with more perception and sympathy of the period in question, and this, incidentally, is a remarkable proof of intellectualism, to understand and finely interpret, without the glamorous aid of actual memory and personal retrospect, the aspirations and mentality, the character and achievements, of an era as strange and remote to the young people of to-day as the Commonwealth of Cromwell. Well, Mr. Sadleir has not disappointed me. Not only is this a biography of immense understanding, of all-embracing sympathy with its subject, yet without palliation of fault or undue laudation of merit: it is also an important contribution to the right consideration of the Victorian age, which so strangely has suffered ignorant and illiberal and unjust criticism even whilst some of its great protagonists still linger on the stage.

(1) *Trollope, A Commentary*, by Michael Sadleir (Constable and Company, 15s. net).

This bastard criticism, which affirms the parents and grandparents of all and sundry (including the critics) to have been smug hypocrites and "virtuous" materialists—our fathers money-grubbing, domestic tyrants; our mothers vapid, fainting, child-bearing chattels—resolves itself into an obvious exemplification of the truth of the old proverb that "it is a dirty bird which fouls its own nest." But it can claim to be a new sort of entertainment of a paradoxical kind, and occasionally a supporting "turn" is volunteered by some senile Silenus gloating over the ubiquitous spectacle of exposed female legs and nude hose, which he lauds to the disfavour of his youthful days when the crinoline and a fleeting glimpse of flannel underwear were his meagre portion of salacity. Yet if Silenus were honest, or his memories worth anything, he would relate that in his youth the other end of the female form was unduly exposed, for in those times ladies were extremely *décolleté* in their evening garb. These reflections tend to the conviction that human nature and feminine aspirations (in dress and beyond) are the same through the ages, and that their variable manifestations are merely governed by modes and codes arising from political and social causes. Thus the rebellion and outrages and coarse freedom of the French Revolution found their reflexes in the manners and modes of society in the next two decades, a process which is being repeated to-day as a result of the events of 1914-18.

This divagation from Trollope is to be blamed upon Mr. Sadleir, who at the outset of his fascinating book lays an artful controversial bait in the form of a preface entitled "The Voice of an Epoch," which tempts me to make casts at all manner of succulent fish passing by on the broad stream of the stately Victorian river. I cannot agree with all his conclusions or even with his opening sentence that on the death of Anthony Trollope in 1882 "there passed not only the Mid-Victorian novel but a social epoch also." The particular social epoch depicted by Trollope had passed some years earlier, in the early 'Seventies, and by 1882 an entirely new society had evolved, taking its tone and colour from the brilliant if rather hectic luminaries of Marlborough House in the persons of the Prince and Princess of Wales; a society that was attracted by the new æsthetic craze personified by lilies and blue china, or the art of Whistler and Sarah Bernhardt, manifestations all entirely foreign to the spirit of the three previous decades. But at the same time the traditions and scope of the Mid-Victorian novel were being well maintained by many writers of the second rank, such as Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, William Black and Miss Braddon. However, in the main, Mr. Sadleir's arguments are sound, and he predicates most originally and admirably some new points of view. How true, for example, is this:—

The end of the 'Forties marked the beginning of the Queen's emergence as the first and most wifely lady of the land; it also—and in consequence—marked the opening of the short, sharp campaign which gave to the feminine code of morals its final victory over that of men . . . The Georgian Era and its aftermath had been a masculine era. From the Court downwards male ideals of comfort and enjoyment had been supreme. The easy acceptance of human frailty that had

characterised the eighteenth century contrived to persist—at least in London—until the 'Forties were half run. . . . Not unnaturally, seeing that they were the chief sufferers, women took the lead in the growing rebellion against a code of manners which, owing to the transformation of society, had lost touch with reality. With the aggressive virtue of a woman sovereign as weapon in their hands, the women of England rose and overthrew the despotism of masculine licence.

This is entirely correct if confined to the decade of the 'Fifties—so much so that when Verdi's opera of *Traviata* was produced in London (in 1853, I think) many good people thought the subject of its story too terrible and horrible for presentation on the stage. I remember my mother saying how much she had been shocked when, as a young girl, she witnessed one of the first performances of this opera. But in any consideration of Victorian morals and modes it must always be remembered that Queen Victoria and her feminine code of behaviour only influenced, to a marked degree, the Court circle and the great middle class. Most members of the male aristocracy were only too desirous to be as their fathers were in the days of the Regency and of George the Fourth, hard drinkers and addicted to every possible form of vice; whilst the lowest class were still steeped in the degradation and low pursuits of the eighteenth century. After the death of the Prince Consort, in 1861, when the Queen retired into her prolonged seclusion, there was immediate evidence of the absence of her influence and a relapse to open laxity. The 'Sixties were the years when vice was more openly flagrant in London than during any period since the time of Charles the Second. The state of the Haymarket and its purlieus at night was a grave scandal; notorious courtesans such as "Skittles," Agnes Willoughby, and Cora Pearl, were the most observed persons in the Park or at the Opera, and a topic of conversation among all classes; cock-fighting and indecent entertainments of "The Judge and Jury" and "Poses Plastiques" types provided recreation.

But this return to eighteenth-century characteristics was only the expiring flicker of the old world; the flame died with the bizarre 'Sixties: in the early 'Seventies the "gay" livers were again attacked and vanquished finally by the feminine regiment, for the formidable figure of the Queen, now clothed in ominous widow's weeds and funereal gloom, was emerging from retirement and again conducting the campaign. With her again rose into prominence and power the formidable, all-virtuous British matron as personified in the 'Fifties by Mrs. Proudie. That lady was cast in an enduring mould, and the wives of bishops and high dignitaries of the Church are still of her pattern. I recall a parish which had a rector, and he a wife and daughter: the three were known as the Rector, the Director, and the Misdirector, typical of the rout of the male. The long reign of a female sovereign established Feminism: I doubt if a henpecked husband was often found before the middle of the nineteenth century.

These are not delectable features of the Mid-Victorian era, but they cannot be overlooked in any consideration of its significance. Anthony Trollope's life spanned this period of momentous change in the social history of England, and in the works of the author of *Barchester Towers*

and *Orley Farm* can be found the reflections of that period and all the changes and chances of its mortal life.

But fifty years in time, yet what a far leap from Trollope and mid-Victorianism to Bolshevism. Trollope was regarded by some of his amused contemporaries as a literary machine reliably certain to turn out so many words per diem. In the war of words his capacity dwindles to a stream (though he meandered over many and varied literary fields) in comparison with the torrent of over one hundred thousand words devoted, in a volume of massive and unwieldy size, to the study of a political and revolutionary movement only ten years old.<sup>1</sup> Still, the colossal size of this remarkable book is symbolical of its subject, further exemplified by one of its also remarkable illustrations—"The Mass on the March" (from a painting by Kupka), wherein a mad, hurrying mass of humanity is bestriden by a giant colossus who points to a (false) dawn and a (fading) bourne.

The author has marshalled his horde of facts and data with illimitable skill and fairness. At the outset he states the claim made for Bolshevism by the evangelists of this pernicious growth, namely, "that it can immediately and without delay realise all the immemorial aims of human endeavour, all those things for which the thinkers of all times have striven, to which martyrs have testified by their example in life and in death—the redemption and happiness of mankind. Its doctrines offer not the vague hope of consolation in another and better world of the future, but precepts for the immediate and concrete realisation of this better world."

A "colossal claim" in very truth; for to the sane and the conservative (in the actual meaning of the word, and not as a term of English politics) Bolshevism is the negation of all that is finest in life, morals, and art, and most of all the negation of personality, for it seeks to merge everything in "collective man." And what does that state lead to? A soulless machine world of mechanical robots, lacking all the joy and colour and melody of life, of which insistent evidence can be found in Russia to-day with its colourless pictures, discordant "music," and drab, depressed, demoralised people. In this book are reproduced drawings by Krinski of "Mechanised Toilers"—angular figures with bent heads such as were seen in a recent film called *Metropolis*, wherein human fodder was used to build up and sustain one man of gross power and wealth. One of these Krinski drawings offers curious evidence of the perversion of ideas Bolshevism leads its exponents to present; the scene is the interior of a sacred building with a high altar of machinery. Instead of angels, figures of communistic agitators have been placed in the spandrels; for their heads wheels have been substituted, which are put in motion by driving belts from the altar. In the foreground is the mechanised "congregation" or community.

It is amusing to find that the creators of Bolshevism, far from being original, received the gift of their spirit from the bourgeois west, from

(1) *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism. An Examination of Cultural Life in Soviet Russia.* By René Fülöp-Miller. Translated from the German by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. (Putnam: 21s. net.)

American mechanisation, and looked to Chicago as their Pisgah. Thus that porcine city was hymned by the Bolshevik poet Maiakovski:—

Chicago: City  
Built upon a screw!  
Electro-dynamo-mechanical city! . . .  
Five thousand sky-scrapers . . .  
Mile-high they gallop to Heaven,  
Crawling with millions of men. . . .

Although Bolshevism claims that the true path of salvation leads through the annihilation of the individual to a "mass man" externally organised, thus tramping out the doctrine of individual personality, it must admit that one individual personality—Lenin—created Bolshevism. Without the superman the mass-man would never have evolved. Lenin was a great personality, a greater autocrat than Napoleon or Mussolini, far more cruel than Peter the Cruel, far more terrible than Ivan the Terrible; and, in throwing off the mediæval autocracy of the Tsars, Russia fell under the far more frightful mechanised autocracy of Lenin and his satellites. Russia, of course, with its millions of peasants still sunk in a morass of primitive ignorance and superstition, was the peculiarly suitable forcing-pit for the pestilence of Bolshevism. Accustomed to regard the Tsar—a mere figure-head, unknown to the vast majority of his subjects—as a deified "Little Father," it mattered little to them when that idol came toppling down, so long as another image, however monstrous, was erected for their worship. From the weak Nicholas to the strong Lenin was an easy transference of orthodox faith, for Lenin, in addition to being an autocrat, was to ensure their material salvation and their inheritance of the earth, including the possessions of their feudal lords as first-fruits.

Every possible and impossible form of propaganda was mobilised by Lenin and his coadjutors in support of their mechanised Utopia—art, music, poetry, and even Nature were perverted to the cause. Thus flowers and bushes, lawns and trees, were coloured the "Red" salvation tint by means of sprays; in sexual matters it was axiomatic for students that "they should impose the least possible restraint on themselves"; women were used for military service—engineering, digging trenches, "manning" machine guns.

One of the most interesting chapters in this work, with its numerous illustrations, details the revolution the Bolsheviks have effected in the theatre, particularly in Moscow (once the home of all that was finest in the arts of the stage and the ballet), on the principles that, in order to create the new man and the new art, everything old must be ruthlessly smashed, and "the future belongs to those who have marvellously little talent for the fine arts." So it is that the theatre in Russia has degenerated to settings of "constructionist" form with antics conveying the idea of rush and speed, and the ballet to acrobatic feats in a setting of motors, levers, giant wheels, and sirens—an echo and glimpse of which we have heard and seen over here in some of the later productions of the Russian Ballet.

Only in the realm of religion have the Bolsheviks failed in their

propaganda. At first they endeavoured to defile the Church, and organised street pageants holding up the sacred figures in rites of blasphemy, ribaldry, and obscenity. But the Russian peasant, even if he participated in these scenes and the desecration of the churches, had the mystic faith of his ancestors so firmly grafted in his being that he always returned to the priests and monks for the ritual celebration of the events so supremely important to him—birth, marriage, death. Seeing their failure to eradicate faith and religious sentiment, the Bolsheviks have skilfully altered their tactics, and are now adapting the external splendours of the Russian ritual and its mysticism to their own ends. The author of this book, following Dostoevski, sees in this later Socialism an analogy with the methods of Jesuitism. He says:—

Bolshevism, therefore, is the result of the transference of Jesuit maxims to revolutionary tactics; its spirit is the same as that of the *ecclesia militans* of Ignatius Loyola. In both we find the principle that the end justifies the means; with the Jesuits the existence and prosperity of the Order and the Church, with the Bolsheviks the Soviet *régime* and the dictatorship of the proletariat is the end to be attained by all means.

There is some truth in the comparison, but the results of Bolshevism have been far more evil and far more fatal to human happiness and life than the activities of Jesuits or any other religious sect.

## NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

LA PHILOSOPHIE D' E. DURKHEIM. By A. P. La Fontaine, Docteur ès Lettres. (Librairie Philosophique J. Vrin, Paris.)

M. A. P. La Fontaine has already contributed to *La Culture Française* admirably lucid and penetrating studies of Emile Boutroux and Henri Bergson. His latest work is devoted to the *Sociologie Générale* of the late E. Durkheim, who is probably best known in this country through *Les Règles de la Méthode Sociologique* and *La Division du Travail Social*. This French sociologist, who was born at Epinal in 1858, may be said to have devoted his whole life to his subject. For him and his school, unlike both the earliest and the latest philosophers, from Plato and Aristotle to A. Comte and Herbert Spencer, sociology is an independent science both as regards its object and its method.

Before Durkheim, the author notes, "Personne n'avait affirmé d'une façon formelle l'existence d'un monde spécial ni de tendances collectives; ceux qui en avaient vaguement parlé considéraient ce monde comme un aspect des mondes déjà connus." It was for Durkheim to establish the objective reality of sociology and to inaugurate the study of social facts as if they were literally "des choses." Step by step M. La Fontaine examines the peculiar difficulties attending the study of these facts, whether they are normal on the one hand or pathological on the other. Equally complex is the division between "jugements de réalité" and "jugements de valeur." For the philosopher Kant true values applied only to morality, and this question inevitably arises: If the ideal is not in things themselves, and if it is not in a transcendent world, where must it be looked for? The reply is unequivocal:

Durkheim répond sans hésiter que c'est uniquement dans la vie collective . . . C'est dans la société qu'il existe; il est un aspect de la vie sociale qu'il faudra expliquer comme les autres réalités sociales. Si jusqu'à présent, on n'a pas su le rattacher à sa véritable source c'est qu'on s'est fait une conception arbitraire de la société et une conception non moins factice de l'idéal lui-même.

Examining the real nature of what is called civilisation, Durkheim was to detect in it not an end in itself but "une conséquence nécessaire des changements qui se produisent dans le volume et dans la densité des sociétés." This rôle of volume and of density, long attributed by the naturalists to the development of living organisms and the increase of the species, is applied by Durkheim to social life. "Toute vie sociale est constituée par un système de faits qui dérivent de rapports positifs et durables, établis entre une pluralité d'individus. Elle est donc d'autant plus intense que les réactions échangées entre les unités composantes sont elles-mêmes plus fréquentes et plus énergiques." Now, according to Durkheim, this frequency and energy depend neither on

the nature of the elements present nor on the duration of the terms on which they are between themselves, but exclusively "du nombre des individus en rapports, et de leur proximité matérielle et morale," that is to say on the volume and density of Society. For M. La Fontaine Durkheim opens out new routes both for science and for philosophy:

Du moment que l'on reconnaît que l'individu n'est pas le terme de la nature, mais qu'au-dessus de l'individu, il y a la société, et que la société n'est pas un être nominal ou de raison, mais un système de forces agissantes, une nouvelle manière d'expliquer l'homme devient possible, soit que l'on considère l'homme dans sa conscience, soit qu'on veuille rendre compte des lois de sa pensée ou de son action.

It is just this new and consoling point of view that M. La Fontaine presents with inexhaustible clarity in this remarkable contribution to contemporary thought as represented by that invaluable series of publications *La Culture Française*.

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY. Edited by Aylmer Maude. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Various members of the great Russian novelist's family have succeeded, without the slightest effort, in producing a composite photograph of Tolstoy which should disarm his enemies while deepening the affection of his friends. One of these, Vera Nagorny, Count Tolstoy's niece, presents the original of Natasha Rostov, the heroine of *War and Peace*. She was known as Tanya in her family circle, and, as one reads the intimate chronicles of those early days, real life becomes more and more inextricably confused with the novelist's art. Parallel passages of *War and Peace* are given, yet it may be said that Tanya is not a whit more a real living human being in this family narrative than is Natasha in Count Tolstoy's world novel.

Among the contributions which will appeal particularly to English readers is the paper entitled "Tolstoy and Dickens," by Nikolay Apostolov, for it reveals the deep love for the English novelist that has so long been a tradition among Russian writers. Was not Gogol himself engaged in the perusal of *Pickwick* when on the eve of writing *Dead Souls*? This appreciation of one creative writer by another is unfortunately by no means universal. For Turgenev Dostoevsky remained to the last "a badly balanced mediocrity," and the author of *The House of the Dead* was in ecstasies when he thought that he discovered signs of Turgenev's failing. Certainly, creative writers are by no means to be judged by their verdicts on their rivals. The life experience of, for instance, *What Maisie Knew* inevitably recoils from the life experience of *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Anna Karenina*, but it is perplexing, to put it mildly, to find Henry James, with hollow Olympian loftiness, dismissing Dostoevsky and Tolstoy as "fluid puddings, though not tasteless, because the amount of their own minds and souls in solution in the broth gives it savour and flavour, thanks to the strong, rank quality of their genius and experience." Such criticism, it is submitted, suggests that both

Tolstoy and Dostoievsky were among the uprooters who were preparing the eventual chaos that overtook their country. Anyone, however, who reads *Family Views of Tolstoy* will see how utterly distinct from bolshevism were the intimate private views on life and human destiny expounded by Count Tolstoy. As for Dostoievsky, in *Demons* he wrote as a veritable prophet who condemned the catastrophe that he foresaw.

Another paper that will appeal to English readers is "Tolstoy's Humour," by Count Sergius Tolstoy. For Tolstoy a certain "tasty, crumbly cake with jam inside and almonds outside" had become the emblem of life viewed from the standpoint of material comfort. "My mother's devotion," writes Count Sergius, "to 'Ankov cake' afflicted my father, and my father's negative attitude towards 'Ankov cake' afflicted my mother." As early as 1884 the great novelist predicted the downfall of "Ankov cake." "To-day," says his son, "the destruction of 'Ankov cake' has been accomplished, but I do not think that my father, were he alive, would have welcomed that destruction; and personally I do not think that all was bad in the 'Ankov cake.'" The book concludes with a poignant glimpse of the novelist's home leaving and death, from the pen of Countess Alexandra Tolstoy.

IRONICAL TALES. By Laurence Housman. (Cape. 6s. net.)

It is true that one of the greatest masters of irony in the world wrote in English, yet irony plays a relatively small rôle in our literature. It is wholly subordinate in Mr. Housman's *Ironical Tales*. In such a sketch as "The Real Temptation of St. Anthony" one looks in vain for the twisted smile that would have emerged, say, from Anatole France's rendering of a *motif* which would have suited him so admirably. Instead of this we have the quite straight and straightforward smile of British humour. And even in "A Blind World," one of the best of all these well-etched impressions—faintly suggestive of one of Samain's brief *Contes*—it is not irony but rather once more direct humour that gives to the mannequin those unending tears.

Perhaps the author is most in his real element, as regards this particular book, when his subject, as in "Kill or Cure," is frankly humorous. Semolina, with her bluebottle fairy, might have flitted through Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* without looking out of place. They are a wonderful pair in the garden of diseases, and the fairy, unlike most of her kind, is instructive: "'Those,' said the fairy, stopping to point, 'are lumbagos and sciaticas; they are not much to look at just now, but there'll be more of them later. Bronchials also do better in the winter; but that is a fine anthrax growing over there, and up there on that wall is a splendid angina pectoris.'" Another excellent example of Mr. Housman's presentation of British humour, as wholly distinct from *l'humour Britannique*, is "The Wise Penny and the Foolish Pound."

BEATRICE: A NOVEL, AND OTHER STORIES. By Arthur Schnitzler. (Warner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

Hypocrites are out of date in fiction; Tartuffe and Pecksniff belong to the lumber-room of the past. The modern hero, or heroine, hides not from the world, but from his, or her, outer layer of consciousness. Consider the case of Beatrice Heinold, the widow of a famous actor once more ensconced in her old bourgeois setting, the devoted mother of a son verging on manhood. No human being can be less hypocritical, no human being can seemingly have less to hide. And yet, as the story progresses evenly and unhurriedly, the simplest reader will discover for himself a quite different Frau Heinold beginning to peep out of eyes that are losing their tranquillity. Yet she scarcely suspects herself as she reverts to something lawless and primitive and yet essentially of her own innermost nature. She who had been anxious only to protect her son from the snares of the flesh becomes easily ensnared herself, caught not merely by a caprice of the senses but by the deep, age-long lure of her own nature. There is, of course, a reaction of a quite different self, so that Pirandello's famous question would seem to ring the changes in our ears once more. But, after all, it is an old, old question, precisely the one that Phædra, or Dido, must have addressed, long before Frau Heinold, to her own heart.

Among the shorter stories, each of which is a sensitive interpretation of a temperament—frequently duplicated—"The Dead are Silent" and "The Hour of Fame" are worthy of Schnitzler at his best.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, 1917-1926. By Lancelot Lawton. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

The title of this book may be slightly misleading; Mr. Lawton does not attempt the impossible and makes no pretence of giving us a history of the Revolution. Instead of this, he presents a comparatively complete outline of revolutionary movements up to the death of Lenin, tracing the career of Militant Communism until its economic collapse, and then examining, in ample detail, the workings of Nationalisation as existing in Russia to-day.

The book is the work of a keen observer who is really anxious to know, without *parti pris*, what the Bolsheviks have actually accomplished for Russia. With this aim he has had endless conversations with Communist leaders, with ruined aristocrats, with representatives of the proletariat, with peasants, in short, with some representative of every conceivable class who might be supposed to have benefited or lost by the change in régime. And what is the net result of these enquiries? A recognition of Lord Balfour's morose gibe: "Rich men made poor, but not poor men made rich!" The peasants who represent some eighty-five per cent. of the population have always resisted a system which is ruining them to an extent that compels this author to describe the condition of a modern Russian village as "not much better than that of a Kaffir settlement." And yet, while

thousands of workmen are drifting out of the towns to the villages in search of bread, thousands of peasants are drifting from the villages into the towns for the same reason. This extremely valuable study concludes with a chapter on the economics of the revolution which one cannot too heartily recommend to people who insist on talking at random about Russia. It proves up to the hilt Mr. Lawton's contention that "the most damaging evidence against the existing system in Russia is furnished by the Bolsheviks themselves."

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXXX. NEW SERIES. OCTOBER 1, 1927

### THE JUTLAND BATTLE

THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW

BY ADMIRAL REINHARD SCHEER<sup>1</sup>

(Former Chief of the German Admiralty and Leader of the German Fleet at the Battle of Jutland)

"HARPER'S RECORD" concerning the Battle of Jutland, the publication of which had aroused such great expectations of important revelations—particularly in view of the fact that the British Admiralty had refused to release it for more than seven years and a half—must, I fear, have proved a great disillusion.

This report gives us no new facts as to the course and conduct of the battle, and it also avoids drawing any conclusions as to the strategic significance of this battle in relation to the outcome of the War, or as to the laws governing naval encounters in general. It appears to me to be rather a contribution to the controversy between Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty, for public opinion in England is still considerably wrought up in the matter of this controversy. I personally have no intention of taking up any particular attitude in this debate, for I may content myself with the mere fact that it has taken place. I am also well able to understand that the British Admiralty was in no particular hurry to make public the reproachful and critical disquisitions regarding the course of action adopted by the two leaders in the one

(1) I am publishing the accompanying article on the Jutland Battle by Admiral Scheer because I believe the German Admiral to be an honourable man who tells the truth as it appears to him. Naturally I accept no responsibility as to facts or the general outcome of the Jutland Battle. But it is a British instinct to like to "hear the other side" and to give credit where it is due. And eleven years have passed since the battle took place. I may add that the article has been submitted to the Board of Admiralty, who have no objection to its publication.—EDITOR, FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

VOL. CXXII. N.S.

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

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

great naval battle which took place during the entire World War. I trust that I may be pardoned for remarking that this British criticism of the British leadership in this battle is scarcely compatible with the maintenance of the thesis, so widely promulgated at the time, that Jutland was an English victory. At the beginning of the Great War not only England, but the entire world, was convinced of the unmitigated superiority of the British Navy, and that it was inevitable that any encounter between the British and the German fleets would lead to the defeat of the latter.

A superior fleet is entitled to register a success only when it is able to achieve the complete destruction of its opponent. And since this destruction did not come to pass, and since, moreover, the preponderant fleet in this case suffered even greater losses than its opponent, whilst the weaker fleet was able to get off almost unimpaired in its fighting power, it is conceivable, most humanly conceivable, that great disappointment should prevail among our esteemed ex-enemies. It is also obvious that public opinion in a country like England must be quieted by arguments and plausible reasons and explanations, for the Englishman looks upon his navy as his traditional guaranty for the maintenance of the British Empire.

In the choice of these assuaging arguments and explanations, no particular or detailed attention was paid to the essence of modern naval warfare. And it is this which really induces me to express my opinion as to the truth about Jutland, the more so since a considerable period of time has elapsed since this event—one of the greatest actions of the World War—took place. And this great action is the more important in that it challenges us to serious thought upon the very concept of the "influence of sea-power."

The causes of the remarkable and unexpected outcome of this battle—unexpected, as I have said, not only in England—are usually sought in the action and attitude of the commanders and in the different nature and quality of the *matériel* which was placed at their disposition. Zealous efforts were and are still being made to establish

the tactical errors made by the individual commanders, or to put the blame upon the imperfection or inadequacy of this or that type of battleship construction.

Now it is only the actual battle encounter which furnishes the practical test as to whether the ships have lived up to the expectations and demands which were set up at the time of their planning, and the experiences thus acquired are naturally always used to bring about further improvements. But this experience cannot be acquired beforehand, and it is therefore an error to assume that a commander should allow himself to be hindered or thwarted in his course of action by the assumption that his own ships were inferior to those of the opponent—with whose *matériel* he has as yet no means of comparing his own.

Admiral Beatty has been reproached for plunging too sharply into action as soon as he came in sight of the German cruisers, without having taken the precaution of having his supporting squadron—the 5th Battle Squadron—closer at hand. It appears to me that this censure is unjustified. It was a natural impulse of the British admiral, who commanded six battle cruisers, to attack the five German ships, in order to hinder them from escaping, for he was bound to take into consideration the possibility that this smaller group would make an attempt to avoid the encounter.

I hope that I may be permitted to point out that it does not say much for the spirit of offence actuating the critics of Admiral Beatty in that they should blame him for the loss of two vessels by his giving battle to the five German ships with his six, and not waiting until the four swifter Dreadnoughts of the *Queen Elizabeth* class had come up to change the relation from six to five into ten to five. There ought really to be no need of carrying anxiety as to loss of *matériel* to such a degree in a navy of such numerical superiority as the British. And, on the other hand, these censors and critics contradict themselves when they demand that the German fleet should have taken up the gage of battle with the preponderant fleet and attribute to it no other motive than that of making a safe escape.



This version was very skilfully chosen by the compilers of the first reports of the battle which were given to the British public, for it was obviously necessary to assuage the tremendous disappointment which seized upon the English people as soon as the news of the great losses became known. But even though this version cannot be maintained in the remorseless light of historical investigation, we find that the myth that the British fleet was deprived of its victory only because the German fleet made a speedy retreat as soon as it saw itself opposed by the Grand Fleet still stubbornly persists. This legend is still actively circulated, as for example in the third volume of Winston Churchill's *The World Crisis* recently published—something which, of course, need not greatly surprise us, since it was precisely he who had undertaken the task of serving up the failure of Skager Rak (or Jutland) as tastefully as possible to the British public, after the first bulletins of the battle had wrought such havoc.

The actual course of events—and these have been correctly described in Volume III. of Corbett's Report—was, in brief, as follows:

Admiral Jellicoe had received a report from Admiral Beatty to the effect that after an hour's engagement with enemy cruisers he had come upon the entire German High Sea Fleet. This lay in a direction somewhat south-east of the Grand Fleet. Admiral Jellicoe drew his squadron towards the east, and thereby attained the most favourable position in relation to the wind for the impending artillery fight, namely, in the lee of the enemy.

After Admiral Beatty had sighted the bulk of the German Fleet he broke off the action between the cruisers, and was pursued by the German ships. During this action the Fifth Battle Squadron which he commanded and which had already taken part in the cruiser battle, received numerous hits. Admiral Beatty took up a northerly course towards the main body of the British Fleet, drawing the German main body very skilfully towards the British main body, so that Admiral Jellicoe was able to develop his line of battle and to envelop the head of the German squadrons in a huge bow.

After I had received reports from my vanguard to the effect that the British fleet had been sighted, I continued upon my easterly course. It was at this point that we should have put about and retreated had we wished to avoid the encounter. But no such thought entered my mind. We kept on our course towards the enemy and thus came within his encompassing action.

This position, so unfavourable for the German artillery, a position which offered no prospects for a successful fight, was avoided by the German fleet making a simultaneous turn upon a westerly course. The British fire ceased. A pause took place in the action. What was the next step to be? The idea of breaking off the action for good and of continuing upon this westerly course into the free North Sea, and thus rendering it difficult for the opponent to keep in touch, in view of the impending darkness, was rejected. Other tactical possibilities, such as converting the action into a circular one and thus getting the better position to windward, appeared inexpedient. On the contrary I determined to make another simultaneous turn upon an eastern course in the direction of the English, which would enable me to send out the torpedo-boats from our van against the long-drawn British battle line in front of us.

This turn, which brought our opponents into the favourable position of being able to "cross the T," has been designated as a tactical error, but its success attests the correctness of the manœuvre. The superiority in the matter of gunfire enjoyed by the British leaders in this position was sacrificed by them because of their anxiety in view of the probable losses through the attacks of the torpedo-boats.

The tactics adopted by the German side were therefore by no means induced by the thought of how to get clear of the enemy, but rather by the thought: how can we take up action with him again and yet obtain some advantage from this tactically unfavourable situation into which we have accidentally been placed? The reproach that the Germans evaded battle with the main body of the British fleet is totally unjustified and based upon false assumptions. The second attack upon the British line of battle is the most striking proof that nothing lay further from our thoughts than to think of "escape."

As to whether Admiral Jellicoe acted rightly in turning aside during this phase of the fight in view of the impending torpedo-boat attacks is something that I do not wish to discuss in this place. His action, to be sure, brought us certain advantages. After the conclusion of the battle

by daylight, the German fleet was now in a position to arrange its course by night in such a way that it would be able to choose a tactically favourable position for the continuation of the battle the next morning, a contingency with which it had surely reckoned. This favourable disposition lay in the securing of a lee position, and this was possible only near Horn's Riff, because the shallows and mines east of this offered no room to the British ships, which, owing to the prevailing west winds, could heave in sight again only to windward.

The German Fleet had maintained this course during the night, quite unconcerned by the torpedo-boat onslaughts of the British. It then took up a waiting position at Horn's Riff, until reports as to the whereabouts of the damaged ships had come in, and then, as there was no glimpse of the enemy to be had, and the oncoming fog precluded all further possibility of action, it took up its return course.

We shall come closer to "the truth about Jutland" if we drop the myth about the German desire to "escape" as well as all this raking-forth of unessential faults and errors of the British leadership in this battle. One ought rather to seek it in the dilemma in which Admiral Jellicoe found himself in view of his general strategic task and the orders under which he stood—orders which led to this Battle of the Skager Rak.

At the outbreak of the War the British Admiralty had decided to adopt the strategic defensive, inasmuch as it hoped to achieve its goal by the operation of the principle of "the fleet in being," for, favoured by the geographical position of the British Isles in their relation to the North Sea, it determined to cut Germany completely off from all traffic by sea and thus strangle her economically by the quiet pressure of maritime power.

Winston Churchill, in his Guildhall speech of November 9th, 1914, had declared that the "economic stringency" induced by a sea blockade required time until its effects should be fully felt. This resulted in the reserved attitude of the Grand Fleet in its almost unassailable position near the Orkney Islands, a position in which,

should the opponent have ventured upon an attack, all the advantages would have been on the British side.

The principle of "the fleet in being" was, however, a wrong one for a navy of inferior strength, for by giving up the offensive it merely fulfilled the wishes of its opponent and was at the same time incapable of damaging him to the same extent in the carrying out of his sea traffic. Such a navy therefore eliminated itself voluntarily and contented itself with its supremacy in the Baltic, which was not threatened by the English.

Had the international agreements with regard to maritime traffic in time of war, as these were embodied in the London Declaration of 1909, been fully observed, then, to be sure, Germany would not have suffered from the aforesaid "economic stringency." For this reason England was forced to ignore these stipulations, and did ignore them, despite the protests of the neutrals, including the United States. Germany, therefore, was given no other recourse than to make use of the submarine merchant warfare, but this gave assurance of success only if it could be waged without taking account of neutrals—at least of those neutrals who persisted in trading with England, in spite of the declaration of the U-boat blockade.

But, as the German Government found itself unable to come to a resolute determination to ignore the protests of America—as England had done in the matter of international law at sea—it became necessary for the German navy to seize the offensive in 1916.

After the bombardment of Yarmouth and Lowestoft in April, 1916—raids the real object of which was to force the British fleet to emerge from its secure retreat in the Orkneys—Lord Balfour, then First Lord of the Admiralty, sought to quiet the population by declaring that all preparations had been made to punish the Germans severely were they to attempt another such attack. The German Admiralty thereupon concluded to bombard Sunderland. Surely no one will venture to say that this was the proper way to avoid an encounter with the British Navy. This plan, to be sure, was not put into operation in May, 1916, because the aerial scouting service could not be made use

of at that time. The plans were altered and took the shape of an advance in the direction of the Skager Rak, and this led to the battle of May 31st—both fleets being forced to fight at an almost equal distance from their bases.

On the 19th of August, 1916, the Sunderland project was once more taken up and carried out. On this occasion the German squadron approached the British coast to within a distance of forty nautical miles, but was diverted from its goal by the report from its air service that great numbers of hostile units were visible in a southerly direction. This, too, ought to prove that the German fleet gave more than one opportunity to the English for meeting it upon the seas.

The Commander-in-Chief of the British naval forces in being ordered to oppose a renewed attack by the Germans stood face to face with a task which diverged from his general strategic duty. In addition to this, the time in which the meeting of the two fleets took place, that is to say, late afternoon, was an undesirable one for the British leaders, for, according to Admiral Jellicoe's memorandum as to the conduct of the battle, he would have preferred to have the whole day before him in order to be able to make full use of his numerical ascendancy.

The general strategic defensive demanded reserve and repression so that the striking power of the Grand Fleet might not be diminished, and the sacrificing of ships was therefore to be avoided. But a battle always demands the risking of fighting forces, for no success can be won without such risks. When fleets put forth to sea in time of war they must reckon with the possibility of an encounter. Only tactical points are to be considered. And a great tactical success automatically includes strategic exploitation. The destruction of the German fleet would have proved an enormous success for England, for it would have made impossible the carrying out of the U-boat war, the damaging effects of which England had already begun to experience (despite the limited application of this form of warfare). For the submarine fleet, deprived of its support in the capital ships, would soon have been blocked in its action.

The encounter at the Skager Rak gave the German navy the assurance that it was able to cross swords with the British. Its advantages lay in its greater mobility and in the use of the torpedo in conjunction with the Dreadnoughts. It was this confidence which induced the German navy to make another raid upon the English coast—on August 19th, 1916.

To the strategic limitations imposed upon Admiral Jellicoe in the matter of avoiding losses in ships must be added the tactical helplessness of his long-drawn line of battle. But from the very moment that Admiral Jellicoe had the possibility of annihilating the German fleet by his preponderance of ships (forty-five as against twenty-seven major units) his adherence to the strategic *leitmotif* of avoiding losses in ships became a fallacy. An abiding faith in the best traditions of the British Navy, the tradition of conquering an enemy in open and chivalrous battle rather than by the chicanery of politicians, ought, one might think, to have brought forth the resolution to convert this encounter at Jutland into another glorious first of June. Instead of this England was obliged to incur the great danger of the U-boat warfare, from the consequences of which she was released only by the intervention of America. And it was America that harvested the success of the naval battle of May 31st, 1916. *That* is the truth about Jutland.

In that Great Britain, instead of destroying the enemy fleet *à tout prix*, resolved to carry on naval warfare exclusively in the realm of economics, she has set up a precedent which might entail great danger to herself in future wars, for she has shown the great significance of this factor, and there will, no doubt, be many willing pupils. This all the more so as the peoples must all take an ever greater interest in traffic upon the seas, and as the influence of small Powers has grown enormously through the exploitation of war-like means and measures which were developed during the World War.

The British principle of the "fleet in being" cannot be applied in the case of a conflict between navies of equal strength, and it is rendered more than difficult when the

war is carried across whole oceans. It was the geographical situation which favoured its application in the naval war between England and Germany. The huge and expensive major fighting ships would otherwise be condemned to fulfil the function of holding a reserve post, and a fight in closed battle formation has become impossible with the intervention of swift submarines. The naval disarmament which has already been established by the United States of America has deprived the British Navy of its historic ascendancy.

The chief interest of naval armaments is now centred upon the lighter units and fighting machines. And surely this means nothing else than speculation upon the prospects of mercantile war? There is but one thing which can prevent this with any measure of success—the abolition of the right of seizure at sea. In this wise the World War, the final arbitrament of which lay upon the seas, may still be able to bring a blessing to the nations, in spite of the grim and terrible wounds it brought them, by limiting and restricting the possibility of wars in the future.

*(Translated by Herman George Scheffauer.)*

## KING ALBERT AND THE NEW BELGIUM

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

FEW countries have emerged with a higher reputation from the Great War than the country which owes allegiance to King Albert of Belgium, not because of any transcendency of achievement that specially singled her out among the combating nations, but because of the lofty integrity and determination to adhere to her plighted word that made her disregard the Kaiser's plausible offers and enter the lists on the side of the Allies at a moment when neutrality would undoubtedly have appeared the more practicable policy.

Imperfectly organised for war owing to her belief that Germany would always respect the neutrality which had been guaranteed to her by the Great Powers in 1831 and 1839, Belgium suddenly found herself being faced with an army that, acting on Bernhardi's principle that even the most solemn pact is not in any way binding when found nationally inexpedient, first sought her connivance in a deliberate breach of international treaties that would have limited the German use of her territory to the eastern bank of the Meuse, and when this connivance had been refused, as deliberately carried out an invasion of her land by way of Vise, near the Dutch frontier, Verviers and Liège, while crossing French territory at three points in the direction of Belfort, Longwy and Luneville in order to prolong the delusion that they would only attack on the one front that was legitimately open to their attack. How the Belgian armies held up the German advance for a momentous week before Liège and then still further delayed the projected offensive on that part of France lying west of Belgium, then rightly considered the easiest avenue to success, owing to the French reliance on an illusory scrap of paper and their consequent dispositions of defence to meet an attack on the Lorraine sectors, has so often been related that I shall not deal with it any further, but the whole history of the long and bitter struggle which the Belgians had to wage in order to keep their national feeling intact, and the ultimate restoration of their country as an

independent unit, coupled with every effort that was made by their Government in subsequent years to repair the economic losses brought about by the German occupation, are so inseparably associated with memories of King Albert's heroism, his indomitable resolve and undying faith in the final victory of the Allied cause, that any adequate account of post-war Belgium must necessarily include a description of his life, character, and achievements.

A grand-nephew of Leopold, first King of the Belgians, Albert is a Hohenzollern on his mother's side, not the Protestant and northern branch of that family, the Franconian Hohenzollerns, but the Catholic and southern Sigmaringens, a branch that is, incidentally, allied to the Murat family through the marriage of Charles of Hohenzollern, his great-grandfather, with Antoinette Murat, the sister of Napoleon's great cavalry leader. And on April 8th, 1875, he was born in the Belgian capital in the famous palace of the Rue de la Régence, the first twelve years of his life being spent in surroundings that were the most calculated to draw out the best that was in his character. Throughout these early days his father and mother were his principal guiding influences, and under their teaching he acquired that love for simple pleasures and orderly refinement, that high conception of duty and *amour et comprehension des simples* that were to be the principal characteristics of his more mature life, his intimate knowledge of the psychology of his people dating from the early days when as a child and boy he moved freely among the peasants, obtaining a conception of their lives and gradually winning for himself a place in their affections that marks him out among the princes of to-day. And travelling extensively abroad with his father, the Comte des Flandres, he quickly developed into an earnest, hardworking and intelligent boy who was supremely conscious of the responsibilities that birth had thrust upon him, and yet not above taking a keen appreciation of the pursuits and avocations of his age.<sup>1</sup> On reaching his twelfth birthday Prince Albert's education took a new turn, and

(1) As a boy he was intensely fond of mechanical toys and boats, and was only happy when playing with them.

for the schooling that he had mainly imbibed at his parents' side was substituted the more precise and exacting instruction that was held to be indispensable for a Prince of the Royal House. Captain Jungbluth became his civil and military tutor, and under his able direction the Prince was subjected to an extremely varied and thorough training in almost every sphere of intellectual activity. From Baron Lambermont he learned the rudiments of political and diplomatic science, and from Emile Waxweiler those of sociology and political economy, while other distinguished professors taught him the elements of law, philosophy, mathematics, and literature, there being few subjects in which he was not given a thoroughly good grounding, while he developed his knowledge of foreign languages and ultimately became proficient in French, Flemish, German, and English. To complete this theoretical education, which was to prove invaluable to the young Prince in after years, Albert was given a good insight into mining, practical engineering, and seamanship, the knowledge that he attained in this latter branch being so thorough that he surprised every English naval officer whom he met one day that he was being shown round the English Fleet by the technical knowledge and appreciation of the finer points of naval construction that he displayed.

During these years of apprenticeship he paid many visits abroad, and not only ably represented his country at various coronations, but made a systematic tour of the United States and the Congo, while he became one of the finest Alpinists in Belgium, and entered the Military College in 1891, his subsequent career as a soldier showing that, while he was determined to perfect his military training, he was as resolutely opposed to being spared the usual drudgery of his profession. It was during these years that the young Prince laid the foundations of the military proficiency that was to prove so valuable an asset in the war, and both as subaltern in the Regiment of Grenadiers and as Lieutenant-General, rank to which he was promoted in 1907, his undoubted talents earned him golden opinions wherever he went.

During a journey that he paid about this time to the

Bavarian Alps, after a long and tiring spell of work, he met Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, and was attracted almost at the first meeting by her charm and intelligence, his suit progressing so favourably that he very soon won her consent to be his bride. Acclaimed by all Belgians as a real love match, and a union, moreover, that could not but benefit their country, the royal marriage was duly celebrated in Munich on October 2nd, 1900, the enthusiastic reception that the royal couple received in the Bavarian town being even surpassed by that which greeted them a few days later when they made their triumphal entry into the Belgian capital. And after six weeks' honeymoon the Prince and Princess settled down in that town in the Palace of the Rue de la Science, where they were to remain until Albert became King.

The subsequent history of Prince Albert's life prior to the War conveys the same impression of untiring industry, public service and devotion to duty as that which had marked his pre-marriage days, and he not only cemented still further the feeling of regard and affection in which he and the Princess were universally held, but so roused the expectations of the Belgian people into believing that his accession to the Throne would herald in a millennium that the strong feeling of loss which the death of Leopold II in December, 1909, engendered was as quickly forgotten in the intensity of joy and promise that his successor's advent to the Throne evoked in all hearts. For years he had striven and toiled, and not only fitted himself for his future work by an industry that deemed no effort wasted if only it benefited his country, but had sought with Princess Elizabeth to better the condition of the poor and needy, or to promote the welfare of those forms of national activity which, like the Belgian merchant service,<sup>1</sup> were as yet hardly out of the nascent stage. And now came his reward—the devotion of an entire nation and

(1) Allusion can be made here to the Ibis Society, which Prince Albert founded about this time, a charitable institution which not only afforded a home to the distressed orphans of sailors, but instructed them in seamanship and fishing, and even fitted them out for their life's work. The Princess, on her side, worked as devotedly in the promotion of charitable institutions, her name becoming a byword for charity and good deeds.

a popularity that from that day to the present has never waned.

Of these first years of his reign space forbids me to write at any length. Let it suffice to say not only that the promise of his early years was fully carried out, in that the country continued to thrive and prosper, even the long outstanding quarrel of the Walloons and Flemish on the language question appearing to present no insurmountable difficulties, but that the military Reform Act instituting universal military service put forward by the De Brocqueville Ministry in 1912, a measure which would certainly have provided Belgium with an army capable of resisting aggression if passed a few years earlier, had for many years been warmly advocated by the King himself.

Then when the war arose Albert proceeded to make history by taking a leading part in those defensive engagements on Belgian soil which enabled our troops and the French, if not to overcome an onslaught that in view of the overwhelming masses of infantry which the Germans were able to concentrate on our lines could not have been opposed, at least to save themselves from irretrievable disaster. From the very first days of the campaign, in fact, King Albert became the guiding and animating force of the gallant little army which he had succeeded in spurring into generous emulation of the heroes who in the past had fought and died for their Fatherland, and fighting at their head, an ever conspicuous figure, he gave further illustration to the tradition that the indomitable heroism of one man is capable of imparting something of its own undying spirit to whole hosts of tired and jaded fighters. In the battles of Haelen and Cortenzecken the Belgian King played a conspicuous part, and when the Belgian front had been broken by the German onset he did everything that was possible to reorganise his men while the inspiring proclamation that he issued to his troops on reaching the line of the Yser recalls those of Napoleon, and effectively disposes of the legend given by Louis Madelin and Raymond Recouly that only after Marshal Foch's earnest entreaties could the King be induced to hold on to his last line of defence. I cannot refrain from quoting

part of the historic proclamation that was given out to the Belgian Army on October 13th, prior to the heroic stand made by the troops, which undoubtedly helped to save Calais (that is to say, three days before Foch's interview with the King):

SOLDIERS (so the proclamation ran):

For two months and more you have been fighting for the most just of causes, fighting for your homes and for the independence of your country. You have withstood the onset of the enemy, sustained many attacks, effected as many sorties, and achieved a successful retreat on a very narrow front. Hitherto you have fought isolated in this gigantic world war.

To-day you find yourselves fighting shoulder to shoulder with the gallant French and English troops. You must uphold the reputation of our armies by displaying the same tenacity and heroism that you have so often shown on previous occasions. Our national honour is at stake.

SOLDIERS:

I urge you remain calm and confident and to fight with courage and fortitude. Look unceasingly forward and consider any man as traitor who will pronounce the word Retreat when no such order has been given. The time has now come for driving out the enemy from our territories and for overcoming with the help of our powerful Allies the insidious foe who has invaded our country and set at nought international treaties and the rights that we possess.<sup>1</sup>

King Albert's subsequent exploits in the war and his refusal to do aught but share his soldiers' hardships, as well as the skilful way in which he succeeded in husbanding a force that unlike any other belligerent was unable to receive any reinforcements,<sup>2</sup> are such common knowledge that I will refrain from making more than this very casual reference to them; yet I would point out that great as had been his popularity before the war, the larger excellences

(1) On October 15th the King of Belgium issued the following *communiqué* to his troops:—

"The line of the Yser constitutes our last line of defence, and it must be held at all costs. The troops entrusted with its defence must entrench themselves as strongly as possible."

On October 16th at 9 o'clock (that is to say, seven hours before the King's meeting with Foch), another proclamation of His Majesty was read out to the troops, in which it was stated that "the line of the Yser would have to be maintained, whatever the odds; also, that any officer whose detachment gave way would be immediately deprived of his command."

(2) Nine-tenths of the fighting men of the country were, if not prisoners, at any rate powerless to fight for their country, since subjected to the German yoke.

that he then displayed in heart, brain and mind as man, patriot and leader, the recovery of the army for which he was principally responsible, and the many effective measures that he carried out as General-in-Chief and Dictator to stiffen the ranks and to strengthen the morale of his nation, succeeded in gaining for him a love and respect that centred round his royal person, and has effectively revived the old mystic ideal of Monarchy and of a King who as natural protector of his people is the living incarnation of their destiny.

The post-war history of Belgium, like that of nearly every State that took part in the war, was a period of great unrest and profound disillusionment, financial stress and unemployment, coupled with a rapid depreciation in the national currency brought about by inflation and the apparently insoluble Reparations Problem, while every attempt that was made to restore the finances came to nought on account of the heavy expenses that had been incurred in reconstructing the devastated areas, and the constant calls that were made on the depleted exchequer to carry out the social legislation promised to the labouring classes. Ministry was succeeding Ministry without devising any solution that appeared in any way satisfactory, while the position had been further aggravated by the fact that Belgian financial policy, having been closely modelled on that of the French, any variation in the value of the one (currency) was always followed by a corresponding change in the value of the other, the Belgians being incidentally also handicapped by their inability to live as their neighbours on the product of the land, and their consequent need to draw their subsistence from the profits that could be extracted from an industry that the war had left almost moribund. The result was that by July, 1926, the position of the Belgian State was not only very precarious, but showing scanty hope of betterment. The franc had risen from 106.99 in March to 210, while the tumbling exchanges had created a trade crisis from which the country was suffering severely, and business was generally bad, almost at a standstill, economic convulsions and high prices being the order of the day.



How a critical situation that was fraught with danger was materially improved and then set right with the King as *deus ex machina* I will now proceed to describe.

Inspired by the idea of floating a loan in America and Great Britain M. Janssen, the Finance Minister, tried to industrialise the Belgian State railways on the Swiss model, after certain London and New York financiers had insisted on this being done, and also on the 1,800 millions of Treasury Bonds due in December being consolidated if the loan materialised. Owing to the opposition of the Liberals and Socialists, who declared that the proposed industrialisation was a direct attack on the whole theory of national railway ownership, the scheme to constitute an autonomous Regie ultimately fell through, and nothing further was done to arrest the financial débacle, but when matters began rapidly to get worse the King stepped into the breach, and utilising the extraordinary powers which had been granted to him by the intermediary of the Council of Ministers, he first induced the Liberals to accept the scheme that they had hitherto opposed, and then constituted a Coalition Government comprising every party and animated by one desire: that of showing the world that, faced with the threat of an economic catastrophe, Belgium would be able to show the same cohesion as she had manifested in the darkest days of 1914; then, national stability having been effected, a further attempt was made to stabilise the rapidly falling franc. New taxation amounting to one and a half milliard was imposed on the nation, not with a view to meeting State expenses, but solely to enable the Government to pay its foreign debts and to buttress its own currency, while reverting to M. Janssen's proposal. M. Franqui, the new Financial Minister whom King Albert had appointed, one of the finest financial experts and organisers of the country, decided to form a company in which the Government would be the largest shareholder that would take over the State railways and mobilise the capital invested in it for the common weal. Broadly speaking, the company, which was to be styled Société Nationale des Chemins de fer Belges, was first to issue

twenty million ordinary shares of 100 francs each that would permit the 1,800 million of Treasury Bonds falling due on December 1st to be met by the Government, and then a further twenty million preference shares of 500 francs each that would be devoted to the liquidation of the public floating debt.

How the conversion of the latter into shares of the new railway concern, coupled with the cutting down of all State departments, the rigid enforcement of taxation, the curtailment of all luxuries and expensive foods, and the subscription of many substantial money contributions from the patriotically minded not only eased the situation but finally brought about the desired effect I will now proceed to show.

One year after the stabilisation of the Belgian currency at 174.50 the position was, generally speaking, as follows:—

Floating Debt: money paid back in eight months, 57 million of dollars and over 4,000 million (4,171) consolidated through the owners of bonds having agreed to exchange their securities for shares of the new company.

Franc at last stabilised and unemployment reduced from 2.3 per cent. to 1.8; exports rising and now 93 per cent. of the imports; increased prosperity of Antwerp and growing importance of the principal industries of the country; wages of workmen and officials (in some departments) automatically adjusted to the cost of living; transport by canal, river, road or rail considerably improved; the whole country in good moral and intellectual health; foreign policy as before—the maintenance of the two alliances which had broken the back of the greatest military enterprise which the world had ever seen, and the fostering of friendly relations with all her neighbours; two disputes only outstanding, one with Holland on the question of the navigation of the Scheld and the other with Germany concerning certain conclusions of the Reichstag Commission of Enquiry dealing with the war, the first an economic question that would have been settled as satisfactorily as Belgium desired if the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, Van Karnebeck, had not



suddenly found himself in a minority in his Cabinet; the second a very controversial issue lately opened up by Germany concerning outrages committed by her own troops and those of Belgium that the first country would have been well advised in letting alone.

The conclusion that follows from the above short sketch is that no sovereign in Europe "has better deserved of his country" than Albert King of the Belgians, not only for the way in which he has always been closely identified with the life and aspirations of his people, but also for the notable and exceptional service that he has rendered ever since he assumed the purple. A man of extraordinary diligence, energy and integrity, the King of the Belgians combines extreme modesty with exceptional talent, an encyclopædic knowledge, a power of discerning ability and of gathering around him the *élite* of the nation that only Louis XIV has surpassed, and a single-minded devotion to duty and talent for leading that mark him out among the monarchs of the present day. In a country where Socialism and democracy are by no means spent forces he enjoys a popularity and prestige so universally recognised that none would even question his right to rule and lead, while his extreme modernism and understanding of the forces shaping Europe to-day are allied to an equal regard for what was once but is no more dominant. Cultured and refined, possessed of vast stores of knowledge to which he is ever adding whenever the occasion arises, there is no doubt that the King would have played a most distinguished *rôle* in any sphere of life, and that, while his intellect is more solid than brilliant, and his power of memorising rather destructive of sheer individuality in that he rarely forgot what he had read or a face that he had met, he is a King in whom the splendour of office and the exhilaration of power attained have not obliterated the human side. Yes, as Monsieur Klotz once told me when alluding to Mussolini: "He (Albert of Belgium) is not a great man because he is even greater than that, he is a *man*."

## FRENCH METHODS IN NORTH AFRICA

By MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

ALTHOUGH the French adopt methods of colonisation in their North African territories, it is a mistake to regard these territories as colonies in the proper sense of the term. While Tunis and Morocco are French Protectorates and are politically more akin to Egypt than to any British colonial possession, Algeria is nothing more or less than "France across the sea." Nor can these regions be regarded as a homogeneous whole.

The inhabitants of this vast area are isolated from one another by many barriers. Apart from the linguistic division between the Arab and Berber-speaking elements, there is the ancient estrangement of the nomad from the townsman and the agriculturist, and there is also a geographical difference between Morocco and the rest of North-West Africa. Unlike Algeria and Tunis, Morocco has never been incorporated in the Ottoman Empire; and, without being sectaries, the Moroccans (including the Rifis) acknowledged as Kaliph not the Ottoman Sultan at Constantinople but His Sherifian Majesty of Fez. A few years ago it was thought probable that a solidarity of feeling among the native peoples would arise as France consolidated her empire and improved its internal communications; but, as events turned out, the French hold upon the Taza corridor between the Atlas and the Rif, which linked the Atlantic lowlands of Morocco with Algeria and Tunisia, proved to be still precarious, and the French administrations in these three territories were still working not only on independent but on very different lines. In Algeria, and to a hardly lesser extent in Tunisia, the policy of France from the outset has been one of assimilation, and since 1881 the littoral of Algeria has been organised into three French departments ranking juridically as integral parts of France, and sending their own deputies to the Chamber in Paris. In Morocco, on the other hand, a diametrically opposite

policy was initiated, and carried forward with remarkable success by Marshal Lyautey as French Resident-General. He endeavoured to preserve everything that was constructive in the native institutions of the country, and to conduct the administration through the agency of the Sultan's Government at the centre and of the hereditary feudal notables in the interior, especially in the more primitive south. But at a time when there was still so much local divergence in the African policy of the paramount Power, solidarity between the native peoples was scarcely to be expected; and thus the general revolutionary wave, which affected first the Italians in Tripoli, then the Spaniards in the Spanish zone of Morocco, and finally the peoples of these three French territories, produced among them separate and un-coordinated reactions.

In his difficult task Marshal Lyautey enjoyed the loyal co-operation and help of the Sultan, whose prestige, authority and initiative were carefully respected in internal affairs, although the measures decided by him were always taken in accord with the French authorities under the provisions of the Treaty of Fez. The Sultan has four Khalifas in Fez, Marrakesh, Tiznit and the Spanish zone, whose *rôle* is of a representative character. Pashas in the towns, and Kaids among the tribesmen, represent the temporal authority of the Sultan as opposed to the Kadis, who are religious magistrates and deal with all matters regulated by the Koran. These Pashas and Kaids are in charge of criminal justice, and judge also in cases where movable property and commercial matters are concerned, but in the principal towns they are controlled by the French officials of the Protectorate acting as commissaries of the Government. Care has been taken to preserve as far as possible among the Berber tribes the customs to which they are deeply attached. For example, their Kaids are judges in penal and commercial matters, but disputes as to personal status, property, etc., are settled by the popular assemblies, according to custom, and not by the Kadis. Arrangements have been made for taking the advice of the natives on certain questions. The pro-

gramme of the monthly meeting of the Council of Government is communicated not only to the *Maghzen* but, through the French *contrôleurs*, to the native sections of the Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture, who, as occasion offers, deliberate either separately or concurrently with the French sections. The natives are also represented in the municipal councils presided over by the Pashas in the provincial towns. In both cases they are appointed by the Government.

The French administration is under the authority of the Resident-General, assisted by a delegate and a Secretary-General of the Protectorate. The central government comprises the secretariat-general, to which are attached the following services:—Civil control, personnel, legislative studies, general security, general administration, penal justice, the special direction of native affairs, and the intelligence service. The other central services are divided up between the following *Directions Générales*:—(1) Finance and public domains; (2) public works (including mines, ports, mercantile marine, and the post, telegraph, and telephone services); (3) agriculture, commerce, industry, and colonisation; (4) public instruction, fine arts, and antiquities; (5) public health. Measures have been introduced to ensure a constant and regular collaboration between the Government and French colonists; education has received special attention, and important progress has been made in the department of commerce. About half of the French colonists come from Algeria and Tunisia, are already familiar with local conditions and acquire their land either by the official colonisation system or by buying direct from the natives. The colonists cultivate the same crops as the natives, namely, wheat, barley, oats, beans, olives, and flax, and in many cases farming is carried on by Frenchmen in association with natives. Stock raising, principally sheep, is also carried on; and in 1924 the number of sheep was estimated at about ten millions, of which 100,000 were in European hands. The establishment of French power in Morocco brought about a great change in economic and social conditions in agricul-

ture, as elsewhere. Both the soil and the climate are, in many parts, much better suited to settlement than to nomadism, but the feebleness of the central native power (*Maghzen*) and continual intertribal strife used to render private property illusory. Since 1919, however, the natives have settled on the land in the pacified parts, and are now putting under cultivation what was previously "common" land, inalienable according to Islamic law and custom.

As far as Morocco is concerned French methods have scored a signal success, and Marshal Lyautey may be considered to be one of the greatest colonial administrators of his generation. His work was hindered and imperilled by two external factors which were beyond his control—the Great War and the failure of Spain to pacify her zone of Morocco during the years 1921-24. Nevertheless, "his achievements under these adverse conditions won him the admiration, and his personality the affection, not only of his own countrymen in Morocco and at home, but of foreign residents and observers, foreign soldiers and administrators, who could judge from their own experience, and, above all, of Moroccans of all classes—townsmen and tribesmen, Arabs and Berbers." During his illness in 1923 all Morocco prayed for him in the mosques; and when he resigned in the autumn of 1925 regret was unanimous and was freely expressed by the Sultan and his people, who remembered the "generosity and broadmindedness" which had been the ideal and practice of his policy. In dealing with the people of Morocco his watchword was: "The adversaries of to-day are the collaborators of to-morrow." Free and friendly collaboration between Frenchmen and Moroccans for their common advantage was his ultimate aim throughout, and this was a notable departure from the traditions of French colonial policy in North-West Africa, which had been evolved in Algeria on a basis of native subordination to French dominion and privilege. This new departure was due to Marshal Lyautey's personal initiative.

Now let us turn our attention a little further east and

consider France's position in Tunisia and Algeria, which, in the movement against Western ascendancy, reacted differently from Morocco and from one another. They differed from Morocco in being exclusively under French control, and in having been under it continuously for nearly half a century and a century respectively. They differed from one another not only in respect of the age of French domination, but in their juridical, social, and cultural conditions. Juridically, Tunisia was a protectorate which had never lost its statehood, while Algeria was French territory. Socially, they differed in the extent of Western colonisation. In Algeria by March, 1921, there were 831,000 European colonists out of a total population of 5,800,000, and of these some 400,000 were of French origin. In Tunisia, by the same date, there were 156,000 European colonists out of a total population of 2,095,000, and those of French origin only numbered 54,500. Finally, the two countries differed culturally, inasmuch as Algeria was an outlying part of the Islamic world, in which Islamic society was scarcely able to hold its own against Western penetration, whereas Tunisia, which had been the point of contact between North-west Africa and the Oriental world since the days of the Phœnicians, not only had a cultural life of its own, but also felt the influence of movements originating in the more advanced countries of the Islamic world.

Before the establishment of the French Protectorate in 1881 Western political ideas had already stimulated in Tunisia an abortive attempt to introduce constitutional government; and after the Great War Tunisia reacted in sympathy with the Nationalist movement in Egypt—a country with which she was brought into close touch by community of language and geographical proximity. In Tunisia, as in Egypt, the Nationalist Party was organised which succeeded in rallying to itself almost the entire local Arabic Press and the great majority of the native educated class; and, as in Egypt, this organisation, while powerless to impose its will upon the dominant Power by physical force, was successful in interposing itself between the foreign authorities and the native peasantry, who instinc-

tively followed the leaders of their own nationality and religion against those whom they considered as aliens and infidels.

The Tunisian Nationalists did not follow their Egyptian counterparts in demanding complete independence; but, on the other hand, the juridical position of France in Tunis was stronger than that of Great Britain in Egypt, and the French were not prepared to go as far as the British in making concessions, so that the gulf between the Nationalist demands and the dominant Power's point of view was equally great in both cases. The Nationalist demands were formulated in March, 1920, in a programme of nine points. They asked for a deliberative assembly composed of Tunisian and French deputies, possessing equal rights and elected by universal suffrage, with complete financial control; for a Government responsible to this assembly; for the separation of legislative, executive, and judicial powers; for the appointment of Tunisian candidates to all official posts which they showed themselves capable of filling; for "equal pay for equal work" as between Tunisian and French officials in Tunisia; for elective municipal councils; for liberty of the Press, of association and of institutions; for compulsory education; and for the participation of Tunisians in the acquisition of lands for colonisation (whereas the French *régime* had been concentrating its efforts upon utilising these lands for French colonists). These demands were presented by two delegations to Paris, and by a further deputation to the new French Resident-General, M. Lucien Saint, on his arrival in the country. As an instalment of reform the French authorities created a Tunisian Ministry of Justice, which was somewhat freer from French control than the previous judicial organisation; but this did little to satisfy the demands for constitutional government, and in April, 1922, the tension culminated in a crisis involving the threatened abdication of the Bey unless the demands of the Constitutional Party were granted. The crisis, which lasted for several days, was finally terminated by a military demonstration, but it led the French Government to intro-

duce reforms which, though not radical, were comprehensive.

The promised reforms were embodied in six Beylical decrees and one *arrêté* by the French Resident-General. Three decrees respectively instituted *conseils de cardat* and *conseils de region* in Tunisian territory under civil control and laid down the constitution, attributes, and procedure of a *Grand Conseil de la Tunisie*; the Resident-General's *arrêté* dealt with the composition of the French section of the *Grand Conseil*; and three more Beylical decrees somewhat relaxed French administrative control. As regards the legislative reforms, the *Grand Conseil* marked in several ways an advance upon the previous *Conseil Consultatif*, but even in the new body the *Section Française* and the *Section Indigène* were normally to deliberate apart; they were forbidden to discuss resolutions of a constitutional and political order, and even in the field of finance their proceedings were kept under the close control of the French Government. In a subsequent Beylical decree provision was made against possible deadlocks between the two sections by creating a *Commission Arbitrale du Grand Conseil* out of the existing *Conseil Supérieur de la Tunisie*.

The Nationalists were highly dissatisfied with these reforms, and their feelings found expression not in the deliberations of the *Section Indigène* of the *Grand Conseil*, whose powers were strictly circumscribed, but in a *rap-prochement* with the Communist element in the foreign population which caused great uneasiness to the French authorities.

Meanwhile, in Algeria, reforms of a still more conservative nature have been introduced, but in this case on French initiative and not under the pressure of an organised political movement. Compulsory military service was extended to the native population of Algeria in 1912; and during the Great War Algeria supplied France with a great number of native troops and civilian labourers. A sense of gratitude, combined with a realisation of the increased expectations with which these Algerian soldiers and workmen would return to their African homes, had

its effect on French public opinion. As result of deliberations in Paris, steps were accordingly taken to equalise the burden of taxation as between natives and European colonists, to give the natives a share in the municipal government of places with a mixed population, to introduce the rudiments of local self-governments in the purely native districts, and to enable natives of certain categories to obtain French citizenship without being compelled to renounce the different "personal statute" under which they lived as Moslems. Whether or not these reforms were the cause, the fact remains that during the period of revolutionary agitation in North Africa Algeria was a comparatively quiet region, and that the native inhabitants of this French possession showed little sign of being affected either by the pacific efforts of their Tunisian neighbours or by the military resistance of the Moroccan tribesmen against Western domination.

The great question for France in Algeria, as in Tunis and Morocco, is that of French colonisation, and it is an indisputable fact that the other Latin races in Algeria have accepted without difficulty their new French nationality. Frenchmen in Algeria are not, as is often supposed, chiefly civil servants and officials. A census taken before the war gave the number of French agriculturists, without their families, as 149,000, who cultivated an area of over two million acres, while the area under native cultivation was over six million acres; but the average production on the colonists' farms is about double that on a native farm. In 1924, which was considered rather a bad year, the wheat harvest was about one-tenth that of France, and the yield of wine amounted to over two hundred million gallons. Early vegetables and fruit growing form an important branch of farming in Algeria, especially among the European colonists in the suburbs of Oran and Algiers, and much suitable land for this purpose is available near the coast. The best olive trees, and nearly all the orange, citron and mandarine trees are in the hands of French colonists, who have also started the plantation of cotton. Sheep-raising is another important feature of Algerian farming, which supplies at least twenty-five per

cent. of France's mutton. French companies have undertaken well boring and the plantation of date palms to the south of Biskra, and the exploitation of the cork forests near Bougie and Philippeville is also in their hands.

Between the years 1904 and 1920 the French Government spent 50,000,000 francs for the creation of "centres of colonisation," of which there are now one thousand in Northern Algeria. The land conceded on gratuity amounted to 132,000 acres, and that sold to 320,000 acres. Fifty new villages were built and provided with roads, water, drainage, etc., while 140 existing centres of French colonisation were enlarged and improved. The material advantages which the French have brought to Algeria are many and various. Good roads and railways, irrigation and land reclamation are among the most noticeable, but the ever-increasing export of raw materials to France is a constant source of benefit to the country. In recent years a great stimulus has been given to the tourist traffic, and the *Compagnie Générale Trans-Atlantique*, subsidised by the French Government, has done wonders to open up this most interesting region by means of motor routes and the establishment of first-class hotels at moderate rates. In fact, the three French territories of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia are now linked up by motor routes in such a way that the tourist can see the whole of this vast territory as never before and enjoy European comfort wherever he goes.

That French colonisation in North Africa has met with success there is no possible doubt. The French are exceedingly proud of their African possessions, and they have good reason for so being, but the Englishman who expects to find in Morocco, Algeria, or Tunisia conditions similar to those prevailing in a British colony makes a great mistake. The two forms of colonisation are entirely different and are based on altogether different principles suited to the needs, characteristics, and qualities of the two respective races. France has done a great deal for North Africa, and North Africa has done much for France, but from this African littoral there is always a certain danger for France and other European Powers who exer-

cise dominion over it. Political conflict between the Powers is the very surest means of intensifying this danger, and it is only by close co-operation between France, Italy and Spain that it can be reduced to a minimum. The Oriental is an expert not only at sowing dissension, but also at exploiting the result of his efforts. For this reason I maintain that North Africa forms an element of the greatest importance in Mediterranean politics. If by creating in Europe the necessity for protection against possible African aggression the peoples of North Africa cause the Mediterranean Powers to combine for this purpose, they will be doing a good service to the maintenance of peace in Europe. But if, on the other hand, by providing bones of contention they succeed in splitting up the Powers according to their individual African interests, then there will be a grave danger not only to the peace of Europe but to the position of the European Powers in the Mediterranean.

## M. POINCARE'S WORK FOR FRANCE

By JOHN BELL

THERE is something dramatic about the amazing restoration of the French finances, due to the courage, the inflexible will, of M. Raymond Poincaré and the co-operation of his Government of National Union. What has been done, the saving of France from bankruptcy, the recovery of the franc and the restoration of national confidence, might savour of the miraculous. When the financial fortunes of a nation reach the low ebb to which those of France had sunk in July last year—there was less than a million francs in the State coffers to carry on the administration of the country and to meet its obligations—is it matter for astonishment that the taxpayers should be filled with despair and that the political dreamers, responsible for the chaotic state of things brought about by egoism and ineptitude, should be moved to recognise stern realities and ring down the curtain on a comedy of tragic fooling?

There has been nothing of the miraculous in the saving of France from financial disaster. The salvage of the nation's fortunes has been effected by a man who is not a dreamer but a statesman of transparent honesty of purpose, a worker with almost superhuman courage and clear vision, and endowed with the good sense to see that the interests of his country came before the petty and miserable considerations of any political party whatsoever.

The strange thing about M. Poincaré's brilliantly successful achievement is that only three years ago his Parliamentary career was supposed to have come to an inglorious end. He had done what many Frenchmen believed to be a daring thing when, quitting the Presidency of the Republic in 1920, he put on the robe of advocate, took up his pen, became a senator, and returned to Parliamentary life. This could only mean that M. Poincaré had a conception different from that of most of his predecessors at the Elysée. For them it was retirement at the end of their Presidential term; for him it was a case of

M. Herriot took office its value descended to 80. It did not improve, but got steadily worse. Confidence was slowly but surely waning. Inflation was a word the use of which was forbidden by the chief of the Government. The declaration was made that it could never be a question of inflation. And yet all the time the banknote circulation was being inflated by milliards. Poor M. Herriot, who had begun his Premiership with a flourish of trumpets, who gloried in his position as head of the Cartel, was defeated in the Senate and had to make way for M. Painlevé, the second in command of the Cartellist forces.

How persistently, how desperately, the leaders of the Cartel tried to find a solution of the anguishing financial problem in keeping with its political ideals. It was soon evident that an alliance which included the Socialists could do nothing. True to their gospel of spoliation, the Socialists sought to impose their capital levy scheme on the Radicals and Radical-Socialists, and at one time it looked as if they would succeed, for M. Herriot was most anxious to keep the Cartel intact, most desirous not to offend the revolutionary wing of the Government majority. M. Painlevé was more independent, and M. Briand was absolutely indifferent. When his turn came, after the fall of M. Painlevé, to take charge of the destinies of a troubled Chamber, he had no reason to give the Socialists the least encouragement. As they constituted, in point of numerical strength, an important fraction of the Cartel majority, he had invited them to assume their responsibilities and to assist in the government of the country. They not only declined to accept portfolios in his Government, but refused to support him by their votes. The Socialists never forget that M. Briand was at one time in their ranks.

France was heading to financial disaster, and the Cartel politicians, conscious of the peril, but unable to deal with it, fumbled for a way out of the *impasse*. Even the solution proposed by that acknowledged financial genius, M. Joseph Caillaux, called back to political life by M. Painlevé, failed to please them. The tragic moment arrived. The country had become weary of this fumbling and floundering which presaged catastrophe. Something desperate had to be done, and M. Briand and M. Caillaux

resolved to do it. They devised a plan for saving the finances. The Cartel would not have it. It talked about its authority being interfered with, about the rights of the Chamber being put in jeopardy.

After he fell from power M. Herriot was given a solatium. He had been elected President of the Chamber. Now the Briand-Caillaux scheme greatly displeased him. He was ill at ease. He was thinking of his dear Cartel. What would become of it? He, its inspirer, must save it at all costs. Then M. Herriot did a bold thing. He left the Presidential tribune and took his seat in the Chamber as a simple deputy. He listened, with some show of impatience, to the Ministerial declaration of policy, and then pulverised it. His speech had the effect he intended it to have: it smashed the Briand-Caillaux Cabinet.

On the principle that a man who destroys a thing because it does not please him should try his hand in producing something better, the valiant M. Herriot, chief of the Cartel which by its incompetency (stupidity would not be too strong a word) had for two years played fast and loose with the financial situation with tragic results, was invited to form a Government.

A very able man is M. Herriot, an intellectual, an effective speaker, a charming writer, a politician certainly, but not a statesman. He lacked all knowledge of the psychology of his countrymen at that unhappy moment, and had a totally wrong conception as to what would be the repercussion of his dramatic intervention. While he was forming his Cabinet with feverish precipitation on that fatal day towards the end of July last year the franc was tumbling down and down. Its vertiginous fall was the most eloquent and indignant protest against M. Herriot's action. There was a run on the banks. The French people had lost faith in the value of their money and made haste to spend it, buying all sorts of things which they did not need. It was a case of kind usurping the place of money, of a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, of deriving momentary pleasure since the portent for the morrow was misfortune.



The unfortunate M. Herriot had the fright of his life. The franc at 240 to the pound! His Cabinet formed, he had not the heart to present it to the Chamber and lacked the courage to make an attempt to govern. In view of the passionate outbursts in the country against him, he wanted to resign, and intimated his wish to the President of the Republic. It was very proper counsel that M. Doumergue gave in the circumstances. M. Herriot now sighed for national appeasement, an eleventh-hour supplication which could not be granted. The President's advice was to the effect that, as M. Herriot had destroyed the last Cabinet, he should face his responsibilities, go to the Chamber, and fulfil his obligation. M. Herriot was forced to act on the advice given to him. He went to the Chamber and suffered the same fate as the Briand-Caillaux Ministry. He is not likely to forget this bitter experience, and when he recalls the wild scene of indignation in front of the Chamber, the cries of revenge against the politicians who had assassinated the franc and impoverished the entire nation, he will associate it with the greatest failure of his political life.

What had to be done now? The thing that had been advocated for a year by the sanest of French thinkers. The financial plight of France was a national affair, and had to be dealt with nationally and not by certain political chiefs, the spokesmen of the groups of the Left in the Chamber. Therefore what was wanted was a Government of National Union representative of all the groups save those of the Socialists, the Communists, and the extreme Right.

The statesman whose career was supposed to have come to an end, who had been anathematised by the Cartel majority, was invited by the President of the Republic to form a Government of National Union. Behold M. Poincaré, the thinker, the worker, again in charge of the destinies of France. It says much for his courage and patriotism that he undertook a task that, at the first blush, was not only heavy and thankless, but seemed impossible. There was not a moment to lose. Measures had to be taken at once to avert a catastrophe. M. Poincaré

got to work. He imposed conditions. One was that those politicians who had tried to find solutions of the financial problem and had failed lamentably should loyally co-operate with him in the work that had to be done swiftly if France were to be saved from disaster. Their party shibboleths had to be forgotten, their schemes of social reform scrapped. Everything had to give way to the task of restoring the finances. MM. Herriot, Painlevé, and Briand readily joined the Government of National Union, and it has to be said of them that they have discharged the duties of their offices—Education, War, and Foreign Affairs—with credit to themselves and to the satisfaction of the country.

Another condition laid down by M. Poincaré was that there must be no tinkering in the Chamber with his projects for restoring the finances. He would not suffer any one of them to be modified. It was a case of take it or leave it. He really instituted a dictatorship, but it was a dictatorship of reason. He knew that failure would await him if he did not adhere unflinchingly to the plan of action formulated at the outset. There had to be no nonsense in the Chamber, no criminal waste of time. Fearlessly he made each project a question of confidence, and, as master of the situation, dominating the small men around him, he had his way. As was subsequently proved, his policy was the only one to be pursued if concrete results had to be obtained.

What a blow to the pride, the egotism, of those politicians who had indulged in pæans of jubilation when M. Poincaré's policy was defeated at the election of 1924! They found that they had to obey the crack of his whip and accept his projects. Their readiness to approve them can be understood. They knew that the country, alive to the tragic realities, was in a bad temper. As Cartellists they were discredited, condemned by the woeful exhibitions of ineptitude they had given to the world. It is a strange fact that some of the schemes—to wit, greatly increased taxation and drastic economies in the administrations, which he had proposed in the early months of 1924 and were turned down by the Cartel—were put through



Parliament by the Government of National Union. Thus a Parliamentary majority hostile to M. Poincaré was forced to pass the measures he had planned and of which they had disapproved.

The history of Parliament and statesmanship does not furnish a more striking example of political revenge than that which it has been the lot of M. Poincaré to experience. By his achievements he has proved himself the ablest statesman in France, the clearest-headed, the most industrious, the most courageous, and certainly not the least tactful.

Consider what he has been able to accomplish. When he became Premier and Finance Minister there was not a million francs in the Banque de France to the credit of the Treasury. Indeed, the bank envisaged the necessity of having to make the announcement at its branches that it would be obliged to suspend payments for the State. In a week M. Poincaré obtained the consent of the Chamber for increased taxation to the amount of 11,000,000,000 francs. The deficit of the Budget for 1926 was turned into a surplus of more than 1,000,000,000 francs, and it will be found that the Budget surplus for the present year will be of a similar amount.

Such was the confidence placed in the Premier and Finance Minister, such was the faith in his ability to put the finances on a safe and sane basis, that the value of the franc, which had descended to 240 to the pound in July last year, was increased to 124. After the steps taken to increase receipts, to balance the Budget, and to restore confidence in the franc, M. Poincaré turned his attention to the floating debt, a terribly heavy burden. He shouldered it manfully, and very speedily reduced its weight. The 8,000,000,000 francs which fell due for repayment this year have been reduced to 1,000,000,000 francs; a similar amount that had to be repaid next year has been brought down to 3,000,000,000 francs, and the repayment of 10,000,000,000 francs in 1929 has been reduced to 4,000,000,000 francs. There have been two loans this year, and the one issued in May reabsorbed 11,000,000,000 francs of short-term bonds. Great things

have been done with the bonds. Those of one, three, and six months no longer exist; only one-year and two-year bonds exist now.

Not the least of M. Poincaré's achievements is the restoration of the financial liberty of the State. We have seen how a great country like France was left with less than a million francs to its credit in July last year. There are now in the coffers of the Banque de France more than 11,000,000,000 francs. In addition more than 6,000,000,000 francs has been paid in reducing the commercial debt to the Bank of England, Holland, and Switzerland. There were no foreign currencies at the disposal of the State in July last year. They had been swallowed up in the operation of sustaining the steadily falling franc. Now the Banque de France and the Treasury have between them foreign currencies representing something like 25,000,000,000 francs. Another eloquent effect of the restoration of confidence is that the fortune of the country, as expressed in State funds, has increased from 97,000,000,000 francs in July last year to 134,000,000,000 francs.

Such are a few of the achievements effected by M. Poincaré during the fourteen months his Government of National Union has been in power. They reveal the amazing restoration of the French finances, and they give promise of other results, not less striking, if M. Poincaré is left alone, if he is permitted to finish the Herculean task to which he has put his hand. Let it be borne in mind that he did not seek this task. It was thrust upon him.

It is clear to every foreign observer and to thinking Frenchmen that if France is to emerge from her financial troubles, the continuance of a Government of National Union is absolutely indispensable. All danger is not yet past. No one knows this better than M. Poincaré himself. It is matter for regret that lately the politicians of the Left have shown signs of restlessness. They are chafing under the restraint imposed upon them by the financial necessities of the country. These signs would probably not have been apparent if a General Election had not to take place next year. They are showing what,

in the circumstances, seems to be a misplaced zeal to enter the fight, and the pity of it is that the struggle will be conducted on party lines and that attempts will be made to minimise the marvellous results achieved by M. Poincaré.

What is taking place indicates only too clearly that it is the wish of the parties which formed the old Cartel that the Government of National Union should come to an end. These political groups have obtained what they wanted and what they insisted on having—the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, that is to say, the single constituency system with a second ballot, which means that, by resorting to immoral combinations, such as Radicals, Socialists and Communists, joining together for the purpose of defeating Moderate candidates, they hope to increase their representation in the Chamber. Never was an electoral reform measure rigged more barefacedly than that under which the French Parliamentary elections will be conducted in May next year.

Trouble is ahead. Frenchmen anxious for the continuance of the sane financial policy instituted by M. Poincaré see it looming. They desire to avert it and have appealed for the formation of a strong Centre party so that the policy of national union can be continued, no matter what the Socialists and Communists might do. The appeal has fallen on deaf ears. M. Maurice Sarraut, president of the Radical party, will not have a Centre party. He prefers to join hands with the Socialists, a strange preference in view of what happened from May, 1924, to July, 1926. Party leaders dictate, but the electors do not always obey.

If the Cartel is re-formed, if it returns to the Chamber in greater strength than ever and resolves to govern in accordance with its old ideals, it is conceivable that it will commit the same errors. Financial chaos will ensue, and the beneficent work of M. Poincaré will be jeopardised if not destroyed. The only safeguard of this work lies in the good sense of the electors. It will be for them to decide whether confidence has to disappear, whether the franc shall fall again. The election will put French logic to the test.

## THE LIBERAL LAND POLICY

BY JAMES CORBETT

I FIND it very difficult to agree with Judge Atherley-Jones. When he attempts to criticise the land policy of Mr. Lloyd George he overlooks the fact that these proposals have received the approval of the Liberal Party. There are one or two dissentients, of course, but the majority of Liberals thoroughly agree with Mr. Lloyd George. The Liberal Land Policy, therefore, is something more than the scheme of one individual. It is the definite programme of the Land and Nation League, and it is the settled project of the Liberal Party as a whole. There is more unanimity about the land question in Liberal ranks than upon any other problem. I hold no brief for either Mr. Lloyd George or the Liberal Party, but I submit that the little Welshman cannot be held up as the target of abuse in this respect. I shall give my reasons for making that deliberate statement.

Many things have occurred since the eve of the Great War. It is true Mr. George made impassioned speeches about feudal tyranny in those days, that he attacked the iniquities of the landlord system, that he denounced land preserved as a wilderness for the purpose of sport. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lloyd George has not altered his opinion one iota in this regard, but a Liberal Land Committee has studied the problem for fourteen years, and it has discovered that everything Mr. Lloyd George said about the land was absolutely correct. Not merely has the Liberal Land Committee confirmed the judgment pronounced by Mr. Lloyd George, but it has promulgated a definite scheme for the reform of our national land system. Before dealing with that scheme from a totally impartial standpoint, I should like to state why the Liberal Land Policy will command greater respect than anticipated.

First of all, I should like to repeat that I am absolutely disinterested about the Liberal point of view. I prefer

to maintain a state of complete neutrality in politics. Like many other individuals, I am more concerned with the steady advancement of the nation, and as an Ulsterman without political bias I am particularly anxious, irrespective of parties, to see the vital reconstruction of England on some permanent basis.

I have studied the Liberal attitude with a good deal of sympathy and tolerance. The Liberal Party commands my homage at the moment because I see in it an absolute safeguard against Socialism. When we reflect upon the retrogressive influence of Socialism and Communism in our midst, and if we have a solitary spark of patriotism or intelligence in our composition, then we must make provision for any political party that will overthrow the danger of such a menace. And the more we study Socialism and Communism, in the abstract or in the concrete, the more convinced must we be that there is absolutely no distinction between either of these political theories. They represent nothing more and nothing less than complete Marxianism, with confiscation, wholesale murder, and a ruthless dictatorship as its chief essentials; therefore we should have no ambiguity about what a Labour Government means and is bound to mean.

It seems to me that Liberals command the political situation at present. They realise to an acute degree the danger of extremism and reaction, and they are prepared to advance a programme of constructive reform that is eminently sane and feasible. It is something more than that. I believe the Liberal Land Policy contains the elements of statesmanship. It represents definite steps of progress for the nation, and I am convinced it provides the panacea for many of our industrial and unemployment troubles. In other words, it is something more than a personal vendetta of Mr. Lloyd George against a feudal landlord system. It is a bold and deliberate scheme of legislation for the complete reform of our obsolete land laws. That scheme, as I have said, has been studied for fourteen years, and has now obtained the unanimous sanction of the Liberal Land Committee, and if it is presented to the electorate with any degree of intelligence and

lucid thought, then we cannot be surprised if it produces a mighty upheaval of Liberal opinion at the next General Election.

Not merely is the political pendulum swinging from Right to Left—not too far Left, but just Left—but Mr. Baldwin for months has been living from hand and mouth. I shall never call Mr. Baldwin a die-hard, for the simple reason that he has never been his own master since he stepped into power; but I regard him as the greatest political opportunist of the century, and in this degree of opportunism he has outstripped all the antics and subtleties of Mr. Lloyd George. In fact, if the Westminster spectacle was not so seriously grave, I am often inclined, as an Irishman, to look upon political events with a tremendous fund of humour. Take, for instance, the coal crisis. Mr. Baldwin was not the arbiter of that crisis. As I have said in a previous article, he proved the strong man of the moment, and he acted, indeed, with a consummate amount of statesmanship—particularly during the critical hours of the General Strike—but I have often felt certain that this was the last time Mr. Baldwin performed the *rôle* of a statesman. Had he been a Prime Minister of outstanding capacity and political forethought I believe he would have carried out many moves in the game that would have surprised Churchill himself. Instead of listening from all sides to contumely and abuse, Mr. Baldwin might have taken the advice of Mr. Garvin and put the Conservative die-hards in their proper place, but he preferred to remain the enigma and mystery of modern politics. He allowed things to drift where they liked in the industrial realm, and when the Trades Disputes Bill came along he gave it his sanction with a very undignified grace. Indeed, he probably shared the opinion of Sir Douglas Hogg that the Bill was an absolute fiasco of unintelligent draughtsmanship, that a one-clause Bill denouncing a General Strike would have been sufficient, and that the Bill was a hopeless conglomeration of legal ambiguities. Neither can he have been satisfied with the mess the Home Secretary made of the Arcos affair, for no statesman in his senses can

sanction all the commercial plums of Russia going to Germany, and no statesman could do other than differentiate between diplomatic candour and the activities of a Soviet underworld. Most people will agree that the ejection of the Reds was an imperative necessity, but sensible individuals are asking if Scotland Yard and our Secret Service did not find the Arcos affair an absolute blunder. At any rate, Mr. Baldwin has drifted from one political manœuvre to another. He has never shown himself once as the Prime Minister in command of an acutely difficult situation, and the result has been that Cabinet Ministers have carried on pretty much as they liked. There has been no deliberate resolve to secure reconstruction in a vital sense for the nation, and the talk about House of Lords reform has proved the anti-climax of a miserable Tory performance. So far as I can gather from the portents of Westminster, Conservatives have no scheme to present to the country beyond an enfeebled admission that Protection is their only remedy, and how they can reconcile a policy of Protection with the daily excess of imports over exports is a problem that will require the brains of a Welsh wizard to solve. Free Trade is not the true solvent either, but Free Trade plus a sane reform of our antiquated land laws may hold out some hope of England growing its own food and beating the foreigner at his own game!

This brings me at length to a critical examination of the Liberal Land Policy. I take first of all the question of land values and the taxation of our new arterial roads. I notice Judge Atherley-Jones has absolutely ignored this aspect of the land question, so I may be able to present him with a few entirely new facts. A new arterial road has recently been made outside Manchester, and the land adjoining has risen in agricultural value to £900 an acre, at which price some of it has actually been sold. Take another case. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu has stated that agricultural land through which new arterial roads pass rises in price from £30-£35 an acre to £200-£300 an acre. If that is correct, and I do not question the figures for one moment, then we are left guessing how many millions of

pounds have been added to the value of land by new roads recently constructed; but if we apply the figures given by Lord Montagu to 1,000 miles of road, we find that landlords have received a nice little present of eighty million pounds, which means £2 from every person living in the country, including even the baby in arms! In other words, the community has increased the value of the land, but the landlord has collared the profit. But if the increased values created by new arterial roads and other public improvements were used to pay for these developments, then no improvement would be held up for want of money. It is true, as Judge Atherley-Jones points out, that this is not direct revenue to the State, but it represents a big modification of rates to ratepayers which, in the last analysis, is a benefit to the State! Public improvements are being held up in England to-day because they cost so much, and because the price of land is so terribly expensive. New roads, parks, playing fields, the clearance of slums, and allotments—all these things add to the price of land, but it is reasonable to ask why the landlords should reap all the profit. I am told on good authority that not less than a million pounds a week is paid on these new arterial roads that traverse Great Britain, and we have every justification for being proud of them, for they are as smooth as a billiard table; but why should all the surplus profit go into the pockets of the landowners? Under the Liberal Land Policy local Councils will have power to put an end to this exploitation on the part of the landlord, and it will be carried out by a betterment tax on all increases in the value of land brought about by the expenditure of public money. Naturally this will mean a super-rate on top of the site-rate, but it will be as equally just as a super-tax in addition to the income-tax of wealthy people. If the super-tax is admittedly fair, then the super-rate will not be regarded as illogical or unjust. If this is not a step forward in the right direction, then I shall forgive Judge Atherley-Jones for everything he has said against the Liberal Land Policy.

But let us take the case of the leaseholder. This, to me, is another glaring example of the monopolistic landlord,

and apparently it is a procedure upon which the Conservatives continue to smile approval. We know, for instance, that a lease is for a term of years and that the interest of the leaseholder will gravitate round two points: (*a*) what may happen during the lease, and (*b*) what may happen when the lease comes to an end. If the lease happens to be for ninety-nine years, no leaseholder will care much what happens at the end of that period, unless he has managed to secure some gland for the preservation of life. But he will be vitally interested in what happens during the currency of the lease, and if the lease happens, as is very often the case, to be only for a short term of years (say for twenty-one years), then the problem of his lease is a matter of intimate and personal concern. He has no delusions that his lease is anything else but a contract, and he is quite aware that its terms cannot be altered without the consent of both parties. He is told in very plain language that nothing must be done to the property leased without the landlord's consent. It does not matter whether the alteration is an improvement, or whether it will greatly help the tenant to conduct his business, unless he can secure the immediate consent of the landlord the improvement dare not be carried out. What happens? Generally he finds that the landlord will consent on three conditions: (*a*) that the tenant shall pay him a sum of money (called a "fine") to be allowed to make the improvement; (*b*) that the tenant shall pay all the cost of making the improvement; and (*c*) the improvement, when made, shall be exclusively the property of the landlord. But when I come to examine the Liberal Land Policy I am very gratified to learn that a tenant, when he wishes to make any reasonable alteration during the life of a lease, can get permission to do so from a Leasehold Tribunal if his landlord refuses consent. Further, that no fine or increased rent shall be payable if the alteration does not injure the value of the landlord's reversion; and, finally, when the lease is for the ground on which a leaseholder's home stands, he shall have a right to buy the freehold at its fair market price if he wishes to do so. I understand this last reform is the policy known as Leasehold Enfranchisement, and I can perceive not the

least inkling of any such a suggestion in the land proposals advocated by the Conservative Party. Perhaps Judge Atherley-Jones will draw my attention to any such Tory reform? I find under the present obsolete land system that a landlord is under no necessity whatever to renew a lease, and, furthermore, he can and does appropriate all that the tenant has done to improve the value of the property. If it is the case of a successful shopkeeper who realises that the most important thing is the goodwill of the business he has built up, then under our existing land laws a landlord may get the goodwill and sell it at its full value to a new tenant. If these antiquated and antediluvian land Acts do not require revision and reform, then it is wellnigh time some of us became uncivilised hermits and removed to a desert island. Even the primeval savage had the chance of a fair fight, but nowadays a poor tenant has not even the liberty to protest!

Liberals maintain that when a lease expires the tenant shall only be called on to pay what the landlord has actually spent, and against that sum will be set the value of all improvements or saleable goodwill created by the tenant. In other words, Liberals suggest that there should be an element of justice in the matter, and that a landlord should be denied many of his obsolete monopoly privileges. It seems to me a sound argument, and I think it will appeal to the majority of agricultural voters at the next election. At any rate, I shall not be surprised if Mr. Lloyd George secures a very much larger percentage of votes than his estimated phalanx of eighty Liberal supporters.

Then I am obsessed with the humanistic side of the Liberal Land Scheme. As an intelligent democrat it appeals to me profoundly. I find that this Liberal land reform will forebode tremendous prosperity to the countryside, and automatically this will mean much that the average land-worker at present lacks. He will have a living wage and a cottage with a garden. He will be secure in the possession of that cottage; he will have at least half an acre of land for his own use if he wants it; and he will be able to secure a money loan on easy terms

if he wants to stock it and run it. Surely Judge Atherley-Jones will admit that this is a new vista for the agricultural labourer, and it is a promise which the Liberal Party can guarantee being fulfilled. No sane man will object to a County Agricultural Authority being set up to look after agricultural conditions, particularly when the land-worker is represented on that authority. The expenses of these representatives will be paid, and they will receive an allowance for loss of time. It will be elected by secret ballot, and everyone engaged in agriculture in the district will have a vote in its election. It will encourage village industries, organise transport and marketing, and generally stimulate the development of the countryside. To me, at least, that is the vision of a new horizon for every land-worker with his wife and child. No longer will he deplore that he is landless for life, no longer will he sigh and ache and seek every opportunity to get to the towns or Dominions. A real chance will be given to him in his own country. Now, what objection has Judge Atherley-Jones submitted concerning these County Agricultural Authorities? He has merely pointed out that it will mean a modicum of expense; but surely it is logical to assume that a countryside yearly increasing in prosperity will amply repay any deficit incurred in this respect? When the Liberal Land Scheme becomes law it will be found that the wage of the agricultural worker is made a first charge on the industry, and at last it will be a real living wage. If the rent of the farm on which a man is working is so high that the farmer cannot afford to pay a living wage, then he will be able to get his rent reduced by the amount required to enable him to pay that wage. In other words, the worker's wage, and not the farmer's rent, will come first. Next, the worker will have a decent cottage with a garden, not a cottage tied to a farm, unless it is actually on that particular farm, but a cottage in which, so long as he pays his rent, he will be safe from ejection. And if it is tied to a farm he will be entitled to a month's notice should he be required to leave it. Next, he will have a right by law to half an acre, as near his cottage as possible, at the same rent as it would be let to a farmer. If he doesn't want the

land, of course, he need not take it, but he will have the right to it, and if he shows that he can use it to advantage he can apply for more with a real prospect of getting it. If he is an experienced man and has a bit of money saved and is willing to risk it, then he will have a chance of getting a farm big enough to support him and his family straight away. Further, he will be able to obtain advances from the County Agricultural Authority to stock and run his holding. So, with a living wage, a home, an allotment or small holding of his own and credit with which to stock it, the land-worker will become at last a free man. The Liberal Land Policy is providing him with a ladder up which he will climb to independence. I am appalled if Judge Atherley-Jones can find anything but admiration for these excellent Liberal proposals, for there is nothing Socialistic or Communistic about the principles of this reform, the suggestions being merely the result of fourteen years' hard thought on the part of the Liberal Land Committee.

But the Liberal Land Policy is not concerned only with the land-worker. It is, as I have said, a national policy for the restoration of agriculture, which can only be brought about by the immediate drastic reform of our present land-holding system. The present leasehold and landlord system has hopelessly broken down. Liberals are seeking to replace it by something entirely different, a new system of sanity and statesmanship under which no one, neither landlord nor tenant, shall be allowed to hold land who does not cultivate it well for the benefit of the community.

If Judge Atherley-Jones is anxious for hard concrete facts concerning landlord exploitation, I can supply them with pleasure. If he makes an official inquiry, as I have done, he will discover that slum land in London has cost from £14,000 to £34,000 an acre as soon as it was wanted for decent houses to be built at the ratepayers' expense, and £80,000 was recently asked for a piece of land in the West End not much bigger than a suburban poultry run. Glasgow Corporation has recently paid £50,000 for 50 acres for a housing scheme, yet the owner had been paying

rates only on an annual value of £81 per year. According to this assessment the land at twenty-five years' purchase was worth about £2,000. This meant that the owner multiplied by twenty-five when he was asked to sell it to the very authority to whom he paid rates. Here we have a concrete illustration that for any given piece of vacant land in town or on its outskirts there are always two different values. These are:—

(1) The value represented by the assessment on which the landowner pays rates, and

(2) The price charged to Town Councils or private parties who want to use the land for industry or housing.

We can therefore see at a glance how heavily industrialists are handicapped by the extortionate price they must pay for every yard of land needed for factories and offices. And is the matter not very much worse when Public Authorities are mulcted of these prices when they require land for schools, playgrounds, or housing the homeless?

The Liberal Policy submits that there is to be one price, and one price only, for every piece of town land—that is, the estimated market price; and at that price the town will rate it, and at that price the town will buy it if it wants it for a housing scheme. Judge Atherley-Jones will hardly claim that any landlord has the right to more, because it is a square deal for the landlord as well as the town. It stands to reason that every plot of land can be valued apart from the buildings on it, and any statement to the contrary is simply antediluvian nonsense. As far as I can gather, the Liberal Policy will put a complete end to the present unfair system of land valuation. It will make provision for every urban site to be assessed for rates apart from the buildings on it, and every town will levy a fair proportion of its rates on those site values. That, to my mind at least, is an eminently logical proposition, and I am astounded that an individual like Judge Atherley-Jones cannot perceive the same truth.

Under the Liberal Land Programme there will be no confiscation, no robbery from the landlord, but land reform will be so arranged that the people, and not the landlord, will come first in the integral comity of British life.

## THE WORLD OF WALTER DE LA MARE

By R. H. COATS

THE publication, a year or so ago, of yet another volume of short stories by Mr. de la Mare tempts one to a fresh consideration of the genius of this delightful author. What is the secret of the spell which he casts over so many readers? It would be difficult to say in a few words. In some respects Mr. de la Mare is the simplest, the most self-revealing of writers. He is engagingly frank, intimate, communicative, a straightforward teller of tales for young and old. Yet no one can be more elusive than he or more disposed to self-withdrawal and silence and reserve. Doubtless these reticences are imposed upon him by the nature of the themes with which he deals. At the same time, it is to be noted that he is liberal in supplying his readers with clues to the proper understanding of his mind. A careful study of some of these may provide an interesting and profitable subject of enquiry.

It is evident, to begin with, that Mr. de la Mare believes that we exist in parallel and contrasted worlds, and that he is more at home in the stranger of the two. "What we see and hear," he says, "is only the smallest fraction of what is." After all, "the senses can only tell us what they are capable of being sensible of." Even in their own field they are not wholly to be trusted. What they report to us is inevitably coloured by the prejudices and desires of our own mind. "Fantasy plays strange tricks with our eyes"; and the real difficulty of sensuous perception, as even the Midget found out, is not so much the difficulty of facing the facts as that of getting the facts to face us. We each of us more or less *make* the world of reality which we interpret by the senses, and it is just this that constitutes "our blessed, our betrayed responsibility."

There remains, moreover, a vast and imperfectly explored region which lies beyond the ken of the senses



altogether. Perhaps that world is not wholly separated from the world of three-dimensional perception with which we are familiar; but it is quite distinct from it in character, and at least equal to it in reality. Indeed, the two mutually support and supplement each other. "Surely the light of the mind and that of the world without are in definite relation one to the other, and in a sense interdependent."

We are made freemen of this other world by the exercise of the imagination. To Mr. de la Mare imagination is no merely inventive faculty, an idle spinner of fantasies and fictions. Nor is it only a power we possess of creating capriciously, out of the elements of experience, new combinations of images which remove us ever further from the reality which gave them birth. On the contrary, imagination is "a supreme inward energy," which "creates and pierces to the inmost spirit and being of life, humanity and nature." It is that within us which "condenses prolonged experience into a moment of acute sensibility." So important is imagination that we are even told that then only do we begin to live when it is kindled to a flame. Its function is to seize intuitively upon the significant things of life and to apprehend their value; and it has a sovran authority in interpreting reality which is denied to the senses alone on the one hand, and to "the he-ass called Reason" on the other. As Mr. de la Mare succinctly puts it, the imagination "retains essences, not mere tinctures."

This godlike faculty is most actively awake in childhood. Children do not need to explain things, or to have things rationally explained to them. They understand them already in their own way. "Facts to them are the liveliest of chameleons. Between their dream and their reality looms no impassable abyss . . . They are contemplatives, who sink again and again out of the noise and fever of existence into a waking vision." This is largely because they are not yet tainted by the conventional sophistications of the grown-up world, but are eager to absorb the ancient wisdom of the race as it is enshrined in myth and folk-lore, nursery rhymes and jingles and fairy tales.

He who could be a poet, therefore, must retain or recover as much as he can of this early wisdom. Admittedly, "the

adult can only very fleetingly reoccupy the far-away consciousness of childhood." Certain fortunate persons, however, such as Wordsworth and R. L. Stevenson, have clung tenaciously to this inheritance and refused to let it go. Mr. de la Mare is of this shining company. He has carried into mature life his early love of fairies, elves, demigods, and all supernatural presences that haunt the woodlands as well as the winding passages of ancient houses. This is as much as to say that he has "kept innocence." His imagination is largely made up of tender memories of childhood, enriched but not warped by the experiences of later years. The vision splendid of early dawn has not been allowed to fade into the light of common day.

But if the poetic imagination is partly an infiltration from the memories of childhood, it is no less closely connected with the world of dreams. In them also the subconscious personality is released from intolerable bondage to time and sense and soars freely into spacious realms where it is at liberty to spread its wings. "Dreamers," says Mr. de la Mare, "may call themselves travellers." All dreams, indeed, are of the nature of desires. They express the longing of the soul to escape from the mockery of things actual and ephemeral, its pining home-sickness for that Never-never-land of peace from which we are here exiled. "My dreams," says the Midget in her *Memoirs*, "often commit me to a quiet and radiant life, as if of a reality less strange to me than that of waking."

Mr. de la Mare further recognises that, in addition to childlikeness of mind and a capacity for dreaminess and reverie, certain moral conditions are precedent to a full enjoyment of spiritual visions. If we are to become naturalised citizens of the other world it is needful that we should possess other-worldliness. "My God," he writes, "how we have debased and defiled even the fountains of our nature! What fools we humans are in our anxious restlessness of mind and body. Only still waters reflect the skies." Especially must the deeper pools of the spirit be kept unruffled by unbelief and the gusts of avarice. "Once you invite the spectre of money, or of

distrust, into your drowsy mind, not only sleep but the precious ghost that is in you at once decamps. The very hint of money is in some degree destructive of one's peace and poise of mind."

The world of imagination, then, presents us with life essentialised, and we enter it chiefly through the path of reminiscence, or the ivory gates of dream, when we are pure of heart. For this very reason it bears an aspect of beautiful and strange timelessness. The scenes to which Mr. de la Mare introduces us have, for the most part, a stillness, a remote quietude, an air of listening peace about them, as if they were held suspended by the lifting of a magician's wand, or seen in the light of golden summer afternoons. It is not that time either ambles or stands still in this region, but simply that its tyranny is left behind, and it ceases to count as a disturbing influence. "We talk of the *years* of childhood," Mr. de la Mare remarks, "centuries would be a better word." Elsewhere he says, "The hours of eternity are no longer than those of time."

This quality of being ageless in its own right, and throned above the floods of time and change, belongs to everything that is beautiful, however delicate and fragile and evanescent it may otherwise appear to be. Some of the most transitory graces of life, indeed, are just those which most awake in us the sense of the never-changing. In an exquisitely worded passage Mr. de la Mare speaks of "that air of lovely timelessness which decks the thorn and haunts for the half-woken sense the odour of the sweet-briar." He even goes further and assigns true permanence and immortality only to those ethereal things which are least substantial to the impressions of our senses. "It is, indeed, the unseen, the imagined, the untold-of, the fabulous, the forgotten, that alone lies safe from mortal moth and rust."

Inasmuch, therefore, as we have a timeless element in ourselves, we are readily attuned to the timelessness and peace of things eternal. Every reader of the remarkable story called *The Vats* must have been made to feel how easily the passing of many ages is nullified to the man of imagination. There is something within us which is coeval with the dinosaur, the megatherium, and the pterodactyl;

and we can enter, not as total strangers, into realms that have remained unvisited "for as many centuries as there are cherries in Damascus or beads in Terra del Fuego." No one can properly appreciate Mr. de la Mare who does not feel this. His ideal readers are those who are perfectly-well aware that at any moment, perhaps between sleeping and waking on a May morning, at the trilling of a robin or of a wren, we may find ourselves in Eden or in a region beyond the stars. The strange thing is that there we know we are forthwith *at home*, in a world that was made for us, as we ourselves were made for it from everlasting. We acclaim it as our birthright, with the instinctive natural recognition of a child setting out to gather daisies. Whenever we encounter ideal beauty it is only momentarily that we feel a sense of strangeness. What abides with us is rather a kind of incredible familiarity, a realised satisfaction, perfect serenity of soul at last.

Where all things transient to the changeless win,  
There waits the peace thy spirit dwelleth in.

A notable feature of Mr. de la Mare's imaginative world is its naturalness. Here are no seven-leagued boots, no magic carpet, no supernatural machinery of ghosts, goblins, or enchanted castles. There is no need for any of these things. Most of the tales begin on the humdrum level of ordinary, everyday circumstance, yet after a few paragraphs we feel we have been transported into a different region without having become aware when the border-line was crossed. This means that Mr. de la Mare has had his way with us; he has brought us into a state of consciousness which is indistinguishable from that of dream. The world of the supernatural, indeed, is never far away from any one of us. We are separated from it only by an attitude of mind. In order to enter it, all that we need is what Coleridge called that "willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith" and a disposition to guide our steps by some other luminary than the garish light of day.

How many miles to Babylon?  
Threescore and ten.  
Can I get there by candlelight?  
Ay: and back again.

If, then, we yield ourselves wholeheartedly to the enchantments of this wizard, whither will he lead us? To an old-fashioned, red-bricked house, very likely, with towers and dovecotes and surrounding yew trees, seen from above in a sleepy hollow, the westering sun gilding its lichen-covered belfries. Within that house will be tortuous passages and corkscrew stairways leading from one mysterious chamber to another, where the venturesome intruder holds his breath, and the flickering candle reveals strange picture-books, cabinets with secret drawers, fully rigged ships within glass bottles, and other such weird lumber. The house itself will be embosomed in a lovely garden, where hollyhocks grow, and jasmine, and wistaria, and cascades of red roses, with a pond for tadpoles not far away, and everywhere the perfume of sweet lavender, or the warm aromatic odour of decaying leaves. Close by will be a farmyard, all juicy and delectable with manure-heaps and geese and hens. Beyond, stretching away to the far horizon, will be miles upon miles of English meadowland, with cattle lazily swishing their tails in a cool stream and perhaps the gleam of a kingfisher flashing past with its resplendent wings.

The people who inhabit this fairy world are as fascinating as the scenes among which they move. There is the kindly nurse or aged family housekeeper who is caught napping over a book in the window-seat of some wainscoted, old-fashioned parlour on a sunny afternoon; the placid grandmother who warns a group of romping children that they must on no account touch a mysterious oak chest, lined with old-rose silk and smelling of pot-pourri, which rests in the attic of her rambling Georgian house; the boy who finds his father in the snow; the wizened old collector of antiques who sits among his treasures like a bird imprisoned in a cage; the cruel and carping aunt, of voracious appetite, whose chief delight is in torturing small nephews. But why continue further a list that would fill pages?

There is no need, then, to go far afield in search of that which will stir wonder and delight. The transfiguration of the familiar is imagination's characteristic work.

"Even the plainest and most commonplace object," says Mr. de la Mare, "is capable of a seemingly miraculous metamorphosis, given the moment of insight." Elsewhere he tells us of the threadbare texture of a plain blue dress which somehow becomes symbolic of "an indecipherable yet entralling message." In a world where all things are alive such marvels can be wrought with as much ease as the transformation scene in a Christmas pantomime. Everything depends on imaginative insight and the right point of view. Did not Rembrandt discern depths of loveliness in wrinkled old peasant faces where the ordinary observer would see nothing at all but insipid vacuity or senile decay?

Every reader of Mr. de la Mare's prose or poetry is acquainted with numberless instances in which an unearthly radiance is imparted to familiar things. The slow, searching motion of silver moonbeams in the silence of the night; the strange loveliness of earth when masked by a fall of snow; the beauty that may linger about a mossy, indecipherable gravestone, hidden away among swaying grasses, beneath its coverture of overarching yews—these are things which, once Mr. de la Mare has shown them to us, the grateful heart is never likely to forget.

It is the privilege of the imagination, however, not only to transfigure familiar things but also to range at will over worlds that are remote and strange. Here, too, Mr. de la Mare is perfectly at home. With superlative ease he visualises the fight of a snake with some bird of prey in the heart of the tropics, or watches the meeting of a languorous Eastern potentate with a loathsome leper in the depths of a lonely forest. It is nothing to him to imagine what princesses in Tartary or Arabia may be doing, or a company of dwarfs or apes on some lone island of the South Pacific. Having a true relish for the travels of Sir John Mandeville, Mr. de la Mare loves to toy with the rubies and amethysts of Mandalay, Guadalajara and Solikamsk, and to summon before him, with a gesture of delight, "the puma, pelican, Patagonian papalja, and pretty Poll."

It must not be supposed, however, that all is lovely and of good report in the imaginative realm to which he pene-

trates with so much courage. The other world, as Mr. de la Mare conceives it, is tenanted by the obscene, the sinister, and the grotesque no less than by the beautiful and kindly. If you press too far into that region you never know when some "monstrous porcine cacodemon" may come hoofing towards you out of unknown deeps. Much of this writing reminds us of the tales of Edgar Allan Poe, or the grisly shapes that look out on us from the drawings of S. H. Sime.

Mr. de la Mare has made a profound study of the sense of guilt and the fear that attends on guilt. It is a dreadful thing to be caught unexpectedly with stolen apples in your pocket, or to be suddenly confronted, in the silent recesses of a supposedly empty house which you have invaded, by a woman who holds a loaded revolver to your eyes. Our author is evidently well acquainted with "the terror that walketh by night." He has also an uncanny power of mingling the human and the fantastic and showing what it must be like to feel oneself a ghost and a man at the same time. He has shudderingly traversed and mapped out for us some of the most bleak and inhospitable tracts of the human mind. His pages provide us with minute psychological studies of a youth whose soul within him is jellied with paralysing fear at the thought of pulling a crimson-pleated bell-handle that dangles above his head; a man who has become firmly convinced that he is possessed, body and soul, by the ghost of a French Huguenot who committed suicide a century before; and a trembling old verger who struggles desperately with spectral terrors in the aisles of a lost cathedral shrouded in sea-borne mists on an abandoned coast.

Sometimes this feeling of disillusionment and despair takes appalling forms. What if the whole universe be a monstrous death-trap, a hideous masquerade, and the age-long upward strivings of humanity doomed to end at last in ghastly frustration and defeat? Frenzied apprehensions of this kind beset the minds of many of Mr. de la Mare's characters, and we are frequently taken right up to the brink of that yawning precipice of the mind beyond which madness lies. Yet in some cases full health is recovered by the homeliest means. One of the finest

of his stories tells of a woman who is obsessed by horrible nightmare visions of souls being shovelled away grossly to make up a festering muck-heap somewhere in the void, but who is ultimately restored to complete sanity and peace of mind by nothing more than the neighbouring farmyard companionship of a pile of ripe manure covered with sweet flowers.

What all these things may signify for the ultimate interpretation of the universe Mr. de la Mare does not attempt to say, and he suggests that we are wiser not to ask. The world is simple and beautiful enough to be enjoyed to the utmost, if only we will resist the temptation to explain it overmuch.

Leave this vain questioning. Is not sweet the rose?  
Sings not the wild bird ere to rest he goes?

After all we contrive to say about it, life remains an enigma. It "emanates from no discernible whence and vanishes out into no detectable whither." It may be, as one writer suggests, that Mr. de la Mare is trying to describe things for which human language is as yet inadequate, since they can only be apprehended in a glass darkly. Certainly he gives us the impression that he wishes us to believe in the real existence of a supernatural world which is more than the projected image of our own minds. "What are we all but the ghosts of something?" There must in this universe be abiding realities which so far are "only distantly dreamed of by the time-driven, thought-corroded congregations of man." We can only at present grope our way fumblingly among these mysteries, feeling ourselves to be trespassers and intruders, exposed to the scrutiny of unseen eyes, and having our movements watched by concealed "listeners," of whose existence we are mostly unaware.

In any case, we must go on groping, and, if we are hardy and courageous in our search, who knows what discoveries may yet be granted to us? "Illuminated by the imagination," says Mr. de la Mare, "our life—whatever its defeats and despairs—is a never-ending, unforeseen strangeness and adventure and mystery. This is the fountain of our faith and of our hope."

## SAAD PASHA ZAGHLUL

BY OWEN TWEEDY

It is an education to study how successive generations deal with the careers and reputations of the great dead. Read the obituaries of Napoleon published in the leading British journals of 1821. They reveal a patronising sympathy with one whom our perseverance had brought low, combined with a hysterical relief at the removal of a man who had scared England as no other had done since the days of Philip II and his Invincible Armada. And nearly twenty years later the headmaster of a "School for General Education," at 47, North Great George's Street, Dublin, presents to his head scholar, *ingenuo magnæque spei puero*, a life of Napoleon, accurate in its detail and vivid in its narrative. But though time had removed the fears of 1821, the book still bristles with epithets—"the tyrant of Europe," "the ravisher of liberties," "the traducer of solemn oaths." Thus was the boy of 1839, the potential grandfather, taught to regard Buonaparte, whom, two generations later, Rosebery and Ludwig were to present to the grandson as a great man even in his fall, a pioneer in an age which was too reactionary to appreciate him.

The shores of the Mediterranean have produced but three great men during the last fifty years; and the time has come to write of one of them in an obituary vein. All three, Mussolini, Mustafa Kemal and Saad Zaghlul, preached liberty and individual nationalism; each interpreted his mission in his own way; each recreated the country of his origin on new lines; and in the process each divided the students of contemporary history into hostile camps of criticism. Thus, in attempting to write of Saad Zaghlul within less than a month of his death, not only is the contemporary scribe faced with a task which ought properly not to be attempted for at least half a century, but he is further confronted with the more personal problem

raised by the necessity of declaring his colour. Zaghlul's life was either a success or a failure; if it was a success for him personally, was it a success which will react ultimately to the benefit or to the disadvantage of the country for which he worked?

Time alone will prove the value of his labours, and the trained historian will record a verdict; and a grandson of 1967 will either applaud or pity the hardness of a grandfather who in 1927 ventured to commit himself on paper to the view that Zaghlul's life was a success and in the best interests not only of Egypt itself but of Anglo-Egyptian relations in general. His campaign is recent history; from contemporary critics it earned for him hard words and a reputation in this country as a troublesome, unreliable, obstinate politician, with a highly dubious record. As such he became a household word in our insular country, in itself a very remarkable feat for an Egyptian. His death was a Press story; the recitation of his many inconsistencies covered many columns; he was appreciated with half praise for his honesty and endurance; but he was denied the attribute of constructive greatness.

The history of Egypt during the last fifty years is the history of Zaghlul. Throughout, Egyptian evolution has been subject to three distinct influences, one foreign and two indigenous. Zaghlul had constant contact with all three—the British Government; the Egyptian ruling, professional and landowning classes; and the Egyptian people, the masses. He belonged to the masses. He was of *fellah* stock, with the *fellah* outlook of his parents, his grandparents, and his great-grandparents before him. In middle life, however, and at a time when his personality was beginning to make itself felt in all quarters, a brilliant second marriage gave him the *entrée* into the select aristocratic circles which had grown up around the many Turkish, Armenian, Albanian and Circassian families, which, under successive rulers since the time of Mohammed Ali the Great, had drifted into the country. They had become Egyptian by absorption and rich by palace favour; and from their ranks had been recruited, with a regularity which gave them a practical monopoly, the great majority

of the executive officers who administered the country during the whole of the nineteenth century. It was in these—to him—exotic circles that Zaghlul, after his marriage, was to live and work. But, yeomanlike, he appreciated the value of delicate steps in the early stages of a career which he was already planning on ambitious lines. In 1882 he had shared and suffered for Arabi's dreams of Egyptian Nationalism; now he spied out the vast field of popular reform, pondering long where he could strike effectively and at the same time safely.

Of the three outstanding clashes of his pre-war career, two, whether by intention or by force of circumstance, brought him into open conflict with the Ruling House. Side by side with the enlightened Sheikh Mohammed Abdu and backed by the popular support which he already commanded, he forced a crying educational reform on the reactionary and antediluvian administration of El Azhar University, despite the opposition of the Khedive. His next collision with his Royal master was a direct challenge. With British and popular sympathy behind him he succeeded in wresting from the unsupervised charge of the Khedive the remunerative administration of the national Wakfs (Pious Foundations).

This second success had far-reaching national results, for it drove Zaghlul into the political wilderness where he was to remain for eleven years. In the face of the Khedive's mortification over his second defeat, Lord Kitchener could not prevent Zaghlul's dismissal from Ministerial office, and instead of reaping the fruits of his national victory, Zaghlul, deserted, as he felt himself, by the British, saw the government of the country relapse into the sole charge of the favoured and select clique of professional statesmen. He was thrown back among his own stock with naught of his official greatness left, except the position of Vice-President of the Egyptian Legislative Assembly, which up to the time of its suspension on the outbreak of War he had completely dominated. It was the highest popularly elected post in Egypt, and he could claim and, even in official retirement, enjoy the prestige of being the supreme representative of the masses, the

third and henceforward preponderating influence in the evolution of Egyptian Nationalism.

But it was isolation. And in this isolation he inevitably attracted to his person others outside the favoured pale, who, his inferiors in intellect and capacity, lapsed more and more under the domination of his personality, until finally he was enveloped in an atmosphere where he was only told what he wanted to hear and was supported in whatever flights of fancy he chose to indulge in. In this frame of mind he opened his active nationalist campaign in November, 1918. He had lost an ability and an inclination to listen when the argument was distasteful; instead of answering a case he would lecture those who put it to him; he had acquired Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate habit of conducting conversation as though he were addressing a public meeting. He couched his demands in language which constituted them an ultimatum to Great Britain, and all useful contact ceased with those who controlled the country, the Sultan, his Ministers, and the British Government. For four years he pointedly ignored his Sovereign, and although after 1923 he paid him the courtesy of official notice, he went so far after his futile negotiations with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in 1924 as to connive in Cairo at a public demonstration outside the Royal Palace, which was tantamount to a movement towards a republic. Simultaneously he relentlessly pursued those of his colleagues of other days who had been successful in obtaining British recognition of Egyptian independence, holding them up to his credulous followers as traitors to the Egyptian cause.

In searching for an explanation of his attitude towards those of his own countrymen, who in reality were no less patriotic than himself, it must be remembered that though he had worked with them in the past he had never been of them. They were of different stock; their outlook was different from his, their worldly attainments greater. They had a finesse, a cleverness and an adaptability which is not to be found or effectively cultivated in the nature of the *fellah*. His common sense and bluntness were ill-suited to refinements of speech where meanings were implied but never defined, and his powers of accommodation were

restricted by his relative inexperience of life outside Egypt. And when, without his co-operation and in the face of his open opposition, they compromised with the foreigner over the British Declaration of 1922, he professed himself confirmed in his opinion that they were little better than foreigners and fair Egyptian quarry.

Up to 1913 his nationalism had been practical, utilitarian and moderate; in his subsequent isolation he became possessed with the blind creed of the fanatic idealist that the end justified the means regardless of all other considerations. His campaign succeeded, but with his success he reaped the whirlwind he had sown. The year 1924 showed him at his worst, both as a statesman and as a demagogue; but it gave him a taste of the responsibilities of executive power, and awoke him to the stern international realities of independence. In 1926 he was returned to power with a majority greater even than that which he had enjoyed in 1924. But meanwhile he had mellowed. He sought out those who during his campaign he had pilloried as traitors, and welcomed their collaboration in dealing with the stranger within the gate.

Coalitions are always unstable, and at the outset of its career the present Egyptian Government was hailed as a peculiarly artificial combination. But it has survived despite the pessimists both in Egypt and in this country. We are onlookers in Egypt, not to interfere with her domestic affairs, but because of our Imperial interests. Such is the spirit of our policy. It has furthered Egyptian evolution to the stage of the present coalition because national evolution has the sympathy of our traditional outlook. And the new Egypt is slowly coming to realise the sincerity of our attitude. Those of us who live in the remoteness of this country should resist the temptation to dissect this new Egypt as though it were a phenomenon such as the world has never seen before. It is a young country; in a decade it has accomplished changes which other nations, in their evolution towards government by the consent of the governed, have taken centuries to realise. The present coalition has been a test of the stability of the new Egypt.

Zaghlul was the power behind the scenes; but he was not the bull which had wrecked the china shop in 1924. He set an example of industry, unparalleled in a country where industry is a physical as well as a mental effort. He stood as a pattern of integrity, dying as he had lived, a comparatively poor man in spite of opportunities which, even in our Western glasshouses, might have been regarded more as invitations than temptations. Finally, he gave the coalition the support of the masses, thus investing it with two characteristics hitherto simultaneously unknown in Egyptian Governments, that of being representative of the great majority of the people and not hostile to Great Britain. The power of his personality and the virility of his outlook fortified the greater perspicacity and readier accommodation which his erstwhile opponents introduced into the deliberations of State; and in the result there was a logic, a balance, and a thrust in their government, lacking in any previous combination. There were some glaring lapses, but the young country has refuted the pessimists and kept a course within the safety zone.

Zaghlul died reconciled with and respected by those with whom he had first worked productively, and later striven productively, in the interests of Egyptian Nationalism. With the British he had made a peace which he had welcomed. The third factor in the Egyptian equation, the masses, had never deserted him.

His relations with the masses were on a curious footing. He derived his strength from them: their reactions swayed his decisions profoundly. It would be an exaggeration to say he dominated them as Mustafa Kemal dominates the Turks. He elected to nurse them, and they followed his lead, while at the same time they influenced its direction. The strength of the combination was that they were two supplementary forces in a common cause, and they never failed each other. Through all Zaghlul's ups and downs, as kaleidoscopic and in many ways as romantic as those of the immortal Haji Baba of Ispahan, he held their affection sure. He was the first pure Egyptian to survive translation to highest eminence, and he survived by their loyalty. They were at their ease with him. He could cap their



village jokes and enter into the simple ceremonial of their lives as one of themselves. He had a homely but none the less gifted eloquence, with all the scholar's art of Koranic phrase to point an argument, and he was deeply religious. He knew them as none before in high places had ever tried to know them, and stood out as their man among governing classes which they associated with the bad old days of Ismail Pasha. He had earned their regard as their champion in his brushes with El Azhar and the Khedive. His dramatic deportations, the story of his two exiles with their reputed hardships, appealed to sentiment; and every Egyptian is highly sentimental. His triumphal returns had the glamour of resurrection. Never did his political opponents, charmed they never so wisely, alienate their affections. He became Prime Minister by their votes, and apparently despite the foreigner. They worshipped him.

It is a more delicate matter to probe Zaghlul's own feelings about his people. He realised the unique value of their support, and canvassed it from the outset; and, having won it, he used it as a national asset in his plans, and played on their credulity and loyalty to suit his own strategy. Other leaders in other countries have done the same; but history will surely condemn one aspect of his leadership between the years 1919 and 1925. No one would attempt to incriminate him personally in the outrages of that grim phase: most of them took place while he was outside Egypt. But for ends which were his own, he loosed a spirit of licence among a people whose credulity was boundless and whose instincts, when roused, would proceed to excess; and, having loosed it, he could not or, more probably, would not, control it. Twice only he spoke: in 1920 and 1922 he pronounced publicly against indiscriminate assassination which had broken out in Cairo. The campaigns ceased for the time being with portentous suddenness. He could and should have spoken again and often; he was silent, and history will judge him by his silence.

In the structure of Islam a divine arrangement delegates to each true believer throughout his life two celestial minions, who watch and report his doings daily to the

Almighty. But the evil deeds of a day are not at once recorded; the mortal is accorded time for remorse and redress, which can wipe out the memory of his error. Zaghlul was a devout Moslem. In 1926 he was a changed man. And in what was the last year of his life, ripe in age and experience, and with his thoughts more and more dwelling on other than worldly issues, he applied himself to the greatest service which he could render to the people he loved and who had served him so long and so loyally.

In 1924 the whole Egyptian nation, from the Cabinet Ministers down to the cultivators in the fields, had shown a disastrous lack of that essential to the well-being of every State, the sense of the *res publica*. In 1926 Zaghlul did not take Ministerial responsibility in the coalition which he sponsored, and was unanimously elected President of the Lower House of Parliament. He presided in a double capacity, as the Speaker of the House and as leader of the majority party which represented the majority vote of the people. He had learned in 1924; he taught in 1926. It was not a spectacular service. He did not undertake it for the *beaux yeux* of public opinion abroad. It earned him criticism from his own people, which he hated; it meant constant and unwavering application; he was very old and in failing health. But through two long sessions, often in stifling heat, with that combination of wit and severity which was so peculiarly his own, he corrected and controlled, impelling interest and regular attendance, chaffing irrelevance, tempering exuberance, encouraging initiative, silencing excess. The debates took on an atmosphere of decorum; rules of procedure were enforced; the business of State proceeded, and the Press reported everything to the people. There were lapses, but there was progress, and in two directions: within the Chamber was planted the seed of Parliamentary tradition; among the people was propagated a germ of interest in the legislative doings of their nominees. The old Egyptian conception of government as a personal and selfish pursuit for the benefit of those in authority has been shaken, and the electorate has begun to grasp the details of the structure known as government by the consent of the governed and in the

interest of the State. Zaghlul's last and greatest service to his country was the kindling in the Egyptian mentality of a spark of the sense of the *res publica*.

Zaghlul, in common with most Egyptians, looked on all Englishmen as politicians, and grouped them in two categories, London (the Foreign Office) and Cairo (the Residency). And he had that curious obsession, which is by no means restricted to Egyptian circles, that these two categories of his imagination were ever at loggerheads over Egyptian policy. Lord Allenby had championed Egyptian rights against the reaction of Whitehall; Lord Lloyd misrepresented the situation in Egypt to prejudice a Foreign Office which meanwhile had become quite friendly. "Egypt has the youngest Parliament in the world and is proud to look up to Westminster as its mother; but we don't understand Lord Lloyd in the rôle of our mother-in-law sitting on our doorstep to see what we do wrong next." That is the Egyptian side of the picture. There is also a British side. Lord Cromer spoiled the market for his successors. He had a virgin problem to attack, and attacked it brilliantly and successfully; but he did not solve it, nor was it virgin when his mission ended. Since his day successive British representatives have been embarrassed by what is known as the Cromerian tradition. "I remember when I came to Egypt in 1886 . . ." is the unfailing preamble to every criticism of a new High Commissioner. But a line of conduct, ideal in 1882, difficult in 1900, had become impossible after the War. Egypt has not been insensible to the social and political upheavals of the last forty years elsewhere in the world. It would be hard to find a more difficult and thankless post in any country than that of the British High Commissioner in Egypt.

British opinion in Egypt is as sharply divided on the issue of British policy in Egypt as is British opinion in this country on the subject of Free Trade. The two schools of thought argue violently—in Egypt an argument is always violent—both are utterly sincere. The outlook of the first can best be described in the words of a distin-

guished French prelate, a celebrated Oriental traveller: "This people yields nothing to reason and everything to fear." An anecdote will explain that of the second school of thought. A North Country miner had a son, and the son had a bull-pup. The boy had modern and liberal theories for the education of his pet. One day he found the pup's teeth embedded in his father, who was loudly eloquent at the animal's lack of perception and restraint. The boy regarded the scene with deep interest. "Don't hit him, governor; it'll be the making of the dog." Zaghlul naturally preferred the political creed of those who did not threaten the big stick; but, whatever their colour, whatever their professed opinions, he liked the British as men and admired their traditions, manners and principles. And he liked to be liked by them, and it was very easy to like him. He was amusing, quick at the uptake, charming as a guest, and excellent and efficient as a host. Before the War he had had a large circle of British friends, and latterly he had begun to make new acquaintances to replace others who had left the country after 1924. But his post-war peregrinations had tended to imbue him with something of the popular Latin conception that, behind every guileless and even stupid British exterior, there lurks unfathomable cunning. This obsession of his later years embarrassed intimacy on the old lines and discounted him as an asset towards Anglo-Egyptian agreement. His contributions towards a negotiated settlement of the problem had, up to 1925, been truculently die-hard. In the last year of his life he lapsed into amiable non-commitment. An effort towards constructive discussion would drive him on the defensive or spur him to chaffing attack; argument inspired criticism but no mood of compromise. There was more than one occasion when he could have compromised and sealed his fame; but in the last year of his life he was old and infirm and neither fit nor inclined to re-enter the fighting arena where, in his day, he had given and taken so many hard blows.

Viewed through Egyptian eyes the magnitude of Zaghlul's life-work is patent. He was the tireless impetus

which initiated Egyptian national independence. On those who succeed him rests the responsibility of making or marring a future which his efforts made possible.

The view that Zaghlul personally contributed to the betterment of Anglo-Egyptian relations is less obvious.

We met him and punished him for his participation in Arabi's unfortunate movement. He reappeared a moderate and constructive politician and statesman, and we supported him in his nationalist programme. His clash with the Khedive in 1913 drove him into the political wilderness. A year later the Khedive was deposed, but Zaghlul was left in isolation. Early in the War he would, had he been asked, have resumed ministerial responsibility, but another lesser man was chosen. Again, in 1918, when Allied victory had become certain, it is no secret now that he expected an invitation to join the Ministry, which he and many other prominent Egyptians believed was about to be strengthened prior to Anglo-Egyptian post-War negotiations around the British promises outlined in our declaration of the Protectorate in 1914. His hopes, of which we seem to have been strangely unaware, were real, and until they were definitely disappointed he refrained from joining the *Wafd* (delegation) which was then being formed by others to voice the national case, which he would have preferred to see handled officially. The early conduct of his campaign forced our hand; but his agitation produced the Milner Mission, and the Milner Mission inspired the British Declaration of 1922, which, however, only gave form to a policy that had been ours since the days of Sir Eldon Gorst. But Zaghlul had given that additional impetus to our, as well as to Egyptian, political evolution in the country, which forced us to take the time from Egypt instead of setting it ourselves. We resent being rushed, particularly when it can be represented that it is against our will. Furthermore, horrible outrages in Egypt had meanwhile greatly incensed British public opinion. Lord Allenby's action in 1922 was no sudden divergence from traditional British policy; but, undertaken when it was, it exposed him to criticism. Zaghlul's behaviour in 1924 gave critics, unfamiliar with

the conditions which had obtained in Egypt in 1922, ample material for attack. Zaghlul did Lord Allenby, personally, great wrong; but he did not harm Great Britain. Good has come out of 1924; it opened Egyptian eyes to the crying need to put their new house in order, and to the better path to further progress by way of British friendship.

By supporting the coalition and controlling Parliament Zaghlul did much in the last year of his life to point these two lessons, and he left Anglo-Egyptian relations on a healthier basis than they had rested on for twenty-five years. The basis is, perhaps, not that which many in this country would have chosen. The British position in Egypt has changed, but it has changed for the better, and in the spirit of the best British traditions—anomalies have disappeared; sources of friction have been eliminated—and it will change again, and again for the better. British interests in Egypt will be finally and satisfactorily safeguarded by the conclusion of the inevitable Anglo-Egyptian alliance.

Zaghlul was not destined to see its realisation, but he had played his part in its preparation. His *rôle* was often unsympathetic, at times repellent; but he carried it through with courage. He was an honest man, and in the last year of his life he was the Zaghlul whom we should never have allowed to drift into opposition. Great men are rare in Egypt, and at a given moment we disappointed one whom Cromer himself had singled out for the special sympathy of his successors.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AND THE RECENT LEEDS MEETING

BY JOHN B. C. KERSHAW, F.I.C., F.S.S.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science was founded by a small group of scientific men nearly one hundred years ago, and the inaugural meeting was held at York in September, 1831, in the rooms of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. Its objects, as stated in the reports of this first gathering, were

to give a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire with one another and with foreign philosophers; to obtain more general attention for the objects of science and the removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress.

The promoters of this new society, of whom Sir David Brewster and Professor Forbes were the leading spirits, were chiefly Scotsmen who had attained a high position in the world of science; but it is also a notable fact that in these early days the clergy of the Church of England took an important share in its organisation. The Rev. William Vernon Harcourt was its first honorary secretary; and the Rev. William Buckland, Canon of Christchurch and Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Oxford, the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, Professor of Geology in the University of Cambridge, and the Rev. Bartholomew Lloyd, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Dublin, occupied the presidential chair at the meetings held in these three cities respectively in the years 1832, 1833 and 1835. The Rev. William Vernon Harcourt, at the close of his period of office as general secretary, was also elected president of the meeting held at Birmingham in 1839; and another clergyman, namely, William Whewell, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, occupied the presidential chair at Plymouth in 1841. All of these clergymen were recognised leaders of science and were also Fellows of the Royal Society, and a whole article might be devoted, with advantage, to

a discussion of the causes and consequences of the changed relationship between the leaders of religious and scientific thought which has occurred since the Association was founded in 1831. It is certainly now exceptional to find a dignitary of the Church who is also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and, so far as the writer is aware, Dr. Barnes, the present Bishop of Birmingham, is the only one honoured with this distinction. The Church of England and the Nonconformist Churches would certainly have been stronger in influence to-day if their leaders, during the middle and closing years of the last century, had been as well qualified to lead scientific thought and enquiry as in the period when the Association was founded, and one of the many causes which is hindering the work of the Churches in this country at the present time is the definite breach between scientific and religious thought which occurred between 1860 and 1874.

The early meetings of the Association were held in the two university cities of Oxford and Cambridge and in the two provincial capitals of Edinburgh and Dublin, and, following these, all the more important provincial cities and towns were visited by the Association. The most successful meeting was that held at Manchester in the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign, when Sir Henry Roscoe, the distinguished chemist, occupied the presidential chair. An attendance of 3,838 was registered at this meeting, and a surplus of £1,511 was realised and devoted to the promotion of scientific research. It may be explained here that the amounts which can be spent in this way depend upon the attendance, and therefore fluctuate greatly from year to year, for it is only the surplus that remains after paying the expenses of each meeting that can be devoted to the maintenance of research. The aggregate amount, however, for the whole period of the Association's activity has totalled £91,000, and the aggregate attendance at the meetings has been 173,000, equal to an average at each meeting of nearly 2,000 persons.

In the year 1884 the executive committee of the Association realised the second of their aims, namely, "to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in

different parts of the British Empire," and for the first time a meeting was held in Montreal. Since that date the Association has held four of its meetings in one or other of our overseas possessions, a second meeting being held in Canada in 1887 and a South African meeting being held in 1905, while a third visit was paid to Canada in 1909 and a first visit to Australia in 1914. The members of the Association from this country who took part in the last-named meeting had considerable difficulty in returning home, owing to the outbreak of war in August of that year. These meetings in outlying portions of the British Empire have done much to increase the general interest in science in the countries visited, and have greatly encouraged those who are responsible for its teaching in the universities and high schools of our overseas possessions.

The Association has passed through many vicissitudes during its long life, and at more than one period in its history there have been critics who asserted that it had outlived its period of usefulness and had better retire with dignity before diminished attendances and declining interest caused an ignominious death. Since the end of the War, however, the Association had taken a new lease of life, helped, possibly, by certain reforms which have been introduced in its organisation and sectional proceedings, and the meeting held in Oxford last year, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, was one of the most successful in the long history of the gathering, and in attendance nearly equalled the record of Manchester in 1887.

Considering now the position of the Association at the present moment, with its centenary celebration near at hand, it may be stated that there is a remarkable similarity between the political and industrial external position as it existed in 1831 and as it exists in this country to-day. Then, as now, the nation was slowly recovering from the effects produced by a long and devastating period of warfare, and all classes in the country who were compelled to earn their living were suffering from the combined effects of high prices and scarcity of work. Sir David Brewster,

in an article published in the *Quarterly Review* in 1831, gave the following diagnosis of the position :

The return of the sword to its scabbard seems to have been the signal for one universal effort to recruit exhausted resources, to revive industry and civilisation, and to direct to their proper objects the genius and talent which war had either exhausted in its service or repressed in its desolations. In this rivalry of skill, England alone has hesitated to take a part. Elevated by her war-like triumphs, she seems to have looked with contempt on the less dazzling achievements of her philosophers, and, confiding in her past pre-eminence in the arts, to have calculated too securely on their permanence. Bribed by foreign gold, or flattered by foreign courtesy, her artisans have quitted her service, her machinery has been exported to distant markets; the inventions of her philosophers slighted at home have been eagerly introduced abroad; her scientific institutions have been eagerly discouraged and even abolished; the articles which she supplied to other States have been gradually manufactured by themselves; and one after another many of the best arts of England have been transferred to other nations.

Mr. Howarth, the General Secretary of the Association, in his interesting book upon its history published in 1922<sup>1</sup> has also discussed the social and industrial position at the date of its birth, and has stated that class patriotism at that period had taken the place of common patriotism, and the work of reconstruction in England after the War in some directions had lagged behind that of other countries. The hopes of betterment in the condition of the working classes were then centred in Parliamentary reform, and the struggle culminated in the passing of the Reform Act of 1832.

The working classes and their leaders to-day now look not to the vote, which they already possess, but to nationalisation of the land and of the mining and transport industries as the panacea for the ills from which they are at present suffering. But the general body of working men and their trade union leaders are still nearly as ignorant as in 1831 of physical science and of economics, and the necessity for educational work by an organisation such as the British Association is quite as urgent to-day as it was one hundred years ago. In spite of the tremendous progress which has been made in all branches of science during the last thirty years, there is still a surprising amount of ignorance in all ranks of society on scientific

(1) *The British Association: a Retrospect, 1831-1921.*

subjects, and no one can read the daily papers or the speeches of some of our politicians without coming across striking examples of this fact.

To take one or two illustrations only, why should Wales, which possesses the cleanest atmosphere of any portion of the British Isles, be cursed with the highest sickness and mortality rate from tuberculosis? The explanation is that those who have been responsible in the past for the type of education given in the Welsh Elementary Schools have neglected the teaching of the laws of health and hygiene, and in deference to the popular demand in Wales have given a literary rather than a scientific basis to the instruction. As a direct consequence of this the sanitary conditions of home life in many of the Welsh farms and cottages, especially in the country districts, are disgraceful, and while hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent upon the erection and maintenance of sanatoria for the treatment of consumptive patients, little attention is being given to the much more important subject of educating the population of the country in methods of prevention, and in thus stopping the supply of hundreds of more patients for these institutions.

Turning to another illustration, would the British trade union leaders pin their faith in these modern days to schemes of nationalisation, and would they have spent so much time during the last ten years in encouraging industrial unrest had they acquired a better knowledge of the laws of economics before venturing to pose as leaders of their fellow-men? How much suffering might have been avoided, not only for the working classes, but for the whole nation, if the labour leaders had discovered earlier by education rather than by experiment that "the class war in industry leads to a stagnation in wages, to a million or more of unemployed, and to the arrest of all social progress." This was Mr. Philip Snowden's summary of the present position, in a political speech delivered at Derby on March 28th, 1927, and the tragedy of it is that, in holding this opinion, he is probably far in advance of his fellow labour leaders, and that he has wasted half his lifetime before discovering *the truth*.

Sir Josiah Stamp, who is now our leading authority upon

industrial economics, in the course of a lecture delivered last year, made the following remarks upon this type of ignorance:

It is true we meet hundreds who confuse and confound every attempt at social betterment by their heartlessness and selfish materialism. But, equally, there are hundreds of people of finest possible spirit and interest, genuine warm-hearted enthusiasts, who cherish the most hopeless fallacies and wrong ideas on economic subjects; and are just as great a hindrance to real progress. If the moral conversion of the race is likely to be a slow task, so equally is the spread of clear ideas. A soul like a walnut, and a mind like a rag-bag, are the two enemies of all millennia.<sup>1</sup>

In view of these facts and opinions it is evident that the work of such an organisation as the British Association is as necessary now as in the early years of the last century, and that there is probably an even greater need to-day to obtain a more general recognition and application of scientific principles in the conduct of life and industry than one hundred years ago, for only in this way and *by hard work on the part of every member of the community* can our present difficulties be overcome and our industrial problems solved.

As stated in the introductory paragraphs of this article, the first meeting of the Association was held at York in 1831, and as only two meetings of the Association have been missed (in the War years 1917 and 1918), the gathering held at Leeds during the first week in September of the present year was the ninety-fifth of the series. The Leeds meeting will probably be remembered in the history of the Association for the presidential address delivered by that distinguished anthropologist, Professor Sir Arthur Keith, of London, on the subject of "Darwinism." There may be some who will regret that the President had chosen a subject for his address which revives memories of the bitter struggles that characterised the discussion of Darwin's theory of man's descent in the middle years of the last century. As Professor Sir Arthur Keith remarked, however, a great change has occurred in public opinion between the two periods of time. Sir Richard Owen, when he referred very briefly to the subject in his presidential

(1) *The Christian Ethic as an Economic Factor*. The Epworth Press, London.

address before the Association at Leeds in 1858, addressed an audience which accepted almost without a dissentient that man had appeared on this earth by a special act of creation, whereas he (Sir Arthur Keith) in 1927 was addressing an audience quite prepared to believe that man began his career as a humble animal, and had reached his present estate by the action and reaction of biological forces which are still at work within his body and brain.

Sir Arthur Keith's address, though comparatively short, was a masterly survey of the additional evidence which has been accumulated by geologists and other scientists since Darwin published the last of his books in 1872 containing the facts and evidence upon which his theory was based. According to Sir Arthur Keith, we are now able to fill many of the gaps which necessarily were left by Darwin in the evidence in support of this theory, and we have found it necessary to alter some details in his narrative of man's descent. The fundamentals of Darwin's outline of man's history, however, remain unshaken, and in Professor Keith's opinion the position of the theory is now *impregnable*.

Since Darwin's death in 1882 geologists have succeeded in tracing man by means of fossil remains and by stone implements backwards to a time which is distant from us at least two hundred thousand years, and may even be three times that length, for Dr. Dubois discovered ten years after Darwin's death the fossil remains of an ape-man in the strata laid down by a stream in Java during the latter part of the Pliocene period. All the evidence now supports the conclusion that man has arisen from an anthropoid ape no higher in scale than a chimpanzee, and that the date at which human lines of descent begin to diverge from anthropoid lines of descent lies near the beginning of the Miocene period of geological time. On the modest scale of reckoning time now employed by us, this gives to man the respectable antiquity of about one million years.

No further space can be devoted in this article to Professor Keith's address, but all thinking men and women are urged to obtain a copy and to study it for themselves, since it gives the best summarised statement of the position

of the theory of man's descent that has appeared for many years. It may be remarked here that the presidential address and the various sectional addresses delivered during the annual meeting of the British Association are now published in the form of a small handbook, under the title of *The Advancement of Science*, and can be purchased by the general public for the comparatively small sum of 6s. The various annual issues of this publication since the War provide the best review of the position in each branch of science and of recent progress that can be desired, for these addresses are in most cases written in a manner that is likely to interest the general public. The presidential address this year, by Professor Sir Arthur Keith, is an example of this method of treatment, for it can be read and enjoyed by any person of average education and intelligence, although it deals with a highly specialised branch of biological science.

The address delivered by Professor D. H. Macgregor before the section of the Association devoted to Economic Science will be found rather stiff reading after the presidential address. It dealt with the "Rationalisation of Industry," a most important subject at the present time, and it may be hoped that it will be studied closely by many of those who are responsible, either as the representatives of capital or labour, for the success and efficiency of our more important manufacturing industries at the present time. Professor Macgregor believes that rationalisation will help to solve some of our present labour troubles, for by enlarging the scale of industrial operations it will bring the capitalist form of organisation more into line with that of the modern type of trade union, which covers whole industries. It may also pave the way for some form of elective representation of the labour engaged in an industry upon the boards of management, and thus bridge over one of the gaps in our present system of industrial organisation.

Discussing the change that has occurred in public and economic opinion with regard to this enlargement of capitalist organisation, Professor Macgregor stated that it dates from the close of the War, and has been urged upon



the leaders of industry by the Reconstruction Committees on British Industries after the War, and by the Balfour Committee on Efficiency. The lead in this matter, however, came from Germany, and this explains why we have the ponderous title of "Rationalisation" to describe a change in organisation. According to Professor Macgregor rationalisation implies the right organisation of an industry, which should be considered as a type of government, the various producers being so related as to enable (1) works specialisation, (2) non-destructive elimination of the weak, and (3) control over the entrance of new establishments to be applied in any manufacturing industry. Pre-War Germany did not like trusts or combines, and for a time, at least, strong personal leadership seemed necessary after the War. This led to the conception of "rationalisation" as the highest form of scientific business management, and to the views expressed by the Balfour Committee, that if industry was to respond adequately to changing conditions it would require the exercise of very high qualities of imagination in its leaders.

In the closing paragraph of his address Professor Macgregor stated that rationalisation, which may be more simply termed industrial grouping and leadership, possibly may pave the way for a further step towards industrial peace, and may help to bridge the gap which exists in our present methods of carrying on negotiations during a dispute. When the issue which separates the two parties has been narrowed to its smallest dimensions, and there is still no agreement, the danger of a complete break might be averted if the trade unions were empowered to advance to their members either the whole or a part of the wages difference in question pending the result of arbitration, but subject to a guarantee of being refunded so much of their claim as the award sustained. This may be called a method of "continuation pay," and the coal subsidy was an example of this method of assuring continuance of work and pay while negotiations proceeded, but in this case the Government shouldered the burden without any chance of repayment. The higher organisation of industry covered by the term "rationalisation" should contribute,

however, to the wider application of this plan, since it would enable a more complete guarantee to be made from the side of the employers. The prospect of arranging for continuation pay during a dispute would become, therefore, much more easily realised, and the danger to the community of a complete stoppage would be considerably reduced.

Limits of space will not permit the writer to give detailed abstracts of the two very interesting addresses delivered in the sections devoted to Anthropology and to Educational Science by Professor F. G. Parsons and the Duchess of Atholl respectively. The subject of the first was the physical characteristics of the future type of Englishman, and Professor Parsons believes that if the present conditions persist the average height of the Englishman of the future will be 5ft. 9in., and of the women 5ft. 6in. or 5ft. 7in. As regards the shape of the head, there are unmistakable signs of an increase of its proportional height, with a decrease of its proportional length, and this increase of height is greater than has been found in any of the stocks from which the modern Englishman is derived. It cannot therefore be regarded as a "harking-back" to an ancestral form, but must be looked upon as an evolutionary process in harmony with the greatly changed conditions of life which have come about during the last century.

The Duchess of Atholl's address dealt with "The Broadening of the Outlook in Education," and was a strongly worded plea for schools of what are known now as the "central" type, in which children who are mentally unfitted for the education offered by the ordinary secondary school can be given the chance of developing their special abilities for handicrafts and manual work.

In her closing remarks the Duchess of Atholl emphasised the fact that the duty of the administrators of our educational system is to see that, so far as is reasonably possible, every child shall be given a chance of developing his or her special ability, and that full recognition is given to the indisputable fact, too often in the past ignored, that *the schools exist for the children and not the children for the schools.*

# REMY DE GOURMONT: A MODERN MAN OF LETTERS<sup>1</sup>

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

## I

REMY DE GOURMONT has no biography. He will never be a subject for the novelist critics who study an author's works only to imagine his life instead of examining his life in order to understand his works. He was not what is called "a great figure." His life can almost be told in a sentence: "He was born, he grew up, he read, he observed, he thought, he wrote, and he died." In the capital of the vainest nation of Europe he lived the life of a philosophical hermit, thereby proving that it is sometimes possible to avoid the notoriety and social engagements which other writers find so unpleasantly inevitable. Yet he was not a mere bookworm. He was an interested spectator and a critic of men and women. Perhaps he saw many curious and neglected aspects of the game of life because he was a spectator and not a player. His incapacity for action was as immense as his capacity for reflection. He found it necessary to think long before he acted, and the more he thought the less it seemed necessary to act at all. The only occupation—besides his life-long occupation of authorship—he ever indulged in was that of assistant librarian at the Bibliothèque Nationale. And he early contrived to lose even this gentle occupation by publishing an article which his superiors thought sufficiently unpatriotic to warrant his dismissal from an official post.

If we may judge from Gourmont's books, he must more than once have been seriously attracted by persons of the opposite sex. Yet he never married, and I doubt whether he formed those lighter alliances which occupy so much space in most biographies of authors. Here again thought deflected action. He was much more in-

terested in analysing his emotions than in the emotions themselves. When Gourmont fell in love his incapacity for action and his delight in analysing himself into immobility asserted themselves. I seem to behold him in my mind's eye returning hastily and in alarm to his book-ramparted fortress in the rue des Saints-Pères to arm himself fourfold against this dangerous seduction to embrace a life of action. His defence was peculiar to himself. Sometimes he would defend himself by composing an erotic novel where the characters are embodied ideas, where everything is discussed and nothing happens. Sometimes, if hard pressed, he wrote queer, quasi-philosophic love-letters, so remote from the soft charms of domesticity that they would repel the most predatory female. Beaten, apparently, to his last line of trenches, on one occasion he composed a highly technical biological treatise which he called *Physique de l'Amour*. He ought to have called it *A Physic for Love*, for I have never read anything more likely to chill the passion of the most ardent lover.

By these curious and complicated devices Gourmont avoided taking that step which inevitably condemns a man to a life of action in order to protect a woman and her children. I have made this explanation because, owing to the choice of translators and the depravity of man, Gourmont is chiefly known in this country as an erotic novelist. This is the least interesting side of his very complex literary personality. I do not say that Gourmont's erotic books are devoid of interest, but they are not chiefly interesting because of their eroticism. Gourmont's novels cannot be ignored, because they form a considerable fraction of his work; but they are interesting, not from their eroticism, but from their subtlety of analysis, their beauty of form and style, and, above all, from the multitude of ideas, many of them original, which he expresses. These works have obtained for Gourmont the reputation of being the usual Parisian man-about-town. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was a sort of lay-monk, an untensured Benedictine vowed to the service of literature. His passion was for ideas, his method critical and analytic.

(1) A paper read before the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society.

His theory of the dissociation of ideas—his most valuable contribution to thought—was a formulation of his delight in analysis. For Gourmont, sex was an idea, a formidable, gigantic, dangerous and, therefore, infinitely attractive idea, which he “dissociated” indefatigably at the different stages of his evolution as a philosopher.

I have used the word “philosopher” regretfully. Having deprived Gourmont of the dubious laurel-wreath of Petronius, I am not going to present him with the halo of Aristotle. I am not going to claim that he is highly important as a philosopher. But I must insist upon his complexity, upon the variety of his mind. He was both artist and philosopher, both poet and critic. He has left poems, novels, literary criticism, dialogues, and scientific essays; he was a sceptic who dabbled happily in mysticism and theology; a poet with an almost excessive respect for logic. This plenitude and versatility of mind make him so interesting. He was an encyclopædic man of letters, the Diderot of Symbolism. His mind was an exchange and mart of ideas. He possessed erudition almost as remote and useless as Robert Burton’s, and he was nearly as self-centred as Montaigne. Yet, like all the best minds of his generation, he strove with ardour and persistence to learn the best that had been thought and was being thought in Europe.

He has defined his own mind in a passage on that well-worn topic of Classic *versus* Romantic:

The Classic or traditional Latin considers life as a series of alternating states—indifferent, happy, sad, comic, tragic, or passionate. These states are balanced in him, efface one another, neutralise one another. He is always ready to pass from laughter to tears, from day-dreaming to meditation, from pleasure to business, from passion to gallantry. Everything balances in this fortunate nature, which is apt for all sensations and sentiments except one, *boredom*. “Boredom came to life one day from uniformity.” Notice the prodigious variety of Voltaire’s work, which goes from mathematics to mischief—he is a type of the Latin, the refined Latin, the Gallo-Roman.

The Romantic is the man who cannot vary either his sentiments or his ideas. He struggles always in the same direction, exhausts himself, becomes exasperated, bored, and falls into the pit of despair he has dug himself. He is the man with fixed ideas. Like the early Christian, the Romantic thinks only of himself and his eternal salvation, but he places eternity in his own lifetime, and transposes duration into intensity. He tries to

condense centuries into minutes, and wears himself out in the part of a blind Danaid. He pours floods of wine into a thimble, drinks, and is amazed to find that he has scarcely moistened his tongue. What a type of the Romantic is Chateaubriand’s René, who might have found so much amusement in life, and yet was so much bored by it! When a man tries to live of himself, on himself, and for himself, he is always bored. There is no pleasure except in others; all pleasure is social.

The antithesis is more interesting as psychology than as literary criticism. But Gourmont has ingeniously described two types of mind, which appear, and perhaps are, antithetical. The one sort of mind, which he calls Classic, always works outwards from itself; the other sort, which he calls Romantic, always plunges deeper and deeper into itself. The one is extensive, the other intensive. Now the remarkable thing about Gourmont’s mind is that it did not belong exclusively to either of these types, but to both. His mind was both extensive and intensive. He was both Romantic and Classic. If ever a man plunged into his own mind, brooded introspectively and knew the utter boredom of introspection, that man was Remy de Gourmont. Read his poems, the poetical prose of his *Pèlerin du Silence*, even his novels like the *Chevaux de Diomède*. There is a mind which has thought itself weary with introspection, a sensibility which has fed upon itself until it is exasperated to a more than Baudelairean boredom. Yet the same person, the same mind, found infinite entertainment in a variety of intellectual interests outside itself. The author of *Proses Moroses* and of perverse *Litanies of Love* composed an essay on the *Philosophy of Happiness* and wrote, among other things, two series of sprightly dialogues on current events. There is every reason, then, to insist on the complexity of this man’s mind; but it must not hastily be concluded that so much complexity implies nothing but incoherence, excessive instability, or a kind of intellectual hypocrisy.

Gourmont was gifted in many ways, but he had not the gift of selecting which of his gifts he would develop and which he would abandon. He was a mixture of a Romantic artist—poet and novelist—and an eighteenth-century *philosophe*. Perhaps, if he had resolutely stifled one of these halves of his dual self, the other might have

had room to grow more freely. Was he, one asks, like those over-greedy gardeners who refuse to thin out their crops, and consequently gather only a multitude of stunted plants which have mutually warred against each other? It is certain that even the most energetic mind gains by concentration, that intellectual curiosity when over-indulged ceases to be a virtue and becomes a vice. The bust, says Gautier, survives the city. Yes, but we need rebuilders of cities as much as fashioners of busts. We need interpreters of the "spirit of an age" as much as exclusive artists. By refusing to leave any part of his mind uncultivated, by using it in its totality, Gourmont attempted a great thing. He was, consciously or unconsciously, attempting to carry on French thought from the point it had reached—and that was a high point—at the time of the Revolution. Gourmont attempted to harmonise logical reason, experimental truth, and sentiment or "intuition." He tried to unite in the flow of one personality the various streams of French intellectual and artistic life. It was, at any rate, a rather splendid failure.

French thought and literature are not new things. The intellectual inheritance of a Frenchman is so large and so complicated that he runs a serious risk of being overcome by it. This, perhaps, is why so many young and some not so young writers both in France and elsewhere have made a virtue of ignorance, and wish to destroy all that has been painfully garnered during so many centuries. In his young days, Gourmont himself was infected by this Attis-worship. But his mind was candid and his curiosity acute; he could not help reading; having read, he was bound to admire, and he was always ready to admit that a small increase of knowledge had chastened in him that spirit of sweeping condemnation which is so often the spirit of ignorance.

## II.

I do not wish to claim or to seem to claim for Gourmont a position higher than that justified by his published works. I have called him a "modern man of letters," and only in that comparatively humble status do I desire to rank him.

I have tried to describe a sort of mind which, I believe, was a good type of mind produced by France in the second half of the nineteenth century. Gourmont was a distinct but not unique example of that type. He was not a great artist, not a great philosopher, not a great critic. As a literary artist he is not to be compared with Gustave Flaubert; as a personality, as scholar and man of science, he is vastly inferior to Ernest Renan; and as critic of literature and ideas, he comes behind Sainte-Beuve. He was one of France's most able and industrious journeymen of letters. But a literature is rich when it can afford to rank such writers among its journeymen. France has been fortunate in possessing many of these versatile interpreters; they are useful at all times, but especially important in a democracy. Let me give a practical demonstration: Twenty-five years ago France was agitated by wild and incoherent ideas of social Utopia, not unlike ourselves to-day. These ideas were riddled with criticism by Gourmont and others of his kind. Their arguments filtered from the special reviews to wider audiences and even to the Press; if a serious danger were averted, this was in part due to the superior journeymen of letters.

I have said that Gourmont was gifted in many ways, and yet I have been compelled to rank him only as a skilled journeyman. The explanation of this apparent paradox lies in the fact that he found his maturity very late, almost too late. Even a critic of ideas, even a very subtle-minded man, should begin to know himself and his mind soon after thirty. Gourmont was nearly forty when he published the *Livre des Masques*, the first book which showed his genuine capabilities. He was forty-five when he obtained full possession of his talent; and at fifty the best of his energy was spent. He wasted far too many years in mere fumbling, in the acquisition of abstruse learning while neglecting more important studies, and in the pursuit of a factitious and affected originality. I attribute this to a genuine spirit of contradiction in Gourmont himself and to the influence of Huysmans and Villiers de Lisle Adam.

It is good that both artist and critic should refuse to accept current values without examination, that they should resist the forces which always try to bend them to inferior service. But it is bad for either always to reject the opinion of a majority merely because it is a majority. Gourmont wilfully made himself "precious." He affected to prefer the Latin poets of the Middle Ages to the classics, not because he had made a profound study of Latin literature and had gradually come to make this startling reversal of judgment; but because it was a minority opinion, a fad of his friend, J. K. Huysmans. Huysmans was not a Latin scholar. He borrowed most of his information from a learned German. He had never read the authors he criticised so dogmatically. The young Gourmont was uncritical enough to be duped by Huysmans. He wasted much time in the vast folios of the Abbé Migne, and produced a commented anthology of mediæval Latin poetry, a book not without interest to an ordinary reader, but one which is passed over with silent contempt by scholars. This is an example of the over-prolonged immaturity of Gourmont's mind. He was too long extricating himself from this and other intellectual blind alleys.

Huysmans and Villiers were both disappointed men. Nothing is more unfortunate for a young and inexperienced author than a strong influence from older authors who have failed, either as men or as artists. One occasionally sees a writer of some promise ruined by an uncritical admiration and friendship for a disappointed senior who imbues the younger man with all his personal enmities, all his whims and fads, all his feelings of bitterness against the world. With the candour of youth, the young writer accepts discontented grumblings as sober facts; and, with the reckless generosity of youth, makes this lost cause his own. Something of the kind happened to Gourmont in his friendship for Huysmans and Villiers. If he had thrown off their influence before thirty no very great harm would have been done. But the influence lasted until he was nearly forty and, although he did

eventually conquer his independence and attain his own originality, he was damaged by a perhaps regrettable association.

From Huysmans, Gourmont acquired his youthful affectations of style and the querulous tone of his early criticism. No man, who has understood the lessons of humane letters, wishes to quarrel about them; and no man of spirit will allow himself to be sneered into admiring a novelty which does not please him. By adopting such methods the young Gourmont alienated sympathies from himself and from the cause he defended. What is admirable in him is that his good sense finally triumphed and that he learned at length to criticise as a man of letters, not as a querulous schoolboy.

From Villiers, Gourmont acquired many of his questionable early tastes in literature. Villiers was an unsuccessful author, with a good deal more talent than he was then allowed. But he was a bigot, a fantastic, and utterly uncritical in any good sense, though he continually found fault with most things. He initiated Gourmont into his own taste for flamboyant mysticism, his exaggerated application of the principles of subjective idealism, his admiration for the flowery portions of Poe's prose writings, and his hatred for all positive thought. As a result the young Gourmont accepted the opinions of a literary sect; when he thought he was defending a glorious new development of French literature. Much that one deplores in his work comes from this sectarian spirit. He was eventually saved from it by his intellectual curiosity, by his regard for truth, and, probably, by the energetic influence of Nietzsche. The theory of the transvaluation of values must have been very welcome to a man who delighted to find as many sides to a question as possible.

I do not mean to reject the whole of Gourmont's work before 1898, nor do I mean to imply that his attitude was completely insincere or that he abruptly changed. The Gourmont I now value is the mature Gourmont of *Promenades Philosophiques* and *Promenades Littéraires*, of the *Chemin de Velours*, of *La Culture des Idées*, and

of the *Dialogue des Amateurs*. The maturity of Gourmont really dates from the time when he at length learned the necessity for limitation, when he abandoned the hopeless ambition of knowing and experiencing everything. When he made that decision he tacitly gave his adhesion to the tradition of his race.

There is evolution in Gourmont's development and, vastly as he changed, there is no sudden break. Moreover, there was a basis of sincerity even in his affectations, by which I mean that they were at least consistent with his general attitude at the time. At most periods of his literary career he strove to harmonise logical reason, experimental truth, and the intuitions of sentiment. Not unnaturally one or the other predominated at various times, and at different periods of his life they meant very different things to him. Take a cross-section of his work in any epoch and you will find that in all its *genres* it is consistent. Similarly there is a sort of consistency in his work as a whole, though the consistency is complex. The general trend of his advance from one position to another can be traced, but he wandered by all the side paths instead of taking the direct road.

He moved from the acceptance of the extreme consequences of subjective idealism to a position where he could actually say that the essentials of philosophy were to be found in the French eighteenth century, and that the Germans from Kant to Schopenhauer had added only unnecessary metaphysical trimmings. That, it may be said, proves he was no philosopher. It certainly seems to prove that he was not much of a metaphysician. Possibly he accepted his subjective idealism on trust from Villiers and did not ever thoroughly comprehend it.

Let us look at him when he was the uncompromising subjective realist, when the universe was a creation of M. de Gourmont's consciousness. For him nothing existed except as he perceived it; consequently, nothing mattered to him except his perception. "A man knows only his own intelligence," wrote Gourmont in 1891, "only himself, the sole reality, his special and unique world . . . nothing

occurs outside the perceptive subject; all I think is real; the sole reality is thought." What is the result of this doctrine? Politically it leads to anarchy, and Gourmont then professed a sort of dilettante anarchism. It leads to a denial of the validity of science, for science assumes that there is something objective to be known. And Gourmont at that time spoke scornfully of science. In its place he entertained a vague mysticism, a vague religiosity. The only standard of criticism, either of literature or ideas, was his own subjective impression. Villiers was greater than Voltaire, Mallarmé superior to Molière, because Gourmont happened to "perceive" so at the moment of writing. Even writing itself was solely for his own satisfaction; it was a purely subjective entertainment. (Whether the publication was also purely subjective he did not stop to enquire.) Applied to creative literature the idea was also fertile. Poetry need have no meaning except for the poet himself, and consequently Gourmont crooned long and sometimes melodious "litanies" which have no particular meaning. The novel naturally could not reproduce a non-existent objective world, and so it became the cerebral adventures of M. de Gourmont. Small wonder he was bored. To appreciate his escape you must recollect that a large number of Gourmont's contemporaries remained permanently lost in the mist. Whether Gourmont ever disposed of his metaphysical problem I do not know. He made two or three fruitless attempts, and then decided, like Voltaire before him, that metaphysics are vain, "the art of reasoning about that which we do not know." At all events he abandoned his "precious" manner. Nietzsche or his own common sense shocked him out of his religiosity, which was never a spiritual conviction but merely an affectation of vestments, incense and plain-song. He became interested in biology and physics, in the study of grammar and philology; his essays making known recent discoveries, and his own ideas about them attracted attention. He ceased to be bored; he ceased to argue that his own small literary set held a monopoly of talent; he turned from Götteschalkus to Lucretius, from Hello to Renan, from Huysmans to Sainte-Beuve. He composed his

essay on the philosophy of happiness and planned that panegyric of the classic mind already quoted. The Voltairean who dwells somewhere in every Frenchman came to the surface. He was witty where formerly he had only sneered, and instead of a monstrous interest in his own "Perceptive Subject" he found interest in the intellectual life going on about him. In place of the "cerebral adventures" of his novel *Sixtine* he produced *Une Nuit au Luxembourg*, a pagan version of Christianity which would have made Voltaire's wig stand on end, and, except under the tolerance of the Third Republic, would have led either to prison or the stake. He earnestly defended the Jesuits on the paradoxical grounds that they were the least Christian of all Christians, and, which is still more remarkable, brought evidence to prove the point. If there is still excess here it comes from too ruthless a devotion to logical reason, a devotion only completely admirable in monks and scientific specialists. In life and in art, in politics and in morals, logical reason must be tempered by the intuitions of sentiment.

### III

Perhaps the most ambitious among his ideas are the theory of "the dissociation of ideas" and the idea of a "law of an intellectual constant." Neither of these is wholly original. For example, Keats played with the idea of a law of an intellectual constant in his letter to Rice, of the 25th March, 1818. Dissociation of ideas is a purely logical process. Probably it was suggested to Gourmont by his reading among mediæval schoolmen or, still more likely, by the Jesuit casuists. It is really a process of drawing subtle distinctions.

Gourmont expounds his theory of the dissociation of ideas as follows:

There are two ways of thinking. Either you accept ideas and associations of ideas as they are in general use, or, on your own account, you form new associations and, which is rarer, original dissociations of ideas. You imagine new relations between old ideas and old images; or you separate old ideas and old images united by tradition, examine them one by one, even if you reform them into an infinity of new combinations which may again be split up. In the field of facts and experiment these operations are limited by the resistance of matter and the law of physics;

in the purely intellectual field they must submit to logic; but since logic itself is an intellectual structure it is almost infinitely obliging.

Some associations of ideas are so durable that they appear eternal. They are usually called "commonplaces." A commonplace is something more and something less than a banality; it is a banality, but sometimes unavoidable; it is a banality, but so universally accepted that it is called a truth. Most truths which fly about the world may be considered as commonplaces—that is, associations of ideas common to a great many men, and such that hardly one of these men would dare to break intentionally. Man, in spite of his tendency towards mendacity, has a great respect for what he calls truth; truth is his travelling staff in life, commonplaces are the bread in his scrip, the wine in his bottle. Deprived of commonplaces, men would find themselves defenceless, helpless and without food. They need truths so much that they adopt new truths without abandoning old truths, and so the mind of a civilised man is a museum of contradictory truths.

A few analytical minds have attempted in vain to draw up an inventory of their contradictions; to each objection of reason sentiment immediately finds a good excuse, for sentiments, as M. Ribot has shown, are the strongest things in us, and represent permanence and continuity.

Man associates ideas not according to logic, according to verifiable exactitude, but according to his pleasure and his interest. And consequently many truths are nothing but prejudices.

What he means is that there are numbers of ideas floating about in people's minds, vague, general ideas, like the idea of justice, the idea of truth, the idea of honour, the idea of an idea, and so on. Unquestionably these ideas have a considerable influence on human conduct. By dissociating them Gourmont meant an attempt to analyse them into their true, not their conventional, elements. Let me give one brief example of this method in practice. Gourmont says:

The idea of liberty as presented to us by politicians is one of these incoherences. When we hear the word we hardly understand anything except political liberty, and yet it appears as if all the liberties a civilised man can enjoy are contained in this ambiguous expression. The pure idea of liberty is like the pure idea of justice; it can be of no use to us in the ordinary business of life. Neither man nor Nature is free, any more than man and Nature are just. Reasoning has no hold on such ideas. To express them is to assert them, but they would necessarily falsify every argument into which they were brought. Reduced to its social sense, the idea of liberty is still imperfectly dissociated; there is no general idea of it, and it is hard to form one, since the liberty of an individual is only exerted at the expense of the liberty of others. At one time liberty was called privilege, and that perhaps is its true name; even to-day, one of our relative liberties, the liberty of the Press, is a collection of privileges; the liberty of speech granted to advocates is also a privilege; so is the liberty of trade unions.



In the course of my duties as a servant of the Press I am frequently called upon to judge books and novels by young men and women—and old ones, too—which offer a distracted world the one and infallible recipe for salvation. These infallible recipes are surprisingly various. Lady novelists are usually in favour of Love, Love with a large “L” for the cosmos, and love with a small “l” for the erring but amiable hero. Others think that all will be well if only we can identify the “I” with the “not I.” Some advocate practical measures: the abolition of all machines, or the abolition of the Renaissance, or the destruction of libraries and professors, or the unlimited fabrication of paper credit. I have read a book which hinted that the world would be saved if only the great merchants of London and the North of England could be made to believe in fairy-tales; and the book was not written by a company promoter. Recently the word has gone forth that the world is to be saved by abolishing democracy and setting up a new autocracy. You and I and the rest of the herd are to be sternly reduced to our proper spheres of insignificance, while these paper autocrats revive the glories of the Pharaohs and the Ming dynasty. It needs no spirit from the vasty deep to tell us that all these alleged ideas are fudge. Still, a candid and guileless mind might have its doubts. To resolve them apply Gourmont’s method of dissociation. It is warranted to analyse almost any chimera into its original element of tepid air.

Gourmont says of Herbert Spencer:

The glory of Spencer is that he brought the idea of evolution into general philosophy. If he did not invent this idea, he clarified it, perhaps excessively, and gave it at least a very great dialectical value. It is an old idea, a primitive idea, the normal idea by which men naturally explain the present universe. Lamarck first gave it a concrete form; it is the basis of his zoological philosophy. Then Lyell contributed geology to it. Then came Spencer, who tried to bend to it the whole world of phenomena.

The philosophers before Socrates and Plato are quite clearly evolutionists. The recent notion that terrestrial fauna derive from marine fauna is advanced by Anaximander, who, moreover, enlarged the idea of evolution to include the sidereal world. Plato and the Christians destroyed Science, which had to be reconquered bit by bit by constant effort, perpetually hindered by theological despotism, which is even more dangerous, because of the mask of intellectual illusion it puts on to seduce simple and candid minds.

Spencer, then, links up across the centuries ancient and modern science. Had he realised this, his optimism would no doubt have dwindled to modest proportions, for, instead of thinking of progress as a straight line, he would have sent it passing into the future in chance curves which might just as easily lead to retrogression as to expansion. If his mind dwelt on these contradictions it was only for a moment. He lacked the courage to look the sphinx steadily in the eyes, to conceive a blind, indifferent, strictly material evolution, stripped of all sentimental, hedonist, progressivist and humanitarian frippery. He never rose to the height where the point of view is purely scientific; evolution must satisfy his heart, be beneficent, have as its object Man, his moralisation, his happiness. He dreamed in all seriousness of a happy race of men, simmering in the joy of life, like a weevil in flour. Herbert Spencer is even more responsible than Comte for the idea of a paradisaical finality, which men to-day dream of stupidly for a remote posterity, which doubtless will scorn their folly.

Here, as a conclusion, are two of his aphorisms:

Social revolutionaries make me think of a man whose piano is out of tune, who says: “Let us smash up this piano and throw its pieces in the fire; and then we’ll install an Æolian harp.”

Posterity is like a schoolboy condemned to learn a hundred lines of verse by heart. He remembers ten and stammers a few syllables of the rest. The ten lines are fame; the rest is literary history.

## THE LINHAY ON THE DOWNS

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

ON the high down above the sea, in the corner of the last rough grazing field, stands a linhay, half fallen into ruin. It is built of boles of spruce fir, unhewn but barked, and boarded with rough wooden boards. It has a roof of corrugated iron. The roof is intact, but many of the wooden boards have fallen with the rusted nails. Those boards remaining are green and damp, and shaggy with grey lichens.

The linhay had been built with its eastern end open for bullocks to shelter in stormy weather, but the gentleman farmer had sold the down with his other land after the Great War, and the new owner had let it fall ruinous. Battering winds and rain straight from off the Atlantic, and the hot sun of summer, had warped and rotted the boards and opened two other walls to the weather.

On windy days buzzard hawks lie over the down on crooked wings, watching for rabbits in the heather slope below; or turn and glide over the line of the hill. It is a beautiful and desolate place, where the spirit can spread itself wide and airy as the sea and the sky.

One morning I set out for the linhay with a companion. As we climbed the road to Windwhistle Cross the wind blew harder, and found cold places in our clothes. Past the spinney the way lay over fields, cutting across the broad and rushing gale. I was more hardened than my companion, who covered her face with her gloved hands and walked with bowed head. After a while we reached a wall of stone and earth, tunnelled by rabbits, and lying broken in gaps. The wind, seeking to level all things, was whipping up bits of stone and earth over the wall, and we had to shield our eyes. Plants growing on the crumbling riband of earth remaining on the top of the stones were pressed tightly down, guarding their leaves among the mosses from the stripping storms. White splashes marked the stones, where in still weather the buzzards had waited and watched for rabbits to lollop out of their buries.

We reached the ruined linhay and realised it would give no shelter for a fire, as in other expeditions. The hollow was frigid in shadow and scoured by the wind. The last stone wall before the heather and brambles of the wild seaward slope stood a few strides away, and behind this we sat down and rested. An easy matter to break the old boards with a fifty-pound slab of ironstone fallen from the wall, but not so easy to make a fire. Half a box of matches and chips sliced with a knife, however, changed the acrid smoke of deal-wood into flame, and the flame into red and black brittle embers, which wasted in sparks over the grass.

While we were munching our sandwiches in the sunshine my companion, who had been staring into the shadow-cut interior of the linhay ten yards away, asked me if I saw anything above a stone against the inner wall. Yes, I saw a pair of ears upraised, and a dark brown eye below them.

I stood up, and the ears went down flat; but the brown eye continued to watch. A rabbit was squatting there.

I sat down out of the wind, and soon afterwards the ears were raised again. The wind tore at the flames and rocked a loose stone on the wall behind us. It was blowing harder. We moved away, spreading a raincoat before a derelict plough which old grasses had partly covered. Seagulls, shifting and slanting in swift, uneven gliding, began to appear above our heads, first in pairs, and then in many numbers. The sunlight was put out, and it was instantly chilly. I got up and looked over the wall.

I saw a grand and terrible sight. The headland which lay out into the bay, dark and puny under the vastness of sky that seemed to begin just beyond my feet, was blurred and lost. Beyond, a mile or two from the extended sands below, where hundreds of gulls were standing still and tiny as scattered whitish seeds, all was chaos. It was as though the sky was falling, as though a monstrous spectre had risen out of the vast sea and was moving to overthrow the land.

We picked up our raincoats, gathered them back from the wind, and allowed ourselves to be billowed into the

linhay. The air-blows thudded against the boards of the intact side—the shippen was open west, south and east, except for the round support posts, gnawn with damp at the base, which remained upright. Wind rebounding from the single wall flung over us like a comber, dropping dust and straw-specks in our ears and the corners of our eyes. It was cold on the rough trodden floor, whereon lay flakes of frayed board and dried dung of bullocks. The slabs of stone lay against the wall, about six inches from the bottom board, and in the space the rabbit was crouching, its ears pressed on its shoulders, its life quivering behind the staring dark eyes.

The headland was gone; the sky was falling. Beyond the forming ridges of distant waves the sea seemed to be taking on a wrinkled dull grey skin, like molten lead in a trough; and as we watched, the falling blackness was riven, and in the rift a snout arose, and spread upwards into the shape of a funnel as it travelled over the surf to the shore. We saw the tiny white seeds sprout with wings, and settle on the sands again. The open linhay trembled, and we buttoned our coats to the neck.

A ladder was fixed to the middle post of one side of the linhay, leading to the tallat, or loft, through an open trap door seven feet above our heads. We climbed up, and were in an open space crossed by rafters under slanting corrugated iron sheets, lit at the seaward end by a window frame without glass. The floor was rotten in places. Wooden pegs of snares, some with tarnished brass-wire loops, were thrown in one corner, with a sack. The skull of a mouse, with brittle bones interlocked in greyish fur, lay on one beam, where an owl had roosted. I looked through a break in the floor; the rabbit was still beside the stone.

Wind-noises ran through the bleak tallat, coming in at the eaves, the floor cracks, the window frame stripped of putty and paint, where owls had perched. They filled the loft, like the hollow and curious voices of straying things, never of the earth or its life. The light drained from the rafters, the floor, each other's face. The plaining voices were lost in the buffets on the iron roof. The skull of the mouse rolled on the beam, and the bones fell aslant, join-

ing a trickle of broken straws along the floor. My companion wrapped her coat closer round her legs. I peered through an empty square of the window, and saw greyness rushing up the heather slope of the down. I saw the fire by the wall, already gutted of embers, kicked as though by an invisible foot. The charred lengths of board, flecked with yellow and red points of flame, rose up and flew yards, and fell flat, smoking violently in the grass.

The voices wailed and shrieked, seeming to dissolve the substance of the tallat in a pallor of darkness. Straw specks and mice bones whirled on the floor, suddenly to rise up and scatter. The linhay was shuddering in the wind. Would the inner core of its uprights hold in the storm? I trod a careful way to the trap-door, and the wind threw up the wide skirt of the raincoat into my face.

We waited, our backs to the screaming draughts racing up the corrugations of the iron roof. Suddenly a hatch in the walled angle above the trap-door burst its wooden latch and flung half open, before wedging against the floor, and shaking on the ragged grass background of the field below. An amazing object moved slowly across the grassy rectangle cut by the lichen-frayed door! My companion also saw it and clutched my arm.

The object moved on three thin legs, with a hop that threw its head up and down with a roll and a flop. It paused, got its hind legs under it, and took another hop forward, dragging something on the ground. Each forward movement, which needed about five seconds to prepare, took it perhaps six inches nearer shelter. By its head and tail it was a fox—but was it a fox? The tail hung like a piece of old rope, the small head was almost without hair, the ribs showed under creases of skin muddy and stuck with tufts, through which the sharp points of shoulders and hips seemed about to break with the weight of the swelled body. I had just turned my glass into focus and seen that it was a vixen dragging the chain and iron peg of a rusty rabbit gin clamped on its foreleg when the first hail smote the roof with an immense clattering crash, and the linhay rocked with the hollow thunder of the wind. I feared it would turn over, crumple, and be carried

through the stone wall immediately behind. The field space below the door was a grey blank; the day was torn up and hurtling past us. Jets of icy air were driven through the floor and up between body and clothes. The sack slid over the green and rotting floorboards, reached the square of the trap-door, jumped to the rafters, on which it moulded itself before falling. It was snatched through the hatch. I yelled in my companion's ear that it would be best to stand by that hatch, to jump clear when the linhay should buckle and rise. I took her by the hand, cold as stone, and guided her along one of the joists lest the floor break under our shoes.

We had reached the eastern end when the black of the storm fell on the down. Immediately we were under a torrent. I saw alarm with the misery in the dim face beside mine. The linhay was lurching under the falling flood. Skits blown in from the open window tasted salt on my lips. And the sea was a mile away, at the end of a downward slant of fifteen degrees! It must have been a waterspout we saw rising in the rift.

The earth under the linhay was awash. The water ran in wrinkled sheets prickled with rain. I could see nothing of fox or rabbit. The smashing of wood for the fire had given me warmth, but this warmth was used and gone after five more minutes in the tallat. My companion was rigid, as though being enclosed in an icicle; her teeth chattered. The wind pushed thorns under our nails and in our jawbones, and drew its brambles down our ears and cheeks. Our toes were broken in glacial gins.

There was no grandeur in the elements now; imagination was disharmonised from the sun. Nature was indifferent to the sufferings of all life. I could bear the screeching icy jets with fortitude, but my companion suffered, having no dolorous background in memory to make the present ineffectual. In that background for me were days and nights in water and clay sludge to the waist, with death above the leafless winter hedge shot stooping-high; days and nights without sleep, weeks and months without hope, without liberty—life with neither present nor future, worse than death, for death was release—life more terrible than being in a gin, for God has blessed Man

with the power to reason, and I knew that if I sought release, and failed, or escaped from killing men I did not hate, nor had ever seen before, I would be caught and shot before sunrise in peacetime clothes, with a bandage over my eyes and a white paper mark pinned opposite my heart still joined in spirit to the mother who bore me in pain and after-joy, and my name and my regiment would be read out on three successive parades to every soldier in the British Army in that alien country. Those memories of 1914, and later ones far, far worse, made a background in endurance for the human spirit that had suffered and survived them. The pain as of thorns pushed under finger nails was nothing—it would pass.

The linhay withstood the storm, as it had others, held by the stout cores of its upright posts. The day began to grow again in the glacial twilight of the loft. Old boards grew swiftly green, the battering on the roof suddenly ceased with a few lingering taps against the iron sheets. Drops falling by the empty squares of the window were white, they glittered!—and blue and white sea and sky were beyond.

Kneeling down and moving my face to a crack between the floorboards I looked for rabbit and fox. Sight was limited, so I crawled stiffly (sometimes blowing through my half-clenched hands for warmth) to the trap, and peered over. The floor of the shippen was like the Salient in the winter of 1917, seen from a low-flying aeroplane. Hoof-holes, shapeless and trodden into one another, were filled with water to their broken edges. Wind wrinkled the sky-gleams by the posts. Against the inner wall the vixen sat, on one of the slabs of ironstone. Her back and neck were curved like a snail-shell, and her nose touched the mud. She was shivering with every breath. The foot of the broken foreleg and the gin that gripped it were in the mud. Beside her on the other slab, about eighteen inches away, sat the rabbit. It looked about it with the relaxed movements and expression of an animal at ease. I had heard of timid and preying animals sheltering together innocently during a storm, but this was the only time I had witnessed such a pleasing sight.

A sound from above, from my companion, made vixen

and rabbit look up together. We kept still and they relaxed. I saw the vixen turn her mangy head towards the rabbit, which continued to nibble its forepaw. The narrow head began to droop, and a voice above me begged to be allowed to get down. I had forgotten those bluish hands, rough with chilblains. The field was a brilliant green, and steaming in the hot rays of the sun.

As I climbed down the ladder I saw, from the tail of my eye, the rabbit in a series of splashes crossing to the grass beyond the round posts. It disappeared. The vixen had risen on the stone; her mouth was open, showing her teeth. She stood on three legs placed close together, swaying to keep balance, her brush pressed against the wall. She tried to stay herself with her broken leg, but it gave no support, and each time she nearly tipped into the mud.

There used to live in the village an old trapper who nearly died of the effects of a fox's bite, which festered and made his hand swell, and his joints painful with inner corruption. This animal must have been feeding on slugs, beetles, and carrion left by magpies and buzzards—rats thrown out of gins in cornfields, broken carcasses of rabbits—and its teeth were probably more dirty than those of a healthy fox. How else had it survived, limping for weeks, or months (long before clicketing time, perhaps), dragging the gin clanking on every stone, and rattling on the hard ground? I was afraid of its bite, having seen some years before a fox dead in a gin with lock-jaw. Better to kill it and so put myself out of my misery, for it was a woeful sight; and although the poor beast might have been used to its slow and crippled ways, there were the cubs soon to be born. Better to knock the vixen on the nose with my stick and bury her under a heap of stones.

My companion and I ran over the grass in the wind and the sunshine, swinging our arms and laughing at each other with the pain in toes and fingers. We had a warm, dry cottage in the valley over the down, a garden filled with vegetables, fruit trees, stores of apples, potatoes, and wood for firing; shelves of books to read, clothes to wear, and flowers to tend in the coming spring and summer; we

had a merry little babe with six teeth, who watched the rooks flying over the roof with sticks for their nests, and shouted "Dukaduk!" to them. So when we were warm again we returned with the sack to the linhay, and, putting it over the head of the vixen, held her easily in her weak struggles, carried her into the field, trod on the steel spring to open the creaking iron jaws of the gin, and lifted out the paw. An easy matter to snick with a knife the frayed tendrons, and to bind the stump with my tie, securing it with string. Then the sack was pulled away, rolling over the vixen. She kicked and scrambled on her three and a half feet and faced us, snarling, with arched back and ears laid flat. I tapped the gin beside her with my stick, and she snapped at it. Pushing the end through the spring I drew it away; she lifted the stump and made the other foreleg rigid, as though to resist. Slowly we walked backwards, drawing the gin over the wet grass. She whined, holding out a quivering stump. Five yards, ten yards, twenty yards—slowly we drew away from her, while she watched with raised ears and shifting feet.

We stood still. She rose and hobbled away, as though still dragging the iron. We watched her to the grass-tied plough under the wall. Here she smelt food, and down went her nose, searching for scraps of bread and boiled bacon left by us for the birds. We saw her rolling on her back in the sunlight before she disappeared through the gateway to the slope of furze and heather.

When next we walked to the linhay, we saw the first swallows flitting over the seaward slope of the down. A trapper called to us from the bank, stopping his work to tell us of what he thought was a very strange thing. That morning, visiting his rabbit gins in the sandhills below, he had seen the prints of a limping fox, the marks of scurry round the gin it had sprung, and the trail leading away. How the bit of raggedy stuff had got in the gin he couldn't think. Had he got it? No, he had drowed it away, not thinking much of it at the time; 'twas a bit of old raggedy black stuff, with yaller stripes on 'n. Aiy, like a wasp!

I knew that regimental tie.

## UNKNOWN LONDON

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

THOSE who compare London with Continental capitals seem to forget that there is really no ground for such an analogy at all. Here and there may be found spots which have a kind of superficial similarity with places in Paris or Vienna or Amsterdam; we may, for instance, say that The Mall is a poor thing when set against the Champs Elysées, or that Hyde Park cannot be matched, is not even approached, by the Bois or the Prater; or that the ornamental water in St. James's Park has an extent and beauty beyond all comparison with the lakes to be found here and there in other European centres. But to contrast London with any other capital in the world is absurd for one very adequate reason: London has long ceased to be a city and has become a county. Indeed, so vast is it, and so manifold its ramifications, that even to realise it in its entirety is impossible. You may, by poring over a map, obtain a hazy idea of its immensity; but even then it is difficult to say where in any direction its boundaries are; and with the exception of the officials of the London County Council I doubt if anyone could state with perfect assurance where the City ends and the suburbs begin.

For, consider; if we go west, although we are confronted by the river at Hammersmith, which might certainly be regarded as a natural limit in that direction, we find the high road carrying us away to Chiswick, which many people seem to consider now as being as much an outlying portion of the metropolis as, say, Knightsbridge was a century ago. In the north Golders Green might well be supposed to be (in every sense) the end of our peregrinations among the northern heights, but then there is Finchley beyond, and Hornsey; and Edmonton in the east and Edgware in the west. Then Sydenham and the Norwoods and Tooting and Streatham in the south would all consider themselves part and parcel of the mighty organism—outlying parts but still integral ones; while

in the east, so uncertain is this boundary question that Leyton's postal address is alternatively Essex, or London, E.14.

Now, although London is so vast as to extend for miles in each direction from its centre, there is a portion of it within a stone's throw of this centre which is practically a *terra incognita* to all save those who carry on business there or live there. I do not mean, of course, that there are not thousands who are intimately acquainted with this part of the City. The innumerable rows of houses which radiate away from special centres in it are a sufficient proof that this is so; but what I do affirm is that the dweller in Mayfair or Kensington who is not unacquainted with Hampstead, and has even heard of Whitechapel, would be hard put to it to say whereabouts exactly Stockwell was, or Bermondsey, or in what relation Walworth stood to Kennington or Brockley to Peckham Rye.

For it is this south side of the Thames as it flows through London, which I indicate as the undiscovered country of so many Londoners; and whose interesting history and, here and there, still existing ancient landmarks, are unknown to those who are familiar enough with the better-recognised features on the north bank of the river.

The fact is a great city, though a dirty one, has long since grown up here, swallowing fine houses with their ample grounds, covering vast open spaces and their greenery, and overlaying, with accumulated bricks and mortar, during what in a city's lifetime may be regarded as but a relatively short space, what was an essentially rural and unsophisticated area.

Now it is quite evident that building development on the squalid lines which we find in this quarter, and in a part so close to London's centre, would not have taken place had our forbears created an embankment on the south as they did on the north bank. Indeed, this lack of fine structures and adequate architectural features, but still more of a homogeneity in the construction of smaller buildings and the alignment of subsidiary streets, may be largely traced to a determined disregard of the opportunities afforded by a long river frontage. As, of course, it

was necessary to have adequate thoroughfares through this quarter, in order to link up London with the south, we find, indeed, wide streets, such as the Waterloo Bridge Road, the Blackfriars Road, the Old Kent Road, and Walworth Road, to mention but these, running through an area whose dwellings, as seen by the traveller from Waterloo and Charing Cross and London Bridge, are sordid and dreary to a degree, so dreary and sordid, indeed, that the manifold historic and literary associations connected with it have come to be disregarded or forgotten; and it is difficult to visualise, under its present guise, this part of our city as being that which most closely links itself on to the outstanding era in our literary history, and as that where in olden times the Londoners chiefly sought and found those amusements with which they diverted themselves either in the theatres or in the open fields. If there is one place-name which springs to the mind in connection with Chaucer and Shakespeare it is Southwark; if there is one outstanding ecclesiastical centre of those far-off days which was rich and notable it was Bermondsey Abbey; if there has come down to us the memory of innumerable pleasure-haunts in London, many of the most notable of them were here—from the Paris Garden of Elizabethan days to the Cuper's Gardens of Georgian times, and the Vauxhall, whose activities ranged over so long a period that what was known as a resort to the earlier Georgians can be remembered by some who are still living. Here survived, too, many of those picturesque taverns whose very names are able to conjure up the remote past: the "Tabard," where the Canterbury Pilgrims forgathered; "The King's Head" and "The George" (a portion of whose galleried yard is the last survival of this once familiar adjunct), "The Queen's Head," and "The White Hart" where Mr. Pickwick first met Sam Weller; and, by the way, it is a tremendous thought that if "The White Hart" had never existed Sam Weller might never have entered Mr. Pickwick's service, and that great middle-class epic which chronicles their doings and sayings—the most famous secular book in the world—need, for all practical purposes, not have been written.

Even the prisons which once congregated in these parts

—the Lyon Prison and the King's Bench and the Marshalsea—have somehow shed their baneful memories by becoming *molifs* in the work of our national novelist; while the great open space known as St. George's Fields (it is long since there were fields here) takes on an historic air by association with the Gordon Rioters and an ecclesiastical one as being the spot where the eloquence of Wesley and Whitfield was so often triumphant.

There is little doubt, too, that if London could be laid bare there would be found in Southwark the remains of those Roman villas which the invaders are known to have built in this part. Many discoveries of Roman remains, as it is, have been made here, and it is even said that when Southwark Street was formed evidences were shown of the one-time existence of houses built on piles, on lines similar to those of the lake-dwellings of the aborigines.

Here and there may be found in these quarters great buildings of a later date—like Guy's Hospital, of the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Bethlehem Hospital, of the beginning of the nineteenth—but they were put there, as it were, to be out of the way; and even in 1721, when the former was founded, this south side of London was regarded as a refuge for the destitute, as apparently it has been ever since. In earlier times, however, this was not the case. Then it had its theatres, not one or two like the Cobourg (now the "Old Vic" of notable memories and a splendid present) and the Surrey, but a whole nest of them—The Globe and The Rose, The Swan and The Hope, which divided their popularity with The Theatre and The Curtain, on the northern shore. Later, its Vauxhall rivalled Chelsea's Ranelagh, and lasted longer; its great ecclesiastical buildings equalled those on the other side of the river, as did its sumptuous palaces—Suffolk Place, and the rest. Over its area were spread innumerable tea-gardens and such-like resorts, from Cuper's Gardens to Marble Hall in one direction, and to Bermondsey Spa and St. Helen's Gardens in another. Lambeth had its wells as had Hampstead, and Finch's Grotto (where Southwark Street now runs) more than equalled Dobney's Grotto in the Pentonville Road.



Indeed, when we had only two or three bridges all this southern area was much more visited than now when we have numbers. I have traced one reason for its neglect to the fact that its river frontage has never been properly developed; and it might reasonably be asked how, this being so, it happened that the popularity of this quarter for residential purposes and for centres of amusement was so great at a time when still no embankment gave it a *cachet*, and when one had not the wide roads now existing for penetrating into it.

One of the main reasons I take to have been the fact that the river was used for other than merely commercial purposes. To-day we shrink from it as if, instead of being one of London's most lovely adjuncts, it was a thing accursed. In Tudor times, in those of the Stuarts and the Georges, and even in early Victorian days, the Thames at London was a highway and a pleasure haunt. Now, if anyone were to take boat at Charing Cross a crowd would collect to watch the daring adventurer; even a motor launch is an event, and that glorious sweep of water, which no other European capital can equal for its matchless curve and its intrinsic charm, is left to the bustling steamer fussily puffing up and down, and the great barges of commerce nosing their way through the "liquid history" of Mr. John Burns's felicitous phrase.

When wharves and warehouses were permitted to trail themselves along the south bank and to radiate an atmosphere of the less cleanly kind of commercial activity, it was quite obvious that private people would not consent to dwell in an area masked by such *désagréments*, and, in consequence, the whole of the south bank fell into a kind of residential disrepute. Had it been confined to the east this might have been understandable in any case, but the configuration of the Surrey shore is such that although one portion faces the City from Blackfriars to the Tower and so on, that portion is but a relatively short distance from the other, which looks towards the west end from Charing Cross to Chelsea.

Now, roughly not more than a century ago, all this latter part was comparatively slightly built over, and in

the interior of the large area were many vast vacant spaces. That an attempt to create a residential centre of a certain character had been made is evidenced by the presence, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, here of quite a number of squares: West Square, to the south of St. George's Road; White Hart Square and Prince's Square, close to the Kennington Road; Surrey Square, on the west of the Old Kent Road, and so forth. Great development, too, took place in these parts in the early years of the last century, and marked on a map published in 1808 others are adumbrated, some of which did not, however, materialise.

It is, of course, quite obvious that certain portions of a vast city must necessarily be allocated to other purposes than those of decoratively residential ones. In nearly all great centres the east ends have gradually assumed a character in direct antithesis to that which obtained in their infancy. The gradual trend of fashion westwards, which is a characteristic inherent in the human race, is sufficient alone to account for this; and in the south part of London there is much land which obviously laid itself out for use in this way. The same may be said for the north side of the river, however, and what is amazing is not that there should be large tracts of ground on the Surrey side covered by squalid and dirty dwellings, but that these should have been permitted to impinge on sites which cried aloud for a more ornamental architectural development.

Anyone wandering in the maze of houses and streets that exist from, say, Bermondsey to Battersea, or from Camberwell to Stockwell, will be, I venture to think, astounded at so extraordinary a disregard of opportunities as exist in this respect in these quarters. Fine old houses, like Stockwell Park House and The Manor House close by; like Turret House, Lambeth, and Bolingbroke House and Hyde House, Battersea, have been ruthlessly destroyed; and for what? Rows of small, low (architecturally, I mean) dwellings which spread themselves all over the area, and are capable of housing no more people than might be accommodated in a few not too unwieldy flats in probably a fifth of the space.

The fact is, in its building arrangements, London has always been improvident and short-sighted. When we build we build for the day, and let to-morrow look after itself. In earlier times, when such matters were not studied with the care that we are now supposed to give them, and when the enormous growth of the population could hardly have been anticipated, there was more excuse for this lack of vision. But in our own day how much have we not seen done which a few years after had to be undone; how many big buildings have not been permitted to rise which experience and mere common sense should have told those responsible for the regulation of such things would have to come down in favour of a new street or the enlargement of an existing one!

London is, I suppose, the most haphazard city in the world. Hence, largely, the continual necessity for pulling it about; and herein, one is bound to add, lies much of its charm and picturesqueness. For had the schemes of various town-planners like Gwynn and Smirke been carried out we should have lost much that to-day reconciles us to many mistakes and many omissions.

Even in the *terra incognita*, with which I am here more immediately concerned, the wanderer will find much still lurking amid unsavoury and banal surroundings to repay the trouble of investigation; such, for instance (and many more could be adduced), as the little collocation of wooden houses in Collingwood Street, off Blackfriars Road, and the old chapel (turned to strangely alien uses, to be sure) identified with the humorous eloquence of Rowland Hill and the earnest exhortation of Newman Hall. There is Nelson Square, where Barnes, once Editor of *The Times*, lived and died in 1841—fancy the Editor of *The Times* to-day dwelling cheek-by-jowl with the New Cut, that New Cut whose stall-lined pavements are at night aflame with lamps and vociferous with the cries of vendors, where Miss Montmorency of *The Yellowplush Papers* resided, and where “Jeames” himself was brought up amid its vegetarian purlieus!

Down by Guy’s Hospital, in the east, are to be found old houses whose gracious fronts recall the hand of Wren,

and close by you may sit in the old George Inn’s parlour or wander along its remaining gallery, and fancy yourself back in the time of stage coaches, although it is the successor of such things—the railway—whose offices have absorbed the old yard which, according to Ashby Sterry (he is, however, almost alone in this opinion), was the authentic meeting-place of Sam and Mr. Pickwick.

If you wander westwards you may trace the exact boundaries of those Vauxhall Gardens which occupied so large a place in the social life of two centuries; or may conjure up the ghost of Lord Bolingbroke burning the copies of his *Patriot King* on the lawn of his house, which is to-day as incorporeal as he. Indeed, it is at Battersea where something of the old atmosphere lingers still; and although its church, standing reflected in the river, is surrounded by much that is incongruous and frankly ugly, there are still two or three beautiful old houses clinging perilously to life in what has become largely an alien environment. Largely, but not wholly, and as you look towards Church Street you catch a vista which might well be found in a country town; and for a moment can forget the hideous modern buildings around in the contemplation of this unexpected sight.

If I were asked to convoy the stranger round London (an interesting but tiring and thankless task it must be) I should not take him to the Tower or the Abbey, St. Paul’s or the Guildhall, for these are the things that everyone finds out for himself, but I would lure him over Waterloo Bridge (while there is the chance) and show him the London of the south bank, with all its dreariness and dirt and squalor on its head; and then I would suddenly confront him with the little wooden houses off Blackfriars Road, and the still rural air that hangs about parts of Battersea; for I should know that so great would be the antithesis that he would be wrapt in a maze—such a maze as not Wren’s splendid dome nor William’s massive fortress, whose wonders have been discounted by so many florid descriptions, could impart to his astonished mind. What, however, his opinion would be of the use we have made of our opportunities in these parts staggers the imagination.

## EBB AND FLOW

## A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

HERE in Paris, where I happen to write, one of the diversions offered is to "listen in" on the wireless to a debate at the League of Nations. Paris takes in these proceedings probably about the same degree of interest as London—which means first of all that journalists find themselves provided with a convenient topic in the dead season. From the French point of view the feature of this session is a revolt of the small nations against the half-hearted support afforded by the Great Powers to the League. This translates itself, in French, into asking whether it is worth while bringing all these representatives together to find out what England is going to do, and much play is made with Lord Cecil's resignation. It is true that M. de Jouvenel, Lord Cecil's opposite number on the French delegation, resigned also, and resigned before Lord Cecil, and substantially for the same reasons. The French journalists do not wholly lose sight of this fact. But they assert that the small nations—to whom they attribute special impatience with the uncertain attitude of England—have no distrust of France. This holds good, no doubt, for the nations of South America, one of which—Uruguay—has provided the President for this year's Conference. France will never come knocking angrily at their doors, and, moreover, Paris is to them all the centre of European culture. M. Guani, the chosen President, is accepted as *un vrai Parisien*. The small nations of Europe are in a very different position; but they may probably believe that France is the Great Power most concerned to protect their independence, and if, perhaps, not only by the League's methods her protection is not the less valued on that account. French policy—so, at least, Frenchmen believe—has the advantage of being more intelligible, and not more selfish, than

England's. France refused to go into a conference upon naval disarmament; that was less puzzling than the action of the one great European Power which went into the Conference and came out of it with armaments unreduced. Moreover there are at least certain of the lesser European Powers which believe that the armaments maintained by France would be used to maintain the frontiers established or enacted by the Treaty of Versailles. Which of these small nations, a Frenchman asks, can be sure of help in any contingency from the forces which England refuses to reduce?

Looking at it from France, there does appear to be an ebb in the prestige which Great Britain enjoyed at the time of Locarno, and the best educated Frenchmen tend to complain of British instability. In France, they say, Governments change often, but policy is continuous; British administrations last longer, but the direction of affairs varies. Britain, for example, gave a lead to its former Allies in setting up diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia; now it has broken off those relations, and is encouraging the other Powers to follow its example. Oddly enough, it happens that the Parisian papers which show most signs of Anglophobia are at this moment breath-high for doing in this matter what Mr. Baldwin has done. M. Rakovsky, the Soviet Ambassador in Paris, thought proper to sign a general appeal to all "good proletarians in the capitalist States" urging them to "work for the overthrow of their Governments," and to all soldiers urging them to "join the ranks of the Red army." Challenged on this point, he replies that he signed not as Ambassador but as member of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist party. There is, not unnaturally, a clamour for the resignation of M. Rakovsky—who has been disavowed by M. Tchitcherin—to which the more liberal organs answer only "Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know," and affirm that M. Rakovsky is a charming man full of good intentions.

Nothing in all this has much to reassure a Frenchman. Opinion is divided, here as everywhere, between the "tough" and the "tender" of William James's classifica-

tion, and the tough are more than ever inclined to say openly what they always believed—that the League of Nations is a noble vessel, capable of parading to advantage the flags of all nations, but constructed like the ships of a pageant in cardboard, or some not more seaworthy material. The tender—followers of Lord Cecil and M. de Jouvenel—continue to affirm that by interchange of thought principles can be slowly built up more durable than steel.

For such minds it is of real importance that the League should make, even theoretically, the step forward to which Poland's deputy invites it. Under the original constitution members of the League pledged themselves not to make war till the pacific methods for settling differences had been tried conscientiously and had failed. They are now asked to affirm that public war is illegal. No individual in a State has the right to assail another, even under a feeling of grave injustice. Nations are asked to accept the same rule of law. Self-defence is admitted, for individuals or for States; but the right to attack is denied as between States accepting membership of the League.

French opinion, as reflected in the Press, considers that a majority of the States represented are in favour of this affirmation. It foresees opposition to Poland's proposal only from those who would go further and support the Dutch Minister, who is for setting up a new Commission to fashion a formal instrument prescribing the methods of arbitration, and the stages of disarmament which should complete it. As the matter is presented to France, any such positive step would be resisted, ultimately, by England. The British Admiralty figures as the champion of armed force within the League. Italy, indeed, through its Press—and in Italy the Press is obliged to express the opinion of the Duce—refuses openly to be cramped by any formula of imposed pacifism. But for French opinion Italy matters less, being a Power whose adhesion to the League seems at best precarious and imperfect. The real point is that France regards England as the chief obstacle to Europe's progress towards disarmament, exactly as England thinks the same of France.

Those Frenchmen who view the League as no more than pageantry and pasteboard ought to be grateful to their English neighbours for this opposition to further commitments to Utopian formulas, yet as a matter of fact they are not. The desire for financial relief is almost stronger in France than the passion for security, and there is a note of triumph in their recognition that a strong party is forming in the League against the League's government, that is, against the inner cabinet of Great Powers. But suppose this government is defeated; suppose a resolution to be carried by the majority against the Great Powers—what then? That government will not resign. French opinion sees only one possible way of enforcing the will of the League's majority—that the peoples concerned should change their national Governments at the next elections, and so modify the international Cabinet.

Undoubtedly this change might happen in Great Britain, Any British Ministry which plainly set itself against a European movement towards disarmament would be in great danger at the polls. That is probably less true in France, because there is a constant factor in the minds of Frenchmen which has no counterpart in England. France is convinced to the marrow of its bones that the will to war exists in Germany, and is directed against France. Intelligent Frenchmen know exactly what they fear: it is Germany's genius for collective action. All Germany, they believe, will act together, instinctively, even subconsciously, to forward the corporate will against the interests and the desires of millions of individuals. "The German likes to obey," so they put it. The Frenchman has no such inclination. He accepts discipline only on occasion, sacrifice only under a strong emotional stimulus. Knowing all this, the French, perhaps unconsciously, always make an exception in their own case. They live under a special threat and must take special precautions: this seems to them axiomatic.

Yet after all is this trait unexampled? France feels that, if France goes under, civilisation perishes. England feels the same about England, and therefore each of these leading Powers subordinates at every point the desires of

Europe to its own self-preservation, and does so, as it conceives, in the best interests of Europe. It is therefore not from these Great Powers that the League of Nations will get practical assistance. They have all the territory they want, and they feel able to provide for their own security—at a cost, although they recognise that the cost is in a fair way to become ruinous. Still, the initiative will not come from them. It is possible that they may be pushed, step after step, by the small nations who have no security and cannot get it for themselves, who know quite well that platonic guarantees, rules agreed to with no penalty for those who transgress the rules, are a very imperfect protection, yet would sooner have this imperfection than the bare face of danger. So, gradually, a public opinion of Europe may form which will have its own sanctions like those of a civilised society. It is not the fear of punishment by the criminal law which restrains civilised men, it is decency.

At present, anyhow, the real believers in the League are those who see nothing but the League to pin their hopes to. Poland's action is significant. No European country has more to fear. Yet it is probable that action like that of Lord Cecil may increase the number of believers even in the countries which regard the League rather as a means by which they can do good to others than as a protection for themselves. He has probably embarrassed the Tory Party, and done something to invoke that sanction which even the Ministers of Great Powers must fear—the reproof of their own people. Perhaps the fact that he was capable of doing this explains why he has never become Prime Minister. Twenty years ago, when the Conservatives in the House of Commons were so few that every man had a double chance, Lord Robert Cecil stood out among the back benchers. Before the Parliament of 1906 was ended everybody recognised him as one of the most effective personalities in it. He had the immense advantage of his position and his upbringing, he had sincerity and conviction with enough of eloquence, and, unlike his brother, Lord Hugh, he was never freakish in an argument; he never puzzled his Party in the House. And he had on occasion the great quality of passion. He could be angry, formidably and with dignity.

Yet since then how many men have passed him in the race! The only reason that I can see is that there was always something more important to him than politics, and that was religion. He resigned important office because he could not consent to Disestablishment in Wales; and if he has thrown himself at this cause of the League of Nations to the disregard of all other issues, it was, I believe, because the idea of a new Super-State, profoundly distasteful to so many, had a strong appeal to him. There was in it, at least, a possible resurrection of the idea of Christendom, no longer as an abstract and vague expression, but a force definite and organised, as in the Middle Ages. Lord Cecil has a touch of mysticism about him, and the House of Commons is not quite at home with mystics: probably it reflects England at large in this.

Nevertheless, without phrases or emphasis this aristocrat makes his appeal to the British democracy, knowing perfectly well—for there is no shrewder politician—that he risks strengthening those elements in the State which he most condemns. It is a notable gesture—all the more because he knows also how impossible it is to get a definite response from any democracy. A hundred other considerations will be entangled with this one, even at the nearest bye-elections. You cannot be a whole-hearted influential advocate of the League of Nations without risking a fall in the price of Consols. Swift, in his argument against the abolition of Christianity, concluded with a passage which explained that he defended only the usual or "nominal" Christianity. Real or literal Christianity was out of the question for sensible persons; apart from other proofs of its impossibility, it would put down stocks by as much as five per cent. One could imagine Swift to-day setting out another ironical piece of pleading for support of the League of Nations, which should end by a disclaimer of anything so rash and enthusiastic as the proposal to set up a committee to consider disarmament.

And yet the taxpayer groans and loses, and the more he groans the worse he makes matters. France no longer ago than last Christmas felt relatively comfortable; the franc had been stopped from extravagant ups and downs; there was confidence. Now, however, that delicate plant

languishes, it feels a draught, there is a door open leading to a general election next May. Nobody knows what may happen then, but if anything happens the franc may go up or go down. If it depreciates, investments made in francs at the rate of to-day will turn out very badly; but if the pound becomes worth, say, only 83 francs instead of 123, those who have invested now in gold values will be losers, and consequently the French banks are gorged with money left on deposit at  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. by French people who dare not invest either at home or abroad. The glorious uncertainties of democracy have many manifestations, and nobody dislikes them more than the French bourgeois, for nobody is more quickly aware of money fluctuations.

And yet the impulsiveness which is a French characteristic just as marked as thrift sets up odd currents these days. Financially it suits France ill to quarrel with America. But Frenchmen, like other Europeans, were disgusted by the possibilities which revealed themselves in American criminal law when Sacco and Vanzetti were executed nearly seven years after sentence had been passed on them; and quite unreasonably they incline to manifest their disapproval by being less than civil to the immense deputation from the American Legion which arrived on French soil at the end of August. Even in the Ministry there are personages whose feelings will not allow them to take part in welcoming these representatives of the men who fought by their side. No doubt common sense will prevail, for irrational discourtesy would be a slight on France rather than on America. But it is curious to note how this highly civilised democracy resents what is, after all, the result of the complicated safeguards by which democracy in America has striven to protect the individual against possible miscarriage of the law.

The Irish political situation has developed with surprising rapidity under Mr. Cosgrave's bold leadership. Two favourable bye-elections gave him a majority in the Dail, and he appealed to the Governor-General to sanction an immediate dissolution so that the country might be given the chance to establish a stable Administration. There has been at once a movement towards a coalescence

rather than a coalition. Several of the more prominent Independents, men who in pre-Treaty days were Unionists, stand this time as members of the Government Party. The Farmers have decided to maintain themselves as a separate organisation, but undertake to support Mr. Cosgrave on the general lines of his policy. Fewer candidates are put forward, and no doubt there will be arrangements to secure that second preferences in the voting under P.R. shall go from Government supporters to Farmers, and from Farmers to Government. On the other hand, one of Mr. Cosgrave's colleagues, Mr. Walsh, the Postmaster-General, has broken away and denounces his alliance with the non-Gaelic elements (Mr. Walsh is a fervent Gael) and his deplorable tendencies to Free Trade (Mr. Walsh is the wholest of wholehoggers in fiscal economics). Mr. Cosgrave's answer, suggested to him by the people of Cork City, for which Mr. Walsh has been the leading member, is to stand for Cork as well as for Kilkenny. Ireland likes a fighting man, and the very competent pugnacity which he has shown in the last two months has gone far to give the President what he lacked—a warm popularity. No one is certain of the result. But in the Opposition there may be coalition but certainly no coalescence. Labour and National League (Captain Redmond's following) are absolutely at variance with Mr. de Valera on every point except opposition to Mr. Cosgrave.

Many people in England have been reading the *Disraeli* of M. André Maurois', partly because Disraeli stands out more and more as the most picturesque figure of last century, and partly because scarcely any Frenchman has so many English admirers as the creator of Colonel Bramble. They say in Paris that M. Maurois wrote his *Colonel Bramble* to order as a piece of propaganda when French opinion was a little irritated against the English Army, and if this is so the book's excellence is more than ever surprising. I note, however, for English readers of French that the *Disraeli* is one of a series of biographies published by the Nouvelle Revue Française, among which a study of *Cyrano de Bergerac* has been specially

successful. Its author, M. L. R. Lefèvre, disappoints me a little by his complete detachment: Cyrano (whose name was not Cyrano, and who was not of Bergerac, and who was not a Gascon, though he served in a company of Gascons) is presented without irony and without sympathy. His fantastic life, his real talent, and all the extravagances of his meteoric career are displayed. We may take him or leave him; we are not encouraged either to laugh at him or laugh with him. M. Paul Hazard, who has written the study of Stendhal, is much less coldly "objective"—and to that extent much less in the current fashion of modern biography. I recommend his book to those who wish for light on an author whom everybody knows by name and whom Stevenson, I think, specially valued; but as a human being Stendhal's life history is perhaps one degree less attractive than Gibbon's. Vainer men or more selfish are not to be found in the list of considerable writers—not that Stendhal has any right to be classed with so great a man as the historian. But he was, anyhow, a considerable writer, yet he was a fop, intellectually and in his dress; and his career up to the period of Napoleon's overthrow shows what extraordinary opportunities were open in those days to a young gentleman with even a moderate degree of influence. Later the complications caused by his use of a pseudonym—for he was no more Stendhal than Cyrano was de Bergerac—make a comic page in the history of literature which M. Hazard recites with admirable gusto.

St. Loe Strachey's death removes a landmark which was also a link. Few papers have had a stronger influence than the *Spectator* of Hutton and Townsend. Their period ended about the close of last century, and in a sense Strachey, who for several years had worked with them as associate editor, carried on the tradition without a break and maintained the influence. His public did not change, and Hutton's *Spectator* was closely in touch with its public. Nevertheless there was a marked difference between Strachey's mind and that of Hutton or Townsend: perhaps Owen Seaman hit it off in one phrase of some clever verses

about the "saintly unlimited Loo." The older men had precision of thought and phrase, while his exuberance of them ran into redundancy. Also they were, I think, better judges of literature than he. When Mr. Kipling began to write bad verses with an acceptable political moral nobody pushed him more enthusiastically along the wrong road than Strachey. If a thing was good imperialistically it delighted Strachey absolutely. There were limitations to his excellence. But it would be a good thing for journalism if there were more critics in it with minds so generously hospitable as was his, and more publicists with his passionate but never bilious devotion to the causes he cherished. Strachey did not think people necessarily wicked even when he thought their ideas criminal. Plenty of men are good-natured and tolerate disagreement when they do not care enough for their own beliefs to quarrel. But it needs more than good nature, it needs a good heart, to have Strachey's heat in pursuit of a doctrine and yet be able to recognise goodness in the opponents of it. I do not think the paper maintained under him the prestige for clear thinking which Hutton and Townsend gave it, but by this combination of enthusiasm with very wide knowledge and his peculiar generosity he kept it among the best expressions of English thought.

Like most of the best journalists, he is likely to survive only as a name. Who now reads Hutton or his more brilliant colleague Meredith Townsend? Yet their work was closer knit than Strachey's and better fit to stand the test of time. On the other hand, very few writers working in isolation can produce anything like the effect on public opinion achieved by a man who not only writes persuasively himself, but directs the services of a whole band whom he has the right to select. For that reason, if one is to weigh Strachey's achievement against that of certain among his contemporaries (say Mr. Birrell) who will certainly continue to please a few people at least in many generations, it would be hard to turn the scale against the journalist. And if he is to be weighed against journalists very few indeed of his time attained to a more honourable distinction than he.



# "EAST BY EAST"

BY ELINOR MORDAUNT

THERE is no end to the essences which are the souls of the strange places patched out of the dust and Thames mud of East London:—All of Spain and the Canaries in a broken case of oranges, spilling its pungency with its brilliance upon Wapping Pier Head; nutmeg and cinnamon—the Celebes and Sunda Isles along St. Katharine and Cinnamon Streets; Zanzibar in clove-laden gusts from Shadwell Basin billowing up into Milk Yard; Flores and Timor in the camphor, peppermint and sandalwood alongside the Canning Town timber-yards; countless fruits of Africa and the Indies, musky and sweet, upon the moving bridge which slither like bright snakes 'twixt steamer and warehouse; Abyssinian in the scent of civet; all of Seychelles in the patchouli; Java and Rio in the white matting packs of coffee, pepper, and spice, along Gun Wharf—the common garlic and dried fish, Bombay duck and saffron. One travels with one's nose in such places, recapturing a thousand memories, bitten in upon by dark faces, strange tongues.

Blackberry slid ashore with it at its most Eastern; where London catches for a moment at the skirts of the true East.

She was altogether of it: might have been made of it, and not at all of flesh and blood. Black hair and blonde hold by Nature a totally different perfume, and hers, musky scented as the fruits, blue-black, fine and perfectly straight, was of the East; her body a slip of ivory, sweet as the spices, warmed to life by some queer magic; her eyes, those fires kindled in forests for the brewing of spells, deeply black with a red-gold inner light in each.

Let me tell you this. She had been a good three months upon the barque *Mary Harper* and unkissed; not one of the men knew more of her than of a bird perching upon the rigging for a breath, then gone.

The third mate might, perchance, have known; but he was scared. As for the rest it was not for lack of discussion, for she wore upon their nerves so that they could talk of nothing else; were torn by jealousies, though she accorded no favour to any one of them.

The captain, square and red, starting off with a sort of amorousness, relapsing shamefacedly into the heavy father, found her weigh heavy upon him. He would gladly have got rid of her, but he did not know how or where or to what, for he was a kind man, and even in his own mind found it impossible to place her with those mission women, with the flat-heeled shoes, flat breasts and spectacles, who would have led her to God. As for the many others who would gladly have taken her off his hands in the many ports they touched at, men with oily smiles and over-motherly women, smacking their lips over her, they were not to be thought of.

Each time they made landfall he was confident that something would turn up; but it didn't. No one seemed to want her in the way—well, in the way they ought to want her. And so on and on, port to port, they carried her, a devastating supercargo.

She had no idea how old she was; but the quartermaster, a married man, put it at seventeen. Her own name was unpronounceable; and the name they gave her, Blackberry, glaringly unsuitable, for, apart from eyes and hair, she was not in the very least black; while no one could have savoured less of the English countryside. But they were unimaginative men, and even when they spoke of her out of the indignation of their hearts—for she slipped through their hands like water—the epithets they used were as commonplace as they are unprintable.

If she had been anything she ought not to have been they could have managed their thoughts of her better, but she was not. At times she was wildly gay—though still untouchable—at other times profoundly sad, but all as it seemed without reason. They could not conceive of her as being homesick, for it seemed impossible that she should ever have had a home. The second mate, religious and inclined to be sentimental—indeed, they were all that, though they kept it to themselves—was once heard to speak of her as "that poor orphan." But they simply could not swallow that; for it was impossible to think of any sort of a father who could have begotten her, any sort of a mother who could have borne her.

Chips, who was Scotch, declared her, from the beginning to be "just nae human," and by degrees this grew to be the accepted opinion. She might, indeed, have been bred from out the gums and spices, the sandal and camphor woods, the strange fruits stored in the hold where they found her.

A stowaway—a stowawayess—a she-male stowaway. They quarrelled over that as they quarrelled over everything even remotely connected with her—"just nae human," and therefore unaccountable.

It was among the Lesser Sundas that she had been found—tight packed away in the cargo, white as a wasp grub—and her speech was Malay; with a smattering of Dutch, a taste of English, which gathered in force and quantity, if not in quality, each day she was aboard the *Mary*; while, long weeks before they sighted the Needles, there was no single scrap of tackle of which she did not know the name, no single command which she could not be before with.

Neither child nor woman, fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, that's what they all said, the Dagos crossing themselves whenever she cocked a black eye upon them.

They reached the English Channel in mid-winter. Out from the mouth of the Thames a driving wind and dead cold mist met them. And what a hold—what a hold!—England must have upon its people that they can even bear to return at such a time. The tug which took them in tow was lost to sight; blankets of fog enveloped them; the whole place smelt like death. And as though that were not enough they were held up by the river police fishing up a corpse from under their bows.

It was low tide. The Isle of Dogs stank as it can stink, and there is no saying more. Sheering aside from it they anchored between the West India Docks and Limehouse Pier, though it might as well have been in limbo for all they could see. The voices of the men from the quayside came to them as from another country; they hung in a watery space, pretty near as damp above as below, the damp already in their bones, drybaked by the tropics, the once white sails furled blackened and dank about the yards.

The third mate came in the saloon where Blackberry was sitting on the deck, nursing her knees with her thin arms and staring into the fire. His blue eyes were red with want of sleep, for they had been having a hard time of it, and he was on his way to his first watch below for forty-eight hours. But for all that, unshaven as he was, there was a charm about him, simple and fresh, his fair hair showing in tight tendrils with the damp as he took off his cap and swung it round and round, shaking the water from it.

"Well, we're home at last," he said, upon which Blackberry raised her great dark eyes and gazed at him with that sort of contempt which we are apt to bestow upon the obtuseness of the people we love best.

"Where?" she enquired.

"Why, here."

"Here what?"

"Home!"

"Oh, come now, home?" She waved one hand around the fog-murked saloon and, reclasping her knees, fixed her gaze upon the one sulky eye of the stove.

"What so you call home—home!" Her slurring voice was heavy with depression. She seemed, as she most often was, perfectly disinclined for conversation.

The third mate was dead tired, mad for sleep; and anyhow, he did not like her: did not like anything "queer." For the life of him he could not have said why he sank down into a chair, swivelled it round, and stretched out his long legs in their long boots towards the fire, easing himself from his fatigue by raising his arms upon the high rounded arms of the chair.

Quite suddenly Blackberry swung round on her own pivot, as it were, and squatting, seizing his foot, began to draw off the hip-high sea-boots he was too tired to stoop to; regardless of his half-hearted expostulations: his "I say—look here. You know——"

As a matter of fact he was completely taken aback, for she had never so much as offered to do anything for anyone before; though he had burnt with shame—which was more than half-boyish awkwardness—at the memory of how, flitting by him, up on the bridge, one still clear tropic night, she had paused to lay a smooth chill finger against his cheek, murmuring strange, soft syllabled words.

She pulled off both boots and threw them aside. All very well that; but when she took one foot, with his great toes out of its sock, between her hands, rubbed it, crooned over it, and held it against her

breast, he felt that to be too much of a good thing; stevedores were coming and going, any moment the captain might walk in, and it was past time for the steward to be setting the table for tea.

"Look here, stop that; don't make an ass of yourself," he said. Then, as she took no notice of this, thinking he heard a footstep, he jerked his foot away from her embrace, feeling a fool.

He had not meant it—it was the last thing he meant—but somehow or other he overturned her, and she rolled over on one side like a small, lean rabbit.

He might have picked her up and kissed her—indeed, in his horror at what he had done, his sense of her as something so very small, the instinct was there—had not the captain and the water clerk, immense in their oilskins and sou'westers, suddenly filled the saloon; so that his only respectful course was to jump from his chair and, making himself as small as possible, slip away to his cabin. As for Blackberry, he had one glimpse of her face; flaming white, if white can flame—and, indeed, it can—her eyes ablaze with fury as she jerked herself upright for one moment, her back flat against the dark panelling of the saloon, her thin arms and narrow hands outspread as though she were crucified, before making a bolt to her own quarters, a small, dark, triangular place in the immediate stern, rocked and shaken by every movement of the rudder, and in general used as a store.

She did not appear at tea. At supper-time the captain himself banged at her door and ordered her to turn out. But there was no reply. And, as he felt himself devoid of force so far as she was concerned, he left it at what he took for tantrums.

Next morning before dawn they started to unload the cargo. The air was still damp and yellowish, the whole atmosphere horribly depressing; but there was no actual fog and it had ceased to rain.

The barque—so like a white-winged bird in the fair tropics and before the trades, her sails bleached with the sun—already seemed bedraggled and degraded with the shore; and even then the crew, some of whom had got away the night before, were fuddled with drink.

The officers had their breakfast in turns off a cloth so soiled that it looked as though the very fact of the boat coming to anchor had jerked the refuse of many meals across it; for in general, and at sea, the whole place was spotlessly clean. But the fact was that making land took the heart out of the captain, as it does out of so many seamen; for he, too, was a married man with a wife just across the river at Cherry Garden Pier.

Each man in turn took it for granted that the girl had breakfasted with one of the others; or else, seizing a mug of coffee and a slab of bread, taken herself off to some out-of-the-way corner. But towards ten o'clock the steward sought out the captain, told him that she had not yet eaten, and he could get no answer from her cabin.

They forced open the door and she was gone. The Old Man in a great taking—for one will get fond of anything if one is at sea long

enough—ranged the ship asking for her, bellowing at last down the open main hold in the depths of which the third officer was busy with cargo and tackle.

The young man's upraised face—so queer-looking on its fore-shortened body and legs—was so crimson as he raised it to his superior, and bellowed back, with his mouth like a dark cavern, that he had not clapped eyes on her that morning, that the captain made his way down into the depths and demanded angrily:—

"Look here, now—no hanky-panky, mind you—what's up a'tween you an' that there gal?"

And though the Third protested eagerly that there was nothing—nothing could not be less—his superior was plainly suspicious: "You was up ter some sorter skylargin' or other when I came below with the Gibbin's man yesterday. If the gal's gone an' drowned her'sen, and them there river police fish her up on one o' them there hooks o' theirs, a pretty sort o' fool you'll look," was what he said, and with truth, as the Third felt; while apart from that question of looking a fool he was perfectly miserable, felt like a brute. She, strange creature, had looked so small and helpless, rolling over on the saloon deck, the last time her saw her; and now there was no knowing where she was.

When she did not turn up at dinner or tea, or at breakfast next morning, it was bitten into him that they blamed it upon him, every man Jack of them.

The certainty of his obscure guilt hung heavy throughout the entire boat. From the way they looked at him they might have thought that he had murdered the girl; chopped up that birdlike body into small pieces, and hidden it away.

The third evening in port, feeling that he could bear the atmosphere on board no longer—the furious contempt of the Old Man, the pious grief of the first mate—he appeared at tea, the last real meal of the day, spruce and handsome, well-brushed and well-shaved, in his shore-going clothes; though still with that hang-dog, sulky look of a suspected person.

"All very well for you," growled the Old Man, with a savage sidelong glance from his small and pig-like eyes: "Gallivantin'—with that pore young gal a'lying dead in this 'ere Thames mud; and a rope about the neck o' the lot o' us, in a manner o' speakin'."

"And may God forgive you," said the First—the Second spat a great deal but never said anything—"Gallivanting, women and cards, that's the truth o' it."

But once on shore, the Third, far from "gallivanting," wandered about the dark and greasy quays, the reeking alleys, overcome by that helpless feeling of being dreadfully sick and gone at the stomach, with nothing to be sick with; which comes of a long search in which one feels fore-ordained to hopelessness from the very outset.

In the end it was she who found him. And I have more than a suspicion that she had followed him from the moment he left his ship; sleuthed him down, watched him wear himself out.

For by the time he stumbled over something, discovered the girl clinging tight about his knees somewhere near the Barking Marshes, he was so done there was no fight left in him; and he lifted her up to his breast and clung to her as though to life itself; his fair, harsh, damp cheek pressed to her smooth one, their tears mingling.

Her thin arms were so tight about him that the thought came:—"Sorter all wired up," but he did not mind that—then.

"How could you? How could you? Oh, Blackberry, ter go away and leave me like that, thinkin' you were maybe dead—Blackberry—Blackberry—how could yer go and do the like o' that."

"There—there"—and queer it is how quickly any woman, of any colour, learns how to say, "There—there"—just like that. She clasped him tighter, rubbing her cheek against his: "It was only a'cause I thought you didn't love me—and I love you, love you, love you. But, oh, Tuan—saja laper—I am hungry."

The two of them, the Third rather, hunted about until they found a coffee shop in a luminous mist of steam and love. He could not take her to a public-house because he was going to marry her—simple as that he was. And, indeed, they were both simple, but in a different way. I mean that they both imagined happiness together to be a possible, nay, a certain thing. And however much he loved her she loved him a great deal more, for there were no reservations of any sort about her. For even then, at the very beginning, he wondered if the girl who served them, a great coarse slab of a woman, with a red face, hair like damp hay, and hands like raw meat, noticed that Blackberry was not what one calls altogether white.

He took her to clean lodgings kept by a Christian woman whom he knew of, where the First had shepherded him upon his first return from his first voyage. He might have found someone less clean and kinder, but he did not know that. She had always been kind to him, and how could he tell that she would refuse to eat at the same table as Blackberry because she was a "nigger"; to allow her to lay so much as a finger of her slender ivory hand upon a pot or pan in her tiny, stuffy kitchen.

The *Mary Harper* was to remain a month in port, and he got a week's leave and married his girl. The captain had been horrified at the very idea of his not marrying; but they were one and all scandalised at the marriage.

"A bl—dy heathen!" It was, indeed, scandalous and true. Something they had all taken for a doll had been found in her cabin; and feeling quite sentimental over it, thinking her drowned, they had seated it upon the saloon sideboard.

All very well: but there was a totally different aspect given to the thing the first time she visited the ship—a married woman and very much alive, which in itself made them feel like fools. The Third took her everywhere he possibly could with him; steeling himself to it, ashamed, fearful, of what she might do or say, what other people might think—it had been like that at St. Leonards, where they spent their honeymoon—and yet wrung by an agony of tenderness; and there

in the saloon of the *Mary Harper* before them all she had gone on her knees to the grotesque thing, her clasped hands outstretched, the tears pouring down her cheeks, taken it away wrapped in one of the ship's napkins.

The Third had remonstrated, flushed crimson to the roots of his fair hair: "You can't take that—you just can't," he had said, speaking of the napkin, but meaning—oh, a thousand things more; while the Old Man had broken in, awkwardly but genially, with "Let be now. What's a serviette more or less, or the like o' that there," and she had stuck to her treasure. Gone away with her god "folded in a napkin."

It was the only thing she was obstinate about, up to the very last day: the one thing she would not give up for him. For the rest she was meek and strangely changed like a small, tamed bird who has forgotten how to sing and is yet happy enough—hop—hop—hop, in its own cage.

For she worshipped the Third as she worshipped her god, and there was nothing she would not do for him; embarrassed him horribly with the want of choice she gave him in taking his orders. Two ways to it, no more to it—with her face pressed cheek sideways against his feet, or her arms tight about his neck, clear off the ground, clinging to him.

When he went away he left her still in charge of the Christian woman, who nine months later—when her child was born dead—gave her this comfort: "The Lord knows best."

By that time Blackberry understood English perfectly. But she did not understand one half what people said because the real meaning of the things they said was perfectly incomprehensible to her. She simply could not get at them, back of them or front of them or round them.

When she first knew her child was coming she was told that the Lord had sent it; when it was born dead she was told that also was the doing of the Lord.

She had been trying hard, with clenched teeth to be a Christian because the Third had told her he wished it. But how was it possible to understand a God who shilly-shallied like that: and whom one could not even get at to beat?

She had beaten her own god again and again, banged his head against the bulkheads in the cabin on the voyage home. Since the Third left it had lain in the bottom drawer, in her room; but she took it out now and tied a red ribbon about its neck and a string of blue beads, and made it a petticoat, and burnt joss-sticks in front of it. It was made of wood, battered and water-stained; but it was understandable, it was *real*; above all it was *there*, to pray to for the safe return of the Third.

And he did, in fact, return safely. It might have been wonderful; it might have been a heaven in itself. But it was nothing of the sort—for there is no heaven or earth which, depending upon another human being, is true or possible. And this lamentable fact is the first lesson to be first taught to all children. He was changed and hard: his

jaw and mouth were set. He seemed years older, though his face was still young, with all the tragedy of youth stamped upon it. For he had met and fallen in love with a girl of his own breed in Australia, and, forcing himself to be true to his wife, soured in the process.

And the pity of it—the pity of it! For, after all, she did not want him true—would never so much as thought of expecting it from any man. All she wanted was that he should be loving, which he couldn't be—couldn't, couldn't. And there again the pity of it—for lesser men are so much kinder.

Not that he was not kind; not that he did not buy her things, far more than a more loving man would have done.

But he took her god and burnt it in the kitchen fire, and in three weeks went away again, leaving her stripped.

She suffered horribly, from disappointment—which is the hardest thing on earth to bear; from loneliness, from hopelessness, from the lack of sunshine, the chill mists. Dazed and deadened she was.

Then one day, sitting upon the pier head, with her heart straining out of her towards the east like a hawk on a leash, a man came up and spoke to her in her own dialect, and her heart leapt as if she had once more been with child.

He had come to England as cook's boy on a boat; stayed on to work in a riverside restaurant patronised by men of colour—had by now a small restaurant of his own.

He knew the world as Blackberry could never know it—all love and hatred as she was; knew how to make and manage money; was to all appearance Europeanised—hard and sceptical.

But deep, deep within him was a core of fire akin to that in Blackberry's eyes—glowing, primitive, profoundly superstitious, wise in strange ways. A core of secret knowledge, vicious and pure, cruel and extravagantly kind; something which nobody upon the whole Thames-side had ever so much as guessed at, far less laid a finger upon, until that time when he met his countrywoman on the quayside.

From the first moment he loved and desired her. She was such a slip of a thing; the very scent of her was of his own world. For all the things in her from which the Third shrunk, he loved her; for her wildness and that taut fierceness of passion which he saw in her when she spoke of her husband; for the realisation that she could kill—handle kriss or dagger—as well as care for; for her deep belief in incomprehensible and dark things; for the Eastmost East of her.

He loved and desired; but, curiously enough, seeing what he was—indeed, most curious, for it is a thing apart from the loves of most men, civilised or otherwise, and how muddled it all is!—he wanted her to be happy; to be given the desire of her heart—her husband's love. Though all the time he knew that it never would or could satisfy her; that one might as well desire a garment woven with warp of ice, woof of fire.

At the back of all this was another desire: that the white man

should be made to suffer as this child of his own race suffered. And, though he could speak English, and do accounts, and cast spells, and cook every delicacy of the rice table, as well as fry steak and onions, he had no idea how altogether impossible this was. For fire can burn itself out and everything with it; but ice can freeze and melt to water, and freeze again, and be none the worse for it.

Anyhow, there it was. Perhaps from the very beginning he meant to have her. But perhaps he didn't—was perfectly sincere in his passion to tie her husband to her by a bond that he could never break. Not by the mere frigid bond of marriage, which in itself means nothing, but by a love and longing which can never cease.

Anyhow, he was patient. I will say that much for him—he was patient. But then he was of the East.

There was one free space in his crowded day, and that was between five and seven; for his clients ate late. One spring had matured to summer since Blackberry came to Wapping; and now another spring was upon the threshold of the year. It was a quiet March. By six o'clock there was a moon, fragile and pale as spun glass, and at the same time daylight in the sky—pink, and a clear greenish blue. Celandines were out on Barking marshes, thrushes sang in their cages in Club Row, sap stirred in the churchyard trees, and blood in the veins—even there in the drab and sorry, borrowed East—of youth.

Djemoeah—for that was the man's name, which stands for Friday, the day he was born, though along the whole riverside he was known as Jerry—felt the stir. It brought with it not love alone, but a tense and cruel mysticism, a concentrated intentness—not upon his restaurant, for he was a good business man and by that time it pretty well ran itself—but upon Blackberry and her sorry life.

He was a tall man of something over thirty; with very small hands, a long curved thumb, and narrow feet. His hair was smooth and densely black, with no hint of blue in it; his features aquiline, his mouth small, his underlip full. By that time he was putting on flesh a little, just below the waist-line, as such men do, but there was still nothing gross about him. He wore very light-coloured, smooth cloth clothes, pale fawn or blue-grey; and buttoned boots with cloth uppers, a braccade tie with a shining pin, four gold rings and a Homburg hat.

You would have said that he was a native spoilt. But he was not spoilt, merely veneered. And he still walked like a cat, or a Malay man, in his tooth-pick boots.

Blackberry had matured, but very little. She had been as flat as a boy, but she now had small pointed breasts. She was graver and more fearful; but her wildness, the more so for its hidden concentration, was still there. Night and day she tore herself with longing for, and hatred of, the Third; she could have killed him and killed herself, incinerated the whole world for one hour, half an hour, a quarter of an hour—nay, five minutes—of that golden ecstasy of oblivion and

love, in which one is hung in mid-air 'twixt heaven and earth—so altogether impossible to the Third.

She must have it, she must, and she must.

She swayed Djemoeah with her own passionate desire. He, too, felt that she must have it, she must, and she must. After that—oh, well, well, it would be like the letting of blood; calm would follow.

In the last days of the last week in March the moon was full; and any day in the following week the Third's boat might be in.

On the twenty-eighth, which was a Friday—and favourable to Djemoeah, who had no knowledge whatever of any man having died upon a cross—they made a spell whereby Blackberry's husband should come to love her as she loved him.

If it did not work—if it did not work as it should have done, that was not Djemoeah's fault; for he was fiercely proud of his hereditary powers, and not for the world would he have played hanky-panky with them.

The spell was cast upon Wapping pier head and at midnight, for Djemoeah forsook his restaurant early for the purpose.

In the beautiful old Georgian house at the eastern side of the pier head, on the west side of the stairs, there is now a day-nursery for the Dockland children: very quiet at night. In front of that is a tiny garden; and in front of this, again, a little westward, a low, small, jutting space of quay.

They had been unloading sand there and it was perfect for its purpose; perfect because Blackberry and the Third had been used to sit there—in those days when they could still believe themselves happy by keeping their thoughts at the top of themselves—and the Third's soul, now so near England, might the more easily be induced to leave his body and come to them there; and perfect because of the sand in which to trace the points of the compass with the signs of the Zodiac, and so make a house in which to enclose it.

The Almighty in His Book forbade the hunting of souls; and the very fillets with which they were bound, declaring: "I will let the souls which ye hunt go free like birds." But Blackberry had no knowledge of this; she made her fillet of a handkerchief of fine lawn to catch the soul of the Third, now, as she thought, nearing land; and Djemoeah marked out the hour for it in the sand, with interlaced triangles a point to the north and the south, the east and the west; a separate point for the door by which man may enter but never go out: and a door for his love to enter by, meeting him, for there are six points in triangles so placed.

Later on Djemoeah would catch the soul of Blackberry in his cap—not his Homburg, but his check cap with the peak—and tuck it into his waist-belt and sleep with it at night, and so make sure of her. But that could wait.

It was all very complete, and the moon was at its full.

It had been a fine March, without gales, but with a constant fair sailing wind.

This was all to the good for the setting of spells. But it was also the wind a sailor loves, and the *Mary Harper* had reached port, cast anchor down at Tilbury, a full week before she was due, and, crowded out from her customary mooring, was lying up against the Surrey Docks unloading her cargo—coffee, copra, spices, stags' antlers, sandal-wood.

The Third had fully intended to send a message over to his wife, but he had delayed, waiting—or so he told himself—until he could feel free. In reality he was overcome with a sort of stage fright at the very idea of seeing her again, for what on earth can ever be so dead as a dead passion?—and without ceasing throughout the last voyage he had asked himself: "Why did I do it? What on earth possessed me to do it?" sitting upon his bunk with his elbows on his knees, his hands in his hair, staring at the deck, or pacing the bridge in a state of hopeless misery.

On the third evening in port he took a boat and had himself rowed over to the north side. It seemed as though the very tide rebelled at his action, pulling outward so fiercely that it was all the boatman could do to get them across at the right angle for Wapping Stairs; while, if it had not been that he would have looked like a fool—and that was the one thing he was always dead against—for giving up the attempt, the Third would have gladly bade him put back.

He paid the man—groaning out a surly "No" when asked whether he would return that night—and mounted the steps, still slimy with the outrunning tide.

He heard the murmur of a voice, and because he did not want to go home he lingered trying to catch the word of what seemed like an endless monotone—Djemoeah and his invocations. He was even curious enough to go up the narrow alley-way from the steps and round the tangle of small buildings at the shore end of the Pier Head, and up between the placid, stately houses, the houses of Merchant Princes and Master Mariners, which sit with folded hands and veiled eyes amid the sordid turmoil of Wapping.

In the centre of the triangle of the House of the Soul there was a tiny light burning—dim because of the brightness of the moon.

Blackberry was sitting like a native woman, very flat with her legs crossed under her. But her body was bent forward, both hands extended, holding stretched out at its two opposite corners what looked like a white handkerchief.

The light of the tiny wick floating in oil was under her upraised chin, reddish in colour: the white light of the moon upon her tilted face, the immense eyes curved with the foreshortening of it.

All over the world this catching of souls is a commonplace. Among the Toradjas of Celebes, which Blackberry knew well, the priests wore strings of shells with sharp, inward curved spikes in which to trap them. In her own home was a little cage for just such a purpose. The

people of the Danger Islands made snares for them, looped with strong fibre. There were asylums for lost and wandering souls to be ransomed upon payment: supposing you missed your soul, you went there and sought it; for all this had nothing whatever to do with death. Thus Blackberry, like other women of her kind, held a napkin for the soul of her beloved; in the same way as Djemoeah, being civilised, would in time hold his hat out for hers.

Djemoeah went on murmuring, murmuring in a low, sing-song. He sat back upon his heels opposite to Blackberry, yet very close, his hands raised, palms outward.

The very essence of Blackberry's womanhood was in her curved eyes raised to the man's face. But she did not really see it: for her heart was straining, so madly that it seemed as though it must break through her body, towards the soul of the Third; that soul which she felt to be drawing nearer and nearer—nearer and yet nearer; so near, now, that in a breath it might be fluttering bird-like in her napkin, which she would knot up tight and slip in under the bodice of her common little Western dress—above the common little stays which the Third had insisted upon her wearing because it didn't look decent for a woman to "show her shape"—and so sleep with it above her heart; thus own him altogether and for ever, as she had never done before.

She hadn't a thought for the dark man facing her, save as a powerful priest. But with him it was different.

He would not allow himself to look at her; but he felt her, was aflame for her. The words which he was repeating meant nothing to him; nothing meant anything; there was nothing else in the world apart from her. It was as though a thousand threads were drawing him to her; nay, more, as though his flesh were being torn with pincers out towards her.

He trembled from head to foot; his bones were like water in a body of fire; the whole world wiped out.

The Third had come up very softly in his canvas shoes. He neither loved nor desired his wife; he had no sort of tenderness left towards her. She was as sweet and little and wild as she had ever been; but that meant nothing to him. The whole thing was like a language which he had forgotten that he ever knew.

And yet, for all that, he was swept through and through with jealous fury at what he saw. His wife, *his*, a white man's, hanky-panky with a nigger, up to dirty tricks.

He could have killed them both; murder was in his heart; but something else—was it fear or reason?—was stronger still within his head.

Now Djemoeah had never yet kissed Blackberry; never so much as laid a hand upon her—dared to lay a hand upon her, knowing himself, knowing that it could never stop at that.

Quite honestly he had determined to get her husband back for her before—Well, before anything else.

But he was human, though he was a native—a "coloured man," and quite suddenly his passion overcame him.

He leant forward, almost fell, and clasped Blackberry to him, his lips to hers.

She could not free herself; the two of them were dragged to their knees. She was helpless. If they had fallen they would have fallen together, and Djemoeah's arms were like steel about her.

Then the Third said: "My God!"

What he really meant he could not have said; for, though he was a pious man, a chapel-goer, it was certain he was not calling upon his Maker for help, or judgment.

Djemoeah's arms fell apart. For he was a "coloured man," and these do not embrace in public, upon any occasion whatever, either their own wives or sweethearts, or other men's wives or sweethearts, and he was abashed.

As for Blackberry, there was but one feeling to her. She was wild with joy and rapture.

In one moment she was upon her feet and up against the Third's breast, her arms about his neck, her lips to his, stiff and tight, over his teeth.

At last, at last she had him—all of him; not only his soul alone, but his dear, clean, strong, and beautiful body. Djemoeah had been right; there was nothing, nothing on earth that they both would not do for Djemoeah now.

For a moment or so the Third found himself unable to stir hand or foot.

Then he cast her aside.

Threw her down upon the pavement as a year and a half earlier he had thrown her aside upon the deck in the saloon of the *Mary Harper*, feeling his heart contract at the sight of her, like a little curled-up, very young rabbit.

He did not kill her and he did not kill Djemoeah. He divorced her and was awarded damages; such damages that Djemoeah had to start all over again and build up a fresh business. For if ever the Third had been savagely determined not to look like a fool, he was determined then. And in civilised countries a man does not take the life of the betrayer of his wife, but makes him pay for it; which is all very queer, because under very slightly different circumstances he himself may be put in prison for much the same thing.

As for Blackberry, after long months she married the man of her own race and was happy; happy as she could never have hoped to be with the Third; bearing children regarding which their father felt no fear whatever.

All of which is altogether wrong. But then this is a story of real life and far from being a moral tale.

## ON A NEW FROISSART

BY W. H. GRAHAM

WHEN Lord Berners, in the sixteenth century, writing of his translation of *Froissart's Chronicles*, said "What pleasure shall it be to the Noble Gentylemen of England to se, beholde, and rede the highe enterprises, famous actes and glorious dedes done and atchvyed by their valyant Aunceytours," he was striking at a deeply rooted vein in the hearts of most Britishers, then, now, and in the future. For the romantic impulse—the love for the strange with the beautiful—is born in most of us when we ourselves are born, keeping us company as our years increase and till their final sum is complete. It is an impulse which is akin to the spirit of sportsmanship and to the urge for contest so necessary to everyone in life's own battle. It is, in its highest form, a love of right put into practice to see right done.

Master Rabelais, when he says "Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions and withdraws them from vice which is called Honour," puts the matter in a nutshell.

It is impossible, even in the most practical and mechanically driven age, to smother entirely this inborn affection for romance and chivalry and things belonging to the days of knightly prowess, deny it though some would.

When, therefore, those of us who can enjoy these old *Chronicles* learn of the production of a Froissart on the lines Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford, has devised, we regard it as an event of importance. The book is a pearl of great price to the loving bookman.

Of course, there are still some enlightened people, busy in affairs of to-day, who scorn the rest of us who love the ancient literature for its own sake. They say, unless we can put our reading of the old writers to practical social use—which they doubt—for the benefit of those amongst whom we live, our pleasure is idle and to no purpose. Is this really so? Surely we go to the past to learn how those who lived before us prepared the way for the people who are enjoying to-day, and also in order that we, in our turn, may help to form the conditions of those who are to come in the to-morrow.

What is it, may reasonably be asked here, that attracts us to the ancient literature? It is the warm humanism of the old historiographers like Froissart and Holinshed compared to the frigid academic essay of the later historian.

Take, for instance, the material such as letters, diaries, and contemporary papers of all kinds, which are used by the historian when basing his deductions for the more compressed detail of his work. We are obtaining in a most enjoyable and leisurely manner insight into the past which it is impossible for us to see otherwise. We are putting under



the microscope of the diarist and letter-writer fragments of history which are thus intensified for our benefit. In the same direction, though not quite the same way, we can learn the modes and manners of a period in contemporary drama. And that is one of the reasons why we should not decry the reading of plays. They indicate insensibly the tendencies of the age in which they were written.

Lord Berners highly valued history, and commends it as "the most profitable thing in this world for the human life . . ."; and in another place refers to "the incomparable profit of history." He thus became a sympathetic but not always exact translator of events chronicled by Froissart in which the latter had himself participated or had had related to him by others.

History and biography are closely akin. The one deals with the individual, the other with the body politic. The biographer in his study must perforce treat of the interplay of character with the general environment which is the historian's material.

To the thoughtful reader of our time, however, there is sounded in these *Chronicles* a note of deeper significance which was heard and remarked by the great paladin of romance a century ago. In *Old Mortality* there is the following dialogue between Claverhouse and Mr. Morton: "Poh! Poh! You are critical," returned Claverhouse. . . . Did you ever read Froissart?"

"No," was Morton's answer.

"I have half a mind," said Claverhouse, "to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expression of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards the enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love! Ah, *benedicite*! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favour or on the other. But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy, as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse." It is this oblivious disregard of any value in the labourer and artisan so apparent in the Middle Ages, which, unintentional though it may be, is more than evident in these pages of Froissart, and tends to weaken in the modern mind any great interest in the period.

That part of romance treating of knighthood and chivalry is to a section of the public suspect by reason of its feudal flavour. And while this attitude may be justly taken, the feudalism can be overlooked if these objectors to it allow themselves to be carried along by the chronicle or tale itself.

There is something highly fascinating about the very names themselves of the lords and knights appearing from time to time in these *Chronicles*. The lists of men one finds recorded in the Old Testament have the same peculiar attraction. Where did they spring from? What

was each individual man's history, how begun, how ended? This affords a tantalising but not altogether fruitless amusement: often a name is an indication of its possessor's character, and aids you to form an impression very near the truth. Names such as Sir John Chandos, Sir Guichard D'Angle, Sir Bertram of Guesclin, The Lord of Pons, The Lord of Duras, Sir John D'ypres, Sir Walter of Manny, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Guy of Flanders, and Sir Giles le Trief, all contain certain elements of biographic interest.

Among the celebrated figures in history to be found in these records are Edward III, the Black Prince, Richard II, and the Douglas. The foibles, as well as the bravery of these men, are set faithfully down. How, for instance, King Edward was successfully repulsed by the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, and how he founded the Order of the Garter. How the Black Prince fought himself to fame. How King Richard II faced the mob at Mile End.

The pages of actual experience are continually being added to the book called History, and when they are filled up by chroniclers of Froissart's mettle and zeal they will not be found altogether wanting in authority.

Each age with its social usages is represented in its literature, and a fruit of the feudal age is to be found in the pages of Froissart. None the less it is a fruit to be relished by those who like its quality and when it is served up in so beautiful a fashion as in this particular edition.

## CURRENT LITERATURE

## THE GOTHIC NOVEL

By S. M. ELLIS

"The ghastly Owle  
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave  
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;  
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle."

THUS Spenser picturesquely adumbrated the setting of certain romantic novelists who were to flourish two hundred years later. To trace the origins of what is generically known as Gothic Romance (a somewhat inadequate and inaccurate *nomen* for a vast and far-spreading literature in various forms) and relate its mutations of descent through the centuries would be an undertaking of great interest, and, if successfully achieved, one of considerable literary value and importance. For Gothic Romance is intimately related and bound up with all romantic and imaginative literature, both prose and poetry. It was a connecting link between the earliest but eternal concern of Humanity with the Unknown and the mysterious, with the forces of Nature, with the supernatural, with what comes after death—matters which found expression and speculation in ancient myths, in the Bible, in the miraculous chronicles of monks and minstrels, in Shakspeare—a connecting link (and, on occasion, a predisposing cause) with the great blossoming of romantic and natural poetry of Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Southey, Scott, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century; followed in turn by countless forms of romances, ghost stories, historical novels, and novels inspired by and interrelated with the influences of impressive scenery and buildings—an heterogenesis which deserves a more grandiloquent and less derogatory classification than "Fiction" in the catalogues of libraries and booksellers.

A valuable aid towards the task indicated is offered in a new book entitled *The Haunted Castle*,<sup>1</sup> a work, however, which does not completely or successfully cover the whole subject, despite its length and careful annotation. Mr. Eino Railo is presumably not an Englishman, and tribute must be paid to his immense research and wide reading in a foreign language.<sup>2</sup> He seems to have studied every example of the

(1) *The Haunted Castle*, a Study of the Elements of English Romanticism, by Eino Railo, with eight illustrations. (Routledge, 25s. net.)

(2) I fear Mr. Railo has often trusted to the faulty statements of other writers, otherwise he would not speak of Strawberry Hill as "near Windsor," or refer to Horace Walpole's collections there of art and vertu as "Gothic rubbish" comparable only to Mr. Pickwick's finds. Among many other treasures, Horace Walpole possessed exquisite miniatures by Oliver; the silver-gilt clock given by Henry the Eighth to Anne Boleyn, and now at Windsor, and Reynolds's portrait of "The Ladies Waldegrave," sold in later years for £20,000. The total of the sale of the collections in 1842 was £33,450: if it could be repeated in these days the results would vastly exceed that sum.

actual Gothic novel and traced every reference (within his self-imposed period) to his thesis. But in the result he has been overwhelmed by the mass of his material, and has not eliminated what could have been spared, so finding space for the beginnings of romantic literature. Thus the biographical chapter on M. G. Lewis—interesting and pertinent as it may be to the theme—is not essential; and there are repetitions here and there.

The author is content to trace the influence of Shakspeare upon his principal protagonists, Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve, Mrs. Radcliffe, Maturin, and M. G. Lewis: but, as I have indicated, a perception and picturesque presentation of the supernatural, together with apparitions and mysterious sounds, go back far beyond Shakspeare to the earliest ability of mankind to express its emotions and fears: at first orally by its more skilled spokesmen, the wise men and soothsayers, then the superstitious monks, and the minstrels, followed by the printed word of the poets and scholars. All their speculations upon the supernatural can be traced back to the elemental fear of death and the unknown land beyond the grave. A dead man could not come back as he was before death, and if stories were told of something seen in the semblance of he who was dead, it followed that this something had traversed that unseen, mysterious realm which was regarded with instinctive dread. If *this* fear be not an *innate* quality of humanity—not shared with the animal creation—how is it that the bravest man would feel, if alone, a qualm of terror if he heard a sound from a room which to his knowledge contained nothing but a corpse? A horse or dog would not experience or manifest any alarm at sound or movement coming from a dead body. So it seems obvious that fear of what may be beyond death arises from the gift of imagination peculiar to mankind; and in the primitive days of mankind the easily terrified imagination, awed by the mysterious forces of Nature, invested fire and water with a picturesque pantheism which, in turn, extended to the hills and caves and heaths and woods and streams, and peopled them with terrible gods and goddesses, mysterious beings whose voices were heard in the rolling thunder and the wailing winds. So from the myths of far distant times we come to spectacular scenery invested with legend, such as the Drachenfels, and from this stage it is but a step to the Enchanted Forest and Haunted Castle of romance writers.

I am surprised that Mr. Railo does not trace more indebtedness to German romance—that is to say, the romantic aspects of Germany—in the works of his exemplars. Even if set in Italy, the Castles of Otranto and Udolpho were far more Teutonic in atmosphere, which in this connection *is* Gothic.

Curiously enough (with the exception of Lewis), Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, Maturin, and Clara Reeve, though they have won and will ever wear the synonym and symbol of "The Haunted Castle," were not primarily concerned with ghosts. Their chief interest was to present a series of mysterious occurrences amid an atmosphere of brooding horror and suspense—the ancient fear of the Unknown. With the actual appearance of horrific apparitions—"the real thing," in vulgar phrase—they

have been far surpassed by their lineal descendants in this class of story, the tale-tellers we know of later years, Walter Scott, Harrison Ainsworth, Bulwer Lytton, Sheridan Le Fanu, Wilkie Collins, R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. Riddell, Algernon Blackwood, and Montague Rhodes James. Mr. Railo mentions only one or two of these later exponents of the romantic ghost story, yet they are the legitimate heirs of all that message known as "The Haunted Castle."

Mr. Railo makes an interesting comparison between the fatuous "normal" explanations of Mrs. Radcliffe's mysteries with the loud knocking heard on the castle gate in *Macbeth*. In both examples the far-ancestral fear of the Unknown is roused to acute emotion—in Lady Macbeth's case she is still haunted by the sound in her sleep. But the noise of knocking had been made merely by an ordinary human being seeking belated entrance, just as the hollow groans and flitting lights heard and seen by a Radcliffe heroine in the labyrinthine dungeons were caused by some half-crazed individual long incarcerated in the castle. Of course, in Shakspeare's story he was portraying the nervous state of guilty consciences when, in Scriptural phrase, even "The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them."

I do not think there is much to be said for the belief of some commentators of Mrs. Radcliffe and M. G. Lewis that in their presentations of Schedoni in *The Italian* and Ambrosio in *The Monk*—the criminal monk in pursuit of an innocent, persecuted maiden in both cases—they were pioneers of the ultra-Protestant fiction which sought to expose the enormities of convent life. Rather did these two authors seize upon the convent as another symbol of mystery—for anything might happen within those secluded, cloistered walls, silvered by the moon; the call of the Angelus, the swelling anthem, the splendours of the Mass, were all available as picturesque accessories for the tale; while what more likely than that some mysterious male should have retired from the world and donned the habiliments of a monk in pursuit of his purpose? The type was borrowed several times by Byron, for the flashing eye under the cowl is intriguing in the real sense of that now oft misused word. But the vicious horrors of conventual life are best perused in the engaging narratives of Father Chinoquy and Miss Edith O'Gorman, "The Escaped Nun."

A better case could be stated concerning "Monk" Lewis's erotic obsession, particularly his zest in making monks the chief actors in sensual and lascivious scenes leading to bloodshed and murder: but this arose from no Protestant itch but rather from contagion with his contemporary, the Marquis de Sade, whose best-known works, *Justine* (1791) and *Juliette* (1796), preceded and immediately followed Lewis's *The Monk* (1795). Somewhat courageously, Mr. Dawes, an Englishman, has just issued a book on the subject of Sade<sup>1</sup>, though he was preceded seven years ago by the Rev. Montague Summers, who was the author of a scholarly but succinct memoir of the Marquis, bearing the sub-title of *A Study in Algolagnia*, 1920.

(1) *The Marquis de Sade: His Life and Works*, by C. R. Dawes. (Holden. 21s. net.)

Quite apart from the accusations and his own books which shadow Sade, his lineage and life were of romantic interest. For an ancestor of his, Hugues de Sade, was the husband of Madonna Laura, who was adored by Petrarch and inspired his exquisite songs, and the Marquis's mother, a Maillé, was a relative by marriage of the great Condé, in whose house in Paris the future author was born, in 1740. To an early disappointment in love, when the youthful Sade was compelled to marry a woman whose younger sister alone possessed his adoration, may be traced the bitter perversion of his mind to that cruelty he expressed in his books. A large portion of his life was spent in the Bastille and other prisons, and there most of those books were written. For over eleven years, 1779-1790, he was imprisoned for an alleged moral offence, obtaining his release during the Revolution. In 1800 he was foolish enough to attack Napoleon and Josephine in a lampoon, *Zoloé*, and the budding Emperor vindictively had the offender arrested and confined in Charenton Asylum for the rest of his life. There for another thirteen years Sade was a prisoner, and there he died in 1814. He was a product of his licentious, cruel, and sanguinary period, and its victim; for his long imprisonments, debarred from all the luxuries and pleasures dear to him, warped his mind and diverted his talents to the service of pornography. But, as Mr. Dawes demonstrates, Sade's life was in no way commensurate with the enormity of his imagination. Only two charges were proved against him, a record which would be exceeded by most of his contemporary noblesse. Nevertheless, by reason of his books, he became the prototype of the Wicked Marquis so dear to fiction and melodrama. I fancy he (together with his mode of life, his *Petite Maison*) can be found, as a first appearance, in the Marquis de Villebelle of that quaint old novel *The Barber of Paris*, by Paul de Kock; and as a more whitewashed figure—cruelty without lust—in the person of Monsieur the Marquis in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

The works of Sade were known to Swinburne, and their influence can be seen in his *Poems and Ballads* (1866). He was wont to extol the Marquis and his novels in public—to the disgust of the guests at a party at Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk, as William Hardman relates in 1861. In writing to Monckton Milnes, who was able to lend some examples of Sade to him, Swinburne spoke in light vein of the "martyred Marquis de Sade . . . that illustrious and ill-requested benefactor of humanity."

Sade, at the end, found life had been but a sad and futile thing despite the riot of his imagination. In his will he expressed the hope "que ma mémoire s'effacera de l'esprit des hommes." So far from that being the case, his name has given a word to the English language.

## NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

THE SPANISH FARM TRILOGY. By R. H. Mottram. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

In this volume Mr. Mottram has joined together *The Spanish Farm*, *Sixty-Four*, *Ninety-Four* and *The Crime at Vanderlynden's*. In the first book the tale of the Great War is told from the standpoint of a peasant girl of French Flanders; in the second from the standpoint of an English officer of the New Army. In the third we have the completion of the composite picture through the spectacles of an astonishingly well-realised figure in the person of Stephen Doughty Dormer, attached to Divisional Staff. These three studies have been linked up by an extremely sympathetic analysis of French character entitled *D'Archeville*, an almost equally revealing sketch of an elderly officer from Canada entitled *The Winner*, while the whole is rounded off by an epilogue, at once poignant and disenchanted, entitled *The Stranger*. The book, in its final form, is undoubtedly a noteworthy contribution not only to the history of the Great War but to literature.

It has not been Mr. Mottram's object to translate the galley-slave toil of the trenches as the author of *Le Feu* has translated it; it has been contrary to the plan of his work to present any single figure possessed of the dominating vividness of M. Benjamin's *Gaspard*; it has been equally outside his plan to present, at least in significant detail, the English as seen through French spectacles after the manner of the author of *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*. Madeleine, certainly, is wonderful in her livingness, but the very fact of her Flemish blood distinguishes her from Madelon of France. And, though the character of d'Archeville is given with deep insight, its very appreciation is necessarily from the outside. But in Dormer we have an English officer of the New Army known through and through, a veritable portrait presented in the quietest colours and yet vibrant in every minute detail with life. Here is a glimpse of Dormer in action that is worthy, in its restraint, of Stendhal himself:

He went to the garden wall, and peered out. Nothing visible, as usual. He thought of all the battle pictures he had ever seen. The prancing horses, the gay uniforms, the engrossing action of figures that pointed muzzle or bayonet at each other, that wielded sword or lance. Here he was, an incident in one of the biggest battles in the world. All he could see was neglected arable, smashed buildings, a broken bridge and a blocked by-road, all shrouded in steamy vapour. He made out that it was the Lewis opposite the end of the bridge that was firing. He crawled along the gully that had been dug from the Château gate to the roadway, and so to the replacement by the step-off of the bridge.

Centuries from now, perhaps, when the glamour of the flamboyant school of war literature has wholly faded, men and women who speak

our language will still turn to *The Spanish Farm Trilogy* for a picture of reality all the more terrible because of the quietude of its tones and the sombre disillusion of its ultimate message.

JEW SÜSS. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. (Secker. 10s. net.)

In the days that<sup>\*</sup> pass, when so many petulant mediocrities are saluted as creative writers, when so many mere *jeux d'esprit*, on the one hand, and mere bellowing disquisitions, on the other, are accepted as serious masterpieces, one is almost disconcerted by the appearance of a real book. *Jew Süß*, admirably rendered into English, is a work of flesh and blood with the faults of flesh and blood. It is easy to attack it, easy to maintain that this picture of eighteenth-century Germany is dotted with brocaded dummies scarcely distinguishable from one another, easy to state that apparently vital characters, like the Countess, for instance, fade out altogether, that the Wandering Jew loses his mystery, that the second Duke is almost a duplicate of the first, and so on and so forth. Equally easy is it to insinuate that the manner of this strange novel is by no means sustained, that the tragic sinks into comedy—as distinct from being relieved by comedy—and that comedy, in its turn, sags into sheer farce.

But the fact remains that this is a powerful creative book in another world from that of so-called historical romances, a book which demands to be judged, not from the standard of *Quo Vadis?*, not even from the standard of Merejkovsky's trilogy, but from the very different standard of *War and Peace*. Judged, indeed, from any standpoint, *Jew Süß* preserves so ferocious an intensity for its central figure that the little cavillings and carplings of humdrum criticism are automatically rejected as so many thimblefuls of water playing upon a raging fire.

As one glances at the evolution of Süß, from the time when he becomes his royal master's creature to the time when he goes to his monstrous death, one seems to be peering into a series of El Grecos in which the different phases of the central figure are permanently registered. For, no matter how many varied characters sprawl over the immense canvas, no matter how this or that static, decorative group threatens to overshadow the one dynamic figure, there is—just as in the masterpieces of the Greek Spaniard—no mistaking him. The Jew Süß lives not as a pathetic figure, not as a suppliant, not as a sacrificial champion of his race, but as a human being who has grasped—not merely through external sufferings, but through inner experience—the profound significance of this interpretation of Western futility in conflict with something eternally different: "Often in the fulfilment of victory, in the realisation of defeat, in the very midst of their career, they come to a halt with a shudder of awe, hearing among a thousand brazen echoes a still, dying voice which says, 'Will nothing, do nothing, renounce your ego.'"

Such is the sombre, inflexible wisdom which the brilliant, flexible Jew, who might have claimed Christian citizenship and therefore life, interpreted so triumphantly at the last. And for this, if for nothing else, Herr Feuchtwanger's book may well claim its place among the real novels of Europe.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ETC. By Leonard Woolf.  
(The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

One cannot be too grateful for the genuine literary criticism contained in these essays, which differ profoundly from so many ephemeral jottings, piously preserved in the guise of books. Mr. Woolf is acute, penetrating, and, above all, intellectually sincere in his judgments, while the range of his imaginative sympathy is wide enough to include Ben Jonson and Mr. T. S. Eliot, Hazlitt and Miss Edith Sitwell. He can detect—and this perhaps is most rare of all—the failing of life in authors whose reputations continue to grow. Pages and pages of floundering dissection fail to disclose the real nerve as a few sentences of Mr. Woolf disclose it again and again. Take, for example, his comparison between Conrad's *Under Western Eyes* and Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*: "Conrad's vision was only of moments in life, Dostoevsky's of life as an immense and intricate whole, a little ridiculous, a little mad, terribly sordid, but tremendous in passion and tragedy." All the literary essays may be said to present new aspects and that on Samuel Butler is no exception. Unerringly the critic detects why *The Way of all Flesh* falls short of being either a great satire or a great novel; the explanation, it may be added, applies to the work of many another justly esteemed English writer: "The temperature of his writing is, in fact, too low; it is cold to the touch, like something that is dead, or nearly dead. Or to put it in another way, the atmosphere of his writing is like the atmosphere of the reading-room in the British Museum." Some phases of this strong, individual criticism are less persuasive in the political essays. But even in "Please, sir, it was the other fellow" Mr. Woolf is neither more nor less unconvincing than is M. Victor Marguerite in *Les Criminels*.

\* \* \* The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.

It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be typewritten.

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

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXXXI. NEW SERIES. NOVEMBER 1, 1927

### THE NEW GERMANY

By "AUGUR"

It results from the Treaty of Versailles that in the question of disarmament the Germans to-day hold the whip-hand. For in the preamble to Part V it is said that "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow." And Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations has it that "the members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations. The Council, taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several Governments." Germany is now a permanent member of the Council; the Allies have given her a certificate that she has carried out her obligations under the military, naval and air clauses of the Treaty, and she can therefore take the virtuous attitude of the State which has disarmed first and expects others to follow its example.

The Treaty contains the Covenant of the League—the charter of Germany's standing in Europe as an equal nation among equals (Compare: "Peace in Europe," THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, September). This can but mean that her disarmament can only be a part of a general scheme of limitation of armaments embracing all the States which are members of the League. Therefore, as soon as the period of probation

(1) The full argument is in "Augur," *Peace in Europe*, Selwyn and Blount.

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imposed upon Germany by the restrictive clauses of the Peace Treaty is over, she finds herself in a particularly strong position to press for a general disarmament in Europe. In this question German diplomacy has a powerful lever to get the Allies to move in the question of the evacuation of the Rhineland. For to obtain the complete removal of foreign troops from German territory is the immediate object of the policy of Berlin. The Treaty fixes the year 1935 as the term for the Allied occupation, but under Article 431 the German Government may claim evacuation before that date if it has complied with all its obligations. We have shown that from the strictly juridical point of view (Compare: "The Rhineland Again," *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, June, 1927) Article 431 does not come into play until the whole Dawes Plan has been carried out to the full satisfaction of the Allies. But the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, and, especially, her introduction into the Council as a permanent member, constitutes on the part of the Allies their consent to treat Germany as an equal. This means that the juridical force of any restrictive clause in the Treaty is less important than general moral considerations. Therefore, when in private conversation Herr Stresemann asks Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand to recognise the right of Germany to claim evacuation under Article 431, the British and the French Ministers recommend delay not on formal grounds, but for reasons of expediency: public opinion is not ready to accept such a sensational step as the complete unconditional withdrawal of the Allied forces from the Rhine.

The reason why public opinion, especially in France, has not yet reached the conclusion that the occupation of the Rhineland is unnecessary is that strong doubts continue to exist about the sincerity of Germany's acceptance of the principles on which is based the League of Nations. It is sufficient to read in parallel columns the speeches of Stresemann at Geneva and of Hindenberg at Tannenberg to understand how the doubt is maintained. Statesmen, naturally, do not attach undue importance to the sad reminiscences of an old general. But they find in the

attitude of the German Government other graver reasons for anxiety. First of all there is the fact, which no casuistry can destroy, that by her Treaty of Reinsurance with Moscow Germany has tied herself and is not a free agent at Geneva, where she has promised to protect Soviet interests. Not so long ago the Finnish Government asked Berlin for the support of its candidature to a seat on the Council of the League. *The Times* said—and this has never been denied by the Wilhelmstrasse, which loves démentis—that the answer to the Finnish request was: "Impossible, because this would be disagreeable to Moscow." The Allies are so anxious to reinstate Germany as an equal nation among equals, because otherwise unity in Europe cannot be achieved, that they are ready to close their eyes to the Soviet chain round Herr Stresemann's ankle, all the more so because he has let it be understood that he would be glad to be rid of it himself. Unfortunately, there are other reasons for disquiet: the situation in Central and Eastern Europe and the execution of the Dawes Plan for Reparations.

We are not inclined to attach too much importance to the question of Germany's frontiers about which we hear so much. This is a temporary phase, which will grow steadily less important, because Poland is better able to look after herself than people imagine, and because economic interests in Central Europe are working for a consolidation, which may in the end defeat even the Austrian Anschluss. But it is the question of Reparations which very soon may become the touchstone of Germany's sincerity. For we are swiftly approaching a critical time. The Budget year 1928-1929 will be the first when the payments under the Dawes Plan reach the full total of 2,500 million gold marks, that is more than double the amount paid in 1926-1927 and 45 per cent. more than in 1927-1928—a formidable sum indeed. It is, however, provided that the payments are to be modified according to the prosperity index. The gravest doubt exists about the practical possibility for Germany to pay Reparations on that scale, and in the same time to continue paying the interest and sinking fund on the colossal debt contracted

with foreign, especially with American creditors. That some adjustment will be necessary is clear to the experts. The question is not what will Germany be able to pay? but: Will Germany honestly pay up to her capacity, or will she, as she has done already once before during the inflation period, confront her creditors with the menace of a complete bankruptcy, if her terms are not accepted? Until now there is no certain answer to this question. It is not surprising in the circumstances that not only M. Poincaré, but also responsible men in Wall Street, look upon the occupation of the Rhineland as a measure for financial bargaining at a moment which cannot be far off. But we hope that the existing doubts will be swept away in time, for the signs are multiplying that the German Republic is coming into its own as a live democratic factor. A swift and favourable solution depends on the assistance which Europe can give to this New Germany.

There are those who say that Germany needs no assistance. They recommend, on the contrary, to put a curb on her activities. They point to the strides Germany has made and is making towards a recuperation of the material losses incurred through the War. We do not deny that by obstinate work the Germans have done much to improve their position. But we have strong doubts about the true extent of the revival, and we say, in any case, that industrial development and a general improvement of material conditions cannot give back to Germany the irreparable loss she has suffered: the loss of culture and prestige. Mammoth factories in the Ruhr do not alter the fact that on the map of Europe the area under the influence of German culture has contracted amazingly. Before the War this area reached far beyond the frontiers of the Reich, across the Baltic provinces of Russia, where it was entrenched, to Finland. To it belonged the German colonies in the principal Russian cities and in many provinces which were centres of a powerful propaganda. The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was an appendix of the German Reich, and carried the influence of its peculiar culture to the Adriatic and the Balkans. Millions of Germans in the United States were proud of their descent,

and in scores of countries all over the world citadels of Kultur had been created. Great Britain was strongly influenced from Germany in the intellectual sense, and even France was sensitive to suggestions from Berlin. Where is all this now?

In Eastern Europe German culture ends on the borders of a sadly shrunk State. The Baltic provinces are now nationalist States, and in Russia itself, in spite of the link between Berlin and Moscow, nothing is left of the ancient cultural influence. In the place of the old Dual Monarchy we see a welter of Succession States, which if they look for inspiration beyond their own frontier seek it in London and in Paris rather than in Berlin. German intellectual prestige in Turkey is a thing of the past. In the United States millions of adherents of Kultur have been transformed into "100 per cent." Americans, and all over the world we meet similar cultural losses, which no success in trade can replace. The Germans complain of their material losses, but their moral discomfiture is the thing that matters. They are weaker than the world at large and than they themselves suspect, and they need all the help which other nations can afford to give. As time goes on the immensity of their loss will be brought home to the Germans with painful clearness, causing them to suffer pangs of regret, but also, from time to time, exposing them to the danger of a useless chauvinism. Europe as a whole must continue steadfastly on her course of peace, having in mind always that the Treaty of Versailles is not a bogey to be got rid of but an international agreement which contains the charter of Germany's liberation.

The reason which makes us take an optimistic view of the future relations of Germany with the rest of Europe is that the War has broken the back not of the German nation but of Prussian hegemony, and has thus opened the way for the new Germany which, we are certain, will take her place in a united democratic Europe. A famous teacher of history at the author's public school insisted always that the boys should draw maps to illustrate historical developments. History and geography hang together, and, if we apply the wise rule to the examination



of the situation of Germany, we see that in the territorial sense of the States composing the Reich it is Prussia alone which has suffered. The loss of territories to Poland has placed Berlin on the outskirts, and the centre of gravity in the cultural, and especially in the economic, sense is shifting westwards towards the Rhine. Berlin has ceased to be the impregnable stronghold of a powerful oligarchy which before the War was able to hold democracy in check by concentrating in its hands all military, administrative and even cultural influence. By inertia the old ruling cast continues to occupy the posts in the Government, but the impregnability does not exist any more, and a new spirit is shaking the edifice of the power of the Junkers. Time is working for democracy in Germany. After all, if the whole nation were at one with the Junkers, the latter would not be obliged to overstrain themselves by demonstrations similar to the one at Tannenberg. Losing causes need all the help which shouting can afford.

Herr Stresemann's speech at Geneva at the last Assembly marks an epoch. His utterances were probably influenced by considerations of political tactics. That does not matter. For once Germany steps on to the path of peaceful co-operation, whether sincerely or not, it is difficult to turn back. She must go on. Mr. Wickham Steed, writing about Geneva in the *Observer*, remarked:—

In the Assembly Germany has taken the lead, and, I fancy, means to keep it. Last year she trod warily. This year she has spoken and acted boldly. Next year she may call upon Europe to follow her along the path towards economic, political, and moral unification, definitely proscribing war, insisting upon the reduction of armaments, and trusting to growing invisibility of frontiers and a co-operative spirit to give her all, and more than all, she could hope to secure by any reversion to Imperialist militarism. Dr. Stresemann, whose speech was the most positively statesmanlike utterance yet heard in this Assembly, has divined the immense force that lies in the association of nations in the League.

We have here a masterly summary of the political programme of the new Germany which is growing up behind the screen of Nationalist manifestations. Some time ago it was fashionable to speak of separatism in the Rhineland. In the form imagined at the time of

the Ruhr occupation it has never existed. But as a desire of the largest part of the German nation to free itself from the hegemony of the Prussian Junkers it exists as a living thing. There is no Rhineland separatism, but there is a Prussian separatist spirit which resists the ushering in of a democratic era in Germany. Time will be needed to crush it, but time is against it, and it will disappear. A subject for meditation this: how gradually from an outlying province, which never even was a part of the ancient Holy Empire, the Prussian spirit—for there is no Prussian race—spread out until, like a mist, it covered the major part of Germany. There was a "Prussia" which extended its conquests to the Rhine, and there were "Prussians" in millions. Now we witness the retreat of the fog. It contracts and rolls away. A name remains, but the spirit is undergoing a process of change. It is for Europe as a whole to assist the new Germany in the fight for the triumph of the democratic principle.

## A REPLY TO ADMIRAL SCHEER.

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER F. D. BUTT, R.N. (Retd.).

ADMIRAL SCHEER'S amazing article in the October (1927) number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW is one of two things. It is either an interesting exposition of the German point of view or an attempt to "pull the legs" of the public in this country. I suspect it of being the latter, but in case it should be taken seriously we should assume it to be the former, and because of its inconsistencies, false doctrines, and its lack of real appreciation of the situation it should not be allowed to pass unchallenged.

Speaking of the Jellicoe-Beatty controversy, he tells us he has no intention of taking up any particular attitude in the debate, and then proceeds to do so in these words: "It does not say much for the spirit of offence actuating the critics of Admiral Beatty in that they should blame him for the loss of two vessels by his giving battle to the five German ships with his six, and *not waiting till the four swifter Dreadnoughts of the Queen Elizabeth class had come up to change the relation from six to five into ten to five.*" (The italics are mine.)

Admiral Scheer then takes up a very "particular attitude," and incidentally confuses the issue.

The attitude the critics of Admiral Beatty take up is this.

Sir John Jellicoe had specially placed these four Queen Elizabeth class battleships under Sir David Beatty's command in order to ensure that a force would be available sufficiently strong to *annihilate* the five German battle-cruisers.

If Sir David Beatty had kept his fleet undivided in the first instance, there would have been no need "to wait till the four swifter Dreadnoughts . . . had come up." *They would have been there already.*

Admiral Bacon, in *The Jutland Scandal*, makes it clear that, since Admiral Beatty did not increase speed

*immediately* in pursuit of the Germans, he had time to close up his fleet and correct the mistake he had already made, but that he did not do so.

It was Admiral Jellicoe's intention that the relation should be ten ships against five—admirable tactics, strongly recommended by Lord Nelson and employed by him on every possible occasion. Lord Nelson, we are told, taking farewell of Parker and another officer who, as frigate captains, were starting off on a cruise together, "seized the opportunity to give them a lesson in tactics." They were going in search of a pair of French frigates, and Nelson enjoined on them his characteristic and favourite mode of attack. They should not each single out an opponent and fight him; both should, if possible, fall upon one Frenchman; then, if successful, chase the other. "Then," added Nelson, "if you do not take the second, still you have won a victory, and your country will gain a frigate." Then, seeing the doubt on their faces, he added, half laughing and half snappishly: "I daresay you consider yourselves a couple of fine fellows; and when you get away from me you will do nothing of the sort, but think yourselves wiser than I am." When Sir John Jellicoe gave Admiral Beatty four extra ships in order to make him two to one against the German battle-cruisers, did he imagine his battle-cruiser admiral would also think himself wiser than Nelson?

Admiral Scheer tells us that Admiral Beatty "was bound to take into consideration the possibility that this smaller group would make an attempt to avoid the encounter." Why?

If the smaller group endeavoured to avoid the encounter when they sighted the Fifth Battle Squadron, they would have been unable to do so, because they would have been too long under the fire of the longer ranged and accurately controlled guns of the Queen Elizabeth class battleships.

It is not suggested that Sir David Beatty should have assumed that "his own ships were inferior to those of his opponent"; it is suggested, quite rightly, that he could and should have used ten ships instead of six, and, if he had done so, as Nelson would have advised and Jellicoe

or any other admiral in our fleet would have done, he would have been able to annihilate the five German battle-cruisers.

Admiral Scheer goes on to tell us later that he determined to make another turn in the direction of the English "which would enable me to send out the torpedo-boats from our van against the long-drawn British battle line in front of us."

"This turn," he says, "which brought our opponents in the favourable position of being able to 'cross the T,' has been designated as a tactical error, but its success attests the correctness of the manœuvre."

This is truly remarkable!

An admiral executes a manœuvre which brings his opponents into what he himself describes as a "favourable position"—in other words, he blunders into a position in which he finds "his T crossed," makes a frantic signal to his battle-cruisers to . . . "Ram"—five unfortunate battle-cruisers are, in the face of the fire of three-quarters of the Grand Fleet, to get close enough to ram—turns his fleet round and bolts, leaving his battle-cruisers to their fate, and then has the coolness to tell us afterwards "its success attests the correctness of the manœuvre"!

The only German manœuvre that was successful at this stage was that of the destroyers who attacked the Grand Fleet and enabled the German Battle Fleet and battle cruisers to be withdrawn from the awkward situation in which their admiral's *successful* manœuvre had placed them.

Where, then, lies the success of the admiral's manœuvre?

Is it really necessary to get "the T crossed" in order to launch a destroyer attack? It is not. And if we accept the reasonable proposition that it is not, we are justified in not accepting this "attack" as "the most striking proof that nothing lay further from our (the German's) thoughts than to think of escape," as he suggests we should.

Again, Admiral Scheer tells us it was necessary to secure a lee position, "and this was possible only near the Horn's Riff, because the shallows and mines east of this offered

no room to the British ships. . . . It (the German Fleet) then took up a waiting position at Horn's Riff . . . it took up its return course."

Precisely!

Admiral Scheer went where the shallows and mines offered no room to the British ships, and then calmly tells us that the idea about the German desire to escape is a myth!

Next we are told that the British Admiralty decided to adopt "a strategic defensive." If maintaining a blockade both of the enemy's merchant fleet and his Imperial Navy is "a strategic defensive," which it is not, he is right.

He speaks of the Grand Fleet's "unassailable position" near the Orkneys just as if he had bottled our fleet up there, and the said "unassailable position" was the only factor which prevented him from destroying it!

Has he really persuaded himself that the Grand Fleet *ever* remained at Scapa Flow on the rare occasions that the German Fleet did put to sea?

Such an idea could only emanate from one whose brain is fogged by prejudice and devoid of the sense of the ridiculous!

Admiral Scheer then proceeds to say "The German Admiralty thereupon concluded to bombard Sunderland. Surely no one will venture to say that this was the proper way to avoid an encounter with the British Navy. On August 19th, 1916 . . . the German Squadron approached the British coast within a distance of forty nautical miles, *but was diverted from its goal by the report from its air service that great numbers of hostile units were visible in a southerly direction*," and then goes on to say with unaffected simplicity, "this, too, ought to prove that the German Fleet gave more than one opportunity to the English for meeting it upon the seas." (Again the italics are mine.)

This is precisely what it does not prove. It merely shows, as the admiral tells us himself, that a report from his air service that hostile units were visible was quite sufficient to *divert* the German Squadron *from its goal*.

If we accept that the encounter with the Grand Fleet

gave the German Navy the assurance that it was able to cross swords with the British, we may pertinently ask why this confidence did not induce it to fight a battle on the morning of June 1st or on any other later date?

Admiral Scheer's assertion that "To the strategic limitations imposed on Admiral Jellicoe in the matter of avoiding losses in ships must be added the tactical helplessness of his long drawn line of battle" should be accepted with the greatest reserve.

The admiral is guessing. He can have no knowledge whatever as to what limitations were or were not imposed upon Admiral Jellicoe, nor can he have had experience in handling so large a fleet as the Grand Fleet. The latter was in no sense endowed with "tactical helplessness."

Of all the sheer nonsense, however, that has been written about the conduct of the Naval War in the North Sea, I have no hesitation in handing the laurels to Admiral Scheer for the following specimen:—

"After the bombardment of Yarmouth and Lowestoft in April, 1916—raids, *the real object of which was to force the British Fleet to emerge from its secure retreat in the Orkneys. . . .*"

[This controversy must now cease.—ED. F.R.]

## THE FUTURE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

By "CURIO"

As the time of the next General Election draws closer, it becomes certain that nothing but a very considerable transfer of Conservative votes to the Socialists can produce a real change in party Government. Liberalism, in spite of its recent revival, has no chance of an independent majority; but Socialism has at least a chance. Its prospects depend largely on its attitude and policy, and therefore on the character of the forces which make it up.

We are too apt to think of Socialism as a definite, universal and invariable creed, affected neither by history nor geography, and of Socialist parties as if their views did not depend on time or place. To understand the extraordinary divergences which go to make up the British Socialist Party, and the great uncertainty which must attend its future development in the realm of policy, it is necessary to take a broad and rapid survey of Socialism both at home and abroad.

The most widespread view of Socialism undoubtedly depicts it as it struck the intelligent mind in the gospel of the I.L.P. preached by the late Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald just at the turn of the century. This is the Socialism of the Chair, and aims at the gradual nationalisation of all industry until in the end private enterprise would have disappeared and we should all be civil servants. The pace of nationalisation—and even such a vital question as that of confiscation versus compensation—would depend on practical circumstances. This is an important branch of the Socialist creed and a pre-eminently British one. The only long established Socialist Governments in the British Empire—those of Australasia—have really attempted to work this theory out in practice over a long period of years. They seem now to have reached a point at which they have stuck—because any further extension of the theory would spell financial collapse, owing to the failure of State industries to pay. There has even been a retrocession to private

enterprise, as in the case of the sugar mill which was the *casus belli* in the Queensland railway strike of this autumn.

It is undoubtedly along this line, *i.e.*, the peaceful taking over in succession of going concerns by State legislation, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would himself proceed subject to two provisos: (1) That he wanted so to proceed at all; (2) that his followers would let him pursue this course.

But important as this Socialist school is in theory and in practice it does not cover more than a portion of the Socialist field of action or idea in Europe—even if we leave out such allied groups as the Syndicalists or the Communists. It is not even certain that the Socialism of the Chair is predominant in the British Socialist party as represented in Parliament.

For instance, it must be pointed out that in France for over a generation and in Germany ever since the Armistice there have been Governments in power which have been predominately Socialist in character, and yet after all these years there is hardly the slightest sign in the economic fabric of either country of these long continued periods of Socialist or semi-Socialist administrations.<sup>1</sup>

Opinion has got so used to this strange phenomenon that Europe has almost ceased to notice it at all. When confronted with it the average British Conservative says that it shows that Continental Socialists are sensible people who don't believe in the theories by which they get into office. There is an element of truth, but not the whole truth, contained in this judgment. The fact is that Continental Socialism, as represented in the polling booth, has always been largely supported by people who in England would have allied themselves to Radicals or voted Liberal. This was particularly the case in Germany before the war, when to vote Socialist was the only hopeful or effective protest against a system of government which was not really Parliamentary at all—against

(1) The State ownership of such enterprises as the railways in France and Germany was not due to Socialism but to an antithetic belief of the Continental nation in State authority pressed beyond the limits of ordinary British faith in individual ownership.

the Prussian militants—and in fact against Kaiserism as a whole.

The bourgeois Liberal parties in Germany were not believed to be sincere in opposition to the Crown or to Jingoism—and rightly so. The Socialists therefore simply became a mixed opposition to the executive like the "country party," or English Whigs, at the end of the seventeenth century. Only a minority of their membership really worried about the doctrines of Karl Marx or believed in the alternative "Socialism of the Chair." When in 1919 the German Socialists came into power their first imperative duty was to rally all moderate opinion in the effort to put down the Communist insurrection by force and to save the State. The events of that year in Berlin and Munich depended on outside support, and made them very chary of the members of their own party who leant to the Left. The only concession made to the Socialism of the Chair by its supposed professors was the nationalisation of the coal mines—a policy promptly rescinded when it was found that they could not possibly be made to pay except by private enterprise. Luckily for the Socialist administration in Berlin it has always been able to plead that it has never been a completely independent Government, but has always had to depend on a certain amount of bourgeois or centre support against Communists, Nationalists, and Monarchists. The Socialists of Germany have therefore never had to put to a wholesale test the practicability of doctrines in which the majority of them do not believe, and theoretic Socialism is dead in Germany. What the Ebert Government actually did was to exterminate the savings of the middle classes by a process of inflation which up to a point benefited both the great industrialist and the working man. They slew the rentier with a profusion of bank notes, and so repudiated their internal debt. This may have been magnificent, but it was not State Socialism!

The French case is somewhat different. The rentier and the agricultural freeholder put together are stronger than any other force in French politics. They control French policy in the same sense that the urban centres

of England control English policy. The French Socialist worker in the town might as well try to put Socialism into a practical effect as the British agricultural counties of England to carry a tariff on foodstuffs.

The French Socialists can therefore never be anything but a minority of the nation formidable in parliamentary numbers but otherwise perfectly helpless. Why under these circumstances leading French Statesmen should go on calling themselves Socialists and repeatedly hold office in what are described as Socialist or semi-Socialist ministries without either taking or intending to take the slightest step forward towards establishing State Socialism may seem somewhat of a puzzle. But the French have always been fond of swearing adherence to resounding political formulas of the most impracticable nature, while at the bottom of their hearts they have clung resolutely to financial and economic realities. How else can one account for the substitution of the Consulate and Empire for the Republic with scarce a struggle or a murmur? A French politician to-day accepts office from a nation profoundly anti-Socialistic, but he does not bother to cease calling himself a Socialist. It is possible that we may see exactly the same thing happen in England—a Socialism which in official practice will be simply old-fashioned Radicalism brought up to date.

There are, in addition, the creeds of Syndicalism and Communism theoretically quite distinct from the Socialism of the Chair—while in practice the Syndicalists and Communists influence the political Socialist bodies at every turn.

Syndicalism, a French invention of the later nineteenth century, is not concerned with the State at all. It declares that every industry should be owned and managed by the actual workers in it. The workers being in effect the shareholders as well would appoint the directors and managers, and external capital would be excluded. This doctrine has gained a considerable hold in South Wales, and there was a strong flavour of Syndicalism in Mr. Cook's speeches during the miners strike. But Syndicalism has in essence nothing to do with politics at all, and its operation is either outside the sphere of, or

would bring it into conflict with, the idea of the Socialist State.

Communism has meant many things in its time, but to-day it stands simply for the precepts and practice of Leninism. They are (1) revolution by violence, (2) the dictatorship of a small class called the proletariat. It is obviously in conflict with State Socialism on both points, for the Socialists of the Chair are constitutional in their methods, and would include all classes in the service and administration of the State. That is why the British Communists or Minority movement are always fighting the Parliamentary Labour Party, and why it is so queer to find Socialist politicians in community with Moscow, and so natural to find Mr. Ramsay MacDonald rebelling against it.

Of Russian Communism two things can be predicated with certainty. (1) It does not operate at all over the greater part of Russia where the peasant is a rampant individualist small property holder. (2) In the towns where it does operate it is anti-democratic in spirit.

This must be so. The management of every operation of commerce, exchange and industry by a vast civil service comprising every adult in the State implies as the first condition of practicability let alone success an absolute subordination of every individual to his immediate superior and to the central controlling authority. The business policy of the State as Plato foresaw would have to be decided by very few men in supreme authority. A strike would be simply an act of rebellion against the State. The idea that the policy of such a highly complex organism, on the successful working of which the whole existence of every individual comprised in it depended, could be at the mercy of perennial democratic electors in which a host of subordinate clerks or labourers could decide when to buy or sell in the world-market is obviously untenable. The whole country would swiftly go bankrupt and be unable to pay for its food supply. The idea of democracy is incompatible with that of State Socialism. Democracy is tolerable because it is the only sure ground against oppression, but it is only workable because of the very small part which the democratic State

plays in the life and activity of the individual. Once make these a State affair and democracy must collapse.

Leaving now these broad generalisations let us see how they apply to the British Socialist party, its adjuncts and its parasites. The official creed of the Socialist Parliamentary Party is the Socialism of the Chair which the Australian Labour party inherited. And there is no doubt that if an independent Socialist party was returned to power in 1928 or 1929 a strenuous attempt would be made to nationalise some services or even industries. But there is no agreement whatever in the ranks of the I.L.P., past or present, as to the pace at which such a process should be extended. There are, for instance, the advocates of the crack-brained programme of "Socialism in our Time," and other little groups with all kinds of pet nationalisation schemes of their own. On the other hand the Parliamentary leaders, whether they are I.L.P. or trade unionists, are often men of remarkable ability like Mr. Snowden or of acute commonsense like Mr. Thomas. Long experience of the hard facts of the economic world is forming them together into a right wing which will resist financial lunacy in so far as it possibly can. Mr. Snowden, who started life as a doctrinaire Radical, has since his experience at the Exchequer been rapidly reverting to type. Perhaps the keenest brain and greatest Parliamentary orator in our public life he can hardly conceal his savage intellectual contempt for the half-baked illusions of the disciples of Ruskin Hall: but he has got to reckon with the Czars of the soap-box. If your own rank and file supporters are going to promise the electorate the earth in five minutes and the moon in ten, it will be hard to point out after the election that a slight improvement in the condition of the lower class is all that the Socialist Exchequer can afford.

The unfortunate ex-Premier—the least enviable of all our public men—balances between the high and dry on the one side and the crack-brained on the other. Recently the I.L.P., now in the hands of the extremists, gave him a severe snub, presumably because they thought him a moderate. Later he appeared as one placating these

enemies by promising a vigorous instalment of Socialism at the very outset if he attained office. Finally, in September he wrote an article describing himself as the sheepdog who would not allow his flock to be stampeded into Socialist extremes!

But of course office itself will in its very nature strengthen what one might call the whig element in Socialism. This was shown in a marked degree in the last Socialist administration. It perished, not because the bulk of its members did not show prudence and understanding in dealing with the problems put before them, but because of a foolish freak decision of Mr. MacDonald which he upheld apparently out of "amour propre" and personal pique against some of his critics.

Should the Socialist party take office in active alliance with and dependence on the Liberals these "gradualists" would have it all their own way. Their final opinion and actions would probably not differ much from those of the Socialists in Germany or in France. They would keep the name without meaning the thing. Those, however, who intend to be "Socialists in our Time" have also certain allies.

The friends are the Communists who seek to "capture" the party from inside through the so-called minority movement, which takes its orders from Moscow, by means of the local machine and through the trade unions.

It is true that all avowed Communists have been officially expelled from the Socialist party. None the less people like Mr. Cook and Mr. Pollit—who are open advocates of Russian precept and method—hold high positions in the world of the T.U.C., which in its turn often commands the slavish obedience of the Parliamentary party. Apart from their special activities in stirring up disorder in the industrial world they would be, of course, on the side of any section of the party which could be trusted to adopt a violent political policy and throw the finances of the country into confusion. As long as the bourgeois State is ruined the method after all is comparatively indifferent. It may be done by strikes or machine guns, but it might also be done by a Budget.



This consideration brings us to the vital distinction which makes the British Socialist party so unlike any similarly named body abroad—its dependence for existence on the trade unions.

The German Socialist party was not built on this foundation at all. No doubt the German trade unionist often was and tended to be more and more a professed Socialist. But he gives his vote for a Socialist candidate for the Reichstag as an individual citizen. He has no institution analogous to the T.U.C.—no body which can say to the Socialist leaders, "Do what we say, or we blast you politically and destroy you financially."

And the same thing is true of France. There may be working alliance for voting purposes between the Socialist party and rather weak French trade unions in so far as they are political at all, but no more intimate connection.

In England, however, the theoretical Socialists could probably not return forty members to the House to-day if the trade unions (vain idea!) were suddenly to forswear politics and forbid trade union secretaries to become candidates for Parliament. Therefore when the I.L.P. leaders persuaded the officials of the old Trade Union Labour party to make Socialism the creed of Labour, much as Constantine made Christianity the faith of the armies which set out from York to make him Emperor, they did an amazingly clever stroke of business. In fact they not only revolutionised the British party system by the use of trade union money in politics, but they also constructed a lopsided Parliamentary machine in which the ostensible authority lay inside Parliament and the balance of real power lay outside—all of which was painfully apparent during the crisis of the General Strike.

The nearest analogy we can find in any other party is the existence within the Tory ranks for fifty years before the Reform Bill of 1832 of a group of great nobles each commanding so many seats in the Commons. These did as a matter of fact deflect Tory policy considerably, and generally for the worse, during the time of Pitt and his successors. It was their influence which was the chief cause of the ruin of Canning's career. Fortunately, however, they never really combined. If they had had a

kind of Magnum Concilium of their own like the T.U.C. they would have held the strongest Conservative Premier and Government at their mercy.

This attempt to exercise extraneous power on Parliament has always been regarded with suspicion by the British people. The last Socialist Government was terribly damaged in the eyes of the electorate by the effort to prevent the Socialist Premier being responsible to Parliament and the Crown for the nomination of his own Cabinet and to make him in all things responsible to a Socialist caucus largely controlled by non-Parliamentary forces—mainly the T.U.C.

The Socialist trade union world itself like its strictly Parliamentary counterpart has its moderates, its extremists, and its waverers, but the quarrel is set on a different line. The extremists wish to force the Soviet revolution by destroying industry altogether by a series of strikes which would be cumulative in their effect. The moderates want to preserve the general prosperity and get the largest share they can out of it for their own people. The two aims are, of course, irreconcilable.

An utter split must have taken place long ago but for the existence of a large body of waverers in the ranks of trade union officialdom, a sphere not distinguished by a capacity for clear thinking. This section does not so much hold a middle position as rush wildly from one wing to the other every six months or so. Last year the waverers got drunk with the sight of power contained in British trade unionism—the most splendid instrument of the kind history has seen, the fruit of a hundred years of effort and sacrifice. They thought to establish easily the dictatorship of the trade unionist over Parliament and country in the matter of wages, and therefore herded with the extremists who were out for general revolution. The result of the General Strike was a cold douche. The T.U. Conference in September last represented the morning's headache. Mr. Herbert Smith was found rebuking Mr. Cook, and Mr. Hicks and Mr. Bevin chiding Mr. Pollit for belonging to the Minority movement, as if they had all not been up to the neck in the same business

together a year before. Mr. Hicks, the president, who ingeminated peace, was a notorious firebrand in 1926. If this change of attitude represented a real and permanent repentance it would be highly commendable and inspiring. Unfortunately a study of the speeches of this vast middle group over a period of years exhibits them as nothing but a set of weathercocks turning as the wind blows and going where the audience wants to. They would be just as likely to urge a Socialist Ministry to the most ruinous and horrid extremes as to advise it in the direction of caution in dealing with industry.

A great deal of this trouble is due to pure muddle-headedness. Witness the new breach with Moscow after the T.U.C. have spent several years trying to force the Soviet trade unions down the throat of the Amsterdam International, and have very nearly succeeded in breaking up the solidarity of labour in Western Europe in the effort! The only serious aspect of the matter is that it proves the "waverers" who dominated the T.U.C. to be quite incapable of any kind of clear thinking or consistent political conduct.

Still, the last Trade Union Conference revealed the moderates in charge and ready to negotiate with their employers in the interests of peace, but not with the Conservative Government. For this last move they have been much criticised. I confess I think they would be more than human if they did not regard Mr. Baldwin's offers as so much humbug.

When the Premier made the "peace in our time speech" he proved his sincerity by resisting the Political Levy Bill in the teeth of Conservative opinion, and the Socialists were foolish to reject the proffered hand. Since then, however, Mr. Baldwin has simply fought the ordinary party fight in industrial matters, and has placed himself more and more in the hands of the employers and reactionaries. When you have just hit a man over the head with a big legislative stick and knocked him down you have lost the right to lecture him on the wickedness of not being your friend.

It will be seen from this analysis that it is practically

impossible to predict what course of policy would be pursued by a second Socialist Government of Great Britain. The whole thing is a speculation in which the prudent voter will not invest.

It was hoped or expected that the Blackpool Conference of the Labour Socialist party in October would clear the air and produce some kind of definite decision in the perpetual conflict between the constitutional moderates and gradualists on one side, and the men of violence or the doctrinaires of "Socialism in our Time" on the other. Such hopes were completely disappointed. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald gave no effective lead though he indicated that he was on the side of moderation. He secured a resolution postponing the drawing up and acceptance of an orthodox party programme to the annual party meeting of next year. If the election takes place in the interval the party executive can apparently draw up any programme it fancies. After that the extremists and the moderates indulged in the usual dog-fight, each wing indicating that it would not accept a programme drawn up by the other.

Finally Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was compelled to accept the old and long discredited "Tawney scheme" for nationalising the mines. This was the price for the reconciliation with a repentant Miners Federation pledged by Mr. Herbert Smith to Parliamentary methods, a pledge instantly repudiated by Mr. Cook. It may also prove the source of a subsequent fatal breach with the Liberal party.

The Blackpool meeting therefore leaves the country completely in the dark as to the real policy which would be formed by a future Socialist Ministry. It has not shown the slightest semblance of leadership, authority, responsibility, cohesion, or sane thinking. A country which gave this kind of mixed mob real power over the vital interests would deserve the unpleasant surprise it would probably get. Yet these strange figures abusing each other loudly from the same platform are the gods of the Socialist Israel.

## SECURITY AND DISARMAMENT: CROSS CURRENTS AT GENEVA

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

AFTER the collapse of the Naval Conference, the resignation of Viscount Cecil, and the admitted failure of the League to make any progress with disarmament, the most resolute champion of the League found it difficult to take a cheerful view of the prospects of the Eighth Assembly. For not only had disarmament been held up, which was in itself a danger to Europe, but the French, by their obvious reluctance to relinquish their grip on the Rhineland, suggested that they were drifting back to the idea that peace and security were to be found not in the policy of conciliation as initiated at Locarno, but in keeping Germany down by force. The same policy was pursued by Germany in her attempt to keep France weak and isolated, and by dividing Europe into armed camps it made war inevitable.

It was not surprising that the smaller nations who saw the conduct of affairs being taken more and more out of their hands should have felt alarmed, as they detected the drift back to pre-war diplomacy. For it was essential if the League was to mean anything to them, that it should preserve its character as a forum of the nations in which even the weakest country had a voice. It was not to see the old concert of Europe revived that they had signed the Covenant and sent their representatives to Geneva to take part in the discussions of the Assembly. What they looked to the League to provide was the sense of a new collective responsibility in Europe which would guarantee their security. It was clear that the Great Powers were not united, for France wanted one thing and Great Britain another. But this was small consolation to the smaller nations. On the contrary it was enough to bring the Little Entente and all the nations who had anything to lose in a readjustment of the Peace treaties, in a flurry of excitement to Geneva. Something had to be done to bring the Great Powers together and build a bridge between opposing

ideas. Whether the Great Powers chose the road of Locarno or drifted back to pre-war conception of Europe, it was essential in the interests of the small countries that they should not be divided into two camps, for that would mean that the smaller nations would again be faced with the dreadful choice as to which side to join if the Great Powers quarrelled. Therefore a determined effort had to be made to solve the security question, and in such way, if possible, that France should be satisfied and Germany not estranged.

Now the smaller nations on the Preparatory Disarmament Commission had in the main taken the side of France, and supported her demand that disarmament should be carried out only in proportion as increased guarantees for security were obtained. But if England refused to give these guarantees, what could be done? Never had there been such a babel of tongues or such conflicting opinions at Geneva as to what should be done to solve the vexed problem of security as when the Eighth Assembly met. The Germans, it was said, were going to force the whole question of disarmament to the front, and Dr. Stresemann was to appear at the tribunal of the Assembly as the champion of nations which had been disarmed by the Peace Treaties in order to protest against the failure of the League to carry out its obligations under Article 8 of the Covenant, by which every State is pledged to reduce its armaments to the lowest point consistent with its national safety. What more natural than that the German Foreign Secretary should plead that the treaty of Versailles in the famous preamble to the disarmament clauses laid a positive obligation on all the nations which had signed it to reduce their armaments, for if Germany undertook to disarm it was "to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of armaments." And then it was feared that there would indeed be a crisis in the affairs of the League, for the French would deny the right of the Germans to make any such claim, would argue that they had not given sufficient guarantees for their good behaviour, and that France must in any event be the judge of her own security. Thus a battle royal would be engaged on

the whole question of security and disarmament which might well shake the foundations of the League.

None of these things happened. For Herr Stresemann, who is a far-sighted and cautious statesman, with his eye on the general elections which are to take place in France next year (and possibly in England), resolved to do nothing which would irritate French opinion, and in his speech to the Assembly he contented himself with the mildest of protests against the failure of other countries to reduce their armaments, while behind the scenes he showed that he was anxious to do nothing to embarrass M. Briand, who with great difficulty had succeeded in persuading his colleagues in the French Government to reduce the Rhineland garrison by eight thousand men. No doubt Dr. Stresemann again warned the French delegation against the dangers inherent in maintaining an armed force on German soil, with public opinion in Germany so bitterly opposed to the occupation. But the Rhineland question was not forced to the front in these conversations by the Germans, who were content to play a waiting game, and who hoped by insisting once more on the pacific intentions of Germany, and its desire to settle disputes by peaceable means to increase their stock of goodwill in Europe. As a proof of the good intentions of the German Government Herr Stresemann announced that he was prepared to sign the optional clause of the Statute of the International Court of Justice for compulsory arbitration on the interpretation of treaties and all purely legal questions. In view of the fact that neither France nor Great Britain had signed the clause and therefore could not be summoned before the court, Herr Stresemann's declaration had little practical bearing on the situation. Nevertheless, it was an important gesture for the arbitral settlement of all international disputes of a legal kind. Moreover, the German example will probably induce France and England with certain reservations to subscribe to the clause.

Thus the Germans did their best to make the rough places smooth for the Assembly. It was left to the Poles to raise the question of security and disarmament by

springing a resolution on the Assembly prohibiting all wars and in favour of a general pact of non-aggression. On the face of it this declaration forbidding war appeared to be innocent enough, and as for the pact of non-aggression, were not all the members of the League bound to refrain from attacking one another?

But the Polish declaration was not so simple as it looked, for when the jurists got to work on it they discovered that it concealed the design which the Poles have never relinquished, of obtaining further guarantees for their frontiers. Foiled at Locarno in their attempt to persuade Great Britain and Italy to extend the guarantee which they gave for the western frontiers of Germany to the Polish frontiers, the Poles have never ceased to agitate for some arrangement which would give them the security they require not only against Germany, but Russia. For they are haunted by the fear that their great neighbours may some day unite against them. Now Russia would be willing to enter into a pact of non-aggression with Poland, for she needs all her energies at the moment for her internal reorganisation. But Poland was out for more than this, nothing less, in fact, than a pact which could be converted into a new guarantee for her security on both sides of her frontiers by placing an absolute obligation on the League to come to her support in case of need. France and Czechoslovakia (which, by the way, has a much stronger army than Germany) are pledged to go to the support of Poland by treaties of mutual assurance. But Poland is not satisfied with this, and her proposal was designed to bring in Great Britain, in other words, to obtain the guarantee from England which she failed to get at Locarno. For a pact of non-aggression is nothing less than a treaty of compulsory arbitration for all disputes, and if all the members of the League were linked in a universal treaty of this kind the Poles would have gained their object, which is to stereotype once for all the existing frontiers on the east as well as the west of Europe.

It is quite natural that the Poles should desire to remove any doubt as to the support which they would obtain from the League in the event of war, that they should, in

fact, want a British guarantee for their frontiers. For they know well enough that the Russians may not prove good neighbours, while they realise that the Germans, although pledged to settle all their disputes with Poland by peaceful means will never voluntarily surrender their claim to a revision of their eastern frontiers. The nightmare of Poland is that Germany, failing to obtain by conciliatory methods a revision of the frontiers which would enable East and Western Prussia to unite again, will some day bring her case to Geneva under Article 19 of the Covenant, by which an appeal may be made to the Assembly for "the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world." The Assembly would probably refer the matter to the Council under Article 15 for the consideration of disputes, and in this article is the famous gap by which war might break out between two State members of the League without the League intervening. Now the danger conjured up by Poland is remote, for the Germans have no intention of going to war, nor could they even if they desired to do so make war with any chance of success. But the stage might some day be set for a reference by Germany to the Assembly for a revision of the Polish corridor to Danzig. And Germans and Russians might join hands, for Russia has also lost a province to Poland. Hence the persistent effort of the Poles to close the gap in the Covenant by any means in their power. The fear of Poland as to her future disturbs not Poland only, but France, and the refusal of Germany voluntarily to surrender all claim to the corridor by entering into a pact of non-aggression with Poland, which would for ever place this question beyond dispute, is one of the reasons which keeps the French army on the Rhine. It is easy to say that it would be wiser for the Poles to come to terms with the Germans. But this presupposes a readiness on the part of the Poles to make concessions to the Germans which would necessarily mean some rearrangement of the corridor, and this the Poles, in their present mood, will not hear of. For they regard the territory in dispute as theirs by right according to every test, moral, ethnical and historical.

Now no one at Geneva blamed the Poles for attempting to gain greater security. But the British, realising that further guarantees were being sought from them for the Polish frontiers beyond the obligation for the maintenance of peace which they have accepted in the Covenant, put their foot down at once. It was useless to argue with the British delegation that it was in their interests to close the gap in the Covenant by accepting an added responsibility for the Polish frontiers which would in itself, so the argument ran, diminish the danger of war. Whatever the merits of the system of compulsory arbitration which the Protocol of Geneva would establish, may be, with its test of aggression and the automatic support of a combined League which it would give to the victim of attack, there is no chance for the present of the British public accepting such a scheme. Sir Austen Chamberlain declared that those who desired Great Britain to accept the Protocol desired the destruction of the British Empire. For would any of the Dominions accept it? But what is more to the immediate point is that no British Government could attempt to carry such a scheme through Parliament without hopelessly dividing its supporters. Sir Austen was criticised for the unnecessarily sharp tone of the speech in which he told the Assembly that the British Empire would not be drawn into further obligations for the maintenance of peace in Europe. He reminded his audience what Great Britain had already done in guaranteeing the western frontiers of Germany and pledged his country to honour her bond with all her forces. Great Britain will not shirk this or her moral obligation to support the League in a just cause. But under the Covenant she reserves her right, conceded to every member of the League, to take what action she considers best. For the rest the British idea is that room should be allowed for adjustments in the existing political situation, that nations must look to their security by improving their relations with their neighbours, and in relying not primarily on the mailed fist of the League, but on its moral authority as an arbiter between nations.

The aim of the Assembly, said Sir Austen, should be

so to strengthen the moral authority of the League that no nation would dare to go to war without the approval of the League. This was the ideal which the League, in the view of the British Foreign Secretary, should aim at, and he believed that it could be attained if the nations would cultivate the will to peace. But the possibility of war could not be ruled out by piling pacts on pacts if the desire for peace was not there.

Sir Austen's speech was made after the Poles had been driven from their original position, and had adopted instead an innocuous demand for a resolution against aggressive war which did not go beyond the general obligations of the Covenant. It might therefore have been couched in gentler tones, for Sir Austen had got his way. But if exception may be taken to the manner of his speech, it was well that the British case against the Protocol of Geneva and the idea that the League can be converted into a kind of super-State for the organising war against war should have been plainly stated. For the contest at Geneva is essentially one between the two schools of security which have been in conflict since the first meeting of the Assembly. And it is more than ever necessary if Europe is not to forsake the path of reason and conciliation and revert to the pre-war idea that peace must be maintained by arms and alliances that Great Britain should leave no doubt as to her intentions. For there is not any evidence to show that by the methods of the Protocol which are intended by France and Poland to stereotype the existing frontiers of the peace treaties, disarmament would be any more possible than at the present moment. Indeed, the belief may well be held that the imposition of such a political system on the League would have quite the contrary effect.

But if a general pact of non-aggression containing all the implications revealed by the jurists who examined it and the speakers who supported it in the Assembly, and the third Commission where M. Paul-Boncour pleaded once more for the adoption of the principles of the Protocol of Geneva is impossible, that is no reason why the members of the League should not individually enter into

treaties of mutual assurance with their neighbours. What was done at Locarno can be done elsewhere, and the British Foreign Secretary invited other members of the League to follow the example set by the Locarno Powers in the Franco-German and German-Belgian treaties of arbitration.

Before I come to the final moves which took place on the chessboard of the League in September in the third and second commissions (disarmament and legal), it should be made plain that it was not only Great Britain which was opposed to the attempt of the Poles to galvanise the Geneva Protocol into life. Germany at once took alarm, while the wise Scialoja read the Assembly a lesson on the folly of imagining that all disputes could be settled by compulsion. It was clear that Italy would have nothing to do with a plan which would impose further obligations on her and which she believed would not add to the security of nations. In Signor Scialoja Italy does not show her rough Fascist side of Geneva. No advocate of the idea that peace must rest in the main on the goodwill of men, preaches a better sermon than Scialoja in his gentle priestly manner.

France, in the person of M. Briand, had a difficult choice to make, for she is very much attached to Poland, and there is no doubt that she is equally attached to the principles of the Protocol and sincerely believes that much might be done by an all round system of compulsory arbitration to give her more security. But faced with the danger of finding himself in the opposite camp to Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand did not hesitate to bring his influence to bear on the Poles to drop their first resolution for a general pact of non-aggression. He preferred the Entente with Britain to the *beaux yeux* of Poland.

But Paul-Boncour was not so accommodating, and he must have greatly embarrassed the first delegate of France by his speeches in the third commission and his final oration to the Assembly. For he could not conceal his affection for the Protocol, and once more the great orator of security, who so often drove Lord Cecil to despair by his speeches in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission,

appealed to heaven to witness that France would never reduce her armaments until she had obtained further guarantees for security.

Paul-Boncour seems to have some absolute idea of security in his head which haunts him like a vision. To the normal man France with her great army and alliances and the guarantees which Great Britain and Italy have given her against possible aggression by Germany would appear to be in a position of security which renders her future as safe as it can possibly be. Yet she refuses to take advantage of her splendid position to reduce her armaments, or to remove her troops from German soil, thereby strengthening the Nationalist reaction in Germany. She is in reality the spoilt child of Europe, whose only danger consists in the pursuit of an idea of such absolute security as can be obtained by no nation.

The refrain, "No disarmament without security," is infinitely wearisome to those who think of security in different terms from the French, and who believe that this great nation is going the wrong way to obtain what she so persistently demands. But something had to be done to solve the deadlock on security and disarmament if the Great Powers were not to drift further apart to the peril of the League. Paul-Boncour might spin endless phrases about the principles of the Protocol, but he, too, was aware that to proceed indefinitely on this road must widen the breach between England and France on the question of disarmament. He therefore proposed a new method of approach to the problem by which the Preparatory Disarmament Commission should be invited to discuss both the technical and political aspects of disarmament. But as the French can always count on a majority when a question is put to the vote, this was naturally not to the taste of the British or, indeed, of the Germans or the Italians. It was therefore suggested that the question of security and the issues which it raised should be discussed by a committee especially appointed for the purpose under the ægis of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission. The idea was that the two questions should be discussed *pari passu* on the existing basis of security with special reference to the extension of

treaties of arbitration and mutual guarantee so that nations might be enabled to reduce their armaments in an international disarmament agreement to the lowest possible figures. In the final resolution, which was hammered out by the jurists working on instructions from their delegations, all such measures are "to be sought in action by the League of Nations with the object of multiplying, generalising, and co-ordinating special or collective arbitration and security agreements."

This legal phraseology and the insistence in the next paragraphs on the overriding obligations of the Covenant in reference to agreements between State members of the League were interpreted by the opponents of the Protocol as its death blow. Unfortunately, the supporters of the Protocol protested that as the committee was to be instructed "to consider measures capable of affording all States the guarantees of arbitration and security necessary to enable them to reduce their armaments," the Protocol was still very much alive and they looked forward to the committee being able to examine the whole problem of security in the light of its principles. Moreover, the champions of the Protocol were greatly pleased at the paragraph in the resolution which invites members of the League to say what military contribution they will make to its support in the event of a war breaking out in a given region. This was jocularly referred to as the subscription list of the nations, and the British were prepared to head it with their handsome contribution to the stability of the western frontiers of Germany. But what the other nations will pledge themselves to contribute in defence of regional agreements remains to be seen. Finally, Dr. Nansen hit on the ingenious idea of supplying a model treaty of compulsory arbitration for all nations who desired to supplement the optional clause of the international Court by a convention covering the whole field of possible disputes. Whatever comes out of all these proposals the ground has at last been cleared for a discussion of the problem of disarmament on the present basis of security. No longer is disarmament to be held up until some impossible standard of security has been obtained.



## THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE

"THE essence of romanticism is revolt."

So Arvède Barine wrote in a striking essay on Hoffmann. It is her reason—the only reason she could find—for classing Hoffmann with the Romantics. It is also a sound generalisation, though perhaps too sweeping to be of much practical use, its weakness lying in the fact that, while it is true of all the proceedings of all the Romantics, it is equally true of the proceedings of a good many other literary innovators.

One can certainly present the history of Romanticism in such a way as to make it seem to have been a violent revolt followed by a sharp reaction; but it would be equally just to regard it as an incident in a continuous evolutionary process—a movement of which the beginning has not yet been discovered and the end is not yet in sight. Progress, however, like evolution itself, though it appears to have been uniform when viewed in retrospect, really proceeds in jerks, with intervening halts; and there are moments in literary, no less than in political, history at which a revolt assumes the importance of a revolution.

It did so in France, the French maintain, when Victor Hugo published his *Cromwell* with its challenging preface; and if we take the narrow view of the Romantic Movement as a declaration of the rights of dramatists, we must admit that they have made out their case.

There was really something to revolt against. Classicism and pseudo-classicism were in possession of the national theatre—not to be displaced without a struggle.

Victor Hugo was not their first assailant. Dumas had already written a successful play in defiance of their precepts; but his success had not founded a new school. All that Victor Hugo had to say against them had already

been said by Schlegel and Madame de Staël and Stendhal. All the rules that Victor Hugo wanted to break had been broken, long before him, by Shakespeare. His predecessors in the field, however, had not been listened to; and the French public was not at all sure that Shakespeare was a playwright to be taken seriously. An English Shakespearean company playing in Paris only a few years before had been booed on the ground that Shakespeare was "Wellington's aide-de-camp"; and the more recent triumphs of Charles Kemble and the beautiful Harriet Smithson, whom Berlioz married, at the Odéon had been short-lived.

It follows that, whereas some of Hugo's biographers depreciate him as the man who slew the slain, others salute him as the man who won the war, feebly and ineffectively conducted until he arrived to take part in it; and the latter, who are doing most of the talking at the present time, seem to have the stronger case.

Hugo not only spoke but was heard. He spoke so loudly that it was almost impossible for anybody else to be heard. His literary position compelled attention. His followers were enthusiastic and vociferous. "What Hugo says goes" was the motto of innumerable noisy young men. Moreover, he was not a critic to be disconcerted, as Stendhal might have been, by a challenge to translate his theories into practice. He was burning to take up such a challenge, relying upon the noisy young men to see him through.

He took it up with *Hernani*, and they saw him through.

*Hernani* is not a great play; but it was a great success. Its success established a principle and forced a door through which others besides Hugo were able to find a passage—notably Alfred de Vigny with his *Chatterton*. The dramatic "unities"—or, at all events, the obligation to observe them—went by the board. So did the dramatist's supposed obligation to confine himself to "noble" subjects and to make his meanest characters talk like trained orators.

The apparent completeness of the triumph was, no doubt, illusory, Hugo being greater as a controversialist

than as a dramatic author—better at holding Shakespeare up to imitation than at imitating him. He was to have his failures as well as his triumphs. The failure of *Les Burgraves*, in 1843, convinced him that, after all, he had not the *don du théâtre*; and he ceased to write for the stage when Rachel's triumphs restored Racine to favour.

His failure, however, was personal. The door which he had forced remained open for others if not for him. He had put the pseudo-classics to confusion, though the actual classics were too great to be overthrown; and he had at least won equality of opportunity for the innovators. Those are the grounds on which he is hailed as the originator, as well as the leader, of the Romantic Movement. They are quite good grounds if we narrow our conception of the Movement and think of it only in connection with the theatre.

But the Movement was not confined to the theatre, though it was in the theatre that it had its hardest fight for recognition. It may be said, indeed, that it did not begin in the theatre, but ended there, because it was there alone that it encountered organised hostility to its new technique—recognised rules which had to be broken in order that new effects might be produced. But its essence was not in its technique. Its essence, as Arvède Barine insisted, was revolt; and the motive of the revolt was the desire to be natural—to produce literature which should be a real expression of the writer's individuality.

Romanticism, it is true, is commonly regarded as unnatural, and is for that reason commonly contrasted with Realism. It did come to be—or, at all events, to seem—unnatural in the course of time. The contrast did come to be—or, at all events, to seem—a just one. But that was not the case until after the Romantics had founded their school and were being imitated by the writers of a younger generation, pretty much as the classics had been imitated by the pseudo-classicists. Essentially, Romantics and Realists have much in common. Both alike were rebels, the common enemy being the artificial. Romanticism had come to be artificial when the Realists began to campaign against it. Originally it represented the

effort to be natural; so that the early Romantics may fairly be described as the Realists of their period, and there were writers among them who actually passed from the one camp to the other without feeling that they had done anything to convict them of inconsistency.

Balzac did so for one. He was a Romantic in his youth—a member of the amateur claque that shouted down the opposition to Victor Hugo on the first night of *Hernani*. Subsequently he built and crossed the bridge to Realism over which he was to be followed by Flaubert and Zola, and even, as some would say, by Marcel Proust, though it might be said, just as truly, that Proust's work represents yet another new Movement, and yet another new revolt—a revolt this time against the artificiality of Realism, which had come to miss the truth by its incessant observation of externals and its neglect of the stored memories of the subconscious self.

To follow up that train of thought, however, would be to travel too far afield. What one wants to do, if possible, is to discover the difference between the romantic revolt and other revolts, and the precise new note which its exponents tried, with varying success, to strike: the common denominator of the selves which it was their common aim, whenever they were aware of an aim, to assert and express. And that needs some looking for, seeing that the men who first claimed the title of Romantics were only in a very narrow sense of the word pioneers, and that the Movement for which they were disposed to claim all the credit had really begun long before any of them were born, and had what we may fairly call its pre-war and post-war phases.

Its post-war form was largely determined by foreign influences, chiefly English and German; but it was originally racy of the soil—a literary response to the hankering of eighteenth century France after new emotions. France was then demanding what it styled *une douce émotion*. When Rousseau gave France what it wanted in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* the Romantic Movement was started. His work was not absolutely original; no new work ever is. He had not read Richardson for

nothing. He probably had not read *Manon Lescaut* for nothing. But no one troubled about that. He made a *furore*. He was acclaimed as the man of his book and invited to pose, whether he chose to do so or not. A woman, one of the great *salonières* of the time said, would need to be very virtuous and strong-minded to resist Rousseau if he tempted her.

It cannot be said that he really lived up to the *rôle* thus assigned to him. It would certainly be an exaggeration to describe him as a man *à bonnes fortunes*. Thérèse blocked the way, and there were other obstacles. His emotional work was a record of unsatisfied longings rather than satisfied desires. But he had, nevertheless, without knowing what he did—being a man of genius—not only set a fashion but inaugurated an epoch.

Two changes began to come over French literature. It became more emotional, more sentimental, and it became more personal. The literature of the heart superseded the literature of the head. Instinctively rather than deliberately writers took their readers into their confidence, told them not only what they thought but what they felt, and exploited their personalities even in their most didactic disquisitions.

Educational theory became sentimental in *Emile*. Dogmatic theology became sentimental in *Le Vicaire Savoyard* and *Le Génie du Christianisme*. Politics were sentimentalised in *Le Contrat Social*. Poetry and fiction, as a matter of course, became more sentimental than they had ever been before; and this last development was the most important and the most fruitful of results, seeing that emotion has a more legitimate place in poetry and fiction than in sociology or the exposition of religious doctrines.

Love, of course, had always been one of the motives of poetry and the favourite motive of fiction; but the Romantic writers struck a definitely new note in dealing with the theme. They were the first writers to take woman as seriously as she takes herself. Gallantry disappeared from literature when they took charge of it. Sentiment took its place, preparing the way for passion, and, in the case of the women writers, for feminism. Rousseau's example

in this matter was followed by both Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and Madame de Staël, and improved upon by Lamartine, whom the post-war Romantics acknowledged as their precursor.

He, more consciously and conspicuously than any of his predecessors, was the man of his books and poems. He was able to write romantically because he had lived romantically, and he knew it. He was not openly at war with any other writer's technique, though he made his own; but he was floated to literary glory by the flowing tide of his love for Madame Charles, the consumptive wife of the balloonist. She was his "Elvire." He was still in love with her memory after his *mariage de raison* with Miss Anna Eliza Birch, concerning whom he wrote to one of his friends: "I am not in love, not the least in the world; but the match seems a good one, and there are reasons for it. . . . I could wish she were a little more beautiful, but I must content myself with such beauty as she has."

The story is told, indeed, that years after his marriage, when he was quite an old man, he was openly referred to, at a session of the Academy, by a fellow Academician, as "the lover of Elvire"; and the journalist who tells the story adds: "Everyone smiled except M. de Lamartine himself, who maintained a grave and melancholy silence." Which is what would have been expected by anyone who had read in his *Confidences* the memorable sentence: "My mother taught me never to laugh at myself, but always to remember that I was the handiwork of God."

Never to laugh at themselves was, indeed, the common characteristic of the Romantics. It might even be said that Alexandre Dumas was the only one of them who ever laughed at all; and his inclusion in the group is of dubious propriety. He belonged to it as a dramatic reformer—in that respect he anticipated Hugo; but he had none of that emotional intensity which distinguished his literary and artistic associates. There was too much negro blood in his veins for that. His life, in so far as his relations with women are concerned, was not so much a romance as a cakewalk.

With the others—or most of them—"intensity" was

the dominant note. The word was unknown to them; but the thing made its first really notable appearance in their lives and writings. They themselves attributed their emotional sensibility to the fact that they had been born in the midst of the war years, and had grown up under the shadow of the calamity of Waterloo; and very likely they were right. We of this period have witnessed the effect which a war and a post-war crisis may have on the temperament and point of view of a new literary generation.

And this intensity, or sensibility, or whatever we like to call it, coloured nearly all the French literature and literary lives of the 'thirties and immediately succeeding years. Just as Nietzsche at a later date exhorted us all to "live dangerously," so then the word seems to have been passed round that one must "live romantically," even though one suffered in doing so, in order to move and interest the reading public.

The one Romantic, apart from Dumas, who ignored the exhortation, and refused to yield to the tendency, was Victor Hugo; but one has not to search far to find sufficient reasons for that.

He was too important, or, at all events, he was too profoundly convinced of his importance. He was not too great a man to pose; but he was too vain a man to pose in that particular way. His place, he felt, was in the limelight. The record of his life must be the record of a march with an escort through a series of triumphal arches. His rôle was not to confess but to boast, or, preferably, to be accorded a homage which made boasting superfluous. His followers must glorify him. Enough for him to stand over them and guide their pens, as we find him doing in the leading case of *Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie*.

Not that he was more indifferent than the others to the lusts of the flesh. He was very far from indifferent to them. The common picture of his life as one long infidelity, accepted by the world and tolerated by a devoted wife as a proper tribute to his genius, is not quite an accurate picture. His Muse—and one of his biographers expressly declares all men of his outstanding eminence

to be entitled to Muses—had more than once reason to complain that other ladies were finding too much favour in his eyes.

There are some funny stories on the subject. There is the story of Blanche, for whom he set up a third establishment when he was well over seventy. There is the story of Madame Biard, with whom he was caught *en flagrant délit*, with the result that, as Chopin wrote to Albert Grzyńtala, he "had to show his medal, proving that he was a peer of France, to the Commissaire de Police, in order to avoid being arrested." There are various other stories. But Hugo did not make copy out of such experiences. He did not even make copy out of his relations with his Muse. The books which do make copy out of these matters have a flavour, as it were, of profanity. One is shocked by them almost as one would be shocked by the appearance of a work on, say, "Elijah and his court of women," or "The love affairs of the Apostles." One can no more imagine Victor Hugo himself writing of them in the vein of *Elle et Lui* than one can imagine an Archbishop of Canterbury telling smoking-room stories of his unregenerate days, and attributing his present piety to the loss of his illusions in those hectic times, or claiming that a Muse as well as a wife was essential to archiepiscopal efficiency and well-being.

So he refrained; and one of his reasons for refraining may very well have been that the story of his relations with his Muse would not have appeared either romantic or consistent with the dignity of a prophet charged to deliver an important message to mankind if a too close inspection of them had been encouraged. For the essential facts were these: that his mistress was the cast-off mistress of Pradier, the sculptor, and was living under the protection of a Russian nobleman when Victor Hugo picked her up, for the night, at a fancy dress ball; that the Russian nobleman remained, for a while, *amant en titre*, after Hugo had become *amant de cœur*; and that when Hugo took her away from the Russian nobleman he solicited subscriptions from his friends—Pradier heading the subscription list and the others contributing according to their means—in order

that he might be able to reclaim a Magdalen by providing her with a regular and sufficient income and set up his second establishment in a style worthy of his literary position.

Not an inspiring story, it will be admitted, however charming the lady may have been. It lacked emotion. It was not "in the movement." One is not in the least surprised to find that Hugo's achievements in the field of romantic literature were absolutely unrelated to his personal experiences of romance. But his case, like his genius, was unique. Most of his contemporaries and literary allies were the slaves, not the masters, of their emotions, jumped at every opportunity of living romantically, and allowed their emotions to drive them into extraordinary extravagances.

A whole book might be written, for example, about the bearing of the Romantic Movement on religion. Rousseau began to romanticise religion in *Le Vicaire Savoyard*. Chateaubriand continued it in *Le génie du Christianisme*. Lamennais took a further step in his *Paroles d'un croyant*. The culminating absurdity was attained by the Saint Simonians, and notably by Père Enfantin—the commercial traveller who became a Holy Man, declared himself to be the Messiah, searched France in vain for a "female Messiah," and set up an Abode of Love which got him into trouble with the police.

Love and religion—or, perhaps, it would be more proper to say religiosity—were, in truth, very closely linked throughout the whole course of the Romantic Movement; and the end of the Movement was marked, in the lives of several of its most interesting exponents, not only by an escape from the tyranny of the passions, but also by a relapse into scepticism.

Père Enfantin, after his Abode of Love had been raided and he himself had served a term of imprisonment for outraging morality in the name of piety, settled down as the general manager of a small railway company. It seems an ineffective, and even a comic, conclusion; but this early Father of the Church of Free Love, though we laugh at him nowadays, did not seem either a comic or an ineffective

figure to his Romantic contemporaries, and his strange history is typical of the emotional careers of some of the most illustrious among them.

It was typical, for instance, of the career of Sainte-Beuve.

Religion, in his case, was inextricably mixed up with his love of Victor Hugo's wife. He sought religion mainly because of the unsatisfactory issue of that love affair. He sought it in Protestantism, at Lausanne, making love, while he did so, to another neighbour's wife, but he failed to find it.

"I have," he wrote to a friend, "the sense of these things, but not the things themselves." "I am mournfully looking on," he wrote to another friend, "at the death of my own heart." The History of Port Royal, on which he was engaged in the midst of his quest and his amours, was begun by a believer but finished by a sceptic; and its author ended as a materialist and a cynical voluptuary.

Similarly with George Sand's career.

The story of her love affairs is too long and complicated to be repeated here, but there are two facts about it to be noted. The first is that all her friends looked to her to make her experiences in love the raw material of literature—Buloz, according to the story, bringing her and Alfred de Musset together, in the confident expectation that they would fall in love, and quarrel, and "make copy" for his *Revue des deux Mondes* out of their dissensions. The second is that she not only did what he expected, but deliberately made her novels the vehicle of propaganda in favour of that cult of free love which Père Enfantin was preaching.

Romanticism was not, in her case, a conscious revolt against literary conventions. It was a revolt against political and—more particularly—social conventions. She was a Republican, a Socialist, perhaps even a Communist; but the cause for which she fought with the greatest ardour was that of feminism, as she understood it. And feminism, for her, meant, not woman's right to a vote, but her right—her divine right, as she seems to have regarded it—to obey any instinct which bade her

give herself to any lover. She regarded infidelity—whether her own or that of the sympathetic characters in her novels—as proper compliance with the Divine Harmony and the Higher Law, thus justifying the cynic's remark that “in George Sand, when a woman wishes to change her lover, God is always there to facilitate the transfer.”

In the end the romantic fire burnt itself out. She had no more love affairs, so far as is known, after she was forty-five. She then retired to Nohant to write anodyne “best sellers”; and an English admirer of the works produced in that quiet and decorous period has actually written that “the alleged hostility of her romances to marriage resumes itself into a declared hostility to the conventional French system of match-making.”

But that is nonsense. One has only to glance at the stories which George Sand wrote when the Romantic was beginning in order to perceive that her principal contribution to that Movement was, indeed, the glorification of free love. One could fill a whole anthology with excerpts to prove the point, but here are two which will suffice :—

Had not supreme Providence, which, in spite of man, is omnipresent, presided over this union? Each of the lovers was necessary to the other: Benedict to Valentine, that he might teach her the emotions without which life is incomplete; Valentine to Benedict, that she might import peace and consolation into a stormy and tormented life. But between them stood Society, treating their choice as absurd, guilty and impious. Providence created the admirable order of Nature; men have destroyed it. Which is to be held to blame?

I have never teased my imagination either to kindle in my breast the sentiment which I could not find there or to revive the sentiment which had become extinct. Nor have I ever imposed constancy upon myself as a duty. Where I have felt my love failing I have admitted the fact without shame and without remorse, and have obeyed the Providence which attracted me elsewhere.

That clinches it; and there is quite as much of the essence of the Romantic Movement in these declarations of the rights of lovers as in Victor Hugo's more famous declaration of the rights of dramatists.

## BYRON

BY THE LATE HEINRICH GOTTHARD VON TREITSCHKE

(Translated by Mrs. C. E. Barrett-Lennard.)

FEW of Lessing's utterances are inspired by more intellectual audacity than the famous proposition that a historian is fundamentally incapable of writing any history save that of his own time. And yet this opinion has frequently proved valueless; such are the limitations of the human mind. He who describes a period that is scarcely passed is himself either in the midst of the struggles which obscure his freedom of vision, or he has outlived its ideals, in which case he is generally still less free from prejudice and will judge its errors with that pitiless rigour created by the knowledge of his own faults. We observe this dual embarrassment in the ordinary estimates of the most brilliant representative of the latest literary epoch, Lord Byron. His countrymen, with the exception of a small group of fascinated admirers, pose as the passionate defenders of their national moral laws when they mention him, laws upon which Byron ruthlessly made war. These domestic affairs do not concern us Germans; but for us, too, a calm estimate of Byron is a difficult thing.

The effect of his poetry on us has been greater than on his own people. His dazzling personality filled the day-dreams of our youth, and it is not so long ago that all circles of society vied with each other in their adoration of the poet, while Willkomm's so-called *Life of Lord Byron* turned the heads of thousands of young Germans. The world has essentially changed since then, and the unfeeling criticisms of Byron which we hear on all sides remind us of the barbarian's fury finding relief in the destruction of his helpless idol. How can a man dispassionately discuss the poet of *Weltschmerz* when he is obliged to own that he himself sought to show infallible signs of genius in the tragic Byronic glance, the sarcastically curled lip, and the flowing necktie?

Lord Byron owed his influence to his defiance of the moral standard of his country, and judgment of him depends entirely on the question whether those standards were sufficiently faulty to justify the violent opposition of an individual. To judge the purity of the morals of other nations is the most difficult and thankless task of the historian. We sit in judgment upon great civilised nations whose very existence proves their right to be, and we measure out praise and blame to them instead of accepting their national character as an unalterable fact, and endeavouring to understand the conditions that created it. Such an understanding would show that the so-called national virtues and national faults are only different sides of the same national character. We find in England a dogged, almost a Jewish tenacity in clinging to dogmatic tradition, with a popular moral philosophy which is an embodiment of the bold, practical egotism of the nation. The scientific expression of this philosophy has passed through many phases since the times of Bacon and Locke, down to the Scottish philosophers, but it has always fundamentally regulated all questions of morality by a standard of utility. And notwithstanding this materialistic nature of English teaching, the national morality has long remained pure, because of its healthy, practical, and unyielding sense of right, and, above all, by the incomparable school of political freedom and sense of duty politically, which has preserved it from the consequences of its conception of moral standard. The strange origin of the Reformation gives us the key to these contradictions. Puritanism had by its powerful intellectual quality transformed Protestantism (foisted on the people by political means) into a spiritual possession of the nation, but this severe line of thought, sternly despising the world, could never entirely satisfy the souls of a strong and virile people. The opposition of old English worldliness to puritanical severity can be traced in the most varied forms throughout English literature, from Shakespeare to the days when Smollett and Fielding began their campaign of ridicule of Richardson's simpering respectability. Byron could not fight conventionalities without incurring

extreme condemnation, and to understand his revolt we must first understand this duality in the ethics of the nation.

Let us then consider the conditions of English literature in Byron's day. There is nothing more misleading than Macaulay's statement as to Byron's hesitation between the two opposed schools of poetry, and that he was ultimately driven, contrary to his own taste, by his morbid thirst for praise into adopting the later school. We, however, see in Byron the unusual phenomenon of a poet who, while sympathising with three successive schools of literature, retained his own artistic individuality. His taste was formed by that of the "correct" Pope; his imagination was fired with what may be called the ideals of the English Romantic School, while he himself created a new school far surpassing its predecessors, and thus became the pioneer of the most modern epoch in European literature, introducing an element of a boundless personality into his poetry. It is well worth while to study the development of these contradictions in the poet.

At school he learned with his contemporaries to regard the poetry of Pope as the highest English art, and tenderly clinging to the most insignificant memories of his Harrow life, his æsthetic tastes were always more or less influenced by his boyhood's impressions. There was, in fact, little affinity between Byron's genius and English poetry of the eighteenth century. The really vigorous work of this period verges on what the Briton of to-day seldom or never includes in his idea of poetry, the novel, dealing with everyday life and manners. Tender observation of the most trifling details of daily life, exact and truthful characterisation, were the justly admired attributes of English literature beginning with Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Addison's *Spectator*, and the clever novelists of the second half of the century. Those modest works gave a truer reflection of the minds of the people and were richer in real poetry than the pretentious experiment of introducing into England in correct verse the stilted French heroics. But Byron's really lyric temperament loftily ignored the prose novel, and the more he became convinced of his own weakness as a convincing delineator of character the more faith-



ful he was to Pope. The melody of the versification, the wit, the delight in picturesque description, were akin to his own genius, and his satirical gifts in portrayal of character attracted him to this "prince of rhymes and great poet of the intellect," who not only shaped his creations but also observed them. If dramatic power was denied Byron, he consoled himself with Pope's contempt of worthless applause. He maintained that the poetry of his day compared with that of Pope was what the fantastic splendour of a mosque was to a Doric temple. Byron had only a superficial knowledge of older English literature, for Milton's puritanical severity repelled him, and his own immense ambition revolted against the overwhelming greatness of Shakespeare. His contradictory spirit drove him to deny the pre-eminence of Shakespeare and to remain faithful to Pope, while his enemies amongst his contemporaries of the Romantic school united in praise of Shakespearean verse. Fortunately for his literary reputation Byron was the last man to be guided by æsthetic theory in his writings. He was not one of those reflective artists who, like Milton and the great German poets, dazzle us by their wonderful originality combined with an ever-youthful enthusiasm and clear insight into the rules of art. There has scarcely ever been a poet who wrote so easily and so unconsciously; a child of the hour, he dashed off his fiery verses, and in his youth at least he was incapable of judging his own creations. He brought home from his early travels a transcription of the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, upon which he had expended much of the knowledge he had gained from Pope, and a large number of stanzas in Spenserean verse, which refer to experiences in foreign lands. His *Hints from Horace* are never mentioned now, but those numerous stanzas written on board ship, on horseback, in the woods or among the mountains, as the spirit moved him, were the first verses of *Childe Harold*. When he reluctantly printed this work, and was immediately ranked by delighted readers with the greatest poets of the nation, it was evident that a genuine poet may hold fast his theories, but never bind his imagination, for a real poet can only reflect the ideas of his own time. The

period, however, which Byron's fancy unconsciously depicted was filled by thoughts of the Romantic time. German poetry, which owes so much to Shakespeare and to the temper of Sterne, repaid its masters in full measure, for English literature was then influenced by our classical and romantic schools.

English lyric poets owe much to Goethe, by whom they were taught to love and understand nature, and as some of his most beautiful songs were cast in the mould of German folk songs, so did Macpherson's *Ossian* and numerous collections of Irish legends, as well as the incomparable old English ballads, open up to Britons their national poetical treasures of earlier times. The armchair poet of the eighteenth century, whose knowledge of nature was confined to the neat yew hedge of his own garden, was no longer heard, but the voice of the robust wanderer who rejoiced in the freedom of open-air life. Earth's beauty was no longer told in laborious descriptions, but shown in poetical pictures that revealed the soul of the poet in an almost pantheistic cult of nature. With this newly awakened appreciation of nature the romantic sense of the time emerged from the ruins of ancient strongholds, reviving the splendour of the Middle Ages. *Childe Harold* bears traces of the sentiment prevailing at the time. In this romantic epic we find again the nature worship of the Lake School, but of a higher and more ardent tone, and that delight in gorgeous description which was ever Byron's predominant gift. "Description is my forte," he often declared. Were not those wildly beautiful passages about deeds of the Greek mountain tribes pervaded by the same romantic feeling which breathed in Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*? We feel assured that *Childe Harold* became the guide for the grand tour of modern travellers. Those places in Europe which were praised in Byron's verse have ever since been the goal of innumerable pilgrims, so closely did the poet share the taste of his day.

Was it, indeed, fear of the superior descriptive powers of the young poet that induced Walter Scott to refrain from writing in metric verse after the publication of *Childe Harold*? Was it, indeed, merely annoyance and not the

consciousness of a fundamentally ineradicable hostility which was responsible for that pitiless satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which Byron at the beginning of his career hurled at the English romanticists? The English writers, like the Germans, sought their ideals in the past, and it was not accidental that Walter Scott remained throughout his life an incorrigible Tory. Byron—as a revolutionist—raised his voice against the flight into the past of these “stay-at-home minstrels” with all the daring and spirit of a modern thinker. The unprecedented audacity with which Byron introduced his own personality into his poems was the first modern poetical expression of a genuinely modern inclination which had long been prevalent among the younger generation. In Byron a poet appeared whose ego defied the world with hatred and scorn. Thus Byron laid the foundation of the *Weltschmerz* poetry in all languages.

The world is drunk now with insipidity. In such super-intelligent times it seems superfluous to mention the trivial fact that *Weltschmerz* was a disease. The noble simplicity of the old school would surely have turned in disgust from the individual's defiance of law, and Niebuhr's Roman opinion was right in refusing to recognise in the character of *Childe Harold* anything but the most crass egoism. But is not our modern education, are not all our habitual inclinations and ideas exactly calculated of necessity to engender just such a morbid condition? Let a man stick absolutely to the truth and see whether he will be tolerated in a society whose daily round consists in a multiplicity of conventional falsehoods of which the heart takes no cognisance. We no longer accept the old, simple faith that we are members of our State, and unlike the Middle Ages the Church no longer stands as a barrier between us and our self-indulgence. Modern education boasts that it teaches the rising generation the boundless claims of the individual as the axis of the world. If we, in spite of this teaching, humbly adapt ourselves to the laws of nature and of history, it is not from obedience, but in consequence of study and training. Let every man endeavour to preserve his own moral purity

in the stress of modern life. The law of Society which forgives one sex everything, while it condemns the other, is not a law of nature. Let every man seek to retain his sincerity, and see if he yet be tolerated in a world made up of a thousand conventional lies; it is not natural for millions of lips to acknowledge a faith of which the heart knows nothing. It cannot, however, be natural that in the present day for many of the best of us life should still be made up of that same struggle for existence which was its initial condition at a time when man had not so thoroughly established himself on the scene. It should, of course, be possible for the educated classes to show a cordial appreciation of the feelings of those in a lower position, without at the same time sinking to their level of coarse vulgarity; but it cannot be natural that multitudes of our fellow countrymen should turn aside in feeble derision from all the things that seem to us lovely and of good report. In a world full of these contradictions only cold-blooded natures and born Philistines attain to calm renunciation without a struggle. Thank God the poetry of *Weltschmerz* did not give a complete picture of modern civilisation, though it reflected one side of our culture which we cannot altogether pass over without destroying modern existence itself. The youth of that time knew full well why they applauded *Manfred*, for modern blood flowed in the veins of the unhappy man who, even in death, turned alike from Abbot and devil, and perished a “self-destroyer.” The young generation of poets was filled with unbounded ambition, and the aged Goethe summed up his successors to a nicety when he compared them to knights who in order to surpass their predecessors sought applause outside the lists. But something new was attained by this supercilious young generation when Byron boldly gave expression to the arrogance which consumed it. We must acknowledge that in the poetry of *Weltschmerz* there is an immortal quality which cannot be regarded as a mere symptom of disease in an excitable epoch. In Byron's poems, side by side with vague lamentations of feverish unrest which “wants to escape from itself,” there rings a genuine note of profound regret

for the vanity of all earthly greatness, an everlasting pain which has gnawed at the hearts of poets of all times, even in the sublime repose of Sophocles. We at least should not regret that some of the feeble, pious works of the latest English literature were infected by the "blight of life, by the thoughts" which fill some of Byron's poems.

The sure instinct of public opinion has always recognised Byron himself in his heroes, Harold, Conrad, Lara. There never was a poet whose creations were so subjective, nor an artist so incapable of understanding a foreign point of view. And this was his tone in all of his earlier poems, the mystic adorned "with one virtue and a thousand faults," the idol of women, the enemy of the world which abused and banished him, and which he repeatedly shocked and put to shame. There is a superficial likeness between these Byronic heroes and the noble-minded, sentimental rascals in bad novels, but the obstinate self-consciousness and the manner in which he scoffs at his own feelings is characteristic of the man himself. The revelling in two contradictory emotions, and the wish to be "thorough and burned," to yield himself to sorrow, and yet to scoff at himself for it, was it not a characteristic feature of the desires of the modern man? There is a restless seeking after fresh excitement and continual nervous effort apparent in our most trifling habits, even as the use of narcotics was never greater than at the present time. Irritable and sensitive beyond measure, the modern mind is open to a thousand impressions which a more robust age could not comprehend, and all these numerous fancies jostle and chase one another, leaving nothing behind them but divided and transitory feelings, so swift that were an ancient Greek to overhear a conversation of to-day he would be left in a state of bewilderment. This restless diversity of emotions in Byron is a phase of our thought to-day.

But poetry should have a higher object than merely to give a realistic picture of truth. The sudden change from grief, from enthusiasm to bitter scorn, is overwhelming in its effect in certain cases, but when it becomes the *motif* of poetry it is destructive of poetry, for the essence

of all poetry is as Goethe says in those beautiful words in *Götz von Berlichingen*, "What makes a poet? A warm heart filled with one feeling."

According to Schlegel and the admissions of thousands of his contemporaries, the highest vocation of man and the highest achievement of mankind lay in the creation of the poet. Here was a man of position and a poet enjoying all the pleasures of his station, who was exhausting his heart with passion and his brain with rhymes.

The perfect man craved for by Romance had, indeed, appeared, but his mighty stride far outstripped and outstepped the limits of Romanticism, and his revolutionary wrath was directed against the defects of society while he pointed in joyful prediction to the coming time "when the world will be free."

By means of a fantastic setting and an affectation of mystery in which he enveloped his sentimental heroes, Byron contrived to conceal their inherent weakness from his contemporaries, and, after all, who looks for sharply defined delineations of character in an epic poem? But the one really immortal work of Byron, the work which will continue to charm and delight all future generations, as it has charmed and delighted those of our own day, is "that darkest memorial of abandoned humanity," that profligate publication which even such a Whig organ as the *Edinburgh Review* incontinently condemned, and English historians hardly dare to mention, and which, according to Byron's own prophecy, found it harder to enter through the parlour-doorway of an English home than a camel to pass through the eye of a needle—*Don Juan*.

For ourselves, at any rate, we should be well content if the more recent English literature, so tamely pious, so smugly at peace with God and all men, could be somewhat more "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," that "mildew" of life that permeates the poems of Byron. We can never cease to admire the poet, broken in health and dejected in mind by constant battling with public opinion, who in the evening of his life attained such perfection of form in its pure and radiant genius in which

he gives free play to his humour. We were offended by his misanthropy when he disguised himself in the garb of his criminal characters in his first works; but here all the bitterness which weighed down his heart was evident in the haughty tone of the humorous epic when he said: "If people fail to see the moral of my poem it is their own fault." Macaulay's opinion that Byron's poetic power was failing was not accepted in Germany, where, on the contrary, it was held to be at its zenith. Carping critics discovered moral and aesthetic faults in *Don Juan* in all directions, but as a whole it remains a work of harmonious beauty, so entirely a creation of necessity that it is impossible to condemn it without denying the poet's own right to existence.

Byron knew his power. A genuine artist loves his tools, he proudly cried, deriding the "prosaic" who made shift with blank verse while he wrote his own poems in stanzas. The sweetness of these melodious verses emphasise the passionate warmth, the rich colouring, the sensuous freshness of the narrative as well as the seductive effect on the immature mind. In this artistic form the poet, a master of language, charms us by the prodigal wealth of fantastic imagery. Strange interlacing of words, Greek, Latin quotations, allusions of all kinds had to be adapted to the stanza, until the intentional profuseness of style makes way for descriptions of antique simplicity, such as the well-known line, "The mountains look on Marathon," and "Marathon looks on the sea." But Byron cannot fathom all the depths of the human heart, he could never understand the tranquil happiness of the passionless soul. As far as he did understand human life he portrayed all its phases in *Don Juan*. At one time he pictures with cynical crudity the cannibalism of the starving, then with the delight of a Faun indulges in trivial sensuousness, and again raises us to the heights of passion, and to the contemplation of the eternal problems of the world. We are often stirred to impatience when the reflections and satirical attacks, like a rank undergrowth of weeds, threaten to choke the way to the point of the fable, and when the splendour of the descriptions

does not always repay us for their diffuseness. But in the end our æsthetic objections are overcome by the dazzling personality of the poet, whose right it is in comic epic to obtrude himself vigorously. We are met with a richness of ideas and with a highly cultivated and, above all, a free spirit which seeks its own course far from the beaten track of good society. The incomparably easy and unconstrained style of narration is in itself a loud protest against all anomaly and affectation. Women are more affected by the pitiless truth of this poem than by its boldness. The poet is here a "Columbus on the sea of morality," and uncovers the secret depths of the human soul to which the fiction of his own country had never dared descend.

But what was it in modern society which roused Byron's antagonism? It was, in the first place, that tyranny of public opinion which he so cuttingly describes in *Don Juan*:—

In the times of old  
Men made the manners, manners now make men.

Byron was made to feel in his own person all the tyranny of conventional laws when he, a peer of England, one of the proudest and most independent positions a man can be born to, was exiled from his native land without any tangible charge or a hearing given him. Byron himself gives a striking description of the fact in the following words: "Fashion, the tyrant of society, first petted him and then, tired of its toy, cast it aside."

In his rage he turned against his own country and pitilessly tore the veil off the respectable manners which had hidden the frivolity of the capital and covered the peccadilloes of Piccadilly. But his heart was not entirely in this war against society. This daring spirit was free from one vice, the ugliest of his country, that unctuous hypocrisy which flourishes so profusely in England known as cant. He wished for forty-parson power to sing the praises of hypocrisy. Byron's mockery, like Voltaire's, is often trifling, but let us acknowledge that in the literature of Christian nations mockery is a necessary evil.

"Byron was born for opposition," such was his own opinion, and he certainly exhibited an untiring opposition

to those *fables convenues* of his country, both spiritual and temporal. An outcast from his own country, like a fallen idol, he sneered maliciously at the celebrities of English history, sparing neither the Virgin Queen nor the victor of Waterloo.

We cannot judge of Byron's antagonism to English society by present conditions, which are incomparably more peaceful. When all the world was acclaiming the most indefatigable and invincible of Napoleon's enemies England was in reality an unhappy land, torn by dissension. Never before was this country's old sin against the lower orders, the sweating system, so much in force. During the Napoleonic wars the last remnant of small landowners had been sold up; the selfishness of the large landowners, the landed interest, knew only one cry—rent, rent, rent. The Corn Duty was raised, and with it the price of grain rose higher and higher. The people were in an alarming state of ferment. Daring demagogues brooded over the social question. The moneyed classes preached the hard doctrine of Malthus to the distressed people: "No one has a right to beget children who cannot feed them," a simple truth of political economy, but at such time it was a hollow mockery. All the more eagerly did Byron take the part of the weak, and faithfully repeated the party charges against "Pitt, the great-hearted Minister who gratuitously ruined Great Britain." The condition of the country gave ample scope for righteous satire. It was not poetical exaggeration but the naked truth when Byron wrote:—

The land-self-interest groans from shore to shore  
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.

Even in those torpid years the indestructible energy of the English people brought forth the healthy germs of a new political development resulting in Parliamentary reform, leading up to Roman Catholic emancipation and Free Trade. Byron's restless temperament stood in the way of his taking part in the insignificant and tedious business of reform. How much more attractive was it for this youth to roam unfettered, like many another freelance among his countrymen, as an apostle of freedom amid the

hot-blooded people of the South! In the political history of his own country Byron had no place, and in English literature his appearance was meteoric, while in the political and literary development of the Continent he plays an important and definite part. His English compeers disliked in him not only the Freethinker and Radical but particularly the Englishman who faithlessly adopted foreign customs and ideas. Since that time the English have adopted Continental customs to an astonishing degree.

Well may the present generation smile when it recalls the lively sympathy with which the preceding generation regarded massacres of Creoles, mutinies of the Roman soldiery, and a more than doubtful rising of a barbarous people in the East while wholly oblivious of the miseries prevailing in their native land. Yet everywhere, notwithstanding all their blundering, the great soul of our people shines forth. It proved itself in that immature cosmopolitanism of the unselfish, benevolent disposition which is characteristic of the humane, and displayed itself in the natural longing of the people for opportunity to exercise the political energy denied them by the narrow limitations of their native land. The power of the Holy Alliance was broken by those very revolutions, uncertain and vague as they were. It is known how the federation of the three Eastern Powers was at last broken by the effect of the Greek War of Independence. The consciousness that the struggle of modern liberalism was common to the educated nations extended as far as Hungary and Russia, and this necessary spirit of unrest grew till it took possession also of the slower-moving peoples in 1830 and 1848.

These revolutionary ideas were furthered by no other one man so much as by Lord Byron, after Canning had made his England the great protector of conspirators. Philhellenism was represented at that date so brilliantly by no other man. When Byron made his first pilgrimage to the mysterious Court of Ali Pasha, and saw the Suliots dancing round their nocturnal fires to the sound of the timbrels, the thought of a Greek rising, which had never

been quite dead in the souls there, became a living thought to him. Even Milton had long ago foretold it with prophetic confidence, and the noble Fénelon also had dreamed of the awakening of the Greeks. Still, while no one ventured yet to hope for the realisation of this dream, Byron wished the Cyclades their freedom and dominion over the Attic Demos when he wrote *The Corsair* in January, 1814. Five years later he again sang of the glories of the land where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung, and troubled the stubborn slumber of the Greeks by the resounding call:—

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

He lapsed into angry silence, seeing that this servile people did not seem to be roused out of their sluggishness:

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

Still he clung to the hope that the name of Greece would yet become "an awakening call to the world."

And now, at last, the time was ripe. Here was a poet whose æsthetic performances the world admired, who derided weak gallantry and travelled in foreign lands that he might rejoice in the actual life of the people, and to visit with reverence the scenes of their great deeds. Laughing like a rude peasant, he passed the galleries filled with the masterpieces of art, only occasionally delighting in a picture for the sake of its subject of human value. While the great German poet asked with due thought whether Napoleon might be regarded as a productive man, Byron declared, to the horror of the *beaux esprits*: "I will do something more for humanity than write verses."

The struggle for freedom seemed to him man's highest aim. He cherished plans to cross the ocean and aid in the civil war of the Creoles. Then he took part in the rising of the Italians, but the Battle of Rieti brought the Neapolitan Revolution to an inglorious downfall. The poet became weary of concealing in his house the useless weapons of the Italian patriots, of conducting in Vienna and Ravenna the ineffective resistance to the Austrian

police, and of listening to the unfruitful counsels of the secret society which to the Englishman, with his political sense, must have seemed ridiculous. How different was the steadfast, heroic struggle of the Greeks. To the mind of the poet thirsting for deeds a favourable destiny held a more splendid goal before him than anything his muse could have conceived in its most sublime moments. He would die the death of the warriors in the cause of freedom; the theme of his song, he would end, as Chamisso sang of him, "The pupil of Camenæ and Ares."

When, on his own responsibility, he led his little army across to Missolonghi, was he not himself one of these sea kings of his early songs, who, trusting to no other than to their own strength, replaced the old order of a slothful world with peace? How manly was he in shaking off the sorrows that were oppressing him. "I have no stupid poetic material about me, such things only belong to rhyme." Like the true son of a people born to rule, he disciplined the unruly hordes of the Greeks, kindled the tardy to action, and made the savagery of war give place to methods of humanity. Scarcely had the thrilling notes of his last song died away:

The sword, the banner and the field,  
Glory and Greece around me see;  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free!

than the poet's prophetic words were fulfilled, and the Spartan was carried home on his shield. The theologians in their miserable self-complacency raised a loud outcry over his death in spiritual darkness, and the stubborn hardness of the clergy of his own country denied him burial in Westminster Abbey. No one who has a heart for real human greatness but admits that a death so noble fully atoned for the life, however erring it may have been.

The scales of criticism still hang at the same level.

Very deeply, more deeply than Englishmen of to-day would confess, has Byron influenced modern thought. Mischievous as were his acts, the benefits which he conferred were equally great. He carried out what was neces-

sary in revolutionising European literature by inspiring it with the modern spirit. Not only did he fight for the rights of the heart, for freedom against the pressure of false custom in our fettered countries, but in the decades that followed he helped to spoil the later poets, for they not only imitated his immortal works but they also imitated his mortal weaknesses, both in his writings and in his life. Good nature is appeased in saying, "Why not let the misdeeds of the man pass into oblivion, since his golden thoughts still delight us?" Even Hermann Grimm, to whom I in no way impute any kindly weakness, says in his fine essay on Byron: "He is a poet to us, nothing more; his works are on a higher level." I doubt whether the purely æsthetic consideration of a work of art can be altogether successful if it is not regarded as the revelation of a highly endowed person who is by God's grace a true artist. History does not quite exercise such indulgence. All that has been a power among men is subject to its verdict. It is willingly silent, therefore, on the human failings of those whom the world only knows as poets and thinkers, but if the person has become a seductive example to a whole race then the historian must not shrink from the sad duty of speaking also about the private life which he would otherwise gladly leave to the investigations of the man with the muck rake.

## GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA:

### HIS CAREER, POWER AND ACHIEVEMENTS

BY H. CHARLES WOODS

IN many ways Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the President of the Turkish Republic, is the most interesting personality who has come into prominence since the war. With a name hardly known outside Turkey at the time of the Armistice, his already locally accepted honesty, patriotism and military skill were by then responsible for a reputation subsequently enabling him to convert what appeared to be a final defeat into a relatively far-reaching victory, and to secure the replacement of the Treaty of Sèvres by that of Lausanne. In view of this fundamental reversal of the once situation, of the recent and all-important step of the President in visiting Constantinople after an absence of over eight years, and of the more or less new departure, indicated by the electoral suppression of all opposition throughout the country, no apology seems necessary for referring to the personality and earlier career of a man only recently sufficiently important to attract attention, for discussing the policy inaugurated by this remarkable leader, and for examining the results of a *régime* the details of which are not always understood in the Western world.

Born forty-seven years ago, Mustapha Kemal is of medium height and thick-set build, and he has deep-sunk, keen, blue-grey eyes, high cheek-bones, and a prominent, somewhat pointed chin. His brushed-back hair is brown: he wears a close-cropped moustache, and, whether in uniform or plain clothes, he is always clean and smart. Indeed, in spite of his many other more important activities, he takes a considerable interest in his personal appearance, and rumour has it that during his recent visit to Constantinople the President sent a special representative to London and Paris with the principal object of



obtaining for him luggage, clothing and jewellery of the latest styles. The President talks little unless he is really interested, he smokes countless cigarettes, and he is an energetic worker. With rather an abrupt manner, probably intended to cover his lack of knowledge on many points and to carry his opinion with subordinates and acquaintances, Mustapha Kemal speaks French, but when it becomes a question of argument force rather than reason predominates, and he is sometimes wont to avoid difficulties by appearing to refer awkward questions to others. He is brave and patriotic to the last degree, but perhaps the President's most outstanding characteristics are self-confidence and conceit, which in earlier days led to quarrels with his superiors, and which now amount to obstinacy. And, lastly, he has great vitality, persevering energy and marked driving power; he has the capacity for looking after and making himself popular with his troops, and, once committed to an enterprise, he knows no such thing as fear or withdrawal.

Whilst Mustapha Kemal is widely believed to enjoy the good things of life, he remained in Anatolia from May, 1919, until he visited Constantinople this summer, and he lives the remote life engendered by his residence at Tchan-Kaya, a suburb of Angora. In January, 1923, and shortly after the death of his mother, for whom he had serious respect, and who accompanied him to the new capital, the President married Latifé Hanoum, the daughter of Muammer Bey, a prosperous Smyrna merchant, in whose house he (the President) had stayed by her invitation at the time of the Greek *débâcle* in the preceding autumn. Her Excellency, then only about twenty years of age, speaks English, French and German. She was educated in France and in this country, and the marriage, which was private and of which nothing was known in advance, took place shortly after the bride's return from Western Europe. Latifé Hanoum, who has an attractive personality and a vivacious manner, is a prominent advocate of women's causes, and she followed the work of her husband with the closest attention and interest. The President divorced her in August, 1925. No official reason was given for this action, but it is widely reported that

Mustapha Kemal had grown tired of the activities of a woman who, he considered, showed too great a desire to mix herself in the affairs of the State. There were no children of the marriage. Mustapha Kemal has not acquired a second wife, and the divorced lady is reported to have returned to her parents in Smyrna, whither, presumably, her life and movements are more or less closely reported to headquarters.

Born of a humble Mohammedan family at Salonica, the future ruler almost immediately showed his independence, for, having been intended by his mother for education as a future *khoja*, he admired the uniforms of the then important Turkish garrison of his native town, and he succeeded in gaining admission to the local military preparatory school. Afterwards he went to the Military College at Constantinople, where he was the life and soul of his comrades, subsequently, I believe, graduating at the Military Academy or Staff College, at that period attended by selected officers directly after they had secured their commissions. Politically speaking, from the moment of his arrival at Constantinople Kemal was hostile to Abdul Hamid's *régime*, and in 1904 he was banished to Syria. With a brief interval stolen at his native city, he spent some time at Damascus and Jaffa, being promoted back to Salonica in 1907. Here he seems to have held a minor appointment upon the staff of the Third Army Corps, and here, although he was never one of its strongest supporters, he threw in his lot with the Committee of Union and Progress shortly before the revolution of July, 1908. But Kemal Bey was opposed to and more advanced than the majority of Young Turks, and from 1909 until the outbreak of the World War he played the rôle of an army officer. In 1910 he attended the French manœuvres, he fought against the Italians in Tripoli, where he was promoted to the rank of major, and he returned to Europe during the first Balkan War. He was appointed Chief of the Staff to the then new Gallipoli Army Corps (in which position he acquired knowledge of great future value to him), he became a lieutenant-colonel and, after the re-establishment of peace with Bulgaria towards the end of 1913, he went to Sofia as Turkish Military Attaché.

The period of the World War was of weighty importance in the career of the now national hero. He is widely known to have been averse to the entry of Turkey on the side of the Central Powers, and to have strongly disapproved of the subsequent complete control of the Ottoman forces by the Germans. Nevertheless, once the Government of Constantinople had committed itself the new President fought loyally for his country. Thus, in spite of his dislike of and unpopularity with Enver Pasha and his colleagues at headquarters, Mustapha Kemal resigned his post at Sofia in the early winter of 1914 and obtained a command in Thrace and afterwards at the Dardanelles. Here he secured his first chance of becoming really great, and at the time of the British landing at Suvla Kemal was largely responsible for the defence of the Turkish position and therefore for the safety of the Straits. After the evacuation of Gallipoli, no doubt in the hope of achieving his banishment, Enver and his pro-German gang appointed their opponent to the command of an army corps on the Caucasian front, where he managed temporarily to hold up the Russian advance. But he continued to quarrel with his Turkish and German superiors in connection with the various posts which he held, and he was sent as a member of the suite of the then heir-apparent, Prince Vahed-Eddin, who made a prolonged tour in Central Europe towards the end of 1917. After the succession of that personage to the throne in the following July, and when Mustapha Kemal had cut short a very necessary cure at Carlsbad, he once more took over the command of an army corps on the Palestine front. There were further disagreements with the authorities, he rightly favoured a policy of withdrawal, which was not at first acceptable to General Liman von Sanders, and at the time of and directly after the Armistice he was responsible for re-assembling the relics of the Turkish Army, by then widely scattered in Southern Anatolia.

A far-reaching military reputation, and a well-known opposition to the policy responsible for the current disaster, therefore made the post-war position of Mustapha Kemal unique in Turkey. When the country was at the mercy of

the Allies, and when the leading members of the Committee of Union and Progress had fled, he therefore secured a high post at the War Office, and about the time of the Greek occupation of Smyrna in May, 1919, he was appointed by the Constantinople Government, then practically under Allied control, as Inspector-General of the Turkish troops in North-Eastern Anatolia. This appointment sounded the death-knell of the principles of the Mudros Armistice, for, whereas the Sultan and his advisers intended Kemal to supervise the disarmament of the Ottoman forces in his district, that leader was determined to raise the standard of resistance in a zone difficult of access by the armies of the West. Almost immediately the delivery of arms to the Occupying Powers ceased. Damad Ferid Pasha, the Grand Vizier, realised the error of giving such an emissary a free hand, and, although this was not at once recognised in Europe or even in Constantinople, the Nationalist Party had become, or was on the way to becoming, the controlling influence in Turkey.

Mustapha Kemal made the history between the early summer of 1919 and the signature of the Treaty of Lausanne in July, 1923, and the military and diplomatic successes then attained by him consummated a power which is still paramount. The future President immediately organised the various associations already working for the protection of Turkish rights, and, in spite of orders to return to Constantinople, he presided over two Congresses which claimed the absolute independence of the territories within the Armistice line. A general election, favoured by the Nationalists, was held at the end of 1919, and in the following January a new Parliament, assembled at Constantinople, approved the terms of the famous National Pact, already framed by Kemal and his supporters. Soon afterwards the Allies made the fatal mistake of arresting and deporting a number of leading Turks, the Nationalists were denounced in the name of the Government and of religion, and, with the flight of many deputies from Constantinople, the Grand National Assembly held its first meeting at Angora in April, 1920. Thenceforward the administrative machine took formal shape, an army

gradually replaced the irregular bands, and the new *régime* had become a reality. This reality was consolidated by a Military Convention with Russia, by the future Greek advance in Asia Minor, and by the return of King Constantine to Athens, which greatly modified the international situation.

From the beginning of 1921 things moved apace. The existence of the Angora Administration was practically, though not officially, recognised in Western Europe, the Turks and Greeks were left to pursue the struggle in Anatolia, and the battle of the Sakaria, in which Mustapha Kemal himself took the command, saw the end of the Hellenic successes. Parallel to these events were the ratification of the Turco-Soviet understanding, the conclusion of an advantageous treaty with the Caucasian Republics, and the all-important Franklin-Bouillon agreement between the French and the Angora Governments. Finally (September, 1922), after a campaign lasting only about a fortnight, the Greeks were driven completely out of Asia Minor; Mustapha Kemal, created a Ghazi in reward for his striking victory over a Christian enemy, entered Smyrna in person and Europe was brought face to face with the protracted negotiations terminated by the signature of the Treaty of Lausanne. That document, which gave to Turkey practically, if not absolutely, the whole of the conditions claimed by the National Pact, coupled with the Allied evacuation of Constantinople in the following October, made Mustapha Kemal the creator of modern Turkey and the winner not merely of a military victory over the Greeks, but a far-reaching diplomatic success against the Western Powers.

The realisation of this victory marked the advent of a new and nominally civilian phase in the Angora movement—a phase conveniently to be discussed under three headings, namely, the attitude of the Nationalists towards foreign affairs, the constitutional and administrative position created by the Ghazi, and the policy and changes inaugurated during the last four years. In the opinion of the present writer the Nationalists have no aggressive designs or foreign aspirations, and, since the settlement

of the Mosul problem in June, 1926, their relations with his country have been normal. An agreement now exists with France in regard to the Syrian frontier and other matters, and, whilst that country does not receive the gratitude to which she is entitled as a result of her earlier policy, a closer understanding between Angora and Paris is likely as a result of the recent settlement of certain of the outstanding financial questions. The Imperialism of Italy, especially her closer understanding with Greece and her aspirations in Southern Asia Minor, is suspected and feared. On the other hand, after years of discussion, and after the refusal of the United States Senate to ratify the Turco-American Treaty of Lausanne, an agreement between the two countries was concluded in February. The crux of the whole foreign situation, therefore, lies in the relations between Angora and Moscow and in the orientation of Turkey towards the West or the East. There are two alternatives. The Nationalists might seek safety and immunity against the Italian danger by admission to the League, but, unless a permanent seat upon the Council were available, such a course is hardly likely to appeal to the mentality of Mustapha Kemal. Alternatively, even if it be accepted, as it should be accepted, that the rulers of Angora have no sympathy with Bolshevism, they may feel constrained to try to insure themselves against what is certainly an Italian danger by the encouragement of the intimate relations which have existed with Moscow during the last few years. In spite of the meeting between the Turkish and Russian Foreign Ministers at Odessa a year ago the question still seems hanging in the balance. An ultimate decision, no doubt, depends far more upon the value of the support likely to be forthcoming from Russia in case of need than upon sentiment and principles which are of but little significance in such cases.

From the constitutional and practical standpoints the Ghazi, supported by his chief lieutenant, Ismet Pasha, is the only man who counts in the country. At the first meeting of the Grand National Assembly in April, 1920, he became its President, and, as the authority of the Sultan was ignored long before the abolition of the Sultanate in

November, 1922, for over three years that body was the only recognised representative of the sovereignty which belonged to the people. In October, 1923, however, the proclamation of the Republic, confirmed by the Constitution adopted in the following April, signified a movement towards the Right. Indeed, whilst the Assembly still nominally elects the President, and whilst the Ministers chosen by him are officially responsible to Parliament, the full powers of the executive really rest completely in the hands of the chief of the State. There is a Council of Ministers, and the President takes no part in the debates in the Chamber, but he holds the destiny of Cabinets in his hands, and he retains his position as chief of the People's Party, which has regularly authorised all legislation before its submission to Parliament. In the past, when the Opposition showed signs of causing trouble or of gaining strength, legislation has been framed to put a stop to such activities, and from March, 1925, until earlier in the present year, the law for the maintenance of good order and the so-called Tribunals of Independence were widely employed for the purpose of safeguarding the present Administration, and for bringing to trial not only those guilty of attempted treason, but also innocent opponents, whose existence or liberty were likely to be objectionable to the present authorities. In March these Tribunals were abolished, but the memory of their drastic work, especially in connection with the so-called plot of June, 1926, is such that for the moment all criticism has been silenced. Consequently, whereas the President's policy of refusing to allow the candidature of any men not acceptable to him at the recent election constitutes a new departure even for Turkey, this innovation makes no practical difference to the already existing situation. It means, when the Chamber meets on or about November 1st, that the new Assembly will be composed of a larger number of younger and more progressive men, that however unimportant was the former Opposition there will be no future Parliamentary obstruction, and that the Ghazi now considers himself sufficiently strong to tell his people what to do and to see that they do it.

The changes and policy inaugurated or confirmed during the last four years are fundamental and revolutionary. Angora, the already long time headquarters of the Nationalist Movement, was formally declared the permanent capital by the Constitution of April, 1924, and nothing which has since occurred seems likely to change this decision, at least so long as Mustapha Kemal Pasha remains the head of the Administration. This is really the case, because whereas Constantinople is cosmopolitan, international and probably incapable of producing reform, Angora represents the aloofness, nationalism and simplicity responsible for the birth and growth of the new movement. For these and other reasons, in spite of contrary opinions, it would seem to the present writer that the recent three months' stay of the Ghazi at Constantinople signified not a change of attitude but a proof that the President has grown more confident of his position, and that he was at least prepared to take this further step in the consolidation of the new situation. In any case, even if the visit fails to obliterate the jealousy of Constantinople for Angora, its inception, its boldness, and its obvious success, should help to remove opposition towards him in the former capital, where naturally the recent electoral comedy must have met with widespread though secret censure.

The vast majority of the non-Turks having been expelled from the country, and the population for the first time being more or less homogeneous, extreme Nationalism takes the form of endeavouring to get rid of all foreign influences, of attempting to interfere with the work and activities of all alien institutions and concerns, and of placing prohibitive tariffs upon imports. Money is urgently required for the conduct of the State, but until the last few weeks, when something seems to have been done in the way of admitting the rights of the Smyrna-Aidin Railway, and when a settlement of the Ottoman Debt question appears to have been arrived at, no serious attempts had been made to attract foreign capital, largely because of a fear of the conditions or control likely to accompany any borrowing on the international market. The anti-clericalism of the Government has brought about

not merely the suppression of the Caliphate and the position of the Sheik-ul-Islam and the abolition of the religious courts, but a decree was issued in July granting complete religious liberty, and permitting those who have reached their majority to change their faith. And then, although this has not yet been officially proclaimed, reports are current that the Christian Sunday is to be adopted as the day of national rest. Such changes, like the disappearance of the fez, the complete freedom of women and the introduction of the Western calendar, prove that the Government is dominated by a desire to be modern, and that it is sufficiently strong to ignore prejudices which have existed through many a century.

Over and above the reconquest of Western Anatolia and Eastern Thrace from the Greeks, and the expulsion of the French from Cilicia, the present administration has done a material amount for the population. The army is a first care, but public security is certainly better than a few years ago, and probably better than in the period immediately preceding the War. The tithe, which pressed heavily on the peasants, has been abolished; the President, himself a keen and up-to-date farmer, is encouraging the importation of modern machinery, and an agricultural bank has been established. The prosperity of Constantinople, which has suffered heavily from the removal of the capital, from the present stagnation in Russia, and from the some time governmental attitude towards transit trade, is now to be furthered by the re-establishment of a free zone. Education, in a lamentable state in former days, is being improved, and special endeavours have been instituted to provide teachers fitted for that work. And then, even if time must elapse before the courts can be completely purified, the adoption of new civil and penal codes, modelled respectively upon those of Switzerland and Italy, indicates a change of wide significance. Lastly, whereas the country still possesses relatively few railways or roads worthy of that name, progress is being made in these directions. For example—and this is very remarkable—a line 240 miles in length, and built entirely with native experts and native

money, was opened from Angora to Kaiseria last May. And then, from the beginning of August, it has been possible to cover the 350 miles which separate Angora from Constantinople in less than fifteen hours; that is much quicker than before the War. Such developments, important in themselves, demonstrate that the Turk, who has always relied upon foreign capital and foreign experts for railway construction, is capable of performing work of which he has never previously been thought capable.

The present and the probable future depend almost entirely upon the personality, capacity and wisdom of the Ghazi. Mustapha Kemal Pasha is relatively young, he is extremely powerful, and, rightly or wrongly, he has decided to suppress all open opposition within and without the Grand National Assembly. He is at liberty to continue to rule with an iron hand, to pursue a policy of imprisonment and execution, and to maintain himself by the sword. Alternatively he may adopt a moderate attitude, sense the feelings of the more patriotic elements of his public, without of necessity admitting a formal opposition, and introduce at least a vestige of democracy. In the former event he must be content to secure the fulsome and insincere praise for which the Orient is notorious, and to rule his country without the approval of the more liberal world. In the latter case he will enhance his reputation not only with his own people, but throughout the sphere of civilisation. The Angora Government now appears to be adopting the position of an honest debtor. Under able, astute and temperate guidance there is no reason to prevent it from consolidating its own internal situation and from securing the respect of mankind.

## HUNGARY AND YUGOSLAVIA

## PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

DURING July and August I made a tour of a large part of Central and South Central Europe in order to obtain fresh and accurate first-hand political information and to see with my own eyes the actual condition, the true state of things, in the countries visited. The whole trip, carried out rapidly, but not hurriedly, according to plan, lasted six weeks, of which nearly five were passed in Hungary and Yugoslavia, the rest of the time being spent in Austria and Czechoslovakia. In 1921 and some subsequent years I had made several similar tours on the Continent for the same purpose, and with considerable success. Excellent introductions from London Legations helped very much. But in post-war Europe, less static, perhaps, with respect to territory, and certainly much less secretive and more straightforward as regards aims cherished and objectives sought, than pre-war Europe, it was not really difficult to get into fairly close touch with statesmen and leaders of parties and groups, whether in office or in opposition. Usually they were not at all averse from stating, occasionally with a fullness and frankness that were scarcely expected and now and again were rather disconcerting, how they considered the political situation from either their own national or from the general point of view. All this was extremely interesting and, making due allowance for perfectly natural and legitimate differences of outlook and opinion, most illuminating to a student of foreign affairs. Most of these tours had been undertaken through "new" or, if the word may be permitted, newish countries, particularly those forming what are often termed the Border States, *i.e.*, the States whose eastern borders are the western frontier of Soviet Russia, and of which, in their post-war position and circumstances, little was known authoritatively in England. The information thus obtained—where not confidential, as was a good deal of it—was made use of in various articles in THE FORTNIGHTLY

REVIEW, the latest of them, "Poland and Czechoslovakia," appearing in the November, 1925, number, and "Rumania and Her Problems" in the November, 1926, issue. Of course, Hungary and Yugoslavia are not Border States, but each is important in its own way, not only in Central and South Central Europe, but as factors making for or against the stability and peace of Europe and hence of the world.

Apart from Soviet Russia and its persistent and continuous attacks on the peace of the world, the most active and menacing centre of disturbance during the first half of this year in the political affairs of Europe was to be found in the region of the Adriatic. Albania, one of the smallest countries of the Continent, but one which had caused anxiety and trouble before, suddenly came into great prominence by bringing about an excited and for a time dangerous controversy between Italy and Yugoslavia. Rumbblings of the storm had been heard during the previous year and even earlier, for the Albanian question *vis-à-vis* Italy and Yugoslavia is not precisely something that is new. But the Treaty of Tirana, which established a quasi-protectorate of Italy over Albania, precipitated a crisis that speedily reached a high pitch when Mussolini accused the Yugoslavs of secretly arming with the intention of invading Albania and destroying its Government. An incident resulting in the withdrawal of the Yugoslav Legation from Tirana made matters still worse, and it was only the strong and purposeful intervention of Great Britain, France and Germany at Belgrade that prevented war, a war which, if it had come, there would probably have been great difficulty in localising. The "war scare" gradually faded out, and tranquillity—the grim and uneasy tranquillity of the Balkans—descended on the land. Meanwhile an event of the greatest importance had occurred in Yugoslavia during the period when it was undergoing this heavy strain, namely, the death of Pasitch, the veteran statesman who, more than any other man, had consolidated Serbia and the new territories acquired from what had been Austria-Hungary into the present Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

Towards the end of his remarkable life Pasitch was out of office, and the party he had led so long and on the whole triumphantly had broken in pieces, but up to the very close of his days he remained the dominating figure in his country, for no one had anything like his authority among the Serbian people. On his death the question arose, who was to succeed him? It was not an easy question to answer. The internal political situation at this difficult time was not promising; the sky was far from clear. The Radicals, whose leader he had been, had become disunited; a sufficient number, however, held together to form much the largest party in the State, but fell many votes short of a majority in the Skupshtina or Parliament. There were half a dozen other parties or more, amongst them that of the flamboyant and always incalculable Raditch, with his apparently strong grip on the simple peasantry of Croatia. A Government of sorts had been constructed by a fusion of parties, but it was weak, the Skupshtina had had to be dissolved, and a General Election was in sight. As Yugoslavia is the most significant element in the politics of the Balkans and was in this particularly interesting position, I determined to pay it a visit. In addition to what has just been said, another feature in its position attracted attention; this was its relations with Hungary, which shortly before had concluded with Italy a treaty making Trieste a free port for Hungarian trade and commerce. In Budapest it was thought that this treaty was a witness to the friendship of Mussolini, and that it had increased the prestige of the country. On the other hand, Yugoslavia had offered Split (Spalato) on the Dalmatian coast as a free port to the Hungarians. Further, Trieste could not be made use of by Hungary without the good will and co-operation of the Yugoslavs, over whose railways everything in transit must pass. Hungary was deeply interesting for other reasons, one of the chief of them being the recrudescence of the agitation for a revision of its frontiers, Lord Rothermere as protagonist taking the place formerly held by Lord Newton. Thus a visit to Hungary was also indicated;

besides, Budapest lay on my way to Belgrade. So I took Hungary first and Yugoslavia next.

My tour was a prosperous one. I had interviews, often lengthy, with some of the foremost men in both countries, notwithstanding the facts that in Hungary it was the *saison morte*, with many of its prominent people absent on holiday abroad, and that in Yugoslavia its whole area resounded with the shouts, cries and other noisy activities of the intense electoral campaign which was then in progress, and which made seeing political leaders rather difficult. Favoured throughout with extraordinarily fine weather, I was able to make the most of the time at my disposal, and neglected no opportunity of making myself acquainted with the situation, whether political or economic, so far as I possibly could. To exchange, within thirty-six hours, the cold, mist and rain of England last July for the brilliant skies and almost tropical warmth of Budapest was in itself exhilarating and wonderful—one's horizon seemed at once to expand indefinitely. But all the south-eastern part of Europe lying in the basin of the Danube had already had several weeks of the same magnificent sunshine, and all cereals, except maize, which does not mature till later, had been harvested in fine condition, the crops as a rule being heavy. The yield of wheat was much above the average of recent years in Hungary—and the wheat of Hungary is world-famous for its excellence. Present-day Hungary is almost entirely an agricultural country, and this year's bountiful wheat harvest must materially improve its economic position, which in any case was becoming better, as was shown last year when the League of Nations withdrew its control of Hungarian finances, for the very good reason that Hungary was on its feet again and could fend for itself. This is not to say that its economic position is as brilliant as were the skies that stretched over Budapest in July and August; the burden of taxation is very heavy on all classes of the community, the cost of living has risen, and the painful process of readjustment to straitened geographical conditions is still going on. But the period of depression is



passing, if it has not already passed away, and the prospect is decidedly brighter. Nothing struck me more than the large numbers of well-dressed, contented-looking people I saw in the numerous open-air restaurants and coffee-houses of Budapest of an evening; this suggested at least a certain, if no doubt still modest, prosperity. Another argument in the same direction may be found in the astonishing growth of Budapest, surely one of the most beautiful of the world's cities and ever growing more beautiful. Its population, I was assured, is now about 1,200,000 and is increasing; housing accommodation is a problem, as it is in many other places, but new buildings are going up, mostly in the shape of blocks of flats, to meet the shortage which, however, is still great.

If the economic condition of Hungary may justly be described as an improved and improving one, its political condition may as surely be envisaged as one of stability; it is a far cry from the sombre days of the Republic, Bela Kun, and the Rumanian occupation, though their memory has not died away. The internal political situation is one of pretty complete consolidation, thanks largely to the sustained efforts of Count Bethlen, Hungarian Prime Minister during the last five or six years. In the Parliament his Government controls 213 votes against an Opposition of 32, of whom only about a dozen Social Democrats offer any genuine criticism of his policy. Count Bethlen has virtually as well as practically all power in his hands. Evidently he is a very able statesman of strong and determined character. Greatly to my regret he was unable to receive me as he was suffering from indisposition—the indisposition which prevented him from attending the funeral of the Cardinal who was Prince Primate of Hungary, and whose death occurred in the first week of my visit. Among the recent acts of the Bethlen policy are the treaty of friendship with Italy and the commercial treaty with Czechoslovakia. Touching the foreign policy of Hungary, I was honoured with two long interviews by Dr. Louis Walkö, the Foreign Minister and formerly Minister of Commerce. Granted the stability of Hungary as a State, it is its external rather than its internal policy that is of interest to the outside world; indeed, its domestic

affairs are its own concern, just as our domestic affairs are ours and ours alone, as the T.U.C., somewhat belatedly, has given Soviet Russia to understand. Leaving aside Italy and Austria, the foreign policy of Hungary is mainly concerned with the Little Entente—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania—which “succeeded” to so large a part of Austria-Hungary as the result of the Great War, under the treaty finally of Trianon, 1920. It was Hungary that lost most territory, its area being reduced by about two-thirds, and the Hungarians would not be human if they did not cast longing eyes on the lands now held by others but so lately theirs. No one has to stay a long time in Budapest before being made keenly aware, by an intensive propaganda, of the existence of a strong irredentist current. Now, Dr. Walkö told me in the most positive terms that the policy of the Hungarian Government was not irredentist. “We have no irredentist policy,” were his words. And he denied any knowledge, on his own part and also on that of his Government, prior to its publication in the *Daily Mail*, of Lord Rothermere’s article demanding the revision of the frontiers of Hungary. It may be doubted whether Dr. Walkö and his colleagues thought the article would be of any real service to their country, but I feel sure they were vastly delighted with it.

If this article of Lord Rothermere has had no particular effect in England, as seems to be the case, it has undoubtedly made a very considerable stir in Central and South Central Europe, and has excited a good deal of feeling. During my tour I never could escape it long; it was discussed, canvassed and criticised, blessed or cursed according to country, in every place I visited, and by all sorts and conditions of people. For example, while I was having *petit déjeuner* on the terrace of the Grand Hotel Hungaria, Budapest, a day or two after my arrival I was asked by a waiter who spoke English fairly well to tell him about Lord Rothermere, who, he declared, was now the “man most estimated by all Hungarians.” As against this, the head waiter in the dining-room of the Hotel Paris, Prague, inquired why it was that Lord Rothermere was such an enemy of his (the waiter’s) country, Czechoslovakia? “What have we done to him?”

he said in an angry voice. Many, if not most, of the papers I saw contained comments, favourable or the reverse according to circumstances, on the Rothermere intervention in the affairs of Central Europe, for his article was followed up at intervals by telegrams from him to Dr. Benesh, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, which kept going the agitation he had started. Dr. Benesh let it be known that he did not attach the same value to Lord Rothermere's appeal, or rather demand, for revision as did Lord Rothermere himself, and that he thought far too much importance was being given to it by the peoples of Central Europe. On August 30th another article appeared from Lord Rothermere in the *Daily Mail*, which, couched in very forcible and even minatory language, was levelled almost entirely at Czechoslovakia, evidently regarded by him as the principal obstacle to revision, meaning thereby the extension of the frontiers of Hungary over adjacent parts of the territories allocated to Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania by the Peace Treaties. I was in Prague when this second article was published, and could not but note the anger and indignation with which it was received. With the space at my disposal I cannot enter on a discussion of this controversy. I must say, however, as the result of my observations during my tour, that the effect so far of Lord Rothermere's action is that, while it has raised perhaps some hopes in Hungary which, at present at any rate, must prove illusory, it has led to a further strengthening of the Little Entente in standing by the Peace Treaties and has stiffened its attitude towards Hungary. In the Prague Press it was asked if the withdrawal from Hungary of the Allied Military Control in the spring of the year had not been premature. These things being so, it may be questioned whether Lord Rothermere has advanced the cause of Hungary to any appreciable extent.

Belgrade took the Rothermere campaign much less seriously than did Prague, though it talked about it a good deal. The same was true of Zagreb, Ljubljana, and the other centres of Yugoslavia I visited. For this comparative calmness of outlook there were two reasons. The first was that though his revisionist programme calls for

a considerable slice of territory to be returned by Yugoslavia to Hungary, Lord Rothermere has attacked Yugoslavia not nearly so fiercely as Czechoslovakia and Rumania; in his second article he does not refer to it directly at all. And it has to be remembered that Hungary, if Trieste is to be of use to it as a port, must be on friendly terms with the Yugoslavs. Here the remark may be interpolated that there seemed to be little ill-feeling among the Hungarians and the Yugoslavs towards each other; one had rather suspected the reverse would be the case. The second reason for Yugoslav calm respecting Lord Rothermere, and perhaps the stronger of the two reasons, was that, as already stated, all Yugoslavia was in the throes of the General Election, the date of the polling being September 11th, and as every Yugoslav is a keen politician everything else was of subsidiary interest, at least for the time. Despite the demands made on them by their official work and the General Election, both M. Vukitchevitch, the Prime Minister, and M. Marinkovitch, the Foreign Minister, were good enough to give me long interviews. I also had the advantage of an hour's talk with M. Nintchitch, for several years Foreign Minister and the immediate predecessor of M. Marinkovitch; since the passing of Pasitch, M. Nintchitch is perhaps the Balkan statesman who is best known to the rest of the world. It was, of course, the external, the foreign policy of Yugoslavia that was discussed with these leaders, all of whom concurred in stating that the country was devoted to peace and had no militaristic aims, no matter what the fire-eaters and swashbucklers might assert. Albania, Italy, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece all figured in these conversations. With some of these countries Yugoslav relations were, I was informed, most cordial, and with the others normal—which is a blessed diplomatic word that can throw a cloak over quite a number of things, and nobody needs to be told that the Yugoslavs and the Italians are not the best of friends. Belgrade keeps as wary an eye on Rome as Rome keeps on Belgrade. Yet the "menace of Mussolini" has had at all events the result of bringing more closely together the Serbs and the Croats and Slovenes. The Treaty

of Tirana has gone a long way to consolidate and unify Yugoslavia.

Belgrade's present and most pressing problem is just this consolidation of the whole country. What Yugoslavia needs is a stable Government supported by an adequate majority in the Skupshtina—what it has not had for some time. Out of the confusion of warring parties and groups a strong Government must somehow emerge. M. Marinkovitch, in a speech, thus expressed it: "After so many fruitless years of quarrels such a situation must be created that positive and useful work may at last be possible." The platform on which the Vukitchevitch Government went to the constituencies was one of consolidation. It included a change in the electoral system that would make for larger parties by eliminating small groups, that would lead to the formation of national as opposed to sectional parties; the reorganisation of the judicial system on a national instead of a provincial basis, as at present; and the greater unification of the administration generally. Some of the measures projected were explained to me in some detail, but space forbids going into them. But I must say a few words about one plank, not mentioned above, that was accorded special prominence in the Vukitchevitch programme. The Prime Minister stressed the need that existed for consolidating the financial situation of the country—which, to be frank, is not as good as it might be. Last year Yugoslavia suffered disastrously from severe floods, and this year there has been a drought of more than three months' duration. When I was in Belgrade in mid-August the heat was tropical—"African rather than European," as one Serbian phrased it. For ten weeks there had not been a drop of rain, and this told heavily on the maize crop—the maize that feeds the pigs that are the big staple industry of Serbia.

In his electoral addresses M. Vukitchevitch announced several financial and economic plans, among them a revision of direct taxation, for dealing with the position, and he stated that certain measures were in prospect for the relief of agriculture. The Government programme is a very extensive one, but it remains to be seen, at this time of writing, what its fate will be at the polls. Among

those with whom I had the honour of conversing in Yugoslavia was M. Raditch—in his case it was hardly conversing, for he appeared to regard me as a public meeting by delivering at me a long harangue in his most characteristic and vehement style. His subject was the terrorism exercised by the Government towards its opponents; but the mere fact that he retains, without much difficulty, his very considerable following of Croatian deputies shows that this terrorism cannot exist or, if it does, that it cannot be really formidable. He does not seem to have any constructive policy—which, however, is what his country requires. Other countries, of course, are in precisely the same position. And I must add that from all I heard and saw I should say that taken by and large Yugoslavia is in no bad way. Building was proceeding on a large scale in Belgrade—great Government edifices, such as that for the General Staff of the Army, and many private residences. The city is ceasing to present the appearance of a huge, untidy, higgledy-piggledy village, half Western and half Eastern, and is becoming definitely Occidental. It is growing rapidly in population, the figure now given being 250,000, as against 112,000 in 1921, when the last census was taken. Zagreb, the capital of Croatia and the second city of Yugoslavia, is also growing; in 1921 its population was 108,000, now it is about 150,000. Something of the same kind is to be seen in other Yugoslav cities and towns. The chief impression I carried away was that Yugoslavia has a great future before it. This was confirmed by an authoritative statement that within a few years it will have five lines or systems of railways with their terminals on the Adriatic; two of these railways are already in operation and parts of the others are in course of construction. My tour of the country came to a conclusion with a delightful trip along the Dalmatian coast, and I saw for myself that Sushak, at present the chief Yugoslav port, is a busy place with a lively trade, whereas Fiume, just across a narrow stream from it, is decaying, if not dead. One cannot help feeling sorry for Fiume; few ports have so beautiful a site, but it has been cut off, fatally, from its hinterland.

## LOGE, THE DANE

BY LORD OLIVIER

I NAMED him Loge because of the little flame-coloured streamers that sprang from between his shoulders and wavered into the smoky shades of his ribs and back, and because he writhed so untamably as I carried him in front of my saddle up to the old Admiralty Cottage in the Port Royal Mountains, from his nursery at the Jamaica Public Gardens, where the Director of Agriculture, fancier of pedigree stock, had bred him. Also because of the cunning humour that gleamed in the tail of his eye as he peered upwards at me. Full grown, he was of a swift and fiery spirit, but never a spirit of malice. He was given to my daughter, but I, he always recognised, was his paramount chief, and I think that first experience of the world under my governing hand on the saddle gave me a lasting prerogative in his sensibilities.

When his new teeth were growing he lost one lower fang, pulled out in ragging over a stick. This handicapped his fighting efficiency, and perhaps contributed to the unaggressiveness of his temper. He never provoked a fight, and though rigidly arrogant in his attitude towards any suspected hostility, never himself made the first attack. His strength was immense: his muscles felt all hard and springy under his warm, shifting, satiny skin. His forelegs and paws were very long and heavy. These, when he fought, were his attacking weapons, to club and punch and buffet down his assailant till he got him pinned beneath him. Then, if he could afford it, he would be merciful. His movements were as agile as a greyhound's; his long, springy canter a lovely motion. He leapt like a deer.

In some things he was invincibly contumacious: for example, in his habit of jumping up and barking at horses' noses when starting for a drive. No amount of beating ever cured him of this. In fact, he always regarded punishment as an irrelevance—absurd, but not worth being angry about. He was also inflexible in asserting his right,

when he thought he had run far enough on the road and I slackened speed at a hill, to spring suddenly into the driving seat of my buggy, which, being usually a small, spidery thing of the slightest construction, afforded very inadequate space for him. But where my legs could be, he deemed he had a right to sit between them. He was provocatively fond of a game, and full of his own private humours. As we drove into Kingston we used to pass the women out of the hills, swinging down to market, each with a wide, round basket on her head full of yams, gourds, mangoes, bananas, truncheons of sugar-cane, and other garden truck, with a few tin pots and pans for bringing back kerosene and groceries wedged in with the vegetables. He would stalk one of these dames from behind with an easy, noiseless canter, and just as he overtook her leap past her shoulder with a deep whuff at her ear. It tickled him to witness her sudden contortion and to mock at her strident abuse. However much he staggered her, I never saw one of these victims so much unbalanced as to allow her immense headload to fall. She always managed somehow to save and restore its poise.

The ecstasy of his welcome to me or to any one of the family after absence was overwhelming. He would scurry round and round and leap repeatedly on us, planting heavy arms on our shoulders, thrusting his face against ours, passionately caressing us. His emotion on such occasions quite overpowered him, and its vehemence in his final illness hastened his death. For after I brought him to England he persisted, one cold, drizzly afternoon in February, in sitting watching intently at the feet of apple trees I was pruning, and as we returned in the train to London he was shivering violently. This chill gave him a long bout of rheumatic fever, which left him little more than a skeleton and his heart very weak. His delirious transports of welcome after this used to throw him into fits of syncope. He wandered out into Marlborough Road one day and died in one of these seizures.

There are, and always have been innumerable, such dogs, and men that love and have recorded their quality.

Their standards are part of man's own moral inheritance, their character and example part of his infant schooling. Friendship with a dog is not, indeed, the contenting friendship of equals, it is rather that of master and man in a feudal world, but there is a tenderness in it rarely sensible in human friendships of either equals or social unequals—a tenderness which, as between women and dogs, seems to men to be liable to degenerate into a disagreeable sentimentality. Men are more wholesome for dogs, as a rule, than women, and dogs as a race know this and prefer men.

He being excessively all that those (from before Homer) who have known the dog know that creature to be, the power of his affection for the men-folk he loved transported him like a whirlwind, its vehemence in so great a body was terrible. It used to set me thinking on very ancient lines on the aspect of emotional mysteries. Love, however it comes, is really felt to come in the manner of an influence taking possession, *Deus fortior me qui veniens dominabit*, but among latter-day humans, addicted to critical reasoning, the experience of it is habitually, almost automatically, explained and accounted for by attributing it to the perception and approbation of some æsthetic or moral attributes in the person for whom it is felt. However insufficient to account for the secretly recognised character of an affection the explanation may be, yet it is our temperate, common theory that if one loves one loves for some reason which may be indicated and justified, and that if no such reason can be assigned one is sentimental or drunk, or the puppet of some unavowed or travestied desire. Either, it is assumed, there must be an æsthetic reason, an impression of beauty, or an ethical reason, a perception or attribution of goodness, or the reason must be unconscious, suppressed, and ambiguous. We instinctively labour to justify, to find a critique which will analyse and exhibit convincingly the character of the beauty or goodness commanding so strong an emotion. For affections between human beings such justifications are seldom difficult to discover, and as between men and women what seems rationally inexplicable can be attributed to genetic sexual attraction. But no recog-

nisable or imaginable æsthetic or utilitarian standards are nearly adequate to anyone who knows and is friends with dogs to account for the volume and character of a dog's affection for and friendship with his master. Doubtless—indeed, obviously—the dog is full of cunning, greediness, and hearthrug- and cupboard-love, which impel him to hang on and toady to man, but watching and considering Loge it was impossible to me not to recognise (partly because he was on so big a scale and all the features of his actions and character more grandiose than those of a lapdog) that his affection for me was not indeed quite independent of, but obviously very much greater than was explicable by any possible æsthetic or ethical or utilitarian appeal that my person and activities or those of others he loved could on their own merits make to him. He was irrationally in love with me; there was in the passion that wrought in him a superfluity profusely gratuitous, so far as anything in my relation to him or any conceivable conduct of human benefactors to dogs since association between the races began could be supposed to have engendered it. It was incommensurable, and therefore disturbing, like the extravagances of a passionate lover. It did not arise through or express his voluntary purpose, judgment or choice—it drove, swayed, and spun him.

He seemed to me discernibly, as the term is, possessed—his personality an outlet for something that was gathered into it and evoked, as by an incantation, through his contact and association with me, by that of the dog with man, both common inheritors of its access to and influence over the consciousness. Man has obviously parallel endowments of spiritual susceptibilities with other creatures—very notably, for example, with birds—but how fragmentary and remote is any communion in them between man and the bird, how real and conscious and vehement such communion within the bounds of particular susceptibilities with the dog.

Those who are in love, or who, having been lovers, remain not devoid of philosophy, insist, indeed, unreservedly on more than the formal æsthetic, the formal

ethical, and the residual genetic account of their experience. Positively they perceive sufficient to assure them, whilst that illumination lasts, that what it discloses extends outside the bounds of their mortality, that the reality of what they perceive is eternal, and they themselves, so far as they are possessed by it, immune from the interference of death and indissolubly associated with each other. False formal inferences from these discernments are commonly drawn, illusions fatally devoid of subtlety are prodigally enunciated under their stimulus. With night-fall, declension upon the mortal, critical explanation supervenes. The æsthetic and ethical formulations are overhauled. Mistakes are acknowledged: the beloved is no longer beheld as a prodigy, and, no other apprehension of the unconscious world being to us familiar, the animal will to live is saddled with malicious responsibility for the hallucination. The character of the encounters or contacts through which these illuminations occur is unfathomed, though no problem has more persistently interested man so far back as his records and traditions survive. If Plato errs, so did Lucretius and Dante—men not soft-headed. All such evocative contacts (and their varieties are innumerable) familiarly precipitate and make sensible and manifest in those who are their subjects energies and emotions which antecedently formed apparently no part of their characters. There is in man, among all the animals, the greatest capacity for experiencing and manifesting love and others of the affections which we call the higher. Within a more limited range the dog has also exceptional capacities for experiencing, recognising, responding to and expressing these spiritual gifts. Contact with man kindles and quickens them, renders possible the exercise of his affection towards man, his master. Love; courage and the excitement and joy of association in hunting and fighting; humour, in its mutual appreciation; fun and playfulness; in all these it has been an immeasurable boon to the dog to find in man a leader and comrade, and man has loved the dog because he was capable of them. And the dog, being less vagrant-hearted than man, remains faithful, and the passion with which he loves his

particular man-god remains, as we observe it, excessive, hysterical, and possesses and intoxicates him into those vehement manifestations which we know, and which nothing in the character of their object adequately explains or deserves. Yet every man who possesses a dog's love knows that he has it and has it in this excess, and that it is addressed to himself as the lover's adoration is addressed to the beloved.

The power of such raptures and frenzies, obviously transcending the originating or expressive capacity of the creature that feels them, impressed the ancients as a manifest effluence of divine energies. In heroic exhibitions of human quality they recognised power, aggregating itself out of the unembodied, discharging itself at the contact point like the lightning, flashing forth, in mien and action and character, visible miracles of inspiration and love. They classified the administering divinities. Loge's planets were Jove and Mercury, not Mars. I do not think he ever did hurt to man, woman, or child in all his life, whatever practical jokes he might play on their terrors, or indignation he might profess at their dirt or tatters.

The content and quality of the emotions and apprehensions which his gestures expressed were as greatly in excess of anything that could imaginably be accounted for by theories of survival utility, as is the content of the inspiration of musical genius in excess of the adequacy of Darwin's naive suggestions as to its origin in those rather absurd passages on the subject which he incorporated in *The Descent of Man*.

Loge, too, if untranslatable, was a translator.

## WINTER SPORTS AND CRUISES

BY CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE

WHEN the busy man of affairs allows himself the luxury of a holiday, correct judgment as to time and place is just as important as in the seemingly more serious matters of everyday life, especially if the human machine is expected to operate more smoothly on its return to harness. That this commonplace fact is well known cannot be doubted for a moment, but that it is seldom put into practice is all too obvious. For this reason it may not be out of place, before describing the Swiss sport centres and their characteristics, to review briefly the reasons why a winter vacation in the High Alps—or, as will be shown later, on the High Seas—is the ideal form of mental and physical relaxation.

## SUN AND AIR OF HIGH ALTITUDES

The transition from depressing greyness, smoke, noise and human stress to a world of sunlit snow where the only sound is that of laughter and the only anxiety is the desire to excel at one or more sports, combined with the frosty-freshness from morn till eve, is so quick, so easy of accomplishment, that the traveller does not arrive on the scene jaded and fatigued by a long and tedious journey. Within twenty-four hours of London by sleeping-car express lie a score of winter sport centres, perched high on almost every plateau and in almost every valley, from Villars in French Switzerland, and Wengen in the Bernese Oberland, to St. Moritz in the Engadine.

About a mile above sea-level the air of Central Europe is exceedingly dry and bracing, but the sun during mid-day is usually warm. It is this frosty sunshine which produces the tonic effect of the atmosphere. A thermometer exposed to the noon sun during the months of December, January and February often rises to over 100-110 degrees F., while a similar exposure on the French or Italian Rivas would be most unlikely to

send the mercury higher than 70-80 degrees. The shade temperature on an Alpine summit at the same hour of the day will, however, almost certainly be well below freezing point, but no chill is felt when moving from the sunlight into the shadow, because of the entire absence of both wind and damp.

There are some people who dread the thought of living at a somewhat high altitude, but these should remember that elevation above sea-level is seldom noticed by the normal human being at heights below 6,000 feet; between this altitude and 10,000 there may be a slight shortness of breath during and after exertion. At greater elevation mountain sickness is, however, possible. This enables even the older members of society to enjoy the Alpine snows at every winter sport centre in Switzerland without any unusual restrictions being placed on their activities.

So alluring are the glittering snowfields and the sunlit lakes of ice that lethargy vanishes, and almost every hour of the day can be spent in the open air without experiencing any sense of fatigue. The absence of the more irksome conventions also causes every minute of an Alpine holiday to become precious. There is an endless round of health-giving activity from the wonderful hour when the pale sunlight outlines in golden fire the ice-cones of the huddle of white ranges to when these same peaks are flushed with the crimson, the carmine and the purple of the after-glow.

## BEGINNING OF WINTER SPORTS

Of the thousands of English people who visit Switzerland for the winter sports very few indeed know the romantic story of the unveiling, before an incredulous world, by a political refugee, of the glories of the Alpine winter and the far-sighted efforts of an Englishman of letters which gave birth to the winter sports.

What can be claimed as the first important step in the exploitation of the Alpine snows was made by Dr. Alexander Spengler, who went as district doctor to a small village in the Grisons in the year 1853. This unheard-of and roadless collection of rough log chalets inhabited by



an isolated people who spoke neither German, French nor Italian, but a dialect called Romansch, was Davos. In this valley, about a mile above sea-level, the young doctor—an exile from his native land—made the startling discovery that pulmonary complaints, so prevalent in the lowlands from which he had come, were almost unknown. Like so many medical reformers, he was ridiculed at first, then violently attacked, and finally his theories were accepted, and a statue was erected to his memory.

Invalids, invited into the Alpine wilderness by Dr. Spengler, formed the vanguard of the present army of sport-loving men, women and children. They ventured into what was then a mountain fastness in search of health, at first in tens, then in hundreds. To-day there is an annual average influx of 10,000 invalids and 50,000 winter sport enthusiasts, each class finding a variety of separate resorts specially adapted to its needs.

Among the early pioneers was John Addington Symonds, an Englishman of letters, who immediately recognised the possibilities of the then unthought-of winter sports. He collected round him a party of enthusiasts at a little place called Klosters, and so gave the first impetus to that great movement which has become known by the generic name of winter sports.

#### CHOOSING A RESORT

The Alpine resorts where winter sports are possible on anything like a large scale may be divided into two categories: (1) plateau resorts, such as Wengen, Scheidegg, Mürren, Villars and Caux; and (2) valley resorts, like St. Moritz, Celerina, Samaden, Pontresina, Lenk, Gstaad, Kandersteg, Grindelwald, Engelberg and Davos. To the uninitiated this may appear to be a matter of little moment, considering that the altitude of many of the valley resorts is greater than that of places built on Alpine plateaux. While altitude is of considerable importance where all winter sports are concerned, there are other climatic peculiarities which have to be considered. One of the most important of these is snow conditions.

In valleys such as those of Grindelwald and Engelberg the hours of winter sunshine are reduced by the encircling mountains, which press close upon the villages. This is an advantage or not, according to taste. In winters of scanty snowfall the long hours of brilliant sunshine more often enjoyed by the plateau resorts, which are not in the shadow cast by the giants around, tend to decrease the depth of snow, whereas deep valleys, in which the altitude is nevertheless considerable, are usually much colder and more thickly covered. Resorts below 3,500 feet cannot be relied upon for continuous frost.

While the larger resorts are undoubtedly the best for the expert, because they are able to offer better facilities for ski-ing and bob-sleighbing, the smaller resorts have much in their favour for the beginner. This general rule does not apply, however, to hotels, unless quiet evenings after strenuous days is the main object. If amusement, both indoors and out, is the primary consideration, it is better to stay at the largest hotel in a small centre than at a small hotel in a large and popular resort.

For the novice and the younger members of society who have a fortnight or three weeks which they would like to spend at the winter sports, but who do not care to go alone, and, moreover, require to be chaperoned and introduced into the fascinating life of these hotel parties above the clouds, there are some interesting arrangements being made by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons. Initiation parties are being formed with limited membership, at a reasonable inclusive charge, for a sojourn of three weeks at Kandersteg and other excellent places in the Bernese Oberland and Jura Alps. These parties will be under the supervision of a lady and gentleman having a knowledge of snow sports and social life in the High Alps. Parents need feel no anxiety when placing young people in their charge.

#### WINTER SPORT CENTRES

Although the supply of printed information regarding the merits of the forty-two Swiss winter sport centres is amply sufficient to enable the characteristics of each resort

to be studied in advance, a few general notes from personal experience of the principal places may be of use to those contemplating a first visit to the High Alps.

Each resort has its speciality. Beginning with St. Moritz, the famous centre in the Engadine, situated in an open and sunny valley at an altitude of 6,090 feet, the principal social characteristic is a brilliant circle of international society and a never-ceasing round of evening entertainment. It possesses facilities for every form of winter sport, and has in addition many private skating rinks and toboggan runs which can be used only by residents in certain hotels or members of certain clubs. One of these is the world-famous Cresta Run, and another is the St. Moritz bobsleigh course. Visitors who are not members of the clubs controlling these runs can at certain times obtain the right to use them upon payment of a small fee. A speciality of St. Moritz is horse-racing on the frozen lake which is the principal playground of this centre. From December to the end of January English visitors predominate. It is undoubtedly the centre of Switzerland's winter activities and the most fashionable winter sport resort in Europe.

The neighbouring centre of Pontresina is mainly English and Dutch, especially during what is known as the "English season." Like all other centres, it has excellent facilities for skating, tobogganing, curling, ski-kjöring and ski-ing. Perhaps, however, its position, with three mountain railways available, lends itself more particularly to ski-ing in the Bernina Range. It is, of course, obvious that sleigh driving, one of the coldest but least fatiguing pastimes of the High Alps, can only be enjoyed in and around those places which are situated in a valley. Centres like Wengen, Mürren and Caux, being perched on lofty mountain plateaux, have not the necessary open country for this form of amusement, and the same consideration applies to ski-kjöring. For these reasons St. Moritz, Pontresina and the smaller resorts of the Engadine and neighbouring valleys, such as Samaden, Celerina, Sils Maria, Silvaplana and Maloja, are usually gay with sleigh parties.

A lofty centre much favoured by English visitors is Arosa. It stands at an altitude of 6,043 feet, and is surrounded by fine Alpine scenery with wonderful snow-slopes. Although Arosa's speciality is, undoubtedly, ski-ing, because of the variety of both long and short expeditions for which it forms an ideal centre, the skating at this place is also good. On the lake a considerable space is cleared of snow and maintained in excellent condition for ice hockey and curling. The bobsleigh run, in view of Arosa's great height, is usually open for the entire season.

Passing from the cosmopolitan centres of the Engadine and Grisons to the almost exclusively English resorts of the Bernese Oberland, there can be little doubt that Wengen and Mürren are the favourites. Both of these places are situated on lofty plateaux above the Lauterbrunnen Valley. Although 4,500 feet over sea-level, and facing such giants as the Jungfrau, Monch, Eiger and Silberhorn, with their immense glaciers, there can be no doubt that Wengen's speciality is sunshine combined with excellent snow conditions. The Wengernalp and Jungfrau railways, which carry the sportsman to any altitude short of 12,000 feet, are the "open sesame" to miles of snowfields. The lüge run from the top of the Scheidegg—itsself a growing resort favoured by expert ski-runners—is nearly five miles in length. The altitude of Mürren is several hundred feet greater than that of Wengen, but it is divided from the more lofty peaks around by deep valleys. Nevertheless, as a ski-ing centre it surpasses all except the most favoured resorts (Arosa, Scheidegg, etc.), and possesses facilities for skating, lügeing and bobsleighbing which are excellent.

No description of this portion of Switzerland would be complete without mention of Grindelwald. Situated in a deep valley, but nevertheless 3,500 feet above sea-level, it is a most picturesque village which looms large in Alpine story and song. Its quaint main street is usually gay with plumed horses drawing bright-painted sleighs with jingling bells. The facilities for ski-ing, skating, curling and bobsleighbing are excellent, and here it should be

pointed out that only the largest centres possess proper bobsleigh runs, which are very expensive to construct. Adelboden, at an elevation of 4,500 feet, is a resort much favoured by English people, and, apart from the excellent facilities for all sports which it affords, its speciality is a sunny and almost windless climate. Next comes Kandersteg, about 4,000 feet high and in direct communication with the Channel ports by through trains. Here, again, every ice and snow sport can be enjoyed. In addition it is surrounded by some of the most beautiful Alpine scenery. Gstaad, although a fashionable centre, still retains its unspoiled Alpine character. Ski-ing and skating are its specialities, although sleigh driving, ski-kjöring, and all other amusements are available.

The finest resort of French Switzerland is undoubtedly Villars, which stands above the Rhone Valley at an altitude of just over 4,250 feet. The plateau on which this little village and its huge hotels have been built is very open and sunny. It is as a skating centre that Villars excels, although its bobsleigh run is an exceptionally good one, and ski-ers have the advantage of the mountain railway up the Chamossaire (7,100 feet), where there are slopes which will satisfy the most expert runner. Other resorts in French-speaking Switzerland include the little Jura Mountain centres of St. Cergue and Les Rasses, both of which are steadily gaining in favour, and are much less expensive than the fashionable resorts of the Engadine.

In France there are quite a number of winter sport centres. The most popular is undoubtedly Chamonix (3,400 feet), situated close to the Mont Blanc range, but Mégève (3,175 feet), in Haute Savoie, and Mont Revard (5,000 feet), above the summer spa of Aix-les-Bains, have received fuller recognition during recent years. All of these places have ski-fields, skating rinks and toboggan runs. The Norwegian winter sport season does not really begin until well into the New Year, because of the short daylight hours of this northerly land, but the depth of snow makes it peculiarly attractive to ardent ski-runners, and for gorgeous winter scenery it is unsurpassed.

#### WINTER CRUISES ON SUMMER SEAS

There are many people who shudder at the mere thought of snow and ice, often forgetful of the warm sunshine, dry air and crisp snow of the Alpine summits. To these winter sports make no appeal, for they respond more readily to the magic call of the South, where the palm replaces the pine, warm trade winds ruffle the azure surface of a sunlit sea, and there are lands of colour and romance with the poetry of tropical nights. For these sun-worshippers there is the sea cruise; and it cannot be too widely known that life aboard a modern cruising liner need not be the lotus-eating existence often supposed by those who have not yet sampled its joys. There is the morning bathe in the ship's deck pool, the tournaments of sea tennis and golf, the afternoon of race meetings, the daily "sweep" on the ship's run, gala dinners, fancy dress balls, dancing on the moonlit decks and long days ashore, while for those who prefer there is restful ease on the awninged decks, congenial companionship under ideal conditions, bridge parties and motor drives to places of interest and beauty. It is this happy combination of a life of *laissez-faire* and one of healthy activity which has made the sea cruise so popular with people of all ages and inclinations. Above all, however, is the fact that the labour of both travel and amusement is reduced to the absolute minimum, and people travelling alone are assured of the absence of all worry combined with pleasant companionship.

First among the pleasure voyages arranged for the coming winter must be mentioned the wonderful cruise of the B. and N. Royal Mail steamer *Meteor* to nearly all the fascinating lands and seas of the colourful East. In addition to a remarkable itinerary embracing the Riviera, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Sudan, Ceylon, Singapore, Java, the Celebes, Moluccas, Banda and Philippine islands, Hong Kong, China, Cochin-China, Siam, Burma, India and Malaya, during 137 days' cruising on calm seas along the "sunshine belt" of the world, there are many unusual and most attractive features. One of these is the option, without extra charge, of travelling to and from the South

of France by sleeping-car express, joining and leaving the ship at Monaco instead of Harwich, and so avoiding rough seas and cold weather in the Bay of Biscay. No cargo is being carried, thus obviating calls at ports where there is little worth seeing. Each traveller will have the exclusive use of a stateroom, a great improvement on the old system, when one's principal anxiety was to secure a congenial cabin companion. It is, in fact, a cruise de luxe which in point of cost works out at less than what would be paid for a stay of four and a half months in almost any of the best hotels.

Another peculiarly attractive cruise to sunny lands, but of much shorter duration, is the now famous pleasure voyage of the R.M.S. *Hildebrand*, of the Booth Line, to the Amazon region of Brazil. This ideal vacation occupies about six of the worst weeks of early spring, and carries the traveller first to the Portuguese Riviera and Lisbon, then to the semi-tropical island of Madeira and across the azure waters of a southern sea, ruffled only by the warm trade winds and shoals of flying fish, to beautiful Amazonia. At present this delectable spot has the added charm of being unspoiled and still veiled in mystery. Here are the tropics of the imagination—palm-fringed shores of golden sand, queer blue-sailed catamarans and white cities, half Eastern and half Western in aspect. From Para, the interesting old town at the mouth of this isle-blocked river, the great liner winds her way through lanes of sunlit flood, bordered by the greatest equatorial forest in the world, past curious native pile dwellings, birds of bright plumage, butterflies, orchids and vast fields of the Victoria Regia lily. Then comes the town of Manaos, on the *ultima thule* of civilisation, and days ashore amid all the wonders of the great forest.

Among sea cruises of longer duration must be mentioned the three months' tour round South America by the R.M.S. *Orduña*, of the Pacific Line. The itinerary of this 20,000 miles' voyage is far too extensive to give in detail here. The first few ports of call are along the coasts of France, Spain and Portugal, then the way lies across the South Atlantic to the beautiful city and bay of Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. Next comes Santos, then

Montevideo, with its pretty seaside suburbs, and Buenos Aires, the wonderful capital of the Argentine. Heading south, the *Orduña* reaches the Falkland Islands, and passes through the glacier-bordered Straits of Magellan. Coming north up the Pacific coast of South America, calls are made at several ports on the Chilean coast, including a stay of some days at Valparaiso. Then the little island of Juan Fernandez, far out on the broad bosom of the Pacific, is reached. It was here that Robinson Crusoe spent his four years of solitary exile. The homeward route is by way of Peru, the Panama Canal and the island of Cuba.

Another long cruise is that to be performed by the C.P.R. liner *Empress of France*. In this case the route to be followed lies across the North Atlantic from Southampton to Jamaica, then down the east coast of South America to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. From the River Plate this vessel will cross the South Atlantic to Capetown, and proceed up the east coast of Africa, making numerous calls, to the Mediterranean and home. One of the many unique features is that fifty-nine days will be spent afloat and no less than fifty-one days on shore.

Among cruises of shorter duration there is, first and foremost, a special Christmas voyage to Ceylon by a vessel of the Orient Line, a series of Mediterranean cruises by the R.M.S.P. Company's *Arcadian* and *Araguaya*, and also by the Cunard liner *Lancastria*, a number of pleasure voyages to the West Indies by the Elders and Fyffes Line, the Royal Netherlands Mail, the Harrison Line and the French Line, and a series of twenty-one-day cruises to Madeira and the Canary Islands by the Yeoward Line. When considering a cruise it should be remembered that a delightful three weeks can be spent in one of Cook's Nile steamers, voyaging and sightseeing through the land of the Pharaohs. It is often possible to combine this with a Mediterranean cruise and a stay in gay Cairo. Similarly a sojourn on the Cape Riviera can be arranged to coincide with a special cruise to South Africa in a Union-Castle liner.

# LOST ALLUSIONS

BY E. M. MARTIN

MANY of the tags and ends of homely wisdom that have long delighted us are passing out of the language; in a little while these old friends of ours will be flung on the scrap-heap and forgotten. Before they move on their way to the shadowy immortality of the text-books it may be well to give them a final hand-shake; for the thoughts of man have changed with his habit of life, and soon many of these old sayings will need illuminating foot-notes for their better understanding by those newcomers for whom this old world is being remade. That picturesque rebuke to pride, "Take the wind out of his sails," is being drained of all its force and strength by the passing of the sailing-ship and the silencing of the windmill. One of those coloured sayings that blunted the sting of reproof, it brought with it memories of the sea, or else of those level downlands where busy mills were grinding corn, as corn was ground in the days when Longshanks was king. The ships' sails, with all their beauty of white, tawny, and those darker shades that come from the endless patching of the canvas, will not vanish over the edge of the world without some funeral tears. Sir Alan Moore has already given them a beautiful and worthy valediction, and the song is not yet sung to the finish; the sails will find their threnodists and live in the verse of to-day and to-morrow; for it is not only the sails that are leaving us, but the men who worked them with willing hands. Blood brothers to the winds and the tides, a very part of the sea, they felt for her alike that passionate love and passionate hate only possible to those who are near of kin. The new men on the new ships feel and think differently. Mechanics rather than sailors, their courage, though as great, is of another stuff to that of the old merchantmen whose lives were at one with their spreading sails, and whose sole article of faith was the ship's compass; and, as we regret the passing of the sails, so must we regret the passing of the men who worked them in fair and foul weather.

The windmill has made a brave struggle for existence. and only yesterday I saw one in full swing on the Sussex

downs; but not far from it, showing clear against the sky like the writing on the wall, stood its derelict, sailless companion. These mills, kept going by people who hope through turning their empty shells to other uses to give them a longer lease of life, look oddly forlorn and pathetic, left standing in their ancient places while robbed of their ancient heritage. One that used to grind corn with its feet set on a gorse-covered common has long been used as a steam laundry, and its fixed sails, like an impaled dragon fly, keep sullen watch and ward over the huddle of mean streets that have crept up to its very door—even rottenness and decay might be a happier fate than such a taking of the wind from its sails.

"To fling one's cap over the windmill" is no longer a recognised part of a writer's baggage. Whether it went with the windmill, or left us because of the wider charity that would explain all divagations from the trodden path as "self-expression," it is hard to say. Even the landmarks of history are easily lost, as those three immortals, Parker, Aurelle, and the doctor learned, on the day when the Colonel (who, too, will surely take his place in the gallery of friendly souls along with Uncle Toby, Parson Adams, and Captain Jackson) gave them an afternoon's leave and they went to Crécy. For someone had told Parker that the tower from which Edward had watched the fight had been turned into a windmill, and he hoped to see it. But no mill showed on the horizon above the valley, nor had any of the old peasants, busy cutting corn in a field hard by, ever heard of any tower "in these parts," nor of a windmill, nor yet of a battle—Crécy was not even a memory to its people.

It is no new thing, this belittling of the proverb. Much of its wisdom came from the gutter, and though humble birth needs no apologist, it has made no attempt to refine or improve itself. Satisfied with a narrow outlook, it lifted up a rough, uncombed head that refused to be trimmed into shape and so prepared to take stock of Time; its clumsy feet would move never a step towards a newer, more enlightened philosophy, and, as though proud of its very imperfections, the proverb still tried to

force, as counsels of perfection, primitive truths into the unwilling ear of a hurrying world. Its reward has been that of all who give unasked. Pushed on one side, laughed at, all but forgotten, it cannot be long before it leaves us, going as it came, without sounding of trumpets, its death silent as its birth. Yet it has played an active part in our literature; if anyone doubt this, let him read the lesser-known writers of that wonderful seventeenth century now being sedulously exploited by journalists in search of fresh matter. For the old authors kept the proverb at no long distance from their inkpots, and worked this ready servant to their will, knowing, when their readers caught sight of so familiar a face on the page, they would take heart of grace and follow all the long, winding sentences, digressions and reflections that were at last to carry them into strange countries and among strange peoples—the very brevity and self-assertion of the saw made it stand out in a sharper contrast to the lavish wealth of its setting.

Peeping out from the erudite text, the proverb played much the same part as the clowns and jesters played in the splendid solemnity of tragedy; it brought with it a sense of reality, of everyday, that was very welcome to our laughter-loving ancestors. There was seldom any malice in the fun; but when a greatly harassed man with a village Xantippe for wife heard a fellow sufferer say, "Three women make a market," what nodding and chuckling would follow the ready quotation. A market, to the men of Tudor or Elizabethan days, meant, above all else, a great noise—a shouting, hammering, ringing of bells, bidding and bartering, that, ending in bewilderment, convinced each buyer he had outwitted the seller, until he got home. Then outside his own door he might chance upon another market, his wife and her neighbours, whose scolding tongues could well have served as a model for *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*; a play that, as far as essentials go, can never wax stale.

It is not only the proverbs that are losing all significance—those proverbs Charles Lamb loved, even though he used them as a whetstone for his wit. There are turns of phrase, similes, once living things, that now, like ex-

hibits in a museum, are only left for us to wonder at. What can "your own hearth-stone" mean to a generation that warms itself with central heating, or so poor a substitute for reality as a gas fire? Old Sarah Battle's wish for "a clear fire" and "a clean hearth" was echoed at the close of the Great War by a soldier who had been in France from its very beginning. He said he knew now life had but three things to give that were worth the having—a clear fire, a bright lamp, and a welcome at the end of the journey; as to "the rigour of the game," he had had his fill of it. A simple philosophy, but, like all simple things, not easy of accomplishment; the welcome at the end of the journey is given to but few of us.

The hearth-stone was a survival; but a survival that still kept the glow of life, and thus came to be a symbol of all men held dearest. At an old inn whose good repute had grown as mouldy as its many staircases, the hostess, while lamenting the passing of custom and the general decay of the house, told me "the luck went when the hearth-stone was taken away," adding that everyone knew the hearth-stone "held the luck of the house." She was so evidently in earnest that, as there was no disputing the decadence of the inn, I asked why the luck-bearer had gone. It seemed that a former landlord, "a man full of pride" not content with an assured prosperity, determined to enlarge the bar parlour, and, to compass this ambition, the hearth-stone must make way. "He knew what he had done when it was too late," she said, tragic as a Greek chorus, "but he could never put the stone back again. It was so heavy, the workmen had to break it when they dug it up, and that's why he died a poor man and the house lost its luck."

With the hearth-stone another old saying must go, though its inner and spiritual meaning may stay with us for a while: "Never rake a dying ember." We may be sure that its birth was obscure; that it came from a cottage, and was first spoken (who can doubt it?) by a woman fearful lest her good man should stir the fire to a blaze when she was out, and then nod himself to sleep in the comfort of a warm and quiet room. All the possible danger of flying sparks to thatched roof and planked walls was in

her mind when she coined the phrase that was to enjoy so long and unexpected a spell of life; but there may have been another and a more subtle reason for the kindly, solicitous warning. Every man knows that a woman is the worst of all enemies to silent peace, and this is why homes and hearth-stones have had their day. They encouraged dreams, content, inactivity, and were as outward and visible signs of something abiding and enduring; to-day we need change, movement, constant activity of mind and body. As the world shrinks, and peoples and countries once divided from us by what seemed an almost limitless space become as it were our near neighbours, "Far as the poles asunder" loses much of its suggestion of lonely dignity, for soon the out-reaching of our arms may prove the truer measure. Voices carry far now we have forced the air-waves to be our messengers and do our bidding, and Alexander, sighing for new worlds to conquer, can no longer be reckoned an arrogant dreamer: before us lies the possibility of a choice of planets. "Free as air," too, must go by the board. Already we have boundary lines and restricted areas, and, in time, those who love solitude may find the earth less crowded than the skies.

Some of the old sayings are worth keeping, if only as a record of an earlier civilisation; and though they may have lost all pertinence for the city-bred, are still held of some account in the country, where life moves leisurely and change does not meet with an over-eager greeting. First among these may come what are known as the "well" proverbs. To the town child a well means nothing, save in a picture. Water runs from the tap, and though the tap may be shared with a next door neighbour, there is a personal sense of possession, a recognition of the rights of citizenship. But to the country child a well is one of the outstanding facts of life, and the drawing of water a part of the drudgery, or the pleasure of the day's work. More often than not the well is the common property of the village, the general meeting place of the gossips; and when as in some rare cases leave must be asked for "the pitcher to go to the well," there is as much ceremony, disputation and bitterness of feeling as when new boundary

lines are fixed by the conqueror for the conquered. That mournful rhyme, "Ding, dong, bell," may leave the city child with unwrung withers; but to the country child it will bring memories and tears, if the tragedy has been faced of a garden well some hurrying careless hand forgot to cover when the pitcher was filled: as to its final journey after so many triumphant homecomings, the empty nails on the cottage dresser can tell the story.

That "truth lies at the bottom of the well" is not, on the first hearing, so easy of understanding, the bottom of the well being often full of mud; and to square the fact with the fancy needs some readjustment of values. Yet mud has virtues shared by truth, as some of the cottages now standing can bear confident witness, having long out-lived brick and stone: mud can make an enduring home for man. The very word itself, abrupt, hard-sounding, unattractive, holds in its three letters a king's treasure store of pictures and of poetry; Egypt, Cleopatra, the sowing of the seed old Nilus brings to such a wonder of ripe harvest; was this in Shakespeare's mind when he made the old beldam say:

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt. . . .

The proverbs that have gathered round the horse have had, for Englishmen, a special virtue and meaning; perhaps above all others we may find them the hardest to part with. They were friendly sayings as though something of the very nature of the horse and his faithful service to man had entered into them, and their passing marks the beginning of an upheaval more deep seated and far reaching than any we have yet known. It has been said of a contemporary French artist that his pictures have "a relation to the paintings of the past analogous with that of the electric motor to the horse it has replaced." The past tense strikes coldly on ears that have loved the ringing sound of hooves; but if not actually true of to-day it will be most certainly true of to-morrow. "To put the cart before the horse," would hardly rouse languid wonder to an interrogation point now that carts and horses are few in the land: the electric motor, the steam tractor, and the



motor cycle have taken their place, and "to kick over the traces" in losing its symbolism has lost, too, its obvious meaning.

So long as there are racing stables and packs of hounds, the warning that "It's no use locking the stable door when the mare has gone" yet holds good. But the stable door too often hides nothing but emptiness where once were well-filled stalls and mangers; the car has crushed out the life of the stable with all its kindness, its jollity and its picturesqueness. If "money makes the mare to go," the mare cannot keep up speed with us of to-day, and we are learning to give a newer and more sinister meaning to the racing proverb, "'Tis the pace that kills." The life of the roads is now like the bustle of an overcrowded street; the gipsies and travelling showmen can no longer find on them any welcome, and though the circus can boast a proud and an honourable pedigree, the performing horse, the clown with his broad jests, are as unwanted as those Sunday sermons that gave Samuel Pepys so many quiet hours for amorous reverie.

A week ago I saw a travelling circus claim the right of way across a little bridge that spans a mud-clogged marshland river. Horses, ponies, caravans, men, women, dogs and children filled all the available space as they moved forward with a slow deliberation that gave a strangely impressive air of dignity to this shabby, weather-worn crowd. It was as though they knew, horses and men alike, that their day was done, that they were of the past, and the present had no need of them. Impatient drivers of panting cars drawn up in a double line waiting until the bridge was clear, looked with amaze at the thickly wedged living mass that dared to hold up the road; while in their turn the circus people looked back at the baffled motorists as though dimly conscious of the part they themselves were playing in this silent drama. For the halt marked the last stage of their triumph. That night brought them a half-filled tent and an over-critical audience fearful of enthusiasm—the next morning only a thin ring of sawdust on the down-trodden grass, where the sheep were again beginning to feed, showed that here had stood the gaily lighted tent.

## SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND THE LEAGUE

BY JAMES CORBETT

IN any portrait gallery of political personalities we have to pause, consciously or otherwise, before the very attractive figure of Sir Austen Chamberlain, who at the present moment is occupying the very unenviable position of British Foreign Secretary. I use the word "unenviable" without reservation, because, irrespective of the distinctive dignity of this Ministerial post, it will be frankly confessed the most difficult and thankless appointment in this post-War period of chaos and uncertainty.

That is to say, the entire Continent is in a state of flux. We have reached no degree of stabilisation in foreign affairs, and it is exceedingly difficult to hazard from one week to the next what point of amazing intrigue will crop up in the international zone. A Machiavellian post of this kind is therefore no sinecure. One, in fact, has to be something more than a diplomatic wizard, for in order to meet every contingency that may arise a British Foreign Minister has to eclipse even the wisdom of Solomon. And if he makes a single blunder, if he throws a solitary doubtful card on the table, then the foreign diplomats are after his blood in full cry. In a word, it is almost necessary to do without sleep at the British Foreign Office.

On the other hand, I am exceedingly doubtful at the moment if we could have secured a more dexterous individual for the post than the present holder of the office. It is perfectly true, for instance, that the appointment demands the charm and finesse of an Earl of Balfour, yet above everything else, and at Geneva particularly, we want downright plainness of speech. A metaphysician at the League Assembly is an anachronism. Because fundamentally, with the tragic world-crisis in his mind, every delegate at the League is a stern realist. In an atmosphere of reality, where every shade of ambiguity is suspect, one

has to speak without even the velvet glove. There is no room for hesitancy or doubt. Equivocation is anathema to the dullest mind. Honesty and sincerity are the two essentials. A metaphysician may be perfectly honest in intention, but his profundity of thought would be too deep for the Geneva representatives.

No one has ever accused Sir Austen Chamberlain of vagueness. Eldest son of an illustrious father, no one has ever questioned his crystalline character and integrity. He may wear a monocle, he may be ultra-conservative in politics, he may even be a stylist in conversation, but when he rises to his feet at the League Assembly or in the House of Commons Sir Austen is indubitably frank and sincere. That does not mean that his mind is primitive, uncouth, and unimaginative. On the contrary, few members of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet have surpassed the brilliance of the British Foreign Secretary. His speeches are polished gems of pure thought, clear as crystal, without vacuity, and compact with wisdom. Not since the Armistice have we secured his equal with this particular portfolio. And, as Fate or Destiny would have it, he seems singularly fitted to speak the mind of Britain at the present moment. His transparent candour is a constant douche for the abstract visionary. We have no greater realist at Geneva than Sir Austen Chamberlain.

And, apart from the political aspect, every member at Westminster holds the Foreign Secretary in profound respect. Parliamentarians can rise above sect and schism when they come to pass a meed of generous praise to the eldest son of the illustrious Joseph Chamberlain. Like the rest of us, members of the House of Commons and also of the Upper House have followed Sir Austen's career with unabated interest and admiration. From infancy, almost the boy determined to be at least as great a man as his father, and were the latter alive to-day he would be one of the first to admit that his eldest son had followed closely in his parent's footsteps. Since passing the portals of Rugby and Cambridge, Austen, from 1892, when he represented East Worcestershire, has filled the positions of Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Financial Secretary to the

Treasury, and Postmaster-General, while in 1903 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and sustained that post until the Liberals came into power at the end of 1905. We know what happened from that onward—just as we distinctly recall how at any moment he was prepared to sacrifice office for principle—and this was the man the British Prime Minister sent to Geneva.

I have no space to deal with the Locarno episode in this paper, except to mention that the mediator of reconciliation between France and Germany has been the present Foreign Secretary, and only future history will prove the profound significance of the Locarno Treaty. I must pass on to what recently happened at Geneva, because something occurred during that momentous assembly which transcends even the importance of Locarno itself, and which must be chronicled if this review is to be a reflex of contemporary thought. The last meeting of the League was a stupendous milestone in the march of post-War events. We must pause and consider the tremendous gravity of what the British Foreign Secretary said on that occasion. His speech will be the pivot for future treaties of peace, and not the incentive to further wars of aggression and violence.

First of all, our Foreign Secretary abandoned the tact and smooth tongue of a Westminster politician when he met the Geneva delegates at the eighth Assembly. Instead of suavity, finesse, and charm, Sir Austen preferred the cold language of reality, and, as it ultimately transpired, this downright sincerity and truth proved the very highest range of British diplomacy itself. True, his manner of saying it was not camouflaged with any particular degree of urbanity or wit, but, had he only known it at the time, he left the League Assembly with more greatly enhanced prestige than even Herr Stresemann or any other delegate. I mention Stresemann because he acquitted himself with rare diplomacy and German statecraft. The German Foreign Minister had been expected to dwell on the clause in the Treaty of Versailles which would have formed a basis of discussion on the question of general disarmament, to introduce a query regarding

the evacuation of the Rhineland, and generally to ventilate German grievances. Instead, Herr Stresemann won unanimous approval by an eloquent speech which totally omitted a single discordant note, and which seemed to be more fully concerned with peace and the practical work ahead of the League. That speech was certainly a more valuable contribution towards concord than dwelling on material alleviations of burdens ascribed to the Versailles Treaty.

At the outset Sir Austen plainly indicated that we must rise to something higher at Geneva than the Balkan and South American methods of chicanery and deceit. He took it upon himself at that moment to make a famous and momentous declaration of British policy, and only the dullest-witted individual can afford to cavil at the soundness of his argument. True, his statement ended on a negative note. He did create an erroneous impression that Britain was not prepared to make any sacrifice on behalf of the League, or to help in the League's work for the prevention of war, and naturally such an attitude of aloofness gave rise to the Continental jibe that Britain was about to withdraw into an isolation the reverse of splendid. In other words, Sir Austen seemingly embarked on an apologia where none, as a matter of fact, was needed, and at the beginning of the Assembly it was certainly felt that Britain had been placed in the dock at Geneva. Continental critics leered at the British Foreign Secretary as the villain of the piece, while other representatives obtained the plaudits of public galleries who had done far less than the British delegate in the cause of international peace and security. Such is the penalty of truth at Geneva.

To get down to bedrock, however, it was the British Foreign Secretary at Geneva who had the courage and honesty of purpose to clear away the fog of phantasy and illusion which during recent years has obscured the realities of the international situation.

If the immediate outcome of that speech meant the partial isolation of the British delegation at Geneva, we know that this phase of isolation will pass long before the

beginning of the ninth Assembly, and the League itself will be all the healthier and cleaner for having certain facts brought into the open by the British Foreign Secretary. The latter merely purged the atmosphere when he walked boldly behind the screen of conventional phrases and lip language which in reality had been deceiving no one at Geneva.

Yet there was another aspect of that speech, an aspect which has been overlooked in the storm of criticism it evoked. Not merely have we to regard the speech from the standpoint of the League itself, but Sir Austen was addressing a world-audience "listening-in" to a definition of British relationship to world affairs. In other words, he was actively concerned with reality as it exists to-day, not with some problematical contingency of the future, and without any reference to our commitments in the past. He was the spokesman of the British Empire of 1927. That means he was pursuing a path through the jungle of uncertainty and doubt to some clear haven of security and settled understanding. For this post-War interval is a period fraught with the aftermath of war's terrific problems, and these problems in themselves contain the seeds of other wars which threaten mankind. A general sense of insecurity engendered by an international situation of that kind may cause the advancement of schemes at the League Assembly which, while theoretically designed to obviate war, might result in increasing the scope and extent of war. For instance, there were the Polish and Dutch plans for reviving the menace of the Protocol under a new guise, a scheme which had for its objective the binding together of members of the League to intervene in conflicts which might arise for any reason in any sphere. Sir Austen Chamberlain rejected these plans without the hesitancy of a moment. How could Britain accept obligations to participate in conflicts in which she had no interest? How could Britain pledge the use of her armed forces—either naval or military—in disputes arising from problems that were completely outside the Locarno Treaties? In plain terms Sir Austen meant that when we have a basic interest in defending the

Western frontiers between France and Germany we have no European obligation to intervene in any dispute between Poland and Germany over the Danzig Corridor. We are not concerned at all with the eastern frontiers of Germany. The British Foreign Secretary made that point unmistakably plain, and we have to thank him for the delightfully frank way he cleared the air in that respect. We now know exactly where we stand. So does the League itself.

But that was not the gravamen of Sir Austen's pronouncement. His most plausible argument concerned the Dominions. How could any British Government hope to receive a mandate from the Commonwealth of British peoples to entangle the Empire in disputes completely outside its competence? Any attempt to embark upon such a policy of entanglements would run grave risk of sowing seeds of discord, misunderstanding and peril, even disruption, within the Empire itself. "Not even for this great League of Nations," said Sir Austen, "will I risk the disruption of that smaller but older League of the British Empire." Those words are destined to be historic. They have introduced reality into an atmosphere of abstract idealism and imaginative sentiment. They are the embodiment of truth. Perhaps they sounded rather strange at the World Congress of Geneva, perhaps they were slightly at variance with the idealism of the League itself, but at any rate they were well needed to dispel those illusions that have been cherished in the past, and to bring to nought certain rash policies which might have been built up on the basis of such illusions.

There is another point. Sir Austen's declaration of British policy cleared the air in the attempt to base obligations to intervene upon clear-cut definitions of what constituted aggression. Instead the British delegation took its stand upon the dictum that the word aggression may have a very nebulous meaning, and that if we do not interpret it aright we may be involved in any kind of intervention which may be out of proportion to all international merit. There is still another side to the argument. It is not to be overlooked that behind these vague schemes for reviving the menace of the Protocol—schemes

which rebellious small States, anxious to secure a universal instrument for their own security, were fully inclined to support—there has been that very significant effort of certain diplomats to use the League as a means of manœuvring Britain into an Eastern Locarno. In other words, certain spheres of interested influence would be very much obliged if Britain would consent to pull all the chestnuts out of the fire. For example, when the Polish proposal first came up for discussion at Geneva a mysterious whisper passed round that the inspiration originated in Paris, but complete mystification arose when M. Briand, as French Foreign Minister, was coldly antagonistic to any such policy, and when he came to the assistance of Sir Austen Chamberlain in having the proposal rejected. When investigation was made in French circles of diplomacy M. Briand was thoroughly alarmed to discover that certain forces had been working behind his back in the French capital. We can therefore see at a glance that while Britain is accused of fostering secret diplomacy, and reported to be doing so under the officialdom of the League itself, we are in reality deliberately refusing to be embroiled or involved in any game of secret bargaining in this or any other respect.

If the truth is to be stated, we prefer to keep to definite regional agreements, and if asked for a verification of that offer to the League Sir Austen is always entitled to point to the historic Treaty of Locarno. Surely that definite act of mediation on our part is absolute proof of our goodwill towards the League and its members? Not merely is Locarno a good citation for our British Foreign Secretary, but we can ask other nations to follow the same example in relation to their own problems where regional agreements would have the same effect. At the same time we admit that Britain might be asked to advance a positive policy in relation to disarmament, arbitration and security instead of a merely negative attitude of defence. I do not agree with the critics who allege that we have lost a degree of moral leadership at Geneva, because I am convinced that the British Foreign Secretary has vindicated our good name in regard to those vague commitments which we

might have been asked to accept. That is to say, a vast change has passed over our fundamental methods of diplomacy. It is now impossible for any Foreign Minister to pledge his fellow citizens to mobilise for war in certain eventualities defined in writing. In other words, democracy can only wage war by the unanimous decision of the people. That is vastly different to the decree of an autocrat, or to the behests of an oligarchic governing class such as existed under the Whig Governments of mid-Victorian times. But under a system of universal suffrage, such as practically appertains at the moment, war cannot be declared under any contingency unless public opinion is substantially unanimous. It naturally follows that no binding alliances or agreements involving war can be sanctioned or made by a purely democratic State, and any omission to recognise this very palpable fact may one day lead to great disillusionment and disaster. In fact, we do not like to ponder on how terrible the disaster might be if we were obliged, under any act of diplomatic chicanery or fraud, to take part in a conflict or cause which we did not whole-heartedly believe to be just.

Somebody has informed us that Sir Austen Chamberlain is not a Chrysostom. No; neither is he a Demosthenes or a Pitt. He is simply an honest British diplomat who makes no attempt to excel at impassioned rhetoric, or even to descend to soft soothing words of honeyed conciliation. Indeed, for that matter, his speech at Geneva cannot be compared at all with the brilliant phrasing of M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, and although even critics on our own side have objected to the manner in which Sir Austen delivered his famous pronouncement at Geneva, we maintain that he performed an invaluable service to Britain in stating our case without fear, favour, or equivocation. He played the part of honest broker, and that is all we require of any Foreign Minister who aims to be our representative at the League Assembly.

For a certain number of months British policy at Geneva may remain under a cloud. I write this paper, for instance, before the October re-assembly of Members at

Westminster, and without a doubt the Opposition will accuse the British Government of opposing the fundamental principles of disarmament, arbitration, and security. It would be idle and even ludicrous to pretend that there was no flaw in our diplomatic programme, and perhaps if critics confined themselves to one particular aspect of our attitude at Geneva they would be on stronger ground. The attempt of Sir Austen to justify our decision in regard to the Optional Clause was doubtless the weakest part of his speech, for there is seemingly no reason why Britain should not sign this particular clause for arbitration in justiciable disputes. Germany has already announced her intention of taking this step, and there is strong evidence for believing that France will follow the example of her neighbour. It is difficult, therefore, to understand why Britain makes any sign of hesitation in the matter, even apart from the somewhat hostile attitude of Australia towards this particular clause. It is also admitted that the British Foreign Secretary was not quite successful in his defence of "hotel diplomacy," because a strong suspicion has undoubtedly existed that some representatives of the Great Powers have been steadily undermining the strength of the League. At the same time there is no reason for suggesting that Great Britain should be made the cardinal scapegoat in this matter of universal sin! As regards our seeming reluctance to discuss the Disarmament question, surely we are in the same boat as our Continental friends? It is equally false to accuse Britain of deliberately thwarting discussion at the Preparatory Commission, just as it is proportionately inaccurate to allege that Mr. Bridgeman was the "terrible ogre" at the recent Naval Disarmament fiasco. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bridgeman may have cherished certain notions of his own in the matter, and doubtless he made himself an open target for hostile criticism, but we all know, at this stage at least, that if the Americans had really wanted naval reductions we should have procured them without any fuss. But, after all, these are all minor indictments against the straightforward policy of Great Britain at Geneva.

Evidently our greatest sin in the eyes of our critics is our stubborn refusal at Geneva to accept the Protocol. But on this point Sir Austen Chamberlain was indubitably right, and our critics are wrong. For in this blunt objection to the Protocol we maintain that the British Foreign Secretary was speaking not merely in the interests of this country but of all the delegates at the Assembly, if these very distinguished gentlemen could only recognise that fact! Indeed, the exhumation of the Protocol seems a veritable misfortune calculated to increase the terrible difficulties of Europe, and to divide the League itself into two camps on a false basis. Every diplomat of discernment knows that the Protocol is no more practical politics than it was two years ago. It is a phantom of the imagination pursued by a group of idealists who are seeking peace where there is no peace, and by another section of selfish realists who are chiefly aiming at the consolidation of doubtful territorial gains. It is a promise and guarantee of peace accompanied by the most onerous risk and the most distasteful commitments on the part of the guarantors, and it is based on methods of doubtful justice that offer no solvent or pacification of the war-like spirit of others. Sir Austen Chamberlain might have riddled the proposal of the Protocol beyond all resurrection, but he contented himself, for the moment, by declaring most emphatically that he could not be a party to the disruption of the Empire. In this regard Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made a very singular comment in a communication to his own Labour paper, the *Daily Herald*. "Sir Austen," he says, "misrepresents the views of the Dominions." The Leader of the Opposition further asks us to believe that the Dominions are really favourable to the Protocol, and suggests that steps should be taken to find out how they could be "accommodated to a common Empire policy which could be fitted into the Protocol idea." Well, if Mr. MacDonald is right in this contention we can only state that the Dominions have taken a very peculiar method of voicing their approval, for Mr. Dandurand put the Canadian objection very plainly at Geneva, and, so far as I can discover, no other Dominion voice has been raised

on behalf of the Protocol. But, as one writer has pointed out, the danger to the Empire is not really the mischief of the Protocol, and the suggestion that we are manœuvring Britain against the League is totally irrelevant in this respect. As a matter of truth, in the present state of the world our objection to the Protocol would be just as valid if there were no Dominions to be recognised, or even, indeed, if the Dominions were actually in favour of the Protocol.

The outlawry of war, as envisaged by the Protocol, is a very complicated plan. Its chief foundation plank is the plea that all disputes must be carried in the last resort to arbitration, except "disputes which aim at revising Treaties and international acts in force, or which seek to jeopardise the territorial integrity of existing States," and that in the case of an aggressive attack all signatories of the Protocol must be prepared to defend the victim of the attack. Some of our critics even inform us that the Protocol does no more than tighten up our moral obligations. Such a proposal, however, might easily put us in a position where we should be obliged to guarantee the help of our ships, troops, and aircraft, and where we could not refuse to lend such assistance without incurring dishonour and reproach. But that is not the only objection we have to consider. There are certain Great Powers which are completely outside the League, and which are not in the least likely to accept the dictates of the Protocol. For instance, an application of forcible sanction may involve us in grave trouble, particularly as a Sea Power, with the United States, and Sir Austen Chamberlain is not an individual who can contemplate trouble in that quarter with any degree of equanimity; neither is he alone in that respect. And where, please, should we stand in the case of a "misunderstanding" between Russia, Roumania, and Poland, in which contingency Russia would almost inevitably be proclaimed as the guilty miscreant? Supposing, also, there were a sudden conflict over the claims of Bessarabia? Russia would be inclined to accept the obligations of the Protocol and go to arbitration; but if she refused, as presumably she would, she would automatically

become the aggressor unless the Council of the League exercised its power to decree otherwise by a unanimous vote, which, by the way, comes into the metaphysical region of "imponderables"! A further European war would be immediately launched, and, willy-nilly, we should automatically be compelled to take part even against our better judgment, and even if we were certain that Moscow was entirely innocent in the matter of aggression! The prospect of the Protocol does not appeal to us at all as rational thinkers of the twentieth century. Neither has the least vestige of it appealed to Sir Austen Chamberlain.

## EBB AND FLOW

### A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IF one had to select the man now living who had done most conspicuous service to a small nation, General Smuts would be a likely choice. Yet nowadays he is howled down and denied a hearing in his own country by his own race. The reason is not far to seek. Over and above the reputation which he gained in the struggle for South Africa against England is a wider fame won in serving Europe as a general of the British African forces, and still more notably as a spokesman of the British Commonwealth of Nations. There is always a type of nationalist who regards every word of praise addressed by foreigners to any of his countrymen as at least a ground for suspecting that countryman; and when the praise comes from old opponents suspicion passes into certainty. It is quite true that General Smuts has never limited his view of South Africa's interest by the vision of a backveldt Boer, still less by the jaundiced spectacles of those who, living in towns, form rigid conceptions as to what the primitive Boer would think and desire. Such people may be sincere; but these bigots of nationality do as much as any other kind of fanatic to make their faith detestable.

This instance of a common tendency is instructive, because the controversy which has caused the attacks on General Smuts concerns no material interest, nor even a principle, but a symbol, more abstract than any dogma—a flag. Nothing imaginable is more remote from the possibilities of adjustment by appeal to reason, and nothing more fit to waken blind passion. General Smuts, who is a statesman, has realised that South Africa, if it is to be a nation, must be a nation blending two strains, and reconciling the historic pride of both. Matters should have been easier, because General Hertzog, leader of whatever is extremest in Dutch African nationalism, returned from the Imperial Conference admitting in frank and generous words that he and his people had been treated with frank-



ness and generosity. And even now, in the heat of this quarrel, it seems that there is no outcry against England; only in his own household does General Hertzog perceive enemies. Looking at the facts from a distance it should have seemed that these two Boer leaders, both of them studious and lettered men who transferred their talents from lettered study to action in the field, might have understood and valued each other. It just does not happen so. What personal antipathies or jealousies may be at the back of this destructive schism only South Africans can know; but they are destroying something that should have value for a wider world than South Africa. No other of the Dominions can produce types of quite the same quality, for these men of the little Republics had a character belonging to older ages, when the same personage could be quite naturally statesman and soldier and prosperous citizen. Botha moved in the twentieth century like a man out of the eighteenth, having the great excellence that he was not, as nearly everyone must be nowadays, overspecialised. Mr. J. A. Spender, in his *Life, Journalism and Politics*, observes that "it would have been well for Europe if there had been one man like Botha to play the same part after the Great War as he played after the South African War." In point of fact, after the Great War no statesman on the Allied side made speeches which can be read now with more approbation than those made by General Smuts. He showed then, for Europe, a sense of the uses of magnanimity. General Hertzog had not at that time the same opportunity; but his utterance on his return from London after the Conference was magnanimous. It looks now as if he had let his larger vision be blurred by old hates, and the conduct of his followers to General Smuts must have one sure result. It will set back everywhere in the world the cause of nationalism, for the world has no use for what manifests itself solely as a principle of hate.

These matters have special interest for an Irishman, since Mr. de Valera, having consented to take an active part in working the machinery of Irish Government, seems cast for a part closely resembling that of the Boer Repub-

lican leader, while Mr. Cosgrave's policy has many affinities with that of General Smuts. Mr. Cosgrave stands for reconciliation and fusion of the strains in Ireland which were traditionally opposed, while it seems probable that Mr. de Valera and his following will make it a chief article in their indictment of the existing Irish Ministry that it has won and accepted cordial support from what used to be the Unionist minority. Yet this seems to be good and magnanimous statesmanship. If nationalism is to be everywhere opposed to good statesmanship or magnanimity there will be little room left for it even in this partially civilised world.

British parties have been on parade at their autumn gatherings, reviewing their forces, outlining their manœuvres. Conservatives have settled one point anyhow: women are to get the vote on equal terms with men—twenty-one is to be the political coming-of-age for all. This is a belated concession to logic, and the best practical argument for it is grounded not on the presumed efficiency of the woman voter but on the known inefficiency of the average male. Anybody who has ever taken part in contested elections will think it impossible to lower or dilute the average intelligence of electors as displayed in election proceedings. Moreover, on the whole the British electorate's chief fault is lack of serious interest in politics, and the additional women may improve that. Indeed, the trouble about women in politics is that they take them too hard: they see red too quickly—but red here does not mean the Communist colour; it is just as often an intense and passionate blue. The other main point of debate for Tories was whether to go on with or postpone the reform of the House of Lords. On this matter the assemblage decided by a great majority for reconstructing a Second Chamber which should be a solid bulwark against possible encroachments of the Lower House. These gentlemen, with Lord Selborne for their most influential spokesman, seem to believe that under the provisions of the Parliament Act an "effective majority" in the Commons could abolish the House of Lords, or the monarchy itself, even though

the nation did not desire the change. For it must be presumed that Lord Selborne and Major Kindersley (who moved the resolution calling on the Government to go ahead with reconstruction) are aware that if the nation did want to make either of these changes no Second Chamber could stop it. Lord Londonderry, who has an instinct for realities, put up an amendment proposing that the matter should be deferred till a "general measure of agreement" was reached (that is, till Tibbs' Eve). He warned the meeting against establishing a "suspicion in the country that the free exercise of the vote could be controlled, altered and thwarted by some so-called safeguards in a Second Chamber elected by a party majority." Lord Londonderry has grasped the fact that Conservatism can only hold safely what it can maintain at the polls; but he was voted down. Yet the whole of that assembly must know that, under the Parliament Act, Tories have a staggering advantage over their opponents, because they can in any instance impose this necessity of two years' delay, and what that means in practice no one will forget who took part in the struggle to get Home Rule carried. Lord Selborne's view is, indeed, that "the Parliament Act is solely responsible for the condition of things in Ireland"; without it, presumably, Irish self-government could never have been achieved. I agree. But if he thinks that the world at large regards it as an evil that Ireland should be self-governing he is under illusion. I wonder if he is right in holding that Lord Londonderry is heartbroken about the change which gave to Ulster a Parliament which Ulster has not the least intention of giving up.

At all events, we know with reasonable clearness what Conservatives are going to do. Liberals are much less definite in their pronouncements, and it is natural that, hoping as they must to control the balance, a reticent watching game should best suit them. Labour, on the other hand, has its cards on the table. There is definite steering away from Russia. A proposal to join up in a new International was defeated by nearly two million votes (card votes, of course) against one million. The importance of the minority shows that the decision was not merely

perfunctory. Mr. Cramp argued justly that without any desire to condemn Russian action, he resented a proposal "to unite like to unlike."

It simply cannot be done. Social Democrats in Russia who have spent years in prison under the Tsar are now spending further years in prison under the present Russian Government. We cannot assent to that.

So then, British Labour has to strike out its own course; and it proposes a greatly increased taxation and expenditure. Instead of a capital levy there is to be a surtax of about 2s. in the pound on all incomes over £500 a year derived from investment, producing eighty-five millions a year. This, with another fifteen millions from extra death duties, is to increase the possibilities of "social service." Here again the meeting was not unanimous. Mr. Bevin said that the main problem for trade unions concerned wages.

There is such a millstone of taxation round the neck of industry that we cannot make a move in raising wages and in getting better conditions of labour. . . . When works are closing down, when industry is going to another country, when a whole district is going derelict, the appeal is not for high falutin' schemes of national finance; it is, "For God's sake, do something to save industry and wages."

But Mr. Bevin was no more fortunate than Lord Londonderry when he urged common sense. Still, it is very improbable that Mr. Baldwin's Government will really begin to strengthen the Second Chamber; and it is just as unlikely that Mr. MacDonald's party, when in office, will go in seriously for this addition of a hundred millions of money to the millstone that Mr. Bevin speaks of.

Yet many intelligent people justify these proposals for new drafts on the heavy purses by saying that differences in the standard of living are too flagrant, and may lead to revolution. The poor, it is thought, would feel less uncomfortable if the rich seemed less luxurious. There is, however, very little ground for believing that we can improve the lot of the poor appreciably by making the rich uncomfortable. The question is rather how to make the poor more comfortable. In America the profuseness of expenditure exceeds all European examples; yet America is certainly not a bad place for the working man. As for Britain, when one asks for instances of prodigality,

the answer often points to the huge and lavishly furnished shops now going up. Yet many of them are markets for the cheapest kind of wares. Working men, and more especially working women, profit by this outlay; for one thing, these shop windows are almost as good to them as free picture houses; whoever walks down Oxford Street must find that out.

But is weight of taxation the only thing that sends industry out of this country? There is a marked difference in disposition between the British workman and his foreign competitor. Great Britain has stood in the labour world for what may be called Christian conditions of employment, and it is a tribute to British civilisation that *la semaine Anglaise* should have become the standard of demand. But there is another side to this. Speed in finishing is often of even greater importance than cheapness, and if labour wages are elastic in one set of workers and rigid in another, industry will go where the conditions are suppler. I must illustrate by what I know. In Ireland a very big enterprise is being carried out by a German firm, and the sooner we have the Shannon scheme in working order, and the electricity being distributed, the better for all concerned. Several hundred Germans are employed, and nearly three thousand Irish navvies. The Germans have the superior tasks; they are the N.C.O.s as well as the officers of this little army. Every German of them works twelve hours a day. The Irish must conform; and so they earn on an average nearly a pound over the standard minimum wage of thirty-three shillings. But physically our people there are inferior; eight Germans can carry what fourteen Irishmen find a load. This is not surprising, for many of the Irish workers live even in that camp on bread and tea, and most of them have lived for long on that diet. All the Germans have, of course, done their year of military training, with its physical culture and careful supply of food; but their standard of living is shown by the little vegetable plots about their temporary hutments.

I do not know how British working men would provide

for themselves under such conditions, nor how their standard of physique would compare with the German. But I am sure that they would not all work twelve hours a day over a period of years. These Germans do not look slave-driven or unhappy; I imagine that they are voluntarily working long hours, and are paid proportionately. But the question in my mind is whether a nation which can get plenty of waged men to work with the continuity and interest of peasant proprietors will not inevitably defeat another which insists on the *semaine Anglaise*, whether the work presses or no.

Elsewhere in Ireland, Continentals are in charge of another big enterprise, a new beet sugar factory. A Belgian there pointed me to two men shovelling clay, one much faster than the other. "If I did not pay them the same," he said, "there would be a strike." His opinion was that the same principle of equal pay for unequal work was insisted on everywhere through the British Isles by the trade unions; and he knew it nowhere on the Continent. "Since all the world is in competition," he said, "that principle must be the ruin of Great Britain if it is maintained."

Nobody with sense will believe that the employed are solely or mainly responsible for the organised attempt to fly in the face of nature: for it is natural that a man should be rewarded not only by the period of his work, but by its result, and this natural principle must have been constantly and systematically disregarded by employers before the employed could have been induced to combine in demanding a period-wage—so much a day, so much an hour, without question of any other factor. But to-day employers and employed are alike faced with the results of what is perhaps the gravest misdirection of modern times. Some of the Labour leaders are beginning to say what Mr. Baldwin keeps on saying—that employers and employed must get together to bring about a better state of things; and that can only be if good work and willing work—which means that men will at times take an extra strain for the sake of the work to be done—is loyally given and is loyally recompensed.

One of the greatest and most successful employers of labour has just died. Many people did not realise that Lord Iveagh was not the elder son of Sir Benjamin Guinness, and so not by any accident of birth the chief director of the great brewery in Dublin. Brewing is not a trade which employs a large quantity of labour in proportion to the turnover, but brewing on that scale means a very large body of men employed, and though Ireland has been as much afflicted with strikes as any country, there never was a strike in Guinness's. Any man who had a job in Guinness's knew himself to be lucky; and the pay was not the main part of it. Provisions for every kind of emergency were thoughtfully and generously made. This is no doubt not the sole reason why Lord Iveagh became so fabulously rich; but it is part of the reason. So far as can be known he constantly regarded this wealth of his as a trust, and lived laboriously, seeking to administer the trust to the best advantage. He was by nature very conservative, distrustful of new ideas, fearful of democracy, and the advisers whom he is said to have habitually consulted were men who accentuated his own bias. Many things which he might have done he did not do; for instance, he was urged to build a gallery for the pictures which Lane gave to the Dublin Corporation, and an angry sonnet by Yeats still stigmatises his refusal to match Lane's gift with another. The truth is that Lane knew the value of money and Lord Iveagh did not. Neither of them spent much on himself, but Lane knew always what was worth buying, to give: he knew how to give; while the other, with the best of will to give, could not see his way clear, and the money rolled up and rolled up till at last it was said, possibly with some truth, that he was hard set to spend the interest on his income—which, if the estimates of his capital are right, may have been a million a year. He was a great benefactor to the city in which he made his wealth: it is part of the irony of things that, just because of the limitations which prevented him from even greater munificence while he lived, the mere fact of this huge accumulation in a single hand will greatly serve the political propaganda which he most detested.

China remains in turmoil, but not to any issue: like a boat spinning in a whirlpool. Europe in general seems inclined to wait till there is some decisive impulse given by those in the boat. But Russia is not waiting. Her representatives, dismissed from Hankow, settled down in the west with the "Christian" general, and through him have produced a notable defection from the northern forces. People who know China think it quite possible that Peking, which is threatened from no great distance on the west and south-west, may pass into the Christian-cum-Bolshevik control of Feng. That would assuredly do something towards heading China into the Bolshevik channel. As against the masterly inactivity of other European Powers, Russians have the great advantage of knowing what they want in China. They want to impart their own ideas, their own political philosophy. Whether English politicians or French have any corresponding active desire to see representative institutions established and working in China is not at all clear. How many Englishmen who know the East really believe that it will be good for China or possible for China to become organised after the fashion of a Western country? All the business men know that Chinese business men would prefer to go on on the old lines: they probably judge that the vast masses of Chinese peasant folk want only to be let alone. But they forget to consider that revolutions are made by minorities, generally by very small minorities, of the total population. There seem to be two sections of the change-desiring minority in China, which have only this in common—that they are determined to see China Westernised. One section thinks in terms of English and American institutions—perhaps with preference for the English because of the flavour of antiquity about them. The other has accepted Russian leadership, and in return for its allegiance is getting help. The more moderate section knows that it can count on European sympathy and assistance—after it has won. It seems inevitable that the European-educated Chinese should say to themselves: Either Western Europe has no faith in its own political principles, or it does not believe that the Chinese are

capable of utilising Western examples—even though the Japanese have done this with admitted success. Is the inactivity masterly after all?

Europe's uneasy body has been once more disturbed by the chronic inflammation in the Balkans. Bands crossed into Yugoslavia and in the name of Macedonian rights laid siege to a village. Another group killed a general—it is some poor satisfaction that the performers of this latter exploit have been hunted down and killed. Nobody supposes that the Bulgarian Government approves this guerilla war, but it has tolerated—or been obliged to tolerate—the existence of an organisation aiming to assert Macedonian claims by all means available. Once more I must speak in terms of what I know, and we in Ireland have had sharp experience of the effects which may be produced by an armed force with political objects acting on its own decisions or impulses. There can be no lasting tranquillity where such a thing exists, and, happily, the Bulgarian Government has taken in hand its suppression. It could only have agreed to this course if the representations made to it by Yugoslavia were temperately and wisely worded, and it has shown wisdom in acting promptly. But the measure will necessarily be the more difficult because Macedonian partisans will accuse their Government of submitting to foreign dictation. The moral is that each one of the new Governments, dotted all over Europe, will be wise to abolish such growths while the initiative rests clearly at home. Mr. Cosgrave's Ministry, for instance, will need to act in this sense. Meantime, it is pleasant to be reminded that Bulgaria, like other nationalities which needed to struggle for existence, has a good memory: the demonstrations before a hotel in which Lord Gladstone was staying in Sofia show that a name is remembered with gratitude. It is the fashion in England nowadays to glorify the great Jew who took so kindly to the Turk, yet I wonder if Mr. Gladstone did not leave to England a more valuable inheritance in Europe and a tradition more in accord with what England really stands for—and must stand.

## THE IRREVOCABLE STEP

BY GLADYS WATERER

"WHAT do you think of the idea?" enquired Bettina.

"I think it's mad," I answered, without hesitation.

"Oh, don't be dud," pleaded Bettina. "I must do something, you know."

"But not that," I said.

"Why not?"

"Because it's quite unsuitable," I stated, with conviction. Bettina lighted another cigarette, and frowned thoughtfully over it.

"Well, what can I do?" she demanded.

"You could—marry me," I suggested.

"Oh, no!" said Bettina.

"Why not?" I asked, in my turn.

"Because of—everything," said Bettina.

"Everything be blowed," I answered. But Bettina shook her head.

"No, Tony, old boy, you're a real friend, but—not that. I should not make you happy."

I put my arms round Bettina, and held her tightly.

"Ah, but you would," I said. "I've loved you for so long. I love you so much. Why shouldn't we be happy? Marry me, and try."

Bettina rubbed her soft cheek against mine. It was a caress to soften her reply, but with no yielding in it.

"Couldn't, old thing," she said, and there was finality in her tone of voice. But she let me kiss her, which she had only done once before, at a Christmas party, and that was something. Only when I had kissed her I couldn't let her go. And I made rather a fool of myself, I believe; Bettina said so. And she went and sat on the window seat the other side of the room, curled up among the cushions, and told me that if I were going to be really silly I'd better depart. So I had to promise I would be good.

"To return to your problem," I said, stifling my feelings, "Must you clear out?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Bettina. "I can't go on like this. Now the Ewe Lamb is home for keeps, my position is impossible. Mamma is sick of the sight of me. She thought I should be married and out of the way before the Ewe Lamb grew up. I've had three clear years, and I'm still a spinster."

"That's your fault."

"Yes, in a way," admitted Bettina. "But that only makes it worse, because Mamma knows that if I weren't so 'pig-headed,' as she calls it, I should be off her hands."

"Does she?" I enquired. "Who has told her? I thought I had been wonderfully discreet."

"Dear old boy, you aren't the only pebble on the beach," said Bettina.

"The Devil!" I ejaculated. "Who else?"

"The largest, and ugliest, and most awkward to get past is Sir John Grundy. He is so rich."

"Be damned to him!" said I, with feeling. "He is nearly old enough to be your father."

"I wish he were," groaned Bettina. "I could do with half of them as fathers, and the other half as sons, but there's nothing—almost nothing—" she corrected herself "in between."

"Oh," I said, "Tell me about 'almost.'"

The colour flew to Bettina's cheeks, and she turned and looked steadily out of the window.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

I sat thinking over all the men I thought Bettina knew. Presently she faced me again.

"Don't, Tony," she said. "I'd rather you didn't. Besides, you will never guess. I'll tell you as much as it is good for you to know. I can't marry anybody, because of somebody to whom I'm nobody. Now have you got it?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "But are you sure you are nobody to somebody?"

"Yes," she said, "because I know who's everybody."

"That's a bad business," I commented. "And what a waste! You love him, and I love you, and he loves someone else. What about her?"

"I don't know," said Bettina. "I'm not sure. But anyhow she's his wife."

"Oh, Lord!" I said.

Bettina sprang to her feet.

"Rotten, isn't it?" she exclaimed impatiently. "But you see my position. I can't marry till—till I can forget a bit. Mamma wants to get rid of me. I've no money worth mentioning, because Father can't afford to make me an allowance I could live on, and keep up his end at all with Mamma. It's like a penny novelette, with step-mother complete."

"It was bad luck on you, your father marrying again," I said, sympathetically.

Bettina shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know," she replied. "Mamma is not a bad sort, really. And she's made him very comfortable. I was glad at the time, and just thankful that he chose a widow of suitable age and income, instead of some silly girl. I never bothered about the Ewe Lamb, because she was at school. Mamma never bothered about me because she paid me the compliment of thinking that I would marry quickly. Now, as things have turned out, we are rather up against it. And what's finally settled me is that 'somebody' has come back into my circle, and I have to meet him often, and that makes—the forgetting—such a business. So I have quite decided to go and do something. Which brings us back to the starting point of this conversation. What am I going to do?"

"Well, you're not going into a tea shop," I said firmly. "Give me a little time to think it over, and I'll try to evolve a plan."

"One that does not involve matrimony," stipulated Bettina.

"Not by special licence, anyway," I conceded regretfully.

I was worried about Bettina. I recognised the discomfort of her position. I also sympathised with Mrs. Lane. This was the sort of thing that happened constantly. Mrs. Lane would move Heaven and Earth to collect young men for the Ewe Lamb; they would come and be amused, up to a point, by her rather loud smartness; then Bettina, dainty, gentle, fascinating, would appear; and at the end of the evening, or the visit, or whatever it was, the young man would be watching Bettina. It was undeniably galling for an anxious mother, and I was not surprised that Mrs. Lane let Bettina feel her displeasure. In justice to her, I must say that she would not have grudged Bettina any one of the eligibles if she would have taken her choice, and married him, because that would have accomplished something. But Bettina would not. And as long as Bettina was about it was evident that no one would bother much with the Ewe Lamb.

Having been told of his existence, it did not take me long to find out who "somebody" was. His name was Nevil Horton. I remembered all about him directly I saw him. I remembered Bettina going around with him—he had been her dancing partner one season. Then he had gone abroad on some Government mission, come back on the boat with a little thing of sorts, forgotten Bettina, landed in a state of infatuation, and married the little thing out of hand. He was thirty, she was just eighteen, and silly at that. They had set up a small flat at Chelsea. When Bettina first spoke to me about it they had been there some six weeks. He had looked up his old friends. Bettina had been to see them—she was both proud and plucky. I gathered, from very little observation, that in spite of his marriage he looked upon their friendship as unimpaired. I wondered—had he never loved her—never realised that she cared for him. I hated the fellow for the look of trouble in Bettina's eyes, and for the dense idiot that he was. And I hated his silly little wife because I could see that she would never hold him—in fact was already, after a few months of matrimony, loosing her hold on him, and didn't seem to mind so long as she had a good time. I lurked in corners and foresaw scandal like any old maid, and my heart ached for Bettina. I understood so well why she wanted a job, but the job question was fraught with difficulties. I thought of many things and turned them down, one after the other. Suitable jobs for highly attractive, and highly unqualified, young women are not found at every turn. A couple of weeks slipped fruitlessly by.

Then one day I met her in the Park—or rather, I saw her in the Park. She was walking with Horton. He was talking eagerly, and her sweet face was flushed. They passed quite close to me without seeing me, but I heard him say something about her sympathy and understanding, his work, his need of her friendship—futile ass! That afternoon I

called upon Bettina. I felt that something, even if unsuitable, must be done.

"I have found a job for you," I announced.

Bettina was looking weary, but she pretended interest.

"My work has enormously increased of late," I told her. "I want another secretary. You can come down to the office and make a start. Strictly business footing, and all that. Take you out of the house all day, and at night you will be so tired that you won't be able to sit up long enough to distract the Ewe Lamb's boys. What about it?"

Bettina gave me her hand.

"Tony, you're a brick," she said. "But—"

"But what?"

"It's not fair on you."

"That be hanged for a tale," I said.

"And I shan't be any good as a secretary."

"You'll learn."

Bettina shook her head doubtfully.

"It will be better for you than moping about here or—or walking in the Park," I said.

Bettina raised startled eyes to mine.

"Don't take risks, my dear," I pleaded.

Bettina frowned.

"You're talking through your hat, Tony."

"No, through my heart," I answered. "Listen. As long as you were nobody to somebody, and everybody was his wife, there was little danger. But I think you misread the situation. Or perhaps it's changed. It seemed to me this morning that at any rate you were somebody to somebody. Is it worth while being somebody, when you can't be everybody? Better be nobody, Bettina."

Bettina, her face flushed, turned on me.

"You don't understand," she cried. "You mean to be kind, but it hurts to have you talk to me like that."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"We were friends, great friends, before he ever married," she went on. "He always used to talk to me about what he was doing and thinking. Lilla is so young—too young to be any use to him in that way—as a mental companion, I mean. He can't talk to her about his work; he is writing again now. I can help him. He values our friendship. That's all."

"The word 'all,'" I observed, "in its ultimate sense, includes everything."

Bettina rose.

"I wish I had never said a word to you, Tony," she exclaimed. "Life is difficult enough without one's friends making horrible suggestions——" and she went towards the door. Her effort at dignity made her look infinitely pathetic. I had a struggle with myself. It was damnable to have to see her suffer, and not be able to do anything. I knew she was already unhappy. I distrusted Nevil Horton. I feared for the future. I was silent.

Bettina paused at the doorway, and came back.

"Beastly of me, Tony," she said. "I didn't mean to be cross."

"All's well," I replied. "Now—are you coming down to the office?"

"Oh, that!" she commented. "I don't know."

"Come along and try till you do," I suggested.

Bettina came.

And thank God she did! Otherwise I might never have—but that's going too fast. At the time I looked upon it as the best that could be made of a bad business.

She was no good as a secretary. I spent extra half-hours every day covering up her inefficiencies. She could not get on familiar terms with her typewriter, and her spelling was appalling. It was understood that she was there to help me with a special job, rather outside the usual work, which my original secretary continued to do. I had her in a small room out of my private office, where she was away from the others, and I began to train her. How long it would have been before she learnt enough to be useful, or before the rest of my staff discovered the fraud she was, I don't know, for the arrangement ended as suddenly as it began, and Bettina ceased to come to the office. And this is where the Ewe Lamb comes into the story.

It was one of the early days of April—a glorious day. Bettina, rather diffidently I thought, asked me if she could have the afternoon off, because, she said, the Ewe Lamb was so anxious to go somewhere or other—I forget now, where—and Mrs. Lane was not well enough to take her, and did not care for her to go alone. I conceded graciously. Bettina lingered at my table.

"Tony," she said suddenly, "You *have* been good to me. You don't know how grateful I am."

"Dear girl, I've done nothing," I said, a trifle surprised.

"Yes," she said, "you've done everything."

"What is it, Bettina?" I asked.

"Nothing." She gave a queer little laugh. "Mayn't I thank you?"

"No," I said. "Why? Are—are things better?"

She turned away.

"They are different," she said.

"Easier?"

"I—don't—know," said Bettina, almost to herself. "Don't you sometimes have days when you feel you can't be sure of anything? One doesn't know. One can only—try. Here comes Miss Spencer. Anyway, thank you, Tony"—and she fled into her little room as my official secretary came in. I had an exceedingly busy morning, including several interviews, and by the time I was finished Bettina had gone.

That afternoon I met the Ewe Lamb in Bond Street.

"Hullo!" she said, stopping dead in front of me. "Where are you off to?"

"Nowhere in particular," I answered.

"Take me somewhere for tea, then," she commanded. "I know it's awfully early, but I've an appointment for 4.15 with the dressmaker and I'm dying for tea first."



"But where's——" I began, and stopped myself in time. My heart felt like lead. I altered the question to "Are you alone?"

"Yes," said the Ewe Lamb. "Bit of sport, isn't it? Mother's got the 'flu."

The sun faded out of Bond Street. I found myself staring stupidly at the Ewe Lamb's large proportions. I realised she was making eyes at me, daring me to find an excuse. I couldn't think of one. I said meekly:

"My luck's in. Where shall we go?"

The Ewe Lamb knew a place where the cakes were all right. She always knows that sort of place. I think that has something to do with her size. I hailed a taxi.

The "place" was one of those unwholesome holes which are half underground, and half lighted, full of screens and corners, and impure air. We sat down in sheltered obscurity, and a bored young woman in a scarlet dress approached us.

"The iced chocolate, with cream, is the thing here," said the Ewe Lamb. "And cakes."

I ordered obediently. The Ewe Lamb, opening her bag, produced a doubtful-looking coloured handkerchief, with a puff in the centre, and proceeded to powder her face. I was silent. My thoughts were grey and heavy. Bettina had lied to me. And when a woman deliberately lies to someone she respects (I felt sure she did respect me) there is something that touches her heart to conceal. What was Bettina doing with her April afternoon of freedom?

"You look as if you were attending your own funeral," said the Ewe Lamb.

I apologised. The Ewe Lamb talked. I'm afraid I must admit that I didn't listen. One need not, with that girl. She rattles on, and giggles, and throws glad glances, without any assistance. But suddenly she asked me a direct question.

"How's Bettina really getting on?" she enquired, attacking with a practised hand a terrifying confection that oozed richness directly it was touched.

"Oh, er—very well indeed," I answered, making a hopeless mess of a far more harmless looking thing on my own plate.

"What does she do—write your letters?"

"Yes," I answered, "amongst other things."

"What other things? What's she doing this afternoon, for instance, while you are out?"

"I don't exactly know," I replied truthfully.

"It must be great fun having lunch out nearly every day," sighed the Ewe Lamb. "I wish I could have a job."

So they thought at home that she was at the office! And she had an extra half hour in the middle of the day, so that she could get back to lunch. Oh! Bettina!

The Ewe Lamb had eaten three cakes before she again caught and held my attention.

"Hullo!" she said. "What a lark! Do you see who that is over

there? She'll be mad when she knows I spotted her. Look—down the room."

I looked and saw a small, half-clothed, shingled-haired, baby-faced bit of femininity. It was Mrs. Nevil Horton. She was with a man, not her husband.

"Isn't she smart?" enquired the Ewe Lamb. "That's Roger she is with. They've got a 'pash.' on for one another. You know, it's my opinion that Horton marriage won't last. She doesn't care what she does."

"Does he?" I asked.

"Used to—don't think he does now, poor old Nevil. He is quite a pal of mine—often at our place." The Ewe Lamb helped herself placidly to another *éclair*. "He has gone to Paris for this week-end. She's making the most of the opportunity."

"Good heavens! How do you know all this?" I demanded.

The Ewe Lamb opened her rather fine eyes very wide.

"Everyone knows," she said.

I began fitting facts together and refusing to look at the result. The Ewe Lamb, no doubt, found me unutterably boring, but I came in handy to pay the bill, so perhaps she forgave me. I put her in another taxi and watched her drive off with relief. I looked at my watch. It was just about four o'clock.

I had nothing definite to go upon and no right to interfere. But I was horribly afraid. I turned into the nearest call office and rang up Bettina. The maid said she was "at the office." I rang up Horton, and the maid there said that he had left early that morning for France. I came out of the call office and took a taxi to Victoria.

The Continental Express was due out in a few moments. I took a ticket to Calais and went on to the platform. I walked the whole length of the train. There were a great many passengers, but—I found Bettina! She didn't see me. She was waiting in the far corner of a carriage, reading a letter. I got into the next one just as the train began to move. My main sensation was one of thankfulness. I had found her, and up to the present she was alone. But as I recovered my breath and realised the position my heart sank. What was I going to do next? I had no passport. I couldn't get, even with luck, farther than Calais. If my suspicions were unfounded my mere presence was an insult; if they were correct she would loathe me. But I loved her and I knew the kind of man that Horton was.

There are some interviews that are easier to bear if they take place in public. Before we were clear of the suburbs I decided that mine with Bettina was one of them. I went into the next carriage.

"Hullo!" I said, "I jolly nearly missed the train."

As long as I live I shall never forget the wild look in Bettina's eyes when she saw me. A scared little bird wasn't in it—and yet there was something else besides. She was quite unable to speak. There was a vacant space beside her, and I sat down on it, to the disgust of the stout lady next, who muttered ungracious things about corridor trains.

"It is lucky," I said to Bettina, "that one can walk down these

trains. Otherwise we should not have found one another till we got to Dover."

Bettina was trembling—even her lips were unsteady; she looked at me helplessly. I laid my hand on her arm.

"It's all right," I said.

The man opposite spoke.

"Hullo, Metcalfe!" he cried. "You never told me when I saw you this morning that you were coming across this afternoon."

"Good Lord!" I said. "Fancy butting into you. I did not know I was crossing myself when you were at the office this morning. I decided at the last minute."

Burney, the unwelcome old devil, laughed his fat laugh.

"What an uncomfortable chap you must be to live with," he said. "No wonder Mrs. Metcalfe looked startled."

"What the——" I began, and then I realised. And Burney—of all men! I could have knocked his knowing smile through his gold-filled teeth. I knew what he was thinking. For a moment I saw red and lost my grip. I didn't care a damn about his thinking that Bettina was my wife, but that he should dare insult her by thinking that she was something else—that was too much. I acted on impulse.

"She is used to me," I said. "My dear, Mr. Burney."

Bettina gave a stiff little inclination and turned away, her pale face suddenly scarlet. Burney's smile had told her what he thought about her. I answered a few more remarks and then shunted Burney. I felt dreadfully cold. Bettina—he was not far wrong—only—not mine. But not anyone else's—yet. Oh, God! I hoped not yet. I sat thinking desperately.

The chilly light of the spring afternoon crept into the carriage. Bettina leant back in her corner, a pale ghost. Burney had retired behind a newspaper. The other passengers did not seem to count. I bent towards Bettina and spoke in a low voice.

"I have no passport," I said. "I can't get farther than Calais."

"I hate you for coming," she said, equally low.

"I know. You are bound to. But I had to come."

"Who told you?"

"No one."

"Then how did you know?"

"Because—I love you," I answered.

"Oh, Tony." She turned away.

"Sorry," I said huskily.

"Oh, why did you come?" murmured Bettina, woe in the whispered words.

"Because I thought, at Dover, you would be all alone. I thought, perhaps, at the last moment you might fear to do this thing. And I thought of you—alone, no one to turn to, no one to help—and I thought I might be of some use. I came, just on the chance, for that."

Bettina gave me a queer, startled glance and turned her head away again, gazing out at the flat Kentish marshland skimming past the windows.

"Must you do this thing, Bettina?" I asked.

She nodded without looking round.

"It's an irrevocable step, dear," I said. "But that's the only certainty about it—its irrevocability."

Bettina made no reply.

"Try to come back to London with me," I pleaded. "Bettina, for God's sake, come back!"

Bettina only fumbled in her bag with fingers that shook.

We reached Dover. We steamed slowly into the harbour station. Through the archway there was a glimpse of the boat, the water, and white cliffs beyond. Almost before the train stopped, Bettina had gathered up her suit-case and stepped into the corridor. With the door open she turned to me.

"Good-bye, Tony," she said, and, springing down on to the platform, she hurried away.

"So long, old man; pleasant week-end," I heard Burney say behind me as I also got out. I've an idea that I turned round and damned him—I seem to remember the look of astonishment on his face. Bettina, well ahead of the crowd, had passed out of sight. I stood helplessly watching the passengers stream past me. I had failed. I did not know what to do next. I could do nothing. She loved the worthless fellow, and a woman who loves will take any chance!

At the last moment I rushed on to the boat.

Bettina had secured a chair and was sitting, wrapped up, well forward—her case beside her. The wind was cold. I buttoned my coat and went across to her.

"Oh, Tony," she sighed, for the second time that afternoon, when she saw me.

"Now look here," I said, in what I tried to make a most matter-of-fact voice, as I sat down on her suit-case. "You are not going through with this. It's unutterable folly—that's what it is—messing up your whole life. You don't know what you are doing—you don't realise what it means. You saw and felt the way that beast Burney looked at you in the train—you flinched under it. You are not the sort to stand it—for life. Horton is not the sort of man that's worth it. Before she has divorced him, and he can marry you, he'll be tired of you—and then what? You are not going to do it. I'm not going to let you, if I have to prevent it by main force. You are coming back to England with me. If we can't get back to-night—and I don't think we can—we'll go to-morrow. If there's any trouble about it, if you have left a lot of foolish notes behind you and made things impossible for yourself, you'll marry me, by special licence, as soon as we get back to London, and anyone who breathes a word about you will have me to reckon with. You can make me as miserable as you like afterwards, but you are not going to Paris to join Horton!"

I brought my clenched hand down on my knee. That speech was the greatest effort of my life. I was past caring about anything else. I was beside myself. I was prepared for Bettina to have hysterics, or faint, or rush away from me—in fact, for her to do and say anything except what she did do and say. She looked at me, that queer expression in her eyes again. She said:

"But I never had any intention of going to Paris—or of joining Nevil."

"What!" I gasped.

"I am going to Amiens," she said. "Near there there is a convent where girls can go and work a little, mostly with children. Things have got too much for me in London. I feel I must get away from it all, from everything, for a bit. I wanted to slip off without any fuss and try—and find myself away—away from everybody and everything. I wasn't going to Nevil. I was going away from him—right, right away from him, for always!"

"Good God!" I said. "What a fool I have made of myself!"

"I think, too," said Bettina, rubbing it in, "that you have made rather a fool of me."

"Try to forgive me some day," I begged miserably. "I—I can't find anything to say, Bettina." I rose from the suit-case.

"But I have a good deal to say," exclaimed Bettina. "You have meddled, and meddling makes mischief."

"I know," I assented.

"Following me like this!" cried Bettina. "Instead of helping me, look at the position! You have been obliged to pretend to a coarse friend of your's that I'm your wife, in order that he may be convinced that I'm——"

"Don't," I said.

"I suppose you call that taking care of my reputation," added Bettina.

I groaned.

"You made me go down to your office. Every other girl in the place was talking about me. I couldn't stay. I tried to come away in a manner that would prove you had nothing to do with my movements, and now Mr. What-ever-his-name-was, the next time he goes there, will mention that we travelled together. Nice for me, isn't it?"

"Oh, my dear!" I said.

"There you are, you see!" remarked Bettina.

"But why, *why* didn't you tell me you were going?" I demanded.

"You would have found a note at the office to-morrow morning explaining everything if you had waited," said Bettina. "At home the same thing—they were to know afterwards. I didn't want anyone to know beforehand. I just wanted to slip away. Now you've upset all my plans."

"Bettina!" I pleaded.

"You have made me feel horrible. I don't know what I feel. It's spoilt everything."

"What can I do?" I asked helplessly.

"Leave me," said Bettina. "I would rather."

She rose and leant against the railing, gazing out across the water to where the lights of Calais were beginning to glimmer. I walked away along the deck. Each time I looked round I saw her slim figure silhouetted against the sea and sky. She remained determinedly aloof. But as we turned into Calais Harbour she came across to me.

"Good-bye, Tony," she said once more. "I have never been more angry with anyone in my life, but—but go back to the office and read my letter. Then perhaps you will understand."

"My dear, I can't tell you what I feel to have insulted you as I have done," I answered.

She moved away from me. But after a moment she came back.

"Tony," she said, "although I hate you for following me, my letter—still stands. Now don't let me set eyes on you again for weeks!" She laughed, with tears on her lashes, and hurried away, putting all the people on the ship between us. I did not see her again.

I went round to Boulogne and caught the morning boat back to England. I reached the office late in the afternoon. There was a pile of letters waiting. I tossed them over till I found Bettina's, posted the afternoon before. I tore it open. This was what I read:

"TONY,—

"I'm going right away for three months. Something has happened. I can't quite believe it, and must be sure of myself. For that I want to be alone. I'm going to a convent near Amiens. Don't bother about me; don't write to me. I have, of course, let them know at home; they will have my note to-night.

"The thing that has happened is since I came to the office. I can't bear to think I may be fickle. That's why I'm going. Because, Tony, I think you—you dear old brick of a Tony—have become everybody. When I am quite, quite sure of myself I will come back and tell you that I love you.

"BETTINA."

## CURRENT LITERATURE

## LORD SHAFTESBURY: DICKENS AS ACTOR

By S. M. ELLIS

THE seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist, died forty-two years ago; his official biography, by Edwin Hodder, based on his extensive but otherwise unpublished diaries, appeared in the year following his death, 1886. A Colonial student of the far-spreading results of Lord Shaftesbury's life-work has now amplified this biography with a reconsideration of its protagonist's achievement and subsequent social industrial progress.<sup>1</sup> It is a very thorough and conscientious piece of work, perhaps a trifle overweighted and heavy owing to very numerous footnotes, with a bibliography extending to some twenty pages of closely printed titles.

The formative years of Shaftesbury's character in youth seem always, to me, of remarkable interest. As the eldest son and heir of a great and noble family, the neglect and sufferings of his childhood are amazing. His father, the sixth earl, was a capable man, and active for forty years in the House of Lords as Chairman of Committees, but harsh and dictatorial at home. He bullied his guests as well as his children, and a candid observer, the last Lord Holland, describes him as "disgusting, and meaner than any other wretch in the world." His wife was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, and consequently a great-granddaughter of the military genius of Queen Anne's time; she showed no tenderness or sympathy with her son, for, in the somewhat florid phraseology of Mr. Bready, to her "the wit, the intrigue, the vanity, the display of exclusive drawing-rooms and scented courts were the breath of life. Motherhood to her was a forced duty." Lord Shaftesbury in later life wrote: "The history of our father and mother would be incredible to most men," and the indictment is justified in view of the further statements that in his childhood he was left entirely to the "care" of servants, and that in the great family mansion, St. Giles's House, in Dorset, he went "for days without sufficient food until he was pinched with starvation; and he could recall many weary nights in winter when he lay awake all through the long hours suffering from cold." In his infancy he had had one friend, an old nurse, Maria Millis, who early trained his mind on those religious lines which in later years were to expand so finely for the benefit of humanity. But she died when he was only eight years old. He was then a pupil at a school in Chiswick, where he suffered all the terrors and persecutions endured at similar seminaries by Wesley, Cowper, and Shelley. In old age Lord Shaftesbury related: "The memory of that place makes me shudder; it is repulsive

(1) *Lord Shaftesbury and Social Industrial Progress*, by J. Wesley Bready, M.A., B.D. (Allen and Unwin, 16s. net).

to me even now. I think I never saw such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy, and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

The school, however, was located in a very fine house, the old Manor House, in Chiswick Lane, which had been built by Sir Stephen Fox in 1691, and with its spreading lawns, orchards, and bowling-green alley, inspired even the unimaginative and taciturn King William the Third to remark: "This place is perfectly fine; I could live here five days." The Manor House was a picturesque example of a late Stuart mansion, and I well remember it and its most attractive feature—the row of seven dormer windows in the mellow roof. The last occupier of the place was Dr. Tuke, who removed his asylum for the insane from here to Chiswick House in 1895. In the following year the old Manor House was demolished, and Duveen, the art dealer, bought its interior panelling and fine carvings. Small modern villas or maisonnettes now cover the spot where Sir Stephen Fox entertained his distinguished guests in his stately pleasance; where a century later small schoolboys suffered much; where later still piteous lunatics wandered in a realm of vain and wild imaginings. If such repercussions from the past can penetrate the little modern dwellings, here is haunted ground in very truth.

At Harrow, where Lord Ashley (as the future philanthropist became on his father's succession to the earldom in 1811) proceeded as a pupil at the age of thirteen, he was very happy in his school life in Dr. Butler's house. It was here that his future career was shaped by a macabre incident he witnessed in the street at Harrow. There was a funeral of a poor person, and the drunken bearers let the coffin fall, with the result that it cracked. The "mourners" cursed and quarrelled, and finally departed with their grim burden singing a Bacchanalian song. "Good Heavens!" cried the youthful Ashley, "can such things be permitted simply because the man was poor and friendless." He breathed a silent prayer, and vowed to devote his future life to the help and betterment of all those who were unfortunate, suffering, and oppressed. In particular, his work and sympathies were to be for the ill-treated boyhood and youth of the country in memory of his own sufferings and loneliness in early years.

Lord Ashley thus went out into the world and to Oxford a visionary with high ideals and a certain eccentricity of character. There are some pertinent references (which Mr. Bready has apparently not seen) at this date in the journals of Lord Ashley's friend and contemporary, Henry Edward Fox (the last Lord Holland). Writing of Ashley at the age of nineteen he says: "Ashley's character seems to me quite unintelligible, and can only be accounted for by a dash of madness. From having a dislike that almost amounted to hatred, I have grown insensibly to admire and like him." And two years later he remarks of Ashley: "I got from his conversation a much better opinion of his heart than I ever had before. His understanding is so warped by the most violent prejudices that he appears quite ridiculous whenever he finds an opportunity to vent them."

In 1826 Lord Ashley was elected M.P. for Woodstock, the little town adjoining his mother's old home of Blenheim, and soon after, on becoming a Commissioner of the India Board of Control, he found his first opportunity for "the advancement of human happiness" by aiding the suppression of Sutteeism. His first great achievement for humanity was the passing of the Bills in 1845 for the better treatment of lunatics, who had hitherto been punished as criminals of the worst type. He next attacked the scandals of common lodging-houses, whose conditions can be imagined by the fact that at one such crime and vermin-breeding institution, in Leeds, thirty-one persons were found sleeping in three beds. At the same time he was actively employed in increasing and improving Ragged Schools, a cause which brought to him the support and friendship of Charles Dickens. The Ragged Schools were the forerunners of the splendid work of Quintin Hogg and Dr. Barnardo. It is curious that Lord Shaftesbury (himself a pioneer and an iconoclast of old traditions) was never in sympathy with the Salvation Army, whose members were working for the same aims though by different methods. He disliked their noise and excitement, their drums and tambourines, and parade, and apeing of military titles. He wrote of them as "a grotesque set of worshippers, styling themselves blasphemously the Salvation Army."

It is impossible to do more than mention here Lord Shaftesbury's great work in the passing of the Ten Hours Bill, and the amelioration of the terrible conditions under which children, both girls and boys, worked in mines, where, almost naked, they hauled on hands and knees loads of coal along narrow passages or sewers sometimes only eighteen inches from floor to roof. His best-remembered achievement—perhaps because of its bizarre aspects—was the rescue of the Climbing Boys of the Chimney Sweep from their unpleasant and dangerous employment, for at times they had to climb chimneys to extinguish the fires up aloft. This reform took over forty years for Lord Shaftesbury to accomplish, and it was not until 1875, when a sweep's boy was suffocated in a chimney (though his death was by no means the first in similar circumstances), that the necessary Bill was passed. Opposition had hitherto come from many petty vested interests, from house-owners who were afraid they would have to rebuild their chimneys to fit the long, mechanical brushes, from housewives who feared their furniture would suffer from soot if the climbing boys ceased to function up the chimney. In 1834 the great Duke of Wellington had refused his support in this campaign to Ashley, who pungently noted in his diary: "I have never expected from him anything of the 'soft and tender' kind—let people say what they will, *he is a hard man*." But in the end Lord Shaftesbury could boast a noble list of tributes to his work for humanity. Spurgeon said: "A man so firm in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, so intensely active in the cause of God and man, I have never known." Cardinal Manning said: "It is a noble and unique Christian manhood. What a retrospect of work done. It makes me feel that my life has been wasted." Charles Dickens said: "He has preferred the higher ambition of labouring for the poor to that of pursuing the career open to him in the service of the State."

Dickens, indeed, supported Shaftesbury's works in several of the novels which aimed at reducing public abuses, particularly those which afflicted the poor. In a letter to Edward FitzGerald, where he asked confidentially for Shaftesbury's help in obtaining details of certain social problems, Dickens said: "I mean to strike the heaviest blow in my power for these unfortunate creatures, but whether I shall do so in the *Nickleby*, or wait some other opportunity, I have not yet determined." It would seem he developed this idea in both *Oliver Twist* and *Bleak House*. And, though it is merely a coincidence, there is much similarity between the unhappy, lonely childhood of Shaftesbury and that of Dickens as translated in the pages of *David Copperfield*.

The literature on the subject of Dickens is a vast one, but there is welcome room for the beautifully produced volume entitled *The Letters of Charles Dickens to Mark Lemon*.<sup>1</sup> It is mainly concerned with Dickens's activities as an amateur actor, for Mark Lemon was one of his enthusiastic coadjutors in those memorable productions of *Every Man in his Humour*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (wherein Lemon was an admirable Falstaff), *The Frozen Deep*, and other plays, during the years 1845-1857, when Dickens was the mainspring of "The Splendid Strolling" he undertook with such a distinguished band of friends.

As is well known, Dickens very nearly became a professional actor when he was twenty-one. He had secured an audition at Covent Garden Theatre to show what he could do as a character entertainer and singer of comic songs. But on the appointed day a bad cold and inflammation of the face made his attendance impossible. Soon after, his prospects as a reporter improved, and he did not repeat his application at the theatre. So, by a mere chance indisposition, the stage lost a talented recruit; and literature gained a genius. But love for the theatre and acting remained with Dickens to the end of life.

In the very interesting introduction to this volume furnished by Mr. Dexter he throws much new light on this aspect of Dickens's temperament. He quotes three letters (not hitherto known in England) to Henry Kolle, a bank clerk, who married, or was engaged to, Anne Beadnell, the sister of Maria Beadnell, with whom Dickens at this date, 1833, was very much in love. Kolle, Dickens, and other young friends were at this time producing amateur theatricals in The Theatre Royal Back Drawing Room of John Dickens's house at 18, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square. One of the company of youthful actors was Henry Bramwell, who, according to Mr. Dexter, became Lord Bramwell, the celebrated judge; but I fancy the Christian names of that legal luminary were George William Wilshire.

Dickens's suit for the hand of Maria Beadnell was not favoured by her father, who held an important post in the bank of Payne and Smith, 1, Lombard Street, next door to No. 2, where the Beadnell family lived. The young lady, though probably engaged clandestinely to Dickens for three years, threw him over in the end. She was both

(1) *The Unpublished Letters of Charles Dickens to Mark Lemon*. Edited by Walter Dexter. (Hulton and Truscott Smith, 42s.)

the Dora and Flora of his later creations, and he has left on record, in a letter to Maria Beadnell, how great her influence counted in his life :

Whatever of fancy, romance, energy, passion, aspiration, and determination belong to me, I never have separated and never shall separate from the hard-hearted little woman—you. . . . It is a matter of perfect certainty to me that I began to fight my way out of poverty and obscurity with one perpetual idea of you.

This is an important episode in Dickens's life which is only briefly hinted at in Forster's inadequate biography, 'unhappily so often lacking in eventful detail.

The letters to Mark Lemon now printed are not of great interest. Many are merely brief reminders of rehearsal for the plays they were producing. There is one amusing passage *à propos* of props :

Hadn't you better send for your accumulating dress? A heavy coat of obtrusive appearance, a heavy pair of trousers, and a red shirt, which I find disporting themselves on my study chairs, will otherwise—I feel persuaded—somehow get upon Little Dorrit, to the astonishment of the public.

But the collection helps to fill in the picture of the second great interest of Dickens's life.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE LIBERAL LAND POLICY.

*To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.*

SIR,—Referring to my article on this subject, I should like to take the first opportunity of publishing part of a communication I have received from Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. It is only fair that this clearer statement should be made at once, and Lord Montagu has sanctioned such publication in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* :—

62, Pall Mall,  
London, S.W.1.

13th October, 1927.

To James Corbett, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the fact that on page 476 of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of this month you refer to some alleged statement of mine in regard to the increase in the value of land due to arterial roads.

I should like to remark that, though it is clear that the making of arterial roads near towns increases the value of the land for building purposes through which it passes, this tendency does not apply in the same degree, or in many cases not at all, to land on each side of roads when country districts are reached. This is obvious from the fact that there is little, if any, difference in the value in country districts between the land near the existing roads and at a distance from them. Indeed, from the point of view of agriculture, and sometimes of houses also, the proximity of a much-used road is often detrimental and not beneficial. But when land can be developed for residential purposes on the outskirts of a town a rise of value undoubtedly takes place. It appears to me, therefore, that you draw an erroneous deduction when you suggest that the construction of 1,000 miles of road can be taken to increase the value of the land margins by £80,000,000.

When I was a member of the Road Board, I was always in favour of using the powers under the existing law, which allows 220 yards of each side of the highway to be taken, being exercised by the Road Board. But after going thoroughly into the matter, and taking careful advice, it was found that the amount of profit which might have been made eventually, after a considerable lapse of time, did not justify the outlay of a very large sum of money for acquiring the land beforehand, and the Treasury therefore refused to sanction such schemes.

I should be glad, therefore, when you are again writing upon the subject, if you would make it clear that when I said that the passage of arterial roads through land generally produced a rise in prices, this statement was made with reference to suburban land, and especially to the land each side of the new Great West Road, which at its London end is already partially developed for building purposes.

I have written at some length to you, as I am anxious that anything

I may have said on this subject shall not be strained to convey an incorrect impression. If you will make your own enquiries as to the value of land adjacent to roads throughout the country you will find that in rural districts the effect of a road, old or new, is generally very slight on the value of the adjacent land.

I would add, in conclusion, that in my opinion residential values will attach in future much more to sites at a distance from roads, especially main roads, rather than near them, for the motor traffic of the future will doubtless continue night and day.

Yours truly,  
MONTAGU.

Whilst I am indebted to Lord Montagu for his courteous letter, and for the opportunity he has given me for clearing away any ambiguity with regard to the statement attributed to him in my article, I must also point out that he has merely confirmed the argument in my Paper that "when land can be developed for residential purposes on the outskirts of towns, a rise of value undoubtedly takes place." That is just my contention, and when this is a clear admission that the community has increased the value of the land I entirely fail to see why the landlord should be aided by the State in collaring all the profit! Instead of giving legislative assent to a profiteering act of that gigantic nature, I submit that the increased values created by new arterial roads and other public improvements should be used to pay for these developments, and axiomatically no improvement would be delayed for want of public money!

Yours sincerely,  
JAMES CORBETT.

Bristol.  
15th October, 1927.

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*It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be typewritten.*

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

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

NO. DCCXXXII. NEW SERIES. DECEMBER 1, 1927

### THE ALLEGED POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS OF GREAT AUTHORS

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

FROM time to time communications have come through mediums which are alleged to emanate from men who have been famous in literature. These have been set aside by the ordinary critic, who starts with the assumption that the thing is in a general sense absurd, and therefore applies the same judgment with little or no examination to the particular case. Those of us, however, who have found that many psychic claims have actually been made good, may be inclined to look a little more closely into these compositions, and judge how far from internal evidence the alleged authorship is possible or absurd. I venture to say that an impartial critic who approaches the subject from this angle will be rather surprised at the result.

Let us predicate in the first instance that if the spiritualists' hypothesis is true, and if things are carried out exactly as they say, then one would expect the posthumous work to be inferior to that of the living man. In the first place, he is filtering it through another brain which may often misinterpret or misunderstand. Even a typewriter under my control causes me, I find, to lose something of my sureness of touch, and how much more would it be if it were an unstable human machine which I was endeavouring to operate. In the second place the writer has entered upon a new life with a new set of experiences, and with the tremendous episode of physical dissolution between him and the thoughts of earth. This also may well show itself in his style and diction. The most that we can hope for is something which is strongly reminiscent of the deceased writer. This, of course, might be produced by parody, and we have to ask ourselves how far such a parody is

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likely or even possible in the case of the particular medium. If that medium has never shown signs of the rare power of parody, if he has had no previous literary experience, and if there are other internal evidences of the author's identity, then the case becomes a stronger one. In no event could the judgment be absolutely final, but if several instances can be adduced, each of which is cogent, then the collective effect would tend to greatly strengthen the psychic proof of identity.

We will first take the well-known case where an American medium in 1873 wrote a conclusion to Charles Dickens' unfinished *Edwin Drood*. I have not the whole of this work, but I have the long account of it with numerous extracts which appeared in a collection called *Rifts in the Veil*, published by Harrison in 1878. According to the *Boston Post* (September 11th, 1873) the writer was one James, a foreman in a printing office in Brattleboro, a village of Vermont. He was a church-going Episcopalian, a good citizen and steady workman, unlikely to be a party to deception. He knew little about spiritualism, but his landlady held circles, at one of which he was present. On this occasion he fell into a trance, and wrote certain things which appeared to be independent of himself and were signed by the names of persons who had died in Brattleboro before his advent. Such names could, of course, have been easily learned by him, and were in no way evidential. Presently, however, there came a request with the signature of Charles Dickens, asking that he should be the instrument of this great spirit for the finishing of his earthly work. "Those who know the medium all agree that he could not do this work unaided even if he were ever so close a student of Dickens. He has not the power, and even if he had he has not the education. Even those who are most sceptical are acknowledging that." Such was the opinion of Brattleboro', which may, of course, have underrated the writer's ability and power of deception.

We learn most about the matter from an excellent examination conducted by a special correspondent of the *Springfield Daily Union*. He tells us that the medium

had no education after the age of thirteen, and had never written so much as a newspaper paragraph in his life. That certainly does not read like a man with a natural turn for parody. The correspondent examined the MS., made copious extracts, and was evidently impressed by all that he had learned.

It was in October, 1872, that James, if the *Boston Post* is correct in the name, while in trance wrote a letter to himself purporting to be from Dickens, and announcing his intention. On November 15th the writing actually began. The medium would go into a room alone, either at six in the morning or at seven in the evening, and sit in front of his papers until he dropped into a trance. It was immaterial whether the room was dark or lit. The interval before the trance varied from one minute to half an hour, damp or stormy weather making the process more difficult. While sinking into trance he was conscious, according to his own account, of a figure, presumably of Dickens, seated beside him with a sad, grave face, his head resting thoughtfully upon his hand. When after a long interval he woke from his insensibility he would find the table or floor covered with scrawled sheets.

The assertion that the medium actually saw the author simplifies the case by making the explanation of subconscious action less feasible. The subconscious power which might make him write would hardly build up visions as well. The case is surely one which is either deliberate deception or truth. The deception might, however, be from the other side.

The central point of the whole discussion must be the narrative itself. It seems to me to be like Dickens—but Dickens gone flat. The fizz, the sparkle, the spontaneity of it is gone. But the trick of thought and of manner remain. If it be indeed a parody it has the rare merit among parodies of never accentuating or exaggerating the peculiarities of the original. It is sober and restrained. I have before me as I write the original Dickens and the alleged posthumous production so far as I could get it. I will quote two passages from each, and I will ask the

critic to make up his mind before I reveal it which is the real and which the sham.

1. "This lady was known as Miss Keep, and a very precise and prim maiden lady she was. If Miss Keep should be aroused at any time of the night, and should be asked where the dust brush was to be found, she would tell you to step into the basement, and behind the door you would see a row of hooks, and on the third hook from the door you would find the brush . . . she has what was probably intended for a blue eye, but the bluing material must have got very low, and we cannot better describe the colour than by saying it was milky-blue."

2. "I hazard the guess that her dear name is precious to him, cannot be heard or repeated without emotion, and is preserved sacred. If he has any distinguishing appellation of fondness for her it is reserved for her, and is not for common ears. A name that it would be a privilege to call her by, being alone with her own bright self, it would be a liberty, a coldness, an insensibility, almost a breach of good faith, to flaunt elsewhere."

3. "Its ancient walls were massive and its rooms rather seemed to have been dug out of them than to have been designed beforehand with any reference to them. The main door opened at once on a chamber of no describable shape, with a groined roof, which in its turn opened on another chamber of no describable shape, with another groined roof, their windows small and in the thickness of the wall."

4. "The great man . . . regarded it as an insult on the part of the elements thus to take liberty with anything bearing the semblance of Sapsea. He descends to his street door with slow and measured steps, and his face wears such an air of stern pomposity that one would be disposed to think the identical gust of wind that had done the mischief was still remaining at the door in a defiant attitude, and that Mr. Sapsea was going down to order it off the premises, or failing that to annihilate it on the spot."

If there is any difficulty in distinguishing these passages it is surely an argument in favour of the possible inspiration of this unlettered man.

Apart from the general narrative, there are many small points which support the psychic explanation. The chapter headings are pure Dickens. Here are samples: "What the Organ said," "Opens the door for Mr. Brobity," "John Jasper's nerves receive a shock," and "Mr. Sapsea's dignity receives another." Excellent parody—if parody it be!

The entire work covered twelve hundred pages of sermon paper. When one remembers that the medium was occupied for ten hours a day at his business, and that this work was carried out in a few months during his scanty hours of leisure, one would say that if it were a practical joke upon the public it was one for which a considerable price was paid. On the other hand, it is only fair to point out that the writer might have hoped to receive in the end some recompense for his toil. The alleged spirit took this view. In one message he said: "In regard to the English publishers, as soon as the first proof sheet is done address a letter to Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, Milton House, Ludgate Hill, London. It is very probable that they will be glad to negotiate for advance sheets." A critic might argue, therefore, that a deception was not entirely without an object.

This address of the publisher is worthy of note. It is the name of the firm as it was at the time of Dickens' connection with it, but it had been slightly altered since, the name of Searle having been added. Too much stress need not be laid upon this, as the writer might easily have taken the old style from the title-page of the British edition of any of the novels.

I should be inclined to lay more stress upon small points of style which could hardly be imitated unless the writer had a knowledge of Dickens, which, though not impossible, would be extremely rare and would be contrary to the judgment of all who knew him. The way in which the narrative suddenly changes into the present tense is a curious characteristic, both of *Edwin Drood* and of its continuation.

Thus in the latter: "Mr. Stollop *has* an idea that he *has* drunk as much already as he ought, but *is* pressed so hard that, etc., etc."

In the original we have continually such sentences as "Durdles *is* a stonemason. No man *is* better known in Cloisterham. He *is* the chartered libertine of the place." This use of the present when dealing with the past is unusual, and yet it occurs frequently in both versions.

Then, again, Dickens had a habit of giving some character a grotesque nickname, which is afterwards spelled in capitals. This is a rare peculiarity. We find it in both versions. Mr. Grewgius in the original is always "The Angular Man." Mr. Sapsea in the sequel is "The Great Mind." The trick of style is the same. The spelling, too, in the sequel is English rather than American, travellers, for example, being spelled with two "l"s. It may be remembered that there are allusions to "coals" in the plural, to "basements" and to other terms which are unfamiliar to a New England household.

One naturally examines the new script carefully for Americanisms. Their presence would not be conclusive. Had the medium been conscious or semi-conscious when writing they would certainly have been visible, for the brain of the instrument always colours a conscious communication. But here there is alleged to have been deep trance, a very rare condition in "automatic" writing, but one which would give the control more complete command over his subject. Accordingly we find in the long extracts given hardly any trace of the New Englander.

The great Lombroso, in his *After Death*, discusses the matter sympathetically, but I notice that a critic for whom I have a sincere respect, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, dismisses the spirit sequel as unworthy of attention. In his support he quotes Mr. George F. Gadd, who has apparently made a careful study of the whole production, while my knowledge is confined to a series of long extracts. The chief accusations are futility, illiteracy and Americanisms. One could only judge the first by reviewing the work as a whole, but on the other two counts I would acquit the script so far as I have examined it. The actual solution of the plot, as epitomised by Mr. Gadd, does certainly seem unlikely, especially as regards the personality of Datchery, and the solution of the mystery

would seem unworthy of Dickens. But that is to suppose that Dickens encumbered by Mr. James, the medium, is as free in his mental processes as Dickens alone. Some allowance must be made. Altogether I should say that the actual inspiration of the great author is far from being absolutely established, though there are some reasons in its favour. No one with any real critical faculty could say that the result was an entirely unworthy one, though if written by the living Dickens it would certainly not have improved his reputation. If it was a true communication it must have been intensely galling to the author that his efforts should have been met with derision. There would, however, be a certain poetic justice in the matter, as Dickens in his lifetime, even while admitting psychic happenings for which he could give no explanation, went out of his way to ridicule spiritualism, which he had never studied or understood.

Before leaving the subject I may add that of the extracts given numbers one and four are from the sequel, while two and three are pure Dickens.

I will now turn to the alleged communications from Oscar Wilde. Wilde's style was so marked, and in some ways so beautiful, that I have never seen any admitted parody which was adequate. Yet there have been several communications alleged to be from the other side which do reproduce those peculiarities in a very marked form. One of these was a play which came through the hand of Mrs. Hester Dowden, and which exhibited both the strength and the weakness of Wilde. Another is to be found in that remarkable narrative *Both Sides of the Dgor*, where Wilde was alleged to have interfered in order to save a family who were suffering from a peculiar psychic persecution. Wilde had a particularly fine eye for colour, and a very happy knack of hitting off a tint by an allusion to some natural object. I think that all the "honey-coloured" moons which have floated over recent literature had their origin in one of Wilde's adjectives. In this particular little book Wilde spoke of the Arctic seas as "an ocean of foaming jade." That struck me as a particularly characteristic phrase.

In the present essay, however, we will concentrate our attention upon the volume which has been published by Werner Laurie under the title of *Psychic Messages from Oscar Wilde*. These also came through the hand of Mrs. Dowden (or Mrs. Travers Smith), and they are dignified by a preface from the father of psychic research, Sir William Barrett, who makes the general assertion concerning the script: "It does afford strong *prima facie* evidence of survival after the dissolution of body and brain."

The messages, it should be explained, came partly by automatic writing, while in a normal state, and partly by the ouija board. Mrs. Dowden was associated with Mr. Soal in the experiments, she sometimes working alone and sometimes with his hands upon the ouija board. Here are some of the messages which seem to me to be most characteristic of Wilde's personality and literary style.

"In eternal twilight I move, but I know that in the world there is day and night, seedtime and harvest, and red sunset must follow apple-green dawn. Every year spring throws her green veil over the world and anon the red autumn glory comes to mock the yellow moon. Already the may is creeping like a white mist over land and hedgerow, and year after year the hawthorn bears blood-red fruit after the death of its may."

This is not merely adequate Wilde. It is exquisite Wilde. It is so beautiful that it might be chosen for special inclusion in any anthology of his writings. The adjective "apple-green" for dawn, and the picture of the may "creeping like a white mist" are two high lights in a brilliant passage. Again, as in the "foaming jade," we have the quick response to colour. I have said that the posthumous Dickens was Dickens gone flat, but the posthumous Wilde in such passages as this is Wilde with an added sparkle.

In the script we find that after this passage Wilde was subjected to a long questionnaire, which he answered with great precision. When asked why he came he answered:

"To let the world know that Oscar Wilde is not dead. His thoughts live on in the hearts of all those who in a

gross age can hear the flute voice of beauty calling on the hills, or mark where her white feet brush the dew from the cowslips in the morning. Now the mere memory of the beauty of the world is an exquisite pain. I was always one of those for whom the visible world existed. I worshipped at the shrine of things seen. There was not a blood stripe on a tulip, or a curve on a shell, or a tone on the sea but had for me its meaning and its mystery, and its appeal to the imagination. Others might sip the pale lees of the cup of thought, but for me the red wine of life."

This also is beautiful and rare literary work. If an artist can tell a Rubens by its colouring, or a sculptor can assign an ancient statue to Phidias, then I claim that a man with an adequate sense of the rhythm of good prose can ascribe these fine extracts to Wilde and to no one else. His hallmark is stamped upon them for all the world to see, and when it ceases to turn away its head it will see it clearly enough. Immersed in trivialities, it seems to have no leisure at present for the great questions of life and of death.

These two beautiful passages, and several others almost as fine, came in a single sitting on June 8th, 1923, and were produced by Mr. Soal writing, while Mrs. Dowden laid her hand upon his. In many forms of mediumship it is to be observed that the blending of two human atmospheres produces finer results than either alone can get.

The cynical humour of Wilde, and a certain mental arrogance which was characteristic, breaks out in these passages:—

"Being dead is the most boring experience in life. That is if one excepts being married or dining with a schoolmaster."

Again, being dissatisfied with one of his own images, he writes: "Stop! Stop! This image is insufferable. You write like a successful grocer who, from selling pork, has taken to writing poetry."

When someone alluded to an occasion when Whistler had scored off him, he wrote: "With James vulgarity always begins at home."

Again, "I do not wish to burden you with details of my life, which was like a candle that had guttered at the end. I rather wish to make you believe that I was the medium through which beauty filtered, and was distilled like the essence of a rose."

Now and again there are passages of intense interest to an instructed spiritualist which give a glimpse of the exact sphere upon which Wilde is moving, and the reasons which retard his progress and subject him to those limitations which draw from him the constant exclamation of "Pity Oscar Wilde!" His pictures of earth are a reminiscence, and his witty, cynical chatter is a mere screen. The real bitterness of his experience, a bitterness which might, I think, have been assuaged by some sympathy and instruction from this side, flashes out in occasional passages which vibrate with his emotion.

"I am a wanderer. Over the whole world I have wandered, looking for eyes by which I may see. At times it is given to me to pierce this strange veil of darkness, and through eyes from which my secret must be for ever hidden gaze once more on the gracious day."

This would mean, in our language, that from time to time, being earth-bound, he has been able to take control of a medium, and so get into touch with physical things once more. His troubles come from the desire to struggle down rather than up. He has found strangely assorted mediums.

"I have found sight in the most curious places. Through the eyes out of the dusky face of a Tamal girl I have looked on the tea fields of Ceylon, and through the eyes of a wandering Kurd I have seen Ararat. . . . Once on a pleasure steamer on its way to St. Cloud I saw the green waters of the Seine and the lights of Paris through the vision of a little girl, who clung wondering to her mother and wondered why."

What rational explanation can be given for such messages save the spiritualistic one? They are there. Whence come they? Are they the unconscious cerebration of Mr. Soal? But many of them have come when that gentleman was not present, so this explanation is ruled out. Are they,

then, an emanation of Mrs. Dowden? But they have come in full strength and beauty when her hands have not been on the ouija board, but have simply touched those of Mr. Soal. What, then, is the alternative explanation? I confess that I can see none. Can anyone contend that both Mr. Soal and Mrs. Dowden have a hidden strand in their own personality which enables them on occasion to write like a great deceased writer, and at the same time a want of conscience which permits that subconscious strand to actually claim that it *is* the deceased author? Such an explanation would seem infinitely more unlikely than any transcendental one can do.

The case might be made fairly convincing on the question of style alone. But there is much more in it than that. The actual writing, which was done at a speed which forbids conscious imitation, is often the handwriting of Wilde, and reproduces certain curious little tricks of spacing which were usual with him in life. He alludes freely to all sorts of episodes, many of them little known, which have been shown to be actual facts. He gives criticisms of authors with a sure, but rather unkind, touch, where the medium has little or no acquaintance with the writings criticised. He alludes to people whom he has known in life with the utmost facility. In the case of one, Mrs. Chan Toon, the name was so unlikely that it seemed to me that there must be some mistake. As if to resolve my doubts a letter reached me presently from the very lady herself.

To sum up, I do not think that any person who approaches this problem with an open mind can doubt that the case for Wilde's survival and communication is an overpoweringly strong one. It is far stronger than that of Dickens, possibly because the educated Mrs. Dowden has been a more receptive instrument than the uneducated Vermonter. But it has a bearing upon the Dickens case, and strengthens it by showing that if it were true it would not be an isolated example of psychic possibilities.

We now turn to a third case—that of Jack London. Here, again, we are dealing with an author who had such

a marked individuality and such a strong explosive method of expression that any imitation should be readily detected. The collector of the evidence is Edward Payne, who died soon after his task was completed. He was a man of considerable attainments, a close friend of London's in his lifetime, and not a spiritualist, so we have the material for a very instructed and unprejudiced opinion. The messages came to him through a lady who has a public career, and, therefore, desires to remain anonymous. Mr. Payne answers for her *bona fides* and assures us she was not a professional medium, that she was a woman of considerable culture, and that she was a convinced materialist, so that no strand of her own nature, so far as can be traced, is concerned in producing messages which are in their very nature the strongest indictment of materialism that could be framed.

The messages assume two forms, the one quite unconvincing, the other most powerful. The former is an attempt at a work of fiction which was an utter failure. The fact that London could not get his story of worldly life across, and yet was most convincing in discussing his own actual condition, must make us the more charitable towards the Dickens medium. It is clear that he was attempting the most difficult of all forms of communication, a long connected narrative with characters and plot.

If London had relied upon his transmitted fiction alone he would have been deservedly set down as an impostor. But when he comes to draw not others, but himself, he is much more convincing. Apparently he was much worried after death by finding everything entirely different from anything he had expected, though if he and other materialists would deign to listen to the poor despised spiritualists they would save themselves all such shocks, the effects of which endure often for many years.

Instead of loss of personality he found himself, like Wilde, in a mist or haze—a reflection of his own perplexed mind—with a body and mind as before, the perceptions being more acute than on earth. He quickly was forced to realise that all his teaching had been utterly wrong, that he had done harm by it, and that his immediate task was to

get back if he could and set the matter right. This getting back is no easy task. The right vibration has to be found, and it is far to seek. But London was not a man to be repulsed. He found his vibration and he delivered his message.

Here are some of the communications which seem to me to bear the stamp of the man on every line of them.

"I am going to try. Trying is the life of me. Ask Aunt Netta if it is Jack who speaks that."

"Here I am alive, feeling myself to be myself, yet nothing I say or write can identify me to those who know me best."

"Death has taught me what earth held from me. My spirit is plunging forward with more vigour than wisdom, as in my earth days. But I know now the way and the life. Oh, I have much, much, that I must undo."

He sends a long connected communication which is an essay in itself, headed "What Life means to me now." In it he says, "I am a soul—a living Soul. I followed the lost trail of materialism, and sickened in the foul mists of error." The whole composition, which is too long for quotation, is most powerful, and might serve as a warning from the grave to those millions who so heedlessly tread the very path which led London to his misery.

"My soul, though I knew it not, was dyspeptic with the materialistic fodder I crammed into it. . . . Death caught me unawares. He snapped me up when my face was not turned his way. I almost regret this. I believe it made my transition the harder.

"I awoke. Dreaming? I was sure of it. I dreamed on and on. I dreamed myself into eternity. I am vague. I was vague to myself. My powers returned. I could think. I hailed my old brain like a returned friend. I fumbled and groped. My earth blindness was on me. It hazed me about. I fought my way through it. I had no goal. I had passed the only goal I had ever admitted. I was on the other side of it. I struggle to seize the correct term. I try vainly to translate the experience into terms of earth which has no utterance for it.

"I died. I am looking at death from the other side—

the tame, friendly side of him. And Life is indestructible . . . I see man face his destiny as I saw him on earth. I see him fall. I see him rise again and go on. He fights his way, and when his place is ready here he comes. There are no catastrophes. All is in order.

"I am a stranger to this tongue. I am but learning to speak. What faculty I possessed on earth is disrupted by a condition it was never trained to meet. I shall strive to re-establish it, and then I shall speak, and, friends of earth, you shall recognise my voice."

These short, strong, pregnant sentences are Jack London at his best. As in the case of Wilde, his posthumous work will bear comparison with anything he has done in life.

He has a horror of his old point of view.

"That which was my truth of yesterday, which I hugged to me as the quintessence of my distilled thought, becomes a volatile poison to me here, and I must . . . distil a new thought out of the fires of my previous experience, and by this thought shall I rise. Renaissance of soul is a labour shot with pains of remembrance, held by fetters of past error which are burst with a sweated toil while the heart strains with its propulsion . . . I feel that I have got right with God—I am no longer worshipping myself."

When asked what specific work he was doing, he answered, "I have to direct those lost or bewildered, as I was when I came. I labour to show them the way I would not take."

These last words seem to me to mark the beginning of Jack London's regeneration. He understands that his work is impersonal, unselfish and humble. Before that he had wished to reassert himself on the old earth terms, and the realisation that he could not do so was a bitter one. He kicked hard against the pricks. "God! I am annihilated!" he cried; "my earth life is stamped out, blotted from time by this passage. I can't puzzle it out. My hand fumbles. Did Death rob me as I passed through his clutch? Did he steal the face of me that those who knew me see me strange, feeble, pitiful? Who or what has cut the tap root of my power? I am befogged."

The child still cried for its toys and refused to under-

stand that it had left the nursery. But it cries in a voice that is familiar. The man himself never spoke in such a vital strain as does his ghost. He ends at last on the note that he is not to look back and that the future only should concern him. "The messages," he said, "come from Jack London, the damned soul, struggling out of his own hell of materialisation." But there was light ahead. He had but to persevere. "I am a soldier of the eternal march." Who but Jack London would have written those words? He winds up: "What is more important than to let the world know I am busy undoing what mischief I did." Alas, Jack, the world is too busy with its games and its pleasures, too immersed in its wooden creeds and its petrified religions, to give ear to what you have learned. They, like you, will only realise when it is too late.

It may be gathered from the above that I accept Jack London's return as being a genuine one. I can see no other possible conclusion. The message is there, and it is easier to account for it by the return of London's activities to this sphere, than to torture the theory of multiple personality or subconscious activity until it is twisted to cover a case which is so much beyond its limits.

To sum up, therefore, I conclude that the cases of Wilde and of London are as complete and absolute as can possibly be obtained by such means. As to Dickens, I am content to say that it is not unlike and that it is worthy of critical consideration. The cumulative force of the three cases is overpowering, and it is just that question of cumulative force which the opponents of our psychic explanations invariably disregard. Each case, and each witness, is treated as if he, or it, stood alone in some strange assertion which had no support or corroboration. It is only when a Bozzano or a Flammarion musters his cases by the consecutive hundred that one can realise the full force of what is still called an hypothesis, but has long been a demonstration.



## STRESEMANN'S DIFFICULTY

By "AUGUR"

AFTER the war nobody has humiliated the Germans more than they have humiliated themselves by making necessary the publication of the severe remonstrance addressed by the Agent-General for Reparations to the Minister for Finance of the Reich. The world is now reminded of the fact that an American citizen is installed in Berlin to control the economic situation in the interest of Germany's creditors. The answer of the German Government to Mr. Parker Gilbert's Memorandum has created the impression that this foreign control is necessary. Mr. Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparations, is a fair-minded man; he sent his now famous Memorandum only when, in spite of repeated warnings, the Government of the Reich had done nothing to reduce its prodigal expenditure. To exculpate itself the Government returned a motivated answer, thus publicly admitting its dependence on foreign control. This really is more humiliating than the Ruhr occupation or the presence of the Allied Military Commission in Berlin. Whilst Herr Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, is trying to build up Germany's position in Europe as a Great Power—an equal nation among equals—his colleague the Minister for Finance, Herr Köhler, destroys the good work by his stupid quarrel with the Agent-General.

Herr Köhler, the Minister responsible for the unfortunate incident, was before the war a capable official in the Grand Duchy of Baden. If it had not been for the Revolution he would have gone on peacefully with his bureaucratic career, but the Centre Party, led by Dr. Wirth, needed men of its own persuasion to qualify for Ministerial posts, and gradually Herr Köhler was pushed into the front rank of politics on the principle, evidently, that when there are no fish the crayfish may be accounted as one. The change in his activities had no influence on Herr Köhler, whose mind remained that of a typical

Geheimrat. Unable to appreciate the sterling qualities of Mr. Gilbert, and the advantage to be gained through the latter's sincere desire to be of service to the German Republic, Herr Köhler disregarded the Agent-General's warnings and refrained from establishing with him a friendly co-operation. The Geheimrat could not brook the idea of intervention by an outsider, and was not capable of taking a broad view of the political situation. The humiliation of the Memorandum thus became inevitable. It is characteristic of the Geheimrat mentality that in this affair Herr Köhler treated his colleagues no better than Mr. Gilbert. So Herr Stresemann learnt of the disastrous business only when it was about to become public property. Prince Max von Baden, the last Imperial Chancellor, complains in his valuable memoirs of the intense "Partikularismus" of the Departments, which makes each of them a self-contained unit with an independent policy, often contradictory to the general policy of the Government. Herr Köhler conducted the affairs of his Ministry in this spirit of a bureaucratic separatism.

In 1895 Emperor William II had a conversation with Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador, about the state of unfriendliness existing at the time between Germany and Great Britain. Asked for his view on the reason, the Ambassador replied: "If you will allow me to sum up the answer in a word, I should say Dr. Kayser." Dr. Kayser, namely, was the Under-Secretary at the German Foreign Office, who, by his interference for more than five years, had prevented the two countries from settling their differences in Africa.<sup>2</sup> This example shows that the notorious Holstein was not the only Geheimrat whose irresponsible action contributed to create trouble in Europe. The disastrous war has liberated Germany of the Hohenzollerns, but the yoke of the Geheimrats remains. Firmly entrenched in the Departments, these gentlemen strive to continue their old activities as if a democratic régime did not exist. What they do in regard to internal affairs concerns the Germans alone, but when

(1) *Erinnerungen und Dokumente*, Berlin, 1927.

(2) *British Documents on the Origin of the War*, Vol. I., pp. 322, 325.

their activities endanger unity and peace in Europe we are entitled to voice our alarm.

Locarno and the events which followed prove that Herr Stresemann by stages has become anxious to see Germany reinstated as a member of the European Concert. His experience of the League of Nations has shown to him the advantage he can obtain from the presence of Germany at Geneva. From time to time he looks, however, back towards Moscow, all the more because every time, when he produces the Soviet bogey, Briand pales and Sir Austen becomes pensive. But Herr Stresemann has ceased to be proud of his unnatural connection with the Soviet Tsars, and refrains from speaking about the Reinsurance Treaty, which stamps him as their agent at Geneva. In fact he is ashamed to be seen in their company, and is prudently preparing the ground for a severance of the Soviet link at an opportune moment. Of the trio, Chamberlain, Briand, Stresemann, the last-named is the youngest and the most active. At Geneva he has come to the front in an amazing way, and if he were not a German he would be now the dominating figure in the League of Nations. Herr Stresemann is accomplishing a great work for his country, and, let us say it, in spite of his country, for it does not understand him. We can well imagine the fury of the statesman when a Geheimrat like Herr Köhler by a clumsy move disturbs a well-laid plan already being executed.

Even in his own Ministry Herr Stresemann is not free from obstruction by the Geheimrats. Witness the scandalous way in which negotiations with Poland for a Treaty of Commerce have been for years led up a blind alley. The name of the Geheimrat responsible for this state of affairs at the Wilhelmstrasse is no secret. Herr Stresemann is not a friend of Poland. As a patriotic German how could he be that? But as a statesman he knows that Germany must live in peace with her neighbours. Herr Stresemann wants peace. He accepts Poland's existence as an unavoidable fact, and draws from it the inevitable conclusions. But Germany is one thing and the Junkers in East Prussia and to the East of the Elbe are another.

The interests of Germany as a whole are of small importance to them. In Poland they see the hereditary enemy who has retaken the land lost, and now threatens to undersell them in the home market of foodstuffs. We do not joke when we say that it is the resistance of the Prussian Junkers to the importation of the cheap Polish pig which inspires their old allies, the Geheimrats, to defeat the efforts of Herr Stresemann to come to a final settlement with Poland. Whilst the Minister, with the patience of Penelope, tries to knit the net of good relations the Geheimrat at the Wilhelmstrasse overnight undoes the good work so that all has to be begun anew. Several times it has happened that negotiations with Warsaw had reached a point near to a favourable conclusion. But the negotiators were suddenly recalled by the Wilhelmstrasse, and, curiously enough, this always happened during one of the numerous absences of the Minister from Berlin. Twenty-four hours sufficed to undo the work of several months. Herr Stresemann is said to have confessed that the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the Ministry for Commerce and that for Food stand like fortresses hostile to each other, and blocking the way to a completion of the treaty with Poland. He is now to make a fresh attempt to overcome the Geheimrat difficulty, and we shall watch his efforts with sympathetic understanding.

The incident of the Agent-General's Memorandum has had the effect of strengthening the hand of Herr Stresemann, and we see that a Cabinet Committee is to be formed for dealing with the question of Reparations, which may lead to the destruction of the "Partikularismus" of the Ministry for Finance. But this can be only the beginning of the necessary fight against the reactionary Geheimrats. In the diplomatic chancelleries of Europe, whenever from the German side some new action is begun, the remark is invariably made: "Trust the Germans to spoil their own chances." To this reputation the Geheimrats have contributed a large share.

The meeting of the Council of the League, which will take place in a few days at Geneva, will have to discuss the Polish-Lithuanian dispute. This question supplies an

illustration of the swift improvement in Germany's international position. Less than a year ago when the Allies intervened for the first time in Kovno to persuade the Lithuanian Government to terminate its absurd "State of War" against Poland, there was no idea of inviting Germany to participate in the *démarche*. But in October, when in view of the acute form taken by the conflict the question again arose of intervening, the participation of Germany was considered as a necessary condition without which success would be impossible. The proposed intervention did not take place after all, principally because Sir Austen Chamberlain was strongly opposed to any step which could be interpreted as derogatory to the authority of the League of Nations. But the Council will be seised with a proposal to institute a committee of three for inquiring into the Polish-Lithuanian trouble, and one of the members appointed will be a German.

This inquiry will furnish Herr Stresemann with an occasion of proving his mettle. The Geheimrats in their insensate hate of Poland and all things Polish will naturally be for backing the Lithuanian claim through thick and thin, because, although personally Waldemaras, the Lithuanian Prime Minister, is on bad terms with the Wilhelmstrasse, the latter sees in an independent and strong Lithuania an asset against Poland. But Herr Stresemann has heard at Geneva M. Briand exclaim amid general enthusiasm: "It is a good thing when a Great Power has to bow before the League,"<sup>(1)</sup> and he now sees all the advantage which can accrue in the future to his country from backing the cause of absolute justice in the spirit of the Covenant. Unless prevented by Nationalist intrigue and badly served by his Geheimrats, Stresemann will do the statesmanlike thing and try, by giving Poland fair treatment to-day, to create a moral right for himself of presenting her with heavy demands to-morrow, and, in any case, to convince his fellow members on the Council of his perfect sincerity and sense of justice.

(1) This was on the occasion when the judgment in the Lotus case went for Turkey against France.

## THE CASE FOR POLAND TO-DAY

BY PROFESSOR W. CALDWELL

THE writer is one who has come in many ways, and along many lines, to regard Poland as one of the "universals" of political science, of the political philosophy of Europe. Poland is a centrally and critically situated country on whose integrity and independence and progress everything turns. For the use of the philosophical figure I am indebted to Professor Sarolea.

It matters little what the angle of our personal approach or our personal prejudice in regard to Poland may happen to be. And there is still much ignorance and prejudice in this country in regard to Poland. In America the case is, happily, somewhat different. There there has long been a traditional sympathy for Poland as intimately identified with the cause of human liberty. And the continued post-war help of America to Poland and her ethical and citizen-making influence there is one of the bright chapters in the history of our time. It is time, however, that we British people ceased to see Poland through the eyes of the Russia of the past, or through those of our pro-German liberalism and idealism of the nineteenth century.

Situated where she is, between a chaotic Russia and a Germany whose nationalists (despite Locarno and Stresemann) are still carrying on a Press propaganda against the treaties in regard to her Eastern borders, Poland is an international necessity if the liberties of Europe are to continue. And the world should know that in addition to its necessary defence of "The Corridor" (a misnomer, of course), the Poles are at every hour of the day and the night protecting, on their long eastern frontier, Europe from further Bolshevist danger and penetration.

I learned something of this for the first time in Warsaw in 1925, when I heard there from witnesses and participants how a war-worn Poland had in 1920 arrested the Bolshevists on a long front when they were about to take

Warsaw, overrun Poland, and enter into Germany—then in the throes of revolution. But I saw the whole matter in a new and wider light when I went up this last July (in the company of a Polish officer and his men) at — in Volhynia to the actual barbed-wire gate on the three feet wide neutral passage between Poland and Bolshevist Russia. Not that there has been any repetition recently on the Polish front of the Bolshevist outrages of a year ago. And not that a well-disciplined and alert Poland has at the time any actual fear of a disorganised Russia. But simply that anything might happen at any time. And Poland knows from actual experience, and from an actual knowledge of what goes on just beyond her border, that she dare not allow any further Bolshevist penetration whatsoever. She has in her own country disaffected Jews and others who, it is said, are to some extent favourable to a German advance on Poland, and to a possible working together between Germany and Russia.

Poland, too, I wish to point out, is to-day outspokenly against the whole war mentality. She has no "hate" against either Russia or Prussia, however much she suffered in the past at the hands of both. The loss of the Russian market is, of course, a serious thing for Poland, as it is for all the Central European states. She knows that she will have to deal in a business way with the Russia of to-morrow, and that future European trade with Russia will pass through Poland and Czechoslovakia, and so on. And one of the reassuring things of the moment is the length to which proposals for trading facilities between Poland and Germany, and even for the entry into each other's countries of business men and business concerns, seem to have gone at the recent International Economic Conference at Geneva. As the Poles say, their relations with Germany must become normal—on the condition, to be sure, that Germany demands no impossible "sacrifices," political or other.

It was my privilege last summer to make (in the territory in question) a thorough study of the whole Danzig and "Corridor" problem, embodying my findings in an article in the *Contemporary Review* on Danzig and "the Europe

of To-morrow"—for nothing less is at stake. What I found was that with the palpable increase that is going on in the trade of Danzig, and in the size and the accommodation and the facilities of the Port (owing precisely to the outstanding fact of Poland as its natural *Hinterland*), it is becoming more and more apparent that the natural affiliation of Danzig is with Poland and not with Germany. Economically the future of Danzig is undoubtedly with Poland. And when Germans, whether inside or outside of Danzig, contend otherwise, it is not by economic but by national and anti-Polish reasons that they are influenced. They would shut up Poland in Central Europe and have her "cribbed, cabined and confined" there without that exit to the sea that is hers by a kind of divine or natural right—through her Nile, her fabled Vistula, on which all her chief towns really lie.

In regard to this whole question, however, I find after repeated visits that Poland is more and more inclining to put to one side all its controversial, political and historical aspects (favourable to her as these seem to me to be) and to trust to economic and social relations with Germany to bring about harmony and understanding. And Germany herself may yet come to look upon her much-talked-of East Prussia as what it really is and what it was for long—a colony under the protection of Poland.

Before my trip this summer into Eastern Poland I went again into Poznania—former German Poland. On a 1925 visit there I had (with my wife) the unique privilege of a series of visits to different Polish country houses, some of them historic estates of great importance—importance to Poland as a whole, I mean. I learned then (and since then in other ways and on other estates) something about the Polish agrarian question and about the difficulties of the recently passed Land Purchase Bill. This year my main interest was the city of Poznan itself, "the most purely Polish of all Polish cities" as the Poles everywhere call it. I had always been told that to see what the Poles could do when they get a good clean chance, one has to go into Western Poland and to Poznan. Of all this progress and enterprise I saw a good deal last summer, when I had

the privilege of touring through Polish Pomerania in the company of the then Governor, Mr. Wachowiak, a fine Polish enthusiast. I saw the great power plant at Grodek, some of the attempted improvements on the Vistula, and various municipal enterprises at Torun and other places.

Poznan is one of the most attractive cities in Europe, a truly delightful summering place, as there are gardens everywhere, and the surrounding country is undulating and wooded—one of the fine granaries of the world. Of course the German had been in this whole region for over a hundred years, and the Poles themselves admit, as they must, the stimulating and the developmental influence of Germany.

The general air of prosperity and comfort and content in Poznan is truly remarkable. I was taken to visit all the characteristic things—the great bank there that makes loans on Polish landed property (one of the soundest financial concerns in Europe), the Chamber of Commerce, the Bank of Poland, the University, the admirable system of parks and gardens that offer a graded botanical and horticultural instruction to both students and citizens, one of the great iron and locomotive works, the plant for the conversion of city dust and refuse into building material, and so on. And I soon learned from my friend and *confrère* Professor Glabisz, the Director of the Poznan School of Economics, of the preparations that are already being made for the great Poznan Fair of 1929, when the progress of all Poland during the last ten years will be set forth.

Poznan has practically no Germans and practically no Jews. The former had the pride to leave, almost to a man, when they saw that their course in Poland was run. And the Jew cannot live in Poznan owing to the presence there of an energetic middle and lower-middle shopkeeping class, and owing to the developments of co-operative business and co-operative trading. This last is a thing that the Jew of Poland simply hates in either town or country. As a Scotsman I was tickled to find that the Jew has apparently no more chance in Poznan than he has in Aberdeen—admitting, of course, that the Jew is part of the miracle of history.

As for the matter of the Polish peasant (and Poland is in the main an agricultural country), I had, I confess, the idea that his lot had long been a somewhat mean one, and that he was still—as were the towns and even the merchants of mediæval Poland—subjected to the whims and the class interests of the landed gentry, great and small—the Szlachta. And it is indeed humiliating that the Polish peasant “received his liberty from serfdom ultimately from his foreign rulers first under Prussia in 1828, and then under Austria in 1848, and last of all under Russia in 1864.” But, however brought about, peasant enfranchisement in Poland, like the abolition of negro slavery in America, “has not been an unmixed blessing.” And while on the eve of the war two-thirds of Poland’s arable land was owned by peasants, “the first consequence of peasant enfranchisement was the emergence of a large landless peasant class too poor in land to be able to live upon it. And this class became as constant an evil of the Polish Reform system as the permanent reserve of unemployment in the British industrial organism.” (Professor Dyboski—Three Lectures on Poland.)

Under the present Agrarian Reform Bill, which the various political parties were practically compelled to pass after the defeat in 1920 of the Bolsheviks who were promising “everything,” the Polish State can appropriate (giving bonds, of course) land from owners holding more than a certain amount, and offer the same for peasant purchase and cultivation. There have been, however, many serious difficulties in the working of the Bill, and it has not, we are told, made very much headway. Carried out too far it would be a serious blow at scientific production on a large scale, such as is carried on in America and Canada. And there are, on the other hand it would seem, many desirable reforms that are better both in theory and in practice than the forced sale of land to peasants. Among these are the practical education of the peasants (and there is a great deal of this going on in Poland), saving on the part of the peasants themselves, and the consequent purchase of land by their own efforts, the consolidation of small scattered pieces of land that have fallen

to the lot or the inheritance of peasants, agricultural co-operation, and so on.

On the whole I came to the conclusion that, while the lot of the peasant has been a hard one in Poland as elsewhere, and while his standard of comfort often seems to be not very far above the animal level, there has always been a characteristic mildness and kindness in the treatment he has received from his superiors. And he has shared in the general reform movement of modern times. And the co-operative movement, one is told, has taken a wide hold on the small peasant farmer. And there are even "trade unions of agricultural labourers that are a great social and political force in the Poland of to-day." The Green Revolution, in other words, has taken place in Poland as in other Central European countries. There has been the transfer of land, and the consequent increase in the sense of power and importance on the part of the peasant—in comparison with the town workers and many of the intelligentsia. There seem to be no end of well-to-do peasants in Poland, and they pay, I was told, little in the way of taxes to the State. And the peasant in Poland if temperate and thrifty can get on well there—although not so well, of course, as in America and Canada.

Again, I have been profoundly impressed by the extent to which Poland is trusting to education of the right kind to build up the kind of country it wants. I had a long talk upon the subject in 1925 with Mr. Grabski, the then Minister of Education, in which he dwelt upon education as the best means of unifying the different sections and people of the previously separated and partitioned Poland. I saw that summer, too, several hopeful and significant things in this connection. First, the remarkable efforts in the way of a practical and all-round education of his community that have been put forth in the village of Liskow by the well-known Canon Blizinski, the parish priest there.

In the P.E.N. Club of Warsaw, that meets once a week in two fine rooms freely given to it in the old palace there, I got an idea of the anxiety of many thinking young people in Poland to attain to something of the true culture of the times. Again, I was told in Warsaw of the many scientific

and literary and self-help clubs that have been springing up in different places in both town and country. I saw, too, something of the so-called People's University Movement in Pomorze, also the project of a priest of the Church. And I was immensely impressed with the efforts that are being made to-day in the celebrated city of Lodz (the Manchester of Poland, long under the darkness of Russia and largely wilfully destroyed by the Germans) in the direction of the construction and encouragement of schools for its children. When I went there to see the place I was met, in the Mayor's car, by the City Engineer and the City Health Officer. I expressed incidentally my desire to see something of their famous cotton and linen factories. The City Engineer said to me: "Of course we will show you these, but the thing we are most proud of to-day in the City of Lodz is our schools for our children. It is they and not we who are to be the future citizens of Poland." I thought that I had never heard anything finer in the course of my life.

Every soldier in the present Polish Army spends two hours daily in school studies. And in the case of the men picked for service on the Polish-Russian frontier, there is also an ethical, and an economic, and a spiritual education in the fallacies of Bolshevism and The Third International.

In Russian Poland, as we know, the matter of schools and a general public education had been almost entirely neglected, and many Polish schools and academies and universities were, in fact, closed up. And as for the Prussian influence in Western Poland, this was simply that of an enforced Germanisation of all the inhabitants. I recall our visiting Wrzesnia, and getting there the story of the famous revolt of the school children against the idea of their praying to God in German. The Germans, of course, had the ignorance and the conceit to speak of the Poles as not a "cultural" people at all.

Against all this sort of thing, and even before it (in point of time), we have to chronicle the fact that, ever since the time of the threatened downfall of their country, patriotic and far-seeing Poles had been entertaining comprehensive plans for a true national system of education.

And Poland has to her credit the institution, toward the end of the eighteenth century, of the first public Ministry of Education in Europe. I had the delight, last July, of spending an entire morning in the splendid combined elementary and middle school and school for the training of teachers at Krzemieniec. This *lycée* is one of the most celebrated of all the institutions in Poland for the practical and all-round training of Polish citizens—away down there in Volhynia, towards the Russian border. I learned, too, this summer at Luck and other places of the excellent institution or system that is called in Poland the "School Mother" (*Macierz Szkolna—die Polnische Schulmutter*), the foundation being practical agricultural training for peasants.

But one has only to peruse the manifestos and programmes of the Polish Education Department, which are issued also in French and English, to appreciate the very complete idea of education (head, heart, and hand) that Poland is taking to at the present time for the making of its citizens, and for the combating of evils like materialism and Bolshevism. The Boy Scout movement, too, is a flourishing concern in Poland, and there are societies like the Czech Sokol clubs for physical and moral training. And the practical and character-forming influence of the American Y.M.C.A. has taken a far-reaching hold on the young of the country—despite some official discouragements of the same from Rome.

I have now, I think, indicated something of the atmosphere, as well as some of the characteristic circumstances, of the New Poland. Like Czechoslovakia, Poland stands before the world as a proof that we cannot really kill the soul of a people and that, complicated and complicating as they may be, you cannot ignore racial and national factors in political and social reconstruction.

What Poland, of course, most needs to-day is a new and a powerful economic stimulus, the encouragement of manufacture and commerce, and the development somehow of a large well-to-do middle or business class with liberal ideas and tendencies. The new education and the general competitive spirit of the times are of course work-

ing in this direction. And as the peasants, too, become more educated, and more cognisant of what is going on in the world (they learn a good deal from their relatives overseas), they will demand more and more in the way of new things and new conveniences for the home and for the field.

As indicative of all this, the Polish Government has recently instituted an "Economic Council of State" that will take the place of "all the economic councils that have been meeting at the invitation of Cabinet Ministers." It will deal with questions of "general order touching economic, financial and social policy," leaving "fiscal and Budgetary matters" to Parliament. This is all in line with the object of the "depoliticalising" of public life "that has captured the imagination of the present Polish Government." It is drafting a Bill, too, for the suppression of vagabondage and begging.

The choice by Marshal Pilsudski, after his own refusal of the position, of a well-known professor of chemistry for the Presidency of Poland is itself a most striking indication of that needed combination of the New Industry with Agriculture that the Poles are anxious to effect. President Mosicki is not only an original scientific investigator, but a man who has founded and organised several important factories throughout Poland for chemical production, especially fertilisers for the farmers of Poland.

Of course, Poland cannot reconstruct and develop on a large scale, although she has already done wonders in the way of post-war reconstruction, without capital and help from the outside. She is altogether new, as it were, in this regard, and two-thirds of her population is still a peasant population—self-sustaining, indeed, but hardly as yet enterprising in the modern sense. And then business men and promoters cannot "reach out," as they fain would, when they have to pay twenty, or even thirty or forty per cent. interest on loans. What Poland wants and requires is to be able to borrow money on her many perfectly safe investments at seven, or eight, or ten per cent.

As an example of the kind of large-scale reconstruction that is necessary for Poland, I will mention some things



that were pointed out to me in Warsaw and elsewhere. She needs a network of interlacing and trade-developing railways, the great lines that were plotted out under Russia and Prussia having been in the main transcontinental and military, and administrative and so on. She needs a development of her telephone system to encourage and build up business in the country districts. She needs a deepening of the Vistula River at certain places, and this of course would cost millions. Then there are such great schemes as the draining of the Priapet Marshes, and the great canal between the Vistula and the Dneister that Austria had been thinking of for many years, to connect the Baltic with the Black Sea. The draining of the Priapet Marshes would mean the domestication there and the occupation, in agriculture and so on, of thousands of Poland's rapidly increasing population. This is quite a feasible scheme, the experts say, but its cost at present is prohibitive.

The attitude of British and American investors in regard to Polish possibility has been till very recently: "Oh, yes, there are evidently many possible openings in Poland; but wait until things get more settled and, above all, not a penny of money to go to the Polish Army. Poland is too militaristic as it is, a mere pawn in the hands of militaristic France." And so on. All this sort of thing leads me to say a few closing words about the faults of Poland and the Poles, about her alleged "militarism," and about the undoubted stabilisation and progress that have been going on in the country since the Pilsudski *coup* of 1926, the general *Sanirung* (they are fond of the word), or the vitalising and quickening of the national life that was then successfully initiated.

There is the reassuring consideration, to begin with, that the large American loan to Poland seems likely to go through—after the report and the findings of the Kemmerer Commission. American business men have "looked into" Poland and concluded that there are real possibilities there, and chances of service that will help to kill the spirit of war. An American Syndicate has recently arranged to put up, by way of a profitable invest-

ment, some thousands of houses in Warsaw and other Polish towns. And the endless dollars and the endless fine men and women who have been coming to Poland from America ever since the war, for free ethical and spiritual teaching and for general "uplift," will also continue to come.

Again, Poland is not, and never has been, militaristic, although an adequate defence force is for her, as I have indicated, an absolute necessity. Great Britain, too, we ought to remember, is far safer, so far as the Near East and Egypt and Iraq and India and so on are concerned, with a strong, reliable Poland where she is, alongside of Russia and East of Prussia.

Then, for the matter of the stabilisation and progress to which I have referred, I am in a position to be able to speak somewhat definitely. I was told everywhere last summer, from Danzig to Lwow, of the improvement in business conditions and of the feeling of general confidence that seemed to set in after a few months of the Pilsudski Government. And I had the privilege that August of a conversation with the Marshal himself about this, and about the real needs and the real record of his country. And this September President Mosicki told me, in the Zamek in Warsaw, that he could himself now fully appreciate the record of a year or more of this gradual stabilisation of his country. "Having spent," he said, "some twenty years" of his life outside Poland, he could "judge" his countrymen dispassionately. They were working now, as he had never known them to work since the early years of the New Republic. Organisation had been the thing of which Poland had chiefly stood in need. "We began a few years ago with nothing in the way of a Central Government and with no central control—three sets of political parties, three systems of law, three currencies, three sets of officials, and so on. Without organisation we could do nothing, and any real government had to organise. And we are getting now at least something of the spirit of organisation and co-operation and real work."

And as for their faults and failings, both in the great

past and of recent years, the Poles themselves, we may rest assured, know at least as much as we do about these—their excessive love of liberty, and their individualism, and a certain tendency to lawlessness on the part of their people and so on. They are suffering, they say, from the excessive number of their political parties with their subdivisions, many of these going back to the times of Austrian and Russian and Prussian craft and domination. And they are acutely conscious to-day of the difficulty of carrying through a broad national and international policy with their “Minorities” (Jews, Ukrainians) and with their suddenly vastly increased peasant electorate. The education of this electorate and the overcoming in the right way of the traditional gap between their *Szlachta* and their so-called middle and lower classes will indeed occupy their best efforts for many years. But to all these problems the real leaders and thinkers of Poland are resolutely addressing themselves. She is indeed, and she deserves to be, “a permanent factor in the economic as well as in the political system of the New Europe.” And having reconstituted her, after her own superhuman efforts, and the crumbling of the tyrannies that had been crucifying her for ages, in her central position in the European system, it is our duty to see that she is not left to carry her many responsibilities without our continued interest and support. Her national necessities, we must remember, are at the same time international necessities.

## HUGH WALPOLE: NOVELIST

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

WE might say of our own day that it produces a great deal of fiction but very few novels. The names that appear on our fiction lists are legion, but the novelists proper are few and not easy to find. The addition of the word “novelist” above does not mean merely that Mr. Hugh Walpole’s name has made its appearance regularly in the fiction lists during these last eighteen years. If it meant only that, it would not be there, for no reader of these pages is likely to imagine that Mr. Walpole is a poet or a dramatist or historian. No, it is there, like the opening phrase in a musical composition, to announce the critical theme. It is, you may say, the Walpole *leitmotiv*. He is a novelist in a sense in which many of his important contemporaries, who jostle him in the fiction lists, are not novelists at all. Many of these writers, admirable though they may be, have simply devoted themselves to fiction because it happens to be the fashionable form of the time, and a form so conveniently elastic that it can be stretched in almost any direction. At heart they may be lyrical poets, like Mr. D. H. Lawrence, or essayists, like Mr. Aldous Huxley. It is themselves they are interested in and not other people. Having a story to tell is not to them the root of the matter but a rather boring necessity, an elaborate form they have to fill up in order to receive a cheque of any size from their publishers. Frequently their fiction is lightly disguised autobiography, so that their last novel tells us where they have been, what they have done, who were their hosts and guests, during the previous twelve months. In any other age but this they would not be novelists at all; they would have made use of some other literary form. Mr. Walpole stands apart from these brilliant persons who have, as it were, lounged into fiction; and that is the first thing to be noticed about him.

He is a novelist in every sense of that term. He would have been telling stories whatever the fashion might have been. As he has told us more than once, he subscribes to the solid old doctrine, the characteristically English view, that fiction first and last is concerned with the creation of character. Most of us would agree, I hope, that there is something more in the art than this, that such things as sheer narrative power and the creation of atmosphere have their place; but we should also agree that a novelist holding this opinion is not likely to go far wrong. No doubt, however, there are many other novelists who would subscribe to the same doctrine. But it is significant that one of Mr. Walpole's earliest novels, written in his twenties, is a story of a successful man of forty, and that his most recent one, *Harmer John*, written when he knows what it is to be a very successful man of forty, has no concern with such persons, but is the story of a young and naive idealist, a Scandinavian professor of gymnastics. Here it is obvious we have a writer of fiction who can escape from his own life, who is not serving up chapters of his autobiography, merely sprinkled with false names, every spring and autumn season. Here, too, I think, he parts company with a certain number of his contemporary novelists who have never been able to escape successfully from their autobiographies. And it is this circumstance that partly explains his great and well-deserved popularity. A glance at the present state of fiction reveals him in a happy position, for he happens to be an intelligent story-teller at a time when so many writers of fiction either have the stories without the intelligence or the intelligence without the stories; and it is fortunate for the future of the novel that there still remains a substantial public that prefers to have both these things in its fiction. Strangely enough—so fantastic are the times—this very popularity has encouraged a certain kind of critic and reader to neglect or at least underestimate this novelist, because it is idly assumed, in the absence of any other critical standards, that any novelist under sixty who has a wide appeal must necessarily be of little real importance. Mr. Walpole's early work was

hailed with enthusiasm by the very persons who are content to neglect his later work, although he is not, as he might be imagined to be by somebody who read nothing but criticism, one of those novelists who have failed to fulfil their early promise, and he has actually produced his best work since the War.

Mr. Walpole is also in a happy position because he is singularly well equipped as a novelist. He is not condemned, as so many of our novelists are now, to restrict himself to one side of life, to one little section of society. He has a wide knowledge of the whole social scene; he has no difficulty in adequately presenting a varied host of characters, from duchesses to charwomen, bishops to schoolboys; and he confidently takes his readers into schoolmasters' common rooms, Cornish inns, deaneries, literary parties, old maids' lodgings, Soho restaurants, suburban chapels, all manner of places from Cornwall to Petrograd. With this unusually wide range of places and people he yet succeeds in keeping almost everywhere to a level of solid realism. We are not referring now to that higher degree of realism which stamps a scene or a character indelibly on the reader's imagination, but to that—shall we say?—"convincingness" which makes a reader trust a novelist, a quality of the presentation that may not be noticed when it is there, but that very quickly and fatally makes its absence felt. To achieve this on such a scale is proof enough of his sound equipment for the task of writing novels. But he rises still higher in his traffic with the special little world he has created for himself, that of Polchester, Seatown, and the neighbouring coast, with which his best novels (with one or two exceptions) are concerned. He knows his cathedral town so well that it almost becomes itself a sentient creature in his hands. It is to him what Barchester was to Trollope, and we know that Trollope is one of Mr. Walpole's favourite novelists and the subject of his forthcoming volume in the *English Men of Letters* series.

The comparison with Trollope is inevitable, and we might as well accept its challenge, even though it will not take us very far. Both of them have this wide range

and general "convincingness"; and both of them have their special little world of the cathedral town and its surrounding country, something as essentially English as the Anglican Church itself. Indeed, both these novelists are very English themselves, English in their delight in the concrete fact, in character as opposed to ideas, in their indifference to whatever is metaphysical, in their sturdy appreciation of the good things of life. When so much has been said, however, we begin to remark differences. Trollope is more thoroughly immersed in the world of fact, and achieves a solid realism, a "chunkiness" of character and scene to which the modern novelist never attains. He lived in another and very different world. A modern novelist who worked exactly as Trollope worked would be merely a queer anachronism or a writer adept at *pastiche* and not honestly expressing himself at all. The world that Mr. Walpole creates has more light and shade; it has "atmosphere"; and its people have nerves. This light and shade, this atmosphere, these nerves, are not something deliberately added, but are there inevitably, sometimes there, it would seem, in spite of the writer's efforts to keep them out. There are times when Mr. Walpole would seem to have told himself that he wanted to be nothing more than an up-to-date and rather jollier Trollope. Those are not the times, however, when he wrote his best novels, when he gave us *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, *The Dark Forest*, *The Cathedral*, *The Old Ladies*, and *Harmer John*.

We might say that there are two Mr. Walpoles, and that these major works of his are the result of a successful collaboration between the two. They are very different from one another. The first Mr. Walpole, the more obvious and accessible, has a tremendous zest for all the good things of this life, for all manner of people, for mountains and lakes and cities, for etchings and opera and football matches, and even for the works of his fellow authors. He is still one of the young enchanted, living in the jolliest of all possible worlds. He has an eager and appreciative rather than a soberly critical intelligence. This, then, is the first Mr. Walpole, and the part he plays

in the stories, even the grimmest of them, can be plainly seen. He it is who is responsible for all those jolly and zestful young men who share his enthusiasm for the good things: Tony Gale, Archie Traill, Henry Trenchard, and the rest. These young men are not regarded by most of us as the best possible company in the world; they are apt to be too naïve and uncritical, too determinedly jolly; sometimes they are simply irritating, and at other times they lose all individuality and turn into a mere glow of appreciation. Nevertheless, they are at least a welcome change from those bored young horrors, sick with egoism, who maunder and mope through so much modern fiction. And what they stand for, the point of view they represent, is even more welcome. The literature that cannot express and communicate a zest for life, not all of life perhaps, but at least some of it somewhere, is obviously not worth very much. If a man is permanently bored and disgusted with this life, it is high time he stopped writing about it. He has no shadow of excuse for going on, for even if his object is reform, he has overlooked the fact that life to be worth mending must be shown to be worth living; and if he has no such object, then he is merely occupied in spreading a blight that is probably the result of indigestion or hurt vanity. We are not referring now to the so-called pessimist, who simply believes that whatever is good in this world is probably doomed, but to the persons whom we might call "depressimists," who do not even believe there is anything good in the world. Too many contemporary novelists (and poets) appear to have been destined for some other and far superior planet, and never to have recovered from the first shock of dismay and disgust at finding themselves on this one, the truth being that they are sick men, who imagine they are giving us a philosophy when they are only describing their symptoms. Mr. Walpole is not one of these novelists; he keeps alive a childlike sense of wonder, a delight in the mere existence of all manner of common things.

This wonder, delight, happy zest, is encouraged by the first Mr. Walpole, sometimes so enthusiastically that its

very naïveté becomes suspicious; it is thrust into the foreground of his picture of life because he knows that the other Mr. Walpolè is lurking about, and perhaps already darkening the background. This other, who has a great part to play in the more important tales, is a very different person, oddly contrasted with his collaborator. To begin with, he hardly seems English at all. Still less—and in this he is unlike the second selves of so many contemporary English novelists—is he French in spirit, being worlds away from that citadel of order and wit and irony and rationalism which is the Gallic spirit. There is something curiously Russian about him. These scenes that Trollope might have used are played against a background that reminds us of Dostoievsky. In a recent essay on Reading, Mr. Walpole calls *The Brothers Karamazov* the greatest novel in the world. This opinion must belong to the second Mr. Walpole, and it is not difficult to understand why he should hold it. He sees this life against a vast, cloudy, terrible background of warring good and evil. He may not see it so intensely and gigantically as that great and purely Slavonic genius, who walks through a world of storm and midnight as if he were Lear and the Fool in one person. But see it he does, and in a fashion that sets him apart from all his contemporary English novelists. Moreover, this outlook is native to his mind, not something acquired, a matter of social or literary influence. It was there long before he actually found his way to Russia and produced two novels, *The Dark Forest* and *The Secret City*, that succeed in bridging, as it were, two great and opposing literatures. It was there as early as *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, and is present in all his strongest work, notably *The Cathedral*, *The Old Ladies*, and *Harmer John*. Its traces are everywhere, even in those things like *The Young Enchanted*, that the other Mr. Walpole, the jolly realist, has tried to write by himself, hoping to give a zestful account of the world without a sinister atmosphere, cruelty, nerves, breaking in. Nor is its presence ever to be regretted, except by those people who want literature to be a kind of sugar plum.

This second and deeper self of his possesses an

unusually sharp sense of evil. He is a master of sinister atmosphere, in which hate and cruelty stalk abroad, taking possession of the most unlikely persons. He can move with startling and enthralling rapidity from a rather commonplace account of a commonplace scene to a picture of tortured nerves and thence to a drama of souls, hurled into the battle of good and evil. At one moment we are watching some schoolmasters bickering in their common room or some poor old ladies having tea together, and at the next moment we are swinging dizzily between heaven and hell. Other contemporary writers, for example, Mr. de la Mare, may be able to achieve more subtle horror, a poetically sinister magic in things; they may be able to present more circumspectly and yet more movingly the crises in one individual mind, the drama of one soul; but no modern English novelist has surpassed Mr. Walpole in the power of creating, with convincing and amusing realism, the ordinary social scene and then of turning it into a kind of transparency, illuminated by the hellish flares of cruelty and hate and the serene glow of pity and love. It is this power that gives him an important place of his own in the fiction of our time.

This is the day of novels with one central point of view, made up of one very real person in a company of shadows, stories that ask you to relate everything to one mind or soul. In Mr. Walpole's most characteristic and best work, however, the method is different, for the interest instead of being centralised is diffused throughout the scene, touching nearly every person there. Now this method is as valuable as it is rare and difficult. There is nothing harder in fiction than to turn a whole group of persons, almost a whole town, into your central figure, presenting the drama of a community and not a single person, and this Mr. Walpole succeeds in doing more than once. Thus *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* is not the story of Traill, a figure of no great interest, nor even of Perrin, who is much better, but of the whole school, through which the flame, fanned by Perrin's hate, travels with appalling swiftness. Perhaps the culminating point of the story is that moment, in which neither Perrin nor Traill is directly

concerned, when Comber strikes his wife. It is this swift netting of all the personages on the scene, showing the mighty reverberation of a few angry words, that is so characteristic of its author. This unusual power is even more fully revealed in the Polchester novels. *The Cathedral* describes the conflict between the proud and defiant Archdeacon Brandon and the subtle and mischievous Canon Ronder, both of whom are very powerful characters; but, nevertheless, the novel is really the story of Polchester itself, of all the people whose lives were affected by that famous quarrel. *Harmer John* may be read as the story of that personage himself, the young naïve idealist who comes from afar to an old settled community and tries to make it reform itself; but the tale leaps into a far more vivid and enduring life if it is regarded as it should be regarded, as the story of that community itself, into which Harmer John is flung as a stone might be flung into a pool. It is the people round him who are really important, just as it is the reactions of the other characters to the Prince in Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* that really create that marvellous story. Harmer John himself is only a touchstone; his arrival merely gives the signal for the old battle of good and evil to begin again in Polchester, which rapidly becomes a maze of passion and prejudice, timidity and cruelty, generosity and pity. The growing tide of rumour, the snaring of person after person, the darkening of the whole sky, the victory of evil that is no victory at all because the good remains unconquered—these things, so compelling in this and earlier stories, are very characteristic of their author.

Here then, in this unusual combination of a hearty and humorous realism and the power of creating a huge background of warring good and evil, is Mr. Walpole's strength. If a novelist can remind us, however distantly, of both Trollope and Dostoevsky, there is no need to emphasise the fact that his possible range is immense. You may say that Mr. Walpole has staked out a claim far larger than that of any of his fellow novelists, excluding the generation headed by Conrad. This is his strength and this, too, is his weakness. It is his weakness because

such a claim demands correspondingly great technical resources, and as yet he hardly succeeds in commanding them. As a craftsman he takes things far too easily, though it is only fair to point out again that his "things" are unusually difficult. He is weak as a narrator pure and simple, and this explains why some critics, who have a better eye for technical defects than they have for innate virtues in a novelist, make the mistake of underestimating him. There are times when, exasperated by his failure to construct a trim and taut narrative, we feel that he ought to be condemned to learn Mr. Lubbock's *Craft of Fiction* by heart. He is one of those novelists (he has told us so himself) who happily surrender themselves to the worlds of their imagination, who enjoy their characters and part from them reluctantly, and have a boyish delight in telling us all that happened. This would seem to be all to the good, but there is always the danger that such novelists will overlook the obvious fact that the reader has not accompanied them on these imaginary journeys, but is patiently waiting on the other side of a screen of words. Unless they are equally preoccupied with the technical problems of their art, they will involuntarily scamp the task of presenting these worlds and characters to the reader, who will be assumed to know more than he or she does know. And this is Mr. Walpole's chief defect. He is so delighted with his ships that he launches them before he has made sure they are all trim and tight, and more often than not it is only the proverbial ha'porth of tar that is wanted.

It may show itself, this weakness of his, in the presentation of a character—as in *The Dark Forest*—where so much hangs on the charm of Marie Ivanovna as the story proceeds, and yet there is no attempt to make the reader feel that she is really charming. The companion novel, *The Secret City*, exhibits another fault, one common to all careless narrators (Scott is an excellent example), that of presenting a character, in this instance young Bohun, with an emphasis disproportionate to its ultimate importance in the story. It is really a failure in the architecture of the story, which does not seem to have been sufficiently

well planned before it was begun. Again, Mr. Walpole, whose task is more difficult than most novelists' because his object is to show us not one point of view but perhaps a score, does not appear to make up his mind how a story shall be told. The result is a confusion in nearly all his narratives. Thus, in *Harmer John* the story is really told in the familiar third person manner, by an ideal spectator who sees and hears everything and can peep into the minds of all the characters. Yet in two or three chapters an actual spectator is dragged in quite unnecessarily and contrives to take part in the action. In addition, we have extracts from diaries and letters, documents that the ideal spectator does not need and the actual spectator would not be allowed to see. We need not be pedants to maintain that such a confusion will not do. If a story is worth telling—and *Harmer John* and the rest are unusually fine stories—it is worth telling properly. The ordinary reader may not consciously remark such confusions in the narrative, but we may depend upon it that they lessen the author's grasp upon that reader's imagination, just as they irritate the critic, who can see what is wrong.

The explanation is, I imagine, that Mr. Walpole's natural gifts have been so great that he has never been compelled to grapple closely with the problems of his art, and has always been tempted to go soaring on to his final scene without taking much thought as to the little difficulties in the way. He has been able, from an incredibly early age, to make light of some of the most difficult problems in fiction, and so he has never troubled to settle some of the easiest, a course that would have made all shipshape. We can only hope that such neglect will not even lightly cloud the future work of this distinguished novelist, who is fortunate in possessing a substantial past (in no invidious sense) and in still having a future, unlike the other members of his own generation and set of English novelists: those former young men of great promise, who, with the exception of Mr. Brett Young and one or two others, have somehow contrived to leave their future a long way behind them. His work has definitely grown in stature since the War, the best of his novels having

appeared during these last seven years, and during this time he has had fewer failures than any other novelist of his reputation. (Incidentally, his one recent failure, *The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*, is an excellent example of his weakness, for it comes to grief because it begins as one kind of story and ends as quite another.) He now occupies a very strong position, and it is, too, a happy middle position, not only between those who have stories without intelligence and those who have intelligence without stories, but also between the older sociological school of Wells and Bennett, the fiction that dealt with men chiefly as members of a social order, and the purely subjective or metaphysical school of the younger writers, whose fiction gives us one real person in a world of shadows and is apparently an essay in solipsism. He is still moving on, finding his own way, and yet is already secure in the tradition of the English novel.



## THE RENAISSANCE IN INDIA

FROM AN INDIAN STANDPOINT

BY VASUDEO B. METTA

NATIONS, like men, cannot free themselves from the effects of their past. They can only know their own capacities and do their best to make good use of them. The obvious fact that the past history and the present habits of a people determine its institutions, which cannot therefore be prescribed for it by pursuing a line of reasoning based on abstract principles, has not at all times been recognised. The doctrine of relativity in politics, that all institutions must be suitable to the mind and habit of the people for whom they are intended, though laid down by Montesquieu, is often forgotten and has to be rediscovered. Impatient reformers frequently expect great results from transplanting cuttings from the greenhouse of another nation. Each people has, it may be said, its own climate and god.

In the early days of its rule Great Britain introduced into India all kinds of British institutions, all kinds of British ideas. The English dazzled the Indians with their power, with the mechanical contrivances of Western civilisation. Some of these were foreign to the genius of Indians, to the conditions of their existence, and, indeed, were often not understood by those who were pleased with their novelty and smartness. European houses and clothes, designed for Europe, were out of place in India, yet Indian princes, possessed of wonderful specimens of Eastern art, were induced to buy tawdry, gimcrack ornaments of European manufacture.

The thought of England likewise possessed a spell that captured the minds of Indians. England was great and progressive under the parliamentary system of government; yet it was an error to assume that India or China or Portugal would become equally great or even be able to live a healthy life under British parliamentary institutions. In the past these countries developed and flourished without such institutions.

The earlier Indian nationalists resented British rule, yet adopted British ideas even in their method of revolt. They agitated for Indian Home Rule on colonial lines. They accepted the ideas they had learnt in schools directed by Englishmen and took over an English scale of values. Fortunately for India men with a profounder vision and a better historical grasp followed these early Indian politicians. These men see clearly that India's salvation lies in the resurrection of her old institutions—partially modified to suit present-day conditions of life. They want a rebirth of Indian civilisation, of the Indian spirit. Among these men Mr. Gandhi is the most prominent. Mr. Gandhi is not inspired by any hatred towards Western civilisation as such, as some people seem to imagine. He dislikes it because it is forced upon his country, which is temperamentally different from Western countries. He does not tell Western nations to discard their civilisation or to trample upon their institutions, but he tells his own people to do so, because Western culture tends to destroy all their highest instincts, their moral ideals, and the poetry of their lives. And he is not wrong in his attitude towards Western civilisation so far as his country is concerned. Western civilisation has rendered some material and intellectual services to India, but at the same time it has harmed her from a moral and spiritual point of view. And it is the moral and the spiritual side of man which is, after all, more important to human culture and civilisation than his material and intellectual life.

The East is not unchangeable as some people imagine. Eastern countries are as sensitive to the influence of time as Western countries. And among them India is no exception.

Hindu society has, as is well known, been based for two thousand years at least on the caste system, in which the four primary castes are: the Brahmin (the priest and the man of learning), the Kshatriya (the warrior and the ruler), the Vaisya (the merchant), the Sudra (the menial). These castes, it must be borne in mind, are not rival or antagonistic groups, like the European classes, but interdependent groups. They have produced harmony and

the spirit of co-operation among Hindus instead of strife, because they are hereditary; therefore no one belonging to any one of them ever dreams of trying to enter a different caste. Each is what he is as if by decree of Nature.

What human institution is there into which evils do not creep as time passes? Man spoils the noblest of institutions, the noblest of ideals by his own pettiness, or greed, or selfishness. The caste system of India when first established was elastic, but at a later period became rigid. The men of learning dominated human society too much, and that, too, not always with the best of motives, and therefore the other castes were dissatisfied with them. The menials were looked down upon with so much contempt on account of the kind of work in which they were engaged that their very touch came to be regarded as polluting by other Hindus. This "untouchableness" of theirs they naturally did not like, and therefore disliked the caste system which was the cause of it. But as Indians are essentially a peace-loving people wars were not declared by any one caste on another. Changes began gradually to be introduced in the social life of the country.

There are many people in India to-day who advocate the total abolition of the caste system. Some of them, like the Brahmos of Bengal and the Arya Samajists of the Punjab, have already discarded it. Attempts have been made, and some of them have been more or less successful, to fuse the various sub-castes into which each primary caste is now split up.

Closely connected with the movement for the reformation or abolition of the caste system, because dependent upon it, there is a movement for permitting what are called "intermarriages," that is marriages between persons belonging to the different Hindu castes. It must be pointed out here in connection with this subject that, though theoretically not allowed, such marriages have taken place now and then from time immemorial, and that the validity of such marriages was never questioned by the governing council of any caste. It was, indeed, the British law courts and judges which introduced the idea that such marriages are invalid. In order, therefore, to make Indian

laws spring from the customs or wishes of the country a Bill popularly known as "Mr. Patel's Intermarriage Bill" was introduced in the Legislative Council some years ago. But some of the other members of the Council were opposed to it, and so it was not passed.

Another well-known problem calling for solution is that of the marriages of widows. It was decided in ancient India that a woman, whether five or fifty years old, cannot remarry if her husband dies; people thought that as she has but one soul and that soul was wholly absorbed into that of her husband at the time of her marriage, it was physically and spiritually degrading for her to marry again. They forgot to take into consideration the case of the girls who become widows even before they have attained the age of puberty, before they have even consummated a true marriage. The lot of these child widows has been very sad in recent years, and therefore Hindu society is now facilitating their marriage with men of their own or even of other castes.

The subject of "untouchability" is also agitating Hindu society. Hindus, like all peoples who have had a stable civilisation for a long time, are a conservative people. On account of their caste system they have been accustomed for upwards of two thousand years to regard certain other fellow countrymen of theirs as "untouchable," and therefore they find it very difficult to do away with this idea that they are prohibited from touching those belonging to the lower caste and that also they must not treat them in any way as equals. There were many Indian saints, philosophers, poets, and social leaders in the past, like Kabir and Tukaram, who tried their best to have the curse of this taboo abolished, but they did not succeed in their object. Mr. Gandhi has taken up the cause of the "untouchables" now, in spite of the failure of his great predecessors, and he may succeed in having the prohibition altogether abolished, because there are more men in India to-day who accept the idea of the social equality of all men than there were at any other time in the history of the country since the disappearance of Buddhism.

Finally, I shall allude here to another movement started

in India which, though apparently of a religious nature, has a great significance for social India. Hinduism has hitherto been unwilling to open its doors to converts. The Hindu, like the poet, is born and not made. This has therefore prevented many people from again becoming Hindus after they have once abjured Hinduism in favour of either Christianity or Mahomedanism. But now various societies have been started in the country whose object is to take such people back into their ancestral fold.

All this is a preliminary, for, important as these reforms of custom are, they are nothing to the great return of India to India's own view of life, India's deepest insight into the nature of the Universe.

It is one of the greatest mistakes that the British Government ever made to accept Lord Macaulay's advice and introduce the English system of education in India. Macaulay neither knew nor cared to know anything of the soul of India. He had scarcely any knowledge of her literature, her philosophies, her arts, her history, or of any of her languages. How could such a man be capable of framing the right system of education for her children? But the English Government acted on his advice and established schools and colleges in the country for the purpose of turning out not good Indians, but imitation Englishmen. Graduates of the Indian universities know more English than any Indian language, because their whole education is given in the language of their rulers. They have studied Shakespeare and Milton better than Valmiki and Vyas, their national poets. They also know more facts of Greek or English history than of the history of their own country. Even if they were taught to look at the Greek or the Elizabethan drama, for example, from the Indian point of view there might be some slight justification for the English system of education in India. But they are taught merely to repeat parrot-like whatever the British think of their own and of the Greek drama. Indians are naturally not able to develop their critical faculties or their personalities and be themselves under this system of education. They are denationalised to such an extent that some thirty years ago there were many

Indians who wanted to be considered Europeans, and prided themselves in not knowing anything of the art, literature, philosophy, or the religions of their country. This state of things was too unnatural to last for ever. A reaction set in. The people of India rebelled against the intellectual slavery to which they were subjected. They wanted their own ideas to be taught to them by their own people in their own languages. They therefore started non-British universities, like those of Benares, Aligarh, and Hyderabad, where Indian and Oriental studies are given more prominence than European studies.

During the last few years Mr. Gandhi and his followers have also started a number of national schools and colleges all over the country whose main object is to take Indian students away from the intellectually and morally barren atmosphere of government schools and colleges. These national schools and colleges are, it must be acknowledged, by no means in keeping with the spirit of the times from the intellectual point of view, but there is not the slightest doubt that they will do a great deal of good to the people of the country morally, spiritually, and even industrially. In years to come all these purely Indian educational institutions will most probably evolve a complete system of national education, based mostly upon the ancient Indian methods of teaching. They will very likely give a knowledge not only of the various Indian and Oriental literatures, arts, and philosophies, but also of the Western arts, literatures, sciences, and philosophies.

Since their national consciousness awoke about twenty years ago in matters educational, Indians have done much in the world of scholarship. About forty years ago there were hardly a dozen of them who did any kind of scholarly work which can be called useful. But to-day there are hundreds who are doing extremely good and useful work in every department of knowledge. There are Indians who are writing the history of their provinces or country with a very good knowledge of Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian authorities, as well as of epigraphics, numismatics and old documents. Some of them write with strictly scientific accuracy, and are determined not to

colour their history according to the wishes of their hearts. In this respect, therefore, they are superior to many European historians, who, consciously or unconsciously, represent their own country and countrymen in the most favourable light. Indians have also made most valuable contributions to modern science. Sir Jagadish Bose, by his epoch-making researches in the life of plants, has bridged the apparently unbridgeable gulf between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. There are other Indian scientists besides Sir J. C. Bose, such as Mr. Raman and Sir P. C. Ray, who have done very useful research work in physics and chemistry. Indian thinkers have now learnt how to present the ancient thought of their country in a modern dress, and are able, with the help of that thought, to suggest solutions for many of the moral, economic and spiritual problems of the day.

Indians are also doing very substantial research work in archæology, numismatics and epigraphics. There is every likelihood of their being able to show convincingly, within a short time, how the sciences of sociology and eugenics were handled in a masterly manner by their ancestors, and how, without a knowledge of the work of ancient India, Western sociology and eugenics will always remain incomplete.

The worst result of introducing British education and ideals in India was the destruction of the creative faculty of Indians. It is an unfortunate fact that after the establishment of British schools and colleges in the country Indian arts and literatures began to degenerate rapidly. The education that Indians received in these institutions and the point of view that it gave them made them imitators—and very poor imitators at that—of the British. Their emotions were moulded by Western arts and literatures, and were therefore what might be called “second-hand.” The wings of their imaginations were clipped so much that foreign visitors to their country wondered if they had any imaginations at all. There were quite a number of art schools established by the British in the country, but what kind of schools were they? They were schools where boys were taught drawing, painting and

sculpture of the European type. All the hereditary art instincts of Indians were therefore suppressed in these institutions. The result was that Indian artists became feeble echoes of European artists. They could not produce a single work of enduring merit which expressed their own individuality as well as the individuality of their country. Good Indian art, therefore, became synonymous with archæology in the eyes of the world. But the re-awakening of the soul of India came at the beginning of this century. The architectural instincts of Indians are not properly awake yet, because the British Government does not give any chance to purely Indian architects (that is, men untouched by Western influence) to exhibit their genius. New Delhi, which is being built near old Delhi, is all planned by European architects who know practically nothing of the spirit of Indian architecture. They therefore think that, in order to build “Oriental buildings,” all they have to do is simply to build European Renaissance buildings and add a few decorative details in the Indo-Saracenic style.

Worse still, many rich Indians themselves, still hypnotised by Western education, prefer to have their houses and offices built in European rather than in Indian styles of architecture. The hope of India, as far as architecture goes, is Rajputana, a part of the country which is very little affected by Western influence. Many beautiful buildings in purely Indian styles are still being built there, and this influence is now beginning to spread all over the country. Therefore, in a few years India may reasonably hope to become again fully self-expressive in her architecture.

Indian painting, however, unlike architecture, is already awake. An Indian school of painting arose some twenty years ago in Bengal, and has already won recognition and admiration from artists of other countries. The artists of this school have based their ideals upon the paintings of the Ajanta Caves, which were painted at various intervals from fifteen hundred to two thousand years ago. It cannot be denied that this school has borrowed some ideas from European and Japanese art, but it is probable that, as

time passes, it will become thoroughly Indian. The peculiarity of the painters here consists in avoiding chiaroscuro and too many details, which are characteristic of a certain type of modern Western art. They paint in comparatively even washes, in a decorative style, using the simplified abstract forms typical of Eastern art. They believe in economy of line, and paint in low tones, because their object is to suggest rather than to paint anything fully. They see more beauty in a bud than in a full-blown flower, and behind all their works there is always to be found a predominant idea. One work reveals the link between the finite and the infinite, a second shows the swift, fleeting nature of youth, and a third exhibits the beauty of the sense of duty. Further, all these paintings are painted on a small scale in accordance with the idea of ancient Oriental artists, who meant their works to be exhibited in small rooms or as illustrations to books.

It is advisable to allude here to a movement which was started some years ago in Bombay. The frescoes of the Ajanta Caves show clearly the genius of India for this class of work; but during the last half-century or more wall decoration, as an art, has been almost wholly neglected by good Indian artists, and left to men ignorant to a great extent of both drawing and painting. Mr. Solomon, the present principal of the Bombay School of Art, however, rediscovered the genius for this kind of work which is lying dormant amongst Indians, and started a movement to reawaken it. Some interesting paintings have already been executed by his pupils in a purely decorative manner on the walls of their school, and orders were given by the late Governor of Bombay to decorate with similar paintings the Government House of that city. It must be admitted that there is still too much European influence in these mural decorations. They are also painted on canvas embedded in the wall in the Northern European manner, rather than directly on the walls, as were the true frescoes of ancient India. But these defects will not remain for ever, because the national movement is growing stronger and stronger in the country every year.

Sculpture in present-day India is not yet national. It

is more French than Indian. India cannot be said to have produced a first-class statue since the British Government was established there. No doubt the instincts of the men who produced the sculptures of Bharhut, Sanchi and Amraoti in old times can be found in the Indian sculptors of to-day, but they are so dormant that it is difficult to say exactly when they will be reawakened.

The case of music is, fortunately, different. The music of India is a highly elaborate and infinitely varied and complex art, unlike the music of Japan. Indians, as a people, have not discarded their music in favour of European music, as the Japanese have largely done. Unfortunately Indian music was despised by the better classes and left to the professional singers and players of the country for a long time. Recently, however, more and more educated Indians of all classes have begun to take an interest in it, and are teaching it to their children. Proper musical academies are being started all over the country, which give "festivals" occasionally in order to maintain the love of their national music among Indians. Some musicians have tried to introduce in Indian music changes<sup>1</sup> to which they were led by Western influence, but no one can say with certainty whether those changes will be incorporated in their system by Indian musicians as a class.

The unnatural system of education established in their country had also a most disastrous effect on the literary genius of Indians, because it tended to exalt the literary ideals of their rulers at the expense of those of their ancestors. Vedantism and Hindu mythology, the rich treasure-mines of inspiration for Indian literature and art, were consequently neglected. Indian natural scenery, with its rich colouring, its infinite variety, and its high lights and deep shadows, came to be almost despised. Every one who aspired to be a poet in India wrote verses *à la* Byron, Shelley, Scott or Tennyson. Therefore the imitative faculty of Indians was developed at the expense of their creative faculty. Instead of feeling naturally,

(1) One of the most important of these changes is the system of notation.

and expressing those feelings in a manner natural to them, Indians tried to feel and express themselves in the way in which British poets expressed themselves. Thus the soul song of India was stifled in the breast of her children. But nature asserts herself sooner or later in every sphere of life, whether we like it or not, and so India found her own voice and began to see life with her own eyes again. A number of good poets and eminent writers are now writing in Bengali, Urdu and other Indian languages.

India is awake now. Influences, both Japanese and Western, have helped her in her new awakening, because it is impossible for any people in the world to avoid being influenced by the currents of the time-spirit from other countries. At the same time, in spite of these foreign influences, she is quite herself, and not an echo or shadow of any other nation in her creative and constructive work. In the literature and art that she is producing you perceive the ancient soul of India in a new form. India is nothing if not mystical. And this mysticism of hers colours the love-longings of Rabindranath Tagore as much as it does the art of the Bengal school of painters. The ancient sages of India always saw the unity of life behind the multitudinous variety of nature's forms, and this vision of theirs has been again seen by Sir J. C. Bose, the Indian scientist. To ancient Indian philosophers it was inconceivable how politics could be divorced from ethics, and to-day Mr. Gandhi is showing by his own words and actions that this ideal of theirs is still alive in the life-blood of the country.

## PRESIDENT COSGRAVE

BY DENIS GWYNN

It would be foolish to ignore that the general elections held in September last in the Irish Free State have brought well within the bounds of possibility the displacement of Mr. Cosgrave by a chastened Mr. de Valera as President of the Executive Council. Yet their result can only be described as a very real success for the bold policy which Mr. Cosgrave has pursued. He not only foresaw but said openly, when he introduced the Electoral Amendment Bill, which compelled Mr. de Valera to enter the Dail rather than risk the political extinction of his party, that his policy was more likely to help his opponents than the Government at the next elections. But he was determined to call the bluff that has retarded all normal political development in the Free State for so long. Whatever the result might be to his own party, he was determined to put an end to the prolonged travesty of democratic government under which the second largest party in the State persisted in standing for election but refused to accept the responsibilities of deputies. His action could not fail to recoil upon his own party in two ways. First, he was enforcing measures of coercion which rivalled, if they did not surpass, the most extreme measures of previous coercionists under the old *régime*. And secondly, by compelling all candidates for election to give a guarantee that they would take their seats, the Bill must inevitably offer to many voters who disagreed with the abstentionist policy of the Republicans, but who desired a change of Government, an opportunity to strengthen the main Opposition party in the Dail.

What Mr. Cosgrave predicted in introducing the Electoral Amendment Bill was literally fulfilled. Even under Proportional Representation the tendency to encourage small parties was overcome by the general desire to create a strong Opposition party which would provide

an alternative government. Many thousands of voters in every constituency who had previously expressed their discontent with the Government by voting for Labour Party, or Farmers' Party, or National League candidates, transferred their votes to Mr. de Valera's followers as soon as they were committed to entering the Dail as a constitutional Opposition. Mr. Cosgrave had foreseen that by compelling the Republicans to enter the Dail he would clear the air, and that the small parties would suffer at the expense of his own party and of the Republican Opposition; but he reckoned that in the outcome he would still retain a sufficient majority to carry on the government. Before the polling actually took place he had seen his calculations so faithfully fulfilled that he himself made a personal prediction that his own party would win sixty-one seats. The forecast was exactly and astonishingly accurate.

It is only in quite recent years that Mr. Cosgrave has been given credit for the possession of such sound political judgment. Less than five years ago, when Mr. Cosgrave, at the age of forty-two, was unexpectedly called upon to preside over the Free State after the sudden death of Arthur Griffith, and the murder, a few weeks later, of Michael Collins, very few people indeed could have said what qualifications Mr. Cosgrave had at all for the desperately arduous position which he undertook in fulfilment of the wishes of his dead friends. To the vast majority of Irishmen he was no more than a name. He had not been a signatory to the Anglo-Irish treaty; he had been no more conspicuous to the public at large than many other Sinn Fein deputies whose photographs had been plastered on hoardings by the police, with glaring announcements that big money was offered to anyone who assisted in their capture. Only for a few weeks, during the illness of Arthur Griffith, he had been acting as Deputy Leader of the Government in the Dail at a time when Kevin O'Higgins was still an unknown young politician. All that was known was that Mr. Cosgrave was the son of poor parents in Dublin; that he had spent his early years, after leaving a primary school, as an assistant in a public-

house; and that his chief experience of public life had been gained as one of the few Sinn Fein members of the old Dublin Corporation, where he had tried, as one of a small but courageous group, to expose and defeat the corruption of its municipal administration. He had taken part in the Dublin insurrection of 1916, when Arthur Griffith had stood out against the rising; but he had not been prominent enough to incur the death penalty. He had been imprisoned in England afterwards, and had been "on the run" in Ireland after his election for Kilkenny in 1917, which was one of the first demonstrations that popular sympathy had gone over solidly to Sinn Fein. He had been Minister for Local Government in the shadowy Sinn Fein Government which had established some measure of disputed authority during Sir Hamar Greenwood's administration. Beyond that no one outside a small range of his intimate friends knew anything at all, and the whole future of the new-born State could scarcely have looked more hopeless, when its two chief creators had died suddenly within a few weeks of one another, at the beginning of the civil war which was rapidly spreading through the country.

It was certainly the last task that an unknown politician with no ambition and with a naturally retiring disposition would have chosen to undertake. But Mr. Cosgrave assumed his responsibilities without flinching. Even his appearance was unknown to most people, and his diminutive, frail figure was not calculated to inspire confidence. He had to assume the direction of a Cabinet largely composed of men as little known as himself. Several of them were extremely young; all were new to political life and to the difficulties of working together as a group. It was long before they realised how much Mr. Cosgrave had learned in the arts of government through his apprenticeship on the old Dublin Corporation. In the highly organised corruption of its politics under the old *régime*, Dublin had gone far to rival the condition of New York. The new *régime* has made a clean sweep of its squalid traditions by temporarily handing over the city to salaried civil servants, who have vastly improved the administra-



tion while bringing an immediate and substantial relief to the ratepayers. In conflicts with the unscrupulous gang of publicans, moneylenders and ward politicians, who held the Dublin municipal constituencies in their power, Mr. Cosgrave had a training that resembled that of President Roosevelt when he entered Tammany Hall to learn the first essentials of American politics.

But his shrewdness, his courage and integrity, and his experience of political tactics, which counted for so much in the fight through the first years, would not alone have enabled him to fulfil his difficult role with such astonishing success. Two special attributes of his character were of incalculable assistance: his unsuspected capacity for keeping a group of conflicting individuals together, and an entire indifference to personal popularity. For years Irish Nationalist politics had been dominated by strong personalities or picturesque leaders. Griffith had brought to the Sinn Fein Movement the same adamant qualities that had given unchallenged authority to Parnell. Michael Collins had aroused enthusiasm by his own exuberant and boyish personality. But when they both disappeared there was no conspicuous leader left; and Mr. Cosgrave, realising his own inability to create enthusiasm quickly, and with his natural repugnance towards popular applause, set himself at once to establish a tradition which was wholly new to Irish politics, in governing through the collective decisions of a Cabinet. It required tact and firmness to hold together a group of men who had no previous experience of political responsibilities, and who were working under chaotic conditions. To have kept such a Cabinet of inexperienced politicians together at any time would have been a wonderful achievement for a man who was himself untrained in office. But Mr. Cosgrave had to keep them united through a civil war in which each of his colleagues, as well as himself, was constantly torn by conflicts of allegiance in matters that concerned his own family or intimate friends. In addition to these manifold difficulties the personal friction that is common to all Cabinets developed with special force. The younger members of the Cabinet, who very quickly revealed greater ability than the rest, soon formed themselves into a group

which regarded the older men, and even Mr. Cosgrave himself, with considerable dissatisfaction. Stories of impending splits in the Cabinet became current time after time, and there was ample ground for them. Personal friction between Mr. Cosgrave and the late Kevin O'Higgins became particularly acute, and O'Higgins was the recognised leader of the younger group. But Mr. Cosgrave's firmness and loyalty and supreme sense of public duty weathered all storms, and in later years a much more harmonious spirit has prevailed.

Nothing contributed more to keeping the Cabinet together than the very remarkable personal humility of the President himself. Mr. Baldwin has never been eclipsed by his more brilliant colleagues to the extent that Mr. Cosgrave was in those most difficult years, by the growing reputation of several of his Ministers. But no shadow of jealousy ever clouded his generous appreciation of what the younger men were doing under his own unostentatious guidance. The point deserves emphasis, for it reflected what is certainly the chief characteristic of Mr. Cosgrave as an Irishman. There can be few politicians living who have a more profoundly religious sense. The spirit that urged Mr. Cosgrave as a young man to enter the squalid arena of Dublin municipal politics was a real and deep love of the poor, more than any Nationalist idealism. And in a country where religious tendencies usually assume an austere form, Mr. Cosgrave is an example of the ascetic influences of Catholicism. It was less as President of the Free State than as an individual Catholic Irishman that Mr. Cosgrave seized the opportunity two years ago of going to Rome for the Holy Year; and in attending the centenary celebrations of the Irish Saint Columbanus at Bobbio he sat obscurely in the back of the church with many other pilgrims, without any insistence upon the public importance of his position. And during the last Imperial Conference in London it was well known to his intimate associates that Mr. Cosgrave, who was so seldom to be found by interviewers, could have been discovered frequently, when he could escape for brief intervals from public affairs, kneeling quietly in a secluded Catholic Church within a little distance of Whitehall.

Only those who realise the extent of this religious influence upon the Irish character can appreciate even those direct and simple motives that govern his extremely pugnacious politics. In all the elections since the Free State was established, Mr. Cosgrave's fighting qualities have been an enormous asset to his party; and the arrival, often by aeroplane, of this frail figure surmounted by a shock of fair hair, with his tremendous vigour of speech—acquired in the far from polite school of Dublin ward politics but moderated very considerably with the responsibilities of office—has galvanised many hundreds of open-air meetings into sudden life. Mr. de Valera's decision to combine taking an oath with proclaiming that it was an "empty formula" did genuinely shock his religious sense, and moved him to outbursts of indignation scarcely less fervent than when he had to denounce the murderers of Kevin O'Higgins, and when he assumed with characteristic fearlessness, in the face of threats of other assassinations, entire personal responsibility for the executions which had been attributed especially to the murdered Minister of Justice.

Not since Daniel O'Connell has Nationalist Ireland had a leader so intensely Catholic in his outlook. The fact might easily have caused uneasiness to the Protestant minority in the Free State; but the Southern Unionists have had no cause for complaint against him. Except on the question of prohibiting divorce in Ireland, in which the Government was, in fact, supported by some of the most prominent leaders of the Church of Ireland and of the Nonconformist churches—which in their strict code of morals all have very much the same ideas as the Catholic hierarchy—there has been scarcely any issue in which definitely Catholic principles have been applied as such. Very drastic proposals are, it is true, contemplated for preventing the printing or importation of any publications which offend against decency or advocate birth control; but on this matter also the Government is acting on the recommendations of a very representative committee of inquiry, upon which Protestants and Nonconformists were fully represented and concurred in the unanimous

decisions of the committee. Similarly in regard to Trinity College, Dublin, where the recent death of Dr. Bernard left to the Government for the first time the appointment of a successor to the late Provost. There was an agitation in some quarters in favour of the appointment of some distinguished Catholic member of the University, and the name of Sir Thomas Moloney, the first Lord Chief Justice of the Free State, was strongly put forward. But Mr. Cosgrave left the matter entirely in the hands of the University itself, and the candidate whom the Senior Fellows had chosen was appointed without question. His attitude has been rewarded with a generous return of confidence by the University. Its three deputies in the Dail have given valuable assistance and support to the Government; and at the annual meeting of the College Historical Society a few weeks ago Mr. Cosgrave's arrival was greeted with tumultuous and prolonged applause, the whole audience rising up to cheer him for several minutes.

In regard to Ulster, Mr. Cosgrave has shown the same attitude of complete respect for honest difference of opinion. He has refused consistently to take any step which challenged the existing rights of the Northern Government. Born and trained in an atmosphere in which the old tradition of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland was fiercely resented, he has shown no such resentment in his own public actions. When the first Irish Loan was floated the Church of Ireland and great Protestant institutions like the Guinness breweries gave a generous support to the effort to establish the credit of the new State; but it is no secret that in the early years the attitude of the directors of certain very important business interests towards Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues was far from sympathetic. Well-intentioned attempts to bring about private and informal conversations on a friendly basis between them and Mr. Cosgrave, as President of the Executive Council, were met with definite rebuffs, which a less tolerant man might well have resented under the conditions then prevailing. But Mr. Cosgrave's attitude throughout has been that there must be no coercion of anyone except in cases where the law was being openly flouted. He has set himself to

create confidence by actions and by successful and industrious administration, making no effort either to win favour with the strong vested interests of the Southern Protestants or to hasten political reconciliation with Belfast by artificial means. It was not Mr. Cosgrave who insisted upon raising the awkward and insoluble questions that were involved in pressing for the setting up of the Boundary Commission under the Treaty some years ago, which so nearly led to a crisis through the disappointment of ill-founded hopes in the Free State. His policy has aimed at reconciliation and reunion with Northern Ireland by other means; and his own personal efforts were largely responsible for the ultimate agreement to drop the boundary question on condition that other outstanding matters in the Treaty should also be cancelled out.

The Ulster Unionists and the Southern Protestants have, in fact, been no cause of difficulty to Mr. Cosgrave. His chief problem has been the continued abstention of a large political party which served as a focus for all the elements of discontent, that naturally increased while the Government was engaged in reducing expenditure and in enforcing the payment of taxes and debts more vigorously than under the old *régime*. So long as the Republican Party could gain recruits from all the miscellaneous forces of discontent, the programme of repudiating the Treaty and the Constitution received an apparent measure of support at the elections which was out of all proportion to the strength of real Separatist feeling, and thereby constituted a permanent menace to the credit of the State. To call that bluff, by compelling the Republicans to enter the Dail, has been the supreme task of his later administration. Having accomplished it, he may now well feel entitled to say his *Nunc Dimittis* after five years of the most difficult and exacting labours. There is a portrait painted of him within the first year of his tenure of office by the Irish artist Mr. Paul Henry, which shows a strained and anxious face extraordinarily different to the quiet confidence of Mr. Cosgrave that has become familiar in recent years. It took time to live down the fearful strain of the civil war, when every Minister carried his life in his hands, and when

the security of the State itself compelled the whole Cabinet to live behind barbed wire entanglements in the Government buildings in Dublin. But the policy of Mr. Cosgrave, in restoring confidence by strong government and prudent administration, while keeping himself in the background and giving the fullest possible scope to his able lieutenants, gradually triumphed in restoring its old happy existence to a country that is content with a very modest prosperity.

Whether Mr. Cosgrave will continue or not as the political leader of his party will, I imagine, depend chiefly upon developments in the new Dail. If the Republican Party becomes really constitutional and is willing to take its part without further mental reservations in carrying on the work which he has begun and carried so far, the need for his own counsel and his shrewd public spirit will be so much less that he may very possibly feel free to retire from the thankless responsibilities of political leadership. It was in all sincerity that Mr. Cosgrave offered, when he returned to the Dail without a Parliamentary majority in June last, to make way for anyone who might feel capable of forming a Constitutional Government. "Ministerial office," he declared, "is a high honour, but it is neither easy nor profitable. It was not without a very grave sense of responsibility that I persuaded certain of my colleagues to sacrifice the last five years—vital years in the career of the majority of them—to the work of national administration, and it is with no easy mind that I shall invite them to prolong their period of absence from business or professional careers." Yet this genuine reluctance to remain in office has never impaired the fighting qualities of Mr. Cosgrave; and although he agreed to take office with the support of other groups he did so on his own terms. "I cannot be too specific," he declared, "in impressing upon deputies that I have no intention of accepting office in the mere capacity of a super-policeman to maintain law and order while allowing the country to drift along. . . . Nor do I intend to allow myself to be placed in the position of endeavouring to carry out the policies of others, should a majority here agree to disagree with me in any matter of vital im-

portance." With that clear understanding he went ahead until, with the assassination of Kevin O'Higgins, the time for action had unquestionably come. Mr. Cosgrave introduced into the Dail, as measures of public safety, a Bill for the suppression of criminal organisations, and another designed to put an end to the long farce which had enabled the Republicans who remained outside the Dail to encourage acts of violence by irresponsible agitation, although disowning them when they occurred.

Mr. Cosgrave has undoubtedly gained his victory. Of late, Mr. de Valera has followed rather than led his own party, and he had to confess defeat when he bowed to the wishes of the majority by entering the Dail. Already the possibility of the Republicans reacting towards anti-constitutional methods has become more remote even than it was a few months ago. On that basis the Republican Party at last offers an alternative government; and after five such years as the Irish electorate has been through it is only natural that a change should be widely desired. It may be that, when the next Imperial Conference is held in London, the Free State will be represented at it by Mr. de Valera and not by Mr. Cosgrave. The political kaleidoscope has brought many startling changes in recent years; and when one remembers that in the last Imperial Conference not only was General Hertzog one of the leading figures, but that Mr. Cosgrave was welcomed, in the chairman's opening speech, as one of the few survivors of earlier conferences, the prospect of Mr. de Valera being welcomed in Whitehall and at Buckingham Palace cannot be regarded as either impossible or remote. But if that situation should arise, no man will have contributed more to bring it about than Mr. Cosgrave, with his quietly indomitable firmness of purpose and his constant subordination of his own interest and personal feelings to the common good.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE RURAL SCHOOL

BY CLOUDESLEY BRERETON, D.-ÈS-L. (HON. CAUSA),  
LILLE.

HITHERTO educational problems for the country at large have almost entirely been adjudicated on by those whose main interest is town education. On the departmental committee, for instance, on the training of teachers for public elementary schools, out of eighteen members only some two or three (a mere handful) represented the country side of the problem. At last, however, the question of the rural school has forced its way to the front, and a departmental committee has been appointed to consider the training of rural teachers. Happily the times seem more propitious to a right solution than at any previous epoch. On all sides it is increasingly agreed that the education of the country child differs, or should differ, considerably from that of the town child, although until recently the education it has received has been more or less moulded on urban lines.

But the solution of the problem itself is far from simple. It involves a clear conception of what is a country child, and, when we have settled that, of what exactly should be the education we should give him.

The conception of what is a country child is complicated and obscured by the fact that the population of many English counties to-day shades off, at times by almost insensible degrees, from being purely rural in character to semi-urban and indeed urban. This is especially true of those counties in the industrial parts of England in which, in addition to the non-county boroughs they contain, often of considerable size, the more rural areas are deeply eroded and indented by an ever-encroaching fringe of urban population, the overflow from some adjacent county borough or boroughs. Such a population is often as truly urban in character as that of the borough itself, since the great majority of these extramural out-dwellers find their occupation in it, and use the

district they inhabit only as a dormitory. Moreover, even the more rural counties are dotted over with an irregular archipelago of small county towns, little urban *enclaves*, within which again, alongside of the purely "townee" element, there is also a number of persons engaged in definite rural pursuits. It is clear, then, that it is only in the village school as such that we find the really country child.

When, again, we come to the problem of the suitable education for such a pupil, we are at once confronted with the fundamental question of what the aims and objects of that education should be. Nearly all educational authorities are agreed that education should be a preparation for *life*, *i.e.*, its aim should be at once individualistic and social, to turn out, in fact, one who is an honest man and a good citizen with a certain amount of knowledge and trained intelligence at his disposal. Some would stop here. But a good many others, including many practical people, think that the education given should include a training of the hand and eye, and even some acquaintance with the arts and crafts, not merely in order to cultivate the pupil's powers of observation and skill, but with a view to giving him some preparation in the rudiments or basic elements of the craft or calling he is likely to follow later on—in a word, some training for *livelihood*, with the further corollary that the general and technical elements in the curriculum should as far as possible be inter-related and interwoven.

Personally, one has long been convinced that no system of education is complete which does not contain these two ingredients, and this view appears to have been strongly held by the Consultative Committee in their report on the education of the adolescent, in which they propose that all education of children over eleven—or post-primary, as they call it—should be utilised to connect the school work with the interest arising out of the social, industrial or technical environment of the pupils, *i.e.*, it should include a practical bias. Such a bias already exists in the London central schools, and even in the secondary schools, though the presence of these practical elements is not

always so obvious. Thus, while the ordinary secondary school appears to be providing a form of general education only, in reality the instruction given in writing, arithmetic, English composition, geography and science manipulation comprises a good deal of the technical outfit of the future typist, secretary, bank clerk, journalist and scientific worker.

If, then, this definition be accepted, that education should not only comprise training for life but also some training for livelihood, we see at once that the general education to which some at least would confine the country child is inadequate, while the opposite idea of converting the rural school into a sort of farm school pure and simple is equally a chimæra. The curriculum must remain general, but none the less a definite rural bias can and should be given in certain directions and certain subjects. Only this bias must take into account two factors: in the little country town where a large proportion of the pupils will take up work of an urban nature the bias will necessarily be less, and, again, even in the fairly rural districts some account must be taken of the possible drift to the towns of those who have ambitions other than agriculture, however much we may deplore, from the point of view of the countryside, their subsequent loss as well as that of the majority of their cleverer pupils who go on to a secondary school with the ordinary "general" curriculum.

What, then, should be the subjects in which this rural bias should be operative? One subject immediately suggests itself, a subject which is already in the curriculum, but is certainly capable of further development—nature study. If nature study is regarded as an indispensable subject even for the town child, it is clear its claims on the country child are infinitely stronger, and that for several reasons:—

- (1) It utilises the child's immediate environment, and therefore fulfils the universally accepted doctrine of beginning with the known and with matters under the eye and reference of the child.
- (2) It thus offers an incalculable storehouse of *first-hand* knowledge, which can be made more *real* to the average

child than any second-hand information, however cunningly conveyed by books and pictures.

(3) It minimises the danger of stunting the child's power of observation by confining him too exclusively in his early years to the printed page, with its unilateral view of things, presented, as they necessarily must be, in an *ex cathedra*, "take-it-or-leave-it" fashion.

(4) It is an excellent medium for making the child understand, take an interest in, appreciate, admire and even love the natural wonders and beauties by which he is surrounded. A real love of the countryside is the best antidote to the meretricious attraction of the town.

(5) If it includes not merely a knowledge of wild nature but of nature tamed and domesticated to the service of man, together with some understanding and experience of rural crafts and of those rural "mysteries" which include simple agricultural practice and science, it should give the pupil an insight and initiation into the beginnings of rural economy and *technique* which should be of value in his future calling.

The best term for such an enlarged form of nature study seems to be rural science, the latter being held to include some practical work.

The study of such a science would seem to fall into two stages, by no means mutually exclusive.

The first would concentrate on cultivating the child's powers of observation and of the expression of what it has observed. Plants, animals and birds (the latter might include poultry<sup>1</sup>) can be kept under observation and records of these observations made by the pupils. Children are keen observers, as many older people know to their cost.

The practical side should include the actual looking after of animals and aquaria, the growing of plants in pots or vases, the school garden (an absolute essential), or individual plots cultivated by the pupils themselves, and in the case of the boys some rough carpentry as well as the construction of small models in woodwork, while the drawing might be utilised for making them to scale so that

(1) For this and many other excellent suggestions I am indebted to Mr. Leadbeatter, of St. Faith's, Norfolk.

some of these might be carried out by the abler pupils at home. This working with simple tools and actual materials seems preferable to cardboard modelling pure and simple, which, while good in itself as a preparatory stage, does not end in anything really practical. The second stage would begin when the phenomena under observation were not merely described but gathered together and grouped as far as possible in some logical scheme, the leading idea being no longer mere observation but the introduction of the notion of cause and effect through experiment on the growth and nutrition of plants and even of crops by means of trial plots, to mention only one instance, while the practical side could include such craft work as grafting and more advanced gardening operations.

Extensions of the outdoor and field work readily suggest themselves in visits to the crops of some friendly farmer, or the forge or workshop of some equally friendly blacksmith or carpenter, not forgetting school excursions or even school journeys if such were ever undertaken. Again, local history and local geography can within reason be laid under contribution for the general history and geography lessons. Naturally, the composition lessons would be utilised by the pupils for describing their observations and experiments, while some elementary land-surveying might be combined with the arithmetic and drawing. It is very doubtful if it is wise to extend the bias to other subjects by giving (say) the arithmetic an agricultural bias, as, for instance, by making all the transactions centre in rural operations, whether it be the purchase of imaginary livestock or calculating the cost of equally mythical bushels of corn. Such attempts at make-believe or pseudo-realism generally end by boring both teacher and taught and so defeat themselves. One's own conviction is that for all other subjects the countryside should, though freely drawn on, be regarded as subject-matter for illustration, never as subject-matter itself.

But the real key to the situation appears to lie in the preparation of the future rural teacher on a more systematic scale than has hitherto been the case. Given a teacher adequately equipped, with a genuine love for the country,

that is with the right preparation and the right spirit, I am convinced the problem will largely solve itself. To me, personally, the right spirit seems to be the most fundamental of all. Children love what their teacher loves, and largely take their opinion of things in general from the same source. Now, to many of the older teachers a country post was a modified form of exile. The teacher generally was town born and bred, while the countryside was mainly hostile or indifferent to his work. No wonder the teacher often felt lonely and isolated. Happily a considerable change all round has taken place of recent years, thanks to the improved status of the teacher, due to the improvement in salaries and to a less extent to his passage through the secondary school, while the immense extension of urban facilities and amenities into country districts through the motor 'bus, wireless, and gramophone has considerably reduced his previous isolation. And so with his change of condition his attitude towards the countryside has also substantially altered. Many more teachers take a vital interest in the country, and especially in their gardens, than in the past. But one still comes across instances of the undue importance attributed by some teachers to academic attainments as such. Quite recently I heard of a teacher who wanted a boy to take up a blind-alley profession in the town rather than that he should become a labourer. "Think," he said, "of being a seventh standard boy and all I've taught you, and now you want to go on the land!"

But to be perfectly just, even in such an extreme case this individual teacher seems to me less to blame than the system itself, for which we are all responsible, a system essentially a town-made one and inspired by town-made ideals, if not accompanied by the average townsman's conscious or unconscious contempt for the clod-hopper and the countryside.

It says volumes for the average country teacher that he has so often been able to rise superior to his urban education and training and to make an extensive revaluation of his previous values in favour of the country. What

does seem pertinent here is the desirability of promoting a larger flow of country-born children into the service than has hitherto been the case.

But the problem of suitable teachers involves also an examination of the particular type of teacher needed. The majority of country schools are very small, containing often less than fifty pupils, who range in attainment from ex-VII pupils to mere babies. The teacher has perforce to be a *general practitioner* rather than a specialist in one or two subjects as is increasingly the case to-day in the large town school, modelled to a certain extent on the factory with its specialisation of services and subdivisions of labour. In fact, it would not be unfair to say that the town school resembles rather a highly organised store and the country school a general shop. Under such conditions quality of teaching power has at times to be subordinated to quantity. In a school where the age range of the children would throw an undue strain on (say) two fully certificated teachers allowed by the scale, it is preferable to have (say) three teachers, of whom two are uncertificated. The ideal would, of course, be to have three certificated teachers, but the extra half million that such a scale of staffing would entail in the country, with farming again a depressed industry and rates at a crushing height, makes any such scheme impracticable.

In the light of the preceding analysis the following conclusions appear to emerge. In predominantly rural districts the curriculum of the elementary school should be general with a district or rural bias in the teaching of nature study and rural science combined with some knowledge of rural technique such as gardening (including grafting), poultry keeping, and possibly surveying, with some woodwork, including drawing to scale for boys, with gardening and home craft for girls on lines similar to the *enseignement ménager* in Belgium. Rightly developed, the school garden might become a veritable focus of interest not merely to pupils and parents, but to smallholders and even farmers, who would have every interest in supporting it. Of course, there are in the country a certain number



of village schools which have already more or less realised the programme set out above, notably that of Mr. Clayton in the West Riding.

No rigid curriculum or syllabus should be laid down, but it would be helpful if the local authority were to collect and publish a certain number of specimen curricula and syllabuses in actual use in pioneer schools for the other schools to adapt to their needs rather than to adopt *en bloc*.

The teachers, including the head teacher, should be general practitioners rather than specialists except in rural science. To ensure the steady flow of suitable teachers the preparation of the future rural teacher should be undertaken on more systematic lines than has so far been the case. This should involve the retention of the pupil teacher system, in support of which the following reasons are urged:—

(1) The value of the pupil teacher's services as part-time teacher if he is in the school for any part of the week. Supplementary teachers and pupil teachers will still be needed for some time to come to help the head teacher who is single-handed. The employment of monitors in small French rural schools, where no uncertificated teachers are recognised by law, is evidence of the necessity of such ancillary teachers.

(2) The possibility of so improving the pupil teacher system as to make it on lines outlined below an alternative source of supply of trained teachers, who, being born and bred in the country, are peculiarly fitted to understand the ways and ideas of country children—a matter, one believes, of the greatest importance to the countryside.

(a) INCREASED EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES FOR PUPIL TEACHERS.—Pupil teachers at present attend pupil teacher centres or secondary schools for their academic training. Unfortunately the staffing in some of the pupil teacher centres is defective, especially in mathematics. This is a great handicap for the pupil teachers who want to go on further. These centres should, however, be ended, not mended, and the practice of the pupil teacher going on to a place of higher education like the secondary school

should be generalised. The network of secondary schools, however, is not complete in some countries. It is urged, therefore, that the existing gaps might well be filled up by the number of central schools with agricultural sides after the French model. They would provide the pupil teachers within them with a particularly valuable alternative course of study to that pursued in the ordinary secondary school. Through their regular pupils they should also furnish a valuable source of supply of candidates for the teaching profession. But, as French experience shows, they must be staffed with headmasters imbued with the right spirit and outlook, not with people who have failed to get the principalship of an ordinary secondary school.

Moreover, if the existing small county secondary schools were also encouraged to make a strong point of rural science as is indeed being done in one, at least, Norfolk school, where the teaching is largely on the lines already described as Rural Science, the pupil teachers attending such schools would profit by the course, as would also those of the pupils who were intending to pass on to a training college by the normal route. Parenthetically one would remark that such teaching would also help to retain in the country some of the "lads of pairs" who at present look on the town as their sole objective.

(b) EXAMINATIONS.—In view of the abolition of the preliminary examination for the certificate in 1928 it is quite obvious, if the pupil teacher system is retained, some other means should be instituted to take its place. The best course would be to assimilate it to the first leaving examination of the Universities. We don't want to multiply examinations. This would involve, however, certain modifications.

(1) The making optional of a foreign language which the majority of these part-time students have not the time to master. It is noteworthy that the French, in spite of the high standard of education in their country, do *not* demand a foreign language at the *brevet*, which is regarded as the entrance examination for the teaching profession and the training college. As a modern language expert,

I do not see how such students could be expected normally to reach the standard of the leaving certificate, while the modicum of French they could cram up in the limited time at their disposal would be of far less value than the attainment of a satisfactory standard in other subjects.

(2) English, arithmetic and rural science or homecraft and hygiene for girls, should be compulsory.

(3) Practical work should count. This would probably involve an oral examination or, as I should prefer to call it, an interview. London experience in the award of technical scholarships shows it is quite possible to assess a candidate's manual work on these lines. Students should produce actual work done, and it should be no more difficult to weigh up and, if necessary, read through the lines of teachers' assessments of their pupils than it is to weigh up and assess testimonials for teaching posts. To quiet the susceptibilities of the ultra-academic folk, such a certificate might be called a "Beta" certificate. It should certainly give access to the training college.

At the same time, assuming that central schools were started, pupils from such schools should be eligible to take this certificate B with a view to entering the training college even if they had not taken a foreign language. At present central school pupils can, of course, enter if they have passed the requisite examination in the Oxford and Cambridge Locals. But I am strongly of opinion that pupils of ability of a craft or constructional order should not be debarred from becoming fully-trained teachers because their talents lie in other directions than the academic, and I say this with a full knowledge of the value of a foreign language. I am convinced that a large portion of the technical element represented by such students is an ingredient that town and country education would be all the better for in every grade of education from the bottom to the top. Needless to add, teachers thus trained should be placed on an absolute equality with those who have taken the ordinary academic course.

(c) TRAINING COLLEGES.—Special provision should be made in a limited number of training colleges (preferably those that cater for predominantly rural areas) for the

teaching of rural science, much on the lines of those adopted by the French normal colleges, and in certainly one English college at least (Culham), where rural science has been taught for several years. Help in this connection might be sought from the county agricultural experts, as is done on a large scale in the French training colleges, and is done in at least one English college (Bishop's Stortford), but such help should be carefully co-ordinated with the science teaching given by the college staff.

Third-year students of outstanding merit in rural science should be allowed a third year in the training college or at an agricultural college, provided the tutor arranged them a special time-table of lectures and work.

As regards the supplementary teachers and their possible improvement, one ventures to think that a certain number of them might be encouraged to improve their qualifications by the institution of holiday courses on the lines run by the Irish Agricultural Board, which has done so much to improve the teaching of science in Ireland. Such teachers are already familiar with the idea of refresher courses, but if certificates carrying a definite value could be attained by examinations at the end of the course, their worth would be augmented. The course would, in fact, be arranged so that the best teacher might over a series of years cover the ground for a B certificate, especially if the work had been supplemental to study in the evening or in Saturday morning classes. Success in gaining such a certificate would enable teachers to qualify for superannuation allowance.

England is still the land of the individualist, and therefore of the experimentalist. Probably in no country is so much quiet educational experiment going on, but we do not do enough to collect it and render it available to others. Much less do we advertise it like America, the land of standardisation and mass production. Without going so far in that direction we might still go much further than we do.

In a new departure like this we want first to have some machinery for collecting and codifying existing experiments, not excluding samples of the unsuccessful ones.

Secondly, with this information available, teachers should be allowed and indeed encouraged to experiment within reason.

And here the inspector can be of the utmost use, not by running some fad or fancy to death, but by acting as cross-fertiliser in the way of spreading in the schools successful experiments he has come across. Ultimately, from the growing mass of experiment certain definite lines of organisation will become clear. But the solution of the problem will have to come mainly through the teacher. The teacher is the Alpha and Omega of the whole matter. Given teachers suitably equipped and inspired by the right spirit and all will follow, because, as we have already said, the teacher not only forms the minds but the inclinations of his pupils. Interest can only be created by those who are at once interested and interesting. The crucial episode of the whitewashing shows what a magnificent teacher Tom Sawyer would have made had he decided to enter the profession!

## LABOUR AND THE GRADUALISTS

BY JAMES CORBETT

ALTHOUGH politicians have reassembled at Westminster, although the General Election is now a matter of months, and although all parties are feverishly engaged on political propaganda, we have to remember that politicians cannot save the country without the industrialists. What the workers want is education with regard to industry. The workers need to be taught the differentiation between industry and politics. If the political creed is a delusion with regard to industry, then co-operation between labour and capital is inevitably delayed.

With reference to the Labour Party itself, the Gradualist section hold the cards at present. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is Gradualist-in-Chief. He still clings to the reserve that brooded over his Labour Premiership, but that secrecy of temperament is a fundamental part of his character. No man is more determined to secure absolute power for the Labour Party. But he has the fortuitous good sense to realise his limitations.

MacDonald is aware that nothing but a Gradualist policy is feasible under modern conditions. He cannot escape from the economic environment of the century. Apart from that fact, there are indications that his method of Gradualism is pursued with gigantic strides. In this respect no supporter of the Marxian creed will jibe at MacDonald for being a sluggard. If "Socialism in our Time" is to be a practical realisation of the generation, MacDonald is determined that every obstacle will be overthrown in the path. Apparently he may seem handicapped by stupendous barriers, but the next step seeks to remove those hindrances in his policy of Gradualism. In some mysterious fashion the difficulties get removed to an appreciable extent. MacDonald has his eye on the ultimate goal. Unlike Snowden, Thomas and Henderson, there is no possibility of MacDonald being weaned from Socialism. That is why he will be inclined to a compromise with the

Liberals. If no miracle happens at the General Election, and if the Labourists cannot attain complete political power, MacDonald may have no objection to Lloyd George reigning at 10, Downing Street. That will simply be part of his Gradualist programme.

But is this not the greatest tragedy at Westminster? How can we compliment the intelligentsia of the Labour Party when MacDonald still flogs the dead body of Karl Marx under the delusion that it will metamorphose into a winged Pegasus? How exceedingly sad if the Leader of the Opposition has learned nothing from experience! Or are we to believe that what he has learned he has forgotten? Is sanity submerged under his inflexible resolve to furnish Great Britain with a Socialist Government? In order to reach that land of good vintage and rare honey this Parliamentary Socialist is prepared to listen to any dreamer. With MacDonald, Gradualism is the path that leads to a Marxian Utopia, a co-operative commonwealth where every man will shake hands in a world-brotherhood. It is a mighty dream even for a humble Parliamentarian. Drama and tragedy lie in the fact that MacDonald cannot be awakened from his dream.

If we are to understand the psychology of this dreamer we must gaze for a period into the dreamland of his thoughts. A day-dreamer is worse than a dangerous somnambulist. The latter can be coaxed back to bed and given a sleeping-draught, but the day-dreamer deludes his fellow mortal that he is positively awake. MacDonald is under the morbid conviction that Karl Marx is not dead but alive. Either he cherishes such an erroneous belief, or he is convinced that Marx still walks this earth with the substantialities of realism. Evidently he surmises that ectoplasm has given us the resurrected body of the German Socialist evangel.

With MacDonald, the next step is nationalisation. Mr. Lloyd George can offer him no greater bribe than a policy of this kind, and we have to remember that the Liberal programme just stops short of nationalisation. What we have to do is to point out the abyss. When the General Strike came to an inglorious end, MacDonald declared

that the coal struggle had been transferred from the pits to Westminster. The arena of conflict had been altered. In other words, MacDonald boldly asserted that nationalisation would be the battle-cry at the next election. Subsequent events may have camouflaged his programme in this respect. We are not quite certain. Everything will depend upon the voice of the electorate, and a further coal crisis may precipitate a fresh orientation of thought. Just at the moment perhaps, the Labour "tom-toms" are not beating loud on this particular note. MacDonald could never perform a "miracle" of that kind without full political power, and even then his Government might be wrecked on the rocks of nationalisation.

But nationalisation is the ultimate goal of the Labour Gradualists. MacDonald is leading his Party steadily towards it. Advocates of such a doctrine profess it a practical method of securing definite results. Yes, but are the results to be good or evil? Is it to be a gradual approach to sanity or chaos? Is MacDonald leading us towards a limited number of socialised industries, or is he pointing the way to a wholesale scheme of nationalisation? Is there no limit to his creed of Gradualism? Is Collectivism his ultimate aim? To-day he stands at the cross-roads. The Labour moderates are behind him. What is the vista before them all?

The Gradualists maintain that public authorities are in a position to govern and control industry. According to the Socialists, public control means economy of effort, a larger distribution of the products of industry, and more efficient management than under private enterprise. To those who hold a contrary opinion, a citation is given where certain services are carried on by the State or municipality. In these specified cases of socialised effort no individual receives a profit who has not made a contribution to labour, no financial loss occurs as in the case of competitive effort, conditions of employment are regularised to a certain degree, and matters are stabilised in the general interest instead of that of the few. Having advanced this argument, Socialists imagine that similar results will be found in every industry. They inform us

the same thing will happen under nationalisation or municipalisation. Being perfectly satisfied with this erroneous conclusion, they formulate the principle that collective effort will apply as a general axiom. In other words, they ask us to accept the dictum that if every industry is socialised all the prevalent evils of the existing system will disappear in a night. With his eye on the ultimate goal of Utopia, the Gradualist is convinced there is no other panacea on earth.

Unfortunately, the Socialist does not keep his eye on the earth.

If the new voter, for instance, is not content to accept a general assumption of this kind, and if we make a careful examination of the facts from which these sublime conclusions are drawn, we find the whole conception of nationalisation a fallacy of the first magnitude. Right at the beginning of our quest we discover that economic conditions are not the same in every industry. Admittedly, certain industries are governed by facts of a routine character. These facts are subject in themselves to the most minor fluctuations. Certain influences are practically static over a prolonged period. That is why, to some extent at least, public management and officialism can maintain control. Into this category come the Post Office, land transport, and, in a slight degree, a section of the retail trade. But when we come to apply the same analogy to the great staple industries of the modern world, to iron and steel, shipbuilding, textiles, chemicals, then we are appalled by the incongruity of the nationalisation principle. And as regards agriculture, which provides a vast amount of employment, it applies least of all.

Then there is a further misconception with regard to this problem of nationalisation. The industries which are at present socialised are not self-contained. They do not exist in an economic environment of their own. They are directly linked up with an ever-widening world of competitive effort. From this world of private endeavour they are forced to draw the appliances of labour, and are compelled to imitate other methods of manufacture. They have even to requisition the services of

managers trained in the great business world, and they are even advised by business men from this outside zone of competitive effort. In the last analysis they are judged by world-wide standards of modern efficiency. Now that last test is fundamentally important. There is no such thing as an absolute standard of efficiency. It is always relative. But under a Socialist *régime* there would be no such basis of comparison, and where progress cannot be measured in terms of comparison then inefficiency is inevitable and stagnation a certainty. Without such a test of comparison in a socialised State industry would sink back into a mechanised state of hopeless inertia.

Socialists forget that something more is required than labour and capital. There is a third vital and potential factor. That factor is management. There must be a captain of industry at the wheel. He may only be a genial chairman at a board of directors, but his influence is going to be paramount over that particular industry. Unless there is efficient management we can rule out all hope of business prosperity or profit. That is a truism which apparently evades the Gradualists. These Socialists imagine that industry will function under some mystic law of automatic guidance. They illogically assume that officialdom and bureaucracy can take the place of courage and personal initiative.

But it is absolutely essential in industry that the men responsible for management should be placed in complete control. No limit should be placed upon their capacity to govern. Between the civil servant and the business industrialist there is a marked divergence of type. We are faced with that dissimilarity in every corner of the world. It is a fundamental trait of psychology which the centuries have noted. No night school, no profound study of economics, no elaborate degree of organisation can transform an official into a man of initiative and vision. An industrialist is either a born leader of men or he is a mechanised slave. We want something more potential than automatons, something more alive and resilient than a bureaucrat.

We next arrive at the factor of financial risk. The

taking of risk is the inevitable law of a progressive industry. On the other hand, public management is chiefly concerned with the avoidance of financial risk. The official cannot be reconciled with the captain of industry. We have no doubt that many phases of nationalisation would involve no great alteration. For instance, the mere details of railway nationalisation could be carried out on elaborate lines, and it is doubtful if any outside country would be affected by the transfer. The rest of the world would not be disturbed. But it would not be correct to make the same statement with regard to the staff. Would Mr. J. H. Thomas, for example, be pleased that all railway staffs had been transformed into a hideous bureaucracy? Would it not occur to him that many of these staffs might collapse from their own dead weight?

No, the big tribute of admiration still goes to our leaders of commerce. These men are not merely willing to run risks, but they spend capital on new processes which may ultimately become a paying proposition. They embark on the production of new articles on the chance they will create their own demand, and they inform their shareholders that the capital has been subscribed on that understanding. Could ratepayers be treated in the same masterful manner? Would they submit to the speculation of public money? Would they even sanction for a moment the element of risk? A Government office is the last place to find a captain of industry. If he is discovered in that most unenviable environment he may inform you that he is Sir Eric Geddes tiding over a period of war. But after the Armistice is declared it will be difficult to see his heels for dust! What speculation would be permitted in the Committee-room of a Town Council? Is every councillor not a trustee of the people? Is every councillor not informed that all speculation is illegitimate? Quite, but "no risk, no progress" replies the leader of modern industry.

The Socialist, of course, can only be linked with the ostrich. He cannot see daylight for the sand of officialism. Yet he is burrowing his path to some underground objective. Gradualists are pushing their campaign

throughout the kingdom in the determined hope of capturing power at the next General Election. Up to the present little has been done by the other political parties to retard their progress. All Tories and Liberals can do is to offer bribes. They outbid the Socialists in offering bribes to the electors. This is even worse than the policy of the ostrich. It is the policy of the insane, because the destruction of capitalism means the destruction of prosperity.

For some unfathomable reason Socialists still believe that capitalism is the worst enemy of mankind. If any man can conjure up a scheme that will outlaw capitalism Socialists are prepared to worship him as a god. What we want is a definite movement throughout the country to combat the delusions which are rampant in the Labour Party at present. For instance, there is the fallacy that profit represents the robbery of labour, and that capitalism is the direct cause of poverty. Not merely are both propositions demonstrably false, but they are shouted at every Socialist meeting, and accepted as gospel truth by large numbers of people. As the franchise is now on a very wide basis, the majority of the audience are in possession of votes, and are able to place a revolutionary party in power. We know why many of these fallacies gain credence. To a great extent one can excuse the people being hoodwinked. Superficially, there is plausibility in many a Socialist argument. A workman may be receiving a regular wage, but it is a wage only sufficient to provide the bare necessities of life. On the other hand, he sees a capitalist in a position to enjoy unlimited luxury, and instantly he believes that he is being robbed by that employer. Or again, he is confronted with people in possession of substantial incomes, incomes in return for which they are providing no contributory labour. Naturally he assumes that these people are living on the backs of the workers. And if, in addition to these painful facts of existence, he is living in an environment of real poverty and distress, where a considerable section of the population can only command a subsistence wage, this Socialist workman is convinced that the capitalist is the robber, the real tyrant

responsible for the sufferings of the poor. And obviously he will vote for the Labour Gradualist who promises an end to the capitalist system.

But what is the answer to this widespread misconception? Is it not a fact that, in the days preceding the growth of capitalism, poverty was prevalent in much wider scope than to-day? Is it not the truth that, in the long centuries preceding the era of the capitalist, poorer classes lived in conditions of poverty of which we cannot even dream? And are we not right in pointing out that, even in those early days when the capitalist first appeared on the scene, the working classes were themselves responsible for many of the evils that occurred? For instead of taking advantage of the increased demand for labour, instead of making an effort to obtain higher wages for themselves, they proceeded to enlarge their families and send their children to work, with the result that the price of labour was continuously kept down. We thank heaven that such a lamentable period has passed. Yet if we confine our comparative analysis to the last seventy years we find that the condition of the working classes has tremendously improved, but such improvement has coincided with the rapid growth of capitalism. Lord Aberconway, in a book just published on *The Basic Industries of Great Britain*, states that in 1862 the paid-up capital of limited liability companies was £51,000,000, but by 1925 this figure had increased to £4,470,000,000. Perhaps, if capitalism is the real cause of poverty, the Socialist will explain how this enormous increase in the volume of capitalism has been accompanied by an indisputable improvement in the condition of all wage-earners? Is there not also evidence at the same time of how the extended employment of capital has led to an automatic improvement in wages? Indeed, if we examine the facts in detail, we find there is hardly an industry in Great Britain where the development of machinery has not added to the earnings of the manual worker.

Why, then, is the capitalist called a humbug and a robber? Apparently it is because a large number of workpeople, and a greater percentage of Socialist orators,

entirely fail to see that the work is done not merely by the manual worker but by the machine itself. If we are to study the economic side of the argument we must realise that the capitalist gets part of the value attributable to the machinery and plant, and that he pays for this out of money he might have spent on his personal aggrandisement. Instead of doing that, the wicked employer has spent his profit in paying for plant and machinery which creates wealth. Has he not, by so doing, rendered a direct contribution of service to the nation, including the manual workers employed in his own factory? And is it not a lamentable tragedy that political parties who seemingly profess an ardent desire to oppose Socialism should not drive home the knowledge of these essential facts, because, in the industrial world, a fact is not a fiction, and facts alone can destroy the delusions that exist in the mind of the Socialist.

What is wanted is not a process of gradualism leading to the destruction of capitalism, but a definite plan of co-operation in industry between the capitalist management and the workers. As Sir Lynden Macassey reminded us recently: "If proof be required of how cordial co-operation directly results in high wages and good conditions of employment for the workers and prosperity for industry one finds it abundantly in the U.S.A. Co-operation has been the unquestioned rule in American industry, while in the industries of Great Britain refusal to co-operate has been the honoured principle." There we have it in a nutshell. In one sense we cannot deplore a lack of industrial organisation. When we survey our industries we can see they are organised to a very appreciable extent, with employers in associations or federations and with the workers in one or a number of federated trade unions. We have even employers and workers organised through representatives on a Whitley Council. But what has happened to all this wonderful scheme of organisation? We find every conference is merely part of the mechanism of collective bargaining, where masters and men meet to haggle over rates of wages or conditions of employment, one side to pay as little and get as much



as possible, and the other side to get as much and do as little as possible! And then we wonder why Britain is making no gigantic stride these days of reconstruction! In a "conference room" of this description we find the spirit of co-operation has been exchanged for that of industrial war, whilst generous-minded men stifle all their finer sentiments of friendship in the cold officialism that emanates from their respective organisations. In a tug-of-war bout of this kind we cannot possibly compete with our Continental rivals. We are merely engaged in an industrialist defence of capitalism, which, as a matter of common sense, should need no defence whatever, for not until we realise the potentialities of capitalism in every shape and form can we go forward, employer and employed, to our proper destiny in the competitive markets of the world.

In the days that have gone it would be most erroneous to say that the worker was opposed to co-operation. It simply did not enter his calculations. He did not regard it as a definite factor of cohesion between himself and his employer. But since 1915 at least we find extremists in the Labour movement teaching that co-operation is a gross betrayal of the workers' interests. In other words, it is the policy of the Gradualist School to refuse the principle of co-operation. The Marxian pupils of this school want, in reality, the greatest possible amount of friction in the industrial relationship, and, according to their argument, the more co-operation is firmly refused the sooner will the capitalist organisation disintegrate. And the Reds, who are opposed to such a "milk-and-water" policy as Gradualism, would precipitate chaos to-morrow by industrial revolution.

Fortunately there are signs that sanity is returning to the workers. Some of the leading trade unionists have now changed their personal views. They are even prepared to admit that everything depends upon co-operation in industry, yet they can only make the concession from a sectional standpoint. Naturally they are concerned with the personal question of livelihood. When they realise that their interests are identical with those of the nation

possibly we may witness a repetition of what occurred at the Trades Union Congress at Edinburgh. At that congress, we are happy to notice, the question of co-operation emerged for the first time as a practical reality. Yet the shadow of doubt still exists concerning the Trades Disputes Act. When this Act itself is interpreted in the most magnanimous spirit of the workers then co-operation between labour and capital will become a vital proposition. Sir Alfred Mond is leading the way with his "League of Industrial Peace" and with his stupendous scheme of co-partnership in "Imperial Chemicals, Ltd." We want more pioneers of his courage and wisdom to bring Great Britain out of the morass. What we want, in fact, is plain common sense.

As Sir Lynden Macassey reminds us, the impediments to co-operation in British industry are psychological and not economic, because, if we get down to bedrock, we find employers are more genuinely willing that workers should share in the profits of the industry, and this is the real spirit of co-partnership and high endeavour which we must foster and encourage in the coming days.

We want less interference from the politicians. Let us drop the mask of hostility and have real co-operation instead of hate!

## BRATIANO AND THE NEW ROUMANIA

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

OF all the countries which were the beneficiaries of the last War, there are few which obtained so large an accession of territory and population as Roumania, and none which, possessing so many new and formidable assets, has provided an expectant world with a more illuminating object-lesson of the futility of settlements that were economically or ethnically unsound.

The Roumanians have always occupied a peculiar position in the Balkans, and though their claim to be descended from the legionaries of Trajan who overran Dacia about A.D. 106 and killed Decebalus, the Dacian leader, has been denied by many, there is much in their dress, appearance and customs that would point to a Roman descent.

After the overthrow of the Roman Empire Dacia became the highway for the successive waves of barbarians that swept down on Europe, and the Daco-Roumanians retreated to the mountain fastnesses where they were able to keep intact most of their racial characteristics. Then, when the flood of invasion had receded, they returned once more to the Plains and ultimately founded the Principality of Wallachia. This was in the thirteenth century, and a hundred years later Moldavia also came into being, the subsequent centuries being marked by great vicissitudes and one ephemeral period of brilliance, during Michael the Brave's reign, when the Roumanians temporarily incorporated Transylvania into their realm—a period that was then followed by dismemberment at the hands of the Turkish invaders. Oppressed and subjected to a ruthless assimilation, the Roumanians managed, nevertheless, to survive as a distinct nationality, and, after several centuries' subjection to the Turks, were the first to benefit from the defeat of Russia in the Crimean War, the Treaty of Paris comprising certain provisions whose actual effect was to create entirely new States out of the moribund Ottoman Empire, indicating a tendency in European

diplomacy whose significance we are all apt to overlook. Disregarding the traditional method of the old diplomacy and the mystical pact signed in Paris on September 26th, 1815, by the Holy Alliance, according to which the Powers not only declared war against national aspirations, but resolved to settle all problems on a purely dynastic basis, the Allies now proceeded to anticipate Woodrow Wilson's famous Fourteen Points by breaking entirely new ground. And, actuated by the desire to remedy the status of subject populations whose cruel plight and chaotic organisation had caused Russia to engage in war with England and France in order to acquire new territories, they appointed a special Commission to investigate the problem and to propose bases for the future organisation of the subject nationalities. A *divan ad hoc* was accordingly summoned in Bucharest to consult the wishes of the Roumanian people, and, amid the fervour of generous emulation that surrounded the plenipotentiaries, the Principality of Roumania came into being, under Alexander Couza, the country subsequently obtaining her complete independence in November, 1877, at the termination of the Russo-Turkish War.

Few countries have done less to justify their new freedom than Roumania, and ever since the day she was liberated from her oppressive tutelage her Government has consistently displayed not only as corrupt and venal an ineptitude as any Turkish *régime* preceding her, but as equally blameable a tendency to copy all that was bad in the French mode, to the detriment of the good. Thoroughly Balkanic in method and moral outlook, the Roumanians differ, in short, in no marked degree from the other nations that have broken away from the Sublime Porte, apart from the sphere of immorality in which their competence and sovereignty are alike unchallenged; and, while they make charming hosts and entertaining friends, once they forget the fable of their descent from Romulus and Remus or discard their Parisian affectations, they remain the greatest living exponents of those corrupt arts which enable the unprincipled few to subjugate and batten on the multitude.

Roumania does not form a geographic unity. One of her component parts, Transylvania, is encircled on two sides by the Carpathian Mountains, separating it from the rest of the country; the other, the Roumanian lowland, is joined in the east by the Plains of Moldavia and Bessarabia, stretching from north to south. Yet, in spite of this handicap and the further disadvantage that her newly acquired possessions—and especially Transylvania, Bessarabia and Bukovina—have brought within the country's frontiers hostile minorities totalling five millions whose assimilation is proving an insuperable task, it cannot be denied that she has immensely benefited from the War.

Her population, seven millions before 1914, now approaches sixteen millions, and while her component parts are separated by mountains that cut off the north from the south, her natural resources are so enormous as to compensate largely for these deficiencies. Oil mines in old Roumania, located chiefly around Dombovitz, and furnishing 2 per cent. of the world's total oil supply; undeveloped deposits of copper and manganese; salt, producing nearly 200,000 tons yearly; large quantities of black and brown lignite; a few gold, iron, and silver mines and enormous forests, not to mention great tracts of unexcelled grain lands in old Roumania and Bessarabia—a really handsome heritage.

Let us now give some account of the statesman who, more than any other Roumanian, is typically representative of the Roumania of to-day, not only because he possesses in a marked degree all the qualities and vices of his race, but also because he has been more closely identified with the history of his country than any other man living.

Tall and strongly built, even massive, Jean Bratiano, Premier of Roumania and leader of the Liberal Party, impresses with his restless and dominating personality from the very first moment that you meet him. A man, quick and far-seeing, to whom inaction is intolerable and opposition only a spur and incentive.

And in a country of impulsive Latins he strikes the observer as the one leader who, knowing his mind, sets

out to achieve his purpose and accomplishes it, his will to act being as exceptional as his talent or intuitive perception of the weapon to employ. Utilising ruse or finesse, intimidation or bribery, at will, Bratiano has succeeded in so stamping his own impress on the last fifteen years of Roumanian history that there is hardly an event of any signal importance during that period which is not associated with his name.

His childhood and youth were fairly uneventful, but if he failed to display any exceptional ability in class, his strength of character and absolute fearlessness marked him out among his fellows, while he had all the prestige and influence that distinguished parentage confers on the offspring of the great, there being few who came into contact with him who were not supremely conscious of the prominent part that his family had played in the heroic age of the country. It was Jean Bratiano, one of his ancestors, who had brought the offer of the Roumanian throne to Prince Carol, the second son of the Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen in March, 1896, when Alexander Couza, the first Prince of Roumania, had been deposed as the result of a revolution, and since other members of his family had rendered equally signal service to their fellow countrymen, the name of Bratiano was one to conjure with. All this, coupled with the possession of a strong, virile personality, accordingly stood Jean in good stead, and he was not slow to take advantage of it. On terminating his studies he turned to finance and politics, and with the help of his brother proceeded to amass an enormous fortune, while firmly consolidating the power that he wielded behind the throne by processes of seduction that ranged from the classical "sop to Cerberus" to intimidation, blackmail, and extortion—his competence in these domains being unquestioned, even in Roumania.

Then, in the years immediately preceding the War, Jean began to make history by the skilful manner in which, sensing the policy that should be adopted by his country in Balkan matters, he first upheld the Treaty which Count Berchtold and King Charles had signed at Sinaia for the maintenance of a Balkan *status quo* whatever the issue of

the war then raging between Turkey and the Balkan League (1912), only to break that pact in the next year when the Roumanian armies joined Greece and Serbia in a concerted attack on Bulgaria, on the pretext that this country was precipitating a new war with the object of depriving Serbia and Greece of the fruits of their recent victory, this *volte-face* securing for Roumania not only certain material advantages but a prestige and independence that made her the temporary arbiter of the Balkans.

This was fourteen years ago. Let us now consider present-day Roumania, and try to estimate whether the dictatorship which Bratiano has succeeded in imposing on his countrymen possesses any chance of surviving the crisis in which Prince Carol's dramatic re-entry as candidate for the Roumanian throne has involved the country.

The position seems to be this: On the death of King Ferdinand the Bratiano Government succeeded in enthroning young Prince Michael without any serious trouble, his father Carol's latest affair with a Jewess of doubtful antecedents having proved so distasteful to the Roumanians that King Ferdinand had been compelled to make him renounce his succession rights and go into exile. Tired already of the lady for whom he sacrificed a throne, the errant voluptuary has, however, chosen to ignore the appeal which his father made to him on his deathbed to keep the oath of renunciation, with the result that a situation has apparently been created in Roumania recalling more romantic days. Shall Prince Carol be recalled to the country and mount the throne, or will the Boy King, his son, continue to be the nominal ruler?

The trouble is, however, not only a dynastic one. It is symptomatic of a dissatisfaction among considerable sections of the Roumanian people with regard to the present Government that threatens at any moment to make a conflagration inevitable, and incidentally, too, the future of the dictatorship which Jean Bratiano has so long exercised over his countrymen is at stake.

For years this very able but unscrupulous statesman has ruled Roumania with an iron hand, the methods that he has applied being characterised by a contempt for

democratic procedure that an Oriental despot alone would have countenanced. The possessor of a strong and dominating personality, his hold on the late king was so pronounced that there was no measure, however illegal, that he desired to carry out which was not immediately sanctioned, while he displayed so intimate a knowledge of those arts which enabled an organised minority to tyrannise over opposition that, though the great majority of the people were hostile to his rule, they were as clay in his hands, through being deprived of even the possibility of expressing their aversion to it.

As this despotism is redeemed by neither good nor wise governance, the plight of the unfortunate Roumanian people is sorry in the extreme. And while elections are so conducted as to make it impossible for the free opinion of the electors to be expressed in any way satisfactorily, the judiciary, public services and the administration are universally so corrupt and venal that, as a Roumanian aptly expressed it: "There is hardly a day on which an official, civil or military, does not steal or commit an embezzlement, arson, or some other piece of roguery." Fraud, bribery and extortion, coupled with the most ruthless intimidation which provides the Roumanian with not even the smallest guarantee that the liberties and rights provided him by the Constitution of 1866 will not be violated, have created a feeling of intense resentment among large sections of the people, who have not been slow in seizing on the dynastic difficulty in the hope of getting rid of the Eastern corruption of present dictatorship, while the minorities, and especially the Transylvanian Hungarians, who, more than any other minority, are being subjected to an assimilation and persecution that would destroy their racial culture and language, despoil them of their property, and drive them out of the country, are intently watching the crisis in the hope that it may turn to their advantage.

There is, consequently, every prospect of grave trouble and even revolution arising in Roumania, and, while Government officials are nervous and on edge, and the people generally are apprehensive and deeply pessimistic,

the observer cannot fail to notice the unmistakable "atmosphere" that invariably precedes an upheaval of some kind. It is idle to try to minimise the danger or to assert that it will not materialise.

On one side we have the two Bratianos, Jean and Vintile, Minister of Finance, together with the numerous clique of political sycophants who have ever pandered to the powerful family of bankers and financiers whom rumour has persistently accused of having retained all that was best of the spoils collected by the Roumanians during their occupation of Hungary. Jean Bratiano controls the military police, a well-trained and organised body of troops who systematically terrorise and rob the peasantry, and if only a quarter of the stories that I have heard of their excesses are true his *régime* stands convicted of having tolerated atrocities to which those committed by Turkish gendarmerie are alone comparable. Half the army is at his back, the majority of the town population (because graft and corruption are so rampant that opposition to the *régime* would ruin them financially), and also the bulk of those political time-servers who are interested in the continuance of the present dictatorship.

On the other side is the Regency, together with those political and rural malcontents who challenge the legality of the Bratiano Ministry's existence on account of the manner in which the elections are conducted, as well as the wanton fashion in which the people are ignored on the subject of the succession to the throne, and also the ex-Queen Marie, who has never forgiven Jean Bratiano for having used his influence to make the personal breach between Carol and his father a permanent one, or for having branded Carol before the world as a voluptuary and ne'er-do-well. Directing the revolutionary movement, General Averescu, the last Prime Minister, an erstwhile friend of Bratiano, but now his avowed enemy; Mr. Manoilescu, formerly Under-Secretary of the Finance Minister, now under arrest for taking messages from Prince Carol to the peasants; Mr. Nicholas Titulesco, the present Foreign Minister, perhaps the most able and distinguished diplomatist whom Roumania has produced; and

Dr. Maniu, the leader of the National Peasant Party, whom dissatisfaction with the present dictatorship and the arbitrary way in which 70 per cent. of the electors have been condemned to eternal opposition; through the most questionable electoral methods, has transformed into a warm adherent of the exiled prince.

Unstable and impetuous in the extreme, and possessing few of the attributes fitting him to make a good monarch, it is probable that Carol would have found little backing in Roumania, except in the Officers' Corps, certain sections of the Army, the Air Force, and the Peasant Parties generally, if the Opposition had not seen in his candidature an opportunity for giving vent to their long-cherished animosity for the Dictator. And consequently his potential return has been invested with a glamour that is purely illusory, the Government being so alarmed by the crisis that they have deliberately sought to placate the Opposition by offering them seats in the Cabinet.

The position, as I see it, presents, therefore, every possibility of developing into a grave national crisis, and though Bratiano's energy and the wholesale arrests that he has made of many prominent people implicated in the revolutionary movement have so far averted the immediate danger, there is no doubt that he has only deferred the day of reckoning. What lies at the back of the present feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, moreover, is the realisation that, financially and economically speaking, the country is going from bad to worse. Agriculture—the mainstay of the country—has been systematically neglected, in spite of the fact that 80 per cent. of the population is dependent on it as a means of livelihood, the artificial development of Roumanian industries that has been a prominent plank in the Liberal platform having effectually alienated by high tariffs all those interests that were linked up with the prosperity of the rural elements; and, accordingly, forces are accumulating against which every artifice that he can devise and every bribe and illegal act will avail little, for he has arrayed against him not only those earnest patriots who would substitute a more democratic and progressive government for his Oriental

despotism, but also all those minorities who for four years have been oppressed by a tyranny exceeding that of any Russian Czar. In the interests of the tranquillity of Europe, and if we would not disappoint our legitimate hopes of nine years ago, it is imperative that this *régime* disappears. Otherwise I see no other alternative and no other way of arresting an inevitable conflagration than by making such revision of the Peace Treaties as will localise the evil and liberate those provinces which Roumania obtained in 1920 from a continuance of the present anarchy. As will be seen from the above, all the factors to which I have just alluded have combined to make the Roumanian crisis one of the most vitally important to the peace of Europe.

## "GREAT WALL" OR "BIG STICK"?

### NAVAL PROBLEMS AND POLICY OF AMERICA

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

(Author of "America's Day," etc.)

"Speak softly—but carry the 'Big Stick.'"—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

"Our Navy is the 'Great Wall' of America." . . . "I believe that a Navy which is *almost* good enough will prove more costly to our safety than no Navy at all."—THE LATE PRESIDENT HARDING.

"There can be no peace in a world where Activity reigns. Peace is only found in graveyards"!—REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES P. PLUNKETT, U.S.N., Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

"Any further concessions on our part would have involved a complete surrender of the right to build ships responsive to our needs.—MR. HUGH GIBSON, Head of the American Delegation at the Geneva Limitation Conference.

"The Navy Department has adopted the following general naval policy: To create, maintain, and operate a Navy second to none."—From the Official Report of the U.S. SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

FIFTY-SIX days of earnest debate at Geneva failed to produce agreement upon the ratios of naval armament adapted to the individual needs of the United States, Japan and Great Britain. "We found"—the British spokesman said—"that the American Delegation was unwilling to put a limit, within a total tonnage, to the number of cruisers carrying eight-inch guns." Seven years previously, at Washington, Lord Balfour gave a vivid picture of the perils of communication which beset our scattered Empire. Nor could Mr. Bridgeman make any impression with his sombre memories of 1917, when "we could see the spectre of starvation approaching" through a campaign of submarine outrage which from first to last sank nearly 8,000,000 tons of shipping carrying British supplies.

But how came the traditional Continent of Peace to be converted, in its new imperial day, to the sanctions of "force without stint or limit"? For that was America's answer to the Prussian *Wille zu Macht*. This involved a break with all ideals. It meant a European alliance and a

great War overseas, with two million men in France and a capital expenditure of \$30,000,000,000. Modern history has no more curious chapter than America's slow realisation of the evil innate in man—that "two-legged god" whom Heine could not accept, even from Hegel himself.

Over a hundred years divide John Randolph of Virginia from Josephus Daniels, who was President Wilson's Secretary of the Navy. Both of these men were utopian pacifists. "Have we not our Atlantic moat?" asked that Bryan of 1810, when the question of defence was toward. A few months later enemy ships landed forces in Washington itself, to burn the early White House and the Capitol! The gentle Daniels found a costly Navy in being, together with the most lavish of all bureaucracies. He would abolish that Navy by degrees. Meanwhile, it could be turned into a "democratic school of character," with civic training on non-militaristic lines. Officers and men were to be "equal." And the new First Lord of Mr. Wilson had pictures taken showing the embarrassed lions and lambs of a harassed Service hobnobbing upon armoured decks under the muzzles of fifteen-inch rifles which would never again be used. Fate's answer to Mr. Daniels was the most appalling of all wars; so that even Bryan himself (*et tu, Brute!*) sloughed the last of his Peace raiment and cried: "Let us all get together and fight like the devil."

American history shows the strangest tug-of-war between the civil and military elements, with leaders in the field and on the sea at their wits' end for trained soldiers and sailors, munitions, organisation and ships. Even up to 1914 the United States had not one Army, but forty-eight. I refer to the so-called "National Guards" that formed the politico-military appanage of each "Sovereign State." These could not be called upon to serve outside the State border. And when mobilised on the Mexican frontier in 1916 thousands of troopers turned up with straw hats and umbrellas, as though for a Palm Beach promenade!

To-day it is the Big Navy and Big Army specialists who lead the American people, pointing to national wealth, which is now nearly treble that of Great Britain and six

times that of France. Newspapers and magazines are full of propaganda on these lines, and lay stress upon the hint given by the U.S. Navy League: "A single unruly member can raise a brawl in the family of nations!" "Now that other Powers seem to be envious and hostile," declares Captain L. M. Overstreet, U.S.N., "it seems logical to increase the amount of naval insurance on our national wealth. Using this as a basis, then, the United States should be allowed as many cruisers as all the other Great Powers combined." America, it is urged by other zealots, has 21,000 miles of coast-line to protect. Both the Caribbean Sea and Mexican Gulf should, therefore, become American "lakes," with naval bases on the islands and Spanish Main. Long-radius cruisers are especially needed, operating from home ports and from Honolulu and the Panama Canal to guard Alaska and the Philippines, with Guam, Samoa, Porto Rico and the Virgin Isles—these last a recent purchase from Denmark, as Louisiana was the first one from France—although that deal (as Jefferson owned in 1803) "made blank paper of our Constitution."

But in all the political surge no phase is so curious as the persistent neglect of sea-power, which entailed such anguish upon all leaders, from Washington himself down to Woodrow Wilson. Yet no sooner was each crisis past than it was forgotten. And when the next arose, the pacifist envisaged it like the dull statesman whom Gambetta likened to "a cow that looks at a passing train." In the Revolution it was Britain's command of the sea that cut off munitions of war and reduced George Washington to such despair that he could only propose a retreat across the Alleghanies to take refuge in the wilderness beyond. In all the thirteen colonies there was not a single powder-mill, and only one small factory for muskets at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. So in order to cheer his troops Washington had kegs of sand rolled into camp with lurid labels on them. General Charles Lee proposed the making of pikes. The inventive Franklin thought bows and arrows would be better than nothing!

At Washington's suggestion Massachusetts fitted out a



privateer. An early capture was the British ordnance brig *Nancy*, which was luckily laden with munitions—muskets, flints, powder, round shot and so on. Here was America's earliest lesson in that *Seeherrschaft* which plays so fateful a part in the destiny of peoples, from Salamis to Lepanto, and from Trafalgar to Jutland and the Great Surrender in Scapa Flow. It was the overseas aid of France—the fleets of De Grasse and the armies of Rochambeau—which alone made Independence possible, with the final victory at Yorktown. The U.S. Navy may be said to date from 1775, when ex-farmer Esek Hopkins stepped aboard the *Alfred* to hoist the oddest of sea flags, showing a lively rattlesnake on a ground of yellow silk, with the motto: "Don't tread on me."

"The Admiral," wrote General Knox, "is an antiquated figure . . . I should have taken him for an angel, *but he swore now and then.*" And no wonder! His men mutinied because they got no pay. Washington worried him to send back the marines who had been lent. Congress heckled poor Hopkins too, and arraigned him at last for ridicule of the civil power, as well as for profanity (!) and mismanagement of an over-democratic fleet, in which the crew of the *Ranger* demanded, in true Bolshevik style, that all movements of the ship *should be put to the votes of the men!* After the Revolution even this nucleus of a Navy disappeared, to be revived in 1798 in order to deal with French privateers in the Caribbean. In that work American ships co-operated with our own, adopting British traditions of rank, discipline and fighting efficiency. There was no uniform for officers until the close of the war of 1812.

The first President had not been dead twenty years before America faced a new danger from the designs of Metternich and the Holy Alliance, whose pious vows and Christ-like protests of charity and peace were thought to screen the devil's own designs upon Latin-America. It was then that Richard Rush, U.S. Minister in London, sent over two letters of Canning offering the support of England. It says much for the sagacity of the veteran Jefferson that he could counsel a "marriage" with the

Mistress of the Seas. This Father of Independence wrote to his successor at the White House—James Monroe—a note of profound significance: "With her on our side we need not fear the whole world! With her, then, we should sedulously cherish cordial friendship; and nothing would tend to knit our affections more closely than to be found fighting once more side by side in the same cause." Here was a conversion, indeed, on the part of a veteran Democrat who may be called the Father of Anglophobia in the United States!

So well understood were the lessons of sea-power as the source and safeguard of trade that when President Millard Fillmore decided to knock at Japan's mediæval door in 1853 in quest of "friendship, commerce, supplies and the protection of our people" he sent a very Big Stick indeed to reinforce his prayer. The Tokugawa Shogun, who handled mundane matters for a Mikado who was divine, fell into a panic at the sight of Commodore Perry's warships and guns. Perry reappeared in the Bay of Yedo the following spring with his "Black Squadron" bigger still, and his frigates and sloops of war cleared for action. Moreover his tone was much stiffer now—"To demand as a right, not to solicit as a favour, those acts of courtesy due from one civilised nation to another." *Sois bienfaisant, ou je te tue!*

The supreme problems of the Civil War found America's greatest statesman "always learning," like the greatest artist of all time. "I am ready to accept new views," Lincoln declared, "as soon as they are proved to be *true* views." And the exercise of sea-power alone proved the "true view" of the Union's salvation. The Emancipator's merciless blockade of the Confederate ports dates from his decree of April 19th, 1861: "In pursuance of our laws and of the law of nations in such case provided." There was to be no "freedom of the seas" such as figured in Article II of President Wilson's notorious "Fourteen Points." As early as 1785 Franklin, Jefferson and Adams had already signed a Treaty of Amity with Prussia, in which it was agreed that private property should not be seized at sea. Again, in 1856, we find the United States

rejecting the Declaration of Paris because the contracting Powers would not admit her principle that "free ships made free goods."

Yet America's own classic historian of sea-power exposed this heresy at the two Hague Conferences. (*"Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?"*) It was—Admiral Mahan declared—"contrary to a sound policy, and to an acknowledged experience, that the more deadly and extensive in operation the instruments of war the less frequent and the shorter the appeal to arms. The capture of an enemy's property at sea when in process of commercial exchange is therefore a weapon of offensive war." And so it has been viewed in America's own wars. In the clash with Spain her cruisers were instructed: "If a ship's papers show the presence of contraband, then that ship should be seized." And in 1916 Wilson declared an embargo upon Mexico's imports.

Before America entered the greatest of all wars our "so-called blockade" was the subject of acrimonious Notes. Our "hovering cruisers" were deemed "vexatious and uncourteous to the United States"; and the British black-list of traders was likewise scathed. Yet as a belligerent, Wilson promptly threw up a black-list of his own for South America, involving no less than \$3,000,000,000 of capital which was thought to be tarred with the German taint. Truly, "the nations," as Rudolf Eucken of Jena reminded us, "are no longer ruled by ideals but by interests." If in the Civil War the South had been able to sell her cotton and secure munitions of war, then indeed Jefferson Davis would have "made a nation," as Gladstone, Russell and Derby were sure he had, with the Union in imminent dissolution. Lincoln himself paid a striking tribute to the spartan suffering of our cotton operatives. The Liberator received a letter of sympathy from Manchester which he found "an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country."

Yet, strange to say, America lost her sea-legs when the Civil War was over. The Confederate raiders had played such havoc among the clipper-ships of that day that the

nation at large had little zest for changed conditions at sea due to the introduction of steam and iron, for which America's "wooden" yards were not adapted.

So capital was withdrawn from marine investments. Sailors and their sons obeyed Horace Greeley's advice to "go West" into new and rich domains that were being won from the Indian and the buffalo. Other seafarers went into factories, or else engaged in the coastwise and fishing trades. The result of this decay was that the United States grew more and more dependent for world commerce on the bounty-fed and cheap-wage vessels of other nations. She was soon paying \$300,000,000 a year to alien owners for the transport of her own produce.

In the "Reconstruction" period an attempt was made to subsidise a few steamship lines, but these were persistent failures. Thus the Pacific passed to the maritime influence of Japan; and in two years no less than 351,000 tons of American shipping was transferred to foreign flags. Only the other day President Coolidge declared that out of \$300,500,000,000 which the State had invested in shipping, the enormous sum of \$300,000,000,000 was lost! This lack of an adequate marine is an important plank in the "Big Navy" propaganda of to-day. *Apropos*, I heard Rear-Admiral C. P. Plunkett tell an incident of the Battle of Manila Bay, when Dewey destroyed Montojo's squadron without the loss of a single ship or a man on the American side. The whole land war of 114 days showed only 279 U.S. troopers killed. "We were at Hong Kong," Admiral Plunkett recalled, "with enough coal to get to Manila, but not enough for the return. In this emergency, resulting from a lack of American merchant ships to bring us fuel, we bought a big laden collier from the British, with their consent. With that coal we went out to fight, with what result you know. One can only imagine the handicaps we would have faced if we hadn't a friendly nation to sell us that coal in Hong Kong!"

When the war with Spain was over the United States took stock of her Imperial expansion for a hundred years. Louisiana was bought from France, Florida ceded by Spain, Texas and the South-Western States were con-

quered from Mexico. Alaska was purchased from Russia, Panama manœuvred from Colombia—with "regrets" and compensation of \$25,000,000 offered sixteen years later. The great Asiatic Archipelago, together with Cuba, Puerto Rico and Guam, were wrested from the feeble grasp of Spain. In the same year the Hawaiian Islands were annexed, and quite recently the Virgins were bought from Denmark for another \$25,000,000, after repeated bids going back to 1902. Germany had been negotiating for this strategic group. So do we see the utopian *Volksstaat* of Washington and Jefferson expanding into the present *Obrigkeitsstaat*, which claims to dominate the entire Western world and its islands. Hence the imperious need for a Navy "second to none," able to enforce the Monroe Doctrine against all comers: it was asserted against France in Mexico, against Spain when she quarrelled with Chile and Peru in 1866, against us in 1895, and by Roosevelt in 1905 in respect to debt-collecting in the derelict Republic of Santo Domingo.

America's modern Navy may be said to date from the tragi-comedy of the Spanish War of 1898. Here the enemy was negligible, alike by sea and land, as may be judged from the absurd adjournment of the Battle of Manila Bay at 6 a.m. "to enable (U.S.) officers and men to get their breakfast"! And when the *Charleston* opened fire on the ports of Guam the Spanish governor thought a polite salute was toward, so he sent an officer on board the U.S. cruiser to apologise for not returning the compliment "owing to lack of ammunition"! From that day America has found it hard to recruit naval ratings. Government estimates showed that only five men sought sea employment for every hundred miles of territory, as against 43 men in Germany and 240 in Great Britain. Then the designs of warships were faulty through inexperience. "When we launched the *Kentucky*," remarked that fearless apostle of the U.S. Navy, Admiral Sowden Sims (in a "wetter" age), "we ought to have shed tears over her instead of breaking a bottle of champagne." That was a type with open turrets and unprotected guns; it was scrapped at last in a storm of disgrace.

With Sims at sea (he was a gunnery pupil of Sir Percy Scott) and Roosevelt at the White House, the U.S. Navy made great strides. Young Sims had the temerity to complain over his Admiral's head direct to the President. Everything was wrong, he found, from the architecture of the ships, with their ill-placed armour, to gun crews who couldn't shoot; while the smokeless powder made at Indian Head was so defective that it caused the gravest disasters, burning men alive in repeated "flare-backs" at the breech.

Adequate docks and bases, reserves of torpedoes, organisation for battle, suitable target practice—these and many other reforms lie between the armada that Roosevelt reviewed in 1907 and the fine battle squadron which President Coolidge saw at Cape Henry the other day under flag officers who had served with our own Grand Fleet. But the cost has risen enormously. In 1908 the appropriation for the U.S. Navy, excluding new ships, was \$82,000,000. This year the figure has soared to \$300,000,000. The 1916 programme of Wilson called for 156 new warships at a total cost of £243,233,000. No wonder Senators Borah, Welsh and Hiram Johnson called for an international "naval holiday," with battleships at \$50,000,000 each, "and torpedoes forthcoming in both elements to blow them to pieces."

Admiral T. P. Magruder, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, believes that no nation gets less return for its estimates than the United States. This able critic points out the folly of a rear-admiral commanding five tugs and four fuel, supply and repair ships! Each flag officer must needs have a staff of from three to eighteen, together with a band, barge crew, servants, clerical force, extra radio and signalmen and orderlies. Each staff officer in turn will need servants, boat crews and yeoman typists. And it seems the new aircraft carrier *Saratoga* is to carry "sixty-two typewriters"! Admiral Magruder would halve the navy yards on the East Coast, since for the past five years by far the larger part of the U.S. Fleet has been based on the Pacific. During a fiscal year one of these huge and costly establishments had under repair "just one tug." Asked why

this extravagance was permitted, a high official replied that any attempt to reduce the number of navy yards "met with strong political opposition."

Lastly, there is the problem of the Panama Canal, that strategic backbone of the new American Empire between the two oceans. Recent manœuvres showed how those elaborate locks at Gatun can be destroyed by long-range gunfire or by attack from the air. Here, again, provision has been made for the future by the option of a Nicaragua Canal cut at sea-level. "It is the function of the statesman to define the end," as Gladstone used to say, "and that of the specialist to devise the means." In the present paper I have shown American statesmen pulling one way and American specialists another. To-day co-operation is the rule, in view of the "unhallowed feud" which the serene Lucretius found in the fiercely-battling forces of the world, and which America accepts in the realistic formula of Montaigne: "*Que le dommage de l'un est le profit de l'autre.*"

She has indeed great possessions, including more than half the world's monetary stock of gold. So it may well be—as Cromwell said and President Coolidge seems also to hold—that "a battleship is the best ambassador." In the 'fifties the entire national wealth of the United States, including slaves worth \$2,000,000,000, was only \$7,000,000,000. To-day the figure is computed at \$355,000,000,000. The new American Empire has \$13,000,000,000 invested abroad. Her "financial advisers" will be found from Haiti to Persia; her loans are courted from Poland to Peru, and from Greece to Abyssinia and Brazil.

America is a commercial Power, as the German Empire was. But Germany was also proficient in war, and in a single generation she made herself a formidable naval Power. Can America do as much? Her professionals, at least, approach their problems in an admirable spirit. "We are novices in the art of war," General John Pershing confessed in Paris, "so we must begin with the A.B.C." Equally modest was the commander of an American destroyer, who likened his joining the British

forces in a U-boat hunt to "a troop of boy scouts taking over a trench from a brigade of veterans." But in the matter of sea-lore enthusiastic sailors like Mayo, Benson and Sims took back with them naval secrets of great value after serving with our Grand Fleet.

America's "Big Stick"—as Roosevelt styled his Navy—caused much misgiving in the other twenty Republics of the New World. For in time the sovereignty of Haiti and Santo Domingo was taken away, and U.S. bailiffs put in possession. That of Cuba is restricted. American marines superintended elections in Nicaragua, and Mexico was forbidden to lease strategic areas of land and sea to alien syndicates. Here it should be pointed out that British investments in the last of the empty continents amount to at least £1,000,000,000. The railways alone in prosperous Argentina account for about £400,000,000. But of late years American influence has increased enormously among the Iberian nations of the South, whose natural resources are beyond compute. Reckless harvesting of her own resources have so depleted the United States that she must now look further afield for rubber, timber, oil, copper and other commodities. A three years' tour through these twenty States, from Cuba to Haiti down to the "A.B.C." Powers of both oceans, have shown me a process of American pervasion which would have seemed incredible before the War.

Carrying introductions from the Ambassadors and Ministers in London and Washington to all the Presidents and Cabinets, as well as to the leading intellectuals, I found abiding fear and resentment in these more or less feeble nations in regard to the United States and its political designs, especially as shown in hapless Mexico. If these Latin States would only unite in self-interest their sovereignty might be secure. But even old Strabo, ages ago, could note that "the Iberians will never put their shields together." The first Pan-American conference was called at Panama over a century ago by the Liberator, Simón Bolívar. It was a failure. And to-day the official centre of a very different aim is housed in a palace at Washington given by the late Andrew Carnegie, and with

meetings held periodically in Latin-American cities. These are now purely academic gatherings, so far as the Iberian Republics are concerned. The ablest and most far-seeing statesman of to-day south of the Rio Grande is Don Augusto Leguia, President of Peru, with whom I was in close touch for many months in Lima. He also urges an Iberian union for common ends. But frontier questions, jealousies and intrigues block the way; and from Guatemala to Paraguay there is no love lost between these peoples. For which reason "El Tio Sam" is the sole custodian of their peace.

Roosevelt's "Big Stick" was prudently renamed "America's Great Wall" by the late President Harding. This was deemed expedient, since the movement of ships and guns and landing parties had caused such an outcry in the Spanish and Portuguese Press of the twenty Republics. So the Imperial trend of the United States is seen to be a definite policy, almost from pole to pole, with the money-power as a potent lever of progress. Apart from the "open door" in China, its destiny lies primarily in the hegemony of the New World. "We are labouring hard," wrote the eloquent Hamilton in Washington's day, "to establish principles more and more national . . . so that we may be neither Greek nor Trojan, but thoroughly American."

## BRITISH WOODCOCK

BY A. R. HORWOOD, F.L.S.

(Late of Leicester Museum)

OWING to its many peculiar habits there is hardly any British sporting bird which is of more interest, both to sportsmen and naturalists alike, than our British woodcock. Its natural history is full of unusual features, marking the bird out as unique. Its sporting qualities are undoubtedly as great as those of any other British game bird, the snipe alone approaching it, in the need for knowledge and resource required by the sportsman to approach it, together with consummate skill and experience in order to succeed in bagging it.

Allied to the snipe, the woodcock is, to begin with, a much larger bird, measuring some fourteen inches from bill to tail, and the wing expanse is about twenty-seven inches. Another difference lies in the much bigger head of the woodcock. It is a full, big, bluntly triangular head, broader at the back. Its eyes, which are also very large and bright, are placed extraordinarily high in the head. The ears, hidden under feathers, are also placed very far forward, near the corner of the mouth.

What strikes one most forcibly, however, about the woodcock is the great size of the bill. The habits of the woodcock are so peculiar that one is thus prepared for certain peculiarities in its structure, or adaptations to enable it to adjust itself to its natural surroundings. It feeds and flies at dusk; and travels through dense covert, and then across country. Hence the large, full eyes, and their position high up and removed from the beak is suited to its skulking habits, enabling it to see without exposing much of its head above the surface or its cover. Plunging its deep bill into soft ooze to the base, the position of the eyes again protects them from being filled with mud, as if nearer the mouth or centre of the head they might. Why, again, are the ears so large and so near the bill? That,

again, is because of the method of feeding on worms invisible and below the surface. The marsh worms live in moist ooze or mud, and as they move make on a minor scale a rasping noise or a noise like walking in wet slush. Woodcock feed by ear, in a word, to a large extent. Returning to the bill, that is especially adapted to its end. Its length—over three inches—is suited to the level at which worms lie under the surface. It is grooved above throughout. The upper mandible is slightly longer than the lower and projects beyond it, with a small knob at the tip, which is especially sensitive, and enables the woodcock to sense the position of the worm already located by hearing below the surface. The whole bill is extremely sensitive, being supplied throughout with numerous nerves. The tongue, which is long and sharp, is the instrument which brings up the worms to the surface. But the long bill also serves another purpose, for with it the woodcock turns over the leaves and loose dry herbage in the coverts, where, during its rest there by day, it finds insects, land snails, and other food. The bill serves as a boring tube and the tongue as a gripper for securing the prey, much in the same manner, indeed, as wood-boring insects are trans-fixed and secured for food by the woodpeckers, whose head, bill, and tongue are modelled on rather similar lines. The internal strengthening of certain muscles and cartilaginous supports to serve the same end are analogous in both birds, though differing in detail.

A good deal of difference of opinion has been expressed as to whether it is possible to distinguish the sex of woodcock. That old and usually accurate naturalist Pennant thought it possible by noticing the character of the first primary feather, white in the hen, barred with black, and reddish white in the male. This, however, is a difference depending on age, not sex, and so far as we are aware no one has so far devised a means of distinction. The only alternative in a dead bird is to dissect it. This "bastard" feather was once in request amongst artists for brushes for painting, but is not now used. Woodcock feathers are, however, like those of grouse, teal, and other birds, much used in fly fishing.

On another point, also, there has been much diversity

of views, that is as to whether we have in this country, or receive on migration in autumn, more than one species of woodcock. According to early observers there were three forms of woodcock in this country. In one form the head is pale red, and the body white, the wings brown. A second form is of a dun or cream colour. A third is pure white. Yet other forms have been met with, birds with plumage of an ash colour with fine rufous bars. It has also been noticed that the earlier birds to arrive in October are larger, with short feathers underneath, and their heads have a muffled appearance. Later arrivals in November are smaller, with no muffled features, their bills shorter, and feathers smoother. Yet again the earlier birds are described as larger, and their legs are grey to rose colour. The later birds are smaller, with bluish legs. In regard to the variations in plumage, pied varieties and also white or albino types occur amongst most birds. These constitute only individual variations. The two types noticed in early times, large and small, are recognised to-day as only varieties due to age or individual variation. Observations on migration carried out on the coast and on lighthouses by migration committees have established the fact that the larger birds with a greyer type of plumage come to us when a south-east wind is behind them, whereas the smaller reddish birds come when a north-east wind is behind them, the woodcock waiting until a favourable wind sets in before commencing to migrate.

A century ago woodcock were by no means plentiful in this country, and old writers of the time deplored their decrease in their day compared with former days. It is perhaps correct to believe that there was a sudden decrease in the numbers of woodcock at the beginning of the Victorian era. Sporting guns were then becoming more general, and, though muzzle loaders, a certain improvement in the mechanism made it easier to kill birds flying. Hence the gun may have been partly responsible for this fact. But another reason was the very common practice in those days of using nooses, springes, glade, flight, and purse nets for catching the birds at flight time, their peculiar habits, which were very well known to our keen sporting ancestors of those days, lending themselves

admirably to this mode of catching woodcock. Every coach contained parcels of woodcock, by the hundred brace or more, for the London or other main markets, since our ancestors were far more epicurean generally than we are to-day. Another reason given for the scarcity of woodcock then was the scarcity of cover.

To-day the situation is far different, for not only are woodcock plentiful as resident birds in all parts of the country, but far more birds reach us in winter from abroad than used to be the case. This is a curious fact in view of the above reasons for its decrease a hundred years ago.

It is true there is no poaching to-day on the old scale, but there are far more guns and precise weapons in every sense of the word. There are, however, other reasons for the present improved status of the woodcock. They may be briefly summed up as the better protection accorded all wild birds (woodcock and snipe have, though game in a general sense, the same close season as other wild birds) during the close season, and the improved state of the coverts, their greater extent, and the definite planting of special woodcock coverts exactly suited to the fastidious requirements of the woodcock.

Another very potent factor is the prevalence of resident birds that breed here. At the time when woodcock were so scarce it was also held that though they did breed in this country, such an occurrence was rare. They breed in large numbers in Scotland, from Caithness and the Shetlands all the way down through the Highlands, especially in Forfar, Perth, Argyll, Aberdeen, Inverness, Moray, and in Wales and England generally, especially in the south in Sussex, Hants and Wilts, as well as in the Midlands here and there, even where fox hunting prevents game rearing. They breed also freely in Ireland, which is one of the best places in winter to get shooting, great bags having been made in Galway, Kerry, Mayo, Sligo, and elsewhere.

Moreover, they breed very early, and that may in some degree explain the old fallacy as to the rarity of breeding birds. For St. John mentions a nest with eggs found in the Highlands on March 9th, and a young bird fully fledged the first week in April.

Few birds make so slight a nest, which is just a hollow in the ground lined with dry oak leaves, fern stalks, grass, or fibre. In this the woodcock lays its four eggs, rarely five, which are about as large as a golden plover's and rather similar, but buff in ground colour, redder or richer brown in markings, broader across the thicker end, but shaped like plovers' eggs, pyriform or pear-shaped, and arranged in the same way in the nest, in a cruciform manner. They closely resemble their surroundings, as do the eggs of so many ground birds, such as plovers, grouse, and many seashore birds, and the bird itself is admirably adapted for complete concealment. When the migratory birds come over they return to the same coverts and visit the coppiced parts, with bushes here and there, not the denser parts of woods, preferring their outskirts. They will seek closer woods after a time, but even then they do not frequent very thick coverts.

If a severe frost takes place woodcock may disappear from a district, or the majority of birds at any rate. A good many cross the Irish Channel and go to the milder west and south coast, where they remain until the thaw sets in, and return to their old haunts. Others go to the south or to the west coast of England. Woodcock are more affected by frost than snow. When snow lies on the ground, and it is not freezing, the earth beneath is soft, for a snow covering helps to retain the earth's own heat. And in marshes and moist places the snow melts and woodcock can probe in the soft earth for their favourite food, which consists largely of marsh worms, water or land snails, and aquatic insects, but chiefly the first. Frost reduces the food supply of both woodcock and snipe. Woodcock frequent special places where they can bore into the mud, and if a bird is shot the special haunt is soon tenanted by another bird. Each has its territory, and they invade each other's only when it is vacant. They are solitary birds, going in pairs during the breeding season. They are greedy feeders, and one suitable spot for feeding supports with difficulty one bird. Owing to their solitary habits it requires constant observation to acquaint oneself with the whereabouts of the many birds that a good woodcock covert naturally holds. Woodcock



lie up in covert by day, skulking away in undergrowth, only going to feed at dusk, and returning at dawn. So that they are not readily put up in daylight. When they do get up they make straight for an opening and rise above the trees, or after a devious course return to the same place when you have moved away. Many times a bird may be observed to rise and dash in and out amongst the trees, putting a tree between itself and the observer. Sometimes a bird will run a short way before rising, and again when it settles it will do the same thing.

These birds are, like snipe, very much influenced in their behaviour by the weather. The old adage "Here to-day, gone to-morrow" applies equally to both. One day a covert may be visited and be found to hold a number of birds. You may visit the same covert on the morrow and find not one bird. This may be due to the covert being exposed to a sudden cold wind from the north, and you go to another covert facing south or well sheltered and there come across the missing birds. A change of wind or a frost will cause the birds to disappear until conditions are back to normal. In woods of large size the leeward side may, when an adverse wind blows in their usual quarters, be found to contain woodcock when usually they shun it. They are generally very constant in their habits, and it is adverse wind or weather that causes them to be thus elusive. Yearly the migratory birds return to the same coverts if they are the same in character. Any day if you flush a woodcock from a spot in a covert it will be possible to go and flush it in the same spot next day. And what is more remarkable it will pursue similar tactics each time, using the same opening in the covert to make its way to a distant point, and going straight away as if it had regular routes. Indeed, this is undoubtedly the case, especially when flying between its hiding place by day and its feeding ground at dusk. It was a knowledge of these habits that enabled our ancestors to catch so many woodcock, at "'cock shut time" as it was called, in nets, nooses and springes; for they knew exactly where to place them, just as the poacher of hare or rabbit knows where to place his snare, in what run and exactly where in that run.

## EBB AND FLOW

### A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

PARLIAMENT reassembled in the second week of November for the autumn session. Will there ever again be a year without an autumn session? Ireland's exit has not perceptibly lightened the load, though it has made it possible to get necessary things done in Ireland. The Dublin Government has a full-time job; as for the British, it can never overtake its work.

Changes in the Ministry have occasioned some comment. Nobody doubts that Mr. A. M. Samuel will make a very good Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. Ronald McNeill, whom he replaces, has joined the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy. Since he is a man of general culture and a speaker both able and agreeable, his accession will raise the intellectual average of the body which he enters. But there is another side to the story. Mr. McNeill follows Lord Cecil as the connecting link between Westminster and Geneva, and to replace Lord Cecil in any post is not easy. But in this particular function only a man of European reputation could have been an adequate successor. Such persons are not numerous in the Unionist Party, nor even in the House of Commons; but at least one was available. It looks as if Mr. Baldwin thought that a man answering to this description would be out of place in the team which he captains.

Mr. McNeill goes to the Lords as Lord Cushendun, a title with the charm of literary association. More than thirty years ago Moira O'Neill published the first of her *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*, and she linked it to the village where she was then a neighbour of Mr. McNeill's. The song was about the cutting of sea-wrack,

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun,  
An' what should ail my lad then to sail from Cushendun  
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep?

No lines in all her gathering of songs are better known than these, and few books of poems have had a wider popularity than hers in these thirty and odd years.

The main thing with which the House of Commons has to deal is the Unemployment Bill, and it starts under unfavourable auspices. Lord Blanesborough presided over a Commission on the subject which produced that most exceptional thing, a unanimous report. This argued very exceptional qualities in the chairman, and, even allowing for these, very exceptional courage in some of the members who took on themselves to agree to a compromise. Miss Margaret Bondfield, in particular, must have known that she would be charged with giving away Labour's position; and what has she now to say to the rebuke that she ought to have insisted on putting in a minority report? For the Government has professedly based a Bill on the report, but has upset the whole compromise by picking and choosing from the recommendations just what suited its taste. Naturally, this Government, and every Government, must cut its coat according to its cloth; the Chancellor of the Exchequer always has the last word—unless there is supreme necessity. Now, this question of unemployment is capital; there and not elsewhere lies the real danger. It was open to the Government to propose its own remedies without consulting anybody; but to set up a Commission and ask it to enquire and make recommendations was dangerous indeed, unless with the determination to take the advice given, if it were advice on which the carefully combined representation of opinion could agree. After all, this business of setting up Royal Commissions is costly and cumbrous, but it takes some of the work of discussion off Parliament and off the Cabinet. In most cases the Commission cannot get further than sifting the evidence and setting out two or three conflicting recommendations. But when a Commission has been led to unanimous conclusions, these cannot be set aside without making the whole proceeding appear a deliberate waste of time with the intention of postponing action. And it is more than unlucky that for a second time within these few years—

the Sankey Report on the mining industry being the first instance—a very eminent lawyer directing an enquiry should have reached conclusions which Labour would accept, and that the party opposed to Labour should have refused to follow the counsel they had sought.

It all makes for public cowardice. No man or woman goes on to any one of these bodies without foreseeing a possible conflict between party allegiance and the individual's sense of public good. To achieve an end which seems of public value, either man or woman will risk a quarrel with party comrades; but nobody is going to take risks if all that signature to a compromise means is the abstract repudiation of certain party tenets, with the sole result of providing a stick to beat one's party. When a Cabinet entrusts the study of a Cabinet question to a Royal Commission, it delegates duty, and it ought to be jealously careful for those who serve it—more especially if they are political opponents.

Politicians throughout the British Commonwealth have received a lesson in the courage of moderation. In response to the urging of certain of their colleagues, General Hertzog and General Smuts, whose bitter controversy over the flag had shocked and distressed all, came together to make peace; and they made it. Each man had his own extremists ready to knife him in the back—if they dared; it is always so in such tempests of public feeling. But when two men of that quality join hands in a moment of danger, faction grows afraid; and if the community is of a quality to support its leaders, the risk passes—as in this case it seems to have passed already. These Boers are a brave and wise people; and the English of Natal once more have been too proud to be quarrelsome.

The controversy raised by the organised protest in St. Paul's last month against the teaching of Bishop Barnes still rages, and this fact is the best defence for the protesters—they would not like to be called Protestants. It is all very well for Dean Inge to use fierce words about 'unseemly brawling'; but if the public sense of decency

had been outraged, Canon Bullock-Webster and his fellows would not receive so much support. When there is a feeling so strong as that of which the existence has been disclosed in this case, there is no use in hoping to keep it apart from religion, even if the matter in question is not religion itself. In Ireland no authority could keep politics out of the churches when there was passion in our politics; north or south, Protestant or Catholic, it was the same story. And in truth this separation, this hermetic sealing, if it were possible, would mean that the churches were dead, and had no living contact with the community. Here, when the essence of the protest concerned religion, where but in church should the protest be made? In the Middle Ages it would have seemed absolutely and entirely natural. Many expressions of the ecclesiastical mind that have come down from the Middle Ages seem to us unseemly, but they had life in them, and life is not always decorous. One cannot blame the bishops for admonishing, that is their duty; but Dean Inge is not a bishop—he is, indeed, a man of letters almost more than an ecclesiastical dignitary; and when he described the irregular but manifestly reverent ceremony of interruption as brawling, he talked the language of Dogberry.

The sea has taken awful toll of late. On November 3rd in Sydney Harbour an outgoing liner collided with an excursion steamer and some fifty lives were lost. Yet this was only a bad instance of a common happening: no more poignant—and no less—than a colliery disaster. But the loss on October 25th of the Italian *Principessa Mafalda* moved minds in another way—partly because wireless communication has almost brought us to be “listeners in” at these agonies. Some hearers in these islands picked up the repeated S.O.S. calls and must have visualised the rush of other vessels towards the scene. But the world did not know what had actually happened: there were theories of wreck on some uncharted rock. All that we got at first were images of this floating town, or big hotel, with its lounge and the palms decorating it,

and the dancing-room where saloon passengers were swaying together, when the thing happened. It was days before we knew that modern machinery had been its own destruction. No tempest gave the shock, she sprang no hidden leak, she ran upon no rock. A flaw in some casting did the whole, the great driving rod snapped, and all the thousands of disciplined and harnessed horse-power, breaking loose, swung the shaft violently athwartways, and simply beat out the ship's side. Other machinery came into play then: the watertight compartments were closed, the engines were shut off, the ship's officers reassured the passengers—who went back to their dancing. But the damage had been too great. Wireless saved the greater part of those 1,500 people, but some three hundred perished. It is a disaster typical of the modern world, just as is the smash of a train *de luxe* running its fifty miles an hour.

Three days later, on October 28th, came, but so much nearer, another sea tragedy, this time as ancient in fashion as man's use of boats to go upon the water. The sea was a fishing ground long before it was a highway, and the boats which fishermen use on the Atlantic coast of Ireland are in essence very little different from the most primitive craft of all. Hooped willow rods attached to a frame of timber and covered with tarred canvas—or, indeed, more often calico—make a boat which a man can carry on his shoulder, and in which three with their pile of nets go out to face winter weather by night when the herring and mackerel come inshore between the outlying islands and the cliffs. These are not the only boats used: some of these western folk, especially in Aran, have strong smacks, nobbies, and other sailing craft, some of them with motor power attached. At some places also, where there is sufficient quay accommodation, there are yawls or other solidly built row boats. A fleet of these went out that night from Cleggan on Ballinakill Bay. But on October 28th it did not matter what kind of row-boat was out: the yawls had no more chance than the curraghs in the gale which sprang up suddenly and left whole villages without a grown man living. The sum total of lives lost

was no greater than among the picnickers in Sydney harbour: fifty men gone; but that night of tempest killed more than men, it cut off the way of living from a whole population; and it has struck public imagination all the more because everybody is made to realise the risks which these people run always, and must run, to win a pittance on that terrible coast. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* put the bare truth of it.

And if one looks at the detail, the terror darkens. Herring fishing is a pleasant game enough on a fine summer's night off the Donegal coast where herring come in early summer. But the west only gets the autumn shoals, and, winter or summer, it is not on a fine evening that you will catch herring in big numbers. The dark, windy night when the shoals are moving and cannot see the net is when every mesh may hold a herring; and it must have been like that on October 28th. Twenty-four curraghs went out from Inishkea, an island off the Mayo coast, so primitive that querns were still in use there for grinding corn at the end of last century. The fish were close in, the nets were shot and hauled once, and eighteen of the crews made for home; but six either had not "shot lucky," or were tempted with the chance of a great catch, and shot a second time; and the gale came down on them. Out of the six crews, two men survived: the third hand in their curragh was washed out; they heard the cries of the men foundering in the other boats near them, but could see nothing: they worked their paddles desperately and got within thirty yards of their landing place, and then the gale swept them back, and for twelve hours they were rowing till a monstrous wave lifted them clean over rocks and flung them ashore on the mainland.

It was not only the human fishers who were surprised that night. People on the shore say the seals were driven by hundreds in against the cliffs and their roaring and whining as they were battered made the darkness more horrible.

At Sheephaven, in Donegal, there is a story of old times when the fishing was done by Scotch boats till one night a storm destroyed the whole fleet; and a woman out of

Scotland came over and put a curse on the water, that no herring should shoal there till her sons were too old to go to sea. Whether the fish were there, or no, it is certain that the fishing was abandoned for nearly fifty years; and it is likely to be so with these western folk, who are marvellous boatmen but not seamen, and have not the endurance of seamen. Courage and skill they have: Katharine Tynan, in an admirable letter to *The Times*, recalled how only last year the men from Inishboffin, one of the stricken islands, went out in their curraghs and saved the crew of a wrecked Welsh trawler, and this though trawlers are in a sense their natural enemies. Yet they have not the doggedness that cannot be discouraged, nor have they shown the qualities necessary to build up a race of professional fishermen. For it has to be one thing or the other: either reaping the sea's harvest when it comes to your door, with row-boats and simple outfit of nets not overcostly to acquire or keep up; or else sea-going craft, with which it is possible to follow the fish in far-off waters, as do the men from only a few Irish centres. The middle way, using smacks and sail power only, has been destroyed like the hand looms by the introduction of steam, which took possession of this last primitive industry only some thirty or forty years ago.

Women have been unusually in evidence of late. The election of Mrs. Laura Knight to be A.R.A. was a rare distinction for one of her sex. But there was more excitement about Miss Gleitze, who swam the Channel in October. Another lady, Dr. Logan, called extra attention to this feat by swearing that she also had accomplished it, and then declaring that this had been a hoax, carried out to establish the necessity of fuller testimony; whereupon Miss Gleitze took the water again and swam to within sight of land, but had to be lifted out, as sleep was overpowering her. Hardy young lady—men cannot give women any points in endurance, nor many in courage, as has been proved in many ways more interesting than Channel swimming. For instance, Mrs. Talbot Clifton's book *The Islands of Queen Wilhelmina* is a record of travel in the

least known and most dangerous parts of the Dutch Indies, where she accompanied her husband. The worst dangers, no doubt, were from fever, and these neither Mr. nor Mrs. Clifton escaped scot free; but they travelled among peoples who had very recently and perhaps not completely given up head-hunting—unsafe hosts, and approached through snake-infested jungle. Mrs. Clifton in her writing conveys the fascination of these places and the desire for new beauty and strangeness of beauty which has made her so much a wanderer; she is too intelligent not to bring home shrewd observation of the Dutch colonies—especially their use of the Eurasian element. But travel for her has been an adventure where risks and hardships were undertaken as an amateur takes up an art. She has gone where few Europeans, man or woman, have been, and her eyes and her memory are the richer. Miss Gertrude Bell, whose "Letters" have been read with avidity, belongs to a wholly different order. Travel for her was not merely, as it has been to Mrs. Clifton, enjoyed with delight of the eye, with curiosity of the mind, and with the exhilaration of things difficult and dangerous. In her life, the part of adventure was mountain-climbing; some of the most brilliant pages in her volumes tell of the days and nights when she earned the glory of being among the best Alpinists—man or woman. But travel became the occupation of her life, a passion and labour, having for its goal the assurance that she had made herself at home among peoples divided from her by more than barriers of space—peoples at the peak of another crest in the movement of civilisation. To reach them, she must learn languages and histories, hard to master; yet these were only the keys; having entered, she must acquire almost a new nature, assimilate a new way of looking at life. One of the things in her letters which she writes to her parents for their eye only is the judgment passed by an expert, that no European had ever before been so completely in the confidence of the Arab. That touched a pride in her, too intimate for revelation. And her attainment was not left to lie idle: she used her citizenship of the desert first to advance learn-

ing, by the study of those remains from which history is being slowly reconstructed. This brought her comradeship with the learned, and her citizenship of the East made her a bridge between Eastern and Western learning. But then the War came, and a new comradeship opened into fields of action. Her great romance in life was her part in king-making, and in building up a new kingdom.

It is a wonderful story, and perhaps Lady Bell, who edits these letters, has been wise to leave us simply face to face with the letters that show this amazing personality. Yet many will feel confused in all that welter of facts and names and geography and will wish that some running commentary had been given to make all more easily intelligible. Only, how to do this? Sir Percy Cox and Sir Henry Dobbs, under whom and with whom she worked, contribute memoranda that summarise the situation; but these men are too near their subject: the ordinary reader will be a good deal bogged in their explanations—and small blame to him or to them. It is the very rare gift of a trained publicist to pick out the essential clues to such a labyrinth.

Scarcely anyone has had this gift more perfectly than Sir Valentine Chirol, whose *Fifty Years in a Changing World* should be established on the bookshelves of all who desire to understand international politics. Here is, sifted down and clarified, within the compass of an ordinary novel, the essence of knowledge which might fill a dozen volumes. He has gathered together his recollections under half a dozen heads and so arranged them as to give a clear picture showing how events developed in Egypt, in Syria, in the Ottoman Empire, in Persia, in China, in India—and, finally, with Berlin for a centre, how the storm grew that burst in Europe. Yet everywhere the tone of reminiscence is kept; history is written as it were by implication; only at the end of each section does it appear that he has been telling the ordinary reader exactly what the ordinary reader needed to know, with a constant instinct for what must be explained, and what could be assumed in the way of previous knowledge. It is a high service to the community, which in this changing and interchanging

world of democracy simply cannot afford to be uneducated.

The Gainsborough Exhibition at Ipswich, which marked the bi-centenary of the painter's birth, did credit to that old town, whose attractions were very capably set out in a leaflet distributed with the catalogue. Ipswich people are "town-proud." The show was small but admirably planned, with representation of the predecessors by whom Gainsborough was influenced and of the contemporaries and successors whose work he affected. A considerable number of his early pieces brought into strong emphasis the weaknesses of this great artist: surely no other painter of his eminence was so little of a draughtsman? In some of his early figure groups the legs sprawl loosely like those of marionettes; and in the landscapes the animals introduced might be stuffed specimens—and sometimes not even so lifelike as that. But had ever any painter a subtler sense of character? The portrait of James Christie the auctioneer is the incarnation of plausible volubility; while as a pendant there was hung a study of Sir Harbord Harbord, which shows a well-bred gentleman listening, and thinking while he listens, and determined to reserve his thought behind that tight-shut mouth. Oddly enough, the portrait of Pitt is insignificant. Two or three half-lengths of ladies (Gainsborough was evidently much happier when he could cut them off at the waist and not bother about their hands) might have come, speaking, out of Miss Austen's pages. But the ultimate expression of his gift is the portrait of Mrs. Walker—middle-aged, plain, almost frog-faced in feature; yet his research has dwelt on the modelling of her forehead and, above all, of her eyes, till the emanation of piety and goodness makes itself felt in a reposeful charm that almost passes into beauty. One cannot look at her without thinking of the women whom Cowper loved and wrote to, and who soothed the *hysterica passio* in that other great East Anglian.

## "BISKEETS"

By C. R. MILTON

THIS is the true and hitherto unpublished story of the rescue suffered by Beaton Memsahib when six hundred convicts broke out of the Central Jail and passed the Beatons' gates on their way to an ephemeral liberty.

Never did rescue afford less satisfaction, whether to rescued or rescuer. The one and only person to derive any pleasure from it was Ramaswamy, the butler's son, commonly known as Sammy—the source of all the trouble.

The whole thing began with a boil on Sammy's hand, an obstinate hot-weather boil which resisted all reasonable treatment. His mother smeared it with soap-nut, poulticed it with tamarind, plastered it with lamp-black and wood-ash, rubbed it with kerosene . . . and still he howled with pain, and at last his father led him across the compound to the Memsahib. After that for a long while Sammy went over to the Big House every morning and evening, and ate a biscuit with the sound hand while a strip of amazingly white cloth was bound round the other.

Up till this time the relations between Sammy and his mother and the Memsahib had been perfectly straightforward and orthodox.

The Memsahib earnestly strove to be counsellor and friend to her servants, as a mistress should be. The butler's wife regarded the Memsahib with the disgust naturally felt for an interfering woman who objects to your flinging paper, rags and tins in front of your own house, or heaping garbage outside your own door; otherwise her attitude was one of utter indifference. Sammy, too, would have been completely indifferent but for his horror of an uncanny creature vaguely connected in his mind with the white horse in the stables—neither having any colour in hair or skin, and both belonging to the Sahib. Even as a courageous and portly person of four he would still squat with sudden absorption over his games in the dust when she appeared, vainly hoping that she might pass by without speaking.

Now all that was changed; he stood up when he saw her, shrieking "Talaam, Memtahib!" gallantly thrusting out his little stomach and applying one fat hand to the middle of his forehead, the other being kept ready to receive any biscuits she had luckily been inspired to bring.

He also did his best to make Atchamal, his sister, behave likewise; but Atchamal, being only two and a female, could not be broken of whimpering when the horrible white hands came too near.

On these everyday occasions Sammy was lightly and comfortably clad in a red string, while Atchamal wore a medal. But they had more elaborate costumes for use at *Kishmash*, when the Memsahib sent for all the servants' children and gave them presents from a burning tree, or again at *Eashtr*, when she made the peons hide nests of unusual but agreeably sweet eggs about the compound for them.

Sammy had hitherto shared the common weakness of mankind (distinguished in this from womankind, which enjoys the whole process), and, while resenting the trouble of putting on his best clothes, had taken glory to himself when they were donned. He had greatly admired his suit of black sateen with trousers to the ground just like the Sahib's, and a white collar and front sewn into the jacket (extremely like one of the Memsahib's lost dinner napkins).

But on the day when his hand had been dressed for the last time he electrified the company in the butler's big *godown* by remarking that he wished for a new suit.

"New clothes, ugly one?" said his mother dotingly, "when thou hast not worn the others half a dozen times? What next?"

"I want a *yewiniform* such as the Tahib has," said Sammy. "He came last night into the Memtahib's room as I stood there. He came with anger, and said, 'Kwik, Kwik,' and she sent me soon away; but first I looked well at the yewiniform. On the loins and the legs it was white, and on the feet were jewels of silver, and *here*"—he patted his little diaphragm—"was much gold. Like that I must have one for next Kishmash."

"Hear him!" scoffed the ayah; "he wants a uniform like that in which the Sahib goes to dine with the Lord Sahib; no less. And was not the Sahib only last night grumbling at the Memsahib because of the cost. Aië, that poor woman has much to bear. The sahibs never leave their wives, as our husbands do, but they stay with them and give trouble, which is worse."

She was qualified to judge, being a deserted wife.

"What matter the cost?" asked Sammy superbly. "Am I not the only son of my father?"

"If thy father is to give all thou askest, Puny One," said the butler, "thou must ask what thy father can give." But he looked at his son with a tenderness that would have amazed his mistress, for Sammy was trebly an only son, two elder brothers having been claimed by an Infant Mortality rate of seventy-nine per thousand.

Sammy nodded; he was not unreasonable, and made on the whole a very mild use of his power.

"It is a pity my hand is now well," he said thoughtfully; "I should have liked to see the yewiniform once more, and also the biskeets were good. She gave me two this morning because it was the last time. She is a good woman."

"Better than thy mother, who has no biscuits to give, eh?"

That afternoon in the bazaar his mother spent on biscuits a quarter of her monthly budget; but, being ignorant in such matters, she bought ginger nuts, and Sammy ungratefully declared that they burnt his mouth.

It was an eventful year. Soon after the boil came a new and delightful festivity known as *Ahmsteeco*, a festivity of hitherto unparalleled magnitude, when the Sahib gave the servants a sheep and a bag of rice, and to every man a week's pay, and the Memsahib sent for the children and gave to each a rupee and a new toy.

Toys were running short in the European shops by the end of 1918, and Mrs. Beaton was not able to find the horse she wanted for Sammy: as any sensible Englishwoman would have done, she bought what seemed to her the next best thing—a large and expensive donkey, covered with real skin.

She ought to have known that the donkey is a degrading and degraded animal, used to carry the dhobies' dirty clothes-bundles because it is unfit for any other use—but she didn't. There are several things for an Englishwoman to learn in India, and she had missed this one.

Sammy personally admired the donkey; he wept shrilly when his mother snatched it away, muttering comments on the Memsahib which would have been embarrassing to any European listener. Her husband was more disturbed by her decision that the children should use no more of the Memsahib's prophylactics against the Bad Sickness.

This malady, otherwise known as the Fluenza, had been raging for some weeks, and the Memsahib was holding daily quinine parades for servants and children, and doling out bottles of Omum water which they were told to hold in their mouths what time they made strange noises, and then spit out. She did not insist on witnessing this performance, somewhat to Sammy's regret; he claimed to spit farther than any other child in the compound, and would have been pleased to display the feat.

"For aught I know, the water holds poison," said Sammy's mother now.

"They use the same themselves," said his father. "Furthermore, she is not clever; she would never have the wit to think of that. And, see, it is true that no one who uses her water has yet taken the sickness. Use it; it costs us nothing."

He understood women, and wasted no words on ineffective arguments.

"And, moreover," added Sammy, "the Memtahib is a good woman; she gives a biskeet after the powder. She will do us no harm."

Sammy did not as yet wholly understand women. This remark finally turned the scale.

Henceforward the Memsahib sent for the children in vain; they were invariably gone to bazaar or taking oil baths when she wanted to give them quinine; their lives seemed to be chiefly spent in these exercises.

When she became too persistent, and took to appearing at the godown door, quinine powders in one hand, Omum water in the other, the children were removed to their grandmother's house in the village half a mile away.

Not even on the morning when Sammy's head was burning, and his eyelids heavy, did his mother relent.

But when the butler rushed home after luncheon next day, and pushed his way through a raucous crowd of sympathisers to find Sammy lying very small and grey, with one hand across his donkey; then, over her shoulder in a choking voice, she said shortly:

"Fetch the Memsahib."

On the butler's face as he turned and ran there were mingled a great relief and a terrified "Has it come to *that*?"



The Memsahib came in like a mild but very effective whirlwind, with a brandy bottle and a teaspoon and a jug of hot milk, followed by the ayah with an armful of hot-water bottles. One of the audience was sent to the chemist's, and another to hospital with a message for the doctor—the doctor-sahib himself—and the rest were ruthlessly dismissed.

That night, and for seven subsequent nights, Sammy slept in a Yewropean cot in the Memsahib's dressing-room, a circumstance of which he still boasts, although at the time, as not infrequently happens in circumstances to which we look back with pride, he felt it extremely uncomfortable and not a little precarious.

The draughts were appalling to one accustomed to sleep in a godown with door bolted, shutters shut, and all crevices carefully stuffed with old rag. And though the Yewropean cot was certainly soft, the drop to the floor, when one peered over the side, was simply terrifying. How could one sleep on the edge of a precipice?

Strangely enough, one did sleep, though, and soundly, and then what an awakening, to a refection of sweet milk and biskeets, the advance guard of half a dozen delicious meals!

He returned to his father's house with unfeigned regret, and his intimacy with the Memsahib grown out of all reason. After the Fluenza one needs building up, and it became an understood thing that he should visit the big house and partake of milk and biscuits every day after breakfast.

"It is my hour for going to the Memtahib," he would say, and swagger across the compound, rousing envy in the general public and a raging jealousy in the heart of his mother.

The jail outbreak was being hatched just then, and the scheme was naturally known of in the bazaar and discussed among the Beaton servants. In the intervals of his pot-making in the dirt Sammy listened to the discussions with a mild interest.

"If they are lucky," said the butler's wife, "what then?"

"It depends," said her husband, "on many things—how many rifles they take, for one."

"And if they get many, what then? Sahibs and Mems might be beaten or killed, with none to hinder, eh?"

"Maybe." He looked at her in sudden inquiry.

"How do they kill Sahibs?" asked Sammy eagerly, coming nearer—"as the cook kills chickens?"

His mother rubbed his head tenderly, and asked what was to be done with him on the eventful night.

"He must go to thy mother's house the day before, and thou also."

The vicissitudes of the Sahib are not without their embarrassments for his servants. The butler had no fear of escaped prisoners as such; whatever his opinion of individuals, he looked on convicts in the mass as the unfortunate victims of an incomprehensible European caprice. But he knew as well as his master that every disturbance has a political element nowadays, and any disturbance may take an ugly turn; he did not propose that any victorious band of rebels should find him in the

service of an Englishman. A premature or unnecessary withdrawal, on the other hand, might prove difficult to explain; it was bound to be a situation requiring delicate handling, easier to tackle with his family safely out of the way.

"When the news comes," said his wife, rather to herself than him, "I shall fetch the Memsahib."

"Why?" he asked, disturbed.

"To keep her safe." She looked straight at him with the Indian blink which conveys the wink of the West.

"It will be dangerous," he muttered. He dared not object more strongly; she had taken opposition very ill of late.

"My mother and I will see to that."

"But yes," said Sammy eagerly, sitting up on his little haunches; "it is a good thought. Bring my Memtahib, then I shall get biskeets, which otherwise I do not get in the house of my grandmother."

That decided it.

Mrs. Beaton had been alarmed by noises in the bazaar at night ever since she arrived in India. At first she had awakened her husband when they became too ominous, but a Government official with a heavy portfolio is apt to be unpleasant when he is awakened one night because the crackers let off in honour of a Hindu goddess have been mistaken for gunshots, the next because the shouting of a Muhammadan procession has seemed to be the outbreak of a riot. And Beaton was not, at best, a gracious-mannered man. The poor woman had grown to feel that the risk of a murderous surprise was on the whole to be preferred to waking George.

When a hand touched her cautiously through her mosquito net she did not, therefore, call out at once; she lay still, sickened by the thumping of her heart, and gave time to the woman touching her to whisper:

"Sammy, Memsahib! Memsahib, Sammy!"

Sammy was ill again! She slipped out of bed, decided against waking George, and let herself be led in dressing-gown and slippers across the compound.

It was some minutes before she realised that she was being taken not towards the godowns but to the gates. She knew only one or two words of the vernacular, and the butler's wife knew no English at all.

"Godown?" she expostulated, pointing in what she took to be that direction.

"Sammy!" urged the butler's wife, laying a hand on her arm.

They had taken him out of the compound again, tiresome people! What should she do? Having come so far it seemed feeble to go back; she followed the butler's wife to the village, and into the house.

Inside she peered round eagerly, seeking for Sammy. Yes, that was surely he, curled up on his mat in what had every appearance of being healthy normal sleep. . . .

At that moment a cloth was thrown over her head, and she was hustled into the innermost and extremely malodorous recesses of the hovel.

There her hands and feet were tied, and with rancid oil and lamp-black, saffron and henna, she was made into a fairly plausible imitation of an Indian woman; as a final precaution she was smothered beneath a heap of dirty Indian bedding about which there was no imitation at all. And there for thirty hours she lay, fiercely hissed into silence whenever she attempted to move or speak. Was she a prisoner or a *protégée*? And if a *protégée*, why? She could give herself no answers, but she felt painfully like a prisoner. Once or twice she thought she heard Sammy's voice saying, each time with growing despondency, the word "Biskeet," but it was always promptly hushed, and beneath her smother of coverings she could hardly be sure.

And then, on the second morning, in walked the butler's wife; uncovered her with a profound salaam, and, humbly smiling, untied her and helped her to rise. (Sammy, running in, was also instructed to "salaam the Memsahib," but, having inspected the haggard, discoloured wretch before him, backed away, shaking his head.)

She was led into the front room, and there the butler stood; he looked a little uneasy, and was twisting his toes.

"Butler!" she gasped, "what is the matter? What does this mean? Where is the Sahib?"

"Please, your honour, the Sahib is doing well, thank you. He is running behind the prisoners, but now nearly all are caught; he will be returning. And your honour must excuse these ignorant women if they . . ."

"But why have I been kept here like this? Why was I brought here? It's—it's—most . . ."

The butler had fallen on his knees; his wife and his mother-in-law and his two sisters-in-law promptly did likewise. Mrs. Beaton had been too long in the country to be deeply affected by the fact that all five wept bitterly, but Sammy, younger and more sensitive, burst into a loud howl of sympathy.

"Memsahib will please excuse," sobbed the butler, "if these poor ignorant women in their love for Memsahib have done wrong. Two nights ago the jail was burst, and they didn't know what danger might come, so they dressed Memsahib like a native woman to keep her safe. But they dared not tell their plan to me, lest I should be angry; and being too ignorant to speak English, they could not explain to Memsahib. Therefore, they were obliged to take strong precautions. But when they saw that the prisoners only passed by, and made no danger, they were frightened of Memsahib's anger. Therefore, they fetched me here to explain to Memsahib their guilt. The car is waiting."

A more suspicious woman might have scented behind this precious rigmarole the *précis* of the bazaar letter writer and essayist; a cleverer woman might have questioned whether the handling she had received—which was almost to be described as vicious—completely fitted the story.

But one of the assets of the Indian servant is his power to make the European doubt the evidence of sight, hearing, and every other faculty. And Mrs. Beaton was faint and dazed. Her only conscious emotion

was a desire that they should all rise from their knees and cease to make her feel a fool.

She indicated this, said—doubtfully—that she was sure they had meant well, and walked out to the car, which the butler had tactfully caused to be closed. Clutching her *sari* about her, she climbed in, and he, respectfully, carrying her nightgown and dressing-gown, got up beside the driver.

Beaton had woken early on the morning of the trouble in the jail, to find the bed beside his empty. The news of the outbreak, brought in with the tea, did not make this fact less remarkable.

It is never safe to assume, because a man often makes his wife's life a burden, that he is not therefore devotedly attached to her. When calls, search, and inquiries yielded not a particle of information, Beaton became frantic.

The only explanation of his wife's disappearance which bore the faintest semblance of reason was the possibility that a gang of escaping prisoners had thought it worth while to carry her off as a hostage. It was improbable, but just possible, and it was the only theory that offered.

Beaton joined one of the pursuing parties, outstripped them, rode down a gang of armed convicts at egregious risk of his life, helped to round up the stragglers, questioned, bribed, threatened—in vain.

He returned home at last, in a state of impotent frenzy bordering on madness, to find his wife in her dressing-room, rubbing her discoloured face with vaseline.

"MARGARET," he bellowed. "Where have you been?"

She emerged from the towel with one cheek red and the other black.

"In the butler's mother-in-law's house," she faltered.

"What on earth were you doing?"

"J-just lying there."

The fact seemed, most unfairly, as she stated it, to imply blame in her.

"JUST LYING THERE! And how did you get there?"

"They took me—she did. I mean the butler's wife."

"The butler's wife took you! Did she carry you? And, however you got there, didn't it strike you that I might conceivably take some faint interest in your whereabouts? You go off like a madwoman, and you never even think of sending word to me."

"I couldn't; they wouldn't let me speak."

"They wouldn't let her speak! Her own servants wouldn't let her speak! And she stops there comfortably for two days, and then comes back and begins to paint her face! Couldn't you . . . Don't you . . . Are you . . . And I! . . . Boy! Whiskey and soda, and BATH!"

He banged himself out of the room, unable to find words with which to make her realise her iniquity. And his absence was, in the circumstances, the best thing the unfortunate woman could hope for.

She cried quietly for a little while, and then, discovering that her tears were black, went on with her washing.

Soothed by food and drink and bath, Beaton's fury lessened a little as the day wore on. By next morning he began to believe that Margaret had really been carried off by the butler's wife on a misguided impulse of gratitude; later in the day he began to conceive it possible that, owing to supineness, or hysteria, or some other feminine weakness, she had really believed herself unable to communicate with him. He decided, if not to forgive her, at least to speak to her again.

"And now," he said, "I suppose I am expected to reward the woman for her precious interference. What do you suppose they think it worth?"

As Mrs. Beaton not unnaturally declined to suggest a sum, he assessed the price of her rescue at twenty rupees.

"Give that to your wife," he said grimly.

The butler took the note in silence and carried it with ostentatious reluctance to his godown.

"It is not well to take money for saving life," he said to his wife, "and I have eaten the sahib's bread for fourteen years; let us give this back again. It is not much—I can soon make it up out of the ice and soda alone. If we return it the bills can be whatever I make them; the Memsahib will never again say a word."

His wife hesitated; twenty rupees in one pleasant piece of paper appeals to a woman more than fifty that may never be placed at her disposal. Then a small brown form intruded itself, and a little brown hand was laid on the paper.

"*This*," said Sammy joyously, "will buy my yewiniform in time for Kishmash!"

Taking one thing with another, Mrs. Beaton had a bad time over the whole business. She finally came in for bitter reproaches when Beaton, offering his arm to a very distinguished personage, saw upon the sleeve of his political uniform a large and unmistakable oil stain. Knowing nothing of the coat's having been secretly borrowed to be copied by Sammy's tailor, she could not even prove an alibi.

She did not even jump to what had happened when Sammy appeared at her Christmas tree, blandly self-conscious, in a political uniform, complete from the tin buckles on his shoes, and the worm-like convolutions of tinsel on his breast, to the caricature of a cocked hat on his head; she was wholly taken up with mirth.

("When the Memsahib saw my yewiniform," said Sammy, describing the scene to a friend in the village, "first she wept because it was more beautiful than the Sahib's; afterwards she gave me biskeets.")

Mrs. Beaton is of incorrigibly British temperament. She can believe in danger from unknown malefactors and chimerical mobs, but never from the servant within her compound.

It would be useless to suggest that her "rescue" was a device for placing her, bound hand and foot, at the mercy of Sammy's mother, who had intended, in case of the hoped-for suspension of Law and

Order, to satisfy her jealous resentment very thoroughly. That she was disguised as an Indian, (a) as a humiliation to herself; (b) as a protection to her captors in the remote chance of a house-to-house search for Europeans, when the position would have been liable to misconstruction; and (c) as a realistic "blind" which would, and did, assist the subsequent explanations. That, in short, for the thirty hours she spent in durance very vile, the biscuits and the donkey she had given Sammy were mainly responsible, and that Sammy's mother remains for her a potential source of danger.

As well hope to induce her to withhold her favours from Sammy in the future.

One can only watch events and trust to Sammy's someday outgrowing his passion for biscuits. And that, from all appearances, is a somewhat forlorn hope.

## CURRENT LITERATURE

## THE DIARY OF CHARLES GREVILLE

BY S. M. ELLIS.

SOME public perturbation seems to have been aroused by the publication of the hitherto omitted portions of *The Greville Memoirs*,<sup>1</sup> and in certain minds of a *désordonné* type the question has even occurred as to whether this book is not another hoax—generated by the success of *The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764-1765*, and the notoriety of the more reprehensible *Whispering Gallery*. I think these doubters may be assured that the new volume of Greville has been compiled from an authentic copy of the suppressed matter now in the British Museum, for reliable persons have vouched for the fact that this copy was made by a near relative of Henry Reeve, the original editor of *The Greville Memoirs*, and the friend to whom the diarist left the ninety volumes of his manuscript journals covering a period from 1817 to 1860.

Charles Greville (1794-1865), as a member of the noble families of Warwick and Portland, and therefore of the governing class of his time, and by virtue of his office as Clerk to the Privy Council for nearly forty years (1821-1859), had exceptional opportunities for hearing all the inner history and gossip of the Court, politics, and society. All such matters, when they interested him, he recorded, intermittently, in his journals. He had a certain sardonic humour in his temperament which predisposed him to note the worst side of human nature, its pettiness and failings; but he was not a mere chronicler of scandal, or ever intentionally malevolent and venomous: he simply recorded his *first* impressions of contemporary events and people, and in the matter of character he probed deeply and exhibited the pathological results without any reserve or compunction. The well-known lines about him and his diary are quite false, or the only truth they contain, perhaps, is found in the third and fourth lines:

For fifty years he listened at the door,  
And heard some secrets and invented more;  
These he wrote down, and statesmen, queens, and kings  
Are all degraded into common things.  
Though most have passed away, some still remain  
To whom such scandal gives a needless pain;  
And though they smile and say " 'Tis only Greville,"  
They wish him, Reeve, and Longman at the devil.

The last Lord Holland recorded of his friend "Punch" Greville:  
"He has a shrewd head and some information, not an atom of feeling,

(1) *The Greville Diary*, including passages hitherto withheld from publication. Edited by Philip Whitwell Wilson. In two volumes (Heinemann, 36s. net).

but great general good nature, or at least pretends to have it." That seems to be an apt portrait in a few strokes. As an aristocrat, with no need for snobbery, Greville did not spare the highest personages in his records, with the result that he laid bare the failings of George the Fourth, William the Fourth, Queen Victoria, and many lesser royalties. Consequently, when Henry Reeve published the first instalment of the *Diary* in 1874, it was necessary to make many excisions in order to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of Queen Victoria and other persons still living at that date. So far from feeling gratitude for this consideration, the Queen was furious, and wrote—little witting of all that Reeve had kindly omitted concerning her—of "the *dreadful indiscretion* and *DISGRACEFULLY bad taste* of Mr. Reeve in publishing Mr. C. Greville's scurrilous journal. . . The Queen *hopes* and wishes Mr. Reeve will and *should* know what *she* thinks of such conduct." Henry Reeve made a dignified and excellent reply in justification of his work, which he duly completed in 1887. The Queen never forgave him, and it was owing to her, Professor Laughton has suggested, that Reeve never received the K.C.B. to which he was undoubtedly entitled for his long services as Registrar of the Privy Council. Incidentally, he was also an able editor of *The Edinburgh Review*.

With the lapse of years it has become possible and expedient to publish the suppressed portions of Greville's *Diary*, and the work was anticipated with great zest by all who are interested in the social history of the nineteenth century, for here was original material of historical importance and value, but requiring very competent and careful editing. Therefore, it is most unfortunate to find that the work has been edited in the most unsuitable and unhappy manner that could be conceived. I have no doubt Mr. P. W. Wilson has devoted much time and trouble to his work—he adverts to the labour of his task more than once; but he has entirely misapprehended the way and the form in which his wonderful material should have been utilised, and he has perpetrated many grievous errors both of fact and good taste. In the first place the new portions of the *Diary* required exact chronological printing with detailed annotation, with the addition in *indented and smaller type* of such extracts from the volumes previously published as were necessary for the coherence of the narrative. In such manner the new matter could have been perceived at a glance; as issued it is only possible by laborious collation with the earlier volumes to discover what is new and what is old. Mr. Wilson's method has been to ignore altogether both chronology and coherence; he has grouped, by indifferent selection, various entries from the *Diary*, old and new, interspersed with a flip-pant, vulgar commentary of his own, in chapters to which he has given titles that make the sensitive wince—"Cradles at Court," "Books in Breeches," "Blessing the Banns," "Souls Set Free," "An Angel as Husband," "Men as Mice," "Suicide and Sagacity," "Inking the Angel," and so on. Queen Victoria is called "Cinderella." Why? Palmerston is "Peter Pan," Louis Philippe "Humpty-Dumpty." Again, why? I am told these appalling captions suggestive of the cinema were brought into use in order to captivate the American public,

as the primary edition of the book appeared in America. I decline to believe that any Americans of culture would relish such a method of presenting new historical material. One of the most fastidious bookmen I ever knew was the late Adrian H. Joline, of New York, and I could name other Americans still living who will vent anathema on this vulgarisation of an important book.

Attention has already been called in the Press to the amazing blunder which the editor committed in transferring an entry relating to the King and Queen of Naples to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort:

September 17, 1855 . . . "The Queen," he said, "was going on better than formerly; not a bad-hearted woman, and kept in order by fear of her husband, who she thought would poison her, of which he is very capable."

Apart from the unique absurdity of attributing such an act even in thought to Prince Albert, the excuse of "a copyist's error in dropping a paragraph" is altogether inadequate. No editor should accept his copyist's authority for such a grave statement and label it as only to be made public "by the necessities of history" in Mr. Wilson's phrase. I have no space or inclination to enumerate Mr. Wilson's other blunders beyond drawing attention to a typical example at the commencement of Chapter VI:

It was on June 7, 1818. . . . His mad Majesty King George III still lingered on the throne, and of his fifteen children there survived seven sons and a daughter. . . . There was living the Princess Emily, whose "virtue was not thought immaculate." And when some question arose of sentries for royal persons, George Selwyn was asked if she "was to have Guards," he retorted, "Yes, ma'am, one every now and then."

Yet the real facts were that in 1818 there survived of the family of George the Third seven sons and *five* daughters. There was no Princess "Emily" living, for Princess Amelia was the one and only daughter deceased, she having died in 1810. Selwyn's Rabelaisian remark could only refer to quite another Princess Amelia (1711-1786), the daughter of George the Second, for Selwyn died in 1791, when the second Princess Amelia (daughter of George the Third) was but a child of eight years old.

Such is the value of the annotation this book does contain, and fortunately there is not much of it. Never a word is given of the career of any person mentioned by Greville, and Mr. Wilson does not even relate Henry Reeve's vivid account of the scene shortly before Charles Greville's death, when the old man told him of the diaries, showed him the volumes standing in a row on a shelf of a bookcase, and asked him to take charge of them for future publication.

In spite of the disappointment one cannot but feel at the form in which the new matter has been presented, Greville's records preserve all the interest that was anticipated. Most important is the unsparing revelation of the intrigues and sordid affairs of the Court during the first few years of Queen Victoria's reign, records which refute finally Tennyson's egregious line, "Her Court was pure, her life serene." Here is now given in some detail the story of the Duchess of Kent's

unseemly connection with her secretary, Sir John Conroy, a matter that caused the Queen to regard her mother with any feelings but those of respect and affection. "The cause of the Queen's alienation from the Duchess and hatred of Conroy, the Duke said, was unquestionably owing to her having witnessed some familiarities between them." On the evidence of Stockmar, when William the Fourth died, the Duchess of Kent and Conroy planned an act near to high treason:

Their objects were to get a regency established for a couple of years on the pretext of the Queen's youth and inexperience, and to force her to give a promise in writing that she would make him (Conroy) her private secretary. Conroy urged the Duchess to shut her up, and keep her under duress till she had extorted this engagement from her, but the spirit of the daughter and the timidity of the mother prevented this plot taking effect.

Greville relates, of course, Victoria's mishandling of the scandalous affair of Lady Flora Hastings. At the outset of the reign he had been struck by the youthful Queen's modest bearing at her first Council and her entirely admirable behaviour. But almost unlimited power, too early bestowed on a young girl who had been badly and poorly educated, soon spoilt her disposition. She became selfish and obstinate, and both her Ministers and young husband were afraid to thwart her in view of her angry excitement and the resulting danger of the terrible hereditary mental trouble in her family.

In 1839 Greville wrote:

I had much talk with Lady Cowper about the Court. She lamented the obstinate character of the Queen, from which she thought that hereafter great evils might be apprehended. She said that her prejudices and antipathies were deep and strong, and her disposition very flexible. . . . It is very revolting to hear of a girl of nineteen, albeit Queen, pronouncing an opinion upon the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, and deciding what it was his duty to do, and that in a matter personal to herself. It is the worst trait of her character I have met with, because it is arrogant, vain, and ungrateful. . . . [and later he terms the Queen "a spoiled child, only intent upon the gratification of her social predilections," and insensible to "the great duty she owes to the country. . . . She is blinded by her partialities."]

One could wish that Greville had given more glimpses of his inner self, but he is rarely personal, and his journal is almost entirely objective. Still at times there are touches of a more intimate nature, as when he cogitates his reasons for refusing to stay and dine with the Queen at Windsor after a Council:

The fact was, I was provoked that they did not give me notice (which certainly they might as well have done), and at the notion that the invitation was only meant to extend to dinner and not to bed, and this I took as a sort of affront, and took it in dudgeon, and so I was fool enough to come away, when I should have on the whole preferred staying, not that I care about Court, but it is as well to see the whole thing for once.

This has quite a Pepysian quality of plaintive introspection.

## NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

L'ITALIE FASCISTE OU L'AUTRE DANGER. By Ludovic Naudeau. (Paris, Flammarion. 12 fr.)

M. Ludovic Naudeau is a student of racial psychology quite out of the ordinary, whose habit it is to probe beneath the surface whether he is dealing with the soul of modern Japan or that of Soviet Russia. It is, then, with genuine and unusual interest that one follows his close, impartial reading of Mussolini's Italy. No one appreciates more readily than he what Fascism has already accomplished—order, faith in the future, economic recovery, the transformation, in short, of a people on the verge of disintegration into a strong and seemingly united nation. All this leaps to the eye of this French enquirer, but what, he asks himself, lies beneath this dictated cohesion? Italy has emerged a victor from the recent war, but the Italians seem to him profoundly discontented with victory. He sees a people increasing in population and consequently compelled to expand, and he asks himself in what direction? He sees a people keyed up to a high pitch of self-conscious, national discipline, and he is compelled to infer from this a national goal as yet undeclared to the chancelleries.

Italy, in short, appears to this observer to have become intensely national, and he refuses to be blind to the historic lessons of such intensified nationalism all over Europe. And whether he is tracing the external policy of Fascism or its social policy, whether he is examining its economics, or its strength on land and sea, there seems to be on his lips a direct question to the Dictator: "Quo vadis?" It is impossible, indeed, to read this book without one's mind reverting to pre-War Germany, for the national spirit is seen pervading every aspect of Italian life, even the Church. But the domination of the dictator goes deeper than German absolutism ever went; there is no opposition throughout the whole Press of modern Italy. In profound peace, M. Naudeau contends, the tendency of Italy is towards war; the very virtues of the system, the self-conscious harking back to the glories of antiquity, the self-conscious and self-denying belief in a strangely renewed destiny, all seem to this French observer to point in the same menacing direction: "Unilatéral, réservé à l'Italie, le fascisme, véritable culture de la force, est un danger pour les démocraties voisines. Plus il discipline l'Italie plus il la discipline dans un sens hostile aux étrangers. Réciproque, généralisé à toute l'Europe, le fascisme asservirait la civilisation occidentale au nationalisme le plus fanatique et il la vouerait à la fatalité d'un effréné bellicisme." M. Naudeau's argument may be pessimistic, but it is neither lightly weighed nor undocumented, and the most voluble may well pause before answering what emerges as perhaps the final question of a book replete with questions: What would happen if to-morrow there were a dictator in Paris, in Berlin, in London, as there is now in Rome?

NAPOLÉON AND HIS WOMEN FRIENDS. By Gertrude Aretz. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. (Allen and Unwin. 26s. net.)

This book cannot be dismissed as a mere *réchauffé* of love stories associated with Napoleon. The author has gone far deeper than that in regard to what one may call the *Odyssey* as opposed to the *Iliad* of the Legend. In action the hero was to run the full gamut of human experience from obscurity, through phase after phase of more than imperial triumph, back again to obscurity. In his *Voyage Sentimental* it was to be curiously the same. The impoverished lieutenant was to find in Caroline du Colombier the sort of heroine that Turgenev evokes so often in his earlier novels. The future conqueror of Austerlitz would often talk of Caroline to his compatriots in St. Helena: "We used to make assignments. Especially do I remember one in summer at day-break. You'll hardly believe me, but we found all our happiness, on this occasion, in eating cherries together."

Napoleon was to pass on to very different romances, was to experience almost every aspect of femininity, from Josephine to Marie Louise, from Pauline Foures to Josephine Duchesnois, from Giuseppina Grassini to Marie Walewska, the Polish patriot who alone relieved for the Emperor the tedium of Elba. Yet, as though he were bound in love as in war to the foredestined parabola of his glory, Napoleon was to end his amatory *Odyssey* almost exactly as he had commenced it. For he was to find, when all else in the glittering world seemed to have failed him, distraction in the innocent mischief of Betsy Balcombe, a young English girl in her early teens.

At first the prisoner of St. Helena frightened Betsy, but very soon she began to treat him entirely *en égal*, asking him very awkward questions, particularly when he examined her in geography. Asked the name of the capital of Russia, for instance, Betsy replied, "St. Petersburg; Moscow formerly," an answer which led to the following:

"Qui l'a brûlé?"

Once more Betsy was seized with alarm, and she was unable to utter a syllable, for she was afraid she would make him angry if she said what she thought. Then he repeated his question, and the girl stammered: "I do not know, sir," Napoleon laughed heartily, and said:

"Oui, oui, vous savez très bien, c'est moi qui l'ai brûlé."

Seeing that he was in good humour, Betsy recovered her composure, and boldly rejoined:

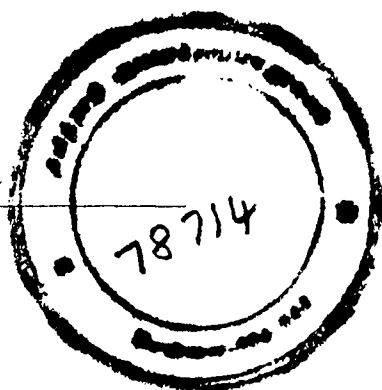
"I believe, sir, that the Russians burned it to get rid of the French."

He laughed again, and seemed pleased that Betsy knew anything of the matter. A friendship between the pair had been struck up.

The tragedy of Elba had been amply relieved by the most subtle comedy ever played by human actors; the tragedy of St. Helena was to be relieved at all events by farce. The Emperor was not always shadowed by the atmosphere of *Les Châtiments*, and it is to this spirited little tomboy, Betsy Balcombe, that he owed the slight alleviation of the final phase. For the rest, *Napoleon and His Women Friends*, including as it does many women with whom the Emperor "never even flirted," is consistently interesting and quite untainted by international hatred.

THE BLESSING OF PAN. By Lord Dunsany. C. Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.)

What strikes one sharply, in reading this beautiful fantasy of the renewed dominion of Pan over the English village of Wolding, is the author's power of evoking the personalities of ordinary humdrum folk. Tom, my Duffin, the farmer's son, who has recaptured the lost music of Pan, the plump, greying clergyman. Elderick Anwrel, whose duty it is to defend the village from this haunting alien music, are as natural as human beings can be. So, too, are the different clerics to whom Anwrel goes for comfort in his bewilderment—usually only to be urged to pay more attention to village cricket. It is, on the surface, all so safe and ordinary, and yet the most matter-of-fact reader will feel himself captivated by the wooing spell of Pan from the slopes above the English village. Everyone yields at last, including Anwrel himself, so strong is the strange lure of the past against which no level-headed bishop on earth can prevail. And to the ancient pagan god Anwrel, the clergyman of Wolding, sacrifices a bull in the presence of his almost hypnotised parishioners. The author has himself captured the magic of Pan in these pages so surely that this pagan sacrifice by the Christian priest seems inevitable. Certainly, Lord Dunsany has caught the ancient significance of "I, Pan, of all the Arcadian valleys, King . . ." and there can be no going back into the old, tried ways for the village of Wolding.



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