

THE
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EDITED BY

W. L. COURTNEY

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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"COMPULSORY" ARBITRATION

By THE LATE SIR FRANCIS PIGGOTT

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD went to the root of the whole matter when he declared at Geneva that the peace of the world depends on the universal adoption of arbitration. He hit the right nail on the head, better expresses the effect of what he said, because it is just in this matter of arbitration that the joinery of the Ark of the Covenant shows signs of bad workmanship; nothing but good hard blows on the heads of the nails will prevent little fissures spreading into wide-open cracks. But M. Herriot developed a counter-thesis—"Arbitration is the very thing," he said in effect, "but it must be made obligatory. What we want is compulsory arbitration"; and he so extolled the virtues of the scheme, the First and Third Committees in their reports so decked it with flowers of speech, that "compulsory arbitration" has passed, like so many other meaningless expressions, into a catch-word, which a too busy world has adopted as a convenient formula for expressing something which it does not quite understand. And the rod of MacDonald withered; but, behold, the rod of Herriot "was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds"—I fear me, bitter almonds.

The only meaning which "compulsory arbitration" conveys is that all nations are to be compelled by some superior power to admit all their disputes to the decision of arbitrators, which is *non-sensis*. For "arbitration" connotes two things: first, the voluntary abandonment by each party of insistence on what he deems to be his right in a quarrel, and the surrender into the hands of some impartial person or body, selected by agreement, of the right to determine on which side of the quarrel justice lies;

secondly, the voluntary abiding by the award. Parties to a suit cannot be compelled to submit to arbitration. What is true of individuals is true of governments, with this difference: in the case of individuals or corporate persons, given the will, it is difficult to conceive disputes arising which do not lend themselves to this method of peaceful settlement; while in the case of nations there are some quarrels in regard to which national sentiment may reject the intervention of a third party, and some which are of such a nature that arbitration is, on the face of it, inappropriate; conciliation, or compromise, is the only step which third parties can propose in the interests of peace. At the time when arbitration treaties were much discussed, and the hope began to take shape that in universal arbitration the way might be found to universal peace, national sentiment invariably refused to include in the scheme questions affecting the national honour. Of the second class, those historical wars which related to the succession to the throne of some third country are typical.

This, it must be admitted, is not an encouraging beginning to the study of the subject. Yet, in the mass of complicated facts out of which war suddenly springs, there is as often as not some kernel in which the germ of right and wrong may with patience be discovered, and an award made by which, given the will to settlement, war may be averted.

If we could clear our minds of the distrust which spreads like a pall over Europe, and if in the calm seclusion of the study we sought for a definition of wars in which the right on the one side and the wrong on the other are easily discernible, "wars of aggression" would serve our purpose. So far we may go with the reports of the Committees on which the Protocol was based, but no farther.

A war of aggression normally implies the absence of any preliminary dispute; it is practically synonymous with invasion. We cannot discuss this subject with blinkers on. When France talks of "security" she means that she wants protection from invasion by Germany. To solve this problem the Assembly set itself the task of achieving security, reduction of armaments, and arbitration. But

there is no correlation between these three subjects. Reduction of armaments would, if it were universal, promote general security, because the fighting forces being smaller, the nations would be disinclined to put them in the field. Arbitration, even a single treaty, makes for the peace of the world by reducing the chances of war between the parties; the more treaties, the less the chances of war generally. But arbitration has no intelligible relation to "security." In the concrete, yes! if France and Germany were to conclude an arbitration treaty, still more if England and other States were to adhere. But in the abstract the arbitration principle and the "security" question are on different planes of thought. So it came about, the ingenuity of the French delegation bridging the difficulty, that there was attached to "aggression" an abnormal meaning: "in the event of hostilities having broken out" refusal¹ to submit to arbitration, or to abide by an award, unless a unanimous decision of the Council "shall otherwise declare."

Before dealing with the "compulsory arbitration" of the Protocol it will be well to appreciate how far the Covenant goes in the direction of arbitration pure and simple, for it is here that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's injunction, "Let us try to understand the Covenant," is specially important. Let us try to understand what the attitude of the parties to the Covenant was towards arbitration; and to this end we turn naturally to the preamble. Without saying that it reduces into concrete form the whole duty of nations to one another when their normal relations are disturbed, or even that it bears traces of profound thought as to what is necessary "to promote international co-operation, and to achieve international peace and security," it might, at first reading, be accepted as fairly comprehensive; for it includes

The acceptance of obligations not to resort to war; the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations; the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among Governments; and the maintenance of justice and a

(1) "Any State shall be presumed to be an aggressor . . . if it has refused . . ."

scrupulous respect for all Treaty obligations in the dealings of organised peoples with one another.

A comforting enunciation of principles, though somewhat vague, and much needing reduction into concrete rules. A little pedantic, perhaps, in the statement. Shorter formulas would more easily have been grasped by the vulgar than such conceptions as "the understandings of international law," "the actual rule of conduct," "the dealings of organised peoples with one another." The First Covenant was written in short, crisp sentences, unmistakable in their meaning. Certainly, if the things predicated in the preamble were to be honourably observed by all nations, the world would be well on its way to that great goal, "International Peace and Security"; but, with arbitration omitted, the phrases sink to the level of "elegant abstractions"—to use an Americanism—for that is the one time-honoured method of ensuring peace. The absence of express reference to it precludes the possibility of its inclusion by inference in those high-pitched sentences. At once, therefore, we are faced by a perplexing question—Why was arbitration deliberately omitted from the preamble?

Let us turn to another document written at a time when many nations were earnestly seeking to find a better solvent than war for their disputes; when Great Britain and the United States had reached the first stage of their endeavour: President Cleveland's Message commending the Arbitration Treaty of 1897 to the favourable consideration of the Senate:—

It is confidently believed that the Treaty cannot fail to be everywhere recognised as making a long step in the right direction, and as embodying a practical working plan by which disputes between the two countries will reach a peaceful adjustment as a matter of course and in ordinary routine. . . .

It is apparent that the Treaty not only makes war between the parties to it a remote possibility, but precludes those fears and rumours of war which, of themselves, too often assume the proportions of a national disaster.

The experiment of substituting civilised methods for brute force as the means of settling international questions of right will be tried under the happiest auspices. Its success ought not to be doubtful. . . . The example set and the lesson furnished by the successful operation of this

Treaty are sure to be felt and taken to heart sooner or later by other nations, and will thus mark the beginning of a new epoch in civilisation.

These are simple and dignified words; and if, in all humility, another President could have brought himself, if not to repeat them at least to adopt their spirit, the pretentious paragraphs of the preamble need never have been written.

The Covenant certainly deals with arbitration, but in so attenuated a form as to be unrecognisable. By Article 11, where there is a dispute between Members "likely to lead to a rupture," they agree to submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council; subject to the condition that the parties will "in no case resort to war until three months after" the award or the report. This is not arbitration, nor is it even a fulfilment of the agreement in the preamble to accept "obligations not to resort to war." It is merely a covenant to postpone war till the cause of the war has been examined by arbitrators or by the Council; it endures no longer; the party against whom the award or the report is unfavourable may resort to war without falling within the anathema of Article 16, which prescribes sanctions for resort to war in breach of covenant. I have heard one explanation only of this deliberate abandonment of the fundamental principle of arbitration: "We could do no better." If this be so, then let us accept this unhappy fact; let all the flowers of rhetoric with which the Covenant has been decked fade; let us set to work to try and do better. This indeed is what Mr. MacDonald endeavoured to achieve; but the Covenant stood in the way. Amendment would take years to accomplish. He was building in advance of the foundations; they were not well and truly laid. The result of his efforts has been what he never intended: the virtual discarding of the Covenant, the laying of the foundations of another and altogether different building, the Protocol.¹ By Article 13, however, there is an agreement to arbitrate and to accept

(1) The secondary procedure of the Covenant, conciliation or compromise, and the marshalling of world opinion against the refractory member, lies outside the scope of this article.

or carry out the award "in full good faith" in a very limited class of cases: disputes which are recognised by the parties as being "suitable for submission to arbitration, and which cannot be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy." Any hope of larger meaning which this article raised, that it includes disputes "likely to lead to a rupture," is shattered by the limitations which it imposes. The dispute must be recognised by both parties as being suitable for submission, and the class of disputes to which it applies is rigidly narrowed to what are known as "legal disputes."

The idea of laying down a larger principle and recognising that all disputes (except that narrow class already referred to) are "suitable for arbitration" if there is a will to settlement, seems to have been abandoned. The precedent of the Behring Sea quarrel with the United States was ignored. There the dispute was of a legal nature, and it was, as the correspondence shows, "likely to lead to a rupture." And the special precedent of the Alabama claims was also ignored. That also was very "likely to lead to a rupture," only avoided by the acceptance *ad hoc* of certain principles which neither party admitted to be principles of international law.

Much emphasis has been laid on Article 36 of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, the competence of which was declared to include the above classes of legal disputes, and the acceptance by a certain number of States of this jurisdiction "as compulsory, *ipso facto* and without special convention." This obviously is far removed from "compulsory arbitration"; it is no more than a voluntary acceptance of the principle of arbitration in a very limited class of cases.

The opportunity of putting before the nations, and urging them to accept, the full principle of arbitration was again missed. The jurisdiction of the Court, it is true, comprises all cases which the parties refer to it, but the clause which a State has the option to make compulsory is limited to "legal disputes."

We may now endeavour to understand what is meant by "Compulsory Arbitration" which the Protocol pro-

fesses to establish by the light of the analysis prepared by the First Committee.

It is asserted that "the new system of the Protocol . . . prohibits wars of aggression," that "henceforth no purely private war between nations will be tolerated," afterwards limited to "wars of aggression" (as specially defined); but it does no more than bind the signatory States to accept the new machinery of pacific settlement and to submit to the imposition by the other signatory States of sanctions in case of breach. The Protocol is, therefore, no more than an extended application of the principle already adopted in regard to the Statute of the International Court.¹

When a non-signatory State is a party to a dispute it is to be invited to accept the obligations of the Protocol. If it refuses and resorts to war against a signatory State the sanctions of the Covenant are to be enforced against it. This is not compulsory arbitration.

But, putting these questions on one side, let us take the Protocol at the estimate of its authors. They do not hesitate to criticise the Covenant. It was

a first attempt at international organisation, and it did not succeed in closing the circle sufficiently thoroughly to leave no opening for war. It reduced the number of possible wars. It did not condemn them all. There were some which it was forced to tolerate. Consequently, there remained in the system which it established numerous fissures which constituted a grave danger to peace.

The many critics of the Covenant may possibly find some consolation in this justification of their attitude, and, whether the Protocol comes into force or not, the prejudice

(1) The procedure traced out by Article 4 of the Protocol, on which the term "compulsory arbitration" rests, is exceedingly complicated. It is intended to make Article 15 of the Covenant more complete; but instead of recasting the article the method of cross-references has been adopted. The result is somewhat bewildering, and requires much ingenuity to piece it together. The final stage of what must prove to be a lengthy correspondence between the Council and the disputing parties—mobilisation being meanwhile held in suspense—is briefly this: All efforts to get the parties to agree to arbitration having failed, and the Council itself not being unanimous, it is to appoint a Committee of Arbitrators to deal with the matter, and the signatory States undertake to carry out the award in full good faith.

which this statement must inevitably create will remain. But, having made it, one improvement should immediately have been adopted—the deletion of the deliberate approval of resort to war after submission to arbitration, in Article 12. A few words would have sufficed to close *this* fissure by declaring it inapplicable to the signatory States. Instead of which, with many circumambient phrases, the new system was devised, based deliberately on a condemnation of the Covenant.

In this system, the report continues, the word "arbitration" is used

in a somewhat different sense from that which it has generally had up to now. It does not exactly correspond with the definition given by the Hague Conferences, which, codifying a century-old custom, saw in it "the settlement of disputes between States by judges of their own choice and on the basis of respect for law."

Whether this is an exact description of the effect of the Hague Conference is immaterial; the "century-old custom" still stands on its merits without them, and, if frankly accepted, would be sufficient for all purposes. This new system "differs from this classic arbitration in various respects," which I briefly summarise.

It "is not only an instrument for the administration of justice"; the suggestion that the "classic arbitration" was no more than this is entirely unwarranted. "It is in addition, and above all, an instrument of peace": so was, and is, above all, the "century-old" system. "The arbitrators must no doubt seek in the first place to apply the rules and principles applicable to the particular case; they cannot, like ordinary arbitrators, refuse to give a decision."

It would be difficult to condense in a single sentence a graver misconception of the function of arbitrators. It should be sufficient refutation to refer to Sir Charles Russell's monumental argument in the Behring Sea Arbitration, put forward on behalf of and with the full approval of the British Government. "International law" does not always provide the principles by which disputes between nations are to be solved. There is no international law of contracts; no international law of torts. When such questions arise between nations they are to be decided by the

principles which govern those same questions when they arise between individuals. The Behring Sea dispute itself was to be solved by reference to the common law of torts. So the dispute with Japan over the Yokohama leases, by reference to the ordinary law of interpretation of contractual documents.

To say that "ordinary arbitrators" may "refuse to give a decision" is a misrepresentation of the fact. Such a thing is impossible.

From one astonishing statement we pass to another. "With our system" arbitration "does not rest solely upon the loyalty and good faith of the parties"; and, indeed, in this it certainly does differ from the "classic arbitration." What does "solely" import? If loyalty and good faith exist, nothing else is needed. If some other compelling power is found to be necessary, there is neither loyalty nor good faith: hence the sanctions. Loyalty and good faith do not admit of degrees. If they exist, compulsion is unnecessary: if they do not exist, arbitration must break down. And finally, "the absence of a sanction which has impeded the development of compulsory arbitration is done away with under our system." With very great deference these words are meaningless.

Is it necessary to go further? If the root of the tree is rotten it will bear no fruit. To study the sanction proposed would go beyond the scope of this article; it is Article 16 of the Covenant over-elaborated; its enforcement made more sure—any fissure in it closed. "The great omission in the Covenant has been made good." In curious distinction to the method adopted to prevent any State from breaking away from the obligation of submitting to the new pacific procedure is the loose way in which the obligation of applying the sanction is attached to the members. The Protocol interprets it as requiring the signatories "to co-operate loyally and effectively" in resisting the act of aggression (defined to include refusal to submit to arbitration, or to carry out, or to abide by the award) "in the degree which its geographical position and its particular situation as regards armaments allows." In the words of the report, it is an "imperfect" obligation,

"in the sense that no sanctions are provided for against any party which shall have failed loyally and effectively to co-operate"; but "it should, however, be emphasised that such a State would have failed in the fulfilment of its duties, and would be guilty of a violation of agreements entered into."

What then are the prospects of the new *régime* being accepted? It seems to be based on this curiously disjunctive thought: that the States which will not relinquish the right of resorting to war after an unsuccessful arbitration will accept the Protocol!

But there is a more serious criticism. The Protocol with its elaboration of unknown principles is based on distrust. It is supposed to be the ultimate realisation of an ideal; distrust is, for this, an insecure foundation. It has led to the underlying supposition that one of the signatories may break either of its covenants: *i.e.*, to submit to arbitration, or to carry out the award. Logically it should also admit that one of the other signatory States should then break its covenant of loyal and effective co-operation.

A PLEA FOR THE PROTOCOL

By J. H. HARLEY

EUROPE rumbles along uneasily through these post-war days. Newly born States, yearning after security and financial and economic stability, have a most disagreeable sense that the ground is quaking beneath them. France, the strongest military Power on the Continent, casts occasionally a nervous eye over the whole scene of affairs, and makes alliances such as that just reported with Jugoslavia. Russia and Italy, in their most recent history, illustrate the perennial youth of the old forgotten Victorian sentiment of the "falsehood of extremes." Great Britain, with a feeling of what appears to be injured innocence, gathers the chickens of her Empire under her wings and protests that she, a weary Titan, cannot be expected to bear on her own individual shoulders the burdens of all the world. Germany, with the buoyant irresponsibility of a young Nationalist revolutionary, does not see why there should be all this bother about security, and counsels the heroic remedy of instant disarmament. Mr. Lloyd George, fresh from his "conversation" with the *Berliner Tageblatt*, forswears the Versailles Treaty, the child of his ancient warlike dreams, and cheerfully plumps for the heroic German thesis. But still from every part of Europe there comes the cry for some specific to make a new life possible on the ruins of the old. The purpose of this article is to put in a plea, in such dolorous circumstances, on behalf of the saving principles of the Geneva Protocol.

Not that anyone would lay claim, in any conceivable circumstances, to revive the Protocol clause by clause, section by section, exactly in the form in which it was first promulgated in 1924. There is no divine sanctity in the original Protocol text. Every historical resurrection is notoriously disappointing. Guild Socialism has always appeared to be somewhat of an historical anachronism, because the old mediæval guilds have gone for ever with that simpler communal life which was the real breath of

their being. But the main animating ideas of the Protocol—the bringing together, for example, as no other specific does, of the intimately related ideas of Arbitration, Security and Disarmament—have surely arrived to become our main inspiration in prescribing for the troubled malady of the times.

Of these three ideas Arbitration stands at the very portals of the Protocol, because, though British foreign policy only faintly acquiesces, Arbitration alone affords a prospect of welcoming all the rest. But Security, which occupies a middle portion in the trio, receives its needed share of attention, because undoubtedly it exercises a most palpable influence over the social psychology of the modern European world. You cannot go far with Arbitration before you run up against Security, and Security is also badly needed before you can make much progress with Disarmament. Fear is one of the earliest and strongest of all our human instincts. Nor will it do to assume—as some of our lively leader-writers confidently do—that this security complex is a characteristic of what are condescendingly called the “little States.” The security complex is as evident a sign of the psychology of our own big people as it is of the smallest and most exposed population in Europe. Why was it that the Three Power Naval Conference failed, without any serious protest in Great Britain, on the question of the limitation of the armament and tonnage of cruisers? Simply because, lurking away back in the British popular mind, there is as yet no really adequate sense of insular security. All over London men and women with shattered nerves, which they know in their own minds are the results of air raids on non-combatants during the Great War, are determined to see the utmost precautions taken against a recurrence of such devastating alarms, and it is not much to say that a Government which, not having taken advantage of the Mutual Insurance Scheme of the Protocol, had yet gone to the country on the question of limiting our naval defences, would have received a rude welcome from the great majority of the constituencies.

The Protocol, then, seeks to justify Arbitration and lead

on to Disarmament by the method of Mutual Insurance. The combined pressure of the many is brought in to repress the calculated wickedness of the one. Only in this way can it be possible to avoid that fatal and destructive war which would indeed be—to use the phrase of Lord Rosebery, which was employed in a somewhat less suitable connection—the “end of all things.” Arbitration is made possible by the guiding plan of the Protocol, because a swift and unerring plan is to be devised whereby, by the pooled strength of an outraged Europe, punishment is to be meted out to the nation which plays fast and loose with its arbitral obligations. Following out the same fundamental ideas, Disarmament follows as a plain possibility from the acceptance of Arbitration and a Mutual Insurance Scheme which penalises the defaulter.

Those who have followed the discussions in the British Press when the scheme of the Protocol was somewhat tentatively revived, whilst the League of Nations was meeting at Geneva, will experience a certain shock of surprise at this method of putting forward the case. They had been treated to other jewels of controversy. The most usual method of approaching the question was to ask why Great Britain should be asked to add to her already excessive commitments in different parts of the world. It was sometimes even hinted that the stability, nay, even the ultimate safety, of the British Empire depended on whether the Protocol was carried forward to a definite issue or not. Such contentions, pushed to the front by certain small but well-informed and influential groups of British public opinion, received a powerful reinforcement when Sir Austen Chamberlain delivered his now well-known and much-discussed speech at Geneva on the principles of the Protocol. It is true that Sir Austen would not have desired to identify himself completely with the aforesaid groups, and in some sense he would have regarded them as strange bedfellows. They invariably dealt a blow at Europe's feeling of security by hinting at enormous iniquities which would have to be rectified on Germany's eastern frontier, and by insisting, either directly or by implication, on the need for Treaty revision. Sir

Austen could not, indeed, as he had pledged himself by the Pacts into which he had entered, go so far. Why was it, then, that he found himself for the time in the same camp with those with whom in other respects he totally disagreed? How was it that he had fallen from grace?

The answer is that he was compelled to do so by the way in which the British Foreign Office had insisted on amending the French drafting of the Pact of Locarno. This celebrated agreement, which can hardly now be said to have come up to the expectations of its original promoters, may be described quite generally as an attempt, so far as this country was concerned, to get "ninepence for fourpence" in international affairs. The goal was the peace of Europe, which all parties desired to attain, but the way in which Great Britain was to help forward the peace of Europe was to give a binding guarantee on Germany's western frontier, where any serious disturbance to the peace was not likely to occur, and to leave the eastern frontiers, where conditions were admittedly more troubled, to the mercy of pacts which left open at the last resort the recourse to arms, and for the carrying out of which Great Britain could accept no responsibility. On the western frontiers of Germany Great Britain declared the inviolability of the Versailles settlement, and undertook to help either France or Germany if either of these two countries were attacked by the other in violation of the pactual obligations. France and Germany, on their part, undertook to arbitrate, subject, when all else failed, to an ultimate appeal to Article XV of the Covenant. Great Britain, on the other hand, was to arbitrate with neither, but was to play the part of the avenger in the case of a broken engagement. Was not this rather adopting the policy of the ostrich so far as the attainment of ultimate European peace was concerned? At any rate it looks very like it, and it certainly encouraged the official representatives of Great Britain to regard any proposal to make a more comprehensive arrangement from the standpoint of this country's action alone. The question was not regarded as one of whether Great Britain was to take her rightful place in a general system of world mutual insurance

against the desperate risks of another war, but whether Great Britain, as a separate unit, was to add to her obligations already accepted in the Rhineland Pact. Are we ourselves, as a particular nation and a great Empire, prepared to give in our own strength additional guarantees of security to Europe?

To show how inevitably this misleading way of putting the main argument against the Protocol arises from the lop-sided arrangement of Locarno it is only necessary to make an historical study of the several speeches on the subject of the British Foreign Secretary. There the attentive student will find a political analogue of the celebrated *Rake's Progress*. Speaking in the House of Commons on June 24th, 1925, before the Pact was initialled, Sir Austen is not yet confirmed in this delusive way of directing the attack against the Protocol. He, indeed, said "that it was impossible for the British Empire, or that portion of the British Empire for which we are most immediately and directly responsible, to undertake any universal extension of the obligations which *we* have already incurred as *members of the League* and as signatories of the Covenant"; but then he added in another part of his speech that these obligations were "incompatible with isolation or indifference to anything that may cause a war or provoke disturbance in any part of the world." This latter sentiment might, with judicious fostering, have eventually led him in the direction of the Protocol, but unfortunately his subsequent development obliged him to exaggerate the isolation of the first sentiment, and to lay a diminished emphasis on the second. In his recent speech at Geneva this tendency is already in full cry. "You ask *us* to do more," he said to the assembled delegates. "You want *us* to take for every frontier the guarantee which *we* have taken for *one* by Treaty." Here we see the fatal influence of Locarno plainly exemplified, and this influence was even more plainly evident in his recent speech at the Aldwych Club.

It cannot be doubted that this speech of Sir Austen at Geneva dealt a palpable blow to the prospects of any considerable measure of European Disarmament,

especially when it was combined with the fact that Great Britain still refused to sign the optional clause of the statute of the Permanent Court of International Arbitration. Indeed, its effects on the feeling of insecurity in Europe were even more serious than they would otherwise have been, because, by his new way of envisaging the problem of British obligations, Sir Austen, no doubt contrary to his own desire, appeared to be lending a certain support to certain groups of British publicists who have been already mentioned and who had for a time been ventilating the question whether Great Britain should accept any responsibility on Germany's Eastern frontier. This question was first definitely propounded in 1920 when the Bolsheviks were marching on Warsaw, and it was thought that Mr. Lloyd George was going to bring this country to the help of the Poles. This suspicion proved to be an utterly erroneous one, though the Soviet propagandists still persist in seeing signs of an enormous British organised conspiracy against the safety of their realm. It was soon exchanged, as Germany recovered her former spirit and self-possession after the shock of the War, and as German points of view were more sympathetically studied in Great Britain, for a feeling that some great injustice had been done on Germany's Eastern frontiers, and that Great Britain could accept no responsibility for perpetuating a settlement so essentially tottering and temporary.

The suggestion was that slices of German territory had been arbitrarily torn from the Reich, doing irreparable damage to the world's economic interests, and separating East Prussia from the rest of Germany by a Corridor of Polish territory. These serious suggestions, infinitely disconcerting to the cause of European peace, were only too frequently made in a light-hearted and dogmatic fashion, without any indication that the question had been seriously or comprehensively studied. For example, within the last few weeks a Liberal Sub-Committee returned from Germany where they were studying German industrial conditions. In the course of this survey the members of this Committee visited the Corridor and Upper Silesia. It was not their main purpose to study frontier arrangements, and

according to one of them, who wrote an article on the subject after his return, they derived information from a "German countess," a "German banker in Berlin," and the "English wife of a German who is now a Pole." But on the strength of inadequate and necessarily one-sided information such as this, articles are cheerfully written which, if acted upon without something like the plan of the Protocol in force throughout Europe, may easily involve Europe within no long time in another general conflagration.

Fortunately any extended study of affairs on the actual spot shows that Germany's Eastern frontier is neither so iniquitous nor so arbitrary as many of these reports confidently assume. In fact, no one who travels slowly from Torun to Gdynia, or from Gdynia along the Baltic coast to the German frontiers, can avoid coming to the conclusion that he is travelling through districts incontestably Polish. Speak to the workers you meet in the early morning going to their factories, and you find that they now answer unwillingly and often very ungrammatically in the German they were taught at schools during the Prussian hegemony. And as for Upper Silesia, it is only necessary to read the carefully prepared report issued by the League of Nations when that province was partitioned to see how carefully that task was accomplished, and how determined was the Commission, so far as they possibly could, to comply strictly with the wishes of the people of the different communes, as signified in the plebiscite which was taken in these communes on that particular occasion.

It is not necessary to dwell on these points, however, because, after all, any adequate discussion of this question would be impossible within the limits of space allotted to this article. It has only been mentioned at all because it is important to show how infallibly Sir Austen Chamberlain's way of dealing with the question of the Protocol was connected, in the minds of the European States most affected, with implications most damaging to the cause of European security. Sir Austen himself, as has been unreservedly acknowledged, would not have accepted these implications; indeed, it is quite clear that

he would have deeply deplored them. But there they were, confirmed by many articles appearing in the British Press; and to a large part of Europe outside our own island they appeared, so far from weakening the plea for the Protocol, to make that plea rather doubly or trebly strong. If, indeed, the case for Treaty Revision had been so clear and irrefragable on the Eastern frontier as its advocates confidently assume, then it might be pleaded that it need not involve serious consequences for Germany to ask for the restitution of that which, on this hypothesis, had been unjustly taken from her. But if the facts are as have been stated, it is quite evident that any compliance with the claims of those who have urged Treaty Revision could only be possible under the present arrangements at the risk of another devastating and ruinous war. Something like the scheme of the Protocol would surely be necessary to safeguard Europe before even such a question could be so much as seriously raised.

If, however, the scheme of the Protocol is really to be seriously considered, it will not do to raise the question as if Great Britain or the British Empire, or both, were called upon in their own single strength to shoulder additional obligations on far-off frontiers. As we have already seen, this mode of considering the issues unsolved is simply a travesty of the true spirit of a comprehensive proposal. The Geneva Protocol is nothing if not a scheme of mutual insurance, not asking what fresh burdens any one nation should assume, but enquiring of that particular nation whether it will do its part in shouldering the burdens which the League of Nations, or Europe generally, has already unitedly assumed. For here we come on another consideration which has materially contributed to the feeling of insecurity in Europe, and has given rise to the suspicion, outside our own country, that Great Britain does not take seriously the obligations which she has once undertaken. It must even very pointedly be doubted whether many of those who cry out that Great Britain cannot assume any responsibility on Germany's Eastern frontiers have fully considered Article XVI of the Covenant. There they can find sanctions wide-reaching and onerous, and not confined in their application, like Locarno, to any particular portion

of Europe. In certain of their requirements they might involve us, if these were sincerely realised and operated, in very grave trouble with the United States; and, as a matter of fact, it was on this Article that the Republican Senators chiefly fastened when their President came home to his native country with the fruits of victory in his hands. What does Article XVI involve? they asked. May it not mean that the United States can be engaged in war without previous application to Congress? Ex-President Wilson was not very satisfactory in his reply. He said the obligation was a moral not a legal obligation: but then he added that a moral obligation, which was not legally binding, might be the strongest and most compelling of all obligations. The Republican Senators, however, were not to be propitiated by any such casuistry. They refused to take Article XVI in other than its literal reality; they were not to be cajoled into interpreting it merely in a mystic sense. There is a deeply rooted suspicion in many quarters in Europe that there are influential circles in Britain who similarly interpret Article XVI of the Covenant in a "mystic sense."

It was to clear up these and all similar misgivings that the scheme of the Protocol was devised. For, as its very name implies, the Protocol is no freshly elaborated plan for renovating the world, spun out of the troubled brains of a few misguided idealists, but simply a straightening out of the Covenant, or a making more definite, and by that very act more limited, the obligations which in the Covenant the League members have already assumed. It starts with a declaration of outlawry of war on the part of the signatory States. These bind themselves to wage war in the future only for two reasons: (1) To defend themselves against invasion; or, (2) to carry out the Covenant or the Protocol itself. In practice these two would reduce themselves to a single reason: for a State unjustly attacked would appeal to the League and would, after no long delay, receive the League's imprimatur and help. Is there any rooted objection to this postulate on the part of any of the objectors to the Protocol? Or is it regarded as at variance with the spirit of Locarno?

It almost looks as if it is so regarded by the British

Government when the proceedings at Geneva are closely scrutinised. This fundamental declaration of the Protocol was involved in the first form of the Polish resolution, and the Polish resolution in its first form seems to have been received with the utmost scepticism by the British representatives. It was altered to an outlawry of all aggressive war, and as each of the nations was left at liberty to formulate its own definition of aggression, it was supposed that, for such a reason, the resolution would then be rendered sufficiently innocuous. This time-saving spirit is indeed "poles asunder" from the position of the Protocol; for after securing this formal outlawry of war, the Protocol goes on to answer to its title by exploring the possibilities of Articles XI-XVI of the Covenant. In the endeavour to do so it has excited the ire of Sir Austen. "I am a little afraid," he exclaimed, "of the use of metaphors like 'filling up the gaps.' There are openings which give us power to breathe." Let us see what these openings are which gave the British Foreign Secretary so much relief, and, again to use his own words, "make the difference between habitation and tomb."

When Articles XI-XVI were closely scrutinised it was found that they left open a loophole for war. On judiciable issues there was simply an optional clause which the British Government has always refrained from signing. But on non-judiciable issues under the Covenant the arbitration was by no means absolute. After all the complicated procedure was exhausted it was possible for a State to refuse to accept a recommended award, and then it was free to take matters into its own hand. This loophole to war the framers of the Protocol determined to close, because they saw that, whilst it was open, it was impossible to proceed any great length on the road to security and disarmament. Is this the gap which Sir Austen objects to fill and which makes "all the difference between habitation and tomb"? Or is this the additional obligation which that weary Titan, known as the British Empire, will be unable to shoulder? If so, one need have no hesitation in submitting the decision between Sir Austen and his critics to the judgment of the British

people, many of whom went to war only because they imagined that by doing so they would end war for ever.

No doubt the clauses leading to a final compulsory arbitration need careful drafting, and such careful treatment they would receive when the Protocol is again submitted to the attention of the League. But there can be no doubt that, if the nations of Europe are to feel any sufficient degree of security to enable them to proceed to an adequate measure of disarmament, the way must be prepared by a scheme of compulsory and really effective arbitration. The Australian Commonwealth in its despatch on the Protocol appeared to look coldly on compulsory arbitration, probably because of its associations with industrial disputes; but if any appreciable progress is to be expected in the future towards a renovated earth, there must be an absolute outlawry of war and a combination of the world against any nation that breaks the ban. War means revolution in the whole body politic, and revolution, when it is complete, implies the rule of utter chaos and disorder. Locarno offers no hope, because Locarno leaves the spectre of war haunting its every clause. The British Government offer no hope because, as the Prime Minister himself admits, its proposals would give only partial security; whilst disarmament, though it might involve less capital expenditure, would, with poison gas, aeroplanes, and submarines, still leave any future contests more deadly and horrible than anything that has ever happened before. Nor if compulsory arbitration were really and in earnest proposed would there be any cause to fear, because Russia, as her latest move amply shows, would not stand out if compulsory arbitration became a practical reality; and as for the United States, it, too, would never remain apart and build powerful cruisers when the rest of the world had agreed to settle their disagreements in another and more excellent way. How different would have been the points of view adopted at the Coolidge Conference if the Pact of Locarno had not left the loophole leading to war still gaping and unfilled!

It is this universal recourse to effective arbitration which

constitutes the main advance of the Protocol beyond the Covenant, and which makes it possible for us to hope that, if the Protocol provisions are accepted, the world might proceed through security to a real, not a simulated disarmament. And it is this additional burden which we are sometimes told would imperil the British Empire and which would be contemptuously rejected by the British people. They do the Empire no service who talk as if it were constructed of fragile glass; and as for the people of Great Britain, the fact that the Protocol has now been adopted by the Labour Party as its official policy does not indicate, in view of recent elections, that the electors much resent any suggestion of its revival. Certainly the times are very difficult, not only from the political but from the economic and the financial points of view. The main trouble of Britain during the last fifty years is that she has been too often content to assume an attitude of painful isolation, and to spout moral aphorisms to Europe from her fastnesses across the seas. That is the position into which she appears to be drifting along at the present time, and it is to get her out of this unenviable position that there is offered this plea for the Geneva Protocol.

DAVID GEORGE HOGARTH

In Memoriam Fratris

BY JANET E. COURTNEY

HE came of Scottish forbears: it is an enormous initial advantage. "There's nothing like a Scotch grandmother," said someone who knew us both at Oxford, where I followed close upon his heels. But his birthplace was a Lincolnshire parsonage, for his father, George Hogarth, son of the Rev. David Hogarth, Presbyterian Minister of Makerstoun, in Roxburghshire, had gone to Cambridge and taken Anglican Orders. Janet Nichol was the "Scotch grandmother" in question, Northumbrian by origin but Scottish by election, one of a family which won academic distinction in Scotland's universities and wrote its name on the roll of fame in both Edinburgh and Glasgow. On his mother's side he was Lincolnshire-born; she belonged to the land-owning family of Uppleby, from which he was later to choose his wife, for he married Laura Violet, youngest daughter of Charles Uppleby, of Barrow Hall, patron of the living of Barton-on-Humber.

To that living his father was preferred in 1858, and there on May 23rd, 1862, David was born, second child and eldest son in a long family, thirteen in all though only eight survived to maturity. Barton was an ancient place. The Romans had passed that way, for their ferry over the Humber remained. The Saxons had come to stay, leaving behind them the tower of St. Peter's, one of the most ancient parish churches in the kingdom. And Domesday Book records how the Danish Ulf, the Constable, had to give way to Gilbert of Gaunt, and of how Gilbert built the oldest part of the second church of St. Mary, "pursuant to vows made in our own days." The fortunes of Barton reflected the history of early England. Indeed, in the two churches that story is written in stone, for between them they trace the growth of English architecture from the Saxons down to fifteenth-century Perpen-

dicular. No wonder that Barton became a place of pilgrimage to antiquaries and that, even as children, we learned to chatter the language of archæology.

David knew the churches in and out, and climbed up amongst the bells and into all the forbidden parts, but he did not as a boy show any special antiquarian tastes. He showed rather a restless energy, seeking outlets all round. He was a leader in games, he made all sorts of collections, he rode a pony when he could get one, and he read omnivorously and very variously. His memory was always excellent; in later life he could quote copiously and readily from all manner of sources. He learned weather signs and studied thermometers and barometers. He always knew how hard it had frozen at night and where the ice was first bearing, what butterflies could be caught within a radius of twenty miles, and what sort of fossils could be found in the chalk-pits. And this not so much from any love of natural history as from a general interest in everything. Nothing in his world escaped his enquiring mind.

He went to school rather late, having been kept at home because of delicacy following an attack of pneumonia. I think he must have been quite ten, or very nearly eleven. The school was at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, the headmaster, J. O. Seager, being of the rougher, old-fashioned type, given to objurgating his boys and knocking them about, at the same time informing them, if they made so much as a false quantity, that they "would certainly be the disgrace of any public school they ever went to"! The school in David's case was Winchester. After a bad attack of diphtheria whilst at Stevenage, my father was afraid to try him for College, then rougher than it is now. He therefore entered as a Commoner in Sergeant's house at the age of fourteen, and remained there over five years. He was not particularly industrious, but he had an annoying habit of coming out top at the end of term, making up in the examinations for deficiencies in class-work. He played all games easily both at school and at home, billiards and card games as well as cricket, football and tennis; but he excelled only in football and short-distance running, the quarter-mile and half-mile

being his favourite races. He had the instincts of a sprinter, never of a plodder.

From Winchester he was sent up to try for a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, his father's University. He did not get it, the only failure in his record. But he did not want to get it. I don't say he failed deliberately, but I doubt if he tried his best. His heart was set on Oxford, whither nearly all his Wykehamist friends were bound; and where David's heart was set, there, and there only, could he put forth his strength. He went back to Winchester for a term to wait until he could try for an Oxford scholarship, and he won a demyship at the beautiful college of Magdalen in the summer of 1881, largely on the excellence of his Latin verse.

In Oxford he found the life and the society that in undergraduate days suited him. "He read, he ran, he acted, he ruled the Junior Common Room," so its present President, then his tutor, has written of him since his death. Just as in boyhood at Barton, he tried all things, reached out on every side. He even developed for a time a love of "sport," attended race meetings, was learned on "form," studied the odds, and in his long vacations used to get me, as a girl going over to Hull for mathematical lessons, to buy him the *Pink 'Un* and the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* that he might keep abreast with the records of the prize ring. All this wasn't very serious. He had no real turn that way, any more than he had a real theatrical bent. It was just a phase, part of a man's education, like the grand tour of our grandfathers, merely another manifestation of the restless energy which was later to drive him so far afield.

After taking a brilliant degree, undeserved by any standards of hard work—he had even acted in an O.U.D.S. production a few weeks before his Final Schools—but, like his Winchester end-of-term successes, sheer luck and ability, came the question of his career. Some professions, such as the Bar, were ruled out because of the need for immediate earning; his brilliant university career had not been without its expenses. Others he ruled out himself because he hated the prospect of routine. I remember

that my father, mindful of his large family and limited income, instanced Matthew Arnold and the "excellent posts obtainable under Government"; but David scouted with horror the idea of becoming one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of anything! Why journalism was not thought of I do not know, for he had already dabbled in literature, and later tried his hand in editing *The Oxford Magazine*. And I sometimes still regret that he turned his back on the Indian Civil. A few years of routine, perhaps not even that, for to him adventures would surely have come quickly; with any luck, before he was forty he would have been ruling a province. But for a time he drifted, as in earlier years he was inclined to drift—it was the reverse side of his versatility—took a Lectureship at Magdalen, was then elected to a Fellowship, and stayed on to see what further offered. Fortunately for him, during 1886 came the first election to Craven Fellowships for Classical Research, and he was elected the first Craven Fellow.

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It was in Eastern travel that he found himself, as he would never have done in Oxford. I was much with him in those days, as he was coaching me in my Greats work, and I know how he chafed at the donnish atmosphere of Senior Common Room. "Too many awful examples," he used to say, as we tramped along Fellows' Walk, so that I might be let out by the private door into Mesopotamia and not afford the disquieting spectacle of an unchaperoned girl going through College attended only by a young don!

The Levant, "Kinglake's Levant," as David wrote later in an introduction to *Eothen*, became his second home-country, as dear to him and almost as familiar as his native county of Lincolnshire. It is "a little farther eastward than in his (Kinglake's) day," but its people are still "in fundamental character" unchanged since he described them. "If not in the Belgrade of the twentieth century," wrote David in 1906, "none the less in every Ottoman or Arab town, even in Constantinople and Cairo, you may yet walk on soft streets feeling all the oppression of that silence which 'follows you still,' and of a patient

lack-lustre stare, still regarding you as 'an unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, that may have been sent for some good purpose—to be revealed hereafter.'"

I quote from this Introduction to *Eothen* advisedly, for Kinglake and David had much in common, not only the seeing eye, the sympathy with an alien nation which can get inside their skins, but also the descriptive gift, the power to put on paper and make live again the many-coloured life of the East. *A Wandering Scholar in the Levant* (1896), the book which made David's fame as a writer and first brought to general notice his exploits as a traveller, was hailed by many discerning critics as a second *Eothen*. David would have made no such claim, certainly not when looking backward ten years later. He had by then become deeply impressed with the difficulties of the craft of letters, and was roused to a rare pitch of admiration by the "consummate art" which Kinglake had lavished on *Eothen*, and a scathing contempt for such critics as dared to describe the earlier drafts of that classic as "haphazard" and "slovenly."

Haphazard arrangement! Never were incident, reflection, description, generalisation, and narrative more consciously and cunningly disposed to come to one another's relief. Youthful slovenliness! The rare colloquialisms and audacities, which the author feigned to regard as strayed survivals of the "boisterous" style of his abortive essays, were obviously intended, like the frequent flashes of humour, to slacken the tension of the serious, the pathetic or the sublime. . . . No writer has kept his readers, their capabilities and their interests, more constantly in mind than Kinglake. . . . He was quite sure that the proper end of a book is to be read by the largest number of persons.

I have sometimes wished that David had kept before himself more constantly that "proper end" of a book, for the meticulous precision of the chiselled style, to which he forced himself in some of his later works on archæology, invaluable as that precision may have been to scholarship, made them caviare to the general. But this is never true of the *Wandering Scholar*, which has the freshness and spontaneity, if the occasional self-consciousness, which characterised his letters. He was an excellent and a frequent correspondent. Nearly all the members of his numerous family could, if they had been careful, have

produced bundles of them, written without an erasure in the beautiful handwriting which seemed so entirely in place in a lover and student of Greek Art. I have a small collection, written between 1887 and 1890, in the first four years of travel and excavation, passing from the purely descriptive style of a very young man seeing Greece for the first time to the maturer reflections of eight and twenty, struggling with British red-tape-ism and official stupidity in Cyprus. Thus, during his first visit to Athens (March, 1887):—

Last Wednesday, being the Feast of National Independence, was a big day here: the King, Queen, and Prince drove to Te Deum in the Cathedral, and troops, guns, etc., were massed in the square outside: but the Greeks were very apathetic; no cheering, no waving of handkerchiefs, only hats raised about two inches; and the display of flags was ordered by the police and not spontaneous. Those who displayed other flags than the Greek, mostly omitted the British.

By the winter of 1887-8, after a journey in Asia Minor with Sir William Ramsay, he is in charge of excavation work in Cyprus, and is exasperated by the supineness of most of the Englishmen responsible for the good government of that latest of our colonies:—

There is hardly a single official at Nicosia who has ever been in the wilder parts of the island, knows a word of Greek or Turkish, or has ever seen anything of the true villager. Almost every piece of information given us in Nicosia has turned out to be guide-book rubbish.

He is eloquent, also, on the absurdity of exalting Greeks over Turks and offering the benefits of the British Constitution to a people scarcely yet fitted for the semi-slavery, semi-freedom of the feudal system. His own preference for Turkish workmen, and his greater sympathy with Turks than with Greeks, is discernible all through. It was strengthened when, as correspondent of *The Times*, he followed the fortunes of the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, a war in which the Greeks so consistently ran away that their fighting quality was seriously under-estimated by students of war at the beginning of the Balkan troubles of 1912-13. The Turcophil reputation which he thus acquired was rather a handicap when, late in 1897, he became Director of the British School at Athens.

But to return to the *Wandering Scholar*, dedicated to "W.M.R. (William Mitchell Ramsay) and my companions in Travel," and "written bit by bit at wide intervals of time, now on a steamer's deck, now at a khan, now in a mud hut, now in camp." It is a record of travel and travel impressions in the Levant, in the Taurus, amongst the Kurds, by the Euphrates, in Egypt, the "Land of Mystery," and in Cyprus, the home of "old romance." Some of it is purely descriptive, like the early letters—the chapter, for instance, entitled "Trials of a Scholar," giving an account of a ride across Taurus when sick with fever and with a companion even worse stricken with dysentery, until at last

Late in the afternoon . . . the waggon, its wheels loosened and its tilt in rags from frequent encounter with overhanging boughs, rattled on to the old peaked bridge below the castle of Selefké, and an hour after dark . . . we heard the "longed-for splash of waves" upon the beach of Akliman.

But other chapters go more deeply into the psychology of the peoples he sojourned amongst:—

These nations of the East are in their childhood, but it is their second childhood. They began to live before us, and in a climate where there is no strenuous battle to fight with Nature, have developed racially, as they develop individually, more rapidly than we. The Egyptian was adult when we were in the Caves, and the Anatolian was living in great cities when we were setting up shapeless monoliths on Salisbury Plain. Now they are all very old and cannot put on again their youthful energy, or fall into the ways of a later generation. How seldom do we realise this truth in thought or speech!

Take again this about Anatolia:—

The most part of the peasantry are men of peace, needing no military force to 'coerce' them, giving little occasion to the scanty police and observing a *Pax Anatolica* for religion's sake. Their God is very real to these simple villagers, unspoiled by Western free thought and not troubled with the subtleties of the schools. Watch a group of them at prayer on the quarter-deck of a Levantine steamer; the European passengers stare and the sailors hustle past, but their attention is never distracted from their leader; with eyes downcast, with hands raised to the ears now folded, erect, kneeling, bowing to the deck, they intone the prayer, and rise dreamily as men rise from a trance. . . . Whenever and wherever they pray, the peasants are with their God as they know Him . . . and for His sake they practise one and all certain simple virtues: age they

reverence and the chastity of women they respect; drunkenness is abhorred, and through fourteen torrid hours of a Ramazân day they neither eat, drink nor smoke, albeit at work in the fields. The Prophet's injunction of hospitality even to the infidel successfully combats fanaticism, and I have slept in a mosque portico in Ramazân.

It would take me beyond the limits of a Review article to go through the long list of David's works—there are nearly twenty to his name—beginning with *Devia Cypria* (1890), which described his independent journeyings into Cyprian by-ways, through *Philip and Alexander of Macedon* (1897), his most important contribution to history published next after *A Wandering Scholar*, down to the big post-war work on *Hittite Seals*, which he had begun but turned his back on in 1915, when summoned to Cairo. Amongst the intervening books stand out two, *Accidents of an Antiquary's Life* (1910) and *The Penetration of Arabia* (1904). The first chapters of the *Antiquary's Life* are the nearest approach to autobiography that David has left. In a sense the book is a sequel to the *Wandering Scholar*, though it never had the same popular appeal, partly, perhaps, because it is less spontaneous, because the habit of severe restraint on style was growing upon him. *Philip and Alexander*, a book projected in undergraduate days when Alexander was his hero, has its "purple patches," its passages of genuine eloquence; there are few such in the later books.

From the publication of the *Penetration of Arabia* down to the end of his life David was often called "Hogarth of Arabia." It is strange to think that, except for a war-time voyage down the Red Sea, a story not yet "released," enshrined in Foreign Office archives, he had never actually penetrated far into Arabia proper. But he had so closely studied the records of all earlier Arabian explorers, and was so deeply imbued with their spirit and so strongly in sympathy with the Arabs that henceforth he ranked as an authority on Arab questions. And he left behind him, finished, but without that scrupulous final revision he never omitted, a Memoir of C. M. Doughty, of *Arabia Deserta*, a book on which he had been assiduously working in the last months of his life.

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It is not for me, who am neither archæologist nor geographer, to attempt to appraise his services to archæology and geography. Suffice it that his reputation as an archæologist of high authority had spread over two continents. Sure I am at least that, in whatever work he undertook, his observations would never be inaccurate nor his surmises unfounded. There would be neither loose reasoning nor hazardous attributions. What he could accomplish amongst Greek, Cypriote, Cretan or Levantine workmen I have heard from many sources. I remember that well-known American archæologist, the late Louis Dyer, telling me, as long ago as 1888, that he was a wonder as a ruler of men, and that was in his quite early Cyprian days. But his real power as an administrator only came to light with the war, when, well past fifty, he became Director of the Arab Bureau in Cairo. There he was in the innermost councils and concerned in great affairs, the full story of which cannot yet be told. He himself was profoundly reticent about it; but he did write to me in November, 1916:—

All round, however, the coast is clearing and my own particular little war is going quite well in its own strange way. It is "*the Asian Mystery*" that it has lived till now! December will make six months and I hardly dared to give it three. It will be an odd story if I am ever allowed to write it. However, as I am not so allowed now, it is no use talking about it.

Lawrence has written some of it; David, alas! can never now write the rest himself.

He came back from his four years of war administration in many ways changed. The magnificent physical health of his early manhood and maturity was gone. In its place was a marked mental growth; he was a bigger man altogether, graver, more responsible, a directing spirit in affairs. He took a big share from 1920 onwards in the affairs of his University. He served on the Hebdomadal Council, and he played an influential part on the Statutory Commission which has shaped Oxford's future for many years to come. He also concerned himself closely with the affairs of the Royal Geographical Society, becoming its President in 1926, though knowing full well that he

was giving to public work far more physical strength than he could spare.

Of David in private life it is hard as yet to write impartially. But the outstanding ability which marked his public career had its counterpart in an amazing competence in small things as in great, which left little enough for anyone else to do where he was concerned. Never was any man more independent. In the veriest trifles he knew the best way: how to stoke a fire with a wonderful combination of wood and coal-dust, the neatest way of rolling an umbrella, or the shortest cuts in Bradshaw. ("Look out an interim station," he said to me once; "then you don't have to bother about all the other numbers in the index.") You could always rely on his word; what he undertook to do he did. Once, when I was a girl, he gave me a rendezvous at Piccadilly Circus at 7.15 p.m.; I said to him, "Well, you are the only man I would meet there at night, for I know you won't let me down or be late." Any plan for which he was responsible was complete to the smallest detail; if he had been a soldier, what staff work we might have seen!

A hidden depth of shyness, for all his ready, humorous talk, disguised from the world his real capacity for emotion. A born critic, he couldn't resist the sometimes mordant comment, expressed in words or merely in shrug and raised eyebrow, on any bit of folly brought to his notice. The victim might squirm, but David was always better than his words and kinder-hearted than he seemed on the surface. He hadn't a woman's instinctive judgment; his second thoughts about people were truer than his first. I should not have gone to him beforehand for advice as to a new departure; but when a mess had to be cleared up no one could, or did, give more efficient help. In a society *intime* he was an admirable, if somewhat cynical, *raconteur*, though he couldn't tell a good story without wanting to embellish it. Here his imagination got the better of his accuracy. He insisted, for instance, that a parish quarrel of our youth anent enlarging a neighbouring churchyard, which resulted in dumping down six feet of earth on the top of the existing graves, was embittered by the belief

of the villagers that their relatives thus doubly buried would be handicapped at the Resurrection. But, of course, that was only his gloss upon what actually happened.

I do not think that, except during the war, he was ever called upon to put out his power to its fullest extent. Wide as were the fields of his previous activity, and many as were the appointments he had held—and usually relinquished before the end of their term—his real chance came late in life. A certain self-conscious seeking for the truest mode of self-expression stood in his way until the call came clear and unmistakable. Even then his public life was short. He might have turned to politics. Whilst absent in Cairo he received an invitation to stand for Oxford University; but it was in the Conservative interest, and he was a lifelong, though moderate, Liberal. The invitation could only be refused. After the Peace Conference, which he attended as British Commissioner for the Middle East, a post in Syria was suggested to him, but domestic and health reasons stood in the way. He returned perforce to the academic life, which had never been really attractive to him. Yet he gave it of his best, and hid his failing powers so successfully that only within a few weeks of the end did even those nearest to him guess at the truth. But he himself had known for nearly two years that he was facing in all probability an early and sudden death.

He seemed in that last summer to want to finish everything off. He got into touch with practically all his family, and assured himself of their well-being. Early in October he paid a flying visit, far beyond his strength, to the scenes of our childhood—Scarborough, where we spent most of our holidays and where my mother was born and died; Barton, where she and my father lay buried; then back to Oxford and to a rest long overdue. When the summons came to him, as it came in sleep, early on Sunday morning, November 6th—the birthday of his only son—he could and did answer it leaving nothing unfinished.

THE HISTORY OF THE THREE GREAT FESTIVALS

By C. WHITAKER-WILSON

Christmas

THE word *Christmas* is a modern spelling of *Cristes Maesse*—two Anglo-Saxon words which obviously mean the Mass of Christ. A much older word is *Yule* (also of Anglo-Saxon origin), which once referred to a somewhat elaborate festival connected with the heathen worship of the sun. The word in Anglo-Saxon was *geol* and in Icelandic *jol*, both words coming from the same root as our own word *wheel*, the idea having been the sun's wheeling round at mid-winter. The Festival of Christmas is not by any means as old as the name. Until well into the fourth century the Feast of the Epiphany (January 6th) was the chief festival at this time of the year, and is even now observed in the Armenian Church as Christmas. It is, moreover, the correct date—this Twelfth Night of our own mediæval days. The only reason that I have discovered for changing it to December 25th seems to have been because that was the date of the solar festival in Rome, which, of course, is where the connection with the word *Yule* comes in. The opinions of such early Christian writers as Chrysostom and Cyprian are worthy consideration. They took the view that as Christ was the Sun of Righteousness His birth was more than likely to have coincided with this particular ancient solar festival. As a matter of fact nothing of the kind occurred at all, and even with the weight of their belief behind it the change was not definitely made until the year 354: even then the whole question was brought up again at the beginning of the fifth century. This time much discussion took place. I have found the discussion to be exceedingly interesting, and from what I have gathered from the writings of the period it seems that three dates were brought under review. Many advocated the retention of the old date of January 6th, others voted for the continuance of the new

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date of December 25th, and a third party proposed March 25th. Theophilus of Antioch, writing in the year 176, gave it as his opinion that December 25th was a good date, but was careful to say that he would not go so far as to declare it to be the correct one. Much more definite in his view was Hippolytus twenty years later. He made a deliberate statement that Christ was born upon a Wednesday and in the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus. Another chronographer said that it was not a Wednesday but a Friday, and upon the fifteenth day of the new moon, a statement (in my judgment) not to be relied upon. Another interesting, though totally inaccurate, hazard at the correct date was made by Clement of Alexandria. He said it was upon November 17th, but my working out of his idea (from the figures he gives) makes his year to be that of 3 B.C. Other writers of the period have severally given the date to be April 19th and 20th and May 20th. In an old Latin tract, written in Africa in 243 and called *De Pascha Computus*, the date is given as March 28th, the author arguing much as St. Chrysostom. He considers that the world was created, not grown; that it was perfect in every detail—flowers in full bloom, trees in full leaf; also at the vernal equinox, just when the moon was at the full. Such a theory, of course, will not bear examination. He goes on to say that as the sun and moon were created in the Wednesday of the Week of Creation such a day would have been a fitting one for the entry into the world of the Sun of Righteousness. March 28th would certainly have fulfilled all these conditions, but, unfortunately for his argument, not in the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus (which was the correct year). The actual facts of the case are these: it was a Wednesday—the first one in January of that year, the date being the sixth. There is no doubt about this; the correction of the calendar by Julius Cæsar and his friend Sosigenes (the astronomer and mathematician) was exceedingly well done, and, making allowances for such inaccuracies as still remained, it is quite obvious that January 6th of that year was a Wednesday—besides which there is plenty of other evidence.

It would be an omission in a survey of the history of Christmas to avoid mention of the well-known figure of Father Christmas. The name Santa Claus is an American version of the Dutch form of Saint Nicholas, and the custom of hanging up stockings by children in the hopes of a nocturnal visit from the Saint himself was introduced into America by the early Dutch colonists. The Saint was Bishop of Smyrna during the Diocletian persecution, and after his death became the patron of all lonely travellers and wayfarers, of merchants, of those at sea, and, lastly, of all little children. The origin of the gifts he is supposed to bring occurs in a story about him which tells of his giving dowries to three daughters of an impoverished tradesman. It therefore became the custom upon the Eve of St. Nicholas (December 5th) for little children to hang up their stockings over the bed, the custom being transferred to Christmas some considerable time afterwards.

The ritual of kissing under the mistletoe is as old as it is popular. Sacred to the Druids of ancient Britain the parasitic mistletoe (which, by the way, may also be spelt *misteltoe* and *misseltoe*) was always supposed to have healing powers. The Anglo-Saxon form of it was *mistel-tan*, the Icelandic *Mistel-teinn*. *Tan* (or *teinn*) signifies a *twig*, and *mistel* is a diminutive of the German *mist*, which means *refuse*, the connection being probably from the slime in the berries. The original ritual was performed with a certain amount of friendly solemnity. A branch of the plant was held above the head of the person about to be kissed and the words *was hael* were spoken in a loud voice. *Was hael* meant *be in good health*, and the combined act of the kissing and the utterance of the blessing was believed to have immediate effect upon the "patient." One imagines that the custom must have come into being before the advent of the influenza germ. But the words will bear some amount of examination.

A more modern form of them is recognisable in the now semi-obsolete *wassail*. To wassail is to drink the health of someone or of some cause especially in the particular type of spiced wine drunk at Christmas-time in mediæval days. One of the earliest descriptions of wassailing is to

be found in an account given by Hengist, who describes a reception which he gave to King Vortigern, whom he had invited to spend Christmas with him. He tells of how the beautiful Rowena entered the King's apartment bearing a wassail-bowl. Dropping on to one knee she hailed the King thus: *Was hael, hlaford Cyning* (Be in health, my Lord the King). From that wassailing became a custom amongst children who at Christmas-time made a wassail-bowl of evergreens and carried it round singing carols the while. The custom is still retained in parts of Yorkshire, but the wassail-bowl has become the vessel-cup, which is yet another example of how words change their form in course of time, especially when used by children. Wassailing the fruit-trees in Devon and other south-western counties seems now entirely to have died out.

Mention may also be made of the *waits*, a word coming from the Anglo-Saxon *wacan*, to *watch* or to *wake*. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the waits were actually watchmen who sounded the night-hours upon a musical instrument. In the Black Book of the expenses of the household of Edward IV provision is made for a wait *that shall nightly the watch within thyse court 4 times from Shreve Thorsday to Mychelmas*. The stipend for this post was fourpence per day with a personal allowance of half a loaf and half a gallon of ale. It was during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that the waits became more minstrels than watchmen, the London waits presenting, doubtless, a picturesque appearance in their long blue gowns, and red-and-silver sleeves. In the eighteenth century the waits became much as they are now.

Easter

Easter as a festival has been celebrated generally throughout Christendom since the beginning of the second century. Bede gives the derivation of the word from the Anglo-Saxon *Eostre*, the Goddess of Spring, to whom the month of April once was dedicated. Easter was observed as a festival in the early Church with the utmost punctiliousness, but there seems to have been a good deal

of doubt and discussion as to the proper time for its observance. The point at issue was the determination of the exact time when the Paschal Fast was to be declared completed, the Jewish Christians being of opinion that it was upon the fourteenth day of the moon in the Jewish month Nisan (April) at evening, the Gentile Christians insisting that the Feast should not be kept upon a determined date of the month without regard to the day of the week, and arguing that the Friday preceding the festival (to be a Sunday) should be observed in memory of the Crucifixion. In the year 159 Polycarp, then Bishop of Smyrna, visited the Bishop of Rome, a man named Anicetus. In the interview he urged the use of the fourteenth day of the moon in accordance with the accepted Jewish custom, backing up his view by quoting the authority of John the Evangelist, who was a personal friend of his. Despite this, Anicetus declined to agree. Forty years later Victor had succeeded Anicetus at Rome, and Polycrates, the Metropolitan of Proconsular Asia, referred the matter before him. Victor was even less easy to deal with than his predecessor had been, and Polycrates was ordered to adopt the use prevailing in Rome. He refused and was excommunicated forthwith. In 325 the whole thing was gone into again at the Council of Nicea, and a settlement was reached on June 19th of that year. Easter Day was fixed by unanimous vote of the Council to be the first Sunday after the first full moon following March 21st, an arrangement by which it could not fall earlier than March 23rd nor later than April 25th. It would have been a much better thing had the Council fixed the festival for the second Sunday in April, because it would have fallen each year quite reasonably near the original date. The state of the Paschal moon in the year 34 (the year of the Crucifixion) shows plainly that Christ was crucified upon April 11th, the first Easter Day being, in our reckoning, the 13th. There would seem to be time to fix it even now, and without a further Council of Nicea. In any case, the settlement as reached at Nicea was productive of much difficulty. As I have pointed out, the day was to be the first Sunday following the full moon

after the vernal equinox. Reference to a calendar in these days makes the matter of calculation an easy one, but in those days the calendar was by no means in order. In that very year 325 the vernal equinox was three days early, owing to inaccurate reckoning of the earth's movement round the sun. Julius Cæsar may have corrected it in 46 B.C.—he did correct it—but his method was inaccurate, and there had been time for that inaccuracy to take effect. A further method was tried by means of which the habits of the sun and moon were calculated by cycles of years, such cycles to show an exactitude of repetition in those habits. At first it was thought that an exact repetition occurred every eight years, which proved to be very wide of the mark. Reversion to an old Jewish method (already tried to some considerable extent) came next, and the cycle of eighty-five years was thought to be the correct one. In 457 Victorius of Aquitaine worked out an elaborate cycle of 532 years, and strengthened his view by giving dates for Easter for a considerable period. Ultimately the correct cycle of nineteen years was hit upon and the use of the Golden Number and Sunday letter adopted. But, in the meantime, while this was going on, it seems to me that everyone had his own Easter. S. Augustine was greatly disturbed about it. In 387, for example, the Churches of what is now France had their Easter on March 21st (which they ought never to have done at all); Italy (including Rome, of course) celebrated it on April 18th, while Egypt put it off until the last possible day—April 25th. It is also quite clear from a letter of Leo the Great that much the same thing took place in 455. In England things were scarcely better, indeed a trifle worse. The early British and Celtic Churches had adopted the cycle of eighty-five years which they had originally learnt from the Roman use. This they refused to abandon despite the efforts of Augustine. Factions arose forthwith, with the undesirable result that in 651 (according to Bede) there were two distinct Easters in England alone. So that while Queen Eanfleda was fasting and keeping Palm Sunday, her husband Oswy (King of Northumbria) was keeping Easter day merely because he happened to be in a

different part of the country. But Theodore ended the differences in 669, and nothing further was done until Pope Gregory suppressed ten days in the month of October in the year 1552. This corrected the calendar once and for all, and served to strengthen the view originally taken by the Council of Nicea at the same time. The calendar as he corrected it was universally adopted, but the part of it which referred to Easter was not finally accepted here until as late as 1782. Even to-day the jealousy which still exists between the Eastern Orthodox Church and that of Rome prevents agreement as to the proper day for the observance of the Easter Festival. We of the Western Church follow the Nicene ruling, but the Eastern church does not—with the result that their Easter Day very rarely coincides with ours. The last time it did so was in 1865, but it will be some considerable time before it so occurs again.

Whitsuntide

This festival is not so ancient in the matter of observance as the one I have just reviewed; it dates from the fourth century. The first actual mention of it which I have been able to trace occurs in one of the canons of the Synod of Elvira, which was attended by nineteen bishops for the sole purpose of dealing with matters of Church discipline. The council was noted at the time for its outspoken censure of the veneration of pictures in churches, which it forbade; for ordering attendance at Mass on Sundays; for insisting upon celibacy in the ranks of the clergy. It further denounced as totally heretical the growing practice of allowing the Feast of the Ascension to supersede that of Whitsuntide. The word Whitsunday (it scarcely need be pointed out) was originally White Sunday, the Anglo-Saxon form of the words being *Hwita Sunnandaeg*, so called from the white chrisoms worn by those about to be baptised—in the eleventh century, apparently. Pentecost (*πεντηκοστή*—fiftieth) would seem to be a better name, as Whitsunday should, strictly speaking, be kept on the fiftieth day after Easter. This was actually done in the

year 34, and the descension of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles took place in the forenoon of June the First (which happened to be a Sunday), the Ascension having occurred—probably about the same time—on May 22nd.

As the third Sunday in the Church Calendar the Festival of Whitsuntide commands an octave generally known as Trinity Sunday.

This octave was ordered by the Synod of Mainz in 813; but the vigil had been observed for some time, and though traces of an earlier octave to Whitsun have been found it was not till 828 that (by order of Gregory IV) Trinity Sunday became known as such. Some historians state that the term Trinity Sunday originated in this country, and that Augustine always observed it under that title. Personally, I am not at all inclined to credit that statement: I think that it is much more likely to have been the name given to it by Theophilus of Antioch as far back as 180. The doctrine of the Holy Trinity was undoubtedly derived from the Old Testament, and is certainly implied more than once in the New, but for clarity of exposition one would commend the writing of Athanasius.

It is a thousand pities that those who translated the Athanasian Creed were not more careful in their work. Had they been so they might have led off with a less unfortunate sentence than "*Whosoever will be saved first it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith.*" I cannot say that the sentence has ever disturbed me personally, but I think I can state without fear of much contradiction that it has upset a good many people. To begin with, *quicumque vult salvus esse* does not necessarily mean *whosoever will be saved*. It does not strain the Latin construction in any way whatever to give *salvus* a better and broader meaning altogether. I should have translated the whole phrase thus: "Whosoever will be in a healthy condition first it is essential that he hold some sort of universal belief." That is quite a good translation of the spirit of the words, and, moreover, seems to be a sound and sensible statement. We seem to have been rather at the mercy of our translators. But, despite the clarity with which Athanasius expounded the doctrine of the Trinity,

many heresies have arisen. The greatest of these, in my judgment, has been the preaching of Arius, the Macedonian priest of the fourth century. Arianism, as it is now called, denies the equality of the Three Persons, a doctrine which can really be traced back a century farther and ascribed to one Paul of Samosata. But the fact that it was systematised by Arius probably accounts for it having been called by his name. The Council of Nicea was particularly active in dealing with the heresy, the Nicene Creed, of course, being the result of their deliberations. The wording which they affected has remained much the same, at any rate down to the words "*I believe in the Holy Ghost.*" Out of the 328 bishops who sat at that conference only two refused to subscribe to the form which we know. Eusebius, even, was persuaded to sign his name to it, but he altered a Greek word. Instead of *ὁμο-ούσιον*—of *one* substance *with* (the Father)—he wrote *ὁμοι-ούσιον*, which can only mean of *similar* substance *to* (the Father). It is noteworthy, however, that we have retained the former version in our books of Common Prayer. Yet the Council of Nicea, with all its power and influence, did not succeed in suppressing Arianism. Constantius, the son of Constantine, brought it all up again fifty years later. But at the Council of Constantinople in 381 Theodosius I restored the ruling of the Nicene authorities. Arianism has suffered many reverses—division in its own ranks, chiefly. The West Goths, the Vandals, the Suevi and others all adopted it, whereas in this country, from the reign of Henry VIII to that of the Stuarts, there were constant executions for Arianism. To-day it is practically non-existent, except in Socinianism, Deism, and in a very mild form known as Unit-arianism. Like all heresies, it is a matter of little importance, for no heresy has ever had much effect upon the general acceptance of the bedrock facts of the Christian religion. All that can be said for heresy is that it has occasionally provided a little interesting history.

BLACK AND WHITE MAGIC

BY ROSITA FORBES

THE chief difference between these two forms of magic is that the former, as far as it is possible to judge, is based on hypnotism, while the latter is as much a science as philosophy or jurisprudence. Throughout the East, where superstition is closely interwoven with religion, custom and tradition, black magic is a potent factor in everyday life. Occasionally it is hereditary in certain families, but, as there are no young witches and wizards, presumably its functions cannot be exercised until power has developed with maturity. Magic is the weapon of age. Youth has no need of it. Moreover, youth plays a very small part in Eastern social life. The years, which are so galling to us, are the insignia of royalty in an East which considers wisdom and experience the most valuable of its assets. The whole of its life is based on the development of the mind rather than the body, so it is natural that it should lay claim to unusual mental powers.

A faint reflection of such powers has been labelled in Europe as the "evil eye." I have seen peasants in Italy and Spain make the "sign of horns" when passing individuals whom they believe possess the power of throwing evil spells on them. I remember, when I was a child, the village policeman solemnly asking my grandfather to sign a warrant against a crone who had "overlooked" his brother's sheep! Throughout history innumerable witches have been burned because a "murrain"—possibly foot-and-mouth disease—had fallen on their neighbours' cattle. The records of trials in the Middle Ages show that, among those condemned to death for practising the black arts, many were accused of murder through what can only have been hypnotism. At the Edinburgh Assizes in 1743 a woman was judged guilty of an attempt to destroy a rival by means of a small wax image, into whose vital portions she stuck pins, which produced a simultaneous agony in the body of her enemy. The image and the pins, of course, were simply the vehicles of a mesmeric will, just as the

crystal or any other bright object focuses the attention of a modern hypnotist.

This principle, which has been known to European witches throughout the centuries, and which is still practised in remote districts, is developed by the peculiar psychology of the East, where it has become the weapon of the weak against the strong, the final arbiter in the struggle of existence.

In the most primitive countries the power of the chiefs is always backed by that of the local medicine man or some wise woman, who, because he or she is an able hypnotist, with a thorough knowledge of herbal properties, is regarded as scarcely less formidable than the deity. In Fiji, in Papua, in Zululand, I have seen different forms of "devil-houses," wherein promising neophytes are initiated, by a process of alternate drugging and starvation, into the plastic condition wherein they become mediums of the local expert's magic, and eventually proficient disciples. Such devil-houses are held in terror by the natives, who will never pass near one if they can help it, or even spend a night in a village which contains one. Their fear and superstition make them particularly good subjects for the influence of the witch doctors, but on several occasions white people, originally sceptical of the magician's powers, have fallen before them. In Zululand in 1914 I spent a night in a kraal near Isantlewana, and was taken, as a matter of policy, to pay my respects to the local wizard, an unprepossessing individual, accordion-pleated with wrinkles and tufted with unexpected hair. His servant crept about like an automaton, speechless and curiously crumpled. It was not until he came out into the light that I saw he was undoubtedly European, and probably English, but his eyes were blank, with an inverted look, and he took no notice of my questions. The only information that my guide could supply was that the man had been a trader, and that he had disappeared for a time after incurring the enmity of the magician. I have come across other cases of white men going native because they have too far entangled themselves with the bastard necromancy of the savages among whom they lived.

This witchcraft is draped in an infinity of trappings, adjusted for the purpose of terrifying or deceiving the multitude, but when such properties as virginal intestines (used in Zululand), hashish and kat, the strongest drugs of Asir, or the intoxicating potions of Lasta are deleted, together with their adjuncts of moonlight, smoke and incantations, we come down to the hypnotism which is a quality of all primitive peoples and the susceptible, plastic characters of which its devotees are composed.

Mass hypnotism is most remarkable, yet it undoubtedly must be within the power of primitive magicians, because a score of villagers will bear witness to having seen the phenomena at the same time. In Papua I was once induced to assist at such a séance. It took place on the beach a very short distance from the semi-civilisation of Port Moresby. The occasion was the return of a native trading boat, which was followed by a sexual dance, during which men and women, closely linked, padded up and down between the whisper of wind in the palms and the surge of the surf. It was an ideal setting for witchcraft. Imagination ran riot even before the dark figures ranged themselves in a circle, almost naked, head-dresses of feathers, lobster claws and shells, etched against the half light. I have noticed that black magic, unless it is simply a trick to amuse foreigners, is always practised in circumstances where the magician can count on the maximum effect of scenery and stage properties, whether natural or artificial, on the minimum resistance offered by his audience.

On this occasion the wizard was a ghastly figure, adding a rattle of bones to the grotesqueness of whitewash and nostrils split by reeds. He drew hieroglyphics, whirled like a top amidst a shrieked incantation, performed sufficient hocus-pocus to induce receptivity among the watchers, and then, on the top of all this nonsense, made each one of us see what appeared to be a genuine apparition. An enormous inchoate figure loomed between us. It was monstrous in size, and its outline gradually solidified till it represented what would be the local idea of a deity, but the proof that this was nothing more than a projection of the magician's mind occurred to us afterwards. There had

been four Europeans present, and to prevent trickery we had sat at different points of the circle, so that we ought, logically, to have seen different aspects of the apparition. But we didn't. To each of us the thing appeared absolutely full face, as flat as a figure on a screen, and, as far as our interpreter could discover later on, each native had seen exactly what we saw.

A simpler form of mass hypnotism, but more ingenious because it is practised in broad daylight in any place the audience chooses, is the trick which so many of us have seen in India and Ceylon. The juggler produces a basket and a mango seed. He sits down on your verandah, scoops a little earth into a pile, plants his seed, covers it with a basket, and mutters a rigmarole over it. When the basket is lifted a small plant is seen growing out of the earth. The cover is replaced, there is more mumbling accompanied by a pass or two, and then a fully grown bush almost pushes the basket off the top leaves. As the juggler is semi-naked, with no possible means of hiding the plant, I thought it would be interesting to photograph the experiment. On my first attempt the conjurer failed in the trick, saying that an evil presence was working against him. My second was successful, but the negative, exposed at the moment when the basket was lifted from the fully grown bush, showed nothing but a small pile of earth!

When I was in India, like everyone else, I constantly heard of the rope trick, in which a juggler throws a cord in the air. It remains as stiff as a pillar, and his assistant climbs up it and disappears off the top! Not only was I never able to see this trick myself, but I never met anyone who had, until King Hakon of Norway told me that it had been performed in his honour at Tunis. One of his suite took a photograph at the moment when the juggler was almost at the top of the rope, but the developed negative showed the rope and both jugglers on the ground!

The whole mental atmosphere of the East is adapted to magic because the simplest of its actions are based on traditions whose origins are not known. Life is full of mystery, accepted with the placidity and patience of races which never attempt to explain the inevitable. How often

have I enquired into the origin, scope and purpose of local witchcraft and been answered with such phrases as "This is the Abyssinian custom," "It is the will of Allah!" "It has always been this way," "How should a man know?" Enquiry is baffled by the blank wall of non-resistance, the blind fatalism which accepts everything it doesn't understand as custom or religion.

There is such a remarkable power of mind over matter all over the East, since each Moslem or each Buddhist from childhood is taught the first is vital and the second negligible, that it is hardly necessary to introduce hypnotism into a state where men can die at will. I was in India during an outburst of plague and in Arabia during one of cholera. On both occasions I saw people die from fright, though they had not got the disease. In Asir the headman of my caravan, a fat townsman called Jusuf, assured me, after a fight in which he had not been hurt, that he was going to die. There was nothing whatsoever the matter with him, but his pulse got weaker and weaker, and he undoubtedly would have died but that, in the pitch darkness of the hut in which we had all taken refuge, I poured half a bottle of Eau de Cologne (under the impression that it was brandy) down his throat. The shock apparently stimulated him into further interest in life!

I have always found Eno's fruit salts an almost infallible cure for Eastern ills, because a few passes made over the powder when water is added to it invest the subsequent sizzling with that magic which is an essential part of medicinal ritual in the Orient!

The darker the magic the more it depends not only on the simple receptivity of the people but on the mystery with which it can contrive to enwrap itself. It is extraordinary how little the East knows of the habits which are a part of its daily life. In Yemen no woman will take a passing glance in the mirror. She must look in it full face, but she does not know this is to prevent a devil glancing into it with her unobserved! After each prayer the Moslem bows automatically right and left, but only the educated realise they are saluting the angels of judgment, who stand on either side to record a man's good or evil

deeds. It is unlucky in Africa to shuffle into your wide, heelless slippers backwards, but it took me months to discover that this is because the jinns walk always with their feet reversed! Before preparing the stew an Arab woman throws a pinch of salt across it, without realising that it goes into the eye of a devil who may be anxious to eat it!

Each sex in Islam has customs that the other knows nothing about. For instance, even from the civilised harems of North Africa at full moon the women go out into the desert and build little cairns of stones, but what the reason is I doubt if they themselves know. In any case, their husbands do not. "It is women's custom," they say, with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders, just as they speak of "women's language," a dialect which is known only to the harems and which no male being has ever been able to understand.

The strangest and most inexplicable customs are connected with weddings. In Algeria and Tunisia an hour before the bride leaves her house while the marriage festivities are at their height a man dressed as a woman, belonging to a family in which the office or privilege is hereditary, goes in alone to the bride. What he does or what he says is a secret religiously guarded, and, though I have seen it happen, seen in more primitive harems the disguised man rise from the ranks of ancient feminine musicians, beating audhs and drums, and go behind the screen where the bride has sat all day, the object of the ceremony is a mystery to me.

Is it remarkable that a life so interwoven with mysticism and superstition should be susceptible to any form of that magic which it has always believed to be as great a power as faith or race or motherhood?

Generally black magic goes no farther than hypnotism based on the necessity of providing some antidote to the doctrine of physical force, which would otherwise rule the world. There are, however, a few evil practitioners who pretend that they can raise the dead, which is against all the laws of Islam. There used to be one such person in the mouskey in Cairo. He was called Sayed Ahmed, but he had no more right to the title (Sayed) than to the

phantastic claim he made. It was very difficult and expensive to witness his séances, but through an Egyptian friend, I was once admitted, and, amidst every possible effect of darkness, incense, smoke and wind, all of which might have been arranged, the magician trifled with a science which he had perverted to his own uses, and raised the most horrible forms I have ever seen. My impression was that he was nearly as terrified as his audience, and when, instead of the dead Sufi he had promised us, he produced an inhuman vision which towered out of the suddenly non-existent roof, he quite frankly took refuge in prayer. I did not wait for any further manifestations!

I do not think this was hypnotism. I believe it was an inexpert dabbling in the true magianism of the East, which, for purposes of contrast, I call white magic.

This scientific study, which has filled libraries from Baghdad to Fez, is the philosophy of demonology, the control of space, but not of time. It does not claim to raise the dead, only to make use of their knowledge, which it considers an inexhaustible reservoir at the service of future students. It claims that all knowledge is one, and that therefore space has no power to separate the fellow masters of science. The Sufis of the Islamic world and the Yogis of the Buddhist believe that they can at will project their minds to any portion of the world they wish to visit while their bodies remain sometimes in a trance, sometimes following their normal avocations at home. This is the explanation of the spiritual pilgrimage to Mecca, made yearly by those sages whose bodies apparently have never left their homes. I can find no theory to account for the fact that certain great teachers in the African Zawias can tell in complete detail every incident of a pilgrimage before anyone has yet returned from Mecca and before they could have had any possible communication with anyone on it. It may be some perfected form of telepathy, but they will describe the Hadj as it would have happened, or did happen, to them individually, with their rank and friends and habits, not as it would have appeared to any general pilgrim. Personally, I have seen enough of this form of "mental projection" in the East to believe that such wise men, after a lifetime of

self-denial, are capable of living two lives, for longer or shorter periods, according to their knowledge.

This power is the result of an asceticism unknown in the West, even among Trappists. An example is the monastery of Koyosan on a mountain top in Japan. It takes forty years of learning to make a Buddhist monk in this hermitage, buried among sunless pine forests, and then, as a novice said to me, "a man is at the gate of wisdom."

Boys enter the monastery at the age of eight, and seven years later they take the first vows of the novitiate, assuming the triple cord, which symbolises chastity, poverty, and obedience. I spent a few days in the guest-house of this monastery, and attended the Buddhist masses, celebrated at midnight and at dawn. In a long panelled room, the floor covered with very clean reed mats, the only furniture a couple of scarlet gongs and the stand for the heavy books of prayer, an enormous Buddha, its gold dimmed by age, loomed out of the shadows. Priests and novices were ranged in two long rows, cross-legged on the floor, all wrapped in the same colourless robes as greyly yellow as their faces. Of the world these men knew nothing. From childhood they had never eaten flesh, fish, eggs, or drunk milk; they had never known women, never talked of anything but religion and philosophy, never slept more than two or three hours a night. When they were not engaged in their endless studies or in that repetitive prayer which is a direct bridge to the next world, so much more real to them than this earth, they were absorbed in contemplation of the infinite. Space to them is a storehouse of all good and evil, of all the thought that has preceded us. Action means nothing, for its consequences are effective only in this world, which Buddhism regards as a corridor leading to the next. Thought is eternal. It is like a stone dropped into a pool, its ripples widening into ever farther reaching circles of knowledge.

As I sat in a corner listening to the drone of the mass and watching the placid, serene faces, so marked by thought that age and time had ceased to affect them at all, I realised that there was no difference in the appearance

of young and old. All were livid and parchment-skinned. They were indescribably assured, for they had passed beyond all physical feeling and all mental worry. I had the idea that flesh and bone were immaterial coverings to be discarded as easily as the robes they wore. A body was no longer personal property. I felt it might be changed, thrown away, lost or forgotten, as easily as the name which so many years ago had belonged to it. In Koyosan there are no names or other labels. "I am the little knowledge that I have acquired," said one of the priests, and later, when I asked him of the future, he answered, "I shall not partake of immortality, but contribute to it."

It was on the last day of my visit, when I wanted to say good-bye to my nameless host, that for the first time I saw the phenomenon of dual existence. In his usual corner of the temple-room sat my friend, a bundle of woollen creases, with equally crinkled skin and bone slumped vacantly inside it. He paid no attention to the shuffling of my stockinged feet on the mats or to my apologetic murmurs, and presently the novice who attended the guest-house plucked at my sleeve. "He is not there," he said. "What do you mean," I protested. "I can see him." "No, it is not the teacher; it is only his body." He used a word which meant shell.

Together we went out into the garden, and while the youth, who looked as old as Time, explained the complete separation of body and mind achieved by study, asceticism and contemplation, I looked at the many-finned gold-fishes swimming in a pool. A minute later my priestly friend approached from the opposite direction to the room in which I had left him seated and to which there was only one entrance, immediately behind me. The figure was normal and opaque, casting a shadow. Its robes fluttered around it, moving the plants as it passed. "Look, the spirit of the teacher returns," said the novice, and beckoned me to enter the temple-room. The priest was now praying in his corner, and after he had finished his beads he spoke to us in a voice thin as reeds, monotonous as machinery.

As I went down the mountain I decided my imagination

had been playing tricks, but in the last eight years I have seen variations of the same phenomenon so often in Africa and Arabia that I am convinced it is a genuine separation of mind and body. I have tried to discover why the former should appear as an exact duplicate of the latter. An alim of Morocco once explained to me in this way: "You see what you expect, no more, no less. Sometimes *we* see nothing at all, because the shell, which clothes the wisdom we have summoned, is unimportant to us. To you it is essential, so when you are in touch with a mind from far away you clothe it in the fashion to which you are accustomed. So do our own disciples, and often one of them sees the visitant in different garb, but to us who have achieved some small knowledge the contact is of the mind only, and our senses, which are the servants of the mind, do not operate at all."

Of course, all this, to the West, is as incomprehensible as aeroplanes and elevators, radio and electricity would be to primitive Arabia! Therefore, let us consider the science which makes possible such apparent impossibilities. In Moslem countries it is called "*Ilm el Issm*"—the Study of the Name—and it is based on the principles, or magic virtues, contained in the names of God and in certain other names recorded in history, such as those of Solomon and the Seven Sleepers, who were Christian martyrs and yet form part of the hierarchy of Arab magianism. This science has been studied throughout history, and with the Moorish conquest of Spain it became the chief branch of learning at the famous universities of Cordova and Seville. When the Abencerage dynasty was driven out of Spain, when the last Moorish king, Boabdel, turned to look back at Granada and his mother rebuked him: "Weep not like a woman for that which thou couldst not hold like a man," it is supposed that many books from the great Arab libraries were taken by the fugitives to Morocco and are preserved at the Zawia of Telehdi in the Ahmas Mountains. If this is true it explains the popular study of "*Ilm el Issm*" among the Moroccan Ulema. Mulai Sadiq er Raisuni showed me many interesting works on the subject when I was in Tazrut as a guest in the camp of his

famous cousin, the brigand and patriot, Raisuli. The science originated from the passage in the Koran "God has great names—invoke him by those names and fly from those who misuse them," *i.e.*, from those who attribute wrong names to God, or who try to make a wrong use of them, like the so-called "Sayed Ahmed" in Cairo.

The Prophet Mohammed, in one of the Hadith (Sayings), said, "God has 99 names—100 minus 1; those who know them will enter into paradise." It is supposed that, by using the "great name," the hundredth, all prayers are granted.

It is the great name, known to only a few of the very learned and very holy, which makes God (or more probably the correct translation would be "good") the servant of the name, and it is written on a few unique amulets and talismans, but concealed in undecipherable cryptograms.

The curious thing is that the Prophet Mohammed, who, remember, never claimed to perform miracles, is not supposed to have known this great name, but some legends insist that his child wife, Aysha, discovered it by chance, but was forbidden by the Prophet to use or reveal it.

This science of the virtues of God's names and their use on particular dates, under peculiar elemental and stellar conditions, is a considerable part of Moslem magic, but it is the study of a lifetime, and successful practice depends on the most rigorous asceticism.

Each name has a separate virtue known only to the initiated, and no strict Moslem will ever throw away written paper for fear a name of God may be inscribed on it.

"Bismillah," the first word of the Koran, is supposed to have been written on the side of Adam, the wing of Gabriel, the tongue of Jesus, and the seal of Solomon, and it is a curious fact that all genuine Moslem snake charmers use the name of the Jewish Solomon in the ritualistic incantation which, handed down from father to son, undoubtedly stupefies reptiles.

Mulai Sadiq assured me that by the use of these names he could "raise jinns." It had taken him seventeen years to acquire this proficiency, which was but the first step

(since a jinn is only an elemental combination with no real existence) to that annihilation of distance which allows the master sages to intercommunicate without personal contact. Here is the old man's own story of an unsuccessful attempt, reminiscent of the grotesque horrors I witnessed in Cairo: "There are two kinds of jinns, as you may read in the Koran," he said. "Those who are believing do not trouble Moslems, but the unbelieving kind are most dangerous unless you have learned to control them. This is a science which you must study carefully. It is called *Ulm el Issm*, and I worked at it for five years before I tried to have conversation with a jinn. I had been warned that he should appear in human form, with jellaba and turban, and seating himself beside me should talk to me in an ordinary voice and answer such questions as I put to him. But if he came in any other form it was bad, and I must have no dealings with him. I made all the necessary exhortations, and at the end I saw a shape in front of me. It had two legs like a dog, with human feet, and its body was also a dog's, but its neck was so long that it reached to the ceiling. I was in my house at Tetuan, and it seemed that the roof had become a funnel so that the head of the beast was in the sky."

Mulai Sadiq spoke as if he were relating a most normal experience, and when I asked, somewhat breathlessly, what he had done in view of the unexpected appearance of the jinn, he answered impatiently, "Well, of course, I knew I had made a mistake, so I began praying as hard as I could, and at each repetition of the name of Allah the beast grew smaller and smaller, till finally it vanished altogether." "Have you ever tried again?" "No, I have been much too frightened; but it is all a matter of learning. There is nothing that a man cannot do if he have enough will power."

It was through my subsequent friendship with one of the Ulema of Telehdi, the most famous of Moroccan hermitages, that I saw this rite performed by an expert. We were sitting one afternoon in a mud-walled court in front of a qubba, the tomb of a holy man. The sun was just beginning to slant down towards the ranges, which

looked like a crumpled cloak below us. We had been talking of magianism, and I had enumerated the books I had read and the experiments I had witnessed. The sage, whose age seemed beyond any possible accumulation of years, told me earnestly and with obvious sincerity, "This is no study for the West." "Why?" I asked. "You are not sufficiently single-hearted. Just as the world, for the pure, is unlimited good, so for those blinded by the flesh it can be a well of evil." He smiled at me, half prophet, half child. "It is foolish to fish, when you do not know what bait to use or what will be the nature of your catch!"

I asked him if there were any spells known to the greatest Moslem scientists which could raise the dead. He shook his head. "No," he replied, "but if I wished to instruct a pupil in the wisdom of Al Farid (mentioning a twelfth-century mystic and poet) I might produce for him a figure of this Sufi, in order that his immaturity should better grasp the knowledge which would be administered to him."

I am translating this conversation as accurately as I can remember it from the Arabic, as a preparation for the thing I saw. The Alim refused to experiment with that which concerned past centuries. "Such knowledge is not for the unbelieving," he said; but he courteously refrained from using the word "*kafr*"—infidel.

I had been in Yemen, in Western Arabia, and it happened that Telehdi was in contact with an Idrissi college there—the founder of this sect was educated at the Kairouin University in Fez—so my friendly Alim, generically named Sherif Mohamed, agreed to summon one of his Western Arabian compeers.

Remember, there was no shadow round us. We were in a bare, empty yard, in August sunshine. My companion drew a pentagram in the dust, marked some hieroglyphics in it, and appeared to withdraw himself in contemplation. He took no notice of me as I huddled so close that I could touch his robes. All at once there was a man sitting within the diagram. To say he "appeared suddenly" would not express the effect, for it seemed as if he'd always been

there, though I had only just noticed him. There was nothing startling or frightening. He was rather pale and rather hot. I could see the sweat on his forehead under the veil worn by Yemen sherifs. He took off his sandals with the enormous woven and dyed grass straps familiar to Arabia, but unknown in Morocco. His costume consisted of the Yemen striped cloth, and his face was the hairless, hollow-cheeked type of the original Arab stock. For some time the Sherif Mohamed and his visitor talked in normal voices, but, while I could understand the first, the newcomer's words were incomprehensible to me. In fact, I cannot really be certain that I heard him talk. I received a normal impression of conversation, of the visitor fidgeting in the sunshine, of his emitting those long-drawn grunts which are the Yemenese version of a sigh, and then I saw him wriggling his big toes back into the sandals. I noticed they were splayed and marked by the broad bands. After that he was gone, but again I had no impression of disappearance. It was just as if a visitor had left. Sherif Mohamed said the Fatha, which is the first sura of the Koran and a Moslem prayer, and that was the end of the matter.

I have seen variations of that same performance in a Senussi College in Cyrenaica, in an Idrissi one in Asir, in the house of a Moqu'addam in Fez, and in Cairo when three sheikhs of the Azhar University were discussing the powers of an Egyptian Sufi, Sidi Abd er Rahman es Siuti.

It is quite easy, of course, to say that in each case I was hypnotised. It would have been child's play for any of these occultists to make me see anything they chose, but it would be an unprecedented insult to the name of Allah they invoked and as illogical as the Archbishop of Canterbury mystifying a confirmation candidate with the three-card trick, or a Crusading Pope, the keys of heaven in his hands, deluding the mediæval faithful by producing rabbits out of his mitre.

The character of these religious sheikhs must be taken into account when considering the scope of their powers. Their whole lives have been devoted to study. By the rigorous elimination of every physical appetite, they have

acquired a simplicity and serenity which enables them to "walk with God." Allah-the-all-merciful-and-all-compassionate is a part of their daily lives, present in every thought and every action.

They do not generally discuss their beliefs with strangers, and their austerity is a barrier even to the bravest enquirer, but I have studied Moslem law and religion for years, and can talk the a b c of their language with wholehearted sympathy to make up for my ignorance. Also I have devoted much time and many journeys to working for the Arabs. Therefore a number of their wise men have received me, pitying my sex, but willing temporarily to ignore it!

Experience has convinced me that though ignorant dabblers in black magic, proficient in hypnotism, attempt to raise the dead and succeed in producing phantasms of the evil which is just as much at our service as the good which Moslem sages seek to acquire, the East can no more establish contact with individual dead than we can. The science of magianism can, I believe, co-ordinate all its own existing wisdom by means of contacts to us inexplicable, since, though purely mental, they have a physical appearance. It can so separate mind and body that the former has an existence of its own, and the latter can, if necessary, be independent of any material need such as food, air, or water, or indifferent to any physical pain—as in the case of Indian fakirs buried for months in a state of trance, or a Yogi at Lucknow who continued instructing his pupils in abstruse philosophy while a European surgeon was cutting a deep-seated abscess out of his back.

The aim of all Eastern magianism as practised in legitimate colleges, monasteries and hermitages is to add to the world's store of knowledge, believing that true wisdom is synonymous with good, and that this alone, impersonal and indestructible, survives for the benefit of the future.

THE NEW AGE OF THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

TEN YEARS UNDER SOVIET POWER

BY HUNTLY CARTER

TEN years ago, during the dark autumn days, power in Russia passed into the hands of the Bolsheviks. The tenth anniversary of the 1917 October Revolution has been recently celebrated. Under the shadow of this world-shattering event the Moscow Art Theatre entered upon a new phase of its wonderful career. So little has been said about that phase that the multitude of people scattered all over the world who like to count themselves friends of the M.A.T. must be puzzled to account for the fact that this conservative theatre escaped destruction, and has persisted till to-day unharmed. No doubt they are aware that public regard for the theatre as a national art treasure and the protection afforded by M. Lunacharsky, the Minister of Art and Education, had something to do with its preservation; but these circumstances alone would have been insufficient to protect it from the first fury of the wild Communist iconoclasts. Something else actually saved its life. What was it? What path has the theatre really taken since 1917? No answer to these questions is contained in M. Stanislavsky's rather scrappy history of his theatre written in America, nor in the monumental history by N. Efros published in the Russian language by the Soviet Government, nor in the numerous brief allusions to the contemporary work of the theatre in newspaper summaries of the work of the Moscow theatre. The answer is that a fortunate set of circumstances contributed to preserve the theatre, one of them being the possession of a repertory which reflected the spirit of old Russia in such a way as to make it valuable for Bolshevik propaganda purposes.

The object of this article is to tell the story of the forces and circumstances that saved the Moscow Art

Theatre and directed it along its new path. First let me show the differences between two theatres which started from scratch to reach the same post, the reflection of the new Soviet life, with totally different equipments; that of Meierhold's, which raised the banner of objective truth at the beginning and has sought consciously throughout to serve the Revolution, the needs of the Government, and to reflect the social feeling of the community, and therefore had a clear path; and that of Stanislavsky's theatre, which has clung to its art principles while automatically getting farther and farther away from the old "soul" of Russia and nearer the new "soul," and at the same time has been obliged to face the bitter opposition of Communists who strongly object to a theatre which has grown out of the old intellectual world.

Meierhold was the first theatrical director to accept dialectical materialism as the religion of the Bolshevik State. He came forward to support the Government in the attempt to make the theatre reflect the Bolshevik view of social life. And he has been busy ever since evolving a science of the theatre capable of making everything in the theatre contribute to the Government's main aims—the making of a new community and a new mass citizen on Marxian principles. A careful analysis of the work of this theatre during 1917-27 would make instructive and amazing reading. It would reveal the application in the theatre of the principles of political science (including propaganda and agitation), of natural and physical sciences (for instance, physical culture), biological science (bio-mechanics), new psychological science (practical psychology, avoidance of waste in acting, Taylorism, and motion study), energy economics, and social science (class war). Indeed, his theatre has been a eugenic laboratory for producing the new social actor, and his stage has been a workshop for the production of a working model of a scientifically constructed order of society.

Stanislavsky has, on the contrary, remained faithful to the art principles upon which he established his theatre as the first art school of the modern theatre, and has continued to reflect the culture, taste and probity, which he

carried to the highest point under the former *régime*. At the same time he has endeavoured to comprehend the new theatrical needs of the people.

One of the earliest and most difficult problems that faced him was the choice of repertory. The questions of constitution, organisation, acting, and staging have never occupied him very much because he has never felt himself called upon to make radical changes in such matters. Of course, nationalisation and the introduction of the Soviet principle of association into cultural institutions made certain but not lasting changes. There was a period, for instance, when the actors were not paid except in kind, that is, food, clothes, shelter, etc. A period also when the administration passed into the hands of a soviet composed of representatives of all departments of the theatre. Still, throughout the old directorate, MM. Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, have been allowed to exercise much power, not only as a mark of respect to them, but because M. Stanislavsky has served on committees appointed by the Government to control the administration and work of the playhouses and the supply of suitable plays. There was the commission belonging to the Central Theatre in 1920, composed of Messrs. Meierhold, Sanine, Stanislavsky, Vachtangov, and Kel. And there is a present-day commission composed of Meierhold, Stanislavsky, and representatives of the Government, including Trotsky and other public men chosen for their acquaintance with the outstanding social and economic problems of the day. This commission chooses plays, instructs young playwrights how to handle their subjects, and tells them what the public want to know. It will be seen that the members of these commissions are selected to check each other's extreme tendencies. Meierhold, a most uncompromising Communist, is pitted against Stanislavsky, who to-day apparently is a moderate Socialist (probably in reality he is nothing of the kind, but preserves his old aristocratic bias).

The problem of repertory which late in 1917 Stanislavsky, like the Communist leaders, was called upon to solve was the choice of plays suited to the requirements

of the revolutionary mass. Not solely literary and moral plays, such as flooded Europe in the eighteen-nineties, were needed, but those with a strong political and social content, or plays that reflected the realistic and romantic heroic side of the fearful revolutionary struggle. Someone has observed that at revolution time everyone is an orator, and people go to the theatre to hear oratorical outbursts and to listen to dialectical bombast. In any case during the first two or three years of the Revolution the Russian playhouses produced romantic heroic plays, partly because there was a demand for them by a public that wanted to see the heroes of the fight on the stage, and partly because times were too restless to admit of new suitable realistic social plays being written. A number of suitable heroic plays were forthcoming from other countries. Plays taken from the pages of German ("Spartak"), English ("Cromwell"), and Italian ("Phoma Campanella") history were requisitioned.

As for the M.A.T., the problem was not hard to settle for two or three years. It had plays in its repertory into which revolutionary meanings could be read, and the literary tendencies outside the theatre seemed to offer justification for its compromising attitude towards the new social life.

Political and social revolutions seem always to have two effects on writers and artists. They set the insurgents free to express themselves and to exhibit works which hitherto the ruling class has banned, as in Germany during the 1918-19 revolution; and they draw artists out of their ivory tower in the belief that their hour of deliverance has come and the world of their dream is about to be realised, and set them embellishing the objective world as though the world had been reborn for them alone. Art for Art's sake instantly gives place to Art for Life's sake. Take the effect of the economic revolution that followed Germany's success in 1870. The German writers and artists came into the open and gravitated in a body towards the objective world. The political, commercial and industrial developments gave them unequalled justification for believing that their hour of deliverance had come. They

found themselves free to face the great problems of social life which invited artistic co-operation to solve them. They approached the task with enthusiasm, invaded public places and institutions, factories, workshops, theatres, concert-halls, entered deliriously into the task of building what they believed to be their heaven on earth. But they overlooked one thing. All social revolutions are realistic. Though they produce immediate ecstasy and religious fervour in some minds, they are invariably followed by a train of horrors that drive the artist to suicide or flight.

The Russian October Revolution had similar effects and lessons. It drew the artists into the open under the impression that their longed-for hour of freedom had come. To them it was a destructive cataclysm with a purifying end. Not only would it destroy the old evil elements of society, but it would sweep clean the earth for the rebirth of mankind in a righteous form. Thus a very great number of poets and writers and artists who had nothing to do with the materialistic and atheist doctrines of the Communists—indeed, probably knew nothing about them—welcomed the Bolshevik revolution, and were overcome with joy at the thought that the country had passed into their own hands and would henceforth be fashioned by their religious and æsthetic concepts. This circumstance gave birth to literary groups of a mystical and religious character that were quite out of harmony with the real aims of the Revolution, but were not immediately interfered with because of the confusion caused by the civil war. The most important group was the "Scythians," mystical anarchists influenced by the ideas of Ivanov-Razumnik and including such prominent poets as Blok (author of *The Twelve*) and Bely. They contributed nothing to the theatre, except a sort of justification for the continued exhibition of pieces that did not reflect the real spirit of the influence. The type of play was not changed at the two principal "conservative" playhouses, the M.A.T. and the Little Theatre. The only change noticed was that other playhouses were endeavouring to reflect the Civil War by putting the Revolution on the stage in an heroic

way and producing such historical plays as Schiller's *William Tell*, Hugo's *Ruy Blas* and *Le Roi s'amuse*. Later Schiller was, by one of the revolutionary theatrical commissions, declared to be a counter-revolutionary culturist and banned accordingly.

This period of mystical exaltation continued till late in 1919, by which time writers and artists of all kinds had fully realised the terrible realistic horrors of the political and social struggle. Semi-starvation and unbearable hardship killed the mystical and religious cults, and their representatives fled from Russia leaving the field clear for the appearance of groups of revolutionary enthusiasts, playwrights, poets and painters, who rallied under the red banner with the sickle and hammer, the banner of the extreme Left in art expression. The principal group of this movement has persisted till to-day, and is now represented by an organ called *Lef*. Among its outstanding members are Mayakovski, Kamenski, Asiev, Brik, Rodchenko, Kruchenik, and Tretyakov. To some of these is due the technical tendency in the Russian theatre known as "construction." But Meierhold is the leader of that movement, and it is at his theatre that the most advanced development in constructive setting is to be found.

It will be gathered from the foregoing that the social forces and circumstances which began to hammer at the door of the M.A.T. in 1917 demanding radical change of repertory and method were not immediately successful in effecting such a change. What actually happened may be seen by turning to the 1917-20 programmes. The change, such as it was, at that time will be better understood by a comparison with the entire change that has taken place throughout as revealed by the programmes which I gathered during my late visit to Russia. I found that included in the Moscow programme for the winter of 1926 and the Leningrad programme for the early summer of 1927 were the following survivors of the old repertory of the M.A.T. The reason for their survival under Bolshevism is given in brackets: *Tsar Fedor Ivanovitch*, by A. K. Tolstoy, produced 1898 (an attack on kingcraft);

Lower Depths, Gorky, 1902 (picture of lodging-house life under the Tsars, but objected to by the Bolsheviks on account of its Christian doctrine of love and forgiveness); *Blue Bird*, by Maeterlinck, 1908 (shows the alleged tomfoolery of mystical truth; the new social system in Russia is based on objective truth); *At the Gates of the Kingdom*, by Knut Hamsun, 1909 (a vivid picture of the unreality of the old social order); *Intelligence Comes to Grief*, by Griboyedov, 1907 (a picture of the silly superficiality of Moscow Society in the eighteen-twenties); *Every Wise Man Has His Weak Spot*, by Ostrovsky, 1911, *The Hot Heart*, 1897 (telling satires of the mid-Victorian merchant class); *Battle of Life*, by Dickens (one of the two pieces, the other is *The Cricket on the Hearth*, into which the Communists read socialistic meanings); *Uncle Vanya*, by Chekov (like *The Cherry Orchard*, this piece has a transitional value to the Communists; both show the decline of one social class and the rise of another). It should be said here that the M.A.T. has retained some of Chekov's plays in its repertoire, and eliminated others. For instance, since 1917 it has presented *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Three Sisters*, *Uncle Vanya*, and *Ivanov*. It has not presented his famous piece *The Seagull*. Since 1922, that is, since the strict supervision of the Russian Theatre by the Bolshevik Censorship, Chekov has been represented by *Uncle Vanya* and *Cherry Orchard*. But his little farces have been very popular with the worker and peasant theatrical organisations.

The argument underlying this article is that the aim of the Russian Revolution was completely to change Russia, and if possible the whole civilised world. For this purpose a control of all institutions, playhouses included, and their functions, and the stern suppression of all forms of expression that were opposed to the change, were demanded in the name of the Revolution. But for two years the replacement of the old tragedies and comedies inspired by pre-war imperialistic influences by new plays or adapted ones reflecting the new basis of social life and the military struggle was largely a matter of free combat between public opinion and theatrical managements. The

policy of the M.A.T. was influenced by changed social conditions. Owing to the free ticket system the auditorium collected a mob of poor illiterate refugees, soldiers and exiles from all parts of Russia, and excluded the intelligentsia. M. Stanislavsky was obliged not only to teach the new spectators manners, not to crack nuts and not to sit on the edge of the boxes making funny noises with their feet, and blowing their noses with their five fingers, as Trotsky put it, but to ransack his repertory for suitable plays. For this and other reasons cuts in the repertory were made from the beginning. Which authors were cut out in 1917? Which were being played? Ibsen, Shakespeare, Tolstoy and Andreev were cut out. Shakespeare has not reappeared since except at the Second Studio, where *Twelfth Night* has been produced in a constructivist setting. Dostoevsky was represented by *The Village Stepanchikovo*. He made his final Moscow appearance in the same piece in 1918-19. It seems strange that *The Brothers Karamazov* has been cut out (true, I saw an excerpt given by the M.A.T. company in Paris, when M. Kachalov spoke Ivan Karamazov's mystical soliloquy), for it contains that atmosphere of gloom and failure characteristic of the old social order into which the Bolsheviks are apt to read a justification of the Revolution. It is this very element of futility and failure which found expression in certain pre-war Russian plays, and the satirical attacks on class society in others that appealed to the post-revolution public. This public were told to read into the samples of mania, morbidity and despair a justification of contemporary events. The said plays by Chekov have in particular been used to make attacks on the old order. In the introspective pessimism and futilitarian philosophy of his characters have been found definite signs of the decay of one social order, and an urgent plea for a complete and radical change. Their gloom and despair have been recognised by critics outside Russia who have found in these things evidence of the tragedy of the old Russian "soul," and of changing social conditions. Thus Dr. W. L. Courtney, writing of *The Cherry Orchard* in the *Daily Telegraph* of March 20th, 1912, points to

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the weakness and uselessness of some of the characters, particularly of Madame Ranevsky, "who gives a sovereign to a beggar, when all the time her servants are being fed on peas." She has sold her estate to "a member of the new pushing commercial class, a certain Lopakhin, whose father was a serf, and who has accumulated enough money to purchase the estate, and intends to let it out in villa residences." Of *Uncle Vanya*, Mr. St. John Ervine tells us in the *Observer* of December 12th, 1921, "Chekhov takes the insignificant and the irrelevant, and makes them poignantly significant, terribly relevant." Significant of what? Writing of the same play in the *Daily News* of December 3rd, 1921, Mr. E. A. Baughan says: "Serebriakov himself is an invalid who has written on art for forty years without understanding a word about it. His second wife, Elena, is bored to death and half in love with Vanya. . . . Vanya himself has done all the hard work on the estate. . . . Dr. Astrov, an idealist, who consoles himself with vodka." These are the principal characters. Again, the late Mr. A. B. Walkley, criticising the play in *The Times* of May 12th, 1914, observes that the worse form of decadent Russian is a "Tchehovian Russian." *Uncle Vanya* is a "play of will-less people, futile people, drifters just pottering on with their disappointed frustrated lives."

The 1917-18 programme was a meagre one consisting of fourteen plays by well-known Russian authors who expressed the Oblomov motive of old Russia (Oblomov was Goncharov's disillusioned man, who had lost his desire and ability to live). There was Turgenev, disposed to extreme Radicalism, with his *A Month in the Country*, *Country Woman*, and *One May Spin a Thread too Finely*; Chekov's *Cherry Orchard* and *Three Sisters*; Dostoevsky's study of a bully, *The Village Stepanchikovo*; Gorky's *Lower Depths*; the famous satirist Saltykov, with his attacks on the Conservative policy of the land-owning class, *Pazukhin's Death*; Ostrovski's *Every Wise Man has His Weak Spot*; Griboyedov's *Intelligence Comes to Grief*; Surguchev's *Autumn Violins*; and Pushkin's contributions to the realistic tradition, *The Stone Guest* and

Fear During the Plague. All cheerless enough for people who demanded revolutionary deeds or words and characters likely to evoke such deeds. The 1918-19 programme also contained fourteen Russian names. It included two changes, Tolstoy's *Tsar Feodor*, with its study of a weak, vacillating Tsar, and Chekov's *Uncle Vanya*. In 1919-20 came the black year and the beginning of the systematised control of the Theatre by the Government, which hitherto had been fighting on too many fronts to attend to the Theatre. Owing to the appalling conditions there was an automatic closing of the playhouses. Stanislavsky complained of the increase of the young half-educated, illiterate Communists who condemned everything of pre-revolution origin, and clamoured for new revolutionary plays, although playwrights, like his actors, were starving and exposed to the extreme inconveniences of a moneyless system. They showed no consideration for the manager who could not get suitable plays (that is, suitable from their point of view) or for the actors who were forced to go through the heroic business of walking miles to and from the theatre, through the black nights, hungry, freezing and exhausted. About this period there was a general exodus of the intelligentsia and bourgeoisie from Russia, a flight of over 2,000,000 to Western Europe. Stalls and boxes were filled with red soldiers, sailors, workers and the common people, the distribution of free theatre tickets had been organised, the choice of plays had been handed over to theatrical workers, and implicitly the right to veto plays had been given to the workers, who were beginning to exercise it in a rather unpleasant manner. The revolution had established itself on the stage. In all the principal towns political satires were being played whose points of appeal were the overthrow of the old social order, red fire, the red star everywhere in the ascendant, and the singing of the "Red Flag" by the audience, who filed out of the theatre with this tune on their lips and took it home to bed with them.

It was at this time that the Government were having serious trouble with the peasants, which led later to the introduction of the New Economic Policy. The peasants

were holding up the supplies of food. Hence the workers (actors were classed as workers) did not get half the minimum of food provided free by the Government. In 1919 my communal ticket entitled me to one meal a day, consisting of vegetable soup, a scrap of meat, and black bread. In order to enable them to supplement the supplies actors were paid from 3,000 to 7,000 roubles a month. What this meant may be shown by the following food prices in 1921 on a free market:—A pound of meat cost 10,000 roubles; of butter, 22,500 roubles; of loaf sugar, 29,000 roubles (£2,900); of rye bread, 2,600 roubles; of potatoes, 500 roubles. Some necessities, for instance, boots, were not to be obtained. Probably it will be remembered that when Chaliapine came to England the first thing he did was to lay in a very large stock of boots for himself.

In these circumstances it is no wonder that the 1919-20 season of the M.A.T. was marked by two unusual events. There were only three Russian plays presented, and two new ones by foreign authors, both with a revolutionary interest. One was Byron's *Cain*, the other Charles Lecoq's comic opera, *The Daughter of Madame Angot*, written at a revolutionary period. Stanislavsky remarked with relief that the latter gave great pleasure to the Communists, who saw in its production evidence that he had at last grasped the revolutionary situation.

From that time forward M. Stanislavsky continued to follow a path which brought him more and more into touch with the revolutionary masses without in any way altering his affection for his theatre and its first purpose. Indeed, he expressed the opinion that Art is before the Revolution, and goes farther than it. To the 1920-21 programme, almost as meagre as its predecessor, he added a version of Gogol's *Revizor*, a play that, on account of its peculiar satire and attack on imposture, has had an extraordinary popularity both with producers and the public. Both Granovsky and Meierhold have produced up-to-date versions. It should be said that at one period of the history of the new theatre, owing to the great scarcity of new authors, "tailoring" was the fashion. Classic and

modern plays alike were adapted to Bolshevik purposes. Also existing plays were given new revolutionary backgrounds and interpretations that commended them to the new audience.

The concluding part of the story of the M.A.T. is that of the prolonged visit of M. Stanislavsky and his talented company to America, and his further adjustment to the needs of the changing Russian theatre on his return.

I saw him at Moscow in 1923, just before he left for Paris. Subsequently I saw him at Paris just as he was leaving for New York. He passed through England when returning from America to Russia. I think he saw Mr. Charles Cochran about the London season he was to have had at the time. But something had happened to upset the arrangement, and he and members of his company just passed through this country, like the phantom Russian army at war-time. Since then I have seen and talked to him at Moscow, and have been much struck by his improved appearance and that of his theatre and company. He has a small motor car, and moves about in comfort, and altogether is more contented than formerly. On one occasion I sat next to him at Meierhold's theatre, where he goes sometimes to see his old pupil's startling experiments. Between the acts we went to the green room, where refreshment was served to a number of distinguished people. I asked him what he thought of the production, *Mandate*, a study of Soviet life and class-war, by Erdmann, and the best existing expression of the new social spirit. His reply was: "It is very good. But you see Meierhold is becoming more academic. He has got back to the flat stage and screens, and he is still very fond of the carefully arranged *ensemble*."

On another occasion I had a long talk with him at his theatre. We discussed the immediate past and future, his achievements since his return from America, and his plans. I had already seen several of his present-day productions, which testified quite plainly to his deepening revolutionary interest—an attitude which, he explained, he could not avoid if he wished, because the public demand was for Left stuff, and he must play Left stuff or shut up shop.

Perhaps he did not tell me everything, for our talk was between the acts of *Lower Depths*, in which he gave a very virile performance. Someone seated at my side in the stalls expressed surprise that a man of his age should be so full of vigour. None the less, he showed some exhaustion when we met, and for this reason I shortened my string of questions.

Some of the facts that came out were as follow:—The M.A.T. is now a State theatre, under the title of the Moscow Art Academic Theatre, and is subsidised accordingly. The First Studio is now the Second Moscow Art Academic Theatre, and is comfortably housed opposite the big State Theatre. Besides this there is one studio under M. Stanislavsky's control, and a musical studio where he is working out a new conception of opera. He is trying to apply his old principles of psychological realism to the operatic singer, thus giving a soul to the opera, as he terms it. The celebrated Vachtangov Studio, which he established soon after the revolution, is now a theatre where the new spirit is reflected, as by *Virincia*, a play of present-day awakening of the peasants adapted from a story by L. Seyfulina, and previously produced by the Second Studio of the M.A.T. These offshoots of the M.A.T. are more extreme than their parent, as may be seen in the production of *The Adventurous Barber*, and *Lysistrata*, with its fine constructive setting by Rabinovich.

As to the contributions already made and those to be made to the new spirit, M. Stanislavsky considers that the following are the outstanding features:—*The Turbin Family*, by M. Bulgakov (deals with the Civil War in the Ukraine); *The Sellers of Fame*, *Nicholas I* and *the Decabrists* (a French piece with a revolutionary interest); there is another *Decabrists 1825'* piece. Both deal with the revolt of the Decembrists. *Pugachevstchennie*, reflecting the peasant revolt headed by Puchachev in the reign of Catherine II, *Petersburg*, and *Elizabeta Petrovna* (the Russian Empress Elizabeth) also express the new tendency. Two or three of these plays have incurred severe criticism from the Left on the ground that they are too compromising. Both *The Turbin Family* and the play

about Pugachev are condemned by the Communists because they do not sufficiently attack the reactionaries. All the same, *The Turbin Family* is a very big success, and fills the Moscow bill three or four evenings a week. M. Stanislavsky stressed Ostrovski's present value, and pointed out that two of his comedies, *Hot Heart* and *The Tsar's Bride*, are in the bill and doing exceedingly well.

He told me that he has several new productions outlined. The character of some of them rather puzzled me. Their titles are: *The Marriage of Figaro*; Sukhovo-Kobylin's *Tarelkin's Death*; Shakespeare's *Othello*; *Utilovsk*, by Leonov; *The Uncle's Dream*, by Dostoevsky; and *The Two Orphans*, an old-fashioned melodrama associated with revolutionary times. It will be seen that the forthcoming productions are mostly old classics. They contain, however, material of use to the M.A.T. in its new age, while offering scope for the acting of the survivors of the old company—such fine players as Kachalov, Moskvina, Madame Knipper, and Stanislavsky, whose qualities have done much to keep the theatre alive.

NOTE.—As I was preparing the article for Press I received the following information from the Moscow Art Theatre. The *Two Orphans* has just been produced under the title of *Sisters Gerard*. During the Festival Week, November 7th to 12th, a new play, *The Armed Train*, by Vsevolod Ivanov, a young Russian novelist, was produced. Shakespeare's *Othello* is in course of preparation. *Othello* will be played by M. Leonidoff. H.C.

A NEW YEAR IN POLITICS

BY JAMES CORBETT

POLITICIANS face 1928 with a degree of eager expectation. They are convinced it may terminate in the most exciting General Election that has been witnessed for a generation. Nearly every speech made in the House of Commons will contain some hint of that coming struggle, and every political student realises that it will mark a definite period of transition from apathy to progress. We have been drifting on the sea of vacillation and compromise. Whatever Government secures power at the next call of the electorate will require to be a Government of action and statesmanship. We are passing into an age where philosophic calm must be exchanged for positive thought and deed. A mere somnambulist at Downing Street cannot represent Great Britain in the coming era.

What is wanted for the next five years is a National Party at Westminster. We cannot hope to witness a national group that will call itself by that name; neither can we expect to see a national coalition of parties formed for the definite purpose of reconstruction; but we submit that a political party animated by a national mind is imperative at this juncture. I care not what political group secures pre-eminence at Westminster provided it is galvanised with a national consciousness. Sectional schism and eternal party conflict represent the ultimate downfall of Britain. A political party or group impressed with the real peril of the nation will soar from chaos to order and sanity. Three wise men at Westminster may accomplish more than five hundred fools.

We cannot forecast what may happen in 1928 without reflecting on what has occurred in the year that has passed. We envisage the political future in terms of recent Parliamentary Acts. We could not, for instance, ignore the potential significance of the Trades Disputes Act. I cannot imagine that such an Act will be repealed by any party. It may be modified, amended, and altered, but it

will not be struck off the Statute Book. It represents the bulwark of stability in our industrial regeneration. It is a lighthouse erected by men of vision, and it will certainly warn extremists off the rocks. We have to safeguard our extremists as well as our moderates. For even a moderate may be written down as a dreamer.

Critics of Parliamentary history may be of the opinion that Mr. Baldwin has failed. He has never once revealed or demonstrated the Unionist point of view. I have often been inclined to suspect him as a reactionary Tory and diehard, yet I think his greatest fault lies in too rigid a Conservatism. He seemingly thinks that Conservatism is sufficient for the nation, and not once has he accentuated the vast distinction between a Conservative and a Unionist. He has been tempted to imagine that ultra-Conservatism is the embodiment of strong government, and he has smiled at the men of his party who have shown more advanced views in this respect. A strictly Unionist policy might have afforded Mr. Baldwin an opportunity of returning to power, because there are many Progressive Unionists to be found in the Conservative Party, and I do not hesitate to affirm that the majority of the younger Unionists are Progressivists. It is a fundamental mistake to furnish the nation with the idea that Conservatives are not out for progress. How can either Conservatives or Unionists expect a return to power on a purely static programme? True reform can only be accomplished on a complete reorganisation of the existing Administration. Mr. Baldwin has not attempted the least semblance of reform or progress. He has been content to remain on Olympian heights of aloofness from the sordid affairs of the plain. He has never once energised himself to make a definite assault in the battle of reconstruction. He has simply contented himself with a philosophy that rules out action as part of true government.

Mr. Baldwin has passed a few minor Acts of Parliament. He could hardly have functioned at Downing Street or Westminster without carrying through a few trifling Bills of legislation. He had to justify his Premier-

ship with a few additions to the Statute Book. But what great Act of reform has he carried through which will be remembered as of vital importance to the nation? We cannot give him anything like absolute credit for the Trades Disputes Act. It would never have occurred to him to embark on such a hazardous project had such an Act of Parliament not been precipitated by the General Strike. He had to safeguard the Constitution from the political extremists. He had to make certain that the wreckers would not dictate to the Government in power, and he carried through a measure of trades union reform which will safeguard even a Labour Government from its own folly. But he did not embark upon such an Act with either intuition or forethought. It was thrust upon him by the dire necessity of events. He happened to be in charge of the ship of state and he merely remained at the helm. No political student of distinction can regard the Trades Disputes Act as a revelation of statesmanship and sagacity. It merely proved to be a blundering instrument of reform that has been unexampled in crudity and amateurishness. It obtained for itself the epithet of a Class Bill. No more childish thing has happened since the two babes were lost in the wood.

Mr. Baldwin has remained under a perpetual coma and lassitude. The General Strike disturbed him for a moment or two from a beautiful dream, and the crisis in the coalfields has slightly irritated the tranquillity of his nerves, but having made a few gestures to show the British nation that he is not completely atrophied he still remains at Downing Street in a state of suspended animation. He cannot see for the life of him why he should do anything else. If you tell him that we are faced with an adverse trade balance, that cotton firms are plunging to bankruptcy, that unemployment figures are soaring higher every week, that the coalfields of Britain are rotting to stagnation and disruption, that the spectre of privation is rising in South Wales, Durham, Northumberland, and Lancashire, he will merely shrug his shoulders. If he is informed that the nation is distressed at his supreme indifference to these matters, if we point

out to him that he has furnished no definite policy for this era of reconstruction, or if we warn him that we are drifting perilously near the rocks of national degeneration, he simply replies that we are faced with a natural reaction of events after a world-war and that if we examine history we will discover exactly the same thing occurred. We do not agree with this argument in the least. An examination of history proves conclusively that no nation has ever recovered without a definite political programme of some kind. Mr. Baldwin did embark upon a campaign of Protection as a complete solvent to all our worries. Having been defeated and outflanked in that political project, he is content to impose upon us a policy of inertia and unconcern.

Mr. Baldwin manifested an infinite degree of wisdom and restraint during the critical days of the General Strike. It so happened, from a psychological standpoint, that a policy of inaction was the best suitable for that auspicious occasion in British history. Mr. Baldwin did not adopt it with either deliberation or forethought. Inaction and tranquillity form part of his natural demeanour. He merely demonstrates again and again in his temperament that no Conservative really believes in the fundamental theory of evolution or progress. By the luck of the gods Mr. Baldwin can reflect that the Trades Disputes Act may win him a certain number of votes. It will afford him a good amount of political support, yet I doubt very much if it will signify his return to power on that single issue. Mr. Baldwin will be remembered as the Prime Minister who intervened in the coal crisis and failed. No economist of the future can ever forget the tragedy of the Baldwin subsidy in the coal industry, neither can any voter overlook the series of blunders made by the Conservative Prime Minister. The British electorate will be more inclined to survey the future with a sane vision than to reflect upon a few trifling Acts of Parliament passed by a Conservative Government. In other words, it will prefer a definite programme of co-operation and unity with all classes rather than a mere repetition of "tranquillity" that has almost ended in chaos. Mr. Baldwin is perfectly

justified in maintaining that he cannot redress an adverse trade balance, that he is not personally responsible for the crisis in the coal industry, that he did not cause the Yarnspinners' Association to make an upheaval in the cotton trade, that his Government cannot be blamed for the inevitable aftermath of war. We are not blaming the Conservative Administration for any of these things, but we do blame Mr. Baldwin for his inaction and lassitude where determination and energy have been urgently required. I believe that electors will be influenced more than anything else by this eternal spectre of unemployment. Mr. Baldwin has never once treated unemployment as a national problem. He has sniffed at it, played with it as a cat plays with a mouse, sneered at it, experimented with it, blundered with it, and has finally ignored it. He has always treated it as a side issue. He has always regarded unemployment as a concomitant result of war. He has never viewed it from the national standpoint, and he has never attempted a solution from the national basis. He is like the man with the muckrake who can never see a star. His Conservative philosophy of inaction and tranquillity breaks down hopelessly before the menace of the workless. Such an attitude of stagnation and indifference merely perpetuates the establishment of Labour Exchanges throughout the country. It adds to the burden of the ratepayers, it demoralises the unemployed, and it plays directly into the hands of the wreckers. Mr. Baldwin could energise himself, if he liked, into the formation of a scheme of national relief work. He could advance the plans already existent for afforestation, canal-reconstruction, bridge-building, dock extension and repairs, slum clearance, etc., etc. He could do a hundred things towards nationalising the unemployment problem, towards energising Britain to greater heights of prosperity and peace, towards breaking down the class-barrier which the policy of Government inaction has created. He could even formulate such a programme during the next few months, and his example in that respect would be followed by the majority of our great industrial leaders. But I doubt very much whether Mr. Baldwin will be stirred from

his armchair attitude of quiet, philosophic calm. Nothing but the stupendous bomb of a General Election will disturb his chronic apathy.

I now turn automatically to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. I group these names together with deliberate intent. I cannot possibly see other than a pact or working arrangement between them. We can take it for granted that they will preserve a mutual hostility up to the last moment. Yet I foresee a junction of thought between them which is seemingly inevitable. Everything will depend upon whether Mr. Lloyd George can secure his phalanx of eighty Liberal supporters. I have been impressed for a long time by the fact that this will mean real power for Mr. Lloyd George. He will be manoeuvred into this Parnellite position through a series of uncontrollable events, and I surmise that no one will more appreciate the opportunity for strategy and resource than the Welsh Wizard. I think we could safely rely upon this modern Parnell playing the game of political buffer with consistency and tact. He would save the extremists from walking right over the precipice. He would facilitate the rationalisation of the Labour Party to quite an extraordinary extent, and he could counteract any act of reaction on the part of the Conservative Group. One thing is certain. Mr. Lloyd George is pre-eminently a statesman of conciliation and compromise. We want more of that spirit than less in the days to come.

I doubt very much whether the Liberal leader can hope to attain a complete ascendancy at the General Election. We are still awaiting his Industrial Report with a good amount of trepidation and wonder. There is not the least doubt that such a report will influence industrial constituencies to an amazing extent, yet can this be counterbalanced to the same degree by the Liberal Land Policy in rural areas? A joint consensus of opinion in that respect would constitute a return of the Liberals to full power. Yet I fancy it is like sighing for summer on a winter's night. Political miracles seldom occur in this present century. Many voters are going to object to the Liberal Land Policy because it just stops short of

nationalisation. I am inclined to anticipate that the same fear may be expressed concerning the Industrial Report. Mr. Lloyd George has made no definite pronouncement that he is anxious to avoid nationalisation at all cost. He gives a prospective voter the impression that he would not hesitate to experiment with nationalisation when he held the reins at 10, Downing Street. That kind of nebulous uncertainty will afford the British voter many qualms in the days ahead. Upon the answer to the question will depend whether or not Mr. Lloyd George can even secure his eighty Liberal stalwarts. He will certainly be disappointed if he discovers such uncertainty to be the supreme cause of his extinction as a positive force in Britain. Perhaps he will seize the earliest opportunity of reassuring timid electors in this respect. We cannot afford even to experiment with the nightmare of nationalisation. Any attempt to bureaucratised industry will spell ruin for England in a night. Any attempt to nationalise the land can only put an end to all hope of genuine agricultural reform. We have encountered the Liberal Land Van on many occasions during the past year. Its group of organised speakers are carrying out a very profitable amount of propaganda through every part of the countryside; thousands of copies of the *Land News* are being distributed every month; and we understand that the Liberal headquarters in London are working with the very maximum amount of efficiency and energy. A concordat of understanding has been established between Abingdon Street and Old Queen Street, and rumour reports that the shade of Mr. Lloyd George passes persistently between these landmarks of political interest. We can assume that such energy will not be minimised when the Industrial Report is launched in January, as it is hoped, although few of us will ever learn why this official Liberal report has been so long delayed. One could understand the delay if Mr. Lloyd George was about to play the trump card at the last moment, yet we doubt if the report will cause more than a certain amount of polite curiosity. Rumour alleges that the report would have caused genuine consternation had it been published as at first drafted, and,

indeed, we hear that the report is even more radical than Mr. Lloyd George himself, so without doubt we will witness some slight fluttering among the political doves. It is too early to determine the effect of the report upon the national mind, yet at least we can anticipate a definite attempt on the part of the Liberals to mitigate some of the industrial evils that exist. I am naturally intrigued at the prospect of what may happen if we can contemplate the re-emergence of a Liberal Government. It would mean a first-class opportunity for Mr. Lloyd George to disprove that he was something more than a war dictator. It would be almost the last chance for Liberals to demonstrate that they were not as dead as the dodo or as extinct as Neanderthal man. We can depend upon it that Mr. Lloyd George and his political agents will leave no stone unturned to transform the dream of a Liberal renaissance into a living reality. From now to December next we shall be surfeited with a never-ending series of political speeches, and at any moment may come the challenge of the polls that will determine our future Government. I doubt very much whether Mr. Lloyd George can estimate how the pendulum will swing. I venture to assert that he is just as much in the dark as any of us with regard to that great mystery-bulk of electors who are often swayed more by a personality or an event than by a political programme. And no one can hazard a prediction of events if Mr. Baldwin turns Lord Rothermere down and grants thousands of votes to the flappers. I cannot agree, for one, that such an extension of the franchise will mean for a certainty a Socialist Government, neither can I understand how Lord Rothermere has arrived at such a psychological reckoning. We hear it on the one hand that it is the natural instinct of an ignorant voter to support a Conservative, and Lord Rothermere would have us believe that every young girl in the land is seething with Socialistic fervour and zeal, yet I am tempted to speculate that the amateur at the polls may be more inclined to keep in the middle of the road and vote for a Liberal. I think the amateur girl voter will dread being caught in an extremity of faith. She will more

likely think the safest plan is to vote for a Liberal with positive and sane ideas about reconstruction. If that prediction of mine proves correct, and if Mr. Baldwin is so kind as to keep his promise to the flappers, then Mr. Lloyd George need not worry any longer about his Industrial Report. He will be returned with a clear and paralysing majority, and then every band in Wales will play the "Men of Harlech." Let us hope, if that astounding event occurs, that Mr. Lloyd George will do something more active than talk and sing in Welsh.

On the other hand, this dream may not materialise. Mr. Lloyd George is still holding his ear close to the ground, yet I do not imagine he is banking on any remote possibility of an actual Liberal Government. It will be noticed during the ensuing months that he is working steadily for his phalanx of eighty Liberal supporters, and that at least will determine him a stupendous force in the political affairs of the nation. I think he will do everything in his power to secure, first of all, a definite working arrangement with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his followers, and it will be very interesting to observe how his overtures are received in this respect. He cannot possibly promise anything in the nature of nationalisation without splitting the Liberal Party from top to bottom, therefore Mr. MacDonald will have to be content with a very modified programme of radical reform. Such a working arrangement may simply mean a temporary fusion between the two political groups, and doubtless anything in the nature of a formal pact will be actively repudiated on each side. I therefore take it that in any event we must regard Mr. Lloyd George as the most dominant personality in the days ahead—irrespective even of the return of the Baldwin Administration or not—for to be able to play the game of Parnell in a previous generation may mean the greatest statesmanship that any politician can possibly render to the nation. We can certainly build our hopes upon the efforts of Mr. Lloyd George to bring about disarmament and arbitration. Sir Austen Chamberlain launched the first move in this direction when he established the Treaty of Locarno on a sound basis, but he has

been tempted to push forward no positive policy with regard to either disarmament or arbitration. Conservatives rely once again upon their philosophic calm in this respect. But that philosophy will not lower the standard of taxation or bring about a settled era of economy or peace in our midst. Mr. Lloyd George will lead the way, if not to an Eastern Locarno at least to a period of tranquillity in the war chancelleries of Europe. His personality will count very much in the days ahead.

I am not ignoring the fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will do his utmost to bring in a completely Socialist Government. He has inaugurated both a land and industrial scheme, yet everything points to the fact that both he and his followers are out for wholesale nationalisation. That is why we must fight the wild-cat ideas of the Socialists root and branch. Any scheme that leads to the dead regimentation of officialdom can only spell national bankruptcy within a fortnight; any Marxian programme which outlaws initiative and private effort can only frustrate the whole foundation of our economic system. We cannot afford to experiment with chaos. Neither can we afford to entertain the Labour Party proposal of a surtax. The most important thing to obtain is the revival of trade. If we maintain the rigid doctrine that trade revival depends upon the capital savings of the country, then every individual in the nation should be doing all that is possible to encourage and not discourage production. But the surtax proposal has been officially adopted by Mr. MacDonald because he allowed himself to be rushed by the extremists. He has pandered again to the wild men and the wreckers. The surtax has professed itself a successor of the Capital Levy. It is even referred to as a substitute. The Capital Levy was supposed to be an operation which would represent one moment of surgical agony. It would happen once and for all, and every penny of its proceeds was to be earmarked for the National Debt. These were plausible reasons for presuming that the amputation should be performed, but the country felt that the objections to the Capital Levy were overwhelming. This surtax scheme would be far more vicious in effect.

It is a surgical operation which threatens us once a year, and is therefore intended to be a permanent addition to taxation. After we have cleared away all ambiguity and deceit, the surtax has been confessed not a means of paying off debt but a plot to increase the tax burdens of the country. At a moment when our rate of saving should be increased, when trade revival should be promoted with all the energy in our power, this scheme has been launched by the extremists and Socialists as an attractive bait for the New Year and the new voter. It is advanced to people who do not realise that the restoration of national credit should be the first interest of all classes, of people who are under the impression that an unlimited programme of social reform should have no real basis of financial reality. The surtax would simply postpone to the Greek Kalends any chance of favourable conversion of the debt, for it is the fatal philosophy of the milch cow that can be milked at will for the benefit of the poorer sections of the community. It is the dream mirage of people who believe in an inexhaustible supply of gold from those who, by their ability, industry and success, have accumulated a certain degree of wealth. But such a nightmare has always resulted in tragedy for the dreamer.

THE SOVIET TSARS

By "AUGUR"

THE powerful radio station in Moscow threw out into the world on December 1st the following message:—

November 30th will remain forever an historical day in the Red Annals. For the Soviet delegates have inflicted a defeat on the representatives of the bourgeoisie by proclaiming firmly the principle: "Peace and Fraternity."

This magniloquent declaration refers to the proposal for complete disarmament put forward by M. Litvinoff at the meeting of the Disarmament Commission at Geneva. The Soviet Commissar offered that his country would disarm completely within a year's time if other States did likewise. He offered to destroy within the same period not only the works producing arms and munitions, but also those industrial undertakings which can be transformed for war production. What a magnificent gesture! The Soviet Tsars dare to propose complete and absolute disarmament, whilst the bourgeoisie which declaims about peace has not the courage of accepting this humanitarian suggestion. The mask is torn from its hypocritical attitude.

Unfortunately on the same day, when M. Litvinoff spoke so at Geneva, a more important Soviet leader—Kalinin, the Chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union—spoke in Russia in a different strain. Addressing the workmen of a factory in South Russia he is reported in the Soviet official Press to have declared:—

Will we remain in power? I say yes. But of late we have become too "civilian." We attack the Chamberlains and the Churchills in our humoristic journals, and we forget the menace of war, which is very real. This should not be forgotten. The worker must know how to use the rifle . . . the knowledge will come in handy under all circumstances . . . the workers must be armed . . . they must arrange military games oftener . . . why should they not at regular intervals carry out armed attacks against their own or neighbouring works?

Then again, we find that, whilst in the Budget for 1924-1925 the expenditure of the Commissariat for War stood at 420 million roubles, in 1925-1926 it advanced to 611 million, and for 1926-1927 it attained 657 millions. Whilst M. Litvinoff was recommending peace at Geneva his colleagues in Moscow inscribed into the Budget proposals for 1927-1928 the sum of 728 million roubles for the army and navy. Reliable information is available about the buying by the Soviet Government of a large quantity of Chilian nitrates exclusively used for the fabrication of explosives. This shows the existence of a bellicose spirit in disagreement with the pacifism of M. Litvinoff at Geneva. The view is confirmed that the Soviet proposals were intended not to further the cause of disarmament, but for propaganda purposes.

And yet, in spite of these formidable preparations for war the Soviet Tsars appear to be in a state of weakness which precludes the probability of their being able to go to war. This weakness was exhibited in the case of the Polish-Lithuanian conflict. When M. Litvinoff was at Geneva he frankly explained in his confidential talks with M. Briand and Herr Stresemann that his Government had pressed the Lithuanians to give in to the Polish demand for a termination of the "state of war" *because otherwise Marshal Pilsudsky could not be prevented from employing force*. In other words, the Soviet Government recognised its inability to come to the assistance of Lithuania in case the latter were attacked by the Poles. The Soviet Tsars wanted to avoid the loss of political prestige which would ensue if they were obliged to stand by and allow Lithuania to be annihilated by her powerful Polish neighbour.

The desperate attempts made by M. Litvinoff at Geneva to patch up an agreement with the British delegation are further proof of the weakness of the Soviet *régime*. We use the word "desperate" with deliberation. A few years ago it would have been unthinkable for a Soviet delegate to go to the lengths of self-abasement to which M. Litvinoff went in his pursuit of an interview with Sir Austen Chamberlain. No snubs were able to rebuff him, and

when it became clear that only a direct request for the interview could bring satisfaction M. Litvinoff humbled himself and made it. It was evidently necessary for the position of the Soviet Tsars inside their own country for him to be able to produce at least a semblance of a diplomatic success. Sir Austen committed the mistake of not telling the public immediately the exact words employed by him in his talk with M. Litvinoff; this permitted the Soviet Commissar to spread rumours about a softening of the intransigent British demand for guarantees against subversive propaganda by the Communist International. After the Arcos raid, when the authorities withheld for a few days the truth about the results obtained, the legend was sedulously cultivated that the Soviet Government had come out victorious from the affair. The same thing has happened in respect of the Chamberlain-Litvinoff meeting. But before this article will be published it will be generally known that Sir Austen did not—and could not—retreat from the conditions set out for the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Tsars.

The question will be asked: What is the source of the weakness of the Soviet *régime* to-day? It lies evidently within the *régime* itself, because no external enemies are attacking it at present. We see two reasons for this weakness, which no warlike preparations and no bombastic propaganda can disguise any longer. First, the Soviet Tsars are devouring each other; and, second, economically the *régime* is on the down grade. To the impartial observer it has been an amazing thing to find, during all these years of revolutionary stress, that the Soviet Tsars have not reinforced themselves with new and younger forces. The same men who with Lenin seized power in 1917 remain at the head of affairs. Revolutions are devourers of men, and usually fresh leaders ascend continuously from the seething human mass to replace those who are worn out by the strenuous task of revolutionary government. In Moscow nothing of the sort has happened. The same group of rulers carries on. Besides Lenin others have dropped out, not to give up their places to new fighters, but because

they were worn out physically and mentally. The Soviet Tsars are stricken with the curse of political sterility; they have killed millions, they rule over tens of millions, but they have been unable to produce worthy successors. When they die they leave nobody behind to carry on the Lenin dynasty.

Not content with seeing their ranks thinned by physical dissolution, the Soviet Tsars have begun to devour each other. We hear a great deal about Stalin and Trotsky, and of the struggle between the ruling faction and the Opposition. A study of the voluminous literature produced by both sides convinces us that there is no real difference of principle between the warring parties. The whole affair is a personal matter: Stalin and his friends hold power and enjoy its advantages. Trotsky and his friends want that power for themselves. But if Trotsky could displace Stalin to-day he certainly would carry on his policy to-morrow. Therefore it is indifferent to us which of the two men wins finally, Stalin or Trotsky. The important fact is that by crushing the Opposition the Stalinites have injured themselves, because they have reduced the membership of the ruling group in the Kremlin; they have thrown out Trotsky, Zinoveff and others, and have no real Bolsheviks to bring in to fill the void thus created. The rank and file of the Communist Party is of no consequence; the elections of representatives are so engineered that an Opposition has never a chance to make itself heard in a lawful manner. The men in power are assured of the "unanimous" support of the Communist congress. But if the latter voted as one man to-day for Stalin, it will vote as unanimously to-morrow for Trotsky if the latter is able to seize power. The Soviet Tsars have achieved an autocracy more complete than that of their Romanoff predecessors. But, clearly and inevitably, the weakening of the ruling group in the Kremlin must bring with it a growing weakness of the whole machine of the Soviet State. This weakness is enhanced by the continued development of an economic crisis which no Soviet

measures seem capable of extinguishing. To describe the nature of this crisis we shall have recourse to the official Soviet publications themselves.

We shall begin with a Soviet note of triumph. In the *Ekonomicheskaja Jisn*, the organ for economic questions, we read on November 10th of this year that the development of Russia is greater than that of the United States, and that the average yearly increase in the production of American industries is far less than the corresponding figure in the Soviet State! It would seem that in such conditions the Russian people, and especially the population of Moscow, should be well supplied with all necessities and with a few luxuries at least. Yet in the journal named in the numbers (chosen at random among others) for June 16th, July 12th, 23rd and 27th, August 1st, 4th and 17th, September 18th, 19th, 21st and 22nd, we find articles describing the lack of various commodities and manufactured goods.¹ The people cannot obtain sufficient quantities of flour, bread, sugar, tea, meat, eggs, cloth, linen, shoes, etc. This is in Moscow, where queues of hundreds and thousands stand before the shops which sell food and clothing. In the provinces things are worse, for the *Ekonomicheskaja Jisn*, in the numbers for June 26th, July 7th, 13th, 18th, 20th and 26th, August 23rd and 28th, September 11th, 19th, 21st and 26th, enumerates the objects the dearth of which is felt acutely. These are: textile goods of every description, linen, ready-made clothes, hosiery, footwear, glass, crockery, sheet iron, sawn wood, etc., also tea, coffee, herrings, and sunflower oil (the latter two are staple objects of consumption of the poorer classes in Russia). On the other hand, there is no dearth of meat, flour, milk, or eggs. If these cannot be obtained in Moscow in sufficient quantities the fault is evidently with the organisation of transport. These facts, gleaned from an official publication, prove that the alleged elimination of the private trader, of which the Soviet Tsars are proud,

(1) These indications are taken from the excellent compilation by B. Sokoloff in the December number of the *Lutte pour la Russie*, published in Paris.

not only has not improved conditions of living in Russia, but in the tenth year of the existence of the *régime* continues to create a state of an unending economic crisis. Wherever we turn we discover the same thing. The official Press supplies proof that things are not going well in Russia. So the same *Ekonomicheskaja Jisn* (September 9th), analysing the unemployment prevailing among the members of industrial trade unions, states that it has passed the million mark in spite of the fact that money continues to be poured into the socialised industries by the Soviet Exchequer.

The question is asked : if the existence and the development of an economic crisis in Russia is an indisputable fact, how is it that many foreigners when they visit the country do not see any traces of it? On the contrary, quite a number discover signs of an impressive revival(?) The answer is that the foreign visitors to Russia come under two categories. One consists of people who for ideal or venal reasons go to Russia with the fixed intention of seeing things from a particular angle. The other is formed by those naïve persons whom the Soviet Tsars admit into their realm and have them accomplish "conducted" tours of inspection under the eagle eye of specialists from the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, the Communist International, or the Tche-Ka.

The crowning proof of the weakness of the Soviet Tsars is in the fact that Germany is making attempts to free herself from the incubus of the connection with Moscow. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German Ambassador and the playfellow of Chicherin, remains yet in the Soviet capital, where only the other day a sumptuous banquet was given to celebrate the fifth year of his sojourn, but in Berlin the coldness towards the Kremlin is increasing. Herr Stresemann frowns when Litvinoff or some other Soviet dignitary inflicts upon him the doubtful honour of a visit at the Wilhelmstrasse. Other Governments are immediately informed of the fact and told what took place, so that they should not imagine the existence of any connivance between the German Government and the Soviet Tsars. The latter are doing

their utmost to assert their right to share in the councils of Europe. Admittance is not refused, and the world is given the spectacle of the once haughty denouncers of the League of Nations arriving at Geneva and straining every nerve to appear polite and pleasant. But in the Soviet *régime* there are congenital weaknesses which no communion with the Covenant can eradicate. The Lenin dynasty of Russian autocrats is doomed to go the way of its predecessors, and for the same reason : it lacks democratic support. It is in the position of a cardiac patient : the end may come to-day, it may be delayed yet, but it is inevitable.

But until the end the Soviet Tsars will remain dangerous. They cannot change their nature and will go on fighting. Their weakness obliges them to assume on occasions the mask of humbled compliance, but their hate of Europe is inextinguishable. At the last meeting of the congress of the Communist Party in Moscow a few days ago, Bukharin, the president of the Communist International, remonstrated again with those comrades who argued that Soviet diplomatic interests required that propaganda should "go more gently." He admitted that it was difficult to have in the same time friendly relations with the West and to "go on with the revolution," but there were opportunities to stimulate unrest in the world, and especially in the colonies, which the Communist International simply could not forgo. Therefore, *Caveant Consules!*

POLAND AND THE BALTIC

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

DURING the last two or three months the increasing strain which marked the relations of the Poles and the Lithuanians to each other engaged general attention and created not a little concern. In October-November the tension became so great that it appeared as if the peace of North-Eastern Europe might be broken at any moment. Apart from intervention from outside, the result of a war between Poland, with thirty million inhabitants, and Lithuania, with two and a half millions, was easy to forecast. In such circumstances war seemed highly improbable, even absurd. The Lithuanians, however, asserted that the Poles, with Marshal Pilsudski at their head, purposed and planned an invasion of their little republic and were bent on ravishing it of its independence. On their side the Poles retorted that the Lithuanians were mobilising, but this was denied by Kovno, and having regard to the relative strength of the two countries a Lithuanian attack on Poland was simply incredible. Yet at the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva in December M. Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister, was able to quote from a recent speech of M. Smetona, President of Lithuania, in which the latter spoke of the present time as a period of preparation for "the march on Vilna," that is, for war on Poland. It may have been one of those speeches designed only for home consumption, but no Pole could regard such an utterance, coming as it did from such a high official source, as other than provocative. The march on Vilna! What was in the mind of the Lithuanian President? He knew well enough that such an undertaking was doomed to horrible failure unless it received strong support from outside—whence, then, did he expect to get it? The answer, which is not hard to find, will be indicated later in this article when the whole Baltic question that is the real, deep-set background of this Polish-Lithuanian controversy comes to be dis-

cussed. In any case the words of M. Smetona could not be said to have a peaceful ring, particularly when the fact was taken into account that Lithuania for several years had specifically declared itself to be in a "state of war" with Poland. These features of the situation had the natural effect of blunting to a not inconsiderable extent the charges laid at Poland's door at Geneva by M. Walde-maras, the Lithuanian Prime Minister, in his statement of the case for his country. On the other hand, it should in fairness be said that it is impossible to believe that these charges were altogether destitute of substance and were purely imaginary. Indeed, it may be gathered from the reply of M. Zaleski that so much was in a measure admitted, the inference intended to be conveyed being that whatever exceptional steps had been in contemplation by Poland had had their genesis in the existence of the "state of war" maintained with such obstinacy by Lithuania, in the opinion of the Poles, but with such determination, according to Lithuanian ideas.

It was as a reprisal for the seizure of Vilna by Zeligowski in 1920 that Lithuania instituted the "state of war"—as more of a punishment than of a protest. But, like many other reprisals, especially those in which economics come into constant play, this action was double-edged. If it cut against Poland, as it did, it also cut against Lithuania. Though there was no actual fighting, except in the form of more or less unimportant frontier incidents, the "state of war" was by no means theoretical; it was a reality. The Lithuanian frontiers were closed and were kept closed against Poland. All the ordinary, everyday facilities of intercourse, not only as regards exchange of produce and other commodities, but equally in the matter of posts, telegraphs, railways and roads, were denied to both peoples. Letters despatched from Poland to Lithuania took weeks to reach their destination by roundabout routes, and the same was true of letters sent from Lithuania to Poland. When I was in Vilna two years ago I found how the "state of war" worked out in practice. A young Pole, with whom I became acquainted in that city, and whose family had properties in both countries,

told me that his mother was "holding down" the family estate in Lithuania by living upon it, and that if she left it, even for a short visit to him, she would almost certainly be deprived of it by the Lithuanian authorities. Meantime he was farming another family estate in Poland. There was no communication between them, except at long and uncertain intervals. If he went to Lithuania to see her she would be, he declared, penalised in some way for it. So they did not meet, and had not met for some years. All this plainly indicated a most unpleasant and unfortunate condition of things. No doubt the "state of war" did harm to Poland, but it probably did even more to Lithuania itself. A striking example of this was and is Memel, and M. Zaleski did not fail to make play with it in his speech at Geneva. The port of Memel, which with Memelland had been acquired, to speak frankly, by Lithuania by methods that differed little from those that had procured Vilna for Poland, depended for its prosperity, if not for its very existence, on the timber floated down to it on the Niemen. When the "state of war" made rafting logs impracticable by that river, Memel suffered severely and was brought to the verge of ruin. This explains, at least in part, the trouble Lithuania has had and still has with Memel and the Memellanders. Attempts were made to get over the rafting difficulty, but none was successful, as the Lithuanians would not come to an agreement that was satisfactory to the Poles, who maintained, not without reason, that the Lithuanians did not want to reach an agreement at all. And so the quarrel went on and on.

The tragedy of the Polish-Lithuanian conflict is that it is a conflict between two peoples who should be friends and allies, who have a past in which for centuries they were friends, allied, united, and who still have many political, economic, and cultural interests in common. For years, and particularly of late, Poland has been anxious to end the "state of war," but Lithuania would not agree to do so because of Vilna—this was always the stumbling block. Both sides of the Vilna question have been given so wide and ample a hearing that there is no need to go into it

farther; everything has been said that can be said. As is well known, all the efforts of the League of Nations, which had the whole subject put before it to the fullest possible extent by both Poland and Lithuania, failed to find a way out of the difficulty. The solution proposed by M. Hymans, the Belgian Minister, came up against the solid opposition of virtually all Lithuania, but it was a solution that was not without some merit. If it did not go far enough in emphasising and safeguarding the independence of Lithuania as a sovereign State, and therefore of adequately meeting Lithuanian nationalistic feelings and aspirations, it proposed a form of union of Poland and Lithuania which at any rate might have preserved the latter from certain dangers to its real independence that now are sufficiently obvious and that certainly do not come from Poland. If a measure, broadly on the lines drawn up by M. Hymans but amended so as to satisfy Lithuanian susceptibilities, could have been agreed to by the two States, the Baltic question would have been in a position very different from what it is in to-day. The opportunity, and it was an opportunity, passed. The League of Nations handed the matter over to the Conference of Ambassadors, and in 1923 that body decided that Vilna and the Vilna district should belong to Poland. Lithuania protested vehemently and declared that it would never accept this decision. The "state of war" went on undiminished, accentuated if possible. Yet in other parts of Europe decisions of the Ambassadors' Conference were accepted, acted on as "juridical," and became part of the law of Europe. The occupation of Vilna had been legalised—this was the plain fact of the matter, but Lithuania declined to recognise it. Two or three years went by, and the Lithuanian Government of that time appealed to the Conference to review its decision, to reopen the whole question of Vilna, but in 1926 the Conference reaffirmed its former finding, to the joy of Poland and the discomfiture of Lithuania, which once again announced passionately and defiantly its refusal to be bound by the decision. In the interval something had occurred which gave a different aspect to the Polish-Lithuanian conflict altogether. This

was the visit of Chicherin, the Foreign Commissar of the Soviet, to Kovno, the Lithuanian capital, in December, 1925.

It was to be expected that Lithuania, feeling so intensely as it did about Vilna and the Poles, and conscious of its own relative weakness despite the "state of war" with Poland that it kept up, would look for assistance from outside. Externally its political position was not exactly a happy one, and the choice of the little State was strictly limited in more than one sense. To the east lay Soviet Russia, only a few miles away, the distance that separated them being precisely the width of Vilna and the Vilna district—the Vilna Corridor, as it was sometimes called. But Lithuania was well aware of the imperialism of Moscow and of the Red plots and intrigues that were continually coming to light (to say nothing of propaganda) in the area of the North-Eastern Baltic. It had the fate of Georgia before its eyes. Surely not to ruthless Russia, where the scorpions of Bolshevism had replaced the whips of the Tsarist *régime*, would it think of looking for help! On the south was Germany, from whose clutches it had been delivered only by the outcome of the Great War, and with whom, in any case, there was the question of Memel and Memelland to divide them. No bright star of hope shone for Lithuania in that quarter. On the north stood, one above the other, the "New Baltic States" of Latvia and Estonia, with which it had tried to make some sort of alliance, but unsuccessfully; besides, these States, though stronger combined, were in themselves comparatively small and weak. The larger horizon opened out for them of a genuinely powerful Baltic League had been based on Poland—as it was in the vision of Meierovitz, the wise and far-seeing Latvian statesman, who if he had not been cut off untimely by a motor accident in that very year, 1925, might have seen the realisation of his dream. Latvia sympathised to a certain extent with Lithuania, but neither Latvia nor Estonia had any notion of espousing Lithuania's quarrel with Poland, and the Lithuanians could expect no support from them. To the surprise and annoyance of the other Baltic States

generally it was to Soviet Russia that Lithuania definitely oriented itself, being thus the first to break the line of the Baltic on that side *vis-à-vis* the Reds. When Chicherin visited Kovno he said that the Soviet was not put out by the thought of an alliance of the Baltic States for their own self-defence, but only by the possibility of a Baltic League under the leadership of Poland. He also gratified the Lithuanians by assuring them that they were perfectly justified in persisting in their claim for the possession of Vilna. In short, Chicherin filled his accustomed *rôle* of mischief-maker with all his usual adroitness and a good deal more than his usual success. But to exploit a situation so congenial no prodigious effort was required of him in the difficult circumstances of Lithuania. The latest sequel to Chicherin's appearance in Kovno was seen in the Note presented to Warsaw in November last by the Soviet and the subsequent excursions of Litvinoff in Berlin and Geneva.

Though a Baltic League, with a pact of mutual guarantee, of Poland, Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania appears to be postulated by the very logic of things, all attempts at forming such a combination have so far failed. The nearest approach to success was the negotiation in 1922 at Warsaw of a treaty of alliance between Poland, Finland, Estonia, and Latvia, which was signed by the Foreign Ministers of these States. Finland, however, would not ratify the treaty, which accordingly fell through and lapsed. Later conferences had no better result, at all events as regards a common policy of defence; only Estonia and Latvia made a defensive alliance. Various reasons may be adduced for this state of affairs, but the chief of them is to be found in the policy of the Soviet in the Baltic. Since 1921 Moscow has done its utmost to keep the Baltic States apart from each other and to prevent them from forming anything in the nature of a Baltic League. *Divide et impera* expresses that policy perfectly. At first and for some time—while all they had suffered from the Reds was still vivid in their memories—the Baltic States closed their ranks against the Soviet, and would have nothing to do with the treaties of non-aggression

and neutrality it suggested. But it was persistent and full of wiles. In the spring of 1926 Chicherin began negotiations for three non-aggression agreements with Poland, with Finland, and with Estonia-Latvia-Lithuania respectively. In Baltic circles this move was regarded as an attempt by the Soviet not only to keep the Baltic States from making a League of their own, but also to counterbalance the pacts of Locarno and to estrange these States from the League of Nations. The negotiations ultimately broke down, so far as Poland, Finland, Estonia, and Latvia were concerned. With Lithuania, where, as already shown, the ground had been better prepared, the Soviet was more successful, as it did get that State to sign a treaty, the terms of which were condemned almost unreservedly by the other Baltic States at the time. Still, it must not be forgotten that this treaty was inspired by Chicherin's skilful playing on the feelings of the Lithuanians regarding Vilna. But it was a desperate expedient, as it brought Lithuania within the Moscow orbit. In a Note to the Soviet Poland made a strong protest which evoked only an enigmatic reply. The Western Powers remained silent. Perhaps it was because a much greater political event held their attention in 1926—the German-Soviet Treaty of Berlin, which strengthened and extended the agreements of Rapallo.

In the following year Chicherin scored another success in his campaign against the Baltic States by compromising Latvia, partly by a political treaty, of which two paragraphs were initialed, and much more by a commercial treaty, which was ratified by the Latvian Parliament last autumn, after a struggle which convulsed all Latvia for five months, its people being about equally divided on the subject. Ratification was passed by a very small majority in the Diet; significantly, four votes from the German Minority, which had five votes in all, served to turn the scale. M. Cielens, the Socialist Prime Minister of Latvia, recommended the treaty to his countrymen on economic grounds, yet the opposition to it was led by the Latvian industrialists, who maintained that whatever advantages were conferred by it were more than offset by the position,

privileged politically as well as commercially, which was inherent in it for the Soviet. M. Cielens, who knew something of the tender mercies of the Bolsheviks from personal experiences that included sentence of death, and therefore could not be supposed to have any illusions about Moscow, as stoutly maintained that the treaty would bring nothing but good to Latvia, and that the effect of the privileges accorded the Soviet was vastly exaggerated. Outside opinion, notably in Estonia, which had been about to conclude a customs union with Latvia, its ally, held a very different view. In Reval it was said that Latvia was making an entirely new departure in policy, which far from furthering a Baltic League, its objective hitherto, placed that State under political and economic subjection to the Reds. In theory Latvia stands to benefit from the large orders that have been promised by Moscow and from profits on railway transit. Before the Great War Riga, the Latvian capital, a flourishing and beautiful city, known as the "Queen of the Baltic," and with upwards of half a million population, supported a great number of important manufacturing concerns that sent their output into all parts of the Russian Empire. After the war, but chiefly as a consequence of the Bolshevik Revolution, the trade of Riga fell to zero; its population was reduced by more than a half. The overwhelming disaster which had overtaken the once-opulent city was typified by the long row—still seen to-day after nine years—of tall factory chimneys, smokeless and "dead," against the skyline above Riga's fine bay. And just as the Soviet in the case of Lithuania had found its opportunity in Vilna, so in the case of Latvia it found its opportunity in those stark, lifeless chimneys of Riga. "Let us set them all working again," suggested Moscow. The bait was swallowed. But as the Soviet holds the entire commerce of Russia in its hands, and breaks its contracts when it sees any gain in doing so, it is obvious that it can easily put itself in a position to deal as it likes with Latvia. This means that Latvia must keep on terms with Moscow, and this in its turn means political concessions, which will be facilitated, inevitably, by the special rights conferred on the Soviet

Commercial Mission. The best that can be said for the treaty is that it provides that it may be abrogated by either party at the end of eighteen months, but no doubt the Soviet will see to it that no sufficient ground for this procedure will be given. What is clear is that unless Latvia does cancel the treaty a second breach, and one much more important than the first, has been made in the line of the Baltic States, Poland being cut off from the other States, Estonia and Finland isolated, and a Baltic League rendered an impossibility. In brief, Moscow will have succeeded. And if this proves the oft-repeated statement that Great Britain had created an *entente* of the Baltic States against the Soviet was nothing but a fiction, there is no great comfort for the British in that, for the Baltic is undoubtedly a British interest of some magnitude, if only from the trade point of view. To this must be added the fact that Germany, with its Moscow affiliations, is a keen competitor in all that area.

Poland and Lithuania reached a settlement at Geneva on December 10th, inasmuch as M. Waldemaras, but only after great pressure and apparently at the last moment, agreed that Lithuania would abandon the "state of war" with Poland. While this in itself is a good thing, it goes a very little way, if any, in changing the Baltic situation as it has been outlined in this article. If Poland recognises the political independence and territorial integrity of Lithuania, the latter maintains its right to Vilna. This being the case, no disproportionate significance should be attached to the point that M. Waldemaras was urged to yield by both Dr. Stresemann and Litvinoff respecting the "state of war." The Vilna question remains. It was Vilna that presented the first opening for the malign policy of the Soviet in the Baltic, and it is impossible to imagine that Moscow, being what it is, favours the healing of that running sore. And it is easily intelligible that German policy, at bottom as thoroughly hostile as is that of the Soviet to Poland, should not desire the matter settled and done with. It is well known that during the past year, 1927, the Western Powers have been acting together in an endeavour to bring about

a settlement. In February they made strong representations in this sense both at Warsaw and Kovno. In May the Polish Government replied that, basing itself on the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors, it considered the question definitely closed. In October the Lithuanian Government, in a long memorandum, once more declared categorically that it did not accept the decision of the Conference, that is, it maintained its right to Vilna, and it repeated the Zeligowski story from its own point of view. The Council of the League of Nations has postponed discussion till its next meeting. Will there be a solution? Granted, as it must be granted, that Poland is juridically in a strong position, there are other elements in the case, for instance, the broken line of the Baltic States—which is not good for Poland—to be taken into account. But I shall go farther. I believe in Poland, in that splendid act of historical justice that brought it to life again, in the large destiny that awaits it. The Poles are a generous and great-hearted people. Is it not possible for them to make some concessions to Lithuania? Even if they involve sacrifices? More than once they have made conciliatory overtures to Germany against their own feelings. Surely they will never permit it to be said of them that they were capable enough of the *beau geste* to the strong, but incapable of it to the weak? Is there not some part of the Vilna territory where perhaps the Lithuanians are most numerous which may be returned to Lithuania? Is it utterly fantastic to ask whether Vilna itself, with its famous shrine of the Virgin, adored alike by both peoples, cannot be made a Holy City for Lithuanians as well as Poles?

INDUSTRIAL PEACE

A WORKER'S VIEW

BY W. F. WATSON

Is peace in industry attainable? That is the paramount question of the day. The disastrous effects of the national strike of 1926 caused the leaders of employers and workers to turn their attention to devising ways and means of preventing its recurrence. Even those members of the General Council, T.U.C., who formerly gave adherence to "direct action" have, since the strike, confessed that, after all, there is much to be said for co-operation with the employers. Whilst most Labour leaders have poured scorn and ridicule on the Prime Minister's prayer for "Peace in our time, O Lord," an examination of their public utterances reveals their desire, nay, anxiety, for industrial peace.

Indeed, if expressing a wish for peace could secure that most desirable end, industry would be a perfect garden of Eden, minus the serpent.

Addressing the delegates at the last annual meeting of the National Union of Railwaymen, the General Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas, said, "Industrial peace is worth fighting for, and I refuse to associate myself with any policy that lays it down that the workers, especially in the railway industry, are not to associate with others in ensuring the success of their industry. Can you do otherwise than realise that, unless you make a success of your own industry, as workers you must inevitably suffer."

In a vigorous article, contributed to an evening contemporary and entitled "Fighting has Failed," Mr. Philip Snowden said, "But the great body of employers and trade unionists have no sympathy with the reactionary elements in their ranks. Enlightened employers and experienced trade unionists are beginning to realise the suicidal folly of internal strife."

Mr. J. R. Clynes, in a speech at Sheerness recently,

stated, "I am eager for peace, and believe that it is the workers' interest to reach good understanding and, if possible, fix agreed terms, especially after the exhaustion and uncertainties of recent years." "I stand for peace," declared Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to a recent meeting of South Wales miners, "because I believe it is the only way for you to rebuild your homes." "I do not agree with peace at any price," says Mr. John Bromley, "but I am not going out of my way to denounce every approach made in that direction." The redoubtable Mr. P. T. Tillett, who has had as much to do with strikes as any other trade union official, in a speech at Barrow-in-Furness expressed his pleasure at the fact that "the great combinations of employers were seeking an understanding with the mighty factors of labour."

Such well-known leaders as Messrs. George Lansbury, C. T. Cramp, Arthur Pugh, J. E. Brownlie, Frank Hodges, Havelock Wilson, W. A. Appleton, A. G. Walkden, Robert Smillie, and Miss Margaret Bondfield have at various times proclaimed their desire for industrial peace. As has already been said, there is scarcely a trade union official who has not ranged himself on the side of peace. Further, the *Daily Herald*, Labour's official newspaper, has times out of number told its readers that the Labour movement stands for industrial peace.

Appropriately enough, the question of peace was prominent at the Edinburgh Trades Union Congress. In his presidential address Mr. George Hicks, hitherto regarded as an extremist—one of the "white hopes" of the minority movement, in fact—expressed the opinion that much could be done by co-operation with the employers, for which utterance our noisy friends of the Communist Party have placed him in their extensive gallery of "renegades," "traitors," and "lackeys of capitalism."

The first paragraph of the emergency resolution, framed by the General Council as a reply to the Prime Minister's appeal to the leaders of the unions to give a lead towards peace, reads as follows: "This Congress, having noted the repeated appeals of the Prime Minister to the leaders of Labour on the subject of collaboration for industrial

peace, points out that no section of the community is more desirous of peace than the workers." In moving the resolution, Mr. Ernest Bevin declared emphatically that the unions did not exist for warlike purposes, and that "such machinery for conference and conciliation as existed had sprung up out of the demands of the unions."

In the debate the General Secretary, Mr. W. M. Citrine, stated that "he believed more was to be gained by the leaders of industry on both sides—by men who understood the problems—than by the interference of politicians bent on playing the party game." Mr. Ben Turner was much more emphatic. "I want to see a new spirit," he said, "a spirit on which we can rely, amongst the people as a whole, amongst employers, commercial people and all classes, that will assist as a means of leading people towards sober, upright, steady, and successful lives; I want a new spirit industrially." "During my year of office," said Mr. Turner in an interview immediately after his election as Chairman of the General Council, "I feel assured that we are likely to be spared many of the upheavals which have hitherto marked the work of my predecessors."

I have purposely dealt at some length with the pronouncements of Labour leaders because it appears to be the popular belief that they are the only obstacles in the way of peace. It does not appear necessary to quote from the speeches and writings of representative employers, for the simple reason that, without exception, they want peace in the workshops. Suffice it to say that the T.U.C. declaration on peace has been welcomed by the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations and by individual employers.

It was probably with the object of making a tangible attempt to give effect to the T.U.C. resolution and the general desire for concord that the Lord Mayor of London invited employers of labour, Labour leaders, and leaders of the Brotherhood Movement to attend a conference at the Mansion House on October 17th to discuss the question. Maybe the most interesting contribution to that conference was Mr. Ben Turner's letter of apology for absence, in which he said, "I am also certain that many

of our prejudices stand in the way of a free and frank examination of the causes of commercial and industrial unrest, and we have to be brave enough to examine fully our troubles and face personal, social, physical, and economic changes if we are to be more than mere talkers about industrial peace. Conferences, meetings, talks are needful, in hope that out of the one called by your lordship, and under the historic civic home of London, material helpfulness will accrue."

So much for the leaders, but what of the men in the shops, the mines, the mills, the factories, and on the railways? The men who, with remarkable coolness, courage, and skill saved an express train from disaster and the passengers from death? What are the views on peace of the men who made the engine that enabled "Dare-devil" Webster to win the Schneider Cup? The workman is admittedly as important as any leader, and in the final analysis is largely the determining factor. It is very difficult indeed to ascertain their opinions, for they have no facility for expressing them. Press, pulpit and platform are not at their disposal, and even if they were it is doubtful whether many would be able to make themselves articulate. It is only by working with them, living their lives, frequenting their haunts, and understanding their "lingo" that one can get any notion as to what working people think about these things.

The workers want industrial peace, let there be no mistake about that. I speak with intimate knowledge. There are, of course, some who, for various reasons—usually because they are indifferent workmen and get "fed up" with the job as a consequence—endeavour to create strife wherever they go, but the great mass of the workers want to be left alone. Given fair security of employment and reasonable remuneration and they are quite content to pursue the even tenor of their ways. Even our fiery young friends of the "left wing" are averse to trouble in the particular shop wherein they happen to be employed. They don't object to trouble in other factories, of course, but in the shop where *they* obtain a livelihood, well—that's a matter which affects their pockets.

Why is it, then, that industrial peace is not an established fact? If all parties are agreed on the desirability of peace how comes it that strikes and lock-outs—and threats of them—are of almost daily occurrence, and that industry is anything but peaceful? Are we to believe that all these people are insincere and merely give lip service to peace? Oh, no. They are quite honest. Employers know that warring factions in industry make for bad production. Politicians of all kinds would rather see peace in industry even though fierce controversy raged on the political field. Trade union leaders simply loathe strikes and lock-outs. They provide them with extra work and worry, which is the last thing they want. As for the workers, who suffer most from unrest? And are they always adequately recompensed when peace and prosperity prevails?

Probably the principal obstacle in the way of peace is that each side is suspicious of the other. The workers' representatives declare that the employers will only accept peace upon their own terms, and the employers think exactly the same about the unions. "Certainly we want peace," declare Mr. George Hicks and Mr. George Lansbury, "but how can we have peace whilst there are over a million unemployed workers?" "I and Mr. Clynes," said Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., at the Edinburgh Congress, "speaking, I believe, for the movement, when invited by the Minister of Labour to take part in an industrial peace conference, said we were willing to consider the proposal if the Government would show its good faith by withdrawing the Trade Unions Bill."

According to Mr. J. R. Clynes, "the real foes of industrial peace are those who have robbed the workers of purchasing power by heavy wage reductions."

Sir Robert Hadfield, managing director of the famous Sheffield firm that bears his name, who is a firm believer in peace in industry, remarked in a recent interview, "Stop strikes and lock-outs, pull together, and we shall hold our own against formidable competitors like America." In effect each side says let the other side demonstrate their sincerity, and we shall be only too pleased to discuss

the matter. Meanwhile, the saddened and bewildered angel of peace hovers aloft, fearful of coming to earth lest she be trodden under foot unrecognised.

One never knows, of course, but it may possibly occur to union leaders and employers' representatives alike to say to each other, "we realise that there have been faults on both sides in the past. Supposing we forget all that for the time being? Supposing we get together and endeavour to hammer out a peace policy calculated to be acceptable to all parties concerned"—when they have reached that stage of mental development and sweet reasonableness, methinks we shall have taken a lengthy stride towards peace in industry.

One obstacle in the way of peace is lack of uniformity of policy. Mr. Walter M. Citrine, for instance, holds the view that his organisation, the T.U.C., should be the recognised medium through which peace must be negotiated, whilst others say that each industry should work out its own peace policy in accordance with the conditions of that industry. The latter view is shared by the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations, which, in its reply to the Trade Union Congress declaration on peace, placed on record its view that it is in the individual industries—in their organisations, and in the day-to-day contact in the works—that the most ready and effective means present themselves for developing and applying the spirit of industrial goodwill which is so vital to the future welfare of this country. Beyond the slightest shadow of doubt this is true, as anyone with workshop experience knows. In the shops the mutual suspicion engendered by the leaders is reflected fourfold. After all, the trouble is not so much between the leaders as between workers and managements. Employers' representatives and trade union leaders may, as such, have bitter and acrimonious discussions, in which they say very unkind things about one another, but, the conference over, more often than not they fraternise together, thus renewing friendships possibly strained in the heat of debate. There are no such reunions of workmen and managements, more's the pity! If peace prevailed in the workshops petty political differences

between leaders would not count for much; nor would peace between leaders avail anything if friction continued in the factories.

There are many causes for friction in the shops. No good purpose can be served by attempting to disguise the fact that most workers instinctively dislike employers. This instinct is born of the knowledge that employers have the power to give or withhold employment, and the whim of an irascible manager often means unemployment and privation for the victim of his ill-temper. It doesn't necessarily follow that the workers are constantly in revolt, or that they are sullenly resentful; nor does it mean that they are envious. "I should probably do exactly the same if I was an employer" is the way they look at it, but they always work upon the theory that the boss is trying to get more work done than, in the opinion of the workman, he—the employer—is entitled to according to wages paid. As a result he will not do any more work than he is absolutely forced to, oft-times resorting to "ca' canny" in order to restrict output, which makes employers suspicious of all workmen. Tyrannical foremen and managers help to keep alight the flames of hatred. I once worked for a manager who instantly discharged a man simply because he neglected to remove his pipe from his mouth before doffing his coat. He also sacked a man for daring to nod to him in the street. Such a tyrant was this man that on one occasion he was stoned in the street, and had it not been for the police he would have been thrown into an adjacent river. Needless to say strife raged furiously wherever this genial gentleman "managed."

Thoughtless actions by employers and employees contribute largely to the antagonism existing between the two. I say thoughtless advisedly. I decline to believe that these actions are premeditated, nor, in my opinion, are they prompted by ulterior motives; such incidents just happen, but whatever the cause or motive the effect is the same. Imagine the feelings of a man when told by his foreman at half-past ten one Monday morning that his services are no longer required because of a momentary shortage of work. I saw two men so served at a big estab-

lishment not long ago. If a man is "fired" on pay day (the usual time for "sacking") or on Saturday—or even at the end of Wednesday or Thursday—he takes it with sang-froid, but to be discharged early on Monday morning, after spending the week-end free from the spectre of unemployment, is enough to make the most saintly workman savage towards all employers. Moreover, the other men in the shop, not knowing when their turn may come, permit the iron of bitterness to enter their souls. "Just like all the bosses," they say to each other, "hang us behind the door when they don't want us, and take us down again when they do." Garnished, of course, with the customary workshop expletives. And can we blame them for so thinking? The following incident is even worse.

The mechanic in charge of a labour-saving machine in a London motor works so simplified the mechanism that it could be operated by an unskilled man. His employers rewarded him by dismissing him in the same week that his improvement was demonstrated to be a success. Is it reasonable to expect that man or the other men in the shop to think well of employers? Had he been working for Mr. Henry Ford, or any other American employer, he would have been suitably remunerated and placed in a lucrative position where his inventive genius would have had more scope. For some unknown reason British employers seem to be afraid to encourage initiative in their employees, and they are loath to accord genius that reward and appreciation it merits.

The workers are no less guilty of acts of aggression. Just as managerial tyranny, excessive discipline, and irksome, unnecessary restrictions cause men to dislike masters, so does bad time-keeping, inferior workmanship, and general carelessness tend to make employers contemptuous of their employees. But these are mainly psychological problems which are not easy to solve, and do not usually lead to open acts of hostility although they are very irritating.

Not long ago six hundred miners in a Welsh colliery struck work owing to the refusal of some

members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union to join the South Wales Miners' Federation. Surely this is coercion in excelsis! Then there is the incident respecting limitations of piecework earnings in a Birmingham foundry. It appears that the maximum earnings were fixed at 23s. 6d. per day, but one member of the Foundry Workers' Union exceeded the limit by 1s. 9d., for which offence he was warned by the shop steward. The man ignored the warning and continued to earn 25s. 3d. a day, so the assistance of the management was invoked. The firm declined to interfere, and the man was obdurate, so the rest of the men ceased work. Union officials were quickly called in, a speedy settlement was effected, and the restriction upon earnings was removed, but during the progress of the dispute the firm got behind in its contracts, the men lost wages, and bad feeling between the two was engendered. But that isn't nearly so bad as another case which recently came under my notice.

Work falling a bit slack at a certain firm, the management, with a view to economising, decided not to open the works on Saturdays, which meant a loss of four and a half hours' wages to the men. The principals of the firm, who are reputed to be connected with the Labour movement, are sympathetically inclined towards trade unionism. The mechanics receive twenty-five per cent. above the minimum rate, and all union conditions are rigidly observed. With a view to minimising the loss of wages the men were offered the opportunity of working an extra half an hour each day, thus bringing the total hours worked in the short week up to forty-five (five days of nine hours each) instead of forty-two and a half. Now the union concerned lays it down (1) that all overtime shall be paid for at the rate of time and a half, (2) that the working day shall be limited to eight and a half hours, and (3) that every day shall stand for itself in computing overtime rates, *i.e.*, overtime to commence immediately eight and a half hours have been worked. (At one time overtime rates were only payable after a full week had been completed.)

When their attention was directed to these regulations the management expressed regret that the state of business

did not warrant overtime rates being paid for the extra hours, whereupon the men took the matter to the local committee of the union with a request that permission to accept the firm's offer be granted. The question duly came before the committee, and after a lengthy discussion it was agreed to invite the shop steward to attend and give his observations. The shop steward stated that the principals of the firm were strongly in favour of trade unionism and had declared their belief in a shorter working week. It was the intention of the firm to make the new conditions permanent, and when an expected Post Office contract was definitely secured forty-seven hours' wages would be paid for forty-five hours' work. The shop steward incidentally stated that certain privileges prevailed, such as time for washing and tea-making, which did not obtain in other shops.

This statement failed to satisfy the committee, so the organiser was instructed to interview the management with a view to securing overtime rates for the extra time. In reporting the interview the organiser corroborated the shop steward's statement, emphasising the firm's promise to pay a full week's wages for forty-five hours' work immediately the Government contract was secured. The Communist element of the committee, with characteristic stupidity, opposed the request of the men. In the ensuing debate they told harrowing stories of what would be likely to happen if these men were allowed to work nine hours a day. It should be remembered that the men concerned were quite willing to accept the firm's offer. In the end permission was refused.

The net result of this extraordinary and inexplicable action on the part of the union committee was that the men lost two and a half hours' wages a week, the firm became disgusted with trade unionism, and the trade unionists in the shop were disgusted with the local committee. Two men who refused to obey the committee's decision, after being heavily fined were, I believe, subsequently expelled for not paying the fine. No doubt the members of the committee were perfectly sincere in their determination to safeguard the hardly won shorter day and week, but here,

surely, was a case where a temporary departure from rule was justified, since no union principle was endangered. Thus is the path to peace made exceedingly difficult.

Industrial peace does not rest with the leaders; it depends almost entirely upon managements and workmen in the shops, and the leaders of both workmen and employers might do worse than direct some of their energy towards putting their own house in order so that friction in the workshop might be reduced to a minimum. In the meantime perhaps a few suggestions from a workman might not be out of place—they may even be helpful.

I am convinced that much more can be accomplished by the direct exchange of opinions between the managements and the workmen—they are the people who, being in daily and direct contact with them, understand the problems—than by the interference of politicians of any kind bent on playing the party game. Both workmen and managements are a little tired of being made the “shuttlecocks” of the various political parties.

It may be bias on my part, but I honestly believe that employers should make the first step. If they would treat the workmen more as men than as mere “hands” suspicion and distrust would be greatly minimised. Employers cannot afford to be philanthropists, we know, but they would find it a sound business proposition to cut out unnecessary workshop restrictions, to be courteous to the meanest workman, and to exercise more human feeling when compelled to dispense with a man’s services. It would be better still if employment could be made more stable. Bullying foremen must be “fired” at once if harmony is to be achieved. If workmen are treated with respect—and surely they are entitled to it—they will at once reciprocate. With suspicion all but eliminated the men would take a keener interest in their work, and the employers would soon recover in better and more production any loss that might be entailed in relaxing discipline and allowing privileges.

To the workmen I would say, however much one may desire a better and more equitable form of society, the capitalist system is here, and it is likely to remain for

many more years. In the meantime we must all live by it, and the common-sense policy is to try to get the most out of it. Sabotaging the system usually leads to strife, lower wages, and less employment. Moreover, if workers aspire to having some part in the administration of industry they must first demonstrate their fitness by becoming efficient. That can only be done by recognising that their interest in industry is not limited to the pay envelope. The success of the industry is as much their concern as the concern of the employers. Therefore, trade unionists should endeavour to make industrial peace easy by applying union rules with discretion and common sense, and by recognising that managements, faced with the problems of organisation and “making the firm pay,” have their difficulties no less than the workmen. That, after all, is the secret. Cast out mutual distrust, and let each side appreciate the difficulties of the other.

There should be far more personal contact between workmen and managements, for only by that means can they understand each other’s problems. Given the will to industrial peace, the obstacles are by no means insurmountable.

IN THE AVENUE

BY PHYLLIS MÉGROZ

*Down in the avenue
(Lacy-dark trees),
Thou shalt be born anew
Lovely as these.
Thou, too, shalt linger on
Emerald lawns,
Putting thy finger on
Sunsets and dawns.
As the pale fountain flies
In diamond whirls,
So shall thy spirit rise,
Spraying its pearls.
O, but my thirsty lips
Press where the water drips,
Drinking thee in like dew,
Down in the avenue.*

Not enough, not enough
To handle thy body-stuff,
I feel, I touch, I hold
All the ivory and gold,
And the incarnadine,
The texture and the sheen,
And thy heart's beat.
But when desire
Sinks in the sinking fire,
What next?
Should I go down to dust, unstirred, unvext?
With slumber satiate,
Your self obliterate?
Never so
Would I leave thee go.

IN THE AVENUE

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For we are met at last—the seeker and the sought,
And I have drawn thee close with shining strands of
thought.

Thy hands are at thy breast that can no longer hold
Within its prisoning dark its prisoner of gold,
Clay form thou wast and art, but I have wrenched apart
The barrier of flesh and in my woven mesh
Thy immortality is given unto me.

*Down in the avenue
(Lacy-dark trees),
Now thou art born anew
Lovely as these.
As the white comets plough
Through the dark sky,
Through death thou spearest now
That cannot die.
I in the avenue,
Death-held and strange,
Have thee forever who
Never can change.
I am the withered rod,
Numbered with hours,
Lit in the hand of God
To flaming flowers.*

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

REVOLUTIONARIES have the advantage of finding it easy to fall into dramatic gestures, and M. Litvinoff's appearance at Geneva was theatrically effective. "Let us," he said, with one bold sweep of the hand, "abolish armaments altogether. We of the united Soviets are ready to begin." Anybody who says that is bound to be listened to in a world sick to death of paying for expensive war machinery, harassed by conscription, and terrified to the marrow by the thought of what war is going to mean. But what exactly is the proposal? Are all Governments to strip themselves of the power to protect their subjects against aggression at sea or on land? That would be great news for the hardy mariners of Bias Bay, who with some difficulty, in an unsympathetic world of armed Governments, keep the Jolly Roger, or its Chinese equivalent, flying. How many Bias Bays would there be in a decade facing on to all the Seven Seas? And by land—suppose one Power, less virtuous than Holy Russia, armed surreptitiously, who is to cope with it? Anybody can read the Riot Act, but unless there is force behind, the reading is a bald ceremony. And again, without thinking of international relations at all, how is any civilised government, though chosen on the best principles of the Proportional Representation Society, to maintain the wish of the community against an enterprising band of cut-throats who get together a private armament? *The Times* of December 6 records that in a Chicago café six robbers entered the dancing floor, two carrying revolvers, two others "sub-machine guns," while the fifth brandished an automatic shot gun. The sixth, posted at the door, had an unspecified weapon, which, whether "sub" or "super," was able to shoot a waiter dead. This happened in a State so well equipped that several policemen were present among the 200 guests, carrying revolvers, with

which they also opened fire. It would, no doubt, from certain points of view, have been better to have no policemen, as there would then have been no shooting and everybody would have put their hands up at once, so that the work could have been expeditiously done. Yet suppress the element of armed policemen and of troops in the background, and what security is there for anything?

Moreover, as Russia and other countries have good cause to know, it is not only to get booty that a minority will arm itself. On high questions of politics, religion or morality, persons sufficiently convinced of their own rectitude will take the simplest method to effect conversions—and they have a short way with dissenters. If M. Litvinoff's suggestion were universally adopted, every country in the civilised world might rapidly undergo a transformation similar to that which has put M. Litvinoff and his fellows in power. Yet it is quite evident that the working classes in this country, for instance, do not think that Russia's example is one to be emulated. Unfortunately, the British Labour party has never sufficiently applied its mind to considering a quite different example—that of Switzerland, which is an armed Power, and a well-armed Power, but is not the cause of any uneasiness to its neighbours. That is not because Switzerland is small. Europe is kept awake at nights thinking about the intentions of States smaller and less well equipped. It is because armament in Switzerland is really defensive and because everybody in Europe knows that Switzerland has no aggressive designs. Probably the Swiss spend more than they like on war machinery, and would gladly lighten the burden if they felt it safe to do so; but it is not in the least probable that they would relinquish effective armament of the community. Four or five years ago a wave of the Russian movement affected one of their great manufacturing towns and Communists proposed to take charge. Down came the soldier peasants with the rifles that every man of them had been taught to use, and they asserted the power of government in a democratic country. Artillery was in that case not needed; but when it comes to fighting in a town, the use of artillery may prevent a great

sacrifice of valuable life. The affair in Dublin in 1916 would have been over in twenty-four hours had even one eighteen-pounder been available at once—and the results, morally and politically, would have been no different.

One cannot, of course, argue unreservedly from the case of Switzerland to that of countries like Great Britain or France with many outlying contacts, but the Swiss model is far better worth bearing in mind to build ideals about than the protestations of M. Litvinoff. It presents two special features, and the first is that Switzerland, more definitely than any other State in Europe, has acquired the will to peace, though Sweden is a strong competitor in this excellence. But the second feature is that Switzerland's frontiers are internationally guaranteed. We are, I think, beginning to see that there will be no stable peace in Europe till every European frontier is under a similar joint guarantee of the European Powers. Even so, the question of frontiers outside Europe would remain a danger, and the Powers which have to maintain these must necessarily have armament in excess of their European needs. Such armament will always be regarded with suspicion in Europe, because it can suddenly be converted to European uses. Great Britain will always be specially suspect, because its power rests always to an exceptional degree on machinery and not on man power. This affects the question of the will to peace. From the general European point of view the will to peace is not perfectly consistent with the will to acquisition, and although even an Irishman can perceive that England is less willing to "take up the white man's burden" now than when Mr. Kipling wrote his exhortation to that duty, still Europe in general attributes to England the habit of expansion. A Swiss, who has from the circumstances of his country the most generalised type of Continental mind, would probably say that England's armament, though not more formidable than that of France, was yet in some ways less pacific. In all minor wars it is much easier for British ministers to despatch troops than for the French, since war on any scale makes itself felt at once over the whole sensitive surface of a nation liable to conscription.

The answer to that is finely given when Britain, with all her interests overseas, pledges her power in a pact for stabilisation of frontiers in the West of Europe. Further than this she declines to go; and one very definite reason for the refusal is found in the attitude which Labour politicians took up when Red Russia threatened Poland in 1920. France was obliged to step in alone; and since then France has, so to say, mortgaged her resources for the maintenance of other European frontiers. It is worth while for everybody to ask whether, if Britain was jointly concerned with France in these guarantees, it would not be possible for France to reduce her military expenditure, and whether, if France did so, Britain could not do the same. These steps would all involve risks; but the attitude of Germany to a Polish frontier guaranteed by France and England jointly would be other than it is at present.

Oddly enough, the average Englishman, quite apart from considerations of military commitments, has no great desire to guarantee the Polish frontier. From his point of view, it is hardly reasonable to expect that Germany should acquiesce in the separation of East Prussia by the "corridor." Germany in this region seems to be the despoiled, because, although your average Englishman may have read that Poland was partitioned, he says to himself, that was a long time ago, and no one who suffered by the transfer of sovereignty can be alive to-day. He can sympathise, and very often he does, with the humiliation of a great Power which has to lose territory. In some cases, also, the Englishman shares the German's feeling, which is that the fortune of war has forced Germany to hand over her subjects, not to an equal, but to an upstart newcomer in Europe. The worst of that long enserfment is that even those who liberated Poland regard her as a nation of doubtful right.

Nevertheless, we have got this benefit at least from the League of Nations, that Europe as a community is far more conscious of the danger points and makes more efforts to prevent a threatened conflagration. The public opinion

of Europe has forced an ending of the theoretic "state of war" between Lithuania and Poland. Apparently, too, Russia has been a helper in this settlement, and that is not surprising. Internal peace in European countries is not to the interest of those who desire to forward the world-revolution; but actual war on a European front would be a desperate risk for Russia's present rulers. By all historical analogy, it would result in a change of the ruling persons, if not of the whole system, and this change would in all probability be accompanied by the abrupt demise of the present office-holders. Moreover, war would be a formidable test. Up to a point, the Russian Government can enforce its will tyrannically, but it has had to compromise with the peasants. Would the Russian peasants march at the bidding of a clique of Jews? Considering the question in the light of M. Kerensky's brilliant book, *The Catastrophe*, one would say that appeal could be made successfully to the peasants in the name of Holy Russia if Russian soil were invaded, but only on that condition. The conclusion is that under its present rulers Russia is never likely to be an aggressor on the European front, and there are good reasons why she should take a part in compacts which would enable her neighbours to lessen their armaments. The vast social experiment which is being conducted in Russia, by men who probably believe profoundly in its beneficence, is not compatible with a state of war in the modern sense. It would not, therefore, be surprising to find Russia pledging her resources to defend existing territorial arrangements; and, even if there were, to put it moderately, no complete certainty that her pledge would be fulfilled in an emergency, yet the mere fact of its being given would help to crystallise other countries into limits as secure as those which define Switzerland.

Philosophers some day will set themselves to examine that curious and rather sinister cult of ugliness which is so marked a feature in our civilisation since the war. The young are its priests and acolytes. For instance, we are presented with a book of *Oxford Poetry*, whose joint editors, Mr. W. H. Auden and Mr. C. Day-Lewis,

considerately prefix some guidance to the "intelligent reader" who in their judgment may probably "experience distaste." That, indeed, is not unlikely, since the first lines of the first poem read thus:

Consider, if you will, how lovers lie
In brief adherence, straining to prolong
The glabrous suction of goodbye.

That is part of the "experiment in the emergent evolution of mind" which these gentlemen submit to our consideration, and other parts are nastier. As a symptom this little book is worth noting, but it need not be taken seriously, because so much of it is inspired by that desire to *épater le bourgeois*, which has always in its different manifestations caused so much insincere expression. But for a thoroughly typical post-war modern I should pick out M. Steve Passeur, a young Frenchman, half a dozen of whose plays have been seen in Paris since his first appearance three years ago. That first play, *La Maison Ouverte*, was published after its production and made readers acquainted with a circle of incredibly disagreeable people. It would not have been possible for them to be so insupportable had they not been very much alive; but M. Passeur has a remarkable gift for giving life to his personages. They bring their atmosphere with them when they enter, and whoever cares to meet a cantankerous Frenchman in the full development of that quality as father may enter *La Maison Ouverte*. It is a much less penitential experience to read the new volume, which contains *Pas Encore* and *La Traversée de Paris à la Nage*. There are a dozen characters in all (only five in *Pas Encore*—this author needs very few pieces on his board), and they are all so hard that, shaken up together, they rattle like nails in a bag. Mills bombs would be a better expression, for they contain high explosive. Out of the twelve, Madame Siffeteaux is perhaps seen with the most amenity, yet we are made to feel that her tenderness for Marcel Bardey is really an egoism. She has had her first period: "We women live a first time from sixteen to forty and then we can begin a new life over again, with all the

old charm, the old pitfalls, and the old hopes—only, for that we must have a son.” And so she adopts and mothers the stray young man who has neither money, position, nor education, nor any weapon to fight the world with—nothing but possibilities. She gives him money, she gives him education, even provides instructresses—finds him mistresses, in short. “A real mother would hardly have done that,” she says. Finally, and if the play has anything so old-fashioned as a *dénouement*, this is it—she sacrifices herself and lets him go, to save him from the supreme misfortune—marriage. He does not want to marry at twenty-three, and Madame Siffeteaux’s daughter, a determined young woman with a deal of money, is bent on marrying him. For the sake of them both, but chiefly, as we are made to feel, not to spoil the work she has accomplished for her adopted son, Madame Siffeteaux makes this sacrifice. She knows what she wants, and gets as much as she can of it; she knows, also, when she must stop, unless she is to defeat herself; she has qualified her adopted son to show the same hard intelligence. The play could be called *A Young Man’s Education*, and it is full of mordant analysis of the mind of youth. Indeed, it is a dramatised disquisition on *timidité*, which means shyness and so much else, rather than a play in the old-fashioned acceptance. But *Pas Encore* is the old-fashioned play, with beginning, middle, and logical satisfactory conclusion; the only difficulty in discussing it is that our sympathy is invited—and, I fear, is won—for a lady of reprehensible behaviour. We assist at Fanny Maubert’s last victory—her triumphant quitting of the stage.

She has stepped out of a respectable bourgeois home, and from girlhood has lived the life of a woman of pleasure, retaining such a hold on her first lover, Remantil, that he has made provision for her through six and twenty years—and as many infidelities. All this time he has wanted her to come and keep his house for him, that he may have a fireside to come back to like other men; and all the time she has kept her independence, even when she lived on his money. She is forty-four, but she does not

look like it, for she has sent her old *bonne* Mathilde to arrange a rendezvous with her latest lover; and to pass the time she is endeavouring to force her niece Alice to make up her mind to marry Raymond Tourneur, who calls every second day—presumably paying court to Alice. But Mathilde comes back to say that all is found out, that the young lover has fled, and that the old lover is on his way to give her a good hiding. Fanny is used to that: she is amazed when Remantil, having convicted her of giving big sums of his money to the lover, his clerk, stands then silent. “I’ve no need to shout or beat you,” he says, “You’re beaten. You’ll come home with me now, for no one else wants you. You’re only a poor old creature who must pay her fancy men—and pay them very dear!”

The taunt goes home so deadly that Fanny loses her mastery, raves and screams till the other women send out for Raymond Tourneur, while Remantil stands over Fanny, breaking her spirit till she is ready to give in. But suddenly the other man steps in at the door, and begs her permission to get rid of Remantil. “Do you know what you’re saying,” Fanny asks incredulously. “It’s what I’ve wanted to say every day for a year. Now, may I relieve you of his presence?” Fanny suddenly comes alive. “Certainly, throw him out.” And then with savage glee she turns on Remantil. “Am I the old woman at your mercy? *Pas encore mon bonhomme, pas encore.*”

In the second act Alice and Remantil have almost got Raymond away from Fanny by bribes and cunning appeals to his peasant’s love for a piece of land; but Fanny comes on the scene and once more he is her slave. She even dissects to him the secret of his happiness—how he has loved her because he loved to think how distinguished it was to be able to make a woman so happy; and when he cries out that she is killing their love, she answers that it had to end some time. Now it is he who catches up the refrain: *Pas encore.*

But she has had her warning, and unless defeat is to be the end she must make terms: all that she has to do is to humiliate Alice, and then announce to Remantil that she is

willing at last to keep his house. She makes her supremacy quite clear when he haggles on some point, by threatening to send for Raymond again. She is so masterful, so clever, so clear-sighted, and so courageous that we forget everything in the desire to see her win, as she does win, with all the odds against her, on the very post. Her creator at least is manifestly in love with her.

Yet, on the whole, except where Fanny is in question, M. Passeur's eyes are always ravenous for a glimpse into the seamy side. What he writes is not cynical, for it is not callous enough; it is not the *comédie rosse* because it does not stir the rather brutal laughter which Henri Becque could always evoke; it gives a purely intellectual satisfaction, except in so far as there is a sort of sensuous pleasure from watching creatures so charged with life: whenever Mathilde, the old *bonne*, opens her mouth, life squirts out of it.

But what terrible company we have to keep when the young invite us!

Some people looking back on 1927 are inclined to think that the most formidable fact which it has brought to the notice of English observers is "Big Bill Thompson." The gentleman whom we all permit ourselves to style in this intimate manner has undoubtedly importance as a symptom. There is a wave of anti-English feeling in the United States, and Mr. Thompson dexterously gets on the crest of it. But is that a matter to be concerned about? Americans are a sensitive people, and Europe at large is disposed to say harsh things about America, not unnaturally, since so much European money is flowing into American coffers. Rightly or wrongly, the moneylender has never been popular with those whom he assists professionally. Unfortunately for Great Britain, what is said in English is intelligible to America; what is said in French and other languages passes for the most part unperceived in the United States. On the other hand, some of the old springs of hate which American politicians harnessed to drive electoral machinery show signs of drying up. The Irish settlement has considerably

impaired one source of this motive power. Probably also Germans in America can no longer be relied on to be actively anti-English, for the attitude of Germany in Europe has changed. American politicians have therefore to rely much more exclusively on the traditional feeling among hundred per cent. Americans against the traditional enemy. But that spring also has been tampered with. It is not probable that "comradeship in the Great War" by itself did much to weaken anti-English sentiment; the trouble lies elsewhere, in the spread of education, which has led to a widespread study of the original records. The danger of such application is always that it weakens robust historical partisanship; for when the facts of any great dispute are examined after a cooling lapse of time, it is not often found that the blame is all on one side. Oppressors look less black, patriots less purely white.

Mr. Thompson may not be aware how frequently such modifications of historical views occur where there is education; but he is sensitive to the modification and is conscious of the inconvenience to electioneering; so he has the inspiration to try to convert this failure of the provision for generating racial feeling into a new cause of hate. English propaganda is blamed. Insidious books written in the American tongue by Englishmen are to be burnt: and so on. The conclusion which one may draw without undue optimism is that relations between Great Britain and the United States are fundamentally better than they have been during the past hundred years, since people are now driven to invent a myth in order to obtain results which formerly were abundantly provided by natural historic causes. If Mr. Thompson is a danger to the peace of nations, the American professorate are very well able to cope with him.

CHATS WITH THE WANDERING JEW

BY LION FEUCHTWANGER

Author of "Jew Suss," etc.

I

I MET the Wandering Jew in Munich about one year ago. He was sitting in the Odeon Café and reading the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. At first I thought I was mistaken. He was dressed elegantly, but not too fashionably, and had a little black beard, yet in other respects was carefully shaven, and was growing paunchy. One could take him for a familiar figure at First Nights, in restaurants, and at race meetings. But one could not be mistaken in the remarkable deep light in his eyes and in a certain individual manner of moving his hands.

"How do you do?" I said. "May I sit by you?"

He grumbled something that I took for a refusal. Nevertheless, I sat by him.

"I think you are in a bad humour," I ejaculated.

"Why shouldn't I be?" he said angrily. He had kept his habit of answering one question by another. "Is that an occupation? Is that a job? To be a symbol of something that exists no longer? I grow fat. I get a paunch. Fat ghosts are restless. I protest. I refuse to be a two-legged anachronism."

"It is not my fault," I said kindly, and offered him a cigarette.

"Not your fault?" he answered, and helped himself. "What does it mean? Not your fault! . . . Nobody is faultless in anything. It is so written in the books of Abraham ibn Samuel Abulafia. Do you know Abraham Abulafia?"—he interrupted himself—"such a short, lean man from Saragossa, who looks so funny in full robe?"

"In full robe," I wondered, "is this gentleman an actor?"

"Why," he purred, "actor? You are too green for a serious conversation, indeed." He smoked rapturously. "Yes, what I wanted to say is that he always began to speak to everybody of his faultlessness. He was a great Kabbalist, that Abraham Abulafia. I saw him last about six or seven hundred years ago. In Sicily they proclaimed him the Messiah. Then he went to Pope Nicholas III in order to convert him to Judaism. But the latter was a difficult person to deal with, and Abraham Abulafia got on badly. He was ordered to be burned at once, on the Piazza in Suriano. It was a great national festival. A cardinal with his two mistresses were present, and many peasants arrived with their donkeys and wives, and the innkeeper sold a huge quantity of wine, fennel, artichokes and garlic. The spectacle was so magnificent, and gave so much pleasure to the courtesans, that the cardinal ordered three more Jews to be burned, which delighted all the anti-Semites, the two mistresses, and the peasants with their asses, and there was a great uproar. The poor Abulafia went on crying out

that he was faultless and had written that Christ was an unrecognised prophet, and that there was something in the Trinity, and that, so far as he himself was concerned, he had never crucified the Saviour. But at the last moment the Pope's messenger arrived, and Abulafia was set free, which caused great disappointment. After that I argued with him a whole night, and proved to him that nobody is faultless in anything, and afterwards he wrote it in all his books."

As I never knew Abraham Abulafia, and had no desire to do so, I turned the conversation to current matters.

"Haven't you been long away from Munich?"

"Long," he grumbled, "what does 'long' mean? The last time I was here they had a king who wrote bad verses, had a *liaison* with a beautiful woman, stuttered, and was an anti-Semite, because the people liked Heine's verses better than his. The people did not reproach him for his verses, but they never forgave him the beautiful woman. Then they were all for beer and clergy and against art and beautiful women. It was a good constellation."

"How was it a good constellation?" I asked.

"Where people are against art," he explained, "there they are against the Jews, and there my cause has a future. With the increase of bad verses grows the anti-Jewish movement. That is why I set so much hope upon the Expressionist lyrics."

"Are you an anti-Semite then?" I asked, surprised.

"What then!" he said. "What else can I be? Indeed, I am the incarnation of anti-Semitism. The Wandering Jew, who everywhere is a stranger, nowhere at home, that is an anti-Semitic fancy. Increasing civilisation buries my *raison d'être*. There are less and less illiterates, and the hatred of Jews decreases. It is just in Germany, which for so long was my best stronghold, that things have gone from bad to worse during the last decades. Since Mendelssohn has done away with Yiddish, the Jews are degenerating here more and more. I become a bourgeois. You can see. I grow fat," he said sadly. "Yes, yes," he went on, after a short interval, "prospects are bad. It is a question of my existence. My last hope is: the Polish landowners, Roumanian peasants, the high-priest of the Botokudo tribes of Dalli Dalli, some all-German officers, and the lyrics of the Expressionists."

"Have you some definite plans, here in Munich?"

"Have I plans? Naturally I have," he went on. "I am going to start an anti-Semitic newspaper."

"You are going to start . . . ?"

"May I not, perhaps? You think I should remain inactive and watch the foundation crumble under my feet until I am hanging in the air. Have I to do so in order that I may begin to swear in the style of the newspaper which is to be founded? Life is no longer worth living, since the theory of races has been so mismanaged, and it has been proved that the beautiful phrases about the races and the peculiarities of blood are nothing but nonsense, and that there is no other criterion by which one distinguishes the nations except the language.

I am losing more and more my romantic and ghostly essence. What a relief it was for me when Chamberlain's *Foundations* were published. Owing to this fact I lost a great deal of my flesh. But it proved to be only a chimera, and, therefore, a failure. Have I to suffer it? Not at all. I kick, defend myself, and strike. I am a tragic personality, a little disgusting, maybe superfluous, but always tragic. Have I to become a clown, an ingenious arbour-ghost à la Lorelery, or the dwarf Perkeo? No! I shall remain an honest ghost. My paunch must be done away with. I am going to found an anti-Semitic newspaper."

"Is it not very difficult?" I asked shyly. "There is hardly even one thinking German who has not turned against anti-Semitism in the most violent way, from Walter von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach, to Klopstock, Lessing, and Mommsen."

"You have a brain! Naturally, there is none! But I do not want him to exist, of course. What I want is hubbub, filthy waters, flails and useless clatter. Just as it was during the debates. That was life then! On the Jews' side the right, but the others had the fists."

"And you think that just in Munich?"

"I think! I know. Here, for instance, is the cand. phil. Marbod Timm."

"Marbod Timm," I exclaimed, "the founder of the Scythian association and of the Wotan union?"

"Yes," replied the Wandering Jew, "and of the defensive union black-white-red from Sirius to Jungfrau."

"I know Marbod Timm," I said. "Do you want to see his fiancée? I shall be at her tea-party to-day."

He came with me.

"When I read the *Frankfurter Zeitung*," he said, while we crossed the Odeon square, "I always grow melancholy; where they write good German there I lose my breath. Good German and anti-Semitism are incompatible. Ha!"—he suddenly interrupted himself.

"What is that?" I asked, frightened.

"It is pricking me." He rejoiced and pointed his tie-pin in the shape of a "Hackenkreuz." "When anything is going to happen to please me much this pin pricks me."

He bought some papers from the seller at the street corner.

"There it is," he said with triumph, opening the *Bavarian Herald*. Did I not say so? There! Read it! That is German! I love it!" He murmured ecstatic Hebrew blessings upon the paper. "And then look here!" He opened the *feuilleton*. "If one cannot deny a certain force of imagination in Shakespeare, nevertheless it must be emphasised that he underwent certain moral backslidings! Did I not know that it is the right ground for me! No reproach, not a breath of suspicion! Goethe, Hebbel, Heine, all have stated it! Here I'll lose my paunch! It is here that I will found my paper." And with ardour he began to study the sheet. "Again," he rejoiced, "again!"—and pointed to the "Hackenkreuz." We had reached the Hofgarten arcades with the verses of Louis I on the Rottman frescoes, and the tie-pin danced

as if possessed. "That is the town where milk and honey flow!" he exclaimed. And he let the ruggedness of the royal verses melt on his tongue, and danced the triumph-dance over the missing and superfluous verse-feet.

"You ought not to dance here," I said quietly. "It draws attention." He grew calm. "And about Munich you shouldn't generalise so. It is true that we are not a literary town. Schiller's *The Hours* had only three subscribers, and the novel *King Louis II, or the Martyr in the Purple and Ermine Mantle*, one hundred thousand. But, therefore, we never make fools of ourselves. We cannot make fools of ourselves, for we notice nothing and care for nothing. You see, we have established here so many things: the soundless stage and the eight hours' day, the renaissance of the art industry, the Elf-bangman and the salt-clap-bread, the new pathos and the pale beer. But the Municher noticed nothing of it, except the salt-clap-bread and the pale ale. And I believe the same thing will happen to your anti-Semitic paper. The Municher simply will notice nothing."

The Wandering Jew shook his head wistfully, slowly smoothed the *Bavarian Herald*, and, having folded it, put it into his pocket. "Well, we'll see," he said.

II

I introduced the Wandering Jew as Dr. A. Has. Gertrud Hohenleitner examined him anxiously but not unkindly, as was her manner towards those whom she saw for the first time.

"Marbod told me about you," she said. "You were in correspondence with him." Her broad, pretty face with big pale eyes and the drooping dark eye-lashes was exceptionally fresh-looking to-day. One noticed that her rich, fair hair impressed the Wandering Jew.

"Nothing can be done here," he whispered to me as we sat down, "she is too clever, too good-tempered. Her hair is like a flock of goats that appear from the Mount Gilead, and her teeth like a flock of sheep which come up from washing, whereof every one bears twins and none is barren among them."

"What do you say?" asked Gertrud, pouring the tea.

"Nothing of importance, Miss Hohenleitner," answered hastily the Wandering Jew. "I only said that you are strikingly like Abital, the princess of Khazars."

"Like whom?" she asked, and lifted her eyebrows.

"Abital, the princess of Khazars, an uncommonly nice person—sensible, brave, beautiful, fair like you. She deliberately put an end to the immoral selling of children into slavery. It went on for two hundred years after the Khazar King Bulan, with his people, consisting of a Finnish tribe in the Crimea, were converted to Judaism. It is a pity that some time later they were destroyed by the invading Russians."

"Are you an historian, doctor?" asked Gertrud.

"To some extent," said the Wandering Jew. "I am an anti-Semite by inclination and conviction. My aim is to prove that all evil that

has ever happened in this world, as, for example, the crucifixion of Christ, the introduction of philosophy and the plague to Europe, the invention of social democracy and of capitalism, the origins of the world-war and of pacifism—in short, that all wrong in the world has come from the Jews."

"Introduction of the plague; how is that?" I wondered.

"Very simply; had the Jews not supported Columbus 'he would never have discovered America, and then the plague would never have been introduced to Europe. Yes, I insist that the Jews backed Columbus only in order to bring in the plague, and did it in such a malicious way with the view of making heaps of money as physicians afterwards."

"I am accustomed to such ways of thinking," said Gertrud, and her pale, big eyes grew darker and angry, "for, I am sorry to say, my *fiancé* has been infected with this view. But Marbod is too good for it. I am sure that I'll heal him from this evil."

"And my paunch!" exclaimed the Wandering Jew angrily. "Have I to grow more fat again, and more ridiculous?"

"What has your paunch to do with Marbod's anti-Semitism?" asked Gertrud, astonished.

"He means when the defensive union 'Black-white-red from Sirius to Jungfrau' will be wound up," I said quickly.

"You ought to be ashamed," she said to the Wandering Jew, "at your age! A scientist! You ought to be above the ways of the students. Why are you an anti-Semite?"

"By conviction!" answered the Wandering Jew.

"Conviction!" mocked Gertrud. "If one wants to get a cheap emotion one swears against the Jews. What does one find, when arguing with anti-Semites? After all, it is always the rage of the impotent against the competition of the gifted. Sometimes those who want to turn against others the anger which was evoked by their mistakes and mischiefs hide behind anti-Semitism."

"And your *fiancé*?" asked the Wandering Jew.

"My God! He is young! He's just back from the front. For such a long time he had shouted the 'Down with——'! First it was 'Down with the English!' then 'Down with malefactors!' then again 'Down with the Government!'. He always must have somebody against whom he can shout 'Down with——!'. All young men have to pass through it. To-day they shout: 'Down with the Jews!', and he shouts with them. But it will pass."

"He is right," said the Wandering Jew.

"Anti-Semitism," I replied, "is so extravagant. Generalisation is always a token of spiritual laziness. The Jews are responsible for everything! The Jews. As if there are no tall Jews and short ones, dark and fair, sympathetic and disgusting. With the same reason one could say 'the footballers are responsible for everything—or people wearing spectacles.' No doubt there are many rogues and usurers with spectacles, as well as capitalists and bolsheviks. In short, if any evil happens—a man wearing an eye-glass can always be found who had some hand in it. Aren't there many officers wearing a monocle?

The fellows with the monocle have made the war! And aren't there many Radical politicians wearing eye-glasses? These men have stuck a dagger in the backs of those at the front! Besides, the wearing of spectacles is something quite un-German. I am sure the Teutons did not wear any spectacles, and I cannot possibly imagine Herman the Eherusker with a pince-nez."

"Now you are right," interrupted the Wandering Jew eagerly. "I remember very distinctly: Herman the Eherusker had always some business to do; he made it more important by conspiracy and compromise; he had a fat face and belly, and was cunning and jovial. But I did not want to have anything to do with him. Whom was he like? Yes, I remember now: the Prince of Bulow. It would have been better for all parties if his battle . . ."

But neither the surprised Gertrud nor I have learnt what would have been better for all parties, for the "Hackenkreuz" began to dance very vehemently, and Marbod Timm came in.

III

Some days later I found the Wandering Jew in the Hotel Marienbad, where he was staying. He had just finished breakfast, and was sitting in his pyjamas at table, carefully examining through a microscope something which I could not possibly recognise.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Look for yourself," he answered.

I glanced through the microscope and saw some small white-reddish things, grown together. I did not know what to do with them.

"It is a fungus called 'fission-fungi,'" he explained. "When exposed to the air it produces a dye-stuff and deposits it on bread and other eatables in the form of tiny red slime-drops, which are visible."

"And . . .?" I asked.

"Such fungus occasionally was seen on the Hosts," he went on. "It made people speak of profanation of the Host, and the Jews were massacred. This fungus has destroyed up to 400,000 Jews. It is impossible to use this weapon nowadays, for it is no longer effective. Only in the villages do they believe nowadays in Ritual Murder, and even there not absolutely. The desire to prevent the Jews from spiritual and civic development, to confine them to the ghetto and to Yiddish, as well as to draw them back to the conditions of the past, leads to a contradiction. Even the forged statistics concerning the number of the Jews in the Army has not had much result. One must find new ways. But the anti-Semites have so sterile a fancy, I am sorry to say."

"Why, why?" I said—"and the fairy tales about the Jewish world-domination? about the Jewish materialism? about the Jewish masonic lodges in connection with the world-war? The fairy tale about the Jewish revolution?"

"Yes, of course," he said. "But these fairy tales are too badly

composed. On one side they are too unbelievable, and on the other not stupid enough. If we take them as mere humbug, even then they lack method. People say that Capitalism is the means by which the Jews ruin Germany. If so, then one cannot equally assert that Socialism is the means by which they decompose the German nation. People would believe one of these versions, but to believe both at a time even the masses are not stupid enough."

"These are sad times," he began. "I have had such a good field here in Germany. But I began to grow fat since Mendelssohn recognised that all that is bad in the Jew derived from Yiddish, into which I had pushed them so successfully; as well as since he put an end to the mixing up the languages and condemned Yiddish to death. The Jews are buried so deep in the German culture that I have lost my *raison d'être*. What is my existence now based on? On some remains of the ghetto masquerade. Should one wish to pull the Jews out of the German culture one could not do it without ruining the whole structure."

"You exaggerate."

"Yes, but very little. The anti-Semites had noticed it a long time ago. That is why they always trample round on everything that seems to appertain to intellect, art, and culture. They think that it is the surest way to hit the Jews. One of them asserted that Goethe was a Jewish offspring."

And he looked again through the microscope at the wonderful fungus.

"Do you know what Gematria means?"—he suddenly interrupted himself—"Ziruph? Notarikon?"

"Yes. It is a sort of mystical figure-game. One decomposes the letters of one's name and of Scripture verses, transfers them into figures, and so on."

"A figure-game!" he said angrily, and pushed back the ashtray which was before him. "The deepest mystery of Kabbala is a figure-game! Upon this I base my last hope!" he said a while later. "In Scripture you find very much about the 'Butting Ox' and what one has to do against it." He drew nearer to me and said mysteriously, "If I multiply by three the figure-equivalent of the 'Butting Ox,' then I get a figure which is the equivalent of the words 'The Crown of the Hatred of Jews.'"

"Will you win then?" I asked.

"Do you notice the mysterious association between the 'Butting Ox' and the 'Hatred of Jews'?" The leader of the great persecution of the Jews in 1298 was a certain Rindfleisch (Beefmeat); the leader of the Frankfurt riots against the Jews in 1614 was one whose name was Fettmilch (Fatmilk). You see: everywhere you find a relationship between the cattle and the anti-Semitism. But the third 'Butting Ox' is lacking as yet, and when found the 'Crown' will be complete." Suddenly he jumped up.

"I've got him," he exclaimed triumphantly. "Do you want to see him? Come to 13, Dietlindenstrasse to-night. I am going to found my paper to-night, and he will be the Editor."

IV

At 13, Dietlindenstrasse I was brought to a room full of German peasant furniture. It was the office of the defensive union "Black-White-Red from Sirius to Jungfrau." Huge oxen-horns were hanging on the walls by the side of some favourite generals, and a Teuton, lying on a bear-skin, the Trumpeter of Sackingen, and Tirpitz. A huge, tree-like Hackenkreuz (Cross Cramponée) was standing in front of the lamp. The inscriptions on the walls read: "To be German means to do a thing for its own sake. Members' fee 1m. 50pf. monthly. I know no parties any more. I know only the German. Down with the Jews! Let them go out of our national body! The world will recover if Germany exists. Do not spit on the floor."

On a heavy table stood enormous jugs, and in an atmosphere of thick smoke were sitting a few men. The Wandering Jew immediately approached me and introduced me as his secretary. The men growled something, which sounded like "Hallo!" or some other German greeting. They were discussing which tendency the paper to be founded would adopt. Marbod Timm was speaking. He was a young man, like one hundred thousand others. He had a young and fresh face, which looked neither clever nor stupid, and was set on a strong body, perhaps a little too heavy. His traits were empty, and waited for the time when future relationships or a strong will will write something there. The Wandering Jew was present to impress them with his discovery.

"One returns from the front," said Mr. Timm. "One deserves a cosy corner for a rest. But one finds all good places occupied by Jews. Who sits with the girl in a café? Who earns money? Who gets good situations from the Government? The Jews."

His face grew angry and offended. "The parasites eat their fill and the population hungers. One cannot do anything but curse the Jews."

"To curse is not enough," said a purring basso. It was Herr Franz Xavier Osterbichler, the chief of the southern group of the old German Confederation of Fellow-countrymen, a heavy gentleman with a red head and bristling moustache, dripping with beer.

"The only reason why the German nation has fallen," he went on, "is that she has neglected the motto of her great ancestors. And what was their motto?—Do not think! Strike!" Saying which he sat down heavily.

"Your word is worth God's hearing," rejoiced the Wandering Jew.

Herr Bodo von Zeckenfeld drank his health. He drank champagne out of a big beer tankard—at the expense of the Wandering Jew, of course. He was a lean man, rather worn out. Previously he had edited a film paper, and afterwards a sports paper. Then for some months vanished because of a suspicious occurrence with a letter of exchange. Now he lived mostly by acting, playing in the enlightening films the parts of elegant procurers. He thought, and it was perfectly true, that his old name was welcomed by the German national movement, for there exists a beautiful ballad about one of his ancestors who was a robber-knight, hanged only after many difficulties.

And then got up a man with a hard, fanatic face who reminded one of both Goethe and Gerhardt Hauptmann, but whose looks were not more significant than those of a mediumly gifted provincial "père noble."

"Look at him," said the Wandering Jew, with irritation. "It is he, the 'Butting Ox.' His name is Rindleder (Cattleskin)—Dr. Johannes Borromæus Rindleder."

"Rindfleisch—Fettmilch—Rindleder."

"I think," Dr. Rindleder began, "that the directive lines, which I have laid down in my 'Foundation of Culture,' must form the Canon of any German clear-sighted movement. All good in the world, for so is the nature of good, can come only from the Germans. As, when speaking of Chamberlain, I have proved that not only the great Italians of the Renaissance and the poets of the Bible have been Germans, but we must also consider as offsprings of dispersed Germans the great Chinese Kung-Fu-Tse and Li-Taj-Po. Should the travels of Marco Polo be confirmed, in future . . ."

"*A propos* Marco Polo," said Herr von Zeckenfeld to the Wandering Jew, "I have two more tea-waggons in Dusseldorf. If you are interested, their price amounts, loco——"

"What prevents us assuming," went on Dr. Rindleder, "that with the travelling-lust of the Germans German blood has been pushed so far as the Chinese shore in the past? Hence when we had occupied Kiaoshau it was not simply a putting into practice of the sacred right of a well-based need of expansion, but an inward necessity, a call of blood, and, to some degree, an action of Irridenta."

"I always have been for sound colonial politics," remarked Franz Xavier Osterbichler, and struck on the table. But we must have reasonable statesmen to consider the legal peculiarities of each separate state. The Chinese lands must not be given to the Empire, but to Bavaria. Bavaria must have her share in the East stronghold. After all, I cannot imagine how China can be ruled if not by Bavarians."

"Fellow-countrymen, Separate-state Brethren," said the Wandering Jew, "we wander from our topic. First of all we have to find a Name."

Now whirled round in a hubbub names such as "The Iron Whip"; "The Odin's Eye"; "The Lame Separate-state Herald"; "The One-Eyed"; "The General Informator of the Nibelungen"; "The Sound-ing Ox-horn"; "The Clearsighted Bear-skins."

At last Dr. Rindleder succeeded in overshadowing others, and proposed the name "Fist of Truth."

"I draw your attention, Separate-state Fellows," he said, "to the fact that this name is a symbol not only of the Germans' thirst for action but also of their fistful onslaught. This sort of play upon words shows the soul of things much more directly than any long analysis of the so-called science, and is in favour with both the Rembrandt Germans and Chamberlain."

Herr von Zeckenfeld was negotiating now the commission for propagation of the paper, which he had to receive from the "Fist of Truth."

The Wandering Jew was happy because of Johannes Borromæus Rindleder's election as Editor.

"His telephone number is 60746" he whispered to me. "If one reads the figures as Hebrew letters one gets the 'Crown of the Hatred of the Jews' or the 'Butting Ox.'"

They quoted texts from the German Bible and Chamberlain's *Foundations*. Dr. Rindleder delivered a speech which went so far as to assert that the world will recover from the present state through the Germans, and Marbod Timm was very animated. And a Teutonic bardit was sung.

The Wandering Jew accompanied the bardit, playing the ox-horn.

V

The Wandering Jew invited me to come and have a drink with him to celebrate the foundation of the paper.

We were sitting in the Editor's room, formerly the office of the defensive union "Black-White-Red from Sirius to Jungfrau." The "Hackenkreuz calendar for the German movement," hanging on the wall, showed the 7th of Eglfing.

Heaps of anti-Jewish books and pamphlets in all languages were exposed on the table. There was the microscope with the fungus, and among other rare things a pair of big ancient warrior's shoes.

We were drinking and smoking.

"It happened several times," the Wandering Jew said, "that the following words of the Scripture almost became truth: 'Behold. I give you to the peoples as a property.' Then was tetrarch Herod. He was quite a sensible man. He started the theatre and the fights as well as the Greek and Roman morals in Jerusalem. Had it gone on as he wanted, the Jews would have been cosmopolised much earlier in history, and the world would have a different aspect. It happened that I had to supply Herod with a big quantity of shoes; I got an order for 4,000 pairs of sandals at a price of two drachmas per pair. I wanted to make them after the Greek fashion, and the Princess Salome was of the same opinion, as it would have been pretty and practical. But the Jewish chauvinists were against, and acted through Marianne; then Herod cancelled the order, for he could not bear conjugal scenes."

The Wandering Jew was silent and drank.

"Nobody is faultless in anything," said the Wandering Jew after a while. "It happened when Mohammed appeared. Had the Jewish chauvinists not resisted so wildly, had they accepted the compromise which Mohammed was offering, then Judaism would have become a world's religion in the shape of a cautious Mohammedanism instead of Christianity. Everything would have been settled sooner, I would have vanished from the earth's surface, and would not have had the pleasure of drinking with you here the Markobeunnen Auslese."

His words seemed to me to sound as if from afar.

And a rare oppression came upon me, a strange paralysis, a chilly feeling of fright. I felt as if the walls of the room were of mist and

haze, as if all around us there was an alien, ill-looking, ancient people, and their dead eyes were staring at me.

"Are we alone?" I asked, but my words sounded uncertain and troubled. Maybe he did not hear my question. "To be the spiritual cement of the world," he said, "to cement the world with one's own blood, many a man among the Jews had set himself this aim quite consciously and clearly." He smiled. "And they have made my task so difficult. The last and the most deliberate was Mendelssohn. But it began very much earlier. Think of the Jew Alexander, whom you call Flavius Josephus. Think of the troubadour Susskind von Trimberg."

Now I knew for sure that we were not alone in the room. A swarm of dim, intangible forms which I had never seen and yet knew were present in this room; but how they had entered I could not understand. They did not walk, neither did they stand; were not still nor yet moving; did not open their mouths and yet spoke. They wore dresses of all times, of all nations, and shone as they moved together. They looked at me with a thousand eyes; they all were Jews, but, at the same time, not Jews. There were there: the Greek Livius, Flavius Josephus, and Abraham ibn Sahl, the great love-singer of Araby, and mediæval Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians. But quite near by me was a figure which I did not know, though of which I knew a great deal and trusted—the figure of that poor troubadour from Maness' song-manuscript, with his sad eyes and big pointed Jewish hat—Susskind von Trimberg. The Jew Sampson Pine was to be seen over his shoulder; he was the first to translate *Parsifal* for the Germans; and further over the latter's shoulders could be glimpsed the Jew Johannes Pauli, who closed the swaying Germany's mediæval literature with his *Blame and Earnestness*. Now the mist was full of thousands of faces. They spoke in all tongues and sang in all rhymes; all that ever has been created by the fancies of peoples was here and lingered through these Jewish masters; it was their voices which made it sound and their colours which made it glitter. The crowd began to fade away and vanished within the walls of the room, which looked as if they were of mist and haze. And again the voice of the Wandering Jew sounded nearer.

"The hatred of Jews is nothing but a phantom. One has to put under his tongue the proper amulet, and it will rise and walk. It is behind the ethical valuation. It is the anti-spirit that rises against the spirit. The matter that buries under itself the spirit. It is a necessity, a law of nature. Look at this shoe," he said, showing the ancient warrior's boots on the desk. "I was always interested in footwear," he laughed. "I was a shoe manufacturer by profession, you know."

"What about the shoe?" I asked.

"Examine these shoes carefully," he said. "You see they are of parchment. On the inside you find Hebrew characters. They were written in 1130 or so, when St. Bernard of Clairvaux preached the Crusade." He went on: "What a good time it was for me then! They killed myriads of Jews and burned their books, or cut them to make boot-soles. These shoes were made by order of the Chevalier

Chrétien de Hauteclouque. He alone slew twenty-seven Jews, to say nothing of women and children, after which he went to the Holy Land, wearing these boots, provided by his order with soles of Thora-rolls' parchment. If you examine them carefully you still can read the Hebrew letters. It is a text from the fifth book of Moses, which reads: 'Thou shalt not bring any stranger into thy land and set thy heart upon him; for thou hast been a stranger in the land of Egypt.' Yes," he went on, "stepping on such soles the chevalier went against the Saracens, and all his sins were forgiven to him in advance. I gave a considerable assistance to St. Bernard in those times as well as to all Crusade preachers, among whom were Fernando Martinez and Vincento Ferrer. I was responsible for the fact that the priests in Poland, Russia, and Roumania were successful in preventing the Mountain sermon from being continued, and had allowed the Jews to be slain and robbed of their possessions. Yes, I was present everywhere. I was in everything that happened, as it were. The idea of the wandering of the soul was taken by us from the Indians," he said—and it seemed to me that this remark had no connection with his previous words—"and brought this idea into Europe." He smiled. "This is the only thing we have from Asia."

Again his words became gradually veiled, and again we were not alone in the room. This time warriors were sitting at the table, making restless gestures, with red, worthy, but very ordinary-looking faces, and the Wandering Jew drank their health. What a wonderful people were those with whom he dealt! Their number increased thronging round our table. There were shaven, gloomy, fanatical priests, and fat priests of the Greek Church, with bulldog expressions, and other figures with bestial traits, denoting a low life, in Roumanian peasant dresses and in the uniform of Kosaks. It was obvious that all of them were speaking, for they opened wide their mouths; they were swearing, barking, shouting, growling. But always soundlessly. The room began to grow wider, and turned into a huge square, full of smoke and blood. There were heaps of flaming Hebrew books and pyres reaching to the very clouds, bearing the charred forms of countless masses of people; the voices of the priests were heard singing "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." Hosts of men, women and children wandered over and across the square from all sides. They were either naked or in rags, and bore in their hands nothing but dead bodies, charred, dismembered, hanged, broken upon the wheel; nothing but dead bodies did they carry and the fragments of the scrolls that had been torn, profanated and soiled with dirt. They were followed by men in kaftan and women with children in modern dresses—countless, endless. And voices in the air sang: "Strong are the streams of Euphrates and Tigris, and many waves do they carry to the sea; but stronger are the streams of blood which Israel has shed for the healing of the world."

The endless square grew smaller, and took the shape of the Editor's room with the Wandering Jew sitting at the table with his wine and cigar.

"I can give myself good marks. I did my duty well. If there

was something to be done I did it. Wherever there appeared the least trace of stupidity I immediately arrived there and never left, but bored and bored until I succeeded in directing it into its proper channel and provoked it into the massacres and persecutions of the Jews. I enforced nothing, but never omitted to use every opportunity, trying what could be done with the dead Christian children as victims of the ritual murder, the German officers, Yiddish, the Russian priests, and the wells, whose water had been poisoned, obviously by the Jews, the students of the Hackenkreuz, Kosaks, and, at last, the forged statistics of the number of Jews in the army. I have incited, misled, calumniated, for two thousand years in such a way that the *chauvinisme* of the world-war in comparison with it seemed to be the very truth. I have the right to say: What could happen has happened. But, you see, in spite of everything, my paunch grows fatter. It is so since the time of Mendelssohn, Lessing, and Napoleon I believe I shall be compelled to rest soon."

After an effort I gave up following his words. The tortured Jews and those who became cosmopolite, the warrior's shoes, the all-German officers, the troubadour Susskind von Trimberg and St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the fungus and Chamberlain, and the students, wearing the Hackenkreuz, flew one into another in my mind. I wondered whether the one who sat in front of me, fashionably dressed, with a smile of *double entendre*, was Dr. A. Has, Editor of the *Fist of Truth*, or was he a symbol of those never-rooted, always nomadic, people artificially prevented from settling down upon the land into whom anti-Semitism wants to turn the Jews.

VI

Marbod Timm came to see me.

"You will be surprised," he said, "to see me in your flat." And his fresh and handsome young face looked confused.

"I cannot deny it," I said.

"In fact, Gertrud sent me. She advised me to have a frank chat with you one day."

"Please do."

"Not everything in the German movement is as it ought to be," he began.

"Really?"

"The cause is good, the cause is honest. But why is it impossible to put it into practice by honest means? We have a journalist, W. Kotz. Have you not read his article on Lessing when, at our young days, we attempted to compel the theatre to stop the performance of *Nathan*?"

"No," said I.

"He asserts in his article that Lessing's real name was Levi. What do you say to it?"

"I? O Schilda! Fatherland!"

"But aren't you more surprised than that? It is quite improbable."

"Yes," I replied. "I do not deem it probable."

"And can you imagine that Kotz tried to write for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*? It was when he was getting on badly. But he was refused!"

"Even there they did not appreciate the beauty of German style, as it deserves."

"At all events, the whole remains a question to be solved. I will keep silence that Herr von Zeckendorf is again under inquiry for swindling, and that they have taken to the lunatic asylum the Dr. Johannes Borromæus Rindleder."

"It is a shame," I said. "In past times they would call him a saint."

"Why the devil cannot our cause find better defenders?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"In the past it was different," he went on. "Then men like Luther wrote against the Jews. His mighty polemic article, 'On Jews and their Lies,' is just a prayer-book for a man of the German movement."

"Luther?" I smiled, and took from the bookshelf the book *Luther's Writing That our Lord Jesus was born a Jew*. "Look here," I said, and opened the place, "Our fools have learnt, indeed, with the Jews that the one who is a good Christian might also become a good Jew. And were I a Jew, and had seen such blockheads to be ruled and taught, I would rather become a swine than a Christian."

Marbod stood helpless. "So has Luther written! This way and that way too!"

"So it seems," I said.

"I must make you a confession," he began, after a while, with an uneasy confidence which suited him very well. "It is queer how things happen to me when Jews are concerned. Sometimes is one of them so sympathetic to me that I think I could have an honest friendship with him during my whole life. And then I meet another one who is so tactless, servile, and arrogant at the same time that I enlist with all my heart in the protest: 'Out of the country with the whole rotten growth!'"

"Dear Mr. Timm," I said, "doesn't the same thing happen to you with the Christians?"

And as he stood without answering, I added: "You see, that which seems to you 'Jewish' in a Jew—the certain servile arrogance, the humble intrusion—these have nothing to do with the substance of the Jewish nature. It is only the result of the Ghetto, centuries of hatred, confinement and slavery through which the mediæval Germany pressed the Jews."

"But there must be some real reason, indeed, for the horror that this nation . . ."

"Horror! Nation! There is one Jew to 110 Germans; therefore only a small portion of the population knows the Jew personally. But to one German Jew there are hundreds of copies of an anti-Semitic paper. That is the source from which the population learns of the Jews. And in addition, the All-German . . ."

"You have such a disdainful tone when you speak of the All-Germans . . ." he interrupted me.

"Disdainful? Not that I was aware of it. Compassionate, perhaps. You know, at school I was often with sons of the leading All-German families. Many of them were brave, good-tempered, but mediumly gifted. In languages, history, and especially in German composition they had to make efforts to keep up their heads, and some of them have to thank me for reaching their freedom one year earlier, for with fear of God and adroitly they copied from my notebook. But it was astonishing to what a point they all were very good in sports. At jumping, horizontal bar, at the ladder and at free exercises they showed themselves upright, strong, alert. These are surely necessary qualities, not to be despised, and at races, in military service, make one generally useful. But I could never understand why a good performance of high-jumping or of an exercise at the horizontal bar should denote the capacity for being a political leader. And the good gymnasts and poor logicians who, during many scores of years, debased to their own level the leadership of German politics are now the leaders of the All-German movement. Yes, how helpless might they have been when they happily pushed the wheelbarrow into the mud, and when the nation unanimously cried out: 'Down with the All-Germans!' And with what relief they began to breathe as suddenly there was found a way out of the claws and the old scapegoat was made to reappear—*Judæus ex machina*."

At this moment they knocked, and the Wandering Jew came in.

VII

I have been invited to Marbod and Gertrud's for the christening. Twins have been born to them.

On the way I met the Wandering Jew. We had the same objective.

"I see the anti-Semitic movement grows bigger everywhere," I said. "Your seed blossoms."

"Blossoms!" he murmured. "What does 'blossoms' mean? The *Fist of Truth* has gone bankrupt. It faded away. Look at my belly!"

He had become very fat, it was true.

"But everywhere I can notice . . ."

"These are the last efforts before the collapse. Imagine—a German Christian, John Müller, has written that anti-Semitism is in the first place a German problem, a token of weakness in the German national spirit. He writes that only a nation whose national ambition is in contradiction with its strength of will in so far as the problems of that nation are concerned can come to a conclusion to thrust upon the Jews that which would be obviously a matter of pride for a healthy nation, viz., the responsibility for one's own deed. You notice an anti-Jewish wave now and again," he said. "That is true. Now the Germans, having been in Ghetto for five years only, behave more uncontrolledly and with less dignity than the Jews after a Ghetto of five centuries. But it is of no use to me. It is nothing but an acute bitterness. I ought not to build anything upon it, and when it is over and the German nation recovers from its nerve attack it will be shocked by the thought that one hundred and ten Germans have had such a deathly fear of only one

Jew. No! No! It has come to an end. It is really the end. I can pack my things; now I am nothing but a ghost of the day before yesterday, and, under the most favourable circumstances, can exist only on the stage. I can resist to the end, of course. I am still the head of the anti-Semitic propaganda, I produce pamphlets, and, by night, stick anti-Semitic bills on the drain-pipes and on the lavatories, but I am prepared for the end. I have bought a house in Isartal and have given my staff to the property-man of the National Theatre. You see yourself that even the Jews do not take these momentous waves too seriously." He went on, after a while, "They do not lament. The idea of being seriously angry with these foolish youths does not occur to them."

"What do they do, then?"

"They laugh . . ."

"They . . ."

"Yes, they are amused with the lack of talent and the spoken nibblings of the anti-Semites."

We arrived at the house of our friends. Marbod Timm shook my hand heartily, and said "I was an ass!"

Gertrud showed us the twins, of whom she was proud.

"What are their names?"

"The girl's name is Mary."

"Mary! Pfuj!" interrupted the Wandering Jew. "It is Hebrew and is derived from Miriam. You ought to call her Frigg."

"But the boy? You will approve of his name. His name is Hans."

"Hans! Pfuj!" said the Wandering Jew again. "It is Hebrew and comes from Jochanaan. You ought to call him Teut."

Marbod and Gertrud laughed heartily. "If the Jewish is so mixed up with the German," said Gertrud, "who can unravel it?"

The Wandering Jew was sitting in a club chair—fat, and smoking without stop, and murmuring under his nose, "Travelling is a miller's desire." He was carefully shaven, had a little black moustache on his upper lip, and seemed to be a figure so familiar at theatres, at race meetings or restaurants.

"Are you satisfied?" I asked.

"Satisfied!" he purred. "What is 'satisfied'?"

He turned his eyes towards me, and the remarkable deep light shone from them. He stretched himself and breathed with satisfaction.

"Satisfied!" he repeated. And moving his hand in a manner so peculiar to him he smiled: "And why not?"

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SIR JOHN SOANE

By S. M. ELLIS

SIR JOHN SOANE, the architect of the old Bank of England, died on January 20, 1837, and now, ninety years later, his masterpiece has disappeared, but attention is once more drawn to the man by a remarkable biography, mainly presented in the form of letters addressed to him by his friends and enemies.¹ The author, Mr. Bolton, the present curator of the Soane Museum, has not sought to provide a book for general reading in the biography class of the circulating libraries. This is a book which will appeal mainly to those who like *minutiae*: nothing is too small for Mr. Bolton's attention, and he expounds the most obscure references in the letters by detailed and interesting notes, together with a synopsis of each of the sections into which he has divided his vast material. Unusual as this form of biography may be, it is justified by the result, for the complex character of Soane does clearly emerge by degrees—the effects of his early struggles, his determination to succeed, his parsimony in some things and his generosity in other directions, his difficult and often violent temper, his tender devotion to his wife, and his harsh treatment of his two sons when they married contrary to his wishes. As in the case of other self-made men, Soane displayed considerable ostentation when at last he commanded money, and he was particularly criticised by his contemporaries, in 1829, for his gift of £1,000 to the fund for erecting the Duke of York's Column in Waterloo Place. In this connection it is amusing to read the tribute of the intermediary, Lord Farnborough, to that Duke of York who had failed alike as soldier and Commander-in-Chief, and who had caused an immense scandal by means of his mistress, Mrs. Clarke, the lady through whom military commissions and promotion could be bought:—

I had the satisfaction of presenting your magnificent contribution to the Duke of York's monument yesterday . . . I beg on my part to return to you my warmest thanks for making me the channel of so splendid and so generous a contribution to an object I have so much at heart, from having witnessed on so many occasions the zeal and ability which the illustrious person who is to be commemorated shewed in the service of his country.

Soane's contemporaries were very bitter towards him. Only five years after his death the writer of the Soane memoir in Charles Knight's *Penny Cyclopædia*² asserted:—

Eminently successful as he was throughout life, Sir J. Soane was quite as much to be pitied as to be envied, and he is a striking lesson to the world that prosperity

(1) *The Portrait of Sir John Soane, R.A. (1753-1837)*. Set Forth in Letters from his Friends (1775-1837). Edited by Arthur T. Bolton, F.S.A. (No. 13 of the Publications of Sir John Soane's Museum. With 47 illustrations. 16s. net.)

(2) Volume 22, 1842. A few years previously the same editor had given an excellent account of *The House and Museum of Sir John Soane* in another of his publications, *The Penny Magazine*, No. 363, November, 1837.

may be bitter to the man, and opportunity sometimes worse than useless to the artist. As an architect, he did not, with the exception of the Bank—and there only in bits—accomplish anything of sterling merit. . . . His attempts at Gothic were almost beneath contempt . . . with regard to his house itself, the exterior of which is by no means such a specimen of taste as an architect would be ambitious of bequeathing to posterity, though, taken altogether, the building and its contents form a monument sufficiently expressive of the character of the man—a strange jumble of insignificance and ostentation, of parsimony and extravagance, of ingenious contrivance in some parts, and of the most miserable conceits in others.

These contemporary judgments did not take into consideration Soane's private benefactions, and they knew little of the great disappointment of his life, in that he had failed to establish an architectural dynasty through his sons. For, like all self-made men, he had cherished the idea of founding a famous family; but, as in the case of all famous men, from Napoleon downwards, his dynasty failed him. Nature is inflexible and breaks the peerless mould; no great man is ever surpassed by his sons and grandsons, and generally the male line is extinct in a few generations.

Sir John Soane's origin was humble and obscure. His grandfather's name seems to have been Swan; but his father, a bricklayer and small builder, was known as Soan at Whitechurch, near Reading, where John Soane was born in 1753. Obtaining employment in London as foot-boy, or some similar occupation, Soane entered the household of George Dance, R.A. (son of George Dance, the elder, who designed the Mansion House). His intelligence and skill in drawing soon promoted him to the position of a pupil in architecture under Dance at the age of fifteen. It was a great period of building in London on splendid lines. In 1768 the Adam brothers were completing the Adelphi and Lansdowne House, and there soon followed the noble houses of Mansfield Street and Portland Place. The young Soane assisted Dance with Newgate, though his first work was upon that house for the Gurnell family, at Ealing Green, which he was to acquire as his own home some thirty years later. At the age of nineteen Soane transferred to the office of another distinguished architect, Henry Holland, then building Claremont, where the entrance hall is believed to be from the design of the youthful pupil. After winning the Gold Medal of the Royal Academy, Soane was chosen as travelling student, and duly proceeded to Italy in 1778. At Rome he was patronised by that curious survival of a Prince of the Church, Frederick Hervey, "The Earl-Bishop"—Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol. Thomas Jones (1743-1803), a Welsh artist and pupil of Richard Wilson, notes in his unpublished diary:—

29th December, 1778. Lord Hervey, Bishop of Derry, arrived from Rome accompanied by Soane the architect. The next day I left a card at his Lordship's hotel, and on the morning following waited in person about six o'clock, knowing his levée to be at an early hour. I found him combing and adjusting a single curl which was fixed by a string to his own short hair.

After his return to England, Soane visited Lord Bristol at his Irish seat in the summer of 1780, and at this date Mr. Bolton is able to give some very entertaining letters written to the young architect by

Anna Riggs, Lady Miller (the wife of a baronet), who founded the chaste and genteel salon at Batheaston Villa, Bath, mentioned by Horace Walpole. The hostess received every Thursday, and her guests were expected to drop their original poetical and artistic contributions into "a Roman vase dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles." Lady Miller had published a book, *Letters from Italy, 1777*, and Soane had furnished a copy with illustrations of the scenes depicted. The volume was lost with some of his luggage, and Lady Miller voiced her grief at this mishap with one eye turned upon Soane's host, the great but wicked Earl-Bishop, in the hope, no doubt, that he might be secured some day for her salon. Thus she wrote with all the sentiment and feeling sensibility of her period:—

The obligations I am under to you, Sir, can never be forgotten by me, but of all the compliments I have ever had made me, that of inserting views in my letters is the greatest. The thought was so replete with sentiment and the most delicate attention, that my regret at the loss of so valuable an acquisition affected me so much, in the weak state of health I am in, that I was near fainting away, but a shower of tears relieved me in some measure. . . . I cannot help envying the felicity of your situation: you daily enjoy the conversation, you possess the approbation and, above all, the friendship of perhaps the *most* learned, the *most* ingenious and brightest ornament of the age we live in. Long have I admired his virtues . . . may a grateful people, whom he has the goodness to protect and reside among, shew their gratitude by endeavouring to imitate the example he sets them. Indeed, I believe that the Bishop of Derry has been and will be of more use to the kingdom than any prince they ever were protected by before.

But, alas! the days of her salon and her life alike were numbered, for poor Lady Miller, despite the remedies for her health she sought at the Bristol Hot Wells, died during the following year, 1781. Her young friend passed on rapidly to the acme of his career. In 1784 he married Elizabeth Smith, niece and heiress of George Wyatt, a prosperous builder, who lived in Albion Place, on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge. In 1788 Soane was appointed architect to the Bank of England, and a few years later the rebuilding commenced from his remarkable designs. In 1791 he became Clerk of the Works at St. James's Palace and the Houses of Parliament. In 1792-1793 he built and moved into No. 12, Lincoln's Inn Fields, next door to No. 13, which he acquired in 1813, and rebuilt for the purposes of his home and museum.

In 1801 Soane bought the villa on Ealing Green before mentioned. This estate of some twenty-eight acres had belonged to Thomas Gurnell (1725-1785), the father-in-law of George Dance, R.A., who, with Soane's aid, built the house for Gurnell in 1770. This Thomas Gurnell also owned the manor, with house, of Pitchhanger (or Pittshanger, as it is now spelt), on the northern side of Ealing, adjacent to Perivale, and this must have been the origin of the strange error which styles Sir John Soane's villa on Ealing Green "Pitzhanger Manor." In an old map of Ealing, dated 1777, the name of "Thomas Gurnell, Esq.," figures on both the Manor of Pitchhanger in the north, near the Brent, and to the house on Ealing Green to the south, some

two miles apart. One can only suppose that Gurnell removed his residence from Pitchhanger to the Green when the new house there was ready, and that in documents he was described as "late of Pitchhanger"; and so, when in after years his daughter-in-law sold the property to Soane, the distinguishing "late" was omitted by error, and the villa on Ealing Green became known as Pitzhanger: but Pitchhanger Manor Farm it never was at any time of its history.

With his extensive grounds at Ealing Green Soane was able to indulge in those landscape gardening conceits so popular at that time—artificial ruins, grottos, Merlin's Cave, and a Gothic mystery, such as he later offered in the Monk's Parlour in his museum. The fashion for these picturesque additions to horticulture had been introduced by Augusta, Princess of Wales, and continued by Queen Charlotte, at Kew Gardens. To the end of his life Soane looked back with regretful pleasure to his "fads and fancies" at Ealing and the "Gothic feasts and intellectual banquets" he had given there in days of yore. At Christmas, 1810, to meet the wishes of his wife, the Ealing villa was sold,¹ and its heterogeneous collections of works of art were removed to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the Soane Museum was continued and completed during the next quarter of a century. Sir John Soane solved the difficulty, and realised the beatific vision of every collector (however small his loved possessions) who knows that eventually his heirs will disperse and sell the collections that meant so much to him—by obtaining an Act of Parliament in 1833 for the preservation of his museum for the benefit of the public, setting aside for the purpose a considerable endowment of money. His last years were sad and lonely. The sudden death of his wife in 1815 was an irreparable loss, and he was alienated from his sons. There only remained his collections and the house he had built for their exhibition. On Sunday, March 13, 1831, he wrote in his note-book: "At home all day, very wet and dreary, alone. Sorting and destroying papers. 'Put thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die.'"

He left his house in perfect order. Isaac D'Israeli wrote to him a few months before the end: "Your museum is permanently magical, for the enchantments of art are eternal. Some in poems have raised fine architectural edifices, but most rare have been those who have discovered when they had finished their house, if such a house can ever said to be finished, that they had built a poem."

The house caused his death. He had removed his bedroom to a top attic in order to provide more room for the museum. He caught a chill on a cold January night descending the staircase, which was covered by a large, draughty skylight, and so he died at the age of eighty-three, in 1837, just as the old *régime*, of which he was so characteristic an example, was about to pass also, at the advent of the age of steam and iron.

(1) Happily the house survives as the Ealing Public Library, and Soane's fine garden is now a public park.

CORRESPONDENCE

HUNGARY AND YUGOSLAVIA

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The article which Mr. Robert Machray has contributed to your November issue upon "Hungary and Yugoslavia" raises certain points connected with the Rothermere campaign, on which I should like to make a few comments.

While it is perfectly true to say that the efforts which have been carried on with a view to obtaining a revision of the treaty of Trianon have caused a great deal of excitement in Czecho-Slovakia and other countries, the effect is not that which Mr. Machray was induced to believe. The Czechs may declare that too much importance is being given to the matter by the peoples of Central Europe, and also that it has: "led to a further strengthening of the Little Entente in standing by the Peace Treaties," but the contrary is so much the case that in Roumania, for instance, many Transylvanian proprietors who bought land from the dispossessed Hungarians are now selling it hurriedly, lest it should be returned to its original owners. Benes himself is so much disturbed that, as a first result of the attack opened by Lord Rothermere, a number of Hungarian schools in Ruthenia which had been closed were immediately reopened.

Further, the Czech claim that the Slovaks very deeply resent any suggestion of a return to Hungarian rule is purely fictitious. "Spontaneous" manifestations of protest against the Rothermere campaign were organised by the Czechs themselves. I was present at several of these meetings, and in every instance found a poor attendance, and one, incidentally, in which the Czechs constituted a majority. There were only 3,000 present at the much-advertised protest meeting held during August in Bratislava, and 1,200 and 800 at Kosice (Kassa) and Uzhorod (Ungvar) respectively. Taking into account the numerous ways in which an unscrupulous Government can create a false impression by juggling with statistics, I have no hesitation in saying that a plebiscite in Slovakia, if held under a strict neutral supervision which precluded any attempt at terrorisation or falsification of returns, would result in an overwhelming vote for Hungary.

Yours faithfully,

DUDLEY HEATHCOTE.

* * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return ^{as} manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps ^{or} a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. ^{or} It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written. ^{as} The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of ^{h,} an article.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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QUO VADIS?: RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

THE turn of the year invites, if it does not impel, all business men to the grim task of stocktaking. The politician may profitably imitate the example of the commercial world.

"Watchman, what of the night?" This is the question perpetually asked by those who still look to Westminster for encouragement and enlightenment in the hours of darkness. What answer shall we make?

Indications are not wanting that the long night of depression is at least ending, and that the dawn of a brighter day is about to break. But similar hopes have been raised before only to be dashed, and we must beware of undue optimism. In the autumn of 1925 and the early spring of 1926 there was not only an earnest desire for a new spirit in industry, there were unmistakable signs of a revival of trade. A few months later all the hopes thus aroused were dashed by the outbreak of the most disastrous, most futile, and most avoidable conflict in our industrial history.

Yet it is by no means certain that even the terrible events of 1926 must be counted as altogether loss. More and more clearly are people coming to realise how near we came to the brink of the precipice, that a false step in the critical days of May, 1926, would have landed us in disaster literally irretrievable. Those who lightly encouraged, if they did not directly engineer, the General Strike are now in a more sober and more chastened mood, and rejoice—none more so—that this disaster was, in fact, averted partly by the prudent preparations and firm policy of the Government, and, much more, by the admirable

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temper, the civic patriotism, and the imperturbable good humour of the great mass of the citizens of this country.

The defeat of the Communist conspiracy and the collapse of the coal dispute have done not a little to clear the air. The set back to the dawning trade recovery has been, of course, deplorable; we are back where we were eighteen months ago with the additional debit of wasted resources, lost markets, and forfeited opportunities. Nevertheless, as I shall presently show, there are unmistakable signs of improvement in many directions.

Before analysing them it may be pertinent to glance for a moment at another dark cloud in a different quarter of the sky, which, like the cloud of trade depression, has a silver lining. I refer to the disappointment caused to many loyal Churchmen by the rejection in the House of Commons of the measure for an alternative Liturgy. To many it seemed, in the hour of defeat, as though the pious labour of long years had been wasted and high hopes of ecclesiastical harmony had been dissipated by a hasty decision reached after a few hours of heated debate in the House of Commons. I take a less pessimistic view. There would seem, indeed, to be ground for genuine satisfaction in that the public at large should have manifested so deep an interest in the conduct of public worship and in the doctrinal teaching of the National Church. That some exaggerated fears were excited, some unworthy suspicions aroused, and some regrettable temper displayed must be frankly admitted. Yet, considering the gravity of the issues at stake, I cannot but think that the controversy was in the main conducted in seemly fashion, and, on both sides, with due regard to the claims of Christian charity. In particular, members of the Church of England have reason to be grateful to those ministers of the Free Churches who participated in the discussion both in the Press and in Parliament. Meanwhile the leaders of the Anglican Communion have the opportunity of reconsidering their proposals with the additional light thrown upon the problem by the debates in both Houses of Parliament. Those debates accurately reflected, I believe, the prevalent mind of the English laity.

To return, however, from the altars to the market place. What signs of a dawning industrial day can the watchman discern?

In balancing the books of the nation's business it is the common practice to pay special if not exclusive regard to the returns of external trade, to statistics of exports and imports. That is perfectly natural. In unique measure this country is dependent for its existence upon imported food and raw materials. These commodities can be paid for only by the exported products of our mines, forges and factories. It is therefore essential that we should bestow the closest scrutiny upon the quantities and values of the commodities which we respectively export and import.

The results of such a scrutiny are none too encouraging. Excluding goods in transit, our imports in 1913 were valued at £768 millions, our exports at £525 millions. By 1920 they had risen (in a somewhat inflated currency) to £1,993 and £1,334 millions respectively; and in 1925 had again declined to £1,166 and £773 millions. The total for the first eleven months of the present year show declines as compared with 1925 of £74½ million imports and £84 million exports. Some comfort may be derived from the fact that during 1927 the monthly return of exports showed a gradual rise, but a sinister feature of the decreased imports is the serious decline in raw cotton and cotton waste which afford the chief basis of employment to the Lancashire towns.

Yet despite these figures Mr. A. M. Samuel, M.P., then Secretary of the Department of Oversea Trade, declared that from what he saw in his own Department he had no doubts about the recovery and future prosperity of British trade as a whole.

The income-tax and super-tax returns afford similar evidence of a general level of prosperity. Nothing, indeed, has been more remarkable during the seven lean years since the end of the post-war boom than the yield of the tax imposed upon the profits of professions and trades. The evidence of our own senses points in a similar direction. To judge, indeed, by the appearance of the people in the streets, adults and children alike, you

would conclude that we were living in times not of trade depression, but of general prosperity.

What is the explanation of the apparent paradox? It is to be found, partially at any rate, in some singularly interesting statistics published in the *Ministry of Labour Gazette* for November last. From these official figures several conclusions of great significance emerge. The first is that in spite of the persistence of a terrible amount of unemployment the number of employed persons has steadily increased from year to year. The increase since 1913 may be put at about 1,000,000, as against an increase of about 2,500,000 in population. The decline in emigration is by itself almost sufficient to account for the disparity: during the years 1910-13 the average rate of emigration was 447,405 a year; in the years 1922-25 the average declined (Ireland being excluded since April 1st, 1923) to 274,912. These figures raise very grave questions as to the effect of social legislation upon the mobility of labour to which I have already referred in this REVIEW.¹ Meanwhile, there are other deductions to be drawn from the official returns.

Perhaps the most significant is the change in the relative importance of different industries in this country. The outstanding symptom in this connection is the colossal increase in the number of persons engaged in the distributive trades. Comparing July, 1927, with July, 1923, this amounts to no fewer than 327,000. Napoleon spoke more truly than he knew: we are indeed becoming a nation of shopkeepers; the insured workpeople in the distributive trades now exceed by nearly 400,000 those engaged in coal mining (1,581,070, as against 1,198,990), and the disparity is increasing. The next largest increases (between the same dates) are in building and public works contracting, which now employ over 1,000,000, and show an increase of 173,200; tramway, omnibus, and other road transport services show an increase of 49,840, or nearly 20 per cent.; brick, tile, cement, and artificial stone making 35,680, no less than 40 per cent.; and silk (including artificial silk) which shows much the largest percentage

(1) Cf., e.g., "Social Legislation and Empire Settlement," FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for February, 1927.

increase of all, 47 per cent., involving no fewer than 17,770 persons.

Contrasted with those are the figures of the industries which show decreases. These, unfortunately, are to be found mainly among those great basic industries on which we have hitherto relied to support our claim to industrial supremacy. In general engineering, iron and steel founding the decline is no less than 66,560 persons, or 10 per cent. of the whole; in marine engineering the percentage decline is even worse, 12.8, and, worst of all, in pig-iron manufacture, 13.8. Coal mining shows a decline of 44,590 persons, and woollen and worsted of 20,240, and steel melting and iron puddling furnaces, iron and steel rolling mills and forges of 16,440. These are the worst examples among the twenty industrial groups in which decreases have occurred, among which it is surprising to find both tobacco, cigar, and cigarette manufacture, and bread, biscuit, and cake making. The decrease in the former is relatively trifling (2.6 per cent.), but in the latter it is substantial (8 per cent.).

Another interesting tendency revealed by statistics is the change in the geographical distribution of industry. A marked feature of the industrial revolution at the end of the eighteenth century was the shifting of population from the south to the north of the Trent. Recent statistics show that the tide is now on the ebb. Southern England, and particularly the London area, is coming into its own again. The immense development of our distributive trades is no doubt mainly responsible for this significant change; the increasing use of electricity for power, the marked increase in motor construction and repair, and in some of the lighter industries such as printing, tailoring, and hosiery are also factors to be taken into account. The aggregate result, however, is of substantial significance. The southern section of the country (*i.e.*, London, the eastern and south-eastern, and south-western areas) now includes no less than 47 per cent. of the insured population of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Out of a total increase of 601,200 insured persons for the whole country during the period 1923-27, the southern section claims 433,180, or more than two-thirds. This means that

a new industrial revolution is in progress under our eyes; imperfectly apprehended, it may be, yet pregnant with possibilities for the industrial future of our land.

It is a commonplace of economic history that the industrial greatness of this country was established by our supremacy in the arts of production: wool, cotton, coal, iron and steel; these were the great basic industries, the profits of which enabled us not merely to provide for industrial expansion at home but to make large investments abroad. Those investments were seriously depleted during the war, and the necessary task of replenishing them proceeds all too slowly. We are to-day spending too much and saving too little. Before the war our annual savings were in the neighbourhood of £400 millions. Taking account of higher prices and of increased population, an equivalent sum to-day would be about £650 millions, but in fact we are saving less than £500 millions. Until we can get back to the pre-war standard of saving, capital is bound to be relatively dear, and industry cannot but be hampered by the price it has to pay for it. Our capacity for overseas investment is concurrently and consequently diminished. In the year 1913 we invested £198 millions abroad; in 1924, only £135 millions. Diminished saving has meant, of course, the restriction of exports and increased prices for the imports which we have been compelled to purchase from abroad.

Taking, however, a somewhat larger and longer view, it is possible to entertain and to encourage the hope that the worst is over and that we may look forward to the New Year with well-grounded optimism. But the one outstanding and overriding condition upon which all hope of improvement in British industry and trade depends is the restoration and maintenance of harmony between the co-partners in our industrial economy. As Sir Alfred Mond has lately put it: "By the application of a new psychology to industrial relations and the creation of a true co-partnership in industry, in production and profits, the machinery of conciliation will be permanently improved" (*Industry and Politics*, p. 11).

Thanks, in no small degree, to his initiative a practical step towards this end has already been taken. In the last

month of the old year it was announced that the General Council of the Trades Union Congress "having considered the invitation from the group of employers to a joint meeting with a view to discussing, without prejudice, the industrial problems facing this country, agree to accept such invitation and appoint a sub-committee to consider the most suitable subjects for discussion and to make the necessary arrangements for a full meeting of the General Council with those sending the invitation." The sub-committee includes such men as Mr. Ben Turner, Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Mr. Pugh, Mr. E. Bevin and Mr. Citrine. The signatories to the invitation represented no fewer than 159 limited liability companies, covering a wide range of trade including coal, iron and steel, chemicals, railways, banking, gas, engineering, insurance, shipping, tobacco, wool, cotton and silk, and among them were such men as Sir Alfred Mond, Lord Aberconway, Lord Ashfield, Lord Colwyn, Mr. Courtauld, Lord Weir, Sir Frederick Mills and Sir Robert Hadfield. The discussion is to "cover the entire field of industrial reorganisation and industrial relations," and will aim at attaining "the twin objects of the restoration of industrial prosperity and the corresponding improvement in the standard of living of the population."

Upon this conference, or series of conferences, great issues hang. It is indeed hardly too much to say that these men, representative directors and representative workmen, have in their hands the future of British industry, and the future, therefore, of Great Britain, and of the vast Empire of which Great Britain is still the centre. Sir Alfred Mond's own views as to the lines on which reorganisation should proceed are already well known, and are reiterated with persuasiveness and force in the volume to which reference has been previously made. They can be very briefly summarised. As regards the internal economy of industry he is a wholehearted believer in the principle of co-partnership. And he has practised what he preaches. Of the 32,000 shareholders (mostly small-holders) in Brunner, Mond and Company, no fewer than 1,300 are employees of the company. In this REVIEW and elsewhere I have repeatedly called attention to this signifi-

cant tendency in modern industry and have urged that the only effective answer to socialism is universal capitalism. I have, moreover, shown (*e.g.*, in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for September, 1926) how far we have already advanced in this direction. The United States have gone further, since in that country it is much more common than it is in this for the workpeople to invest their savings in the concerns in which they work. But Sir Alfred Mond goes beyond the mere idea of shareholding employees. The well-educated workman of to-day wants to know, and in Sir Alfred's opinion is entitled to know, more about the conduct of the concern on which his livelihood depends. It is perfectly true that much of the unrest in the coalfields (though not all of it) has been due to a lack of confidence among the miners in the capacity of the managers and directors. How far the suspicion of incapacity is justified it is difficult for an outsider to say: that it exists there can unfortunately be no doubt; and it is evidently of the first importance that it should be removed. If the "Mond Conference" can take even a first step towards its removal it will indeed deserve well of the commonwealth.

As regards the structure of industry, Sir Alfred Mond is in favour of what has come to be known (not very happily) as "rationalisation." This he defines as "the grouping together of industry in larger and larger units, with the object of adjusting the means of production to the probable means of consumption and so to regulate prices that there should be a level path along which trade and commerce could move" (p. 234). That we should have to move very slowly and cautiously (if, indeed, it is wise to move at all) in this direction Sir Alfred would probably agree. In another connection he insists (p. 333) that "competition" is "the breath and soul of human endeavour," and he acknowledges that he has come to the deliberate conclusion that "it is quite impossible for human beings to control any industry beyond a certain magnitude" (p. 314). In this opinion I cordially concur, and it is this consideration which must inspire grave suspicions both of "trustification" and of Socialism. The socialised State might conceivably succeed under the philosopher king, but who can guarantee the perpetuation of the

dynasty? Trustification or rationalisation would seem similarly to demand a succession of industrial Napoleons. Do the conditions of the modern world tend to produce them?

But Sir Alfred Mond does not stop at rationalisation. The grouping of industries must lead, he thinks, to the economic grouping of nations. One such economic unit already exists in the United States of America. There you have 106,000,000 of human beings inhabiting an area of more than 30,000,000 square miles. It is a vast free-trade area; between the forty-eight States which make up the Union there are no tariff barriers, and there is every facility for communication and transport. Continental Europe (excluding Great Britain), with an area exceeding that of the United States only by about 600,000 square miles, carries a population of 427,000,000, or 117 to the square mile, as against 35. Continental Europe is very far indeed from constituting a single economic unit—at present. Is there any chance that it ever will? Is there any tendency in that direction to-day? Sir Alfred Mond seems inclined to answer these questions in the affirmative, if only for the reason that the immense and growing power of the United States unit will compel concentration in the European group.

And what of Great Britain and the British Empire? Relatively to the United States and the potential European *bloc*, Great Britain is by herself insignificant, though with an area of only 88,745 square miles she carries a population of about 44,000,000. In the event of the formation of a Continental *bloc*, could she continue to stand alone? Or would she be drawn irresistibly to the European union? Or is there a third alternative?

Sir Alfred Mond has moved so far away from the prepossessions of the Manchester School as to contemplate the possibility, almost the necessity, of an Imperial Zollverein. With an area of nearly 14,000,000 square miles and a population of 450,000,000 people, the British Empire is a far larger unit than either the U.S.A. or Continental Europe—if, indeed, it be permissible to regard it as a unit. It is more completely self-sufficing in the

economic sense even than the U.S.A. Great Britain by herself is conspicuously lacking in self-sufficiency; she is more dependent on external trade for her very existence than has ever been the case with any great nation in the world's history. This is, indeed, an economic truism, but it is equally true that the Empire as a whole possesses resources unequalled and unparalleled. There is literally no single essential commodity which it cannot supply. The figures quoted by Sir Alfred Mond are in this connection exceedingly striking. Of the world's gold the British Empire already produces 69 per cent.; of silver, 15; of tin, 42; of zinc, 30; of lead, 23; of nickel, no less than 88; and of rubber, 87. Over the world's wheat production, beef, mutton, rice, and wool, we already exercise a large measure of control, and might exercise more. But the British Empire does not present a "united front" to the world; "no organisation exists which even attempts to co-ordinate these manifold resources." Containing "within itself almost every known or required material, food, and every necessity of development," embracing "a larger part of the world's surface, more varied in climate, more rich in resources and products, and with a larger aggregate population than any other economic unit that could be created," the "economic entity of the British Empire awaits organisation, its resources await development" (pp. 271, 12).

These are words of wisdom, and the wise will ponder them. What chance is there that wise thought will permeate administrative action? Recent experience suggests little hope of it. Nor is the reason far to seek. Our administration is becoming more and more hopelessly departmentalised; it lacks co-ordination, unity of purpose and direction. A large Cabinet consisting mainly of Ministers immersed in departmental details has neither time nor opportunity to consider the larger aspects of policy, to see economic or political life steadily, or to see it whole. But this raises a problem of governmental machinery much too large for discussion in the concluding sentences of the present article. If permitted to do so, I shall return to it.

CHANGING FATES OF GREAT BRITAIN¹

By "AUGUR"

THE most powerful individuals in Europe to-day are two Americans—Mr. Benjamin Strong, President of the Federal Reserve Board in New York, and Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparations in Berlin. The one dominates the whole financial situation, the other treats a Great Power in Europe as if he were its equal. The mastery of these two men is the palpable expression of the hold acquired by the United States over the affairs of our continent.

We hold the view that in the long run the American invasion will prove to be a good thing, because it furthers the interests of political unity and, especially, of an economic regeneration. But it means that, contrary to what was the case before the War, we may not ignore the United States; we cannot escape the need of defining our attitude towards their growing interference with our affairs. Fortunately the theory is obsolescent of each State being able to make its decision on this point without consulting the interests of the other members of the European group of nations. The idea is taking root that on this issue of relations with the United States we must come together. It is a case not of forming a united front to defeat an enemy, but of framing a joint policy to guide an elemental force into a safe channel. For the aggressive nature of the American expansion is due not to premeditation but to a national growth the like of which the world has never experienced.

The necessary unity in Europe cannot be achieved without British participation. For Great Britain—even against her will—remains the arbiter of any general settlement. Among responsible British statesmen the type seems to be extinct which pinned its faith to a policy of isolation from the affairs of Europe. Yet there are people

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who, in spite of rebuffs, persist in preferring political co-operation with the "cousins" across the Atlantic. This notion has its source in the cordiality of some Anglophiles over there, and a school of thought has sprung up which preaches that the future of Great Britain lies in a detachment from Europe and in a close community of interests with the "Anglo-Saxon" United States. The Americans, it is true, do what they can to destroy this illusion. But preconceived notions die hard, and time will be needed to get rid of an idea which, while it lasts, renders difficult a true understanding with the United States as well as a wholehearted recognition in Great Britain of the need for a Europe united in dealing with the problem of relations with the American creditor. But hidden below the surface of our visible life, and unknown to the vast majority of people, are mighty currents. Masters of our destiny, they shape it even to-day so decisively that we may speak of the changing fates of Europe, therefore of Great Britain, which is a part of Europe.

The list of prophets is closed in the Bible, and prophecies are discouraged by the contemptuous scepticism of a race the preference of which for a vegetable existence is expressed in the motto: Wait and see. But a policy of registering facts as and when they happen does not suffice to achieve real progress. The latter demands that, overcoming the instinctive fear of the future, we should try to distinguish, as far as is given to us, the outline of onrushing events. Looking ahead we discern a great change, which in the near future will influence the existence of Europe. We mean the regrouping of the White Race around the shores of the Atlantic Ocean as the axis of its world power.

Maps are misleading things indeed, and traditional geography is the mother of the worst preconceived notions in politics. For the standard maps in daily use make it difficult for us to grasp the principles of race distribution. Out of one hundred maps in a popular atlas ninety-nine are the details of the one which represents the continents together in their respective positions on the surface of the earth. If we look at this usually neglected map

we discover that the lands peopled by the White Race or dominated by it are grouped in two blocks on both sides of the Atlantic. On one hand is Europe with Africa, on the other America, North and South; in the west we find Australia as a powerful racial outpost in the Pacific, whilst in the east are great territories in Asia exploited by the Whites for their material advantage. We see thus a great racial dominion of which the United States are an integral part, not because they are European—for they are anything but that—but because they are White. Once visualised, the conception of the vast dominion of the White Race cannot be lost sight of again. It reduces our notions of geography to their logical proportions. Also it establishes the fact that Europe and the United States belong to a mighty partnership within which they may quarrel, but the interests of which as a whole they have to take into account as a first moral charge on any international policy they may set in motion.

Surveying the dominion of the White Race we find that within it a readjustment of material values is taking place. The eastern half—Europe with her satellite Africa—has been overtaken by the western half on the road of material wealth; not only has it been overtaken, but swiftly is being left behind. The significant thing in this new development is that the enrichment is not confined to North America, and extends equally to the Southern part of the continent. If we consider that the wealth of Africa is growing rapidly we understand that the Atlantic has become the great internal highway of the White Race. The importance of this route can only increase with time, because South America and Africa both have not reached yet the highest level of material development. Until now, when the Atlantic was mentioned, we visualised that part of it which lies between Europe and North America. Now we must think of it as a waterway, which slashes our world from top to bottom, from the North Pole to the one in the South. It is surrounded by the habitations and possessions of the White Race.

The opening of the Panama Canal as an outlet to the Pacific enhanced the value of the Atlantic waterway. It is

a blow to the monopoly enjoyed for a long time by the route through the canal of Suez: the precursory sign of the shifting of the centre of gravity of the trade of the world. The growing importance of the Atlantic is confirmed by the interest displayed by the Mediterranean Powers, and especially by Italy, in the freedom of the Straits of Gibraltar. This, and not a desire to protect a few hotels and coffee-houses, is the reason of the Italian claim to equal rights in Tangier. Italy wants to be associated with the other Great Powers in the guarantee of a free communication between the landlocked Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

The scope of this article forbids a study of the growing importance, especially in the economic sense, of South America and of Africa. The rich republics of Brazil and of the Argentine are on the road towards the status of a Great Power. Chile and the whole mass of South American States is moving towards an increase in material wealth, the limit of which no man can foresee. British investments in that part of the world already are ten times larger than those in China. The new France in North-West Africa, with its splendid frontage on the Atlantic, has a brilliant future. Nigeria, the Belgian Congo, and the whole of the Black continent are being taken in hand and show promise of great things. South Africa remains the source of a large part of the world's annual gold production. So all round the coasts of the Atlantic to-day, under the impulse of the White Race, production is increasing rapidly. If losses have been incurred in Asia they are finding more than their equivalent in new developments within the dominion of the White Race itself.

Great Britain, too, is attracted by the Atlantic. Apart from growing economic interests she is influenced by consideration for the security of the Empire. The Mother Country, thanks to the Entente with France and as a result of a far-reaching intervention in the affairs of Europe through the League of Nations and otherwise, is secure at present. So also are the principal Dominions, favoured by a geographical position or by the peculiar nature of their

neighbours. Therefore the security of the Empire becomes a problem of the safety of the routes which link up the Mother Country and the Dominions. Ever since the opening of the Suez Canal the chief route for Imperial communications has lain through the Mediterranean, where the British control of Gibraltar, Malta, and Egypt provided the necessary *points d'appui* for its security in times of peace and war. The presence of a powerful British Fleet in the Mediterranean had no other object.

Times are changing, however, and with them the methods of warfare have changed out of all likeness to what they were formerly. At sea even more than on land. The day of the great battleships is passing. Their building continues by the force of inertia just as when many-decked sailing ships continued to be built for years after the victorious advent of steam. It is hard for an admiral to give up the idea of having a large vessel in which he can embark a staff, a brass band, and all the paraphernalia of his high rank. Yet there are admirals who already describe large battleships as "coffins"! They are all that! No more stupid way exists for spending money nowadays than to build these giants, which in time of war will be obliged to seek safety farther than Scapa Flow. In war time the narrow Mediterranean is not a place into which a modern battleship may venture. The base at Malta is the last place to which a rational commander can take his ships for repairs after a battle. For, like the head of a nail, it is exposed to the precise hammering of an unceasing aerial attack. The plane, the submarine, and mines of various descriptions paralyse Malta as the base of an active fleet. As to Gibraltar, not to mention the difficulty of protecting the Rock itself against modern guns, its Gut (the Strait) is so narrow that ships passing through are at the mercy of an attack from the coastal aerial forces. The fact of Great Britain remaining neutral in a Mediterranean war will not allow her navy to ensure even in a limited degree the safety of commercial traffic through the infested waters. The position may be summed up in a sentence: the Mediterranean has become a puddle in peace and trap in war.

Great Britain lives by the freedom of the open seas. No wonder that after years of oblivion the route around the Cape calls again for attention. If technical means continue to develop as they have done in the last twenty years, transport to Australia and New Zealand, even in peace time, will be practically possible by this route. In war time the latter becomes invaluable. The place to which a battlefleet may retire to wait for the moment of decisive action may in the last resort be found somewhere in the vast Atlantic spaces. But if, as we expect, the navy of the future will rely principally on the seaplane and the submarine, then, as a glance at the planisphere shows, Great Britain possesses the bases which will ensure to her the dominating position between South America and Africa, and on the approaches to the Southern Pacific and the Indian Oceans. At the British Admiralty there is perhaps a brain already at work on plans for bases at St. Helena and Ascension for aerial cruisers able to keep a-wing for days at an end. This would be logical!

We cannot avoid discussing possible warlike events. It is true that, fatigued by the Great War, Europe is conscious of the need for peace as the best means to repair the damages of a catastrophe mainly economic. Wisely used, this wish for a period of rest may have for result the establishment of a lasting peace. Statesmen are given this chance. They have against them not only the proverbial capacity of the human being to forget the misery of past misfortunes, but also the terrible fact that the changes which are taking place in the science of war will make the latter again an economic possibility. The Great War showed that the methods used were ruinous. Therefore, in competition with the peace movement the human mind set itself to devise cheaper means of warfare. The Washington Conference for Naval Disarmament in 1920, in the minds of the statesmen, was an effort to make war on sea impossible, but the experts looked upon it as a step to make war an economic possibility. The submarine and the seaplane fulfil this condition. Add to this that the Covenant of the League of Nations does not rule out war. Indeed, it admits its legality in certain cases

and under conditions which transform a local conflict into a larger conflagration. Naturally, if time is left for the peace movement to mature all will be well. But disarmament can be compared with an illness. To regain health the patient must get rid of the illness completely. For example, half of a typhoid fever and full health together sound as perfect nonsense. The same applies to armaments. If there remains in the world a single Great Power resisting the general trend towards disarmament, the chances are that peace cannot be consolidated. The wickedest enemies of peace are States which, like the Soviet Union, put forward for propaganda purposes impossible proposals for disarmament whilst they go on arming. However that may be, the fact is conclusive that not a single Great Power has declared that it is starting to disarm completely because it cannot discover the signs of danger from war anywhere.

What will the changing fates bring to Europe? Our wish is that they should bring insight to understand that in unity is strength, and that in the gigantic economic combinations only in unity can Europe find forces sufficient to resist the formidable pressure from outside. It is a good thing that the pressure exists. Nothing is more apt to bring peoples and States together than a common danger and a common need. The danger is Bolshevism, and the services it is rendering to unity in Europe can be already appreciated. The need is to find a way for dealing with the competition of the powerful American creditor. This object is all-important, and, pursuing it, Europe will forget her domestic squabbles and troubles.

THE DISARMAMENT CRISIS

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE League of Nations ended the year 1927 in a blaze of congratulations for its handling of the Polish-Lithuanian affair. It was justly proud of removing the tension on the frontiers of the two countries by persuading Voldemaras, the Prime Minister of Lithuania, to cancel the state of war with Poland. The effort to appease the peppery little State which has never forgiven its big neighbour Poland for its Jameson Raid method of jumping the claim to Vilna did not appear to offer much chance of success. Nor did an appeal to the dictator of Poland, who had been rattling his sword at Warsaw, and informing the world that it was touch and go whether he would not mobilise his army, seem likely to produce much effect. The Council of the League was not altogether pleased at the prospect of having the redoubtable Marshal Pilsudski at Geneva, for the hope of a reconciliation between him and Voldemaras had been decidedly dashed by Pilsudski declaring that Voldemaras was not in his right senses. The quarrel about schools and schoolmasters on which Lithuania had appealed to the League was, as everybody knew, only a reflection of a state of affairs which, if allowed to drift on, might involve Eastern Europe in a conflagration. For Russia was not prepared to see Lithuania swallowed up by Poland, nor was Germany for that matter, for Lithuania in Polish hands would leave East Prussia almost entirely surrounded by Polish territory. Voldemaras was at the same time told by Russia and Germany that they did not at all approve of his gadfly method of irritating the Poles by keeping up the absurd pretext of a state of war between the two countries. Absurd, because it merely offered provocation to Poland without helping the little State Lithuania. The Lithuanians could interfere with the traffic of logs down the Niemen; they could prevent the transit of Polish goods across Lithuania. But the closing of the frontiers was a far worse business for Lithuania than for Poland, for it deprived her of one of her principal markets,

and her neighbours, the Baltic States, were naturally shy of entering into closer relations with Lithuania so long as she kept up the quarrel with Poland.

Pilsudski in mufti at Geneva proved a far milder personage than the Marshal at Warsaw, who had lain awake thinking whether he should call up his legions. And as for Voldemaras, whose youthful appearance quite surprised the Council, he, too, behaved quite reasonably. But although ready to end the state of war with Poland and enter into negotiations for restoring railway and telegraphic communication between the two countries, Voldemaras absolutely refused to have a Polish Minister or Consul at Kovno. Although Pilsudski was ready to renounce all intention of infringing the liberties of Lithuania, Voldemaras was afraid that his small country might be absorbed if he opened the door too wide. It was thus seen that the declaration of a state of war was a protective device on his part to keep out Polish influence. But now that the Lithuanians and the Poles are on better terms Lithuania may see the advantage of entering into diplomatic relations with Poland. At all events there is now a better prospect of Lithuania and Poland living together as members of the League should do. But the Vilna question remains where it was, for it was specifically excluded from the Resolution which both parties accepted. Voldemaras could make no concession on that point without being rejected by his own country on his return. Pilsudski realised that, and abandoned any idea of trying to persuade Voldemaras to recognise the right of Poland to Vilna, M. Briand making it quite plain to him that nothing could be done if he insisted on this point. And the League, having failed to delimit the frontiers, although it tried to do so for three years, may well congratulate itself that it was not faced with this question again. It was, of course, the Ambassadors' Conference which finally gave Vilna to Poland; and it had the right to do so as the authority appointed under the Treaty of Versailles for the delimitation of the peace frontiers which were not settled in 1919. But this does not prevent the Lithuanians from arguing that Poland has no right to Vilna, since, according

to the Suwalki Agreement between Poland and Lithuania, its possession was to be left undecided until the League determined on which side of the frontier it should lie, and it is certain that Poland had nothing to be proud of in the way she obtained possession of it, for it was seized by the Polish general Zeligowski in defiance of the agreement.

While the negotiations at Geneva were going on, British, French and Italian officers were sent to observe the frontiers and to report on movements of troops. They were able to state that nothing of a provocative kind was taking place, although they noticed that small contingents of troops had been moved up on both sides. Similar observers were sent to the Bulgarian-Greek frontiers when there was danger of war between these two countries. But Poland, although she does not rank as one of the Great Powers, has the fourth largest army in Europe and could put a million men into the field. That she should have consented to have her frontiers observed by officers acting at the request of the League is a remarkable testimony not only to the good-will of Poland, but to the growing influence of the Geneva spirit in international affairs. The cynic may say that it was the united pressure of the Great Powers, and above all France, which kept the peace between Poland and Lithuania. But may not the League claim that it supplied the motive for this concerted action? One has only to look back to pre-War times to see how difficult it was to attain to such unity in the counsels of the Great Powers. Indeed, their divisions and jealousies were the main cause of the War. If the League of Nations can teach the Great Powers the advantage of acting together, and at the same time convince the smaller Powers that they can obtain justice at Geneva, Europe will have taken a very long step towards the organisation of peace on a firm basis. And although it is customary at Geneva to talk of the smaller Powers as being in revolt against the tendency of the Great Powers to settle the affairs of Europe behind their backs, the smaller nations would have no cause to complain if the peace of Europe could be placed on a firm foundation by the Great Powers acting in unison.

The Council was especially fortunate at its December meeting, for it succeeded in advancing the settlement of three other disputes in addition to its success in the Polish-Lithuanian affair. It persuaded the Danzikers and the Poles to come together to give practical effect to the recommendations which the jurists had drawn up for the settlement of the long-drawn-out dispute concerning the storage of ammunition in the Westernplatte and the anchorage of Polish warships in the Danzig harbour. The dispute between Greece and the German shipbuilding firm Vulcan concerning the delivery of a cruiser which was ordered before the War was wisely referred by the Council to the International Court of Justice for an advisory opinion concerning the competence of the Mixed Tribunal which was appointed to settle such claims. Moreover, the German Government was allowed to appeal to the International Court for an interpretation of the Convention governing the regulation of the minority schools in Upper Silesia. The Hungarian-Rumania dispute over the compensation which is to be paid to Hungarian landlords for the expropriation of their land in Transylvania did not come before the Council this time. If the two Governments cannot come to an agreement the Council would be well advised to let this matter also go to the International Court for a ruling as to the competence of the Mixed Tribunal to deal with the Hungarian claims. For it burned its fingers badly in September by attempting to impose on Hungary its own interpretation of the jurisdiction of the Court which laid the Council under the suspicion of interfering with the competence of an arbitral tribunal at the dictation of one of the parties to the suit.

The most dramatic event of the year was the entry of the Russians on the stage of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission. Their proposal for the total abolition of armaments was regarded as a piece of hypocrisy and humbug. A Government whose rule is based on the tyrannical methods employed by the Soviets, and which proclaims all the time that the Governments of all other nations which do not share its view ought to be overthrown, can hardly expect a certificate for honest dealing when it appeals to

the world to disarm. And when Litvinoff made the usual acid comments about the wickedness of the so-called Capitalist Governments and declared that they were all responsible for the War, there were few of the delegates in the Glass Room who were not inclined to see red. If the majority had had their way the curtain would then and there have been rung down on the Russian proposals with the polite suggestion "*que Messieurs les assassins commencent.*" Such a summary dismissal of the Russian proposal would, however, have been a grave blunder, for that could only have increased the estrangement of Russia, which is already one of the chief obstacles to a general reduction of armaments. It was Count Bernstorff who saved the situation by inviting the Chairman of the Commission to give a further opportunity to the Russians to explain their proposal when the second reading of the Draft Convention for the reduction of armaments came up for consideration. This proposal, which was accepted, will enable Litvinoff to take part in the debates of the Preparatory Commission in March, and in the meantime the Security Committee is to meet on February 20th to discuss the extension of arbitral agreements as the best method of meeting the demand for security, and on this Committee Litvinoff will take his place as an observer.

This, of course, suits the German book, for they expect the Russians to support their demand that other nations should fulfil their obligation to reduce their armaments, now that Germany is disarmed. Litvinoff indeed explained that he was prepared to support any plan for a gradual reduction of armaments, if he could not get his way, provided that the League came to the real business of abolishing armaments in four years' time. The time limit need not be taken too seriously. A great deal may happen in Russia in four years; in the meantime no harm and much good may come from drawing the Bolsheviks out of their isolation into contact with other nations. Although the Russians may not choose to support the German thesis that the preamble to the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles lays a definite obligation on the other signatories of the Treaty to limit

their armaments, Germany and Russia may be expected to join hands on this issue, if no progress is made with disarmament.

Now, neither France nor Great Britain desires that it should come to this; for that would mean a breach in the understanding which was arrived at with Germany at Locarno, and which is the surest foundation for the peace of Europe. Paul-Boncour therefore admitted the necessity of something being done in the near future for the reduction of armaments; and, although he made an impassioned appeal to Litvinoff not to undervalue the work of the Security Committee, he was ready to declare that the Disarmament Conference should meet before the end of 1928. As for Lord Cushendun, he told the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, in blunter language than Viscount Cecil ever addressed to it, that if they did not get down to business the League of Nations would in the near future be faced with a confession of failure which might have far-reaching consequences. He informed those who would hold up disarmament until some visionary scheme of security had been obtained that although the work of the Security Committee might prove very useful it could not be pursued indefinitely. For there was no logical connection between security and disarmament—a useful reminder of the British point of view.

Thus was the Preparatory Disarmament Commission shaken out of its complacency by the Russian proposal for the total abolition of armaments, for it proved a startling reminder of the fact that little or nothing had been accomplished. In commissions and the Assembly itself the weary debate has gone on for six years, and the only result is that if the armies of Europe were mobilised to-morrow it would be discovered that they were actually superior in striking power to the pre-War armies. The actual number of men in the peace armies is put at a million less, but it must be remembered that the disarmament of the Central Powers has reduced their standing armies by nearly a million men, and that Russia has half a million men less in permanent commission, so that the rest of Europe would appear to have increased their armies. The machinery

of war has been immensely speeded up, and the armies of to-day are incomparably better equipped in big guns, machine-guns, tanks, bombing planes, poison gas and all that makes for murderous efficiency. It has been estimated that at least 500 millions sterling is being spent on the armaments of Europe, while the competition in mechanical equipment is increasing the cost every year. If one quarter of this expenditure could be saved and devoted to productive purposes there would be an immediate reduction in unemployment. The military expenditure of Europe is a crushing burden which keeps it impoverished and prevents the development of its economic resources.

Now, the chief obstacle to disarmament is the Continental military system, which insists on the continuance of conscription and the maintenance of vast reserves of trained men, and the British have no cause to denounce the Russians for making a proposal which, however Utopian it might seem, gives point to the British argument that disarmament is in itself a form of security. What the Russians succeeded in doing was to throw into stronger relief the conflict between the two ideas of security—between the policy of keeping the defeated nations down by force, which is at the back of the demand for the revival of the Protocol, and that of reconciling them by conciliatory means, which necessarily implies the revision of the ragged edges of the Peace Treaties. At Locarno Germany was reconciled to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine by being given a permanent seat on the Council of the League, while her claim to a position of equality with the Great Powers was recognised. But Locarno was to have been followed by a gradual reduction of armaments, and one of its logical consequences should have been the removal of foreign troops from German soil. Everyone knows that it will be ultimately impossible for Europe to live at peace under a one-sided system of disarmament. It will be impossible in the long run to maintain in two great rival countries such a disparity in military strength as exists in France and Germany to-day, to say nothing of the inferiority of the German army as compared with its neighbours, Poland

and Czechoslovakia. Fortunately Germany does not intend to raise this question at Geneva at present, for the French utterly repudiate the interpretation which she places on the Preamble to the Disarmament Clauses of the Treaty, which in their view leave it to the Allies to decide what measures of disarmament they should adopt in accordance with their security. But Count Bernstorff's attitude on the Security Committee left no doubt that Europe has not heard the last of this or the claim of Germany for the reconsideration of her eastern frontiers under the Article 19 of the Covenant, which France would certainly deny to Germany at present on the ground that this Article is not applicable to the Peace Treaties, safeguarded under Article 10, which obliges the League to uphold the territorial integrity of all its members. But Bernstorff's wink to Litvinoff, and his reference to Article 19 of the Covenant were as good as a nod to those who realise the direction which German diplomacy will ultimately take. Whatever Italy may think of the revision of the Peace Treaties, she stands by Great Britain in opposing the French demand for the revival of the Protocol. If, therefore, the French and their allies insist on a system of guarantees which both Great Britain and Italy refuse to give, this must lead to a serious division of opinion in the League. Fortunately the present year will give time for reflection, for until the elections in France and Germany take place, nothing can be done to decide any of these issues. Until then the League has agreed to mark time, and if the pendulum of public opinion swings to the Left, as it is expected to do in both countries, problems which seem hard to solve at present may take on a very different aspect. It may then be possible for the four Powers on whose good understanding the peace of Europe depends, to set out once more on the road to Locarno with the determination that this time the question of security and disarmament shall be solved.

It may be objected that without Russia no general scheme for the reduction of armaments is possible, and that Russia in her present mood is not likely to come to

an agreement with the other Powers. But if Russia is wisely handled she can hardly refuse to limit her armaments, if the other nations consent to do so, without being convicted of bad faith. Even without Russia something might be done by regional agreements on the Locarno model in the Balkans, and by the adjustment of the differences between France and Italy, and the evacuation of the Rhineland, which would greatly improve the relations between France and Germany, to bring about a gradual reduction in the armies of the great military Powers. There are critical times ahead for the League, but one cannot believe that the Great Powers, who realise the enormous advantages which they reap from international co-operation, will not adjust their differences when they are faced with the danger of divided counsels on these supreme issues.

MOTHER INDIA—SWARAJ AND SOCIAL REFORM

BY SIR M. F. O'DWYER, K.C.S.I., ETC.

How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

GOLDSMITH'S lines are a timely reminder of the limitations of those who make laws or enforce them. Nowhere is the warning more needed than in India to-day. A few weeks ago the British Parliament, with admirable goodwill and remarkable unanimity, discussed the *personnel* and procedure of the Parliamentary Commission that within the next two years is to examine the working of the system of Government established in India by the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms of 1919. Their task will be to advise Parliament "whether and to what extent it is desirable to establish the principle of responsible government, or to extend, modify, or restrict the degree of responsible government already existing."

The enquiry must necessarily be arduous and far-reaching; the results will be fraught with momentous political consequences to our Indian Empire and Great Britain. The task is one which could only be entrusted to a Parliamentary Commission, for the British Parliament has repeatedly affirmed its ultimate responsibility "for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples." It is, therefore, essential that it should perform the functions of judge and jury, while the varied, and often conflicting, Indian parties and interests concerned will have ample opportunities to present their claims as witnesses and advocates both before the Commission itself and the Joint Committee of both Houses which will examine the report and frame the proposals to be put before the next Parliament.

It was the sense of that heavy responsibility which hushed the voice of party here. Unfortunately, the exclusion of Indian representatives from the Commission has

aroused violent opposition and threats of boycott—as in the case of the Milner Commission in Egypt—among many sections of Indian politicians. The reasons for the exclusion are obvious enough. One of the main duties of the Commission will be to ascertain how far Indian politicians have displayed, in working the Constitution of 1919, the spirit of co-operation and sense of responsibility which were taken for granted when that great experiment was decided upon, but which have often been sadly lacking. It will, of course, be open to them to offer reasons for that failure; but in such circumstances to appoint them to the Tribunal would be making them judges in their own cause. That rôle is not uncommon in the East, but it is foreign to all British principles of justice. Moreover, as Lord Birkenhead has made clear, if Indian members were to be selected it would be impossible to limit the number to less than a dozen representing the most influential parties—Brahmans, non-Brahman Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Buddhists, Indian Christians, the primitive aboriginals, the depressed classes, not to mention official and non-official British and Anglo-Indian interests. Then farewell to all hope of a reasonable and unanimous report! Even the genius and personality of Sir John Simon could not achieve the impossible, and with at least half a dozen conflicting minority reports before them the Joint Committee and Parliament would be hopelessly befogged in the search for a common denominator. Meantime, racial and sectarian feeling in India would inevitably boil up and intensify that civil strife which is already such a serious problem in India.

It is not perhaps too late to hope that the assurances given to the hostile Indian politicians—the masses appear to be unmoved, though Mrs. Besant cables that the whole country is organising a complete boycott of the Commission!—by Mr. Baldwin, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Reading, and not least by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald (who on critical occasions has shown a just appreciation of Indian conditions which his followers in the I.L.P. do not always share), will satisfy them that the composition of the Commission is not intended to convey any stigma of inferiority,

but to facilitate an impartial enquiry and, if possible, a unanimous finding. Indeed, there are already indications that reasonable public men in India are beginning to realise this. Lord Sinha, the most distinguished Indian of to-day, stated at Bombay (*Times*, December 31st) that the Commission was rightly limited to Members of Parliament representing the various parties. The Muhamadans of Northern India, disregarding the futile proceedings of a little coterie presided over by Mr. Jinnah at Calcutta, have decided to put their case before the Commission; the “Kesari”—the mouthpiece of the Mahratta Brahmans, who, owing to their history, have a wider political outlook than the Brahmans of Bengal, Madras, and Upper India—sneers at the boycott threat as “the empty noise of a cracked pot.” Futile persistence in the boycott will lay Indian politicians open to the charge that they are subordinating public duty to private pique, or that their ignoring of the tribunal springs from the consciousness of the weakness of their cause. It would also strengthen the position of the seventy million Muslims and of other minorities—non-Brahman Hindus in certain provinces, Sikhs in the Punjab, Mahrattas in Bombay, the sixty million “untouchables” and the five million Indian Christians distributed over every province. These minorities are fearful of the domination of the caste Hindus, who number about half of the total population, and, though split up into many sections, already possess political predominance owing to their intellectual and economic superiority. They claim that the separate communal representation, conceded to the Muslims by the Morley-Minto Reforms of 1908 and extended to certain other minorities by the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme, is indispensable as a safeguard to their interests; they demand its extension and ask for further safeguards. The political opinion of caste Hindus is generally opposed to separate communal representation, as revealing the non-existence of the principles of common citizenship and common nationality, without which they realise that their claim to responsible government has no basis. A wise Hindu ruler, the Maharaja of Benares, in addressing the Viceroy a year ago, put

the matter in a nutshell when he said that those politicians wish to build up a twentieth-century constitution with materials taken from the Middle Ages.

The authors of the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme admitted as much when they quoted with approval the apt saying that the Indian peoples are marching with uneven steps through all the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth. Yet when it came to framing proposals they acted as if *all* British India's 250 millions, and not merely the politically-minded one or two millions, were in the twentieth century. They made that mistake because they came in contact only with politicians whose aspirations they thought it their duty sympathetically to consider and as far as possible to meet. Of the masses they saw little and heard less. That was also the case with the Joint Select Committee. The result was a scheme which has certainly not benefited the 98 per cent. of the population who have no votes and no desire to take part in politics. But the scheme did not even satisfy the politicians. As Al Carhill (in *The Garden of Adonis*) puts it :

It was generally believed that they (the Reforms) had been extorted by clamour and menace from weakness, and the question was whether more menaces and more clamour might not extort more.

Hence the *soi-disant* non-violent non-co-operation which from 1919 onwards caused widespread lawlessness and bloodshed and prepared the way for the violent communal outbreaks now threatening the Pax Britannica. Hence, too, the threats to-day to renew non-co-operation by boycotting the Commission. Pandit Moti Lal, having failed to get his way here, tells a Berlin paper (see *Times* of December 30th) that the Indian people (as if such a thing existed) will attain freedom from Great Britain "by negotiation or armed revolt." Mr. Jinnah, not to be outdone, makes a dramatic gesture at Calcutta, and says (see *Daily Telegraph*, January 2nd): "We have declared a constitutional war on Great Britain. Negotiations for a settlement will not come from our side. Let the Government sue for peace." The arrogance of this language is only surpassed by its impotence.

Fortunately, neither Lord Birkenhead nor Lord Irwin

is of the type to bow down before threats or clamour. Sir John Simon's Commission will keep the even tenor of its way, boycott or no boycott, and, having two years to pursue its enquiries, will be able to avoid the mistakes of 1919, and to survey not only the field of politics but the much wider field of administration on which depend, to a degree which people here cannot grasp, the "welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples."

SOCIAL REFORM.

But, however admirably the Commission may perform its work, it cannot touch—much less cure—the widespread evils in the Hindu social system sanctioned by religion or immemorial usage. Miss Mayo's *Mother India* has thrown a lurid light on those evils and aroused unprecedented interest and bitter controversy in Great Britain, America, and in India itself. The author has been denounced in a letter to the Press by responsible and influential Indian gentlemen here for indulging in "wild and mischievous generalisations," and they warn the British public against this "misleading" book. Their letter states that "*it has never been our lot to read the book* which indulges in such wholesale and indiscriminate vilification of Indian civilisation and Indian character." That perhaps explains why the leading London daily to which the letter was addressed did not see its way to publish it. The letter was however cabled to and published in India.

Mrs. Besant, writing in the *Indian* of October, 1927, concludes a characteristic attack on a book which shatters much of her picture of a "spiritually-minded" India contaminated by British materialism, with these remarks :

How anxious the Press in England is to save Miss Mayo's book from exposure is shown by the fact that *The Times* did not publish the protest signed by a number of eminent Indians. If India were not a subject nation, a book like Miss Mayo's would have been prosecuted for stirring up bad feeling and for being obscene.

One would attach more weight to Mrs. Besant's experience of these matters if she did not show herself such an obvious partisan. She, in common with certain Indian leaders and British sympathisers, has recently drafted a

Commonwealth of India Bill for which she claims to have secured the support of the Labour Party here. Hence doubtless her suggestion that

Miss Mayo's book has appeared exactly at a time when its publication would be most mischievous to the cause of Indian self-government.

A similar charge was made in the British Parliament by a lady Labour Member. It was at once stigmatised by Lord Birkenhead as "absolutely false," and he challenged the lady in question (who has publicly apologised to Sir John Simon for a gross mis-statement in reference to his appointment as Chairman of the Statutory Commission) to withdraw it or to produce the evidence on which she founded it. So far she has done neither.

When British speakers and writers indulge in these reckless attacks, it is not astonishing to find their methods surpassed in India. A Brahman member of the All-India Assembly gave notice of a motion—before he had read the book—to prevent its circulation in India, and on September 4th the Swarajist Mayor of Calcutta presided at a protest meeting in the Town Hall, when the author was violently denounced. The Indian Press has been worked up to a frenzy of excited vituperation, and many organs accuse the writer of having been inspired by anti-Indian influences in order to prejudice India's claims to self-government. It was doubtless to anticipate such attacks that Miss Mayo wrote:

I should like it to be accepted that I am not an idle busybody nor a political agent, but merely an ordinary American citizen seeking test facts to lay before my own people.

She also stated in her foreword:

The manuscript of this book has not been submitted to any member of the Government of India, nor to any Briton or Indian connected with public life. It has, however, been reviewed by certain public health authorities of international position who are familiar with the Indian field.

No one who reads the book with an unbiassed mind and an eye to the wide range of her observations and to the authorities—mainly Indian—with which she supports them, can entertain any honest doubt as to the *bona fides* of the author. On the other hand, India—a sub-continent of two million square miles with a population of 320 mil-

lions composed of varying races, languages, religions and castes in different stages of development—presents social problems which even the most trained observer cannot fathom in a brief period. Mr. Spender, in *The Changing East*, has well said that after three months you think you know everything about India; after three years you know that you know nothing; after thirty years you begin to despair of ever knowing anything. But Miss Mayo, in her survey of Hindu social conditions, has confined herself to matters which are either common knowledge or which can be readily ascertained and verified, "the common things in daily human life," as she expresses it.

And what are the facts which she discloses?

The child-marriages, especially among the higher castes, leading often to unmentionable brutalities upon the child-wife; the child-births, carried out by dirty, ignorant Dhais, in appallingly unsanitary conditions (a result of the Hindu theory of the uncleanness of parturition), causing an infant mortality more than three times greater than that of Great Britain; the ban on remarriage of widows that condemns millions of women to a social servitude little better than slavery and makes even *Sati* intelligible; the callous neglect of female children since the practice of female infanticide among the higher castes was penalised by British law; the domestic tyranny of the Hindu husband whom the wife is taught to regard as her god; the arrogance of the Brahmans to the inferior castes whose secular and spiritual duty it is to minister to those sons of Brahma, the great creator; the grievous lot of the 60 million "untouchables" whose presence within a certain radius or shadow or touch—according to the locality—is a source of pollution to the higher castes; the great barrier to the spread of primary education because, in the words of the Indian head of the Y.M.C.A., "the social conditions are such that no single woman can undertake the task of teaching."

These are among the main counts in the indictment; there are even darker aspects, such as the dedication of girls to a life of infamy in temples, which are local and need not be dwelt upon.

Are those charges made out?

Anyone with a fairly general knowledge of India cannot but admit that each of those evils is in existence to-day over wide areas and large populations. Most of them are general among the higher castes; none of them is perhaps so universal as Miss Mayo's book has perhaps led some people to believe. They are comparatively rare in the Punjab, especially, as she explains, among the virile peasantry, because the influence of Islam and Sikhism has tempered Brahman dominance and the rigidity of caste; but they flourish in Bengal, Behar, most of the Ganges basin and throughout Southern India. The picture as painted by her is not, however, a complete picture, for she has not brought out the brighter aspects of Hinduism; the placid contentment of the home life; the mutual attachment and community of income and interests in the Hindu joint-family which render the poor-law and the dole unnecessary in a poor country; the ready, if indiscriminating, almsgiving; the simple, kindly gatherings at the sacred tank or temple. But here, again, it must be said that her object was not to paint Hindu life as a whole, but to expose the abuses in Hinduism which require early remedy if the Hindus are to take the place they aspire to in the British Empire and in the eyes of the civilised world. A frank recognition of those abuses is essential, for the root causes of India's difficulties, whether social or political, are intellectual dishonesty, self-deception and the tendency to blame others for the evils of their own creation. None of her critics (not even the Brahman author of *Father India*, whose main thesis is that even worse social evils flourish flagrantly in her own America, and whose attempts to minimise or explain away the abuses she exposes are most unconvincing) has so far endeavoured to refute her main allegations. In fact, some genuine and courageous Hindu reformers admit, deplore and attack those evils, sometimes in language even stronger than Miss Mayo's.

The only prominent Indian lady who has so far expressed her views is Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, last year's President of the Indian National Congress and even

better qualified to speak on this subject than Mrs. Besant. Mrs. Naidu publicly stated that much of the indictment was true, and she exhorted those who had the interests of India at heart earnestly to set about the work of reform.

The writer has before him a striking pamphlet written in 1926 by Sir Ganga Ram of Lahore, famous alike as a great hydraulic engineer, a generous philanthropist, a practical social reformer, and a successful agricultural pioneer on a great scale. He died in London in July last while serving on the Royal Commission on Indian agriculture, and his death has been a great loss to the province for which he had done so much. His philanthropic work finds honourable mention from Miss Mayo. The title-page of his pamphlet runs:

Purify your home-life before you desire Home Rule.

Who will not weep over the figures given inside which show the misery caused by child-marriage and enforced widowhood among Hindus?

The order of reforms should be:

- 1st. Social reformation.
- 2nd. Economic reformation.
- 3rd. Swaraj (or political) emancipation.

The figures he cites are taken from the Census Statistics of 1901, 1911 and 1921. They are indeed enough to make one weep. In 1921 there were 597 Hindu widows under a year old! 11,892 under 5 years, 85,037 under 10 years, and 330,000 under 15 years. But while between 1901 and 1921 the number of Hindu widows under 5 had fallen from 15,696 to 11,892, the number under 10 years had actually increased from 94,000 to 97,000, and under 15 from 321,000 to 330,000. Could there be a more striking comment on the failure of the well-meant efforts of the social reformers, of whom Mrs. Besant and her friends give such glowing accounts, to grapple with the evil?

The tragedy for Hindus lies not only in the early marriages, for these are found, though less commonly, even in other communities, but in the fact that Hindu religion and custom condemn these unhappy children whose husbands die to a life of perpetual widowhood—a social servitude which is often a living death. No wonder that the wretched widow sometimes prefers the swift release of the funeral

pyre. The *Morning Post* of November 28th, 1927, gave a pathetic account of the attempt of a Brahman widow in Behar to burn herself with her deceased husband on the banks of the Ganges amidst the applause of a crowd of 5,000 people shouting "Sati ki jai" (Victory to the Sati). The poor woman was unable to endure the agony, and, badly burned, fell into the Ganges with her husband's body. She was rescued by the police, but again placed on the pyre with the approval of the relatives. Only the arrival of a strong body of armed police prevented the sacrifice being carried out. She died a few days later of her injuries: a crowd of 5,000 attended the funeral ceremony, and fought for the fragments of her burnt garments.

Let us take another aspect of child-marriage. Bombay prides itself on being in the van of the social reform movement. A Bill has recently been introduced in the Bombay Legislature by a Mahratta member to prevent marriage of infants, as he describes it. There are, he says (*Statesman*, October 22nd, 1927) 74,000 married children in the Presidency (which has only 6 per cent. of the population of India) under 5 years of age, of whom 3,574 are widows. Nearly 2,000 boys and girls were married before they were a year old. The number of married children between the ages of 5 and 10 is nearly 350,000!

A similar measure to raise the age of marriage to 13 or 14 has been recently introduced in the All-India Assembly by a private member with the strong support of the Government. This beneficent measure was sneered at by a Madras Brahman member as "giving them marbles and tops to play with" instead of their political freedom—by which he doubtless meant restoring the domination of reactionary Hinduism over all other classes. The British Government, while it has not hesitated to prohibit and penalise practices—such as Sati, slavery, female infanticide—which are obviously crimes against humanity, has been slow to interfere with practices such as the abuses described by Miss Mayo which are countenanced by Hindu religion and usage. Those whose memories go back to 1891 can recall the violent anti-British agitation, headed by Tilak, then the most powerful Brahman in India, aroused by the Government Bill to raise the age of consent

to 12 years. The measure was denounced as a criminal interference with what Hindus held most dear—their religion and customs.

But nothing better illustrates the strength of the forces of reaction than the struggle now going on between them and Mr. Gandhi. The Mahatma, after abandoning his disastrous irruptions into politics, which culminated in the wicked non-co-operation and Khilafat agitations, has come forth as the sincere champion of social reform. Of Miss Mayo's book he writes (in the *Indian* of October, 1927):

... While I consider the book unfit to be placed before Americans and Englishmen (for it can do no good to them), it is a book that every Indian can read with some degree of profit.

We may repudiate the charge as it has been framed by her, but we may not repudiate the substance underlying the many allegations she has made.

and he ends:

The agitation that has been set up against the book is in danger of being overdone. There is no cause for fury.

Mr. Gandhi, to give him his due, has the courage of his convictions, whether good or bad. He has been recently advocating in Madras, the stronghold of orthodoxy, the re-marriage of child-widows and the removal of the cruel doctrine of "untouchability."

The local Brahman-edited weekly in reply denounces Gandhi's "ill-considered views on social matters" as contrary to the Hindu sacred books, and adds that not only should a widow refrain from re-marriage but should starve her body and live only on fruits, roots and flowers!

Mr. Gandhi had also suggested that Hindu girls might be allowed some voice in the selection of their husbands. This was denounced by the Brahmans as likely to undermine the whole existing social structure (which is true). His proposal to raise the minimum marriage age to 16 was condemned as "a profane suggestion—unworthy of a Hindu." The same journal quotes the Shâstras in support of its theory that

women are unfit to be entrusted with freedom of any sort at any time of their lives and under any circumstances.

Following up Miss Mayo's exposure of the infamous practice of dedicating Hindu girls to a life of shame in

certain Hindu temples, Mr. Gandhi publicly compared these institutions to brothels. This plain speaking led to violent attacks and demands that he should retract. His reply was (see *Statesman* of October 30th, 1927):

If this statement of mine hurts the susceptibilities of some Hindus, I can only say I am very sorry, but for the sake of truth and of the Hindu religion itself I cannot withdraw or modify the statement.

Miss Mayo has used almost the same words in reply to her critics. She may also find satisfaction in the fact that in spite of the unreasoning denunciation of her book and the open hostility of a powerful section of orthodox Hinduism, her work and that of social reformers, such as Mr. Gandhi and Sir Ganga Ram, are already bearing fruit. The resistance to the remedial measures already referred to in the Central and local legislatures is waning; several Hindu States (autocracy, though denounced by politically advanced but socially reactionary Indian politicians, *has* its advantages) have within the last few months raised the minimum marriage age for boys and girls. If only to show to the world that their social institutions are not centuries behind their political aspirations, Hindu politicians are beginning to realise the necessity of reform. But the mere passing of laws, whether to "save face" or with a genuine desire for reform, will not solve the problem. That can only be done by public opinion. The force of public opinion here, it tactfully and persistently applied, will help to wear down the opposition of the orthodox "die-hards," and if Hindu women are given the opportunity of making their voices heard the reform will come more speedily. At present they are dumb. From this standpoint the great meeting of British Women's Associations held recently at the Caxton Hall, which offered their good-will and co-operation in this all-important work, may, when translated into action, prove to be an even more potent means of promoting the welfare of hundreds of millions of our Indian fellow-subjects than even the Parliamentary Commission over which Sir John Simon so ably presides.

Public opinion here and in India may remedy ills which kings and laws have failed to cure.

GEORGE MEREDITH¹: A VINDICATION

By R. E. GORDON GEORGE

THE hold of Meredith over his own is firm. From him young love learnt favourite hymns which added freshness to the woods and made the changing skies more heavenly. With the good realities of earth he was so intimate that in themselves they told him a secret that took him far beyond the bounds of outward things, and commune with them was a sacrament.

The more fully the body lives (but grossness is not fullness), the more deeply the soul learns from living, and only when nature has become the sacrifice which initiates the soul into mysteries and feeds it with the bread of life, is nature itself a living reality. The earth's highest function is the nourishment and illumination of spirits, who, before they finally give back dust to dust, will have drawn from its riches essences of eternal truth, potent in everlasting actions. This is the aim of creation.

Earth was not earth until her sons appeared,
Nor beauty beauty ere young love was born.

A truth so vital is itself one with that it tells of: words which unite earth with heaven in their record of exhilaration are so much the words of life that those who know them cannot but think of them as inspired. That is why from those who have once caught his meaning, George Meredith commands an eagerness and an enthusiasm which are unabashed by clever criticism: for them, his sentient creations have features that neither time nor toil can mar. Henry James said, to Mr. Desmond Macarthy, "he does the best things best," and the sense of his worth and elevation was sufficiently general with contemporary genius. Swinburne greeted them in early days with a paeon,

(1) *George Meredith*, by J. B. Priestley. Macmillan; 5s. *Writings and Life of George Meredith*; by Mrs. Sturge Gretton. Clarendon Press; 6s. *George Meredith: A Study and an Appraisal*; by Wm. Chislett, Sr.Ph.D. Boston, U.S.A. The Gorham Press.

William Rossetti immediately perceived them, and a critic of a very different order, Charles Kingsley, prophesied from the first a great success. Stevenson greeted Meredith as the master of them all and roamed the hills and levels of Hyères, murmuring his verses with a heady rapture. Wilde in a famous aphorism declared that: "As a writer he has mastered everything except language; as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story; as an artist he is everything except articulate." Even with the epigrammatic qualifications, the recognition is sufficient. Browning was "astounded at the originality, delighted with the naturalness and beauty" of *Modern Love*. Sir James Barrie puts Meredith on a place near Shakespeare. Mr. Hardy's lines are familiar:

He was of those whose wit can shake
And riddle to the very core
The counterfeits that time will break . . .
Further and further still,
Through the world's vaporous vitiate air,
His words wing on, as live words will.

Herbert Trench, a poet whose genius the world at large has yet to recognise, put Meredith highest among the masters of his century. Hewlett's imitation in his earlier novels was close enough to be sincerest compliment. James Thomson found his style "at its best so beautiful in simplest Saxon, so majestic in rhythm, so noble with imagery, so pregnant with meaning, so vital and intense, that it must be ranked among the supreme achievements of our literature." All these men arrive at conclusions set out in 1899 by James Oliphant: "He raises us into a new and beautiful world where every fibre of the soul is set quivering to strange and ravishing harmonies," and there were many equally warm paraphrases of the judgment. All agreed with James in saying, first one way, and then another, that Meredith does the best things best.

What was remarked of his work by genius is the complement of what a succession of remarkable friends noticed of his personality. From his earliest days Meredith was intimate with men and women of distinction. Peacock, Admiral Maxse, Swinburne, Mrs. Ross, Rossetti,

Leslie Stephen, Cotter Morison, Burnand, Lord Morley, Lord Haldane, Lord and Lady Danesfort, Robert Louis Stevenson, W. E. Henley, Alice Meynell, Mr. Hardy, Sir Frederick Pollock were all intimate and all admirers. Many of them gave him a devoted friendship, and it is from those who knew him best that we get the most intimate and therefore the truest account of his personality. Rossetti found in his features sufficient elevation to choose him as the model of Christ in his "St. Mary Magdalen." All leave alike an impression of a nature, vital, generous, sensitive: a friend of devoted affection: a brain of the rarest energy and strength: a perennial overflow of life and power and feeling and laughter. Though Mrs. Ross notes that he was delightful only when he knew he was liked, and seemed otherwise to be self-assertively epigrammatic, though even in his last years he made the same impression on Sir Herbert Warren; not the less Mrs. Ross remembered him to her old age as lithe, active, brilliant. "His personality seemed to give new life, wiser meaning, vivacity, surprise to lessons from wholesome books and teachers, and to shower a sparkling cataract of freshness on them all." Such are Lord Morley's words. Against these expressions we have to set the estimate of Mr. Priestley, who never knew him, and knew few, if any, of his friends, that "he was not a great man."

One cannot but question Mr. Priestley's capacity to judge. The impressions that he gives are sometimes unnecessarily misleading. "I must thank Mr. William Maxse Meredith," he says in his preface, "for correcting certain biographical details and adding others." Most would infer from this that Mr. W. M. Meredith's authority supported Mr. Priestley's statements; but this Mr. Meredith himself, in a letter to *The Times Literary Supplement*, flatly denied. It appears, therefore, that, though the publishers consulted Mr. Meredith, who corrected certain errors, Mr. Priestley did not avail himself of all the opportunities thus placed at his disposal; doubtless they would have meant rewriting too many of his pages;¹

(1) The publisher's reader was most careful, and with the exception of Gryffydd for Gryffydd on page 12 there are apparently no misprints.

and the result is that, in comparison with Seccombe's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Mr. Priestley's two earlier chapters are worthless. Mr. Priestley has many excellent gifts, and not least among them a gift of the management of sentences. Not, of course, a great writer, he is a very clever one; his observations are nearly always neat and stimulating, and his style is never faulty. Beauty is not unknown to it. But to write on English Men of Letters other gifts are necessary—scholarship, industry, sympathy. We see too few traces of them in this book, polished as it is by Mr. Squire and its publishers. Meredith's work, it says, "is obviously without that universality, that appeal on many different levels, which mark that of a Homer, a Cervantes, a Shakespeare, or in their own fashion, a Dickens or a Molière." And for this reason, that Meredith "was not a genius of the highest order goes without saying." It is easy to write such sentences; but it would relegate to the lower rank Virgil, Dante, Racine, and still more obviously, Milton. To Mr. Priestley the supreme master must be "everybody's man." For most of us prodigal genius is a good enough gift from high heaven, without nice calculations of less or more. But so careless a sentence given in final judgment does the service of putting a careful reader on guard against other errors. Mr. Priestley has an awkward habit of introducing a disagreeable insinuation with some such a *cliché* as, "it would seem," without saying why it would seem. He introduces several new and surprising statements, and repeats Mr. Ellis's, that Meredith had several children before Arthur without introducing any evidence, which is the more necessary in this case, as Meredith's step-daughter, who was five years old when her mother was married to him, and who is still alive, never knew anything about it. Mr. Priestley says that Meredith rarely discussed his friendship with Peacock; there are men living now to tell Mr. Priestley exactly the opposite. Mr. Priestley talks of Ellen Meredith, the first wife, "aching for the child that had been taken away from her"; but it cannot be disputed that Ellen Meredith absconded and abandoned Arthur,

then five years old. That her companion was "an artist named Wallis" is unnecessarily vague, for his pictures in the Academy had already given promise of greatness. Mr. Priestley turns Meredith's "beetle" into a crowbar; he speaks of Mr. Vulliamy, Meredith's father-in-law, bringing three daughters to Surrey: it is a small point, but he should have made it plain that Mr. Vulliamy had four; he writes of Meredith and his second wife first living "near Southampton"; again it is a small point, but it would have been equally simple to be precise and say at Bursledon on the little River Hamble. He speaks of Meredith in the ten years before he published *Evan Harrington* "as the dashing young poet who came from nowhere and went everywhere." The sentence sounds as brilliant as Disraeli, but the fact is that Meredith's only friends were the Peacocks and Fitzgeralds, and far from living a social life, he had hardly enough to eat.

There are other statements, however, which are not trifles, statements which would give a very false idea of Meredith's real character. The first is that Meredith treated badly his first wife and his son Arthur. That Meredith, who had a violent temper, had many quarrels, all his friends know. He was never happy with his father, and the romantic passion which he and Peacock's daughter felt for one another was too soon exhausted, and left behind that tragic vacuity which made him familiar with the misery he reveals in *Modern Love*, and which drove her to madness. A poem of her own, not without lyrical beauty, tells how she also could feel: for there are hints of her own feelings in what she wrote about a black-bird whose mate was shot:

To him the pulse of Love doth seem
The vision of a hopeless dream
And mockery.
That sea of air where others sport,
To him a mist where shadows float,
No verity.

These two intense natures were at once too diverse and too much alike, and each time they touched on one another, the wounds of disillusionment opened to fresh

anguish, the anguish of rapture changed to sordidness. But however soon a generous heart may pardon her, we cannot disguise the fact that it was she who abandoned him, that it was he, a being not less sensitive than she, who suffered the shame of her unfaithfulness. That intimate humiliation left him its long misery, and we hardly need the discoveries of modern psychology to remind us of the reactions terrible injuries leave on sensitive natures. There is a recoil from every association with the pain. The heart of Meredith lavished its capacity for passionate love on Arthur, and the intense anxiety with which he debated the training of a boy found an expression in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, but more merciful to his creation than life had been to him, he heightens the sublimity and releases the tension, by exchanging for mutual disillusionment the death of Lucy. Meredith's sensitiveness was no doubt increased by his poverty, for Mr. Priestley's statement that "during this period he was living comfortably and indulging his taste in good food and wine" is a gross exaggeration. Seccombe gives the truer record. So with Arthur. Although the adored boy was never reconciled to his father's second marriage, the father never ceased to help and love him. Again and again he found him work, and when the young man grew ill the father sent him at no small sacrifice to Australia for his health. The letters show Meredith's readiness to forgive.

It is misleading to talk of Meredith's pride with the iterated emphasis of Mr. Priestley. The son of a Meredith and a Macnamara, the unique man had a nature with all the generosity and sensitiveness of the Irish, all the imaginativeness and eagerness of the Welsh. And if we wish to know more of the Welsh and Irish, we may read it in *Celt and Saxon*: Meredith's was a nature characteristically Celtish, with England pouring in a vigour and strength, a love of food and exercise that intensified the Celtic temperament into a superabundant vitality. This is the point that Mr. Priestley misses. And for this reason Mr. Priestley is misleading in all his

references, subtly worked out as they are, to Meredith's origin. It is simply nonsense to say that Meredith never referred to that, to say that he felt himself "something of a mere adventurer" to speak of him as "the son of an anxious and for ever wincing genteel tailordom," or to say that he carried with him secrets "almost ludicrous and shameful." Far different was the outlook, robust though sensitive, of the author of *The Comic Spirit* and *Evan Harrington*. He had no reason to be ashamed of Old Mel who dined at country houses, and rode to hounds, raised and commanded a squadron of yeomanry, who was the friend of naval officers, and married his daughter to one of them. Meredith delighted in Old Mel and often and often referred to him, not only in *Evan Harrington*, but in his talk. His affinities, as we have said, were not with his father. An outstanding genius, with the tastes and outlook of the finest of men, he was at home with Admiral Maxse and Lady Duff Gordon and Thomas Love Peacock. The Early Victorian system of society, which shrank from association with trade, which regarded the shop as almost equally deplorable with the jail, which had no standards but those of the table of precedence, which bowed before "crowned windbags," survived in England till the war, and provided an endless stimulus to Meredith's taste for comedy. He was not, he could not be, blind to the powers of his own genius; and being at home with the great, he saw through the pretensions of such aristocracy as were merely titled. Sir Thomas Browne talked of a "rabble among the gentry": Meredith chastised its pretensions in such creations as Lord Palmet or Sir Upton Tomber; in a sense of the splendour of the sons of earth, he found genius princely even when rising from the middle classes. When we become more familiar than Mr. Priestley with the flight and swiftness of Meredith's genius, his power to associate dissimilar ideas and to retain a consciousness of conflicting states of mind (for these distinguish him) we can realise how he could at once recognise the constraints of the contemporary social system, and fight himself free

of them in gestures that were both playful and uproarious. We cannot separate him from his friends, his naturalness, or his work. In him genius and life were one. His friends figure in his novels, not as themselves but as portraits and compositions of his creation, as much his works as those of Titian and Veronese were theirs. The creator stamps his own heredity upon creatures that played their own part in the generative process of his mind. This point was missed by Mr. Ellis in a book which, though fascinating, suggested that Meredith was a copier, not a creator. It is wrong to say bluntly that he put characters into his books: without Mrs. Ross we should have no Rose Jocelyn or Janet Ilchester, without Swinburne no Runningbrook, without Maxse no Beauchamp. But they come to us as Meredithian creations, because all creative art is the generation of conceptions, which are the intimate intercourse of the mind with that which is outside it. That is the secret of style. Style, said Sir Joshua, is "a power over materials." "It is," said Bonghi, the Neapolitan critic, "the life which one's concepts take within one and which one communicates to others by expressing it." Meredith's vital concepts, restless, electric, multifarious, are those of a mind which saw at once always more than a single view.

But we have yet to deal with the most libellous aspersion of Mr. Priestley, the accusation roundly hurled that Meredith, in writing for a Tory paper in Ipswich, was dishonest. *Beauchamp's Career* affords many instances of his seeing, and, what is more, feeling, the argument of both the Tory and the Radical, but in 1868 he had fought Maxse's election, and Nevil Beauchamp shares the enthusiasm of Maxse. But Mr. Priestley passes over the fact that in 1864 Meredith's sympathies, especially in connection with the American War, were on the Tory side. When in 1860, four years earlier, he undertook to write articles for a Tory paper he did not engage to write against his convictions. He undertook to express the point of view which at the moment most appealed to him, though he saw politics from both. During the years 1864 to 1868 he fell

under the influence of Maxse, and became, on the whole, a vehement Radical, but yet a Radical that shared so many feelings with the Tories that he might still have said nothing insincere if he continued to write for them. But he gave up doing so. A mind swifter and subtler than Mr. Priestley's will realise that many people, without sharing Meredith's genius, could never write or speak at all if they did not, at least temporarily, suppress one side of their mind while they express another. It was, indeed, the fault of Meredith as an artist that he did this too little. Art stamps on the heterogeneous abundance of life the simpler order and unity of reason: but to succeed in the arts, or literature, does not, one hopes, imply insincerity. Mr. Priestley is beguiled into some of these slanders by his inaccuracy. He says, for example, that Meredith was a pro-Boer "during the War"; the fact is that Meredith tried to prevent the War, but, once it began, he was as ardent a patriot as any. He says again that Meredith was no success as a war correspondent because he took no interest in soldiering. Lord Haldane could tell, Lord Ypres did tell, a different story. Meredith was keenly interested in soldiers and in the divers arts of war. And, as Lady Milner recalls, he had a valuable library of military history, from which he could quote with characteristic vividness and precision.

What happens with Mr. Priestley is evidently this: that he formed a personal opinion of Meredith, whom he had never seen, as a proud, foppish, aggressive, dishonourable snob: a man, as he says, who did not share the greatness of his writings. Such a view is palpably absurd; but, in any case, it would not excuse Mr. Priestley for altering or suppressing facts which damaged his thesis or inventing statements to support it; it would not excuse him trusting to his imagination or to gossip against the accuracies of Seccombe or of Mr. Ellis.

Without sympathy we can make no advances in literary criticism. And that is why books written like those of Mrs. Sturge Gretton and Mr. Chislett atone in comparison with Mr. Priestley's for what they lack of his brilliance. Mr.

Chislett's book, though poorly put together, is a treasury of careful study, and will be indispensable to those who wish to examine Meredith with the intimacy that he deserves; Mr. Chislett laboriously collects much of things that Meredith has said, and that others have said about him, in obscure places. Mrs. Gretton, who gives a reprint of an earlier book which Meredith himself read and criticised, presents still a picture of a philosopher and reformer; written truly and with sympathy, her book, although now reproduced without the brilliant chapters of Mr. Basil de Sélincourt, is an exposition that lovers of Meredith will value: it is full of simple and nourishing savours; and if, remembering Meredith's own taste for the best of food and drink, we may draw a comparison from the table, one would say that Mr. Priestley's meal, prepared with unusual skill and Gallic elegance, was like a tomato soup, a plate of lamb and peas and mint sauce, a gooseberry fool that, though they looked excellent, had by some unaccountable neglect lost that addition of sweetening flavours without which tomato soup, and mint sauce, and peas and gooseberry fool are sorry fare: the wholesome ingredient is not wanting in the honest meal of Mrs. Gretton; Mr. Chislett does not offer us a meal, but one associates him with the triumphs of the kitchen because he ran so many useful errands between it and the garden or the market.

There is much that one would have liked to add to the observations already made in these three books: one would have liked to recall Meredith's use of the comic spirit and to reveal in more searching language what was new in his philosophy of earth, but Mr. Priestley has done these admirably in reproducing what had been already noticed by Mr. Trevelyan or Mr. Basil de Sélincourt: one would have liked to trace Meredith's relation to Richter, to Heine (whom he enjoyed), to Goethe, to Peacock, to Carlyle, to Turner. But one must at least recall of him what has not yet been adequately recorded on the printed page: his exuberant enjoyment of the sports typical of Englishmen. In the days when walking itself was a sport, he was an eager walker. He was

a skilled boxer, and took, indeed, the delight in boxing which he makes so clear in *Rhoda Fleming*. For years to throw the beetle was a favourite exercise (the strain of it was probably the cause of his paralysis), and cricket came first in his memories and pictures of boyhood. No one can read his books without a knowledge of his pleasure in swimming. He was perhaps our only poet who was one of the great sportsmen: and the sportsman in him was that which puts a gulf between him and Mr. Priestley. He had few opportunities to show his grandfather's keenness for riding, but he rejoiced in good horses and in the Derby. Watching the air and sky with the passionate pleasure with which he watches the ringlets curling over the neck of a lovely woman, he grew intimate with air's singers and sailors. The swallows rising among the osier, the nightjar on the pine, the skylark, the nightingale, the white owl were all intimate friends; and he knew their ways just as he knew the ways of wild flowers. Both birds and flowers were nourished in "the divineness of what the world deems gross material substance." So among nature's scenes, an heroic company of men and women start at his word to life; for, in all his quarrels with Peacock's daughter, he never ceased to be a champion of the splendour of womanhood. Cheerful and natural boys, not unwhipped, keep reminding one to keep the young generation in sight and taste "the rapture of the forward view." In the National Gallery Furse has left us portraits of the Meredithian type: "Diana of the Uplands" and those two in "The Return from the Ride," who are, in fact, painted from the daughter and the son-in-law of Meredith's magnificent friend, the original of Rose Jocelyn. But in his glowing gallery figures crowd in all the complicated intensity which endears, to natures made vigorous by the mingling of brain with passion, the typical composition of Donne and Browning, of Michel Angelo and Wagner. Life was for Meredith, as for them, too intimate and too thrilling to be finally subjected to art. But the less Meredith studied effect in composition the more he was absorbed in the things of the spirit. His is a noble

philosophy: and as we watch him moving from the woods of Westermains to the stars above the Surrey upland of his last home, we see a man who grew so intimate with the Most High that he, too, shares a conscious immortality. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," he wrote in one of his last letters, and it is well that his body should mingle intimately in a country graveyard with the earth in which he found divineness; for through endless alchemies it is from earth that great spirits distil their immortal and generative fervours, and strengthen them with the salutary knowledge that life is grounded in common sense which, as Meredith so trenchantly said, and proved, it is the first condition of sanity to believe.

THE PRAYER BOOK CRISIS

BY MAURICE WOODS

Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand Judgment.

THE action of the House of Commons in throwing out the measure for Prayer Book revision propounded by the so-called representatives of the Church of England in December of last year seems to have produced a sense of stupefaction in ecclesiastical circles.

The Bishops are considering their attitude, and will publish fresh proposals in the course of the present month. So far the only indication of their action is foreshadowed in a statement of the Archbishop of Canterbury that the measure might be re-introduced again in matter much the same but in a form which would remove any possibility of misunderstanding.

If this is really the decision of the fathers of the Church they are labouring under a grave misapprehension. Nothing like the proposed Prayer Book will ever go through the House of Commons unless it is accompanied by a Discipline Bill. There was a chance of slipping the revised Book through Parliament in 1927, as the Enabling Act was slipped through in 1921 *sub silentio*, so long as nobody understood what the measure meant, but that chance has now gone for ever. The interest of the average layman has been aroused, and he will follow the matter to its conclusion. That conclusion is that the Church can conform to the established rules of the game as an Established Church, or that it can go outside them by seeking Disestablishment. What the Church will not be allowed to do is to retain all the official privileges and emoluments of an Establishment while organising itself on the basis of a Methodist or Baptist body in which a number of ministers and "pious laymen" and subscribers really dictate the policy of the religious body.

I do not suppose the Archbishops, surrounded as they are by ecclesiastical subordinates and by the "pious laymen" who are the bane of the Church of England, have the slightest knowledge of what the ordinary member of the Church of England who goes to his parish church fairly regularly thinks of the proceedings which have led the Church, under their guidance, into the present mess. If they had possessed that knowledge they would never have allowed themselves to fall into the successive booby traps of the Enabling Act and the Prayer Book revision measure, until they are now faced with the alternatives of surrender or of Disestablishment. Ever since 1921 I have been trying with little success to warn the Church of what the consequences of the Enabling Act would be. My only reward has been a dignified rebuke in the Press from the Bishop of Manchester, who shares with Lord Hugh Cecil the main responsibility for the present *impasse* of the Church.

His case in denying responsibility or blame may be put, if I understand him aright, not unfairly as follows: (1) The Church has done nothing but carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Church discipline which reported in 1906. (2) The state of indiscipline and variation in Church services has in the present century been such that a new rubric of some kind to remove the anomalies which had arisen since the Book of 1662 was essential. (3) The Enabling Act was fully discussed in the House of Commons and was openly meant and understood to cover Prayer Book revision.

I will take these points *seriatim*. (1) The report of the Royal Commission, 1906. Such reports are not sacrosanct in any case. The Bishops have been the principal opponents of the majority report of the Royal Commission on Divorce and have been the main agents in preventing its proposals becoming law—so that while divorce is becoming far easier and more common this is due to the side-shifts of legislation and legal procedure and to the suppression of Press reports.

However, the Enabling Act and Prayer Book revision is *not* the substance of the recommendation of the Royal

Commission of 1906. They are part of it, picked out to suit the convenience of the choosers—always an easy game with such reports.

The Commission was appointed to enquire into indiscipline in the Church. It reported in favour of a revised rubric so as to distinguish between trivial deviations in practice from the Prayer Book of 1662 and deliberate defiance of the doctrines of the Established Church. It recommended that the Church should have a freer hand in dealing with such points without recourse to Parliament. It then went on to what was after all its main object under the terms of its reference, and proposed an elaborate scheme for restoring and enforcing Church discipline against the avowed rebel.

The Bishop of Manchester and Lord Hugh Cecil and their friends took the early part of the report which suited their book, whether as High Churchmen or Life and Liberty men, and completely ignored the whole part of the report which dealt with the restoration of Church discipline. As to the Archbishops, they made not the slightest promises in their December speeches in the House of Lords to enforce discipline at all. The matter can be put in a very succinct form. If Sir William Joynson-Hicks were to bring forward a measure in Parliament to enforce the recommendation of the Royal Commission of 1906 on Discipline in the Church, with no suggestion for a new Prayer Book, he would be just as much or as little entitled as Bishop Temple is to claim the authority of the Royal Commission for his proposals. In a word, he would be telling just half the truth. When politicians do this sort of thing we call them unscrupulous. Churchmen get off with a milder epithet. They are simply Jesuitical. (2) No doubt a revised Prayer Book to replace the revision of 1662 was necessary. The Church could get all that the Royal Commission suggests in this direction from Parliament to-morrow by lifting its little finger. What it cannot get is an alteration of the Communion Service in the Rome-ward direction to suit the Anglo-Catholics—and there is not a word in the report of the Royal Commission of 1906 to suggest that the Commission recommended any

such plan. In fact, the idea is ridiculous considering that some of the signatories were, as the majority Bishops are fond of reminding us, staunch Protestants.

(3) The Enabling Act, under which Prayer Book revision was in fact thrown at the head of the House of Commons without the House having any power of amendment, was discussed in two short debates in the House of Commons. This may or may not constitute adequate discussion of a revolutionary measure affecting the permanent relations between Church and State. That is a matter of opinion. At any rate, the facts are: that less than half the Members of the House voted on the final division; that Lords Hugh Cecil and Wolmer never mentioned Prayer Book revision in getting the measure through. On the contrary, they, as Hansard will testify, piled assurance upon assurance that the measure was intended to cover the merest technicalities of the internal administration of the Church—such as the transfer of advowsons, etc., etc. The House of Commons was simply bamboozled by the spokesmen of Hatfield and High Church, who, after the result of the debate of January 15th, 1927, may now have occasion to reflect that there is such a thing as being too clever by half. The Archbishop of Canterbury in recommending the Enabling Act in the House of Lords never mentioned Prayer Book revision either. What is the use of saying in face of this that everyone knew that Prayer Book revision (including presumably a form of Reservation of the Sacrament) was to be passed under the Enabling Act? The average politician realised nothing of the kind, and when I wanted to point out the obvious risk in the Press in 1921 I was simply laughed at for my pains.

The Bishop of Manchester says that he did not consider that the main object of the Enabling Act was to get the new Prayer Book through. On this point I accept his assurance most readily and sincerely. Indeed, one might be in favour of that measure (or against it, as I am) on quite general grounds. But when he goes on to state that in three hundred speeches he made in the country in favour of that measure the Prayer Book occupied no prominent

part in his argument I reply at once that this is exactly what I complain of. People were induced to accept the Act by a lot of vague gas about life and liberty without in the least realising what use the measure was going to be put to by the High Churchmen.

To say, as the Bishop does, that the extreme Anglo-Catholics never wanted revision is a truism. They intended and intend to go on defying the Bishops in any case, and were and are purely indifferent as to what the law is. The only thing that would interest them is a measure for restoring discipline—the last thing the authors of the Enabling Act or of the New Prayer Book seem to want. For the Bishop of Manchester, speaking at a conference of his own diocese on November 8th last, said: "They would refuse to share in a demand for the enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline. Such discipline was almost impossible to enforce, and he hoped that their distinguishing feature as Churchmen would be that they would not try to enforce it."

Why is discipline impossible to enforce? Because the very people who shelter themselves behind the authority of the Royal Commission of 1906 will not ask Parliament to give the Bishops the powers that Commission recommends.

So much for the official case as put forward by the main promoters of the Enabling Act and Prayer Book revision in its present form. The real issue of the late momentous debate in Parliament was a much broader one. It was stated in a very blunt manner, and with no rhetorical trimmings, by the Duke of Buccleuch in the House of Lords. The people of England, he said, were not going to be jockeyed into accepting this measure without knowing what was meant. It was being rushed through because the promoters were afraid lest the people should know what it meant. The real question was whether the Church of England belonged to the people of England or to the Bishops. This rough language strikes a deep note which sounds all through English history. It was taken up again in a brilliant speech by Lord Cushendun, when he said there had been no anti-clericalism in England

because the State Church had always admitted its subordination to the State, but that the moment the Church attempted to escape this obligation anti-clericalism would spring into life. And this, of course, is exactly what the Enabling Act has done for English religious sentiment. It produced last December in Parliament the strong feeling that the House of Commons was not going to be run by the Bishops. That is why Mr. Bridgeman lost the measure in a few sentences when, in introducing it, he said he did not intend to discuss doctrine, because he took his marching orders from the Archbishops on such points. What the House of Commons of Henry VIII, or Edward VI, or Elizabeth, which settled in various ways the doctrine of the Reformed Church, or of Charles II or of Anne would have said if they had been told that it was not within their competence to discuss doctrine defies the imagination. As it was, even the effete Parliament of George V rose up against this monstrous suggestion, and responded to it by the most brilliant debate which has taken place in the House of Commons since 1914.

The sense of the majority which rejected the Revised Prayer Book was, in a very broad use of the term, anti-clerical rather than Low Church or Protestant. The feeling was that the Church could have anything in reason. But, to begin with, to deprive the Commons of the power of amending a measure where it disliked one special part only, was not thought to be in reason. If the Church had proposed the Revised Prayer Book without the parts touching the Communion Service that would have gone through without question, for it would have been reasonable to bring the service up to date in non-essential or non-controversial matters. If we are to accept the Home Secretary's view, as I think we may, this House of Commons would by a majority have accepted even the alterations in the Communion Service had they been felt to be final, and had there been any real assurance that the new rules would be enforced by a new and effective machinery as the old rules had never been. It might have been reasonable to ask Protestantism to make some

concession for the sake of finality and order. But no Discipline Bill was attached to Revision. Nay, the Bishops had given the plainest sign that they disliked the idea of enforcing discipline. When, therefore, the Commons were asked to trust to the good sense and loyalty of the High Church and Anglo-Catholic clergy, and to the firmness of the Bishops, their answer was that neither these clergy nor the Bishops concerned had done anything much to deserve a blank cheque being given them for the future. The clergy would have been taught that the way to get alterations in the services connected with the Sacrament was to defy the law until the Bishops once more altered the law to suit the illegal practices. And even if the promises of the Bishops to take some kind of disciplinary action hereafter were accepted, what of future and unpledged Bishops? One speaker in the House of Lords was able to tell an amazing and uncontradicted story of a bit of mummery perpetrated by the Bishop of St. Albans—an act more becoming a medicine-man of the Stone Age than a Christian priest of the Reformed Church—while the Home Secretary showed that the Bishop of London habitually promoted and encouraged the law-breakers of his diocese. Therefore the proposal of a Revised Prayer Book without a Discipline Act was not felt to be reasonable.

As the debate proceeded the feeling of the House became overwhelmingly manifest. And this was certainly not due to wild oratory or unscrupulous arguments. If the House did not feel inclined to listen patiently to Lord Hugh Cecil, its most brilliant orator and spoilt child, or to Lord Wolmer, it was because they were the men who had worked the manœuvre by which the Enabling Act, the main source of the trouble, had been slipped through Parliament. And besides, these noble Lords represented precisely that kind of lay opinion which consorted with Bishops or vicars, ran the creaking machinery of the lay side of the Church under the Enabling Act, and was profoundly unrepresentative of the average feeling of the Church of England. For "the man in the pew" is, *pace* Mr. Bridgeman, utterly opposed to the whole trend of Church politics ever since it took its present turn. He

is in the main a very simple and conservative sort, of person, who goes to church regularly when he possibly can and wherever he is. He is attached to the old forms of the liturgy, which he expects, as a member of the Established Church, to find the same, apart from minor details, whatever church he goes to. He does not in the least want services "brightened" by prayers written by authors whose style is inferior to that of St. Chrysostom. He is fond of good preaching, and is well aware that the post-war clergy are disgracefully and even dangerously underpaid. Considering the doctrine of the Church to be adequately protected by the authority of the State and defended by Parliament, he regards with peculiar resentment the idea that he has got to join in a kind of electoral dogfight over the type of service which is to be conducted in his parish church. He dislikes the notion that he may have to quarrel with his parson (whom he likes and respects personally), and be asked to sign a petition to the Bishop, who will hate him for doing it, asking the said Bishop to come down and regulate the vicar into regarding the wishes of the majority of his parishioners. In Manchester and London he will know in advance that his Bishop will not do anything of the sort, and that in other dioceses the machinery of compulsion is so rusty as to be quite unworkable. And all this trouble for what? Not for a definite settlement of the doctrine and rubric of the Church of England as the Reformation and the Act of Uniformity, with all their defects, secured, but to secure an "alternative" service which may be shifted about according to the whim, power or personality of a vicar, his churchwardens, a few fussy pious laymen or laywomen, or varied on the promotion of a Bishop. After all religion is supposed to be concerned with truth, and truth is neither relative nor alternative. How on earth, as a distinguished publicist said, are you to pray alternatively?

Such, in my humble opinion, are the views of great masses of Church people, but they are not, I admit, the kind of people who go to Church conferences or take much part in Church affairs beyond subscribing to Church purposes in the parish or the Diocese. I do not speak en-

tirely without my book, for, with all due deference to the Bishop of Manchester, my ancestors have been distinguished ornaments of the Church of England for at least as long a period as his have been, and I have been familiar all my life with the ordinary working of the Church system.

However, the Fathers of the Church, for I suppose the Bishop of Manchester is right in pointing out that the Archbishops must take their due share of the responsibility, have chosen to set their faces in a direction the plain man in the pew does not approve. The new policy has in consequence received a strong rebuff in the Commons, where ordinary views are apt to prevail.

The defeated party have been reduced to the strangest explanations of this defeat. Some people said it was due to having only one day for debate. This was, of course, the choice of the promoters of the Bill, who thought a truncated discussion, as on the Enabling Act, would serve their purpose; otherwise they could have postponed the discussion and had as many days as they liked. The *Daily News* said it was due to the action of the Celtic Fringe—which apparently ought not to be allowed to vote on an English issue. How many times have I read or written leading articles in Tory newspapers using this argument on the subject of the Liberal alliance with the Irish Nationalists, and how many times has the *Daily News* controverted this particular contention? The argument in this case is, of course, silly. Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Irish Church with Scottish, English and Welsh votes. All the Members of the United Kingdom Parliament interfered—in a most violent way—with the Wee Frees of Scotland, not even an Established Church, and took away from them most of the fruits of victory they had gained in the Law Courts at the beginning of this century. The Welsh Church was disestablished by English, Irish and Scottish votes, as well as by Welsh ones. There is only one sinister feature in the speeches and voting which took place on January 15th last. It looks as if some of the strongest support of the Reformation settlement comes from outside the Church of England. This is a curious commentary on some articles

of Bishop Temple's, in which he advocated the Enabling Bill in Liberal newspapers on the ground that it would assist the reunion of Nonconformity with the Church. So you begin with a scheme of reunion such as just failed immediately after the Restoration, and you finish up with advocating certain measures in connection with the reservation of the Sacrament which put Protestant reunion definitely out of court.

The Bishop of Durham, who has pursued a somewhat erratic course on Prayer Book Revision, and is now in consequence its most resolute advocate, threatens us with Disestablishment if we will not let the Bishops and the pious laymen own our Church of England. The answer is as old as that which John Bright once gave in private to his disciple John Morley, who was prophesying the speedy Disestablishment of the Church by a Radical Government: "Make no mistake; they may destroy it from within: you can never destroy it from without."

The Bishops and the pious laymen have already gone a long way, in the middle of perfectly calm political weather, to Disestablish the Church. If, preferring their own ways and methods to the opinion of the bulk of Churchmen, they choose to take the final steps towards Disestablishing themselves, I suppose there is no way of preventing them crowning the results of a mistaken policy with a national disaster. But there is still time to get back and to remember that if a nation, as Lincoln said, cannot exist "half-bond and half-free"—neither can a Church have all the freedom of Disestablishment and none of the responsibilities of Establishment.

THE HUMOUR OF THOMAS HARDY

BY A. H. GARSTANG

HUMOUR may not be a quality that most folks who have only a cursory acquaintance with the Wessex novels are apt to attribute to them, but to those who know their Hardy those touches of drollery that relieve the pessimism of the most sombre of his stories form an essential, and not the least engaging, part of the literary personality of the narrator. To appreciate the peculiar quality and pervasiveness of Hardy's humour one has only to recall the three distinct classes into which the novels fall, the different atmospheres into which it is introduced, the widely-contrasted mediums into which it is worked.

There is the purely rustic idyll like *Under the Greenwood Tree* or *The Trumpet Major*; there are stories in the vein of comedy like *The Hand of Ethelberta*, and tragedies like *The Return of the Native* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

It has to be confessed that in the second class of fiction Hardy was not at his best. The novels comprised in it seem to have been written for a certain market—that of the fashionable ladies and gentlemen who figure in Du Maurier's illustrations to the first edition of *The Hand of Ethelberta*. Novels of Society were never Hardy's *métier*. His true inspiration lay in the countryside, whence he draws his gallery of rustic characters with their interplay of human passions and emotions, almost primitive in their intensity. The events which make up the action of his stories march to their predestined end with the relentless movement of a Greek tragedy. *Under the Greenwood Tree* is an idyll in prose written under a blue and sunlit sky, flecked with only an occasional fleecy cloud. But with this exception, and some of the Wessex Tales, the best of his pictures of rural life have a background of grey skies relieved occasionally, as in *Tess*, with bursts of hot sunshine; and even in *Tess* one feels there is always thunder about. Only *A Laodicean* is of the marrying-and-

live-happily-ever-after order. It is true that in *Far from the Madding Crowd* faithful Gabriel Oak is rewarded in the end with the hand of his mistress, Bathsheba Everdene, but the villagers are by no means sure the union is going to be a happy one. On the one hand we have the evidence of Jacob Smallbury, "I never heard a skilful old married feller of twenty years' standing pipe 'my wife' in a more used note than 'a did. It might have been a little more true to nater if't had been spoken a little chillier, but that wasn't to be expected just now." Remembering the heroine's rather fickle record one is more inclined to share the misgivings on the bridegroom's behalf voiced by Joseph Poorgrass and "wish him joy o' her." It is not that the humour is ever purposely introduced by way of comic relief. It forms a part of the life of Hardy's rustics and occupies its due proportion in his picture of village life, a picture that would be correspondingly less faithful to the gloomiest of his realism had it been omitted. Occasionally one nearly misses it, but the eventual chuckle is all the more irresistible.

His descriptions are often as full of humour as the back-chat of the "crusted characters"; as, for example, his account of the gossip of the orchestra, in their jealously guarded reservation in the gallery, about the habits of backsliders in the nave.

The Gallery looked down upon and knew the habits of the Nave to its remotest peculiarity, and had an extensive stock of exclusive information about it; whilst the Nave knew nothing of the gallery people, as gallery people, beyond their long-sounding minims and chest notes. Such topics as that the clerk was always chewing tobacco except at the moment of crying "Amen"; that he had a dust hole in his pew, that during the sermon certain young daughters of the village had left off caring to read anything as mild as the marriage service and now regularly studied the one that chronologically follows it; that a pair of lovers touched fingers through a knot-hole between their pews in the manner ordained by their great exemplars, Pyramus and Thisbe; that Mrs. Ledlow, the farmer's wife, counted her money and reckoned her week's marketing expenses during the first lesson—all news to those below—were stale subjects here.

Part of the plot of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, in which this passage occurs, deals with the threatened supersession of the old church orchestra by the organ, with the heroine, Fancy Day, daughter of the local gamekeeper, as organist,

and with the resentment of the instrumentalists of the old régime. Illustrating the inborn conservatism of the rustic mind, we learn that this was not the first time the introduction of new methods had created bad feeling. Strong prejudice had been aroused amongst the stringed performers when reeds had been introduced.

"Clar'nets were not made for the music of the Lard," says one of the fiddlers. "You can see it by looking at 'em." "I don't for my part," retorts another, "see that a fiddle is much nearer heaven than a clar'net. 'Tis further off. There's always a rakish, scamped look about a fiddle's looks that seems to say the Wicked One had a hand in the making o' 'em; whilst angels be supposed to play clar'nets in heaven or som'at like 'em, if you may believe the picturs."

The gift of character drawing and analysis, one of the tests of great fiction, which Hardy possessed to a supreme degree, requires an amount of personal detachment that only sparingly permits revelations of the personal sympathies of the writer. The characters interpret themselves through the action and the dialogue, and the attitude of the author is, mostly, impersonal. But such repression has its limits, and in Hardy the personal factor outcrops in most refreshing fashion now and then. He was no anchorite. How many, indeed, of the really great writers and poets were indifferent to the good things of life? Certainly not Thomas Hardy. One of the characteristic features of his novels is their frank paganism, especially in dealing with rustic life and its foibles. Turn to the pages of *The Trumpet Major*, most humorous of all his novels, and read of the seduction of the strong beer of Hardy's native Dorchester of which Miller Loveday kept so ample a stock.

It was of the most beautiful colour that the eye of an artist in beer could desire; full in body yet brisk as a volcano; piquant yet without a twang; luminous as an autumn sunset; free from streakiness of taste; but finally rather heady. The Masses worshipped it, the minor gentry loved it more than wine, and by the most illustrious county families it was not despised. Anybody brought up for being drunk and disorderly in the streets of its natal borough had only to prove he was a stranger to the place and its liquor, to be honourably dismissed by the Magistrates, as one overtaken in a fault that no man could guard against who entered the town unawares.

Later on, when the miller, shining in all the fierceness of his volunteer uniform, calls for liquor to celebrate the

deliverance of the countryside from the menace of a false report of a landing by Bonaparte, his factotum, David, has to confess he'd emptied the barrels.

"'Afore I went to church for a pike to defend my native land from Boney," says David, "I pulled out the spigots of all the barrels, maister, for thinks I—damn him—since we can't drink it ourselves, he shan't have it nor none of his men."

Nor could the dismay of the miller, on finding his cellar several inches deep in good liquor, have been told with more graphic humour by any man.

Again, how happily, in a sentence, he hits off for you the picture of the professional waiter, Ethelberta's father, Chickereel (delightful cognomen!), ruled at home by a martinet of a wife, when Ethelberta suggests it is time he retired. Her mother knows better.

"He'll never give up his present way of life, it has grown up to be a part of his nature. Poor man, *he never feels at home except in somebody else's house, and is nervous and quite a stranger in his own.*"

The description of the wounded pride of the organ-blower at Melchester Cathedral because of his fancied slighting by Julian, the organist, is another delicious bit of character drawing in the same book.

"I never seed such a man as Mr. Julian is. He'll meet me anywhere out of doors and never wink or nod. I don't find fault, but you'd hardly expect it, seeing how I play the same instrument as he do himself, and have done it for so many years longer than he. How I have indulged that man, too! If 'tis Pedals for two martel hours of practice I never complain; and he has plenty of vagaries. When 'tis hot summer weather there's nothing will do for him but Choir, Great and Swell altogether, till your face is in a vapour; and on a frosty winter night he'll keep me there while he tweedles upon the Twelfth and Sixteenth till my arms be scrambled for want of motion. And never speak a word out of doors."

How many other happy examples may one not discover in almost any chapter one may chance to light upon! One recalls two final examples, each from the opening pages of the most tragic of the novels. Here is Timothy Fairway's comparison of the social values of weddings and funerals.

You be bound to dance at Christmas because 'tis the time o' year; you must dance at weddings, because 'tis the time o' life. At christenings folk will even smuggle in a reel or two, if 'tis no further on than the

first or second chiel. And this not namin' the songs you've got to sing. . . . For my part I like a good hearty funeral as well as anything. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties, and even better. And it don't wear your legs to stumps in talking over a poor fellow's ways as it do to stand up in hornpipes.

Tess opens with the entertaining encounter of Parson Tringham, the antiquary, and John Durbeyfield, the itinerant hawker. The parson tells John of the knightly ancestors buried in Kingsbere Churchyard he believes him to be descended from. The sequel is the one which naturally follows such a "heady" revelation to an already partially intoxicated man. John boasts to the first yokel he meets, "There's not a man in the county o' South Wessex that's got grander and nobler skillentons in his family than I," and orders him to call at "The Pure Drop Inn" and tell the landlord to send a horse and carriage to take him home, while his wife is to be requested to prepare a sumptuous repast—of which detailed injunctions are given—all the inevitable consequence of such exalting tidings.

The Mayor of Casterbridge contains the picaresque disquisition on bridge-loungers side by side with the mordant cynicism of the reflections on the obstacle to the reform of the erstwhile Mayor, as of other victims of malignant Fate, "the ingenious machinery contrived by the Gods for reducing human possibilities of amelioration to a minimum—which arranges that the wisdom to do shall come *pari passu* with the departure of the zest for doing."

Tragedy and humour, pathos and tranquillity, are mingled together with the craftsmanship of a master hand. A sense of humour is an integral constituent of the genius of all great tragedians. Hardy shares it with the greatest of those Immortals whose ranks he has joined.

A BUDGET OF LITERARY LETTERS

PART I

By W. FORBES GRAY

For more than seventy years there has been in the custody of the Board of Trustees for the National Galleries of Scotland a notable collection of holograph letters of historical personages. The collection originally belonged to an Edinburgh bookseller, W. F. Watson, who was intimate with not a few eminent men of letters of the early Victorian period. Watson spent a lifetime in acquiring specimens of the correspondence of celebrities of his own time and of earlier periods. He threw a wide net and was rewarded with an abundant harvest, his collection ultimately including several thousands of letters fished from all quarters—literary, social, political, artistic. The Watson collection is particularly rich in letters illustrative of the literary history of England during the eighteenth century and the earlier part of the nineteenth. This portion of the correspondence I have examined, and, through the courtesy of the Board of Trustees, have made transcripts of those letters which have never been published and which appear to be of public interest. In this article I propose to present a selection, and to explain, wherever possible, the circumstances in which they were written.

I

There is at least appropriateness in beginning the selection with an epistle of that prince of English letter-writers, Horace Walpole. When Peter Cunningham gave to the world (1857-9) his magnificent edition of Walpole's correspondence in nine large octavo volumes he expressed the view (as well he might) that no additions of any consequence would afterwards be made to the thousands of letters which his untiring industry had brought together. But Walpole was so prodigious a correspondent that Cunningham, with all his vigilance, did not reap the full

harvest. Since his day many notable letters of Walpole have been published, and from the Watson collection I am able to add one more, which recalls Strawberry Hill (that "perfect Paphos," Walpole called it) and its celebrated printing press. In 1783 George Colman, the elder, produced a translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, in which he propounded a theory concerning the poem which won the approval of Walpole, to whom he had sent a copy. The gift was not forgotten, for two years later, when there issued from the private press at Strawberry Hill the *Essay on Modern Gardening*, done into French by the Duc de Nivernois,¹ a copy was straightway despatched to Colman, together with the following letter:—

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19, 1785.

SIR,—I beg your acceptance of a little work just printed here; and I offer it as a token of my gratitude, not as pretending to pay you for your last present—a translation, however excellent, from a very inferior Horace would be a most inadequate return; but there is so much merit in the inclosed version, the language is so pure, and the imitations of our poets so extraordinary, so much more faithful and harmonious than I thought the French tongue could achieve, that I flatter myself you will excuse my troubling you with an old performance of my own, when newly dressed by a Master-hand. As, too, there are not a great many copies printed, and those only for presents, I have particular pleasure in making you one of the earliest compliments, and am, Sir, Yr. most obliged and obed. humble Sert., HORACE WALPOLE.

Biographical material concerning Tobias Smollett is none too plentiful, and it was with unfeigned delight that I unearthed a long and extremely interesting letter by his widow—the Creole beauty with whom the novelist became enamoured during his stay in Jamaica. Anne Lascelles, as she was then, was a Kingston heiress who became Smollett's wife soon after his return to England. After the novelist's death Mrs. Smollett continued to live at Leghorn, and it is evident from the letter before me that her circumstances were sadly reduced. The epistle is dated May 28th, 1773, and is addressed to a "Mr. Hamilton," "a true Friend to the Deceased." Commissary Smollett, to whom Mrs. Smollett, at the beginning of her letter, expresses gratitude for "friendly care and attention

(1) "The Duc de Nivernois (the French Ambassador) called here the other day. . . . I cannot say he flattered me much, or was much struck with Strawberry."—Walpole to Mann, April 30th, 1763.

in accomodating (*sic*) with Mr. Telfer, so much to my advantage," was the cousin of the novelist. He was laird of Bonhill, the family property close to the banks of Loch Lomond, to which Smollett, had he lived four years longer, would have succeeded, together with an income of £1,000 a year. Instead, Bonhill passed to the novelist's sister, Mrs. Telfer, the mother of the "Telfer" alluded to in the letter. Smollett's widow had an allowance from the Bonhill family, but, judging from her pathetic appeal, it did not amount to much.

After acknowledging Commissary Smollett's kindness, the writer of the letter makes a request for "amusing books and a few plays" from Mr. Telfer's "very good library," compliance with which she will esteem "a very singular mark of his (Telfer's) regard to his Deceased Uncle" (the novelist). Then she adds:—

I have all Mr. Smollett's romances except "perigreen (*sic*) Pickle," which I shall be obliged to him for. I have "tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrew(s)" with a small collection of "Don Quixote." These are the whole of Amusing Books we brought from England. For the others that are Folios, I intend to send them with the First "Universal History," the first good oportunity. . . . I would not have taken the Liberty to ask any of the Books were I in a part of the world that could supply me, but that is impossible, and I find it very Dull for want of something to amuse me. . . . You may perhaps be surprised to find so few (books) sent you, but if you Recollect that Mr. Smollett sent you all he brought from Bath, keeping only a very small quantity. He even would not permit me to bring any plays with me. What was his reason I know not. I remember he changed some of the *Annual Register* that were not Compleat with a Gentleman who was going to Rome, for a Set of Italian Plays, which I have not sent as they are in a different Language.

Mrs. Smollett also retained *Ariosto*, "as it is part in Italian and of no Consequence," though, curiously enough, she sold annotated copies of *Goldoni* after her husband's death. Further on, she refers to Smollett's share in the production of *The Modern Part of a Universal History*. As originally planned, this colossal work was to consist of forty-two octavo volumes, "compiled from Original Writers." Smollett arranged to contribute histories of France, Italy, and Germany, but how far he proceeded with this hackwork is not definitely known. Even his widow was in ignorance, as she herself confesses. "Mr. Smollett work'd on the *Universal History* 3 months at

Lucca besides what he did here (*i.e.*, Leghorn), but as he never would suffer any one to come near his Books, I never had any oportunity to find out what parts he wrote on."

Towards the close of her letter Mrs. Smollett makes a touching appeal for the erection of a memorial over her husband's grave at Leghorn. Commissary Smollett had promised to rear a monument at Leven in the vicinity of the novelist's birthplace, but she thought *the* memorial should be where his body lay.

Amid the many causes of uneasiness, I have the particular one, to reflect that my Dear Smollett has never yet had a monument rais'd up to his memory, which in this Country [*i.e.*, Italy] is Look'd at with astonishment, the more so as his Reputation was so well known. I really think it would be a very trifling expense to his Cousin (*i.e.*, Commissary Smollett) or Nephew (*i.e.*, Alexander Telfer) to do it for him. God knows I am very little able to Spend, but if you think none of them will give that last mark of regard to so worthy a Relation, I shall at all events Do the best in my power. . . . I have not among so Many Friends any one who has wrote an epitaph to his memory. Let me beg, Sir, as a true Friend to the Deceased, try what you can do with all speed, for it is the Dayly Chatt, why it has been so Long Deferr'd. The Commissary wrote me he would put up a pile near Leven, but still that does not answer, for where his body lies, there certainly ought to be the Chief Monument. The expence will be about 40 Guineas, a very poor sum to those who have large Estates.

Mrs. Smollett's appeal for the erection of a worthy monument in the English cemetery in the Via degli Elise at Leghorn met with no response. In the end she reared, out of her straitened means, a plain stone, for which the novelist's friend and countryman, Dr. John Armstrong, composed a Latin epitaph. Regarding the Scottish memorial, Commissary Smollett was as good as his word, for in 1775 Smollett's widow had the satisfaction of learning that he had erected on the banks of the Leven a tall Tuscan column, which still attracts tourists as they journey to Loch Lomond. Probably, too, she was gratified with the inscription, which was revised and in part written by Dr. Johnson.

II

The journalistic aspect of Coleridge's career, especially his connection with the *Courier*, is emphasised in a letter addressed to Mudford, one of the editors of that journal. It may be recalled that the poet's connection with the

Courier was of long standing. In its columns appeared some of his verse, many miscellaneous articles, and a series of communications on the struggles of the Spaniards against their French oppressors. The epistle to Mudford is undated, but from its contents one learns inferentially that it was written about the year 1818 when the poet was residing with Gillman at Highgate and was delivering his last series of lectures in Fetter Lane to crowded and sympathetic audiences. Coleridge expresses a "strong desire to pass an hour *tête-à-tête* with Mudford," in order that he may know what "the Tone in domestic Politics is which the *Courier* wishes to adopt." The poet then proceeds:—

Under the term, domestic Politics, I include the following as the main points. 1. The Poor Laws and the State of the Laborers (*sic*), agricultural and manufacturing, at large. 2. The Education of this class. 3. The necessity of a corresponding Education of the Higher and Middle classes, the practicability and admirable results of which are no longer a disputable thing since the decisive success of the experiment at the Charter House, which has surprised the most sanguine expectations, and made a deep impression at Cambridge. 4. The state of the punitive Laws, a subject which the publication of Sir J Romilly's Notes¹ will soon (it is probable) bring before the Public. For myself, I cannot agree wholly either with Sir J Romilly on the one side, or with the Paleyians on the other. Both appear to me to have taken a shallow ground for their opinions. 5. The existing state of the Press. 6. The institution, purposes, and influences of the Jury. My opinion you may gather from an answer I made a few days ago to a gentleman, who entitled it "the *blessed* institution of the Jury." Rather, Sir! (I reply) the blessed country in which such an institution is compatible with Justice and good government. Remove certain high privileges *peculiar* to England, and I do not hesitate to say that a greater curse could scarcely be inflicted on a country than our present Trials by Jury. 7. (Should it be again forced upon your attention), the Catholic Question.

Having enunciated his political creed, Coleridge continues:—

Were I now in the 25th year of my age, and in health, I should not fear the success of any Paper prudently managed in the ordinaries of a Paper, which should form, defend, and apply a self-consistent and grounded scheme of political Philosophy on these seven points.

Towards the close of his letter Coleridge signifies a wish to avail himself of Mudford's "kind invitation," but

(1) The reference doubtless is to one of the numerous pamphlets of Sir Samuel (not "Sir J.") Romilly, the law reformer.

his lecturing engagements present a difficulty. "On my Lecture Nights we leave Highgate in a coach at 6 o'clock, and I am so nervous till the Lecture commences that I feel myself as if I were standing on my Head, quite unfit for all conversation. . . . I have sanguine hopes that my second Philos. Lecture will make amends for the dryness of the first, and for my own embarrassment, occasioned by the tallow candles and the slipperiness of the Table on which I stood, which rendered me unable to read my notes." Coleridge's second lecture, I may explain, dealt with "the tales and metrical romances common for the most part to England, Germany, and the north of France; and English songs and ballads continued to the reign of Charles I," whereas the first, which Coleridge thought dry, treated compendiously of "the manners, morals, literature, philosophy, religion, and state of society in general in European Christendom, from the eighth to the fifteenth century."

III

Quaintness was of the essence of Bernard Barton's personality, and I can imagine the elation with which Edward FitzGerald, the writer of a charming memoir of the Quaker poet, would have perused a letter so thoroughly characteristic as that now before me. In it Barton remonstrates with the editors of Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature* for having described him in that work as an unmarketable poet; but he does so with a gentle raillery that recalls his reproof of his friend Charles Lamb for his treatment of the Quakers. The letter, which is dated August 13th, 1844, was written at Woodbridge, where Barton for forty years was a bank clerk. The work was prosaic, as the poet more than hints in his letter, and he had thoughts at one time of embarking on a literary career, but Lamb dissuaded him with the wise counsel: "Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you."

Chambers's publication was originally issued in parts, and Barton found himself chronicled in one of these as a poet whose verse made only a limited appeal. The

epistle to his "Esteem'd Friends" begins by apologising for the writer's ignorance of what is happening in the literary world.

I live so much out of the way of seeing or hearing of "any new thing" that I had well nigh miss'd knowing of the honour you, or your editorial purveyor, had done me. Yet it is no wonder, for from the spring of 1810 I have sat at one desk, and made interminable rows of figures, and added them up, and carried them forward, from 8 to 10 or 12 hours a day, till I have stood a fair chance of growing to the wood, and being ignorant of aught beyond it.

But the honour, Barton notes, has its "soberizing qualifications," since he is referred to as "not gifted with any very marketable genius," for which observation he is inclined to scold his correspondents. As to quarrelling with his "own bread and butter," and being weary of his "safe and unhazardous way of life," the Quaker poet declares there is not "the slightest foundation," except in the "lively fancy" of his "ingenious friend, Charles Lamb." "Still," he reasonably adds, "any one fond of green lanes and pleasant fields, after being desk-bound thirty years or more, may allowably grumble, once in a while, without any deliberate intention of playing the fool."

Barton then deftly parries the thrust concerning his verse, arguing, quite sensibly, that it "by no means follows that the most marketable commodities are always the best, or will keep the longest. . . . Some years ago, when I was more sensitive about what small Poets call their fame!, I might have been put out by such a comment, but at three score I feel quite content to let my Fame, marketable or not, take care of itself."

IV

In the *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt* (2 vols., 1862), the poet's eldest son, Thornton (who edited the work) writes: "Amongst those who must have received interesting letters from Leigh Hunt was Thomas Noon Talfourd, . . . but it would appear that no such letters remain in existence." Thornton Hunt was mistaken. In the Watson Collection I have discovered a long and interesting epistle which is obviously a reply to one of the two

Talfourd letters printed in the *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*.

In the autumn of 1836 Talfourd, the friend of Lamb, went for "a little tour in the Highlands," and on returning to Edinburgh wrote Hunt (the letter is dated September 20th) to the effect that he had seen Francis Jeffrey and Professor Wilson (Christopher North), and was hopeful of obtaining their help in "our common object." Hunt's reply was written eight days later from Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he was Carlyle's neighbour. It opens with a minute and discriminating criticism of a bust of Talfourd executed by Patrick Macdowell, R.A.

MY DEAR TALFOURD,—I omitted to tell you in my last, that I had seen your bust, and was extremely pleased with it. The likeness is one of those which makes one laugh with its exactness. I not only knew it the instant it caught my eye (and I was not aware that any had been done) but every detail answered the first impression. There was the identical compact forehead, the juvenile cast of countenance, yet implying its time of life (a nice point, especially where there are no marks of age) and the mixture of judgment with geniality in the character of the mouth, at once good-natured and reticent. . . . In short, the portrait appears to me admirable—a little too smooth perhaps and wanting certain masterly touches of nice variation of surface; but these will come with practice when the artist makes another of you by and by. His fancy pieces are less happy, I think—not sufficiently imaginative. His angel is merely an attempt at the ordinary Greek elegance—forgetting that an angel, though he must be represented humanly beautiful, must also be angelically capable—that is, you know, of thoughts and feelings above the human—and his Narcissus does not look *drawn* towards the water—helplessly absorbed.

Hunt ventured to intimate his objections to Macdowell, the sculptor, who was "good enough to receive them with a spirit so truly pleasant and even thankful, that I should have felt abashed if I had not said what I thought out of a real desire to do him service." Having disposed of the bust, Hunt proceeds to banter Talfourd regarding his Scottish experiences:—

Do you talk Scotch yet? and have you eaten Haggis? and do you allow yourself to believe that all Scotland is not made up of Burns, and Allan Ramsay, and Scott, or wears anything but plaid and naked feet, and is not always taking snuff, or dancing reels, or playing on the bag-pipe? For my part, such is *my* Scotland—the Scotland of books—and I doubt whether Edinburgh itself would take away the idea from me. I should only think that the true Scotland began a mile farther off from the city; and that you had but to walk as far to see Allan Ramsay's beauties washing their

clothes in the brooks, and a fellow piping with a plaid-scarf over his shoulder. As to talking Scotch, I know not whether it is from the mimetic faculty in me, or from my old love of the "Gentle Shepherd,"⁽¹⁾ but I never have any familiar intercourse with Scotch people without getting a tendency to speak in the same up and down tone of voice—so much so, that in consequence of having had Carlyle as my neighbour, I was absolutely, when I went into the country last year, taken by an old lady for a gentleman "from the north."

In the circle of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, Bryan Waller Proctor ("Barry Cornwall") occupied a foremost place, most of what is enduring in his verse being attributable to their influence. One of the most amiable figures in English literature, "Barry Cornwall," was a striking instance of the combination of the lawyer and the poet vocations, which demand qualities totally dissimilar. Though a practising barrister for a large part of his life, the profession had few attractions for him. This, at any rate, is the refrain of a letter to a brother bard, David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the author of the Scots classic, *Mansie Wauch*. Moir was a busy country doctor as well as a poet, which causes "Barry Cornwall," in a letter dated April 20th, 1851, to offer some reflections on the respective merits of medicine and the law. He writes to "Delta":—

I envy you your good useful life. There is nothing, in my opinion, so useful as a life like yours—nothing so worthless (in itself) as the life of a lawyer—consisting of 20 or 30 years wasted amongst technical points and idle problems, the solution of which answer no end except that of putting a few guineas in one's pocket. To legislate wisely is a grand thing—but the expounding of obscure laws and the unravelling of knots which ought never to have been tied is poor work. I am not a barrister, however, now—at least I have nothing to do with such matters—but am a Commissioner in Lunacy at your service—always on the transit—hunting the wind at times—but occasionally also employed to some purpose in standing up for the comforts of people who cannot stand up for themselves. I live half my time in Hotels . . . My acquirements in this line of business are few—yet I can tell you where the best wine, the best bed, and the best ale are to be had in most of the towns in England.

"Barry Cornwall" then passes to the more congenial topic of literature. Here is the pronouncement of an elderly poet upon a younger—Browning is a "most excellent fellow, and has a most accomplished mind, and,

(1) Allan Ramsay's pastoral.

though obscure, is, in my opinion, essentially a poet. As luck would have it I have just finished an Epistle in verse to him, concluding with a recommendation that he would employ himself." "Barry Cornwall" was one of two friends who, from the first appearance of *Paracelsus*, had regarded Browning as "among the few great poets of the (nineteenth) century." And the younger poet early reciprocated this generous feeling by dedicating *Colombe's Birthday* to the author of *Marcian Colonna* and *English Songs*.

Having expressed his opinion of Browning's verse, "Barry Cornwall" sits in judgment upon his own. "I think that some of the verses in my last little book (*English Songs*) are of a more healthy and better character than my earlier scribblings, which surely, not infrequently, betray the sickness that then (and for a long time) oppressed me." "Barry Cornwall's" verdict on his own work will hardly be impugned. Posterity has long since come to the conclusion that his songs constitute his most enduring poetic achievement.

(To be concluded.)

M. BRIAND AND THE FRANCO-AMERICAN PACT

BY JAMES CORBETT

WE may regard M. Briand as a sentimentalist, or even consider him the greatest dreamer in France, but nothing should appeal more to the imagination of Europe than the gesture this statesman has made to the United States. M. Briand assisted to make the Treaty of Locarno. He is now anxious to secure a world-treaty of peace.

Let us reflect what has happened. Last April M. Briand had an interview with the American Press at which he suggested the outlawry of war. It happened to be a propitious moment, for both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg affirmed the idea in the hope that it would placate the Democrats. Be it remembered that the Democrats had brought in a challenging accusation, an indictment impugning the Washington Administration of shelving all diplomacy to this effect. But Mr. Kellogg took up the challenge, and at the beginning of December he submitted the first draft of a document. Perhaps Kellogg regarded it as a tentative affair. He knew it was no more than a preamble to the Treaty of Arbitration which has existed between France and America since 1908, a Treaty which must be renewed this year. M. Briand did not look upon it with disfavour, but when he had thoroughly examined it he received perhaps the greatest inspiration of his life. In the politest terms of French courtesy he signified that the document was inadequate, and, forwarding this message to M. Claudel, the French Ambassador, he added certain counter-proposals. We are left to speculate what happened in the interval, but from a recent telegram sent by M. Claudel it would appear that the Government of the United States is now ready to conclude two different Treaties. (a) The Treaty of Arbitration, 1908, is to be remodelled, and not only is a preamble to be added, but it will also contain important reservations. (b) A Treaty embodying a declaration by the signatories not to resort

to war, and, in accordance with a recent statement made by M. Briand, one which could be signed not merely by France and America but by other nations as well.

We are now left to consider the significance of this many-sided Treaty. If such a Treaty is signed by all the Great Powers we may conjecture with hope that war will be made a prisoner. Such a gesture of international friendship symbolises a deeper meaning than "hands across the sea." A world-pact of this kind represents, in reality, the dawn of permanent world-peace. It means the fruition of the Versailles idealism. Wilson signed the peace, but the United States Senate refused to ratify it. And down to this hour Washington has recoiled from the League of Nations, just as it has recoiled from Europe itself. Washington still persists in the delusion that it can remain in the world and yet not form part of the world, but the signing of this Franco-American Pact will placate more than the political Democrats across the Herring Pond; it will bring the balm of peace to the world. It will be something more than a pact. It will be a covenant and guarantee against war. It will read as the death-warrant of war itself. And for this M. Briand has plotted, and planned, and hoped. We do not know all the figures of peace behind him, but before the present British Government comes to an end a further signal opportunity will be offered Sir Austen Chamberlain to add to his laurels "the finest Foreign Secretary this century has produced." Locarno was the beginning, but only the beginning. When all Great Powers sign this world-pact—England, France, Germany, America, Italy, Russia—then we can see the climax. President Wilson's dream will be justified, and we can talk, in more sensible terms at least, about the limitation of armaments.

Let it be hoped that Sir Austen Chamberlain is keeping in the background for a diplomatic purpose. For some mysterious reason—we call it that because no one seems able to understand it—the Naval Conference failed at Geneva. Since that date Viscount Grey has given us the wisest advice. "Let America continue building, *and take no notice.*" Big Navy strategists may have felt staggered

by that dictum, but when the Franco-American Pact is signed, and we append our own signatures, then we can afford to take less notice of America than ever. It will be time then to concentrate on British economy in earnest. When war becomes outlawed by a world-pact of this significance then we can turn the new building at Geneva into a resort for tourists. If we have failed to understand the American attitude with regard to naval affairs—and both nations have a legitimate right to retain their own viewpoint—then even a tripartite treaty of this kind will make amends, will bridge the chasm, will clear away all ambiguity and peril. The world has shivered too long from this menace of barbarism. If we can secure the signature of America to world-security then Europe and the rest of the world can sleep safely in the generations ahead.

On the eve of such a momentous document being signed between France and America we can see at a glance that M. Briand has played a greater *rôle* than sentimentalist. When this Franco-American Pact is signed he will stand out as the greatest realist of the century. He has proved by his conciliation at Locarno that France hates war even more than America. M. Poincaré has stabilised the franc for a term of years; M. Briand is making a move that will stabilise the world for a generation. He is, literally and truly, the apostle of peace. Since the Armistice M. Briand has proved himself a prince of diplomats. M. Briand is not renowned for a great talker, but we doubt if his speeches have been equalled at Geneva, and in France, as elsewhere, nothing has eclipsed his oratory. But this oratory has not been recognised as emotional and vapid. It depicts the great vision of a reconciled Europe, but the suggestions advanced are those of a realist, for until the Rhine boundary was guaranteed M. Briand knew no real peace of mind. Germany having added her contribution to that pact, M. Briand has made Locarno the stepping-stone for a great world-pact, and this Franco-American Treaty will mark the next step towards the fulfilment of that mighty ambition. We repeat that M. Poincaré has saved the monetary situation in France; what is being accomplished now by

M. Briand can only be gauged by the historians of the future. French Governments, like our own, are but intermediary affairs—landmarks of the night—but a world-treaty of peace brings us to the Pisgah heights of wisdom. We hope, for our part, that the glory of it will go to this illustrious Frenchman, and if we do not support him in his efforts to give security to the world then we have no claim to call ourselves a civilised or enlightened nation.

For let us clearly understand the meaning of this Franco-American Pact. It has already transcended the limits of the 1908 Arbitration Treaty. It is being drafted as a Treaty which can be signed by all nations, and it represents the only Treaty which clearly outlaws war. What is the significance of this event in world-history? In a word, it is going to embody that security which the Protocol aimed at and failed, and, irrespective of the Monroe Doctrine, it is going to humanise America as an integral link in world-comity and world-peace. It represents hands across the ocean, but the hands do not clutch a sword, and they do not remain concealed in the mist of the Protocol. The men who created the Protocol are not to be blamed for their daring; what history will accuse them of are short-sightedness and fallibility. A simple world-pact outlawing war admits of no ambiguity or deceit, and the individuals who sign that document will be statesmen in the highest sense of the word. We doubt, indeed, at this moment whether we can measure in terms of reality the wisdom of the new Franco-American Pact. The men who sign that Pact will see the dawn with clearer vision, and once this Treaty has been completed with America we can set up our World-Courts of Arbitration in earnest. How Lord Robert Cecil will regret that he did not stand fast until this moment; but, irrespective of the personal equation, he will rejoice at the stupendous thing that will be accomplished in the history of the world.

We must pause a moment before the democrats of America. Surely the signing of this Franco-American Pact will transcend the sordid manœuvring of American politics? Surely President Coolidge will consider the out-

lawry of war something even more important for mankind than the Presidential Election? We believe he will. We feel confident he will rise to the unexampled opportunity of the moment, and if Mr. Kellogg can win the overwhelming vote of the Senate, then his chief, Mr. Coolidge, will sign no greater Treaty in the history of American Presidents. Indeed, when the matter is thoroughly examined it will be seen that the Monroe Doctrine is not imperilled, nor does the slightest ground for anxiety exist that the United States will be dragged into the ambit of European affairs. The Protocol would have envisaged war in certain eventualities, and that explains why we have opposed it, but the Franco-American Pact forms the guarantee against war. It creates something higher than a Hague Tribunal; it excludes the League itself and points to a World-Court of Arbitration. Surely America can have no hesitation in seeking the only alternative against war? If M. Briand is to be beaten at the last trench in this matter, then the world can only suspect that America believes more in armaments than in idealism, and if Europe is to confront the possibility of no all-inclusive World-Court of Arbitration, then we can only regard the League as a dream-mirage of security when America remains outside the pale of civilisation itself. M. Briand prefers to remain optimistic. He has formed the supreme hope that America will transmute idealism into reality during the present year, for everything now depends upon the co-operation of Washington in this matter. We cannot move a step towards world-peace unless President Coolidge can sign this Treaty which finally outlaws war. Will he realise before it is too late that the signing of this Franco-American Pact represents the highest sanity in the world, or will he, in the last analysis, prove himself but a mediocre American who could never see beyond the boundary-mark of the Washington Senate? M. Briand is striving with all his might to convince Coolidge where real statesmanship lies, and we are confident he will succeed in that endeavour. He will not lack the support of this country, and we have the most optimistic grounds for believing that Italy, Germany and Russia will sign the Treaty at the very first chance.

To be perfectly frank, the Protocol has not been signed because we saw at the beginning that such an act would have antagonised the United States against the League more than ever. In other words, if a world-treaty is signed outlawing war, then a real chance exists for America to join the League, but not otherwise. That is the truth in a nutshell. The Protocol offered no real compromise against war, and it would have committed us to no end of vague obligations. Neither do we possess any justification for pledging the support of our Dominions when certain acts of aggression might be interpreted in such a variety of ways, and we would have mortgaged the future to insecurity and peril had we solemnly pledged ourselves in writing to abide by the tenets of the Protocol. Instead of preventing war, as it was originally intended, we have had the wisdom to discern that it led automatically to war, and therefore we could not subject the nation to that ever-recurrent menace. We have to hate war even more than America, even more than France or Germany, for every hour the Dominions are growing in status and sovereignty, and every day we are overpowered by economic facts as an island nation. The last Great War has plunged us back a decade, and another decade must pass before we regain normality, while, as our financiers realise with a vengeance, we have poured out the wealth of untold generations in paying the bill which war presented. That explains why Sir Austen Chamberlain spoke so bluntly in repudiation of the Protocol, and our grandsons will thank him for the statesmanship he displayed at Geneva on that memorable occasion. This world-treaty to outlaw war is going to give solid reality to the League, and the higher we raise the League in the status of the world the sooner will America join it. Can we blame America at present if she regards the League as we have been inclined to regard the Protocol? The United States has a vast ocean on each side of its country, it possesses a huge territory of its own, equal to a continent in size, independent, all-powerful, self-supporting. We can see without much perplexity that the United States has no great inducement to join the League of Nations. But if we make it clear that war has

been outlawed, that world-arbitration has become a reality, then the League will be transformed into a real agent for the support of world-peace, and, obviously, it will more likely attract the sympathy and help of the United States. We still suffer from the fact that a former President signed the Peace, but the United States refused to ratify it. That refusal to co-operate has left Europe at a terrible disadvantage in carrying out the peace terms—in fact, we were left with a maimed and crippled peace. We have not complained, because we all admitted from the first that the United States must act in its own best interest and according to its own convictions and powers. But, apart from this refusal to ratify the Peace Treaty, America has shown a continual willingness to help Europe out of the morass of war. She showed a real desire to grapple with the reparations question, and, as we all know, the Dawes Report takes its name from that of the distinguished American who presided over the Committee. American help cleared the way for the entry of Germany into the League.

But what a difficulty was raised by the emergence of the Protocol! Supposing we had ratified the Protocol, what would have happened? Well, it would have meant this: if one nation in Europe refused arbitration, refused peaceful settlement, and insisted upon going to war, the other signatories to the Protocol would say: "Very good, we won't allow you to disturb the peace of Europe, and if you attempt to do so we will use our own forces to keep the peace." We are then asked to believe that if there were six nations in Europe in favour of peace, and one nation opposed them because it preferred war to peaceful settlement, the United States would side with the nation preferring war! Such a supposition would do vast injustice to the sentiments, policy, and intelligence of our American friends, yet we cannot rule out the contingency that trouble of some kind might arise with the United States had we agreed to sign the Protocol. We have also to remember that the Protocol would have stereotyped the Peace Treaties, and, when the War mists have finally cleared, most of the European statesmen will realise that

the Peace Treaties contain frontier arrangements which cannot be regarded as satisfactory to the populations concerned, not at least as a permanent arrangement. But if we have to admit injustice under the Peace Treaties, is it not much better to readjust by arbitration instead of by the stern arbitrament of the Protocol, which can only envisage war as an alternative to peace? If war is outlawed under the present Franco-American Pact—a document which can ultimately be signed by all the Great Powers—then arbitration becomes a lasting reality under the League itself!

And how different is the attitude of France from that of Germany after 1870! Germany created the Triple Alliance, built up big armies, secured a powerful navy, and, having propped up the German Empire by the sword, we witnessed that power fall by the sword. France has become wiser after that event. She sees that the only policy which counts is that of the League of Nations, and rather than imitate Germany after 1870, she seeks a plan which is going to outlaw war from the world itself, not by a Protocol of vengeance on a defaulting nation, but by unanimous consent to a World-Court of Arbitration. And if the small nations are looking to the Great Powers with hope, confidence and longing, how can America or any other nation concerned absolve itself from the vast responsibility of outlawing war from civilisation itself?

We must not be discouraged by what happened to the last Franco-American Treaty. President Wilson made no false move when he helped to establish the League of Nations. He knew France wanted security for the future against Germany. He saw that France was asking too much territory under the peace terms; she was asking for territory which really ought to remain German, but France replied: "Unless I possess this territory, then I am powerless against Germany in the future years." Wilson informed France that the League of Nations would give that security. "You must look to the League," he said, "and not to holding territory and keeping up armies for security." Naturally the French argued that the League was a new instrument and they did not feel confident in

the security it was intended to give. But, without first consulting the American Senate, President Wilson, at the very summit of his idealism, answered: "In addition to the League of Nations, the United States will sign an alliance with France that if Germany makes aggression upon France the United States will fight by the side of France." That assurance seemed clear enough. We signed a similar agreement with France, and on the faith of those agreements the French agreed to the peace terms, having got as their security the League of Nations, the Franco-American Treaty of Alliance, and the Franco-British Treaty of Alliance. But alas! what happened? The United States Senate did not ratify the Franco-American Treaty, and it fell through. Naturally the Franco-British Treaty fell through also, and France, who had signed the Peace believing she had got security, found herself deprived of these two treaties, which were an immense security to her. When France signed the Peace, she had the promise and expectation that if Germany made an attack upon her the United States and Great Britain, the two most powerful nations in the world, would fight on her side. But a few months after the Peace was signed that expectation completely disappeared. What happened next? The French were anxious that we should make a separate alliance with France, but public opinion in England repudiated that old doctrine of separate alliances. "No," we said to France, "you must look to the League of Nations for security." France did not feel the League of Nations offered sufficient security, so she decided upon the forcible occupation of German territory, upon which, remember, the British Government disagreed in a very frank and friendly spirit. Then France came back to reality, and discovered that the forcible occupation of German territory was not so good as finding security in the League of Nations. She even signed the Protocol with that aim, and we were asked to join the Protocol in order to strengthen that feeling of French security. Locarno established full confidence in this respect, but although Locarno guarantees against aggression, it offers no funda-

mental security against war. France and Germany have both secured guarantees against aggression, so far at least as the Rhine boundary is concerned, but we still lack the supreme guarantee against war itself. President Coolidge can vindicate the high idealism of Wilson, for, before he is empowered to sign this Franco-American Treaty which M. Briand is urging him to complete, he must secure the absolute support of the Washington Senate. On this occasion, however, the Senate will be confronted with quite a different world-survey. If President Coolidge talks to it in the way he should, he will point out that a World-Treaty which outlaws war is the absolute substantiation of the Monroe Doctrine, for that doctrine laid it down as a supreme axiom that America should live its own life, and work out its own destiny, untrammelled and unfettered by the war plagues of Europe and the rest of the world. If war is outlawed, then there is nothing to prevent the United States joining the League of Nations, and that, we feel, is the earnest desire of the American Senate.

If the Franco-American Treaty remains unsigned, if war remains unprisoned, then we cannot see how America will ever co-operate in the League of Nations. As the generations pass, trouble between France and Germany may remain one of the continual sources of war in Europe. And according to history, after each European struggle, the Power that has won has endeavoured to make itself secure for the future at the expense of the other, and it has always failed. Napoleon tried to make France secure at the expense of Germany, and for a period France remained secure. Germany, after 1870, tried to make herself secure at the expense of France, and for a period she did so, but only for a period. And then Locarno has taught us the obvious lesson: that every attempt on the part of either France or Germany to make itself secure at the expense of the other has failed and led to disaster and future war, and therefore the only security for each is one in which each must retain an equal share. But a world-treaty which regards war as civilisation regards the beast of the jungle is the only hope for generations to come.

We still have critics who assure us that even arbitration must be compulsory. Quite; but we are passing beyond the stage when failure to arbitrate will involve the arbitrament of war, and the signing of the Franco-American Pact is the first great stride in this new direction. One thing is certain. Unless the Pact is signed, future war is inevitable if armaments are piled up nation against nation, and, though of small beginnings, will spread to world dimensions, effecting unexampled misery and chaos and destroying the civilised world. Let us humanise civilisation instead of dethroning it back to the level of the beast, or even something lower than the beast. M. Briand stands like a lonely statesman in Europe, has two hands outstretched to America in a final despairing appeal against war, but behind him loom the hosts of the millions slain in a war-drenched, war-weary world!

THE SPANISH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

AFTER four years of a benevolent despotism the man whose initiative saved Spain from a crisis bordering on civil war finds himself exactly where he was in popular favour. This is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the situation in Spain, and it is a phenomenon of which there can be few examples in the history of dictatorships. General Primo de Rivera, at the head of a non-political Government, is accepted by the mass of his countrymen as a welcome alternative to a system of pseudo-Parliamentary government which had brought chaos and corruption at home and national discredit abroad. His services to the country, especially in bringing to an end that senseless drain of men and money which is the tale of Spain's Moroccan campaign, are, moreover, gratefully appreciated, even by his political opponents. Of active enthusiasm, however, for the task his Government has undertaken there is little more trace to-day than there was when he first outlined his plans of administrative and political reform.

The *vis inertiae* of the electorate was to a large extent responsible for the breakdown of the political machine in the days before September, 1923. General Primo de Rivera, realising this, has set himself to effect a transformation of internal conditions by interesting more and more Spaniards in the conduct of the national life. The effect of the reforms initiated by the present Government is to encourage and stimulate "regionalism" and to undo the harm wrought by centuries of fixed and uniform rule by a centralised Government out of touch with the special needs of each province. Whereas his predecessors have either ignored or repressed the living force of local patriotism—which must impress even the casual visitor to the peninsula—the Marquis de Estella sees in it a potential political asset. The Government's steady encouragement of local enterprise in matters of administration and in the economic sphere offers a valuable training in civic respon-

sibility. With the opening of the National Consultative Assembly on October 10th, in the old Chamber of Deputies in Madrid, the course of political training proper may be said to have begun.

It is obvious that the immediate problem is one of leadership. It happens that the politically-minded in Spain are either the fervent supporters of those Parliamentary institutions which the Dictator has repeatedly proclaimed utterly exploded (*fracasado*) as a practical means of government or else advanced thinkers, Socialists and Republicans, who are out of touch with men and things as they are in Spain—for better or for worse—through their uncompromising hostility to the Church. When first he seized power the Marquis de Estella, with his colossal optimism, assured the King that within ninety days the new men, whose energies he claimed to release by his bloodless revolution, would have come forward to take the place of the discredited "politicos" and to carry on the government of the country. Not even a dictator, however, can make bricks without straw. His fundamental problem is still to find some means of attracting new blood to Spanish political life and of training up this new political class to understand what are the real national problems. In creating an entirely original type of deliberative body—without political functions, yet entrusted with the task of devising the future political machinery of the nation—the Government's purpose is clearly to rally to the support of the reforms as many of the best brains as possible.

When in July, 1926, the Marquis de Estella made the first official announcement that he proposed to call a national convention to consider the Governmental reforms, his declaration was greeted with that blend of cheerful indifference and scepticism that we have learnt to expect from the Spanish public. Now that the National Consultative Assembly has actually met, and is in working order, a certain mild curiosity has been aroused, but suspicion of the Government's intentions is still the dominant note of such public opinion as can find expression under the special circumstances of the Dictatorship.

There is no reason to suppose, however, that the Marquis de Estella was insincere when he invited co-operation in the Assembly from men of all shades of opinion and representing a variety of interests. He honestly desires to revive constitutional government and to restore normal conditions, but he is aware that nothing lasting can be achieved as long as the question of the *régime*—in other words, the monarchy and the person of King Alfonso himself—is involved in the inevitable clash of opinions which any measure of public discussion must entail. To safeguard the one while providing for the other is precisely the purpose of the elaborate machinery which the present Assembly is designed to set in motion.

The convoking by Royal Decree of a body whose principal task is to prepare plans for a new Constitution has brought to a head the conflict with *los políticos*, most of whom, feeling themselves pledged to the system of King and Cortes, had vowed not to participate in public affairs until the Constitution of 1876 should be restored in its integrity. As long as the Marquis de Estella refrained from making any positive move in the direction of constitutional reform the old party leaders salved their conscience in the belief that the constitutional guarantees were simply suspended, as had occurred more than once under the Liberal Government of Count Romanones himself, the apologist of the old *régime*, and that in spite of the insulting remarks of the head of the Government they would eventually resume office as the King's Ministers. As a matter of fact, the argument that until now the Constitution had been merely in abeyance and not violated will not stand the test of reality, since there is a clause in it (Article 32) which imposes on the King the specific obligation of seeing that an interval of more than three months should never elapse without a Cortes being called. The attitude of the experienced politicians, however, explains the continual postponement of the Government's scheme, for the King was naturally unwilling to consummate that break with the past which General Primo de Rivera had all along declared to be indispensable.

In order to appreciate the gravity of the issue we must

remember that the Spanish Constitution of 1876, like the French of the previous year, was definitely a *via media* between two extreme forms of Government. A Republic had been tried and had proved a failure owing to the lack of political education which followed naturally from centuries of Church rule. But the Liberal Constitution of 1876 was only won after a hard fight in which Senor D. Antonio Canovas de Castillo successfully resisted the reactionary elements, not all of them Carlists, who clamoured for a return to the Catholic unity of the 1845 Constitution. Some form of representative Government was felt to be a necessity in view of the development of capitalist industry, but only a small class of cultivated Spaniards cared what form it should take. On the other hand, a King was generally demanded as a symbol of the unity of Spain and for the sake of continuity of political tradition. That is very much the situation to-day. Individual Republicans admit that Republicanism as an organised force hardly exists in Spain, the one country where the old alliance of the throne and the altar continues unimpaired. There is still no political will among seventy-five per cent. of the population, and the governing class itself is divided by the old struggle between the politicians and the Army.

No one can grasp Spanish problems who does not realise that the Spanish military caste represents the strongest organisation in the State, with traditions of discipline and loyalty to the Throne which have to be reckoned with in any scheme of internal reform. After the ill-fated Republic the first care of the constitutional Prime Minister was to oust the military leaders from the control of public affairs, a policy which brought about the party truce concluded on King Alfonso XII's deathbed. It was only to be expected, however, that during the Restoration period the Army, shorn of its political responsibilities, should still continue to assert and consolidate its power. In the years 1917-1923 the weakness of successive Governments meant that the Military Juntas de Defensa encroached more and more upon the sphere of politics.

Only a professional soldier like General Primo de Rivera, who was personally popular with the Army, could hope to put an end to this friction, which was one of the most lamentable features of the old *régime*. The restoration of military efficiency in Morocco was, indeed, only one aspect of the Army problem which General Primo de Rivera was called upon to solve. That he has succeeded in the face of considerable difficulties in sifting military and political questions was well illustrated by the episode of the Artillery rebellion last year.

It is evident, then, that with the backing of the Church and the Army King Alfonso has determined to cut adrift from the old Constitution, framed as it was on the model of the Parliamentary conditions of England, which are very far from obtaining in Spain. He may also have his own personal reasons for turning his back on the past. The "responsibilities" question, whereby the King was held to have been personally to blame for the disaster to General Silvestre's troops at Annual, has never yet been liquidated. It was being investigated by a Parliamentary Commission in 1923, and there are some who say that the *coup d'état* of the Military Directory was made primarily to save the King from exposure. It is true also that the King and the Cortes were frequently in conflict during the last few years of the rule of the politicians. His action now has naturally provoked an outburst from the Conservative and Liberal Party leaders. Señor Sanchez Guerra, a former Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative Party, after circulating a strongly-worded protest against the convocation of the Assembly, has left the country in disgust and is now numbered among the Republican enemies of Spain's present rulers. This manifesto is particularly remarkable for its appeal to the Spanish Army "of such a glorious liberal and constitutional history," not to belie its honourable traditions by presenting to the outside world a picture of Spain as a country conquered by its own Army. Other ex-Ministers are equally irreconcilable, though they are not likely to take such a drastic step. Last year Count Romanones, the

veteran Liberal leader, made his profession of faith with the words:

... I know of no nation resigned to perpetual minority. Sooner or later it wakes up to the fact that it is the only arbiter of its destiny, and the constitutional *régime* is brought back with or without a monarch. ... I pray God I may live to see that day.

and he, too, is reported to have published clandestinely a dignified protest against the anti-constitutional act of the King.

While the constitutional purists assume that the Government's initiative cannot be anything but a step backward, it is worth noting that some sixty-five former Deputies and Senators have taken their places in the new organism, and the President of the Assembly in his opening speech was careful to pay a special tribute to their "patriotic collaboration in this positive attempt to adapt the methods and forms of government to the changed conditions."

The members of the Assembly, 400 all told, have been selected irrespective of their political leanings, as being "representative of all the economic and intellectual activities of the nation." Unfortunately, several of those whose names were on the Government's original list were not prepared to risk being saddled with responsibility for a new political structure opposed to their dearest convictions. There is a tendency among the liberal and progressive elements in the nation to boycott the Assembly. They point out that the method of nomination deprives it of all virtue as "a first instalment of representative government," that there is no guarantee of freedom of opinion, since members of the Assembly enjoy as such no privilege or immunity whatsoever, and that, as long as the present Government claims to have the last word on all questions of policy and the Press censorship continues, there can be no place for them in political life.

This negative attitude would seem, however, to defeat its own object. If the more enlightened Spaniards refuse to pit their brains against the reactionary supporters of the Government the result must be to balance the weight of this Assembly—and consequently the future political edifice—towards the Right and so to confirm the tendency of the

revolucion desde arriba (revolution from above) which Señor Don Antonio Maura predicted many years before the Dictatorship made it possible.

The official Liberal view was expressed by Señor Don Francisco Villanueva, editor of *El Liberal*, when he declined the Government's offer of a seat on the grounds that membership of the Assembly was more likely to hinder than to help the reorganisation of the Liberals as a political party. The same party allegiance has frustrated the Marquis de Estella's attempt to enlist organised Labour as an element in the new scheme of things. The unanimous decision of the Congress of the General Union of Workers and of the Socialist Party against taking any part in the work of the Assembly must be the deathblow to any hopes the Spanish Dictator may have had of using the industrial labour movement as a factor in some future "Corporative State," organised on the lines of Fascist Italy.

The Marquis de Estella is known to be in favour of a Chamber composed of representatives of corporate bodies and economic interests—to the exclusion of politics—until such time as his efforts to dispel the apathy and ignorance of the ordinary Spanish citizen have borne fruit. He is encouraged in this by what happened last year, when elections were held in order to constitute the Assembly of the Ebro River Confederation. (A river confederation is composed of all those bodies which use the waters of a river basin for irrigation, power, or any other purpose, whether syndicates, private companies or State corporations.) The principle governing these elections was that all the parties interested in the waters should have a vote in proportion to the importance of their interests. Extraordinary enthusiasm prevailed and an astonishing total of votes was registered—in vivid contrast with the apathy shown by the electorate when general elections were held under the Parliamentary *régime*. Moreover, in keeping with his policy of administrative decentralisation, the Marquis de Estella aims at making the province the future electoral unit with voting by *ayuntamiento* in the place of direct universal suffrage. It is significant that the present non-political body contains the nucleus of a "corporative assembly" on those lines.

Members directly nominated by the Government include over a hundred public men representing the professional classes and business interests. Another hundred sit in the Assembly by virtue of their rank or their office, *e.g.*, archbishops and bishops, the highest military dignitaries, governors of banks, the chief civil authorities of Madrid and Barcelona, officials of the present governmental hierarchy, etc. The remainder are the delegates of the fifty Provincial Councils, with a similar number to represent the municipalities, plus fifty elected as provincial representatives by the local committees of the Patriotic Union. This ostensible concession to the elective principle does not, of course, amount to much—as the Government's critics are quick to point out—so long as the mayors and provincial councillors themselves are Government nominees. For although free municipal elections were promised by the Municipal Charter of 1925, the Government has not yet troubled to give effect to this particular provision of an admirable code of local self-government, probably for no other reason than that there has been no popular demand for them.

The full Assembly only meets four times a month. During the remainder of the time it works by Section Committees of at least eleven members each, whose labours certainly seem to cover the whole field of politics. Sections 1 and 6, for instance, are called upon to draft plans for the new Constitution and to examine and discuss laws of a political character. In order to liquidate the past as well as to prepare the new era two other Sections are working on political responsibilities and the examination and classification of Government debts before September 13th, 1923. Section 4 "Tariffs" and Section 9 "Production and Trade" have their say in the economic policy of the Government, while the Section dealing with Budget questions may be expected to initiate some form of control over the reckless expenditure of public money which is the common fault of dictatorships. Unfortunately, as the Budget estimates for 1928 are already made out and approved, this Section cannot begin its labours till next autumn. Meanwhile the grants to municipalities for material improvements and the subsidies for the defence

of "national" industries are assuming alarming proportions. A programme of public works for six years has been drawn up, based on the ultimate capitalisation of annual expenditure grants if necessary. The City Council of Madrid itself has been induced to resort to the expedient of an extraordinary Budget in order to cover up a considerable deficit, and there are persistent rumours that owing to money difficulties some of the old abuses are creeping back into municipal life.

With the absence of the more far-sighted elements of the Left from the Committees of the Assembly, it is not to be expected that there will be any change of direction in the Government's economic policy, which is so fiercely Protectionist that Customs dues are easily the largest item of the annual revenue. It is, in fact, mainly as a result of the Protective tariffs, the subsidies to industries already established, and grants in aid of new industries that Spain has built up her production to-day. This tenderness for the producer, to the detriment of the consumer, is a common tendency of States like Spain and Italy, which have considerable leeway to make up in industrial matters. But the position of the Government in Spain is complicated by the unchanging Catalan problem.

General Primo de Rivera, formerly Captain-General of Barcelona, made it his business to put down Separatism with a firm hand and to restore public order throughout the country. To do this successfully, however, he had to strike a pact with the powerful business interests in Catalonia, and he has been their tool, willing or unwilling, ever since. Their tactics are simple. The Catalan manufacturers put forward this or that demand for protection of their industry with the accompanying threat that if the Government does not help them, foreign competition will compel them to close the factories, and thousands of workers will be thrown on the streets to disturb public order. The support of the workers is easily obtained by a similar threat of an increase of foreign imports, leading to unemployment. Moreover, very few of the workers are sufficiently educated to realise that a high rate of wages does not necessarily mean a greater purchasing power. The Government yields to the combined demands of em-

ployers and employed, and the cost of living goes steadily higher.

There is some danger that in time this policy, which certainly does not correspond to the permanent interests of the nation, may provoke such a storm of opposition as to jeopardise the whole scheme with which General Primo de Rivera and the King are now identified. For the present the only effective opposition can come from the military party, which sees in the Assembly its final exclusion from political power. The end of the war in Morocco and a rigorous reduction of military expenditure has brought many hardships for officers' families. The Army chiefs have witnessed the discomfiture of their old opponents, the "politicos," and any hitch in the Government's scheme owing to the continued political apathy might tempt them to revive some form of stratocracy.

From the political point of view it is important to stress the fact that the National Consultative Assembly is intended simply as a working arrangement making it possible to effect the transition from the present "illegal but patriotic" dispensation to a system the legality of which will be consecrated by the elected representatives of the nation. There is no suggestion that the present Assembly of Notables can *make* a Constitution. The draft plan which is eventually worked out by the Assembly and approved by the Government will be duly submitted to a referendum of the country, and only then—in three years or so—will a Constituent Cortes be called by the King to pass the Constitution into law. Meanwhile the most delicate task to be performed by the present body will be that of devising the new electoral law under which the members of its successor, a sovereign legislative organ, are to be chosen.

The manifesto issued in the name of the intransigent "politicos" is admittedly an accurate statement of the constitutional issue. The present Government, however, is in no mood for academic discussion. It is General Primo de Rivera's firm conviction that he will in time conquer the passive resistance of his countrymen. All lovers of Spain will wish him well.

IRELAND

BY "MACDARA"

THE Free State is facing a New Year with brighter prospects than she has done for many a long day. Her political situation has so materially improved within the last few months that it no longer stands in the way of her economic and social development, and 1927 has seen the grave of great barriers and misunderstandings which had kept her people divided against each other.

The entrance of the Republicans into the Dail, following legislative action by President Cosgrave, has changed the whole prospect of Ireland's destiny, not because of the personality of its members, nor even of the political views they hold, but because it has brought together two great sections of Irishmen to work for the common good. The Treaty with England, instead of being opposed by 40 per cent. of the people, is now accepted by 95 per cent. as a basis to work on and develop Ireland. Efforts will undoubtedly be made to alter and extend it, but these cannot be carried into effect unless and until the people give de Valera a definite majority after the next General Election. Even were the Cosgrave administration defeated, as there are indications that it may be in the near future, Mr. de Valera, though the victor of the moment, would be in a minority of six, and could not possibly carry controversial legislation through the Dail, nor long maintain his power.

It follows, therefore, that before any great constitutional changes can take place the Free State people will be called on to vote for or against them. For the first time since the Treaty they will be able to judge of the public performances of the two great parties, having watched them at work in the same National Assembly. They will judge of the Cosgrave policy and the de Valera policy under new circumstances, realising that either one or the other, as they themselves decide, will be the immediate policy of the State. Formerly they had to decide between the

apparently prosaic policy of the Government and the very attractive, very romantic policy of an Opposition devoid of responsibility.

No position could better serve democracy than the present one, and none could be healthier for the Irish people.

The new situation is raising the moral tone of the country as a whole; wild speeches are fewer, responsibility is naturally growing, and people, brought into personal touch after years of separation, are finding it easier to forgive and forget. There is less hatred between sections of the people in Southern Ireland now than there has been since the days of the Treaty.

The New Year undoubtedly promises well.

The immediate political situation is, of course, uncertain. So many developments are possible that it is difficult to draw any clear picture of probable events.

No party wants a General Election in the near future; it would be unpopular in the country, and the financial war chests of all the parties are low. This fact may possibly result in the Cosgrave administration running its full course of five years, because the defeat of Mr. Cosgrave and the formation of a minority de Valerian Government could have no other result. There are not many issues on which Mr. de Valera could obtain a sufficient Labour or independent backing to win on a division or an election.

On the other hand, if some outstanding question arose, if he did win, say with Labour support, Labour might possibly keep him in office for a time to avoid a General Election.

Mr. de Valera would also be faced with the fact, if he took office in the morning, that he could not possibly carry out all his undertakings or all the demands of his followers. Such a position might easily result in his losing his backing in the country. His policy, as he himself put it recently, is significant. He issued a dramatic ukase to his people that he could not perform miracles, and they must be content to go slowly. The majority of the party appear to agree to this, and to have decided that they will devote their immediate energies to building up the nation and

feeding the people before they concentrate on any big political changes. Eventually, there can be little doubt, the landmarks of both big parties will be shifted, and new parties and new leaders will arise, but there seems little indication that it will be in the near future.

I would not, indeed, say that the Free State's immediate troubles are over, or that she is facing a millennium, but I do assert that her position and prospects are extraordinarily improved, and that her people are facing the future in the right spirit of trying to build up their country.

For a student in politics and human sociology the situation in the whole of Ireland should be for the next few years of supreme interest.

The Government, with a philosophy not usually to be found in public men who have been in power for seven years, seem well content. They know that within an appreciable time they will go out of office, whether temporarily or for ever no man may say. But they believe they will have created a political situation definitely establishing majority rule and an economic situation which other men may develop to full economic prosperity and stability. So far as I can gather they will be content to leave the garnering of the main harvest to their successors if the latter are sufficiently experienced in administration and stable in outlook to "carry on."

The men who face them across the floor of the House have only a very short experience yet; they have hardly adjusted themselves to the atmosphere of parliamentary life, and it is difficult to judge of their ability. Some of the most prominent among them have proved a disappointment, but there are men of brains and level sense among the party—men who are apparently bending themselves to the task of learning the requirements of their new position, and who should render a good account of themselves in days to come.

The Irish, of all parties, are, in fact, doing now what the late Kevin O'Higgins prophesied would be their salvation—namely, "facing up to facts," realising that in everything in this world there is cause and effect.

Formerly everyone here concentrated on political

freedom; now they are realising that this, even if possessed in the fullest sense, would be short-lived if not accompanied by spiritual and economic independence.

For the immediate future their own leaders believe that the Saorstat Government is firmly seated in the saddle. Though heavily handicapped by the tragic loss of their most brilliant colleague, Kevin O'Higgins, they have come through the last session with enhanced reputation, and have shown a good-natured friendliness to their opponents which is keenly appreciated by outside citizens.

The loss of Kevin O'Higgins is irreparable, and his counsel would have served the new Ireland well. He was gifted with greater powers of statesmanship than other men of his generation, and this, joined to deep love of her, would have guided Kathleen ni Houlihan safely over many a hard road in the future. It can only be said that his colleagues have worked harder and tried their best to make up the leeway from his death. If they cannot quite succeed, Ireland will at least appreciate their efforts on her behalf. Two young Ministers, both well under forty, have come into special prominence here: they are Patrick McGilligan, Minister for Trade and Commerce, and Patrick Hogan, Minister for Agriculture. Both brilliant young men, they formed, with the late Kevin O'Higgins, the Big Three. They are to be found in their offices working far into the night, and they will play a big part in Ireland's future.

Among the problems facing Ireland in the future will be the question of her relations with England.

It will be a severe one for the de Valera party to negotiate if they come into power constituted as they are at present. They gave certain pledges in the days before they took up responsibility in the National Assembly, and they are realising that some of these promises will be very difficult to keep without challenging war, which the people will not allow. Indeed, the safeguard of all international relations will be the insistence of the common people that the peace shall be kept, and the presence, when a change does come in Government, of the present capable Ministry as a very powerful Opposition.

The domestic problems will include the question of tariffs. There is every indication that Protection will continue to be the ruling policy when there comes a change of Government, but Mr. de Valera's party are pledged to "whole-hog" Protection, as against the "selective Protection" of the present Government. The people are well satisfied with their experiments up to date. In every trade protected in the Free State there has been an increase of employment, in some nearly 250 per cent. increase. The fact that this has been largely due to the influx of foreign capital does not worry the people at present, and will doubtless be dealt with in a Bill limiting the amount of shares foreigners may hold in new Irish industrial companies.

The problem of the Gaeltacht will be another matter very difficult to deal with. This is a question not only of elementary humanity to the hundreds of families living on the brink of perpetual starvation, but of preserving the Irish language and the Irish traditions handed down orally from countless generations. They have never been put to paper, and only the native speakers know them. It would be a crime to history to let them die, but there appears to be no way of preserving them save by the wholesale migration of many families and homes to some more fertile part of Ireland. The finest and the oldest representatives of the Irish race, many of these people are descendants of kings; yet they are living in hovels which they share with their farm animals, and trying to drag a living from the rocky, barren ground around them. Black bread and milkless tea and potatoes is the best that their brave toiling hands can produce. And on that their children are withering. Even if they live it is only with the hope of escaping to America. The problem is not new; it was always there. It is the problem of the land that will not bear, of the rocks that cannot be fruitful, of the sea that takes its toll in blood for the few humans that it feeds, of age-long neglect of remedial measures. This will be the next problem to be handled by the Irish Government; it is one of the worst legacies left them by generations of alien predecessors. The Commission recently appointed recommended the whole-

sale migration of the people, but the Government does not favour the plan, and will probably try by drainage and reclamation and home work schemes to find a way of keeping them in their old homes which they love with an undying love. Their forefathers set roots in the soil, and however bitter the heritage the new generation cling to it.

The work, however, is easier of solution since the two big political parties share responsibility for it.

The whole fabric of Irish social life will come under review shortly. Grief is growing softer, hatreds crumbling, misunderstandings passing under Time's healing hand, and the people are living through a period when they are altogether readjusting their standards.

Take, for instance, the idea of government among the masses in Ireland. For generations government has simply meant tyranny. Rightly or wrongly, as one may argue, the idea of government to the Irish worker has just been a number of foreigners who oppressed them. They grew not unnaturally into a frame of mind in which they were automatically "against the Government." Then, when suddenly and unexpectedly the Treaty was made and an Irish Government took control of the Free State, the change was obscured by the horrors of the civil war. The nation had no time to adjust its views; many only saw a Government again in power who punished rebels against its authority, who forcibly restored law and order, and who tried to govern a restless, angry, divided country on common-sense business lines.

The people did not understand. They thought their own Government should have meant an almost perfect State—should give work and plenty to all. They saw their old-time idol, de Valera, leading forty per cent. of them against the new Government. The latter, manned by young, eager, but hard-pressed men, had to fight for democracy with one hand and build for the nation with the other. The conditions were heart-breaking. Misunderstandings multiplied into tragedies, and the people hardened as they became obsessed with the idea that if only de Valera were in power the Republic would be established and there would be peace and plenty for every man.

The young Free State Government fought grandly against the barricades of ignorance, misunderstanding and prejudice, and finally they won through. But not without leaving some of their best on the field of sacrifice. The Republicans also lost some of their finest men.

The ways of the young Government were not perfect, nor all their doings perhaps to be commended, but it must certainly be conceded to them that they were good Irishmen doing their duty as they saw it under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty. Had the nation stood behind them, and had all points of view been represented in the Dail, Ireland would be a different country to-day. As it was, they have done wonderfully well for her.

Now comes their triumph in the change of the people's mentality. De Valera no longer leads a great section against the Government; he has entered the Dail and taken his share of responsibility for the nation's affairs. And the great majority of the people who are facing crude facts rejoice exceedingly.

That even the entry of their idol into the Government has not immediately produced any great improvement in their condition is making his party think hard. De Valera himself is now quietly telling them that he cannot perform miracles; he and they must make haste slowly. There is no millennium. There is no pre-created Republic to be dropped into their laps.

But there is an Irish Constitution and an Irish Government, all of which can be used for their needs. We no longer hear much talk of repudiation of the Treaty, but rather of implementing it according to the people's view, of cultivating the country, of working for cultural and economic freedom, as well as purely political.

People living outside Ireland can hardly realise what ethical progress has been made within the last year. De Valera, advancing steadily upon the Government benches, is acting as a fine educative force for the people, and they are beginning to realise, not very willingly perhaps, that if he, in the perhaps not too distant future, becomes President of the Executive, law and order and public probity will have to be maintained just as much as when President Cosgrave was in power.

As the educational process proceeds and the people set their hands to the task of making Ireland a nation fit for her people to live in, I think, as I have already said, you will see entirely new divisions of thought and new political parties. It is a question of time. It is easy to visualise the present leaders looking on in pleasant easeful retirement while their successors, young men risen from the ashes of past mistakes and disillusionment, grown stronger and wiser by the lessons of the old leaders, govern Ireland.

I believe we shall ultimately see an Ireland united because tolerant and sensible, an Ireland as completely free as the patriots of generations have dreamed, because she is ready for freedom, by the cultivation of every corner of her territory, and the education of her children on lines which will make them good Gaels as well as good citizens.

Then those Irish who have paid the price in blood and tears will count themselves well repaid because their Ireland, through peaceful evolution, has become not only free but Gaelic, with the best traditions of the Gael, and not only Gaelic but free.

Brothers with the British and all men, leaders in world peace.

THE HUNGARIAN-ROUMANIAN DISPUTE

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

FEW problems have roused such acrimonious controversy as the recent dispute between the Hungarian and Roumanian Governments with regard to the Transylvanian Optants, and none has given rise to such acute misunderstandings. The question is, indeed, a most complicated one, and on its legal aspects alone the most conflicting opinions have been expressed by eminent international jurists, yet never were simple facts so thoroughly buried under legal verbiage, nor points at issue so cleverly obscured by an appeal to political expediency, and the refusal to allow considerations of juridical equity to interfere with a nation's professed right to be master in its own house, irrespective of treaty commitments. As, however, the dispute involves not only the whole principle of international arbitration, but carries with it the further implication that, while the dangers of any revision of the Peace Treaties are admittedly many, those arising from the misrule in Transylvania, and from an unjust interpretation of the Treaty of Trianon, may in the long run prove even more calamitous, it may not be without interest to try to state the case as it really presents itself in simple language. Briefly, the basic facts are the following:—

By the Treaty of Trianon the province of Transylvania was handed over to Roumania. It was a land which for over a thousand years had belonged to Hungary, and, more, perhaps, than any other district severed from that country through the War, it was a region with which Magyar pride and tradition were most intimately associated. Here were seven cities of ancient culture and learning, and one of the oldest Hungarian stocks in existence, the Szekely, a homogeneous group of over 700,000 Magyars concentrated in the counties of Haromszek, Udvarhely, Csik, and Marostorda to the extreme east of the province, while it was also the home of Rakoczy, one of the greatest heroes of the Hungarian race. Iniquitous

as was the peace settlement that had been imposed on Hungary, there was, however, one clause of it that provided in the clearest terms for the protection of Hungarian interests, and, according to its provisions, Hungarian landowners were not only entitled to opt for Hungarian nationality if they so desired, but were allowed to retain their immovable property in the territories ceded to Roumania so long as they transferred their place of residence to Hungary within one year from the signing of the Peace Treaty, this property, incidentally, being not subject to forcible dispossession, retention, or liquidation as ex-enemy property for the purposes of reparations. According to Article 239, moreover, a Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, on which both Hungary and Roumania were represented, was set up to deal with individual disputes arising out of the Treaty clauses, while the League of Nations was entrusted with the duty of reconstructing the Tribunal in case of the lapse of members.¹

How a measure especially designed with a view to protecting Hungarian nationals and ensuring that they should, at least, not be singled out for special ill-treatment has been systematically ignored by the Roumanian Government is such common knowledge that I will not deal with

(1) Article 239. Within three months from the coming into force of the present Treaty (Trianon) a Mixed Arbitral Tribunal shall be established between each of the Allied and Associated Powers on the one hand and Hungary on the other hand. Each such Tribunal shall consist of three members. Each of the Governments concerned shall appoint one of these members. The President shall be chosen by agreement between the two Governments concerned.

In case of failure to reach agreement, the President of the Tribunal and two other persons, either of whom may in case of need take his place, shall be chosen by the Council of the League of Nations. . . . These persons shall be nationals of Powers that have remained neutral during the war.

If in case there is a vacancy a Government does not proceed within a period of one month to appoint, as provided above, a member of the Tribunal, such member shall be chosen by the other Government from the two persons mentioned above, other than the President.

ANNEX.—Should one of the members of the Tribunal either die, retire, or be unable for any reason whatever to discharge his functions, the same procedure will be followed for filling the vacancy as was followed for appointing him.

it further, yet I would point out that the significance of this defiance of a Treaty to which Roumania was a party has been almost entirely overlooked, and also that by their high-handed action the Roumanians are openly attacking the whole system of international arbitration, and so creating a most dangerous precedent. In spite of heavy pressure three hundred Hungarian landowners decided to opt for Hungarian nationality, but found themselves being subjected to the most unremitting persecution as soon as they had exercised their choice. Alleging various pretexts, the Roumanian authorities expelled some of the optants *manu militari*, or caused others to leave the country by making their lives as intolerable as possible, while the legislature declared that their properties were alienable, and so expropriated them in their entirety. Dispossessed of their land and exposed to various forms of oppression, the Hungarian landowners then sought for redress, and in course of time lodged an appeal under the Treaty provisions to the Arbitral Tribunal, only to find the Roumanians immediately withdrawing their arbitrator as soon as the Tribunal had decided certain points of detail in favour of the Hungarians. Invoking the Treaty, the Magyars then requested the League to fill the vacancy thus created, as prescribed in Article 239, but the Roumanians not only declared that the Tribunal had exceeded its competence, but appealed instead to the League of Nations under Article 11, on the ground that the unfavourable judgment of the Arbitral Tribunal threatened international peace. The matter then came up at Geneva before the League, the Council of that body seeking to act as mediator between the two parties, instead of automatically filling the vacancy created, while the disputants defined their position in the following manner:—

The Roumanians declared that, while admitting the fact that the property of Hungarian Nationals could not be expropriated for purposes of reparations, nor the right of the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal be questioned according to the Trianon Treaty to decide any disputes arising from such liquidation, they were unable to accept the view that

confiscations carried out in pursuance of an Agrarian law contemplated before the War and designed with a view to preventing the Bolshevisation of their peasant populations, were subject to any such jurisdiction. They stated that this measure had been applied to Hungarians, Roumanians, Allies and Germans alike, that it had come into force some days before the Treaty of Trianon had become valid, and that both in Transylvania and in the Regat (Old Roumania) adequate compensation had been offered to the dispossessed landlords. The Hungarians pointed out, on the other hand, that the Roumanian contention that the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal was only competent to deal with cases of property confiscated owing to War measures was contrary not only to precedent but to the accepted view of the functions of an Arbitral Tribunal.¹ They declared that, while an Agrarian reform was not necessarily *per se* a liquidatory measure, it was the duty of a Mixed Arbitral Tribunal to decide each claim advanced by the Hungarian optants on its own merits, in order to ascertain how far they could be held to be of a liquidatory nature, any measure proved to be opposed to the common international law constituting such liquidation; while they pointed out that even the assumption that a decision favourable to Magyar claims might cause difficulties of a social, financial or political nature did not justify there being no appeal from a reform that was not only far more

(1) Over forty Mixed Arbitral Tribunals are in existence, thanks to the War, and all of these have rendered awards in which the guiding principles have been that international law must prevail over national law, and that, not only is there no appeal from arbitral awards—and particularly the awards of Mixed Arbitral Tribunals—but that an alien cannot be deprived of his property without suitable compensation, no matter how a State may treat its own nationals on that point. The Permanent Court of Arbitration and the Permanent Court of International Justice have definitely decided this one question in identical fashion: the Permanent Court of Arbitration by its award of October 13th, 1922, in a case between Norway and the United States, and the Permanent Court of International Justice by its Judgment No. 7, May 26th, 1926, in a dispute between Poland and Germany. (In the first instance the U.S.A. requisitioned Norwegian ships as they were then requisitioning ships belonging to American citizens; in the second, Poland seized immovable property belonging to German nationals without compensation, and contended—unsuccessfully—that there was no differential treatment.)

drastic when applied to Transylvania than in the Regat,¹ but so maladministered by the Roumanian executive organs that in the long run nearly every property, small or large, belonging to a Hungarian had been confiscated *in toto*. They drew the Council's attention to the fact that of the 280 claimants over 200 were smallholders or possessors of middle-sized estates, and also to the ridiculously inadequate compensation that was being offered to the dispossessed landowners, yet expressed every desire to compromise on the amount that they claimed, if only it was proved that their demands were excessive.²

After hearing the disputants, the Council appointed a sub-committee, with Sir Austen Chamberlain as Rapporteur (chairman),³ to make a further study of the question, and a report was submitted by the members of the Committee, embodying three principles regarding the application of Agrarian reform in Transylvania and the interpre-

(1) In the Regat land is measured by hectares, in Transylvania by cadastral acres, the former being equal to 1,737 acres, so that the landowners in Old Roumania are allowed to retain almost double the amount of land permitted in Transylvania (*i.e.*, in the Regat 500 hectares, in Transylvania 500 acres). Again, in Transylvania the land of an owner, if situated in different districts, is considered as one estate for the purpose of the quota. The Roumanian law contains no such disposition, and the Regat landowner is consequently entitled to retain the maximum area of land in each of his several estates. Incidentally, too, I would point out that there are many Roumanian landowners in the Regat whose lands have not been expropriated, and the *Bratianos and Stirbeys* particularly have been allowed to retain all their *latifunda*.

(2) Many other instances of differential treatment can be given. Thus, the provision of the Agrarian Act under which the area of the land exempted from expropriation is laid down to be 50 acres in the mountains and 100 acres in the hilly land, has often been deliberately misapplied, nearly every hilly property belonging to a Hungarian landowner being treated as mountainous. Again, under Article 9 of Chapter 1 of the Act the land left to those owners who are not farmers by profession may be reduced to 10 acres. Thousands of Hungarian landowners, civil servants, lawyers, doctors, teachers, have lost the greater part of their property in consequence. A similar provision obtains in the Regat, but there the land of civil servants, officers and widows is exempt from expropriation. As for the compensation given for the land that has been expropriated, it amounts to about *one per cent.* of its value.

(3) The sub-committee which was appointed by the Council of the League to make a further study of the Hungarian-Roumanian dispute consisted of Sir Austen Chamberlain and the Ambassadors of Japan and Chile.

tation of Article 250 of the Treaty (viz., that Hungarian nationals should be subjected to the application of Agrarian reform in Roumania, that no distinction should be made between the Roumanians and Hungarians in that respect, and that redress could only be obtained under the Treaty when discrimination against a Hungarian land-owner in virtue of his nationality had been proved. The Hungarian Government were unable, however, to accept either the Council's claim to act as Supreme Court of Appeal or the recommendations that they had put forward to meet the difficulty, and, displaying a highly commendable spirit, they decided to set aside the legal question as to whether the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal set up by the Treaty was competent to hear their claims, while urging the submission of the controversy to the Court of La Hague. The matter was then referred to the Roumanians, but since they as resolutely refused to agree to it, on the ground that the findings of the Commission were sufficiently acceptable, the League was obliged to postpone further consideration of the subject until February, after first expressing the academic hope that the parties to the dispute might come to terms in the meantime. Controversy has continued to rage furiously ever since around a problem whose principal gravamen lies in the fact that the Roumanian Government has deliberately attempted to side-track her obligations under the Treaty by refusing to submit to the findings of the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal. These are the primary facts. Let us now examine the situation from both the legal and political standpoints in order to see how far the misgivings that have been aroused in England through this action on the part of Roumania are justified.¹

In the first place it is clear that, legally speaking at any rate, Hungary has right on her side, since there is no doubt that, as the Law Lords declared in the Upper House on November 17th, the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal is the proper judicial authority for deciding the matter in dispute. The

(1) See protest in the London Press against the injustices perpetrated by Roumania (December 5th. Letter by Lord Buckmaster, Lord Carson, etc.)

point has naturally been raised in Roumania that the Tribunal, while exercising undoubted competence in disputes arising out of War claims proper, cannot possibly possess the same privileges where the Roumanian Agrarian Reform is concerned, but I maintain rather that, since this "reform" appears to have been directed mainly against Hungarian nationals, the Tribunal's claim to ascertain possible liquidation in the cases submitted for its award cannot seriously be challenged: this privilege being moreover, reinforced by the further necessity of investigating all laws applying to both nationals and foreigners in view of the possibility of their clashing with the code of international common law. This competence, incidentally, has been recognised by such important legal authorities as the Permanent Court of the Hague,¹ while I would emphasise the fact that not only has the Government expressly stated that disputes already submitted to arbitration should not be brought before the Council,² but also that the latter has no power to override decisions taken by these bodies, in that the high contracting parties to the Covenant have definitely agreed to regard all their awards as conclusive. Lastly, I would point out that the Council would have agreed to the Hungarian proposition, and asked the Court of the Hague to give an impartial interpretation of the Treaty if it had really been concerned with the question of the competence of the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, and that the reason why it did not sanction such an appeal was that it was feared that a decision given in Hungary's favour (the only likely one) might precipitate an internal revolution in Roumania. This being the case, it may not be without interest to give the arguments which have so far prevailed with the Council, together with the answers that can be given in refutation.

(1) See decision No. 7 of the Court of Permanent Justice: affair of Chorzow between Poland and Germany.

(2) The Council made the following formal decision regarding the interpretation of the Covenant in connection with the Corfu incident: "Where, contrary to the terms of Article 15, Paragraph 1, a dispute is submitted to the Council on the application of one of the parties, where such a dispute already forms the subject of arbitration or of judicial proceedings, the Council must refuse to consider the application."

The Roumanians' first contention is that the compensation claimed by the Hungarians on account of expropriation would, if paid *in toto*, ruin the country for years to come; and the second, that dynastic trouble, and even revolution, would arise if the expropriated land were returned to its Hungarian owners. Now, both these assertions present very misleading views of the situation. In the first place, it would appear that the Hungarian Government no longer insists on the landowners regaining possession of all their-immovable property, since the last proposal which has been submitted to Roumania on their behalf, following Monsieur Briand's suggestion, clearly indicates their readiness to accept an equitable indemnity for the land already distributed, if only all forests, vineyards and buildings (confiscated but not utilised) are restored to their rightful owners; and secondly, the fact that Roumania has been able to pay compensation four times larger than that paid by her to her own nationals in the case of those French and English landowners in Bessarabia who have been dispossessed of land owing to yet another Agrarian Reform strongly presupposes that her Treasury is far richer than she alleges it to be, while it accords with the ruling of international law that there is never equality between nationals and foreigners.

What I claim, therefore, for Hungary is the most elemental justice, not only because the Treaty which was forced on her at the completion of the War was a treaty of unexampled spoliation and vindictive penalties, but also because there is no equity which justifies the breaking of plain law; and that, even if this argument could hold on appropriate facts, and the interpretation of a legal contract be so strained for general reasons of State, yet in this instance the facts are not as alleged, but, indeed, very widely different. My conclusion is, therefore, that, remembering that not a single nation could live a true national life in the shadow of a great and tragic injustice if she did not nurse some hope of possible betterment, we should not allow considerations of political expediency to abrogate the one clause in the Treaty regulating Hungary's fate on which that hope of a possible betterment must

necessarily centre. The matter is indeed a most crucial one, for while the whole system of deciding disputes by impartial tribunals acting juridically and according to the principles of international law will receive a fatal blow if we allow the Council to set aside an arbitral award, there is no doubt that a further iniquity will thereby be inflicted on a country which has already suffered the most glaring injustice. Need and misery can be borne, and even the shame of defeat, but never anything so galling—for any nation to whom this treatment has been offered can take no further part in the fate of the rest. She must either draw back into the darkness and mourn until she slowly fades away and dies, or else step free and gallant into the dazzling sunlight—and take her fate into her own hands. . . . If we would avert risk of war in the future it would be advisable to give justice where justice is due. Let the Council no longer, therefore, interfere with the exercise by a Mixed Arbitral Tribunal of its proper functions, but rather enable it to give unfettered judgment. Otherwise the value of treaties in general and international arbitration more especially is for ever destroyed.

THE COMMON BUZZARD

BY E. W. HENDY (ERNEST BLAKE)

OF the buzzard it is pleasant to be able to write that, of late years, it has probably not decreased in numbers; it may possibly have increased. At any rate, in the district in which most of my observations have been made, buzzards are plentiful. One observer who spent some weeks in that neighbourhood in the spring of 1924 estimated that he saw at least fifty birds. I frequently see three or four, and have seen as many as nine, in the air at once. Though the more ignorant type of keeper still attempts to shoot or even to poison them, others, more intelligent, are at last beginning to learn that, though their diet is varied (I have seen one carrying a snake in his talons), their principal food is rabbit.

Most of the nests which I have seen have been on sea cliffs, but buzzards also build on inland scars and in trees. A nest I watched in 1924 was a bulky structure, in the fork of an oak, about fifty feet from the ground. The tree was on the outskirts of a wood, which clothed a steep hillside, and, by climbing to the top of the slope, it was possible to see into the nest, which contained two eggs. The outer structure was of dead branches, but the lining was of green larch twigs. Unfortunately, the spot chosen was too much frequented; after incubating for some days the bird gave up the attempt to hatch out these eggs, and began to make a fresh lining of larch, which was placed on the top of the clutch; but the new cup was not completed, and no more eggs were laid.

Tree nests of this species are sometimes placed in positions very easy of access. One to which I climbed in 1925 was built in the fork of a stunted oak, not more than twenty feet from the ground. My attention was attracted to it by the corpse of a young buzzard, in down, lying at the foot of the tree. The nest was empty, so he was, alas, the only son (or daughter) of his mother. The contents of his stomach, when examined by Mrs. L. E. Currey

(Recorder on the food of birds for the South-Western Naturalists' Union), proved to be a small quantity of undigested yolk, the rib and foot bones and portions of the hair and skin of an immature mouse, a quantity of moss, and the scales of some reptile, probably a grass snake. The presence of yolk testifies to his immaturity. Preserved in spirits, he is rather a pathetic little corpse; but those whom the gods love die young.

Another nesting site was even more conveniently placed for observation. It was a ledge, halfway down two hundred feet of precipitous cliff, which formed one side of a small gorge gradually gnawed from the flank of an island by the hungry ocean. The inlet was so narrow that, from its opposite side, I had an unrestricted view of the nest; it was made of dead gorse branches and heather bents, and lined with moss and grass, but much flattened out by the two partly fledged youngsters which were in occupation. When first I saw them they were clothed in thick, grey down, but there was a darker, almost black stripe near the eye, and patches of lighter down still adhered to their heads; but in the course of a week the brown feathers of the juvenile plumage began to show. They spent a good deal of their time in preening, and, by this process, the down gradually became less and less, until, when I left, there was as much brown as grey in their colouration; these tints harmonised most successfully with the rocks behind them, and they thus formed a good object lesson in protective colouring.

These youngsters, within the circumscribed limits of their nesting place, were very active. Though they sat for long periods on the flat of the tarsus, supporting themselves with their half-grown tails, they occasionally stood up, and walked unsteadily a few paces; fairly often they flapped their half-grown wings, in the same way as young ravens and peregrine eyasses do; in fact, one of them performed this physical exercise with such vigour that he nearly toppled off the edge of the nest into the abyss. He also sometimes sprawled over the nest with one claw outstretched. One young bird was distinctly larger than the other, but this is accounted for by the fact that incubation

usually begins when the first egg has been laid. They had already been taught cleanly habits, and vented their excrement well out from the edge of the nest; in fact, this practice was followed by the young in all buzzards' nests which I have observed.

The behaviour of the old birds while I was watching this nest was interesting. Usually one was soaring as I approached, and, by a mewing cry, gave warning to the other bird, which was either on or near the nest. Then both of them soared above me on their great moth-like wings. After a little, one, presumably the mother, became tamer; she flew in narrowing circles near the nest; the young became expectant; they sat up and looked round, bobbed their heads and flapped their wings. Eventually the old bird pitched on a pinnacle of rock, not far from me, and mewed continuously. The food provided by this pair was entirely rabbit; I frequently saw its remains on the nest.

Another nest was in a site which has been used by buzzards for many years in succession. To reach it one had to climb down a little coombe which wanders deviously, between very steep slopes of grass and screes, to the sea; the end of the descent was a cleft which skirted a rocky buttress, and finally debouched over piled boulders on the shore. The nest was at the lower end of the coombe, only about forty feet up the cliff, but difficult of access; below were smooth rocks, with no handholds, and above a jumbled mass of shale and jagged boulders which looked as if they might collapse at any moment. It was one of those places which one might reach with luck, but where a slip would probably mean a broken limb, and perhaps a broken neck. The first year I found this nest I reached a slab of rock a few feet above it by cutting steps in the shale with an ice axe; craning my head over this, I looked into the nest; it was made of dead gorse stems, lined with wool, and contained one young one in down.

The next year I visited the spot earlier in the season; knowing that the old buzzards were frequenting the same site, I climbed down the end of the coombe quietly, hoping to catch the hen on her nest. When I was nearly at the

bottom I dropped my ice axe with a clatter on the rocks. Nothing stirred, so I feared the cunning old buzzard must have slipped off before my arrival. However, I walked along the shore towards the eyrie; when I was just below it, to my surprise the buzzard's head appeared above the edge of the nest, and she flapped clumsily away without uttering a sound. Winter rains and storms had crumbled the rock and shale, so that to reach the nest was even a more difficult proposition than last year, and though I made three attempts all were unsuccessful.

On the other side of the coombe was a pinnacle of rock, overgrown with ivy. The hind legs of a rabbit and a litter of castings strewn about on its top showed that it was the buzzard's feeding place. Placing myself in semi-concealment near this spot, I waited to see if the brooding bird would return. After some twenty minutes she came sailing back over the cliffs, and pitched on a ridge some twenty-five feet from the eyrie. Three times she changed her position, throwing herself off the ridge, dropping out of sight for a few moments, and then settling nearer. Her last position was right over the nest, and I could see her glance first at the eggs and then at me—"letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'"

Then she hopped clumsily yet a few inches nearer, and I thought she had overcome her scruples; but at the last moment she thought better of it, and sailed off again. However, in five minutes she was back again on her old perch, and, after a few seconds' hesitation, she swooped on to the nest; I saw her arrange the eggs and settle down on them.

In 1925 I discovered another nest which allowed a fairly close inspection. Built chiefly of heather bents, with no decoration of green twigs, on a grassy ledge some fifty feet up a cliff, precipitous in rock, grass slopes, and screes, it was well concealed; so much so that although I had passed beneath it on several occasions while it must have been building, I only discovered it when one day I saw the old bird come off; she proved to be sitting on two eggs. I had no means of telling how long incubation had lasted, but when I visited the nest ten days later I was thrilled to find that one of the eggs was in the act of hatching. The

nestling's head was already out of the egg, but the larger portion of the eggshell was still adhering to its body; squirming and wriggling, in a few minutes he emerged, an ugly squab in grey down. But his troubles were already beginning: the discarded eggshell kept falling down upon him from the sides of the cup; evidently this caused him great irritation; raising himself upon his miniature wings, he tried again and again to rid himself of the incubus by toppling it over the side of the nest, but his Sisyphean labours were all in vain:

αὐτίς ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λάας ἀναιδής—

down in a trice on the small of his back rolled the pestering eggshell (a very free translation of the Homeric line!), and he collapsed gasping. For half an hour I watched his futile efforts to dislodge it, and then, as the old bird had not returned, I departed. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, but not always, alas, to the newly-hatched nestling, which is very susceptible to exposure. When I returned, two hours later, his mother was brooding him, and he seemed quite lively. The other egg was still unhatched, but there was no sign of the offending eggshell. The extreme sensitiveness to touch of the young one's back reminded me strongly of the similar susceptibility in the nestling cuckoo: in fact, the young buzzard's actions seemed very similar to those of the young cuckoo ejecting the eggs and young of a robin from its foster parent's nest, so vividly described by W. H. Hudson in *Hampshire Days*. There was the same evident exasperation at the touch of the intruding object, the same spasmodic effort to eject it, and the same collapse after the effort failed.

A week later both the young were crawling about the nest in grey down. In less than three weeks they were as large as pigeons; they seemed to pass most of their time in the sleep of repletion. In a month the feathers on wing and mantle were well grown, though there was a good deal of grey down still on the head; at five weeks they looked as large as full-grown birds. The remains of decomposing rabbits were piled all round the edge of the nest, and clouds of flies buzzed above; what the stench must have

been like I can only imagine: fortunately my post of observation was too far away for it to reach me. When they were five and a half weeks old all traces of down had disappeared from one of them; the other retained only a little on the cheeks; this was gone at the end of six weeks. On the forty-ninth day from the hatching of the first nestling both were just outside the nest; evidently they were practising for the first flight, for they frequently flapped their wings and hopped in the air from one side of the nest to the other. Five days later they were gone. Six weeks is stated to be the fledgling period; probably these youngsters could have flown at the end of that time had they wished to do so, but, being lazy, unmolested, and well fed by assiduous parents, they did not trouble to venture upon uncharted seas.

It has been recorded on satisfactory evidence that a buzzard will swoop at a man who has ventured into too close proximity to the nest. One bird was well known to do so in the Lake District some twenty years ago, and a similar instance is recorded in Wales. I have watched many pairs of nesting buzzards, but, though some are less shy than others, I have never seen any signs of aggressiveness, and I think that the Lakeland and Welsh buzzards must have been abnormally truculent.

Seen at close quarters, hunched upon a rock, with the head drawn into the shoulders, and its long breast feathers blown up by the wind, the buzzard suggests vulture rather than hawk. I have on several occasions seen one try to balance itself awkwardly on quite a slim pole, one claw grasping the top and the other the side; in such a position it finds difficulty in sustaining its equilibrium. But, viewed from a distance, perched upon a tall, lone fir overlooking some wild ravine falling headlong to a spumy sea, it can look majestic, and even worthy of its relationship to the eagles.

Its method of taking to flight is ungainly; it seems almost to fall off its perch, and flaps its wings clumsily. But when it soars, with broad wings extended and motionless, one realises the grace and skill of its airmanship. One July evening, when the air was still and the thin

sickle of the young moon hung poised in a sky whose blue was fading to grey as it lost the rays of the declining sun, I saw three buzzards soaring; as one watched them banking and planing higher and higher, in ever-widening circles whose orbits crossed and recrossed each other, one marvelled at their consummate mastery over their element; to quote from Mr. Martin Armstrong's fine poem:—

On great pied motionless moth-wings borne along
 So effortless and so strong,
 Cutting each other's paths, together they glided,
 Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided
 Two valleys' width, . . .
 Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny steep,
 Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,
 Swung proudly to a curve and from its height
 Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep.

The upward curve of the outermost quills, held separate from each other, gives grace of line and lightness to their broad wings; and this beauty of line varies ever as you watch; for, planing into the wind, the wing tips are contracted, so that the whole pinion now forms half a circlet. It is this pose which, by an optical illusion, makes this great bird, seen from one side when one is on a level with it, appear curiously small: so much so that a casual glance might mistake it for a kestrel. Viewed from below, the markings on their wings are of singular beauty; seen thus, their "moth-wings" are even more moth-like than from above; their whitish under-surface is fringed with black at the extremities, and, in the middle, is an eyot or ring of dark brown which reminds me always of the "eyes" on the chestnut upper wings of the peacock butterfly.

Beautiful as buzzards are when soaring, their strength of flight reveals itself almost to as much advantage when they are planing into a strong wind. Then they hang almost motionless; though now and again they allow themselves a few wing beats, their progress is made almost entirely by depressing and raising the angle of their wings to the wind; gliding and careening, you may see them advance half a mile or more; such flight is even more "effortless" and "strong" than their wide, airy circlings. Facing the wind, they will also hover, lowering the head and spreading the tail like a kestrel, but the strokes are

fewer and less strong, and their legs hang down clumsily; their broad pinions cannot winnow the air so swiftly; compared with the windhover the buzzard is a mere amateur. But when, suspended thus, he sends a ripple of movement, hardly perceptible, through the length of his quivering pinions, you are compelled again to wonder at the splendid combination of grace and strength.

Buzzards are not loved by their brethren in feathers. Every bird's claw is against them, and it must be confessed that they often put up a poor fight even against those of a smaller size. I have seen one chased and harried by a kestrel; the jackdaw and even the lapwing will drive him off. Jays, prone as they are to indulge in "Billingsgate," become even more profane at his approach. With the peregrines they carry on a constant feud. Herring and lesser black-backed gulls bully them, and the rook has no use for their company.

But perhaps their worst enemies are the carrion crows, who have more than the usual allowance of devilment in their make-up. I once saw a pair of these rascals subject a buzzard to a systematic course of persecution. They pursued him for some time in the air, making him turn and twist to dodge their assaults. Eventually he took refuge on a large boulder, on whose top he stood, with head down and wings raised, mewing peevishly. This suited his persecutors admirably; one attracted his attention in front, while the other attacked from behind, tweaking his tail and cursing him cacophonously. The position soon became too hot for him. He flew to an isolated pinnacle of rock, and perched there; but not for long; the crows followed him, and returned to the attack. After some feints, one of them stooped furiously, and literally knocked him off his perch, so that he cried in piteous wise. Rescue came at last, in the person of his mate, who afforded him her moral support, but did not come to his assistance. Even then the corvine persecution did not cease, but the aggressors were now content with words, not deeds; after expressing with a perfect torrent of invective their contempt for buzzards as a race of cowards and poltroons, they left the pair in peace.

ENVELOPE

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

THIS body that I have worn
So many years
Is falling threadbare, torn,
Faded with tears.

Soon it shall yield and break
To wind, to wave;
Become the thing men take
To a swift grave.

Yet that rent shape of shame,
Which then shall lie
So quiet in my name,
Will not be I.

The spirit that shall have passed
From that decay
Will be again at last
Young as the May;

Will be the self-same thing,
Fluttering wild,
That came to lodge one spring
In me, a child.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

By STEPHEN GWYNN

LAST year closed and this year opened with weather of venomous malignity. Snow and rain, frost and thaw, cold and mugginess were intermixed as a cunning bowler changes his attack: one particular morning in London when rain fell on frozen snow and was followed by a sharp frost is not likely to be forgotten by the clan of postmen who set out early and slithered and tumbled with their heavy bags, incurring casualties by scores. But the worst was in the country, where every snowflake clung and froze when it lighted, so that wires became the core of a thick cable of ice which the poles could not support. We were made to realise how much the improvement of communications has made us depend on them. Very few people in small middle-class houses about English towns keep a supply of food. You can cut off an Irish cottage for a fortnight, and they have milk and potatoes and can make their own bread; but it would be interesting to get statistics of what would happen in a county like Surrey if the roads were blocked for a week. This year aeroplanes had to take on the distributing; so hand to mouth are all modern arrangements.

Finally, flood in the Thames confronted us with a more tragic consequence of exceptional conditions for which no preparation had been made. There is no use in attempting to fix blame, for one may fairly assume that the combination of circumstances lay outside reasonable provision, since nobody at the Tate Gallery had ever thought of it. Human beings are presumed able to look after themselves, but works of art are very carefully watched over. Yet in point of fact most of those who live in a place like Grosvenor Road, Westminster, have been probably quite unaware of the river's possibilities. They must have known, even the least observant, that the Thames is tidal; but how many would know that tides

vary; and of those none reflected that a monstrous fresh-water flood was going to butt up against the height of spring tide at the full moon. Even had they remembered all this, they would scarcely have allowed for the final cause, the last straw, a westerly gale driving along the flood so that the swift water piled itself up against the incoming weight of tide. Yet along a similar estuary in the country everybody would have been bound to realise the danger. In a place like London people only think of weather as changing from agreeable to disagreeable—never as a threat. Probably not one soul along the Westminster frontage ever dreamt of the possibility that the wall might burst as it did—still less that it would burst at midnight, when there was no chance of warnings. The inrush must have seemed to those whom it awakened as incredible as an earthquake; and even now it is hard to believe that fourteen people were drowned in their bedrooms in this regulated city.

Mr. Baldwin, speaking to his Worcestershire constituents on January 7th, opened the year with a review of his administration—characteristically modest, and all the more encouraging at a rather pessimistic moment. He claims that during the three years in which he and his colleagues have been in office Europe has made steady progress politically and financially—and that the League of Nations has “gained in strength and in solidity.” Whether the League’s gain in strength is cause or symptom of Europe’s progress, he does not stop to enquire; no sensible European can doubt that the two are closely related—or, indeed, that Europe’s progress strengthens the League, and that the League helps Europe’s progress. But Mr. Baldwin justly emphasises one factor, the influence of Sir Austen Chamberlain’s presence at every meeting of the League, which has added to its prestige and made Geneva more and more a centre for “intimate personal intercourse between men responsible for the foreign policy of their countries.” These are great claims for a British Prime Minister to make, for the period of his administration and for the colleague who is chiefly

charged with its European relations; and looking back on 1927 one is chiefly impressed by the number of disagreeable possibilities which were avoided. Poland and Lithuania offered the latest of these; and M. Valdemaras continues to broadcast Lithuania’s discontent. There are certainly elements in Lithuania, as there would be in any other country in the same case, which will insist that M. Valdemaras shall keep on protesting, and loudly, exactly as there must be elements in Poland which will hamper Marshal Pilsudski in any attempt to lessen Lithuania’s natural resentment against the annexation of Vilna. But definitively both sides have given up the idea of a cure by surgery, and time will get a chance for the work of appeasement, which can do much; how much, depends on the degree of real injustice, of outrage to nature, which is involved in maintaining a disputed sovereignty. In the particular case it depends on the question whether Vilna is really Polish or Lithuanian: and as to that there is enough uncertainty to make it clear that war would have come without Europe’s joint intervention. This backward continent has, as Mr. Baldwin claims, made progress through its own exertions, headed by such men as Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand, and Herr Stresemann. Behind their directing effort lies the unformed will of millions who have one feeling strong in them: they never want to put on another gas-mask.

The more enlightened and advanced civilisation across the Atlantic, always anxious to give Europe a leg up almost to the American level, has, on the other hand, not been of much use in this matter. Fear is a potent stimulus, and the United States, which have so many more baths and motor cars to the hundred persons, have also much less experience of gas-masks; consequently, though their inhabitants are even more actuated by philanthropic sentiments than the rest of us mortals, philanthropy with them has to do unaided the work which in Europe is helped by apprehension. Consequently they are all in favour of any philanthropic proposal to limit the possibilities of war, so long as it is not inconvenient to themselves. It is possible that M. Briand quite recently failed to allow for

this limitation to their benevolence; on the other hand, being a very supple and witty Frenchman, he may, even more possibly, have wished to bring the limitation into the limelight. Hence the American protests. No philanthropist likes such a direction of illumination which can be more becomingly applied.

At all events, M. Briand asked Mr. Kellogg plump out whether the United States would agree to a covenant with France by which each renounced the possibility of war of aggression against the other. Obviously, France did not renounce much by this declaration: the likelihood of her declaring war against the United States is negligible, not only because she has a small navy, but because with her conscription is extended to the last possible limit, and this is the best of guarantees against wars of aggression in a democratically governed country. On the other hand, if any nation in Europe is commended to America by historic friendship, France is that nation, and the sacrifice which the United States were invited to make did not seem enormous. But (as the *Times* correspondent in Washington puts it with the acuteness of real wit) M. Briand, though he did not commit America to much, had proposed a commitment; America preferred to express an aspiration. There were also practical though minor inconveniences. The United States have determined to construct a fleet which shall be equal at all points to that of Britain—and which, therefore, having less communications to maintain, will be superior as a striking force. It is inconvenient to limit in advance the use of such a possession. Further, if America renounced wars of aggression in relation to France, other States might propose to be put on the same footing—even American States. It might be held by some outside tribunal that America was, for instance, an aggressor against Nicaragua, although clearly from the standpoint of the United States in such a case there can be no aggression, unless the headmaster of Eton is an aggressor when he birches a boy. And so M. Briand's proposal is ill-received across the Atlantic: and possibly M. Briand is surprised. Possibly, again, he is not. Possibly he is saying to himself that this will make

the United States perceive how exceedingly odd their attitude upon these matters looks to other nations.

American statesmen at all times have special difficulties to contend with in treaty making, because they negotiate with the knowledge that, after the Secretary of State and President have agreed to a drafted proposal, the Senate may for its own reasons refuse to ratify, as it did, for example, in Cleveland's first Presidency, when Lord Salisbury's Government had arranged an arbitration treaty. Also, the other party in any such negotiations must be less accommodating than when negotiators have the power to decide. Those who represent a European Power may make concessions on the certainty that an arrangement will result which cannot be got from them on the off chance that the Senate may give its endorsement. No plenipotentiary will abate the reasonable claims of his nation unless he can be sure of bringing back some positive result in exchange. And everybody knows that the Senate's disposition to reject increases as a Presidential election approaches, and is affected in the most natural ways by local and personal considerations.

Some Americans seem to consider that M. Briand has tried, by playing on humanitarian sentiment, to trick them into giving a guarantee which would leave France free of apprehension from one possible assailant, and so better able to accumulate armament on other fronts. It is certainly true that the fewer possible enemies she has to count with, the safer France will feel; but that is neither a sinister nor a deceitful state of mind. Nor is it reasonable for Europeans to be annoyed with the United States. The dislike there to any definite commitment probably arises ultimately from the sovereign democracy's unwillingness to be bound by anything which is not its will of the moment. But since any scheme of ordered regulations for the conduct of nations to each other must rest on the acceptance of conventions and codes transmitted from the past and governing not only the present but the future, it follows that this unwillingness must keep the United States outside the progressive movement in European civilisation of which Mr. Baldwin speaks.

And, after all: France, much condemned in America for militarism, proposes that the United States should agree with her to forswear altogether recourse to arms as between the two peoples; the United States refuse, rather indignantly. One may be amused. Yet suppose M. Briand made the same proposal to Sir Austen Chamberlain, what then? M. Briand may, as I incline to believe, have wanted to make America think; he may perhaps have made us all think. What would be the implications of a proposal that England and France should mutually forswear the possibility of war upon each other? It is only by drastic and revolutionary thinking and acting that we can rid ourselves of the other possibility—gas-masks, which are the best symbol of modern war.

How merry the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson would have been over this line of thought. He regarded war as one of the permanent facts of human existence, and, so far as his diaries show, experienced no dislike of its phenomena—not even of gas-masks. Yet he must certainly have carried one, and learnt the use of it, at a time when the mask was a clammy, stinking bag, for he commanded a corps during a brief period in 1915-16. He had imagination enough to know, even without practical experiment, what it meant to try and take command of men with that object on your head and a tin pipe to speak through. But it would be rash to conclude from his diary's silence that he did not feel the decent human revolt against this outrage on humanity; for that record, as it is published, gives a very inadequate picture of the human being that he was. Reading between the lines, and helped by other sources of information, one becomes aware that Sir Henry Wilson was, apart from his ability, a man of strong affections and passions, much beloved. But no biographer can count on his readers to read between lines or to supplement what is given, and it is certain that the book will disparage its subject. Readers will say, with some truth, that this man was only for the smallest possible part of his career a regimental officer, and that in the war, except for a very short and not lucky interlude, he was remote from the

actual fighting. Many of them will conclude because in the book's pages he speaks of men as so much war material, cannon fodder, of which the supply and wastage are coldly noted, that he had therefore no personal feeling for the soldier on the firestep or his platoon officer. That would be a very gross misjudgment. But, unfortunately, General Callwell has been more sedulous to illustrate Wilson's feuds than his affections.

Certain things stand out. It was a godsend that one of the ablest soldiers in the British service should not only have spoken French easily (a rare accomplishment in that army), but should have instinctively liked Frenchmen. Nobody could overestimate the services rendered by him *en liaison* between the high commands. Also, it was an outrage on common sense that the British Government should have prevented his becoming chief of staff to Lord French because of the part he had played in connection with the Ulster trouble in 1914. To have dismissed him then from the service would have been a grave step but defensible; but once he was employed in war, employed he should have been to the utmost of his possible utility. Lord French, of course, ought to have insisted fiercely—then as at quite other stages of his career—on getting his own way, and he would have got it; but he was never self-assertive. In the same position, Wilson would have carried his point.

To that extent Wilson was justified in his perpetual cry of "No politics." But it is manifest that, like all soldiers who repeat this formula, he was furiously a politician; only, with him, "No politics" meant something more than the usual aspiration that we all ought to be Tories. "No politics" for him meant that in a State everything should be settled by the soldiers. *Raison d'état* should be always *raison de guerre*. It never seems to have occurred to him that the only Government in Europe which he could have served with entire comfort was the Kaiser's, in which it was not merely true that policy always waited upon armament: armament came first, and then policy began to consider what to do with this fine machinery. In France, despite the long and able concentration on war,

Wilson found politics getting in the way just as badly as in his own country. Any man so exclusively a soldier must always find himself hampered in a democracy.

He had, of course, apart from these general characteristics, a special political complex; he was an Ulsterman of the Orange type even before he was a soldier; and with all his power of military foresight, he was quite ready to split the British Army at the beginning of 1914 for the sake of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland.

It is difficult for anyone who was an Irish Nationalist—and more difficult for an Irish Nationalist who served—to write about this book, because certain things require to be said, yet there are bitter wounds which it is wrong to risk reopening. Of all the dreadful things which happened in the Irish trouble after the War, to me the most dreadful was the murder of Sir Henry Wilson, because the men who killed him were Irish ex-soldiers. General Callwell ignores this fact, and he asserts what is not certain, that they were members of the Irish Republican Army. Certain I am that the driving motive with them was resentment not only for the Field-Marshal's attitude to Irish aspirations, but for the part which he played in organising the Ulster police. Yet, things being as they were, his work there was a service not only to Ulster, but to Ireland. He introduced discipline, and the decencies that come with disciplined force, into a province lacerated by a ghastly and futile vendetta between Protestants and Catholics. He might have been of greater service later on, for one of the difficulties has been the lack of commanding leadership in Ulster. Apart from that is the question, incessantly recurring in the book, of applying conscription to Ireland. This is a matter on which I had as full opportunities of judging as anyone living, and the thing could not have been done—not even by a native Government. To have enforced it in 1918 would not have been possible, even by measures which no democracy, and least of all the British, would tolerate. As a result, there were on his estimate in 1918 from 150,000 to 200,000 men in Ireland whom conscription should have taken. I do not know, and no one knew, how many Irishmen went as volunteers; but

we know from a roll carefully compiled that over 50,000 of them died. Australia with about the same population lost, I think, 67,000. Had it not been for the arming of Ulster in 1913, a fact which shaped the whole subsequent course of Irish history, we should, in my opinion, have given our quota to the war in as full measure as did Australia. Also, the five famous Irish regiments, which now live only in the shadows of memory, would still be what they had been for more than a hundred years.

At one point in his task of editing and arranging, General Callwell pauses to correct the diarist's hasty expressions by an illuminating judgment of Lord Kitchener's real service in the War; and I have no doubt that Wilson himself would have desired the correction. If the same principle had been observed throughout—if the hasty expressions of a moment, when they seemed important to preserve, had been modified by a matured opinion which Wilson himself would probably have approved—we should have in the volumes a far better and truer memorial to one of the greatest soldiers that those years revealed.

The battle of the Prayer Book has been the most exciting event of recent Parliamentary history. How the House of Commons must have enjoyed itself! To have an entirely free vote on a matter in which millions were interested and which raised passion in thousands: to have a debate in which every speaker had the full chance to turn votes by force of eloquence or argument: such an occasion is almost without example. The victor in the *mellay* was by general consent Sir William Joynson-Hicks, and the most conspicuously vanquished the most brilliant of all Parliamentary debaters, Lord Hugh Cecil. Yet to carry the House with him, a man must while he speaks impose himself not merely as eloquent or able, but as the natural spokesman of the assembly. At his best, and on certain subjects, Mr. Asquith could do that superbly, yet never quite so persuasively as Sir Edward Grey, who seemed at times to be saying what came from the best part of the mind and feelings of every man who heard him. Lord Hugh's way of thinking has always been so indi-

vidual and so personal (even though it is beautifully expressed in admirably simple words) that it is not easily shared by his hearers. They may agree with him, or not see their way to an answer; they do not feel that he has spoken their mind for them. The Home Secretary, on the other hand, is never in any danger of being lifted beyond the range of the mass of Members: he has all the advantage of being perfectly normal, and in this debate he seems to have given the most complete expression to the hereditary Protestantism which exists in typical English minds as a temper of suspiciousness rather than of reasoned belief. Certain associations and certain words make them uneasy; and Sir William Joynson-Hicks convinced the House that the deposited Book contained things which created a sincere uneasiness in him and millions like him. So he won. The battle, however, is not over, and is likely to end, after a chivalrous tourney, in good will; for the Bishops, who have shown a temper and a statesmanship most rare in theological controversy, are setting to work upon a compromise; and if the Church within its own assembly can agree to something that removes at least some of the uneasiness, probably the House of Commons will be very ready to rival the Archbishop of Canterbury in courtesy and candour.

In Ireland Mr. Cosgrave absents himself for a brief tour in the United States, and it is pleasant to note that the Dominion of Canada insists on altering his arrangements so that he may be received ceremonially in the Dominion by whose status the status of the Free State is specially defined. Mr. Cosgrave was given a banquet on his departure by a very representative body of citizens in Dublin. But there was a more striking festivity in honour of Mr. Healy, who now steps down from the Viceregal stage on which he has played so surprising a part these last five years. Who could have believed that this inveterate Ishmaelite, whose hand was against every man in turn and who had the poison of asps on his tongue when he chose (and he often chose), should end as the most conciliatory force in Ireland?

ESCAPE FROM ADVENTURE

BY STELLA BENSON AND E—— G——¹

PERHAPS, in a sense, all exiles live in the same land. Perhaps the paths beneath the feet of exiles all seem like the same path, having this sad peculiarity in common—the fact that they never turn homeward.

The way of an insect in a forest has always seemed to me a symbol of supreme exile—of an absolute and terrible freedom. The past and future of such a traveller are alike wiped out by the enormous and continual difficulties of the present. Every stone is a precipice, every tuft of grass a jungle, every drop of dew a trap. The traveller walks in inconceivable loneliness; he does not know where he came from; no living creature wonders where he is now; he does not care where he may arrive. He will never arrive. Turn him round and he will struggle just as painfully in the opposite direction. There is no reason why he should choose this way rather than that. Experience can teach him nothing, for all experiences are so much too big for him to understand. Anything may happen—anything may already have happened; he is too busy with his terrors and his cautions either to remember or to anticipate. The only thing that is certain is that inevitable moment which will crush him to death suddenly for no reason. He will not be remembered; indeed he cannot be forgotten because he never *was* remembered. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of freedom.

When, in China, I see Russians, to whom poverty was an unknown thing before the Revolution, living in two-room Korean huts, earning with great difficulty the mean wage of a Chinese coolie, without possessions, without anyone to care what happens, without the slightest hope of comfort—much less the mildest luxuries—hiring their little girls as servants to Chinese at a wage of perhaps a dollar a month, I think of the insect in the forest. For if there is

(1) Chiefly written at the dictation of E—— G——, a Russian exile.

a difference between one wilderness and another the White Russians in China may be said to have reached the uttermost limits of exile. They are lost most thoroughly.

When a journalist makes friends with a Russian in China his first instinct may be to say, "Oh, do tell us about the extraordinary adventures you must have had!" And the Russian's first instinct, since he comes of an obliging race, may be to make up an extraordinary adventure on the spot. But if he is truthful he will generally admit that he has had no extraordinary adventures. Journalists and safe people and people with homes to return to and friends to thrill with stories—these are the adventurers. But people to whom danger is a lifelong curse rather than a passing joke remove themselves as far as they can from the path of adventure. Your Russian in China has, of course, turned his back on the kind of extraordinary adventures that would thrill the journalist; that is why the Russian is in China alive to-day. When adventure means a story to tell to laughing friends you may court it. But when it means no laughing any more and no friends, you give it a wide berth.

"But no story has happened to me," said my Russian friend, E—G—, as she began to tell me about her life. She was still at school in Poland when her family fled into Russia before the German advance. The Revolution sent them fugitive again into Siberia, and, retreating always before conquering Bolshevism, they found safety for a little while in Vladivostok. When Vladivostok was finally absorbed into the Red Empire the White Russians poured over the border into Manchuria, and southward into China. And here is my friend, just twenty-five, with half the world between her and the things and the places she knows, with no prospect of getting home and with no story to tell. "No stories happened to us," she said. "If they had happened there would have been an end of us. But they often nearly happened."

"We were poor when we came from Poland, and though I was still of school age I had to work as well as my father, in order to help to keep the family. My father was a railway man, and I also found office work at a small

station on the same railway. It was a very small village—only a handful of houses—and my family did not live there, but at a larger place about forty versts away.

"I remember how the Revolution first reached us. I was told on the telephone that large bands of armed men were raiding and looting the neighbouring villages. The villages were set on fire, and, as the inhabitants fled from the flames, men were shot and girls raped. One band, we were told, was coming in our direction. Indeed, as the evening came on, we could hear the far-away shots and see the flames on the snowy skyline. There was nothing for us to do but wait; we had no means of defence, and, since the looters were in every direction, no means of escape. In our hamlet there were only three considerable houses, and the three groups of people in those houses represented three widely different schools of behaviour in the face of danger. From one house came the sounds of hysterical laughing, singing and dancing, to the accompaniment of guitars. Everyone was drinking there—blustering out the terror of the night. In another house the women prayed and cried, sitting with their eyes upon the ikons and on the crosses over their beds, listening to the distant sound of enemies and the singing of their neighbours. In the third house lived a man of books; he was a very wise man, always reading and writing, and he had a good library of books he loved. This man, on that night of suspense, collected all his favourite books about him, and all night he read aloud the most enthralling passages he knew of to his family and a few friends. His calm voice in the candle-lit quietness made his room seem like a church. Yet, though this reading soothed the nerves of all who heard it, from time to time one or two would steal out from the room to listen in the snow under the moon. From the second house, too, overwrought listeners came out into the moonlight. Only from the house of merrymakers no one came out. Their ears were full of song and their heads were full of confusion, so that they were deaf to the present and oblivious to anything the next hour might bring. I shall never forget that night. You see, it was not an adventure—it was a torture to the

imagination only. The aspect of the terror changed from hour to hour; in the imagination the catastrophe which seemed inevitable was multiplied. It was as though the crack of doom sounded twenty times in one night. At such times one forgets that one can only experience one death.

"You will have understood by now that nothing happened. If anything had happened I should not be here telling you about it. Either one escaped things or one didn't, in those days. When the morning came we found that the raiders had passed our hamlet at some distance. It was too insignificant for their attention, perhaps.

"Soon after this I heard that my father had been arrested by the Bolsheviks. Although he was in bed, very ill with influenza, they came and took him away in a wagon. Of course we thought we should never see him again. By this time the railway was disorganised; work and transport had come to an end, so I made up my mind to join my family. I hired a sleigh and set out doubtfully on the long drive. The snow was deep, but on the roads it had been trampled hard. Everything on the flat plain was dazzling white, and it was difficult to see obstructions. There seemed to be no reason why the horses should suddenly plunge, rear, shy from the road, nearly overturn the sleigh and finally bolt. But as we rushed and swayed along I saw the reason. There were dead men in the snow, murdered men, their bodies frozen into hooped, angular, fantastic attitudes.

"My father came back to us again. We were all together now, and together we left Russia and travelled eastward across Siberia. We travelled as far as we could go, and settled for a time in Vladivostok, then crowded with Russians of the White Army and their families. We were very poor and it was difficult to earn our living in a place where so many were in need. I spent two months in learning a barber's trade. It has been useful to me, that craft, but at first I approached it with distaste; and when it involved the patronage of Chinese, Korean and Japanese customers it became often very repulsive work indeed. The Koreans are superficially cleaner than the Chinese

because they dress in white clothes which they often wash; but a barber's work is done at very close quarters, and it was always horrible to me to see how abruptly the patches that I shaved contrasted with the untouched—indeed, never touched—areas of neck and jaw. Japanese, of course, are often scrupulously clean, but even in dealing with them there were difficulties common to all Orientals. Their manner to a woman barber was often intolerable. And another fact that added to my nervousness was the fact that the hair of Asiatics grows in quite a different way and from a differently situated crown to that of white men. It is delicate work, too, shaving a Japanese—he wants his whole face shaved, even the bridge of his nose and his eye-sockets. The Japanese ladies, also, pay periodical visits to a barber, and are shaved from brow to chin, which is delicate and nervous work for a beginner.

"We came into China when the Bolsheviks reached Vladivostok at last. Part of the way we came by a very crowded and rough boat, but the worst part was the two days' walk from Novokievsk, in Siberia, to Hunchun in Manchuria. There were over a thousand of us refugees on that march, and only a few wagons were obtainable. These were reserved for what goods we had and for delicate women and children. It was bitterly cold, and a constant drizzle of rain fell which froze upon our clothes. The road was extremely rough and was crossed by several wide deep streams. These torrents were difficult enough for us walkers to negotiate; the carts found them almost impossible at some points. I wore a man's thick quilted trousers, which, after I had waded through two or three rivers, became not only frozen but also intolerably heavy. But the women and children in the carts had much worse difficulties. Concealed boulders in the water several times overturned carts in midstream; the occupants were thrown out into the water and children were only with difficulty saved by the men. Every one of us was soaked in icy water from the beginning to the end of the day. By evening we all moved with acute discomfort and some in great pain. It was wonderful that scarcely anyone died during the march—though afterwards

a good many of the more fragile died from the effects. On the evening of the first day of the march a woman who had a baby only a few weeks old found that it was dead, smothered by the clothes which she had piled upon it in the hope of keeping it warm after a soaking in a stream. The woman's grief was terrible: she blamed herself for the baby's death. She would not allow its little body to be buried; she would not loose it from her arms, but carried it all the way to Hunchun.

"We spent the night in a little Korean village. Korean huts have a primitive system of heating under the floors, and it was this that saved the lives of most of us. Crowds of us slept in each hut, and there was no possibility of any systematic drying of clothes. We all lay down in our crackling icy clothes on the hot *k'angs*. I felt on arriving there as if I could never move again—and I did not care very much. I was so much exhausted, so cold and in such pain. But in the morning it was wonderful how hopefully we started off again. China was in sight—and we looked upon China then as peace. It seemed, as we reached Hunchun, and the good-natured Chinese welcomed, sheltered and helped us, that to be fugitives from our own country was not so hopeless after all. It seems different now. To be a fugitive traveller, and young, may have elements of excitement and hope; but to be young and face a monotony of exile that will never end all one's life long makes one almost regret one's youth."

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. IV. (Dent. 16s. net.)

Readers of this erudite, authoritative and, at the same time, extremely entertaining history of Russia will remember that in the first volume Professor Kluchevsky analyses the curious attitude of the Russian peasant towards the State. He shows us in that first volume the mujik viewing the State always from the standpoint of one who is not an integral part of it but, on the contrary, an outsider. Historically, the Russian peasant felt himself a servant rather than a member of a family and preserved the servant's traditional attitude towards a new owner of the house as opposed to the old master. The present volume, covering the period 1672-1762, the period which begins with the birth of Peter the Great and ends with the revolution that placed Catherine II on the throne of Russia, is naturally chiefly concerned with the Petrine reforms. Minutely, discerningly, and without the machinery of the set thesis Professor Kluchevsky has examined the character of Peter the Great in its relations with the great mass of his subjects, that is to say with people who regarded themselves as outside the State.

If the vast mass of the Russians felt themselves to be servants in their attitude towards the State, the great Peter felt himself in his own home a constantly flitting guest, "for alike during adolescence and during manhood he was for ever either on a journey or engaged in some out-of-doors occupation." A man of immense height, immense physical energy and a hater of speculative discourse, Peter's mentality was opposed essentially to the Kremlin and what the Kremlin stood for through the centuries. Familiar with the intricacies of fourteen trades, priding himself on being both a surgeon and a dentist, this Tsar was before everything else a man who intended to work with his own hands. Shipbuilding became, as all the world knows, a passion to him, and the type that he naturally preferred was the rough seafaring man to whom the trickeries of Byzantium were wholly remote. Bored by ceremonies from his childhood, fond of easy-going society, loving the lathe and the sword and thoroughly understanding the cudgel, Peter was incapable of a sedentary outlook on life and was determined that his subjects should be wrenched from it at all costs. Everything in his nature was open and he detested secretiveness in others; he became, in short, in his own person a reaction against the Kremlin.

And his subjects suddenly were to change their very nature by ukaz of the shipbuilding Tsar. The energy of Peter was equal to this herculean effort of will but he was not master of death. Lieutenant

Mishukov, the Commander of the Imperial Frigate, once dared to remind him that all his reforms depended solely upon his life. And when the Tsar retorted: "What sayest thou? Have I not a Tsarevitch to follow me?" the sailor answered: "Verily, yea; but only a Tsarevitch so foolish as to be wishful to undo all that thou hast done." The Tsar's reply was to box the lieutenant's ears with the words, "Let that serve for a mark upon thee that it is unseemly to prate of such matters." But through the centuries to come they continued to prate, maintaining that the Western reforms of Peter "had interfered with the moral life of his people, and prevented Russia's native customs and traditions from continuing to be carried on and upheld by the more enlightened men of Peter's day (whom Khomiakov used to liken to a colony of Europeans stranded amongst savages), for the reason that the best life-principles were to be found neither in Western Europe nor (where Shcherbatov and other lovers of 'true Russia' looked for them) in Russian antiquity and the pre-Petrine age, but in such of Russia as had survived untouched by Peter's 'enlightenment.'"

SERENUS. By Jules Lemaitre. Translated by A. W. Evans. (Elkin Matthews and Marrot. 2s. 6d. net.)

These stories from the pen of the most philosophic of critics preserve excellently their flavour in the English rendering. They are tales of the past and present, but it is in the ancient soil that Lemaitre's irony finds its natural home. It caresses Timotheus, the unbending priest, and the more merciful Callistus impartially in *Myrrha*; it hovers, without deepening into passion, over the bestial flame of Nero's eyes. And it is not through Christian invective or stoical philosophy that it illumines, in a few unforced words, the outer doom of the Christians and the inner doom of their pagan masters. The satiated Emperor has noticed suddenly the beauty of the Christian girl and has made the gesture of imperial pardon: "Then old Callistus, who had understood the Emperor's gesture, seized Myrrha in his frail arms, and, with all his strength, pushed her towards the lions." Gently, without agitation, the same pitying irony evokes the conversion of Herod's daughter in *Lilith*. It is Lilith herself who saves Jesus from the wrath of her father, and "under the caress of his deep eyes" she falls on her knees murmuring: "I was never told these things."

In a lighter vein the author shows us Telemachus, repeating automatically the adventures of Ulysses during his search for the divine beauty of Nausicaa. He finds her at last, but believes her to be the mother of the fair princess: "I am Nausicaa," comes the answer. . . . "But what ails you, venerable old man?" But it is in the story which gives the book its title that the art of Jules Lemaitre flowers at its very best. Mr. A. W. Evans has already given us a wholly admirable translation of *L'Île des Pingouins*, and it is well that he has turned his attention to this story so deeply appreciated by Anatole France. That great architect of firm structures masked by delicate and lace-like façades

of irony, already belittled on both sides of the Atlantic by the whimsical plumbers of prose, has written of this story: "'Serenus,' a little philosophical tale which may one day stand out in the history of the thought of the nineteenth century, just as to-day 'Candide' or 'Zadig' stands out in that of the eighteenth."

REDEEMED. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

As a story writer, at least, this author of genuine and very rare distinction has been silent too long. It is then with something of grateful anticipation that one opens this volume of sketches—memories—and travels through alien distant lands. But wherever he finds himself a certain robust melancholy, pagan perhaps in its rejection of facile pathos, pervades his presentation of life. It hovers over the delicate personal tribute to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; it penetrates the Orchid-hunter's tale of the unknown corpse, deposited in the palm-thatched hut over which the Columbian flag floated; in that impression so well entitled "Animula Vagula." It pervades, with equal insistence of imaginative memory, the grave of "Long Wolf" in his quiet corner of the Brompton Cemetery. But it is perhaps deepest in the story that gives the book its title. Here in a tranquil Alpine valley, disturbed by a brand-new noisy modern hotel, with its inevitable relays of cosmopolitan mountebanks, the meaning of war's redemption is punctuated by the international wooden crosses showing Austrian, German and Italian alike united in death: "It seemed impossible that so much blood had been poured out to redeem people who required no redemption, but only wished to listen to their lives, as a tree sheds its leaves in autumn and renews them in the spring."

BONTSHE THE SILENT. By I. L. Peretz. (Stanley Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

Isaac Loeb Peretz has long been known on the Continent as one of the most powerful writers in Yiddish. This volume represents him in twenty-five impressionistic sketches, every one of which is stamped by a curiously personal realisation of suffering—physical, mental, and spiritual. There is, indeed, an almost painful actuality about this author which stamps itself on the reader's brain, whether he is tracking the "Messenger" on his way to be frozen to death, or the life-story entitled "Married," the tale of the poor boy, or that extraordinarily compressed analysis of the generations in connection with wills. Mr. F. L. Lawson-Johnston is to be congratulated on the addition of this curiously arresting volume to his always interesting International Library.

JACK A'MANORY. By G. B. Stern. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

This author displays her cosmopolitan sureness of touch in a series of diverting studies of post-war Vienna. The heroine of these experiences is a young English girl who goes by the name of Niky, an excellent

study in herself; "Veronica had two selves; one she called Baby-face; the other Cafard, which she had been told was a beautiful French rendering of 'fed to the teeth'!" At all events, Niky enjoys herself in Vienna, has many piquant adventures, and returns none the worse for them to the custody of her stout-hearted parents. Now contrast with this study in reactions another story in the volume entitled "A Man and his Mother." Mrs. Wickham, busy in a hundred schemes for making both ends meet, including the Brito-Mediterranean House Agency, suddenly hears that her son in South Africa is coming back to join her at Monte Vittorio. Bruce idolises his mother, invents her, covers her up in lace and things, and makes her rest while she is simply longing to go back to the old round of joyous half-swindles. Bruce, in the meantime, meets the delightful English girl necessary to the picture, and she, naturally, turns out to be one of his mother's victims. It is all too horrible, and Bruce is forced to speak his mind to "Mummy darling" at last. The girl, however, overhearing the conversation by accident, forms quite a different point of view: "And as for your mother, why Bruce, you idiot, you—you man, you ought to be proud of her!" So that's that, and it really does sound what one may call the top note of versatility in this thoroughly entertaining volume of short stories.

EDGAR ALLAN POE—THE MAN. 2 vols. By Mary E. Phillips (Chicago: Winston. \$10.)

Here at last is an ample and unbiassed biography of the great American poet who has been disparaged as a man not only in his lifetime but long after his death. All the familiar charges against him, from drunkenness to running into debt, are examined minutely and dealt with judicially in a book which is, in the words of Mr. James H. Whitty—himself claimed to be "the greatest living authority on Poe" by the *New York Times*—"a most important contribution to the history of American literature." It is difficult to imagine a biography more amply, one might almost say overwhelmingly, documented, but from the mass of detail there emerges in admirably clear perspective the figure of Edgar Allan Poe; the figure of his child-wife; the figure of Mrs. Clemm, her mother. Around these three swarms a whole mass of human beings—editors, would-be poets, would-be critics, duns, boarding-house keepers, shopkeepers, professors—all culminating in the little coterie known in the New York of the eighteen-forties as the "literati." This coterie poisoned the last days of Annabel Lee, poisoned the last days of her husband, and, finally, robbed even of his fame the one figure in American literature saluted by Swinburne: "once only, was there sounded out of it all one pure note of original song . . . the short, exquisite music, subtle and simple and sombre and sweet, of Edgar Poe." The music has long been unchallenged, but one cannot be too grateful to Miss Phillips for her generous, spirited, and infinitely laborious defence of Poe's too long defamed manhood.

CHINESE ART

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. F. STRANGE

CHINESE ART.—One hundred plates in colour reproducing pottery and porcelain of all periods, jades, lacquer, paintings, bronzes, furniture, etc., etc., with an outline sketch of Chinese art by R. L. Hobson, Keeper of the Department of Ceramics and Ethnography at the British Museum. 15 pp., 100 col. plates. Ernest Benn, Ltd., London, 1927. 30s. net.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century some few pieces of Ming porcelain found their way to this country, to be set sumptuously in fine silver, and cherished as the most rare of treasures. From that time the work of Chinese craftsmen reached us in ever-increasing quantities as commerce with the Far East developed; until, in the eighteenth century, fashion turned the growing taste into a craze and travestied it almost to death. Then the tea merchants flooded us with Canton lacquer, ivory and enamels, pottery made for export, and other trade goods, until an entirely false idea prevailed as to the real history and quality of Chinese art, to persist until a new generation of students arose, gifted with insight and qualified for research work, who laid the foundations on which has grown the great modern movement reflected in the volume before us. In this connection the names of Dr. Stephen Bushell, Professor William Anderson, and Ernest Fenollosa must not be forgotten, nor the work of the Japanese, who have always understood, appreciated, and acknowledged the sources of their own arts. But within the last twenty years or so, the study of Chinese art has advanced far beyond the results of these pioneers—thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. R. L. Hobson, who contributes an illuminating essay to the present work, Mr. Laurence Binyon, and other writers. The researches of trained archæologists, the treasures unearthed from tombs by the making of railways (at a political price not yet, perhaps, fully realised), and the more accurate translation of Chinese documents, have provided a mass of new material which has already revolutionised our conception of the history of this great branch of Far Eastern art. The technically perfect but uninspired productions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been put into their proper place in relation to the fine work of the earlier dynasties. An idea of the effect of this change can be derived from the fact that out of more than fifty illustrations of ceramic wares in this volume, only a very few are devoted to those enamelled porcelain wares which were for so long considered to be the finest work of the Chinese potters. Mr. Hobson gives an admirable and accurate sketch of this evolution, though one can hardly rise to the optimistic level of his statement that the names of the great T'ang painters "have become household words." Few British households, one fears, have yet advanced so far. No doubt this

remarkably cheap re-issue of plates selected from a series of monographs, which have already appeared in more costly form and limited editions, will help the good work. And it would have been still further helped by the inclusion in the book of a classified list of subjects and somewhat more careful editing. The layman, for instance, may find it hard to understand why plate V. is ascribed to the "Lung-ch'üan dynasty," while plates XX. and XXI. are described as of "Lung-ch'üan ware, Sung (or Yüan) dynasty." Some of the reproductions are without indication of period; and there are a few disturbing differences of spelling of proper names. Otherwise, the book will be a valuable aid to the study of a branch of art rapidly and deservedly increasing in popularity. Most of the colour plates are very successful.

* * * *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.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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A NEW DARK AGE

BY COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

WE stand to-day on the threshold of a new Dark Age—an age like that which followed the era of Roman splendour. This does not mean that a period of decline is about to succeed at the age of progress, but only that a new era, different in quality from the era lying between the Renaissance and the World War, is at hand.

An age not of realisation but of preparation. How does any new young life mature? In the dark. And from the dark it issues into the light through chaos and ugliness. Dark ages mean periods of gestation. The ages of light are not, as most believe, the only true and significant ones; they are simply the ages of maturity, of perfection. Thus, as long as humanity lives, ages of darkness will alternate with ages of light. The concept of progress, rightly understood, demands this rhythm.

The real forces of history are not material but psychological. Material facts, as such, have little significance. It is only their meaning that is of consequence. For it is this apparently abstract thing called meaning that represents the creative forces in man. No man lives for what, in his opinion, is not worth living for. There have been ages in which mankind attributed to poverty, as an ideal, all the worth attributed to-day to the standard of living.

The symptoms of the new Dark Age which is at hand are clearly perceived by those who have eyes to see and minds to understand. To-day, as at the beginning of the Middle Ages, the new generation is completely indifferent to the ideals and aims of its fathers. Cultural traditions, however beautiful they may be, no longer carry their old convictions, be they religious, social, political or

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artistic. What I have called the chauffeur type—man become primitive again, but in command of all the mechanical devices of our civilisation—is everywhere becoming the model and ideal.

Whatever doubts have existed in this respect should have been removed by the World War. The significance of an event must not be judged by those professed intentions that accompanied it, but rather by its results; for these alone correspond to subconscious desire. What was the real result of the World War? Not by any means the triumph of the ideals of the Allies, but the liquidation of the old order. And I do not allude so much to changes in the political alignment of the world as to changes in its psychological structure.

It is not in Russia alone that a new type dominates. The same is true of Germany, of England, and even of America. This new type, whose highest symbol and exponent is the chauffeur, is not cultural. It is primitive, violent, full of the vitality and arrogance of youth. This is what I mean when I say that a new Dark Age is at hand.

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One can never foretell the future. When one of the last of the Russian saints was asked what he thought would be the characteristics of the new religious era he tapped his interlocutor on the shoulder and said, with an indulgent smile: "One knows when a child is to be born; one knows all about its parents and one may guess what heritage it will carry; but no one knows what it will look like."

For this reason I must refrain from dealing with the external facts of the future as I would with those of the past. All I can do is try to make the reader conscious of the new forces at work within him. And to this end I cannot do better than recall the period when the dominion of the Roman spirit came to an end; thus I may define the meaning of the present change in terms of the past.

The age of darkness that followed the splendour of antiquity lasted for almost a thousand years. That darkness persisted even when the barbarians did their utmost, on their own initiative, to Romanise themselves; even

when, as under Theodoric the Great, they put forth their best efforts to continue the Roman tradition.

The explanation for this failure is to be found, first, in the organic character of culture. Just as, at certain geological periods, certain types of creatures suddenly died out—though for different reasons in each period—producing the effect of a general catastrophe, just as the life of the shoot depends on the age of the tree from which it is cut, so it is impossible for a cultural entity to continue existing after it has completed its cycle. This is an elementary fact of life, as impossible of further explanation as the facts of birth and death.

Life does not exist only because of external circumstances; it exists primarily in its own rights. Just as the individual does not die—save in exceptional cases—as the result of a particular disease, but succumbs when the melody of his inward life approaches its natural close, even so a race that only yesterday seemed full of vitality, and even to-day is physically vital, can suddenly appear, historically speaking, dead. And the reason is, as we have said, that in the realm of history and of culture it is not the fact that counts but its meaning, and that the underlying reality of history is not material but psychological.

Learn, take over from others whatever you will—you will never be like them unless you are at one with their spirit. Here we may perceive clearly the limits of education. The human being can be made to resemble the model held before him only to the extent that he absorbs its vital spirit. Let a Chinese learn the English language to perfection; he will never become English. Although to all outward appearance the Goth lived the life of a perfect Roman gentleman, inwardly the very fact of his Roman education only deepened the abyss between the Gothic and the Roman soul.

Of this there is a very striking instance. Arminius, the Cherusian, who once for all liberated Germany from the Roman yoke, was himself a "Roman gentleman." It was this that made it possible for him to conceive the idea of a Germanic State — something inconceivable to most

Germans of his day. Thus, in our own day, the very contact with Western civilisation has given rise to Eastern nationalisms.

What opinion had the ancient Romans of these barbarians who lived like them and yet were not like them? The Romans considered them poor imitators, quite incapable of ever becoming their equals in any respect.

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The Germanic tribes which had learned to defeat the Roman legions by means of Roman tactics and to administer provinces by means of Roman law stood in much the same relation to the Roman nation as that in which the Westernised Malays or negroes stand to the cultured Frenchman or Englishman of to-day. Yet these Germanic tribes became the heirs of the Romans and the rulers of the world. They created a new culture, one utterly foreign and unintelligible to the basic mind of antiquity.

This single parallel, conscientiously examined, should suffice to make clear how absurd it is to think of all evolution in terms of progress. The Goths and the Vandals did not become Romans. Even if Arminius made the impression of an almost perfect Roman gentleman, and Theodoric the Great could perhaps deal on terms of equality with the best North Italians of ancient stock, this Roman character steadily faded out from generation to generation.

The example of France is particularly instructive in this respect. France was thoroughly Romanised at the time of the Frankish conquest. . . Nor did the invaders, comparatively few in number as they were, destroy much of the ancient order. But the soul of France changed irresistibly after the conquest. By 1000 A.D. France had become thoroughly Germanic, and it is only within the last few centuries that the Latin character of French civilisation has regained the upper hand. This is because the race is ageing, so that modern France resembles the declining Roman State much more than did the France of a few centuries after Augustus.

The same process may be traced in the United States, whose first soul was English. As time went on the English

traits faded out, to be replaced by entirely new ones. To be sure, the decisive factor is not "race"—all races originated in Adam and Eve—nor can the problem of continuity be solved through the mere transmission of blood. Still less is it "education." The decisive factor is the vital spirit which from within rules both blood and conscious tradition.

This vital spirit bears the same relationship to external facts as the meaning of a sentence does to the words and letters of which it is composed. The vital spirit of Egypt cannot be deduced through the technique of pyramid building; it is the exact contrary which is the case. The Greek spirit meant a new point of view from which the Mediterranean races of antiquity looked at the world. The same is true, to an even greater degree, of the Christian spirit as compared with the spirit of Pagan antiquity.

This, then, disposes of the educational concept of progress. We should, of course, learn and teach whatever can be learned and taught. We should, in addition, do all that we can to improve the race. But life is not a mechanical process. What spirit the highest racial type will express, what purpose the finest education will serve, can be foretold with some certainty only as long as a given cultural spirit is alive. Once it is dead, "progress" means nothing if not the birth of a new soul with all its unpredictable qualities.

Thus in Russia modern science and technique appear as the predestined embodiment of the Bolshevist impulse. The situation is similar in China and in India. In the United States the European heritage is steadily becoming an instrument of expression for an entirely original spirit. One aspect of this is the spirit of conquest, in many respects akin to the spirit of the ancient Romans, but utterly foreign to the spirit of England and France from which it has sprung.

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There have been in the world's history many changes in culture and in spirit. But we know of only one change that justifies the use of the adjective "dark"—the Middle Ages of the West. On what grounds do I foresee and

foretell a new Dark Age—a Dark Age this time embracing the whole of the world? The change that is taking place now is as radical as the change that took place two thousand years ago. Radical means “at the root.” There was an absolute break in continuity between the ancient and the mediæval world, because whatever survived from the former into the latter served to incarnate a new soul—a soul new in quality as it was young in years.

No child takes up the work of the father where the latter has left it, and no child takes it up all at once. There must first be a long period of incubation, of gestation, of preparation. There must be a period of purely animal growth, a sowing of wild oats. This explains how the extraordinarily refined civilisation of antiquity could be followed by such an age of barbarism as prevailed between the fourth and eleventh centuries. All animals, all boys, are alike.

Thus, if we take in the whole of mankind to-day at a single glance, we shall see that Bolshevism and not Democracy has been the general issue of the World War: a craving not for peace, but for violence; not respect for the old rights, but the institution of new rights, is the hallmark of the age. America represents to-day an island sundered from the rest of the world. The Monroe Doctrine has acquired a new meaning.

The United States alone has preserved and consolidated the results of previous development. It follows from this that, contrary to the universal opinion, the world was never less prepared and never less likely to become Americanised than it is to-day. Never were American ideals and standards less applicable to the world at large. It is superficial to identify Americanism with prosperity and technical progress. Science and technique and a social order based on equality of opportunity are universal characteristics of our age. What matters is not the material facts but the spirit that permeates these facts and uses them as a means of expression.

In China, India, Turkey, Russia, and, last but not least, in post-War Europe, this spirit is entirely un-American. In all these territories we do not find belief in the ideals of Democracy, in the rights of property, in Puritan

morality. It is so new and primitive a spirit that side by side with it the spirit of the so-called New World begins to look old. The East and the Far East are entering on a period which closely resembles the time of the “wandering of the nations.” Everywhere races, either new or rejuvenated, are becoming the leading historic forces. Even Africa is astir. In reality the triumph of “Democracy” in the World War has meant only the supersession of the old ruling classes by new ones. The Anglo-Saxon ideal of Democracy is the dying expression of a very ancient ideal of liberty and self-discipline, not to be found in any other part of the world.

But the new spirit is also finding embodiment in the United States. The revolt of modern American youth surely bears a closer resemblance to the spirit of the Russian Revolution than to that of traditional America. And the ever-growing idea of “social service” is almost identical with Russia’s collectivist ideal. The conception of a high standard of living as the highest goal also springs from a materialistic spirit very similar to that of Russia.

In this connection more than in any other it becomes clear what “vital spirit” means, and in what sense we are approaching a new Dark Age. American feeling is, if anything, anti-Bolshevist. Yet there is little in the life of the young American generation whose underlying meaning could not also be expressed in terms of Bolshevism. In just the same way an idea may be expressed either in English or in French. Indeed, this parallel illustrates how little importance we should attach to differences in external facts. America is prosperous; it believes in Christianity and in the rights of private property; it is not ruled by a despotic minority. Yet the new spirit of America resembles the spirit of latter-day Russia much more than the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The difference between America and Russia should be understood as a difference of language—a difference, as it were, in external circumstance. For it must never be forgotten that, in history, it is not the facts that count but the meanings they embody; that the true, underlying reality of history is not material but psychological.

For me, then, the parallel between Russia and America

affords the final proof of the fact that we are entering on a new Dark Age. We have already seen that the ideals of "service" and of collectivism both have the same psychological root. But the collective State is not an advanced State; it is the normal primitive State. Not normalcy, not standardisation, but the unique individuality represents the flower of culture.

Compared with antiquity the Middle Ages, too, were an age of collectivism, or of service. This return to the primitive is a necessary condition of the rejuvenation of humanity. But, again, it is not a question of absolute regression; and it is just as little a question of absolute progress in the current mechanical sense. What it means is the recoil before the leap.

The son of a man who has become rich must begin as an infant, just as his father did. But once the infantile age is past his life becomes something very unlike what his father's was. When the collectivist State has again been outgrown new individual aims will be able to assert themselves.

After all, the age of Democracy was also an age of privileged castes. It was the age of the privileged white man in general and of the Anglo-Saxon in particular. Now the whole of mankind wants to live its life to the full. It wants to have done with all privilege. To this higher state the new Dark Age before us is the gate. Let us not, therefore, despair because of the centuries of strife and trouble that lie ahead of us. Only through these can a new and higher civilisation be born.

FRANCE AND GERMANY

By "AUGUR"

MIGHTY currents hide beneath the surface of our daily life. Masters of our destiny, they shape it according to a plan of which we are able to alter at will only insignificant details. Our pride is placated by the permission to look upon these details as important events. These thoughts come to us when we consider what is taking place in Europe to-day. 'For, whilst politicians go on practising their bouncing tricks, the affairs of the Continent are being moved, as if by an irresistible force, towards the realisation of a destiny the lines of which, like those of a figure about to be unveiled, we can sense through the mist of the future.

We have explained¹ that the continents which surround the Atlantic Ocean are emerging as the dominion of the white race. Europe in this dominion forms a unit; Europe, indeed, must form a unit. Otherwise her peoples cannot hold their own in the economic struggle with the exuberant growth of the United States. The necessary unity of Europe cannot be achieved without British participation. But the preliminary condition for a united front is a full understanding between Germany and France. In spite of preconceived notions and cross purposes, in spite of difficulties which to the majority of people appear yet as insuperable, a sustained impulse is carrying the two countries towards agreement, and no obstacle seems great enough to arrest this movement towards a predestined end. This we see in the question of the security of France.

The traditional view on French security, as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles, is that Germany must be disarmed. This conception leads to the demand for the destruction of those German industries which serve, or which can serve, the purposes of war. In practice the demand could not be complied with, because it was found that a clear-cut division does not exist between potential

(1) "Changing Fates of Great Britain," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, February, 1928.

war industries and those necessary to a nation in time of peace. Evidently Germany could not be disarmed in this sense. By inertia people continue to discuss the destruction of "war industries," and, curiously enough, it was reserved for the Soviet Tsars by their propaganda at Geneva last year to expose the futility of the scheme. For ridicule kills, and Moscow's offer to get rid of all its "war industries" within a year shows that in this direction the road towards disarmament leads into a blind alley. But, because the unity so needed by Europe must be preceded by an agreement between Germany and France, and because this agreement cannot be reached without giving to France first a feeling of security, things cannot be allowed to remain in this unsatisfactory state, and a different solution for the problem of war industries must be found. Indeed, we believe that it has been discovered already: the shuttle of history has started its to and fro, busily weaving a mesh of events, so that one day, quite suddenly, we shall be confronted with the finished material. We have in mind the process of fusion between essential French and German industries which has now begun.

To speak about the interdependence of German coal and French iron is to state a commonplace, and there is no doubt that on both sides of the Rhine essential industries are grouped containing elements which complete each other. Bismarck was one of the first to have the vision of the advantages of this industrial unity. But in his time people thought only in terms of political dependence, and had not grasped the fact that economics wipe out frontiers. The French march into the Ruhr in 1923 was the last attempt to make union by force. Now the time has arrived when different methods must be employed. The French industrial magnates were forced by the Allied victory in 1918 to think about ways and means for coming to a working arrangement with their German colleagues. For Alsace-Lorraine—the redeemed land—had been endowed during the German captivity with a metallurgical industry, which now found itself cut off from the Reich and driven to compete with old French firms in the home market. The schemes proposed in the

first years after the War coupled Franco-German economic co-operation with the payment of reparations. Some of them went so far as to envisage a direct French participation in the capital of German industry to replace reparations payments. But political passion was running too high and nothing came of the Loucheur-Rathenau Agreement and of several other similar schemes. The two questions became separated, when the Dawes Plan, coming after the Ruhr occupation, settled the reparations issue for the time being. After this the conversations were transferred to the economic plane exclusively. The first result was the conclusion in the spring of 1926 of the Potash Agreement for the pooling of interests in what now constitutes practically a Franco-German monopoly. In September of the same year the much more important Iron Pact was concluded. This agreement, which will need adjustment in view of the experience gained by its practical application, includes the metallurgical interests of Belgium and Luxemburg, and lays the foundations of a gigantic European combine for the regulation of production and prices to an unprecedented degree. In 1927 we saw the completion of an agreement between the electrical industries of the two countries, and in December of the same year a Franco-German Chemical Trust came into being. The latter, so we understand, is built up on a scheme of mutual participation of a closer nature than that of the Iron Pact. In this manner in the last two years a movement towards a Franco-German co-operation in essential industries has set in. Apparently it has not reached yet its culminating point. But we see that the three essential products used by modern agriculture—potash, phosphates, and nitrates—are tied into one bundle of interests following the example of iron, coal, and steel. Let us consider the meaning of these events.

Potential war industries in Germany have not been destroyed as was originally intended. On the contrary, they have become a first-class factor in the economic situation of Europe. Their alliance with similar undertakings to the west of the Rhine creates in France the same feeling

of security which was to have been the result of exactly opposite measures. This seeming paradox is the consequence of the growing conviction in France that if essential industries in the two countries are inter-linked by a constantly increasing network of interests, the danger of war becomes very remote. We are witnessing a chain of events which prove that, in the pursuit of an end important to its existence, humanity is not deterred by the failure of a scheme; for the plan that failed another is substituted and the constructive work goes on. As a first step towards a full agreement between France and Germany a sense of security is on the way of being established. But instead of the destruction of potential war industries we see their consolidation into a powerful aggregate—the nucleus of an amalgamation covering the Continent. In view of the need of opposing the American giant the new way is the better one, and Europe in the long run will be thankful for the difficult times which held up the realisation of the original plans of the post-War period. From the point of view of British interests, however, it is necessary to watch the course of events so that our industries may not find themselves one day helpless between the millstones of American and European competition.

A Franco-German economic *rapprochement* brings in its wake political changes. Not yet apparent to the general public, they are visible to political observers, who are watching the direction in which the new wind is blowing steadily. The softening of the French attitude towards Germany is beyond doubt. The last speeches of Herr Stresemann and of M. Briand are symptomatic in this respect. M. Briand's retort to Herr Stresemann's stout assertion of Germany's right to claim immediate evacuation of the Rhineland is weak if compared with utterances to which we have been accustomed previously by M. Poincaré and other Ministers. It is as if M. Briand knew exactly that Herr Stresemann's speech was meant for domestic consumption only before an election. M. Briand also insisted on the fact that, after all, the evacuation of the Rhineland was a question not for France alone, but for her Allies too. This

may be easily taken as an invitation to British policy to force the not unwilling hand of France. But we have said before that Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand have admitted Germany's moral right to evacuation. Only the decision on this point has been deferred by amicable arrangement with Herr Stresemann until after the French and German elections. In fact, we have reason to say that Herr Stresemann prefers to see the evacuation delayed so that, if, as he expects, the elections go towards the Left, he need not divide this plum with his present Nationalist colleagues of whom he is tired. The *Times* has expressed the view that the occupation of the Rhineland has ceased to be of military importance, the French looking upon it only as a card to play in the complicated game of economic adjustments for the ultimate revision of the Dawes Plan. We share this view entirely. Above all there is the consideration that the parties both in France and in Germany which are most chauvinistic are precisely those which depend for financial support on the industrial magnates, who are now coming to an international understanding. By inertia political animosities will continue, but devoid of serious support they must gradually become weaker, not stronger. The following picturesque incident may be mentioned to show how "comfortable" the French are beginning to feel in the company of the Germans in the question of the Ottoman Debts: the French, being by far the largest bondholders, took the lead in proposing the formation of a new committee of creditors to co-operate with the old Council of the Debt. Taking the nations in the exact sequence of the relative importance of their holdings of Turkish bonds, they originally proposed that the committee should consist of three Frenchmen, two Germans, and one Belgian. A few years ago such forgetfulness of the existence of the British Ally (this omission has now been corrected) would have been impossible. Naturally the ties which constitute the Anglo-French Entente are so strong that no lasting effect need be apprehended from any *engouement* which Paris may feel for Berlin. Yet it would be a mistake on our part to ignore facts, and especially to stand aside in com-

placent expectation of the certain return of our friend after a bout of vivacious flirtation. The unity of Europe is a British interest too, and our attitude towards a Franco-German agreement can, therefore, only be favourable. The thing which should be avoided is exaggeration. But in this respect we rely upon the innate common sense of the French nation.

It will surprise people, who for some obscure reason are contemptuous of the French, to learn that the wooing comes principally from the German side. It is the Germans who are much more anxious than the French to come to terms and to establish what they call an intimate *Arbeitsgemeinschaft*. We have only to compare the respective volumes of literature published on this question in the German and French languages to see that this is so. It is the German who is indulging in a regular course of auto-suggestion to convince himself that an agreement with France is the thing he needs most. The French receive these advances with pleasure, but do not seem to have lost their heads yet. Even the perspective of being liberated from the burden of political obligations for the protection of States in Eastern and Central Europe does not seem as yet to have made too great an impression. Why is it that the Germans are now so anxious to be on the best of terms with France? The answer is: because France has so many things which the Germans do not possess. First of all she has the Entente with Great Britain, which remains the key to peace in Europe. Then she is so marvellously stable in the financial sense. Also she possesses colossal natural wealth in the form of essential minerals. The state of affairs in respect of the Anglo-French Entente has been explained so often that here we shall only say that Germany has discovered long ago that she can have no agreement with Great Britain in which France has not her fair part. The financial stability of France may not be known to the general public, which remembers the period of franc inflation and has missed the wonderful process of stabilisation. But leading financiers in Europe know that as a result of barely a year of a sane policy the Banque de France finds itself at the head of a holding in

pounds sterling, not to speak of other valuta, which can exhaust the gold reserve of the Bank of England in one day. As to the natural resources of France, let us point to the riches hidden in the soil of her possessions in North Africa, of which the world at large is yet ignorant. The Germans know that in 1926 the export of phosphates from the African mines alone reached the figure of 4,151,000 tons, valued at more than 300 million francs. The reserves of hematite iron and manganese ore are important, and their exploitation is only just beginning. Lead, zinc, diatomite and other minerals are to be obtained in considerable quantities. Add to this that France possesses what Germany does not, a wonderful frontage on the Atlantic with excellent ports. Thus we see that into an economic partnership France need not come as a pauper. Her agriculture is flourishing, her industries have developed amazingly both in quality as well as in quantity of production, her losses in live force have been made good. With their passion for detail the Germans have calculated exactly the advantages accruing to them from a French partnership; they have set out painstakingly to make their point of view abundantly clear to their neighbours.

Included in the price which Germany has to pay for French co-operation is the obligation of maintaining better relations with Poland. This will be all the more easy because the party of Junkers with its stronghold in Eastern Prussia is the only one really interested in keeping alive the question of the Polish corridor, which they want to see replaced by a German one. This party at present is far less rich than it was, and is obliged to surrender gradually its old positions in the front rank of politics and of administration to the followers of the industrial magnates. The latter, with their centre nearer to the Rhine, do not have such a personal interest in the corridor as the Prussian Junkers, and will not allow it to stand in the way of practical politics. Things will be made easier, too, by the fact that, hereditary prejudice apart, the interests of the rural population in Eastern Prussia and in Polish Posnania are identical; an agreement for marketing pigs,

pork and potatoes at high prices—this is what they really need, and not the revision of political frontiers, for we must not forget that economics wipe out frontiers.

We are certain that a Franco-German understanding means also a German-Polish one, because France, in spite of temptations and blandishments, cannot drop her ally. This means that the three Great Powers in the northern half of Europe will stand aligned, forming the kernel of the Continental economic *bloc*. From the point of view of British interests this result is to be desired, because "peace in Europe" will then be secured. This on the condition, naturally, that we take precautions in good time not to be squeezed out of our share in the advantages of European unity.

The people who have to fear the creation of a Franco-German-Polish economic partnership are the Soviet Tsars. Gone will be the chance of blackmailing one country into giving credits under the pretext that otherwise Soviet trade will go elsewhere. An end will be put, also, to the attempts of the Soviet Tsars to keep alive what is left of the old Russian industries. This means that it will be impossible to prevent agricultural Russia from taking precedence over an artificially maintained industrial proletariat. This, again, means the end for the Lenin dynasty. They can fight, and do fight, successfully against political facts, but they have found it increasingly difficult, and will find it impossible, to stand up against the relentless pressure of economic realities. When Europe, coming in peace, will be able to offer to the Russian peasant a higher level of living than that conceded to him by the present Tsars, he will not stand their *régime* any longer. For, after all, at the bottom of all politics of the human race is the intense desire to live well, to live better.

FRANCE, ITALY AND TUNISIA

By W. L. MIDDLETON

TUNISIA' is one of the most clearly defined of the subjects of contention between France and Italy. Even if no account be taken of its relation to the general question of the Mediterranean as conceived by Fascist politicians, the status of the Italian population in the French Protectorate presents a sufficiently serious problem.

It is not a new problem. Throughout the period of modern European competition for influence on the North African coast Italy has claimed exceptional treatment for her emigrant population in Tunisia. The establishment of the French Protectorate succeeded a *régime* of capitulations in which the rights conceded to Italy were considerable. The Protocol of 1884, the first instrument negotiated after the Protectorate was set up, embodied many of these rights. When the various international conventions between France and the European countries interested in Tunisia were remodelled in 1896 Italy again obtained special consideration. After the Great War the French denounced these conventions, but in face of most energetic protests the one concerning Italy was provisionally renewed. The putting into effect of the denunciation is, however, only suspended for three months at a time. The position is thus one of unstable equilibrium, and will so remain until the Italian and French Governments arrange a real settlement.

The case for the French is that, after more than forty years, they have a right to consolidate their Protectorate, to render its European population more nearly homogeneous, and to establish something approaching uniformity in the essential rights and duties of citizens. In practice there is a good deal to be said for this view. It is difficult to govern a community in which one section has privileges denied to another. A good example of the difficulty was furnished by the attempt to impose a war profits tax in 1919. As the result of the decision of a

Court of Arbitration Spanish subjects resident in France were held not to be liable to such taxation. The decision was extended to Tunisia, where sums already paid had to be handed back by the Treasury. Relying quite justly on a clause of their convention of 1896, which assured them equal treatment with other European residents, the Italians claimed and received similar repayment. The resulting anomaly is obvious. It became at once very difficult to exact payment of the tax from French Tunisian residents whose neighbours, enjoying similar profits from similar trades, were exempt.

If Italy was able to insist on special privileges for her emigrants during the early period of the Protectorate it was because of the size of the Italian community. The gradual establishment of order in Tunisia and the increasing agricultural and industrial exploitation attracted settlers in larger numbers from Sicily, from Sardinia, and from the Italian peninsula than from any other European country. Between 1891 and 1901 the Italian population increased by 50,000, and in the succeeding ten years by a further 10,000. Since then there has been a check in the rate of progress, but to this day it remains a fact that the most numerous section of the European community is Italian. That is the root of the Tunisian problem. The census taken last year showed that the Italians numbered at least 89,000 and the French 71,000 out of a total European population of 173,000. There are several wide regions in which the Italians are in an overwhelming majority. They form the bulk of the wine-growers and almost the whole of the fishing community. They supply the labour for the mines of the Kef and Gafsa. Ordinary labourers in the industries of Tunis are largely Italian. In the town and its suburbs the Italian population numbers 58,000.

It is not astonishing that in their desire to consolidate the Protectorate and to give it a French physiognomy the Government should have adopted a policy of naturalisation of the non-French European elements of the population. Since the Great War the emigration from France has been negligible, and there is no prospect of its growing to any

appreciable extent. The population which is French by birth increases at the rate of only 1,000 a year, and of the total "French" population of 71,000 registered by the last census more than 11,000 came from the naturalisation of foreigners during the preceding five years. A considerable part of the increase was due to the operation of the Franco-British Agreement of 1923 concerning the Maltese residents. By that Agreement the sons of these British subjects automatically become French on reaching military age, unless they individually decide to remain British. If they and their families continue to live in Tunisia their grandchildren will be considered as French-born.

No similar concession has yet been wrung from the Italian Government. The main object of the denunciation of the Franco-Italian Convention of 1896 was to deprive the Italian settlers of the legal instrument which protected their nationality. Whatever may be the opinion of the emigrants themselves—and it was probably not wholly against naturalisation—the opposition to the French move came from the Italian Government, and was undoubtedly political. It must be considered in the light of Signor Mussolini's well-known views on the solidarity of the Italian race in whatever parts of the world it may be scattered. In any case no single Italian has been "automatically" naturalised during the last five years. The French authorities have none the less pursued their aim, and have carried on a campaign to encourage the voluntary naturalisation of individuals. Here they have achieved something, but not nearly enough to satisfy their requirements. Certain classes of Italians, specially amenable to economic inducements, yielded in some degree. Of 443 heads of families naturalised in 1925 nearly all were small tradesmen and manufacturers, railwaymen and tramway workers, or commercial and industrial employees. There were only eighteen agriculturists, eight fishermen, two miners, and three members of liberal professions. It is possible that the movement will continue to enjoy some measure of success, though the 1,857 naturalisations of 1925 represented the high-water mark. At least half the Italian residents were born in Africa, and there should,

therefore, be further elements not too intractable. But it is clear that the expedient of voluntary naturalisations, as at present conducted, will not solve the problem to the satisfaction of the French Government. The authorities are working against the passive opposition of certain sections of the French community, who fear the economic competition of the newly naturalised to whom the favours of French citizenship are being granted.

As might have been expected, the naturalisation campaign has been countered by energetic Fascist propaganda. Everything has been done that could be done by visits of Italian Deputies; by the association of organisations in Tunisia; by aid liberally given to Italian institutions in the Protectorate; by gifts of flags to the Italian schools, and by other means of stimulating the sense of nationality. Early in 1923 a Nationalist newspaper, the *Azione*, was launched. One by one the principal associations of the community were leavened with active Nationalist partisans. The Italian Association of Old Combatants at Tunis was dissolved in 1925, and, according to French reports, was reconstructed with a Fascist tinge, although no attempt seems to have been made to create an avowed Fascist organisation in the Protectorate. A good deal of this development was the natural and inevitable reaction caused by the revival of Nationalism in the mother country. People of an ardent race could scarcely be expected to remain indifferent to the new stirring of Italian life. But propaganda undoubtedly played a part. The propaganda was, in fact, resisted more or less actively by certain sections of sober colonists who had long ago developed their own local and corporate interests.

Signor Mussolini's visit to Tripoli in April, 1926, agitated and perplexed a good many minds. Apart from the effect which it had, and was intended to have, in calling attention to the interests of Italy "on the sea" and in Africa, this demonstration was not marked by the daring declarations which had been expected in some quarters, either with fear or hope. The Duce received a deputation of Italians from Tunis, embraced their banners, and told them nothing more startling than that "Italy was watching

over the lot of her sons abroad" and that the people of Italy could not abandon their interest in their brothers in Tunisia. It is to be noted, indeed, that, while the Italian Government has been firm in its defence of the national rights conferred by the old Convention of 1896, it has been, on the whole, moderate and reserved in its official references to the Tunisian problem. Direct Chauvinistic incitements have come from the newspapers and the propagandists. Signor Balbo, Italian Under-Secretary for National Economy, who had accompanied Signor Mussolini to Tripoli, paid a short visit to Tunisia on his way back to Rome by seaplane. This was the first time that an Italian Minister had set foot on the soil of the Protectorate, but, except for that fact, no serious political significance seems to have attached to his journey. He put himself in touch with Italian societies at various places, and on his return told an interviewer that he had given new courage to his compatriots and had been proud to learn that his visit had had the effect of dissuading workmen at Ferryville from becoming naturalised. Anti-French incidents which occurred both in Italy and in Tripoli later in the year naturally caused a certain perturbation in Tunisia, and the French authorities thought it necessary to make a show of force by transporting troops from Algeria to the Protectorate. No serious interference with public order seems, however, to have taken place.

It is obvious, nevertheless, to every disinterested observer that the atmosphere created by this barely suppressed conflict is not the best conceivable in which to negotiate a settlement of a delicate question. So long as Italy successfully resists the French attempt to naturalise the European population she can make administration of the Protectorate difficult. Does she really mean to resist indefinitely? It is not easy to answer the question. From occasional indications it might be supposed that Italy is ready to make a Tunisian agreement dependent on a general settlement of Franco-Italian differences. At other times there seem to be signs that she will insist on a separate solution of the Tunisian problem on its merits. In the latter event the French would presumably be expected to continue to make exceptional provision for

Italian interests in Tunisia. An article in the organ of the Italian Colonial Institute some time ago demanded tariff favours, school developments, facilities for Italian agriculturists to acquire land, and the right of Italians to participate in public life. On their side the French have so far shown no inclination to abandon their plan of ultimate naturalisation of the descendants of Italian residents, though they might conceivably make concessions to the present generation. They would probably prefer to yield points in other areas of the field of controversy and make the Tunisian agreement part of a general settlement.

M. Morinaud, a French Deputy who is an expert on colonial questions, has recently been pressing on the French Government a policy of voluntary naturalisations on the greatly increased scale of 8,000 or 9,000 a year, naturalisations not merely of Italians, but of North African Jews, who form a very considerable proportion of the population. He pointed to the example of Algeria, where the nominal "French" population contains a large proportion of naturalised foreigners. Out of a total of 321,500 inhabitants of the province of Oran, for instance, only 97,000 are French born, 93,000 are naturalised foreigners, 30,000 naturalised North African Jews, and about 93,000 Spaniards. However well this constitution of society may have worked in Algeria, there are, as has been said, objections among the French community to too rapid naturalisations in Tunisia. And whatever success might be achieved in "drowning" the Italian population in this way, it would still remain necessary to establish friendly relations with Italy if affairs are to work smoothly. A continuance of conflict would have the worst effect on the mixed communities of North Africa, where opportunist influences such as that of the Communists are ready to take advantages of difficulties of *régime*. In Tunisia, moreover, there is a by no means negligible Nationalist movement among the native population, which numbers about 1,700,000, and no spectacle would be less calculated to reconcile the natives to gradual and orderly development than the view of two European Governments engaged in a prolonged dispute about Tunisian affairs.

TOWARDS A BALKAN BLOC

BY MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

WHEN, some two years or so ago, M. Rendis, then the Greek Foreign Minister, suggested the possibility of forming a Balkan *bloc*, his words met with a chilly reception. His colleagues in the other Balkan capitals did not, of course, dare to reject his policy out of hand. Such categorical condemnation would have placed them in an unfavourable light. On one pretext or another, however, they did manage to damn the project of M. Rendis with the faintest of faint praise. Belgrade in particular gave the Greek Foreign Minister to understand that he had got hold of the wrong end of the stick, and that such a *bloc* could only follow the settlement of outstanding Greco-Yugoslav differences, and not be created first and then utilised for the composition of such disputes.

The mentality which dictated these refusals to follow the lead of M. Rendis is, however, gradually disappearing. There are various reasons for such a change. One of these reasons has been the disappointingly slow progress of the League of Nations and of all that it stands for in theory. The formation of the League has not destroyed alliances. Certain episodes, which need not be recalled here, have unhappily proved that the League is not yet strong enough to impose its authority in all circumstances, even upon States which are not reckoned among the Great Powers. If, then, Europe is not divided into two great opposing camps such as existed in 1914, many States have been busy in assuring their security, either by formal alliances, or by pacts of friendship, or by understandings of one sort or another. This tendency has in great measure been encouraged by the conduct of the Great Powers at Geneva. The description of the League as an association for the protection of the strong Powers against the weak is not an entirely empty jibe or wilful paradox. More than one of the smaller nations has been dragooned into accepting some unfavourable solution of a dispute because it has had to yield to the pressure of a Great Power

or else lose the support of that Power on some other occasion.

The lesser States have found combination among themselves as indispensable as ever if they are to escape what they regard as undue interference in their affairs. The first and still the most prominent example of such an understanding among minor States is that furnished by the Little Entente. The formation of this combination was a very skilful piece of statesmanship. Ostensibly founded with the primary object of preventing a revival of the Habsburg monarchy, it could not but obtain the benison of the Allies, who, preoccupied as they then were with reparations, the disarmament of Germany and other problems, were only too glad to have some of their responsibilities shifted on to other shoulders. The two attempts of the unhappy Karl to regain the throne of Hungary constituted the best justification for the existence of the Little Entente, and the knowledge that one at least of the Allies had been prepared to smile upon Karl in the event of his success must have made the members of the Little Entente doubly thankful that they had had the courage and foresight to cut themselves free to that extent from the leading-strings of Great Britain, France and Italy.

To-day, of course, the dangers which the Little Entente was created to meet are nothing like so insistent as they were. The chances of a monarchist restoration in Austria have virtually disappeared. Bulgaria has settled down soberly and industriously under the prudent and constitutional guidance of King Boris. Hungary is in all probability still monarchist at heart, and still cherishes dreams of the day when she shall win back her "four Alsace-Lorraines." So long, however, as Admiral Horthy retains his position, and so long as he can be aided by such wise Prime Ministers as Count Bethlen, there is little danger that the extremists will succeed in stampeding the country into any ill-considered, rash adventure. To a great extent, therefore, the situation which the Little Entente was created specifically to face has ceased to exist. The laying of the Habsburg ghost has, not unnaturally, not been

without effect upon the Little Entente. There have been moments when the strands of that alliance have seemed to be wearing distinctly thin. That Greece should have declined to associate herself with Yugoslavia in protesting against the conclusion of the first Italo-Albanian Pact of Tirana must have been anticipated at Belgrade. Greece, after all, is not a member of the Little Entente; she was at the moment still plunged in the chaos consequent upon the overthrow of General Pangalos, and there was at the same time a flood of angry articles in the Belgrade Press when it was realised that the Rouphos-Gavriloitch Conventions about the use of Salonika had not the slightest chance of being ratified unamended by the new Greek Boule. But the refusal also of Roumania to join in such a protest was much more widely commented, and anybody travelling much about the Balkans must have heard the opinion freely and frequently expressed that the Little Entente was no longer a considerable factor. There is no doubt that this was a gross exaggeration. Even if the Habsburg ghost is laid to-day, he would be a bold man who would venture to declare that it could never reappear in any circumstances, and the recently concluded pact of friendship between Italy and Hungary was as gratifying to Magyar pride as it was displeasing to the neighbours of Hungary, however bold a face they chose to put upon it. If, then, it was always true that the members of the Little Entente had no active intention of breaking away from one another in spite of minor causes of friction, and even if their continued collaboration was not animated by any very great warmth of feeling for one another, the *rapprochement* between Italy and Hungary came as a warning to them, and also as a reminder to Europe in general that the dreams of Magyar irredentism might not always be spun out of airy nothing.

But this *rapprochement* meant a great deal more than that Hungary has now been received back into the official favour of that one among her opponents in the Great War with whom she was most brought into conflict. The renewal of a close friendship between Italy and Hungary was inevitably regarded as but another step in the alleged

ambition of Italy to dictate the policy of the Balkans. The recent actions of M. Mussolini lend a superficial colour to such a belief. The most conspicuous field of Italian activity in the Balkans has, of course, been Albania. Except in the district of Koritza, where many of the inhabitants have been in the U.S.A., Italian is, next to Albanian, by far the most widely spoken language. Italian hotels and shops of all kinds are springing up throughout the country. Italy has bought out that branch of the Aero Lloyd which has been conducted with such conspicuous success for the past two years by its German directorate and pilots, and is about to link up Italy with Albania by a more ambitious and frequent air service. The steamship service between the countries has been improved. Italians are engaged in making a survey of Albania. Italian gunners are instructing the Albanian army, just as the two units of the Albanian navy are under an Italian officer. An Italian architect has revised the plans for that aggrandisement of Tirana which is to make the capital of Albania into a city worthy of its newly acquired distinction. Above all, the National Bank of Albania is to all intents and purposes an instrument of the Italian Government, and patriotic Albanians declare that, owing to the treachery and corruption of their Finance Minister of the day (now dead), Albania will either be bled white in the attempt to pay the interest on a loan contracted through this bank, or else will be forced into complete financial and economic subjection to Italy.

Nor is it in Albania alone that Italian activities have been prominent. When, in the autumn of last year, King Boris went abroad and paid a visit to Italy, there were rumours of his marrying an Italian princess. Since that time there have been various reports as to projects for a pact of friendship. As yet nothing has come of all these rumours, but there is no doubt that, both economically and financially, Italian enterprise has made large strides in Bulgaria. Such success, it must be frankly admitted, has been fully deserved. The local branch of the *Fascio all' Estero* has been very active, and the Italo-Bulgar League is being energetically directed under the presidency of

M. Mollof, the present Bulgarian Minister of Finance. In Roumania, again, Italy has grown considerably in popularity and influence since she at last formally recognised the annexation of Bessarabia. The fall of that pronounced Italophile General Averescu was, of course, a set-back to Italian influence. It is as yet far too soon after the death of King Ferdinand to judge whether M. Vintila Bratianu and the Regency Council will show distinctly greater favour to France than to Italy. M. Bratianu's past record makes it seem highly unlikely that he will ever allow a real cooling of the traditional Franco-Roumanian friendship. The official Roumanian comments, however, upon the Italo-Hungarian pact of friendship were so studiously calm, and even favourable, as to make it clear that Italy had taken pains to allay any apprehensions which Roumania may have entertained. In any case it is not to be supposed that Italy has abandoned her newly consolidated position in Roumania in favour of a whole-hearted championship of Hungary and all the claims of her most vociferous extremists.

Now, this undoubted growth of Italian influence in the Balkans has been watched with an anything but friendly eye at Belgrade, and loud have been the cries of alarm and the complaints that Italy is trying to encircle Yugoslavia with a ring of enemies. There is no blinking the fact that the relations between Italy and Yugoslavia are to-day far from cordial, and there is even a good deal of loose talk of the "inevitability" of a war between the two countries unless the situation is radically cleared up. That the Tirana Pacts should have frightened and angered the Yugoslavs is quite intelligible. Even if the Italians are perfectly sincere in declaring that they are only seeking economic outlets in Albania, the Yugoslavs can hardly be blamed for putting the least favourable construction upon instruments which may consolidate the position of Italy in the Balkans, and any discussion upon which M. Mussolini has hitherto so resolutely refused to admit. But for the moment, at any rate, there is no such immediate cause for alarm. Much of the danger which appears so threatening to Belgrade is more

apparent than real. If there is an Italophile party in Albania which draws its main strength from among the wealthy land-owning begs of Central Albania, and from among those functionaries and Ministers whose palms are both itching and adhesive, there are very large sections of the population with whom the Tirana Pacts are not popular, who dislike the Italians, and who have no desire for their independence to be swallowed up in any foreign protectorate, Italian or other. Even the President himself, Ahmet beg Zogu, is probably not such a wholehearted partisan of Italy as his "treachery" to Yugoslavia makes him appear at Belgrade, and the gradual realisation that the intimacy of the Anglo-Italian political understanding has been, if anything, exaggerated at Rome may further help to restrain him from flinging himself too unreservedly into the arms of M. Mussolini.

Yugoslavia's allies of the Little Entente are not likely to help her very greatly in any conflict with Italy. Roumania, as we said, has reasons of policy and sentiment alike for remaining at least on friendly terms with Rome. It is inconceivable that the cautious statesmen of Czechoslovakia, who have no possible cause of contention of their own with Italy, and many economic bonds, should let themselves be drawn into a quarrel which must lie outside the field covered by the principles of the Little Entente. It is natural that to meet the present situation Yugoslavia should consider the formation of an *ad hoc* Balkan bloc by allying herself with Bulgaria and Greece. But it would be an unfortunate if not a disastrous thing if any Balkan bloc were to be founded solely with the idea of combating Italy in the interests of Yugoslavia. In the past Balkan blocs have been short-lived because they were created for a specific, and that a military, object, and consequently, that object once achieved, they dissolved again into their component parts. What is needed is something more inherently stable and permanent, something which has a chance of realising the often-uttered slogan of "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples." The most promising nucleus of such a policy is a revival of the close ties which formerly bound together Greece and

Yugoslavia. As matters have turned out, Yugoslav policy has seldom been less happily inspired than it has been with regard to Greece. It is quite intelligible that Yugoslavia should not have been enthusiastic over the conduct of her ally at the beginning of the Great War. The subsequent conduct of Greece, however, should have made some amends, and the abandonment of the alliance at a time when Greece was still reeling from the Asia Minor disaster was more an act of short-sighted malice than of cool, far-seeing political calculation. Belgrade could not rise above the conception of wringing from an enfeebled Greece terms for the renewal of the alliance such as no independent State in any way master of its own destiny could be expected to accept. The Yugoslavs are still indignant over the non-ratification of the Salonika Conventions extorted from such incompetent directors of Greek foreign policy as General Pangalos and M. Rouphos. But Greece, after all, had just as much right not to ratify the Salonika Conventions as Yugoslavia had not to ratify the Nettuno Conventions. If anything, indeed, Greece is on the stronger ground. The course of previous negotiations must have shown that so long as a Greek Parliament was in effective being no such Conventions would ever be ratified. The Greeks were, and still are, perfectly ready to grant Yugoslavia all reasonable facilities at Salonika. They have further expressed their willingness to conclude a more general agreement designed "to maintain the *status quo* in the Balkans as settled by the War," and "only in case the Government of Belgrade should not show the same interest for the conclusion of such an accord would Greece think of other diplomatic combinations." The point of this latter statement may perhaps be partially explained by the recent visits of MM. Kafandaris and Michaelocopoulos to Rome, and by the report that they there succeeded in extracting guarantees for the better treatment of the Greeks in the Dodecanese. At the same time the inevitable rumours that Italy and Greece were laying the foundations of an alliance or a pact of friendship are categorically denied. It seems, therefore, that the door is still open. Greece

has recovered in a remarkable way from the disaster of 1922, and is no longer so desperately anxious as she was for the Yugoslav alliance. Her reiterated statements that such an alliance is the corner stone of her policy prove, however, that she fully appreciates the value of being allied with the strongest State in the Balkans. A pact of non-aggression between these two States would do much to consolidate the Balkan situation, and indeed it is quite possible, or even probable, as the Greeks are fond of maintaining, that the Tirana Pacts would never have been signed if the Greco-Yugoslav alliance had been renewed.

Now, if once Greece and Yugoslavia were to draw closer together and to renew those bonds which both countries at heart feel to be reciprocally advantageous, a great step forward would have been taken towards the realisation of a Balkan *bloc*. In the pre-War days—and to a great extent also to-day—one of the principal hindrances to a wide and permanent combination of the Balkan States was the “eternal triangle” constituted by Athens, Belgrade and Sofia. A coolness between Athens and Belgrade always synchronised with a *rapprochement* between Belgrade and Sofia, and so on. But the elimination of that Austro-Hungarian-Russian rivalry which was at the bottom of most of the troubles in the Balkans down to 1914 is one very great gain, though the outcome of the War has been to destroy that approximate equality of strength of which the three States disposed. Apart from that theatrical and costly adventure into which General Pangalos plunged Greece, the relations between Bulgaria and Greece have been tending steadily to improve, and, if a solution were once found whereby Bulgaria might realise her ambition to have an outlet on the Ægean Sea, there are really no other problems to cause anxiety.

As between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia the position is more difficult. To wipe Macedonia off the map as a geographical expression and to re-christen it “Southern Serbia” is not really to cut the Gordian knot. The minorities clauses in the various peace treaties have been

more efficacious in salving the consciences of League officials in Geneva than in actually safeguarding the interests of those whom they were designed to protect. At the same time there is reason to believe that the situation is gradually improving. The credit for this improvement belongs to both sides. Under the Premiership of M. Liaptcheff, himself of Macedonian origin, the Bulgarians have on more than one occasion taken a firm stand against the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee. M. Peritch's short tenure of the Yugoslav Foreign Office was marked by the candid admission that komitadji raids had ceased for some time past and by an almost startling reference to Bulgaria as “our sister in blood.” On the other hand, the Yugoslavs also have successfully restrained their own komitadjis and have thus contributed to the further weakening of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee, which, despite the recent outburst of crimes, has lost much of its power since the death of Todor Alexandroff and other prominent leaders. Little by little, too, the administration of the country is growing better. In spite of special inducements the Yugoslavs at first found great difficulty in getting competent officials to take up posts in “Southern Serbia,” and it was not only the Bulgarophile inhabitants who suffered. Now, however, a better class of administrator is coming forward and much quite gratuitous friction is being avoided. There is, of course, nothing new in the notion of an alliance between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Indeed, many persons (although not, as a rule, the members of the governing circles in either country) have believed in the possibility of a union closer than that of an alliance. M. Raditch, the Croat peasant leader, long ago opened his campaign in favour of a Balkan federation, to which Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, and the other distinct Yugoslav provinces should adhere on equal terms with Bulgaria. The scheme was welcomed by the late M. Stambuliski when he was Prime Minister. But the project came to an abrupt end. The murder of M. Stambuliski was closely connected with this proposal that was thought to betray Bulgarian independence, while

on their side the Serbs determined to dominate an association in which MM. Stambuliski and Raditch claimed an equal authority. Again in the autumn of 1926 M. Briand, alarmed lest French influence in the Balkans should be undermined by that of Italy, tried to promote some arrangement, and a series of interviews were held at Geneva between MM. Buroff and Nintchitch. That these efforts to bring the two countries together should thus continue to be made is in itself a proof that the failures which have hitherto marked the negotiations are not to be regarded as permanently insuperable.

The cases of Roumania and Turkey are somewhat special. Turkey is now virtually an Asiatic Power, and hitherto she has shown small inclination either to join the League of Nations or to commit herself too deeply to any policy. Italian military activities at Rhodes and elsewhere in the Dodecanese are, however, a constant source of pre-occupation to her, and she certainly would not welcome a fresh territorial expansion of Italy in the Mediterranean. Her relations with all the Balkan States are now normal, and she is on better terms with Greece than she has been for very many years. Roumania is at once of the Balkans and yet not of the Balkans. If she prides herself on being a Latin island in a Slav sea, and if she does, indeed, disinterest herself in some of the questions which primarily concern Yugoslavia, Greece and Bulgaria, she nevertheless cannot dissociate herself from her neighbours. Such questions as are outstanding between her and Yugoslavia are all of secondary importance. The Dobrudja forms a much more serious obstacle to good relations with Bulgaria, but here again, as in "Southern Serbia," much of the tension has been caused by the inefficiency and corruption of the administration, and one may look forward to a gradual improvement in this respect. The Roumanians may at least count on being met half way. The Bulgarians have never forgotten the part played by Roumania when they were winning their independence, and their animosity against their northern neighbours has never been as bitter as that felt against others.

Although, therefore, there are still many and sufficiently

rious disputes pending between the Balkan States, and though it is not suggested that a Balkan *bloc* or Locarno may be created to-morrow, it is not absurdly fantastic to suppose that some such understanding will ultimately come about. The continued readiness of the Greeks to include a more general agreement with Yugoslavia has already been quoted. The same *communiqué* went on to declare that "finally, it must be remarked that the desire of the Hellenic Government to reach an understanding with Yugoslavia in no way excludes the future participation of Greece in a more general Balkan Pact, but on the understanding that this Pact should not be directed against another foreign State." Such a *caveat* was clearly meant to indicate that Greece would not join with Yugoslavia in a combination openly directed against Italy. This qualification was wise. Suspicious as many of the Italian activities may be to watchful Yugoslav eyes, there is as yet no clear proof that Italy is pursuing any territorial ambitions in the Balkans, and that she is not sincere in declaring that she simply wishes to push her economic penetration as far as possible in Albania and elsewhere. No exception can be taken to this latter policy. It has now become a commonplace remark in all the set orations of Balkan politicians that the Balkans belong to the Balkan peoples. But that this principle, to which all the peoples subscribe in theory, has not been carried into greater effect is very largely due to the Balkan peoples themselves. They all in turn made the most heroic sacrifices to win their independence from the Turk, but, having won it, they have never ceased to try to put themselves under the protection of one of the Great Powers. This was, no doubt, inevitable to a great extent in the past. Common gratitude alone imposed some such dependence. But the circumstances have now changed. The different peoples are now growing up and should be able to stand upon their own feet. Turkey has now ceased to count as a European Power. The Great War has brought to an end that baleful struggle for predominance between the Dual Monarchy and Tsarist Russia. The League of Nations has come into being. There is no inclination anywhere

to allow Italy or any other Power to pick up the fallen mantles of Austria-Hungary and Russia. It is readily acknowledged that if in the past the Balkan States had paid other than lip service to the ideal of Balkan solidarity they would have been able to render impossible much fishing in troubled waters by the Great Powers. The moral is clear. The remedy against the pretensions of any outside Power to dominate the Balkans lies first and foremost with the inhabitants of that peninsula. The Little Entente has been one striking example of what can be accomplished by a combination among the smaller States. The creation of a Balkan *bloc* would be an even greater achievement. The Little Entente was fundamentally an agreement between three of the victorious States to keep one of the vanquished in subjection. A real Balkan *bloc* would have a less limited aim and would, by cutting across the artificial division into conquerors and conquered, go far towards solving those minorities problems which are at the bottom of half the disputes in the Balkan peninsula.

A DRAMATIST'S JUBILEE— ARTHUR PINERO

BY EDGAR HOLT

ON October 6th, 1877, a benefit performance was given at the Globe Theatre, London, on behalf of an actor named F. H. Macklin. The programme included a one-act play called *£200 a Year*, which was acted by Mr. Macklin himself, Miss Compton, and a Mr. Bradbury. The play has not been published, and I can find no record of any revival. Indeed, were it not for the name of the author the little comedy would probably have been consigned to oblivion long before now. But whatever the intrinsic merits of *£200 a Year* may have been, it deserves a place in theatrical history because it introduced one of our greatest living dramatists to the play-going public. It was, in fact, the first acted play by a young man of twenty-two, who was then a member of Mr. Irving's company at the Lyceum Theatre. The young playwright, who had been on the stage for three or four years, was the son of a solicitor, and his family, though long established in England, was of Portuguese descent. His name was Arthur Wing Pinero.

The vagaries of fortune have allowed few English playwrights the privilege of saying, "Fifty years ago to-day my first play was produced in London"; and it is possible that Sir Arthur Pinero, who is now in his seventy-third year, is the first English dramatist of any distinction to be able to make this claim. It is not that dramatists (whether "the gods" love them or not) die particularly young; but they do not, as a rule, begin their conquest of London until they have reached a more mature age than twenty-two. Shaw, Barrie and Galsworthy were all in the thirties when their first plays were produced in London, and they will have to wait a fair number of years before they can celebrate their dramatic jubilees. Even Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose career has been largely contemporaneous with Pinero's, has not yet reached the

fiftieth anniversary of his "arrival" in London. Pinero alone can look back over fifty completed years of work as a dramatist; and it would surely be ungenerous if we did not pause for a few moments to look back with him. Pinero's jubilee is an occasion for congratulating both a great dramatist and the theatre which he has served so loyally and well.

Let me say at the outset that I have no intention of re-telling in detail the old story of Pinero's rise to fame. Everyone knows how Pinero began his career with some comedies and farces which are now nothing but names; how he struck a rich vein of humour in the famous "Court Theatre series" of farces—*The Magistrate* (1885), *The Schoolmistress* (1886), and *Dandy Dick* (1887)—which still make highly diverting reading; how he toyed with Robertsonian comedy in *Sweet Lavender* (1888), tried his hand at more serious writing in *The Weaker Sex* (1889), and dazzled the critics with his now quite demoded *The Profligate* (1889); and how, when the Ibsen controversy had been raging for some years, Pinero wrote *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (1893), to show that Englishmen, too, could write fine, serious and moving plays. That story has been told often enough, and it has probably damaged Pinero's reputation more than anything else could have done. For the climax of the story is *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and it leads the careless reader to imagine that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is Pinero's greatest play. And because it is easy to pick holes in that clever but faulty play, and to call it (as Max Beerbohm did) "no more than a brilliant *pastiche* of Ibsen, grafted on an ordinary commercial melodrama of coincidence," there has arisen the legend that Pinero is not really a great dramatist, but is only a pioneer—or a "forerunner," as Mr. Ashley Dukes would say.

The Pinero legend is based on the undoubted fact that when the young dramatist came to the theatre he found a thick forest of prejudice against serious drama. Laying about him with the four sharp axes of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* (1895), *The Benefit of the Doubt* (1895), and *Iris* (1901), Pinero

cleared a path through the forest, and then (so the legend runs) stood gracefully on one side to allow other dramatists to go past. We are thus asked to believe that Pinero's works have an historical significance and nothing more. It was all very well for W. T. Arnold to hail *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* by writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, "At last a living Englishman has written a play of which it is possible to be proud"; it was all very well for Mr. W. L. Courtney to write in *The Idea of Tragedy* (1900), "Hereafter we shall know better, I think, how great an achievement Mr. Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is, how true a tragedy in form, management and style." We are wiser now (we fancy) than they were in the 'nineties; and in the clear light of to-day we can see (or we think we can see) that Pinero was only a pioneer. So we find Mr. Frank Vernon, in *The Twentieth Century Theatre*, alluding to Sir Arthur Pinero as "the great might-have-been"; we find Mr. Ashley Dukes allowing him four lines in his recently published book on *Drama*; and we find that the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, which produced about two hundred plays between 1913 and 1924, only staged two—*Dandy Dick* and *Trelawny of the Wells*—by Sir Arthur Pinero. So, too, the American critic, Mr. George Jean Nathan, in *Materia Critica*, patronisingly describes the dramatist as "a shrewd craftsman, a graceful penman, and a considerable influence in the theatre of the years that marked the other side of the frontier of the present century." That is the Pinero legend—he cut the way through the forest, where others have since outstripped him.

If Sir Arthur Pinero's career had ended in 1902, when Mr. Hamilton Fyfe wrote a very interesting study of his work, there would be some justification for this legend; but his career did not end there. The second twenty-five years of Pinero's work as a dramatist have produced some notable additions to his theatre, and on the occasion of his jubilee it is worth our while to pass them under review. Of his ten new plays which have been produced in London between 1902 and 1927 we may rule out of account *Letty* (1903), *Preserving Mr. Panmure* (1911), *The Big Drum*

(1915), *The Freaks* (1918), and *The Enchanted Cottage* (1922) as clever works, but not among the author's best; and we may also ignore *A Wife Without a Smile* (1904). We are left with *His House in Order* (1906), *The Thunderbolt* (1908), *Mid-Channel* (1909), and *The "Mind the Paint" Girl* (1912); and it seems to me that anyone who sits down and conscientiously reads (or re-reads) these four plays will realise the utter falsity of "the Pinero legend." For these are not the plays of a "forerunner" or a pioneer. They are the plays of a great dramatist, using the dramatic medium as only a great dramatist can use it; and they have not been surpassed by later writers.

Have I been unduly long in coming to my point? If so, I am sorry, but I have reached it at last. A dramatist's reputation depends not only on his own works, but also on the works of other people. If there were twenty later dramatists who could write such good plays as *Mid-Channel* and *His House in Order* then we should not need to bother about Pinero. It is because his plays are still supreme in their class after the passing of twenty years that we may hail him to-day as a great dramatist. For in re-reading Pinero's works I am constantly struck by the thought that almost any one of his plays, if it could be produced to-day as a new work by an unknown author, would be enough to make a reputation in a night. Imagine that *The Gay Lord Quex* and *The Magistrate* were suddenly swept from mortal memory; and then imagine either of these plays (with the old-fashioned allusions brought up to date) produced to-morrow as the work of a new playwright; and cannot you hear the roar of approbation which their wit and ingenuity would draw from both critics and public? And if this be true of Pinero's earlier plays, how much more it applies to his later works! If Mr. Frederick Lonsdale were to give us a vigorous, well-knit drama like *His House in Order*, or Mr. Noel Coward a witty, perceptive comedy like *The "Mind the Paint" Girl*, the reputations of these dramatists would go up by leaps and bounds. It may be true that the earlier Pinero cut a way through the forest, and then stood by to let other dramatists go past; but among the first dramatists

to go past him, and among those who have gone the farthest, must be reckoned the later Pinero.

It is easy enough to show the truth of this contention. Let us leave Shaw, Galsworthy and Barrie on one side, as the other great dramatists of the day, and then let us try to find a modern English playwright who could give us another *His House in Order*. It was of this play that the late A. B. Walkley wrote: "When Mr. Pinero is at his best you may reckon yourself as close upon the high-water mark of theatrical enjoyment. In *His House in Order* he is at his very best." And where, we may ask, is the post-War dramatist who could win such unqualified approval from Walkley's successor on the *Times*, or from any other responsible critic? It is just possible, in view of *The Circle* and *Our Betters* that such a remark could be applied to Mr. Somerset Maugham; but Mr. Maugham, in one of his latest plays, has descended to depths of theatrical banality which Pinero has never deigned to plumb. Apart from Mr. Maugham, we should have great difficulty in finding another dramatist who could give so good a play as *His House in Order*. We may go to the London theatres for a year on end, we may read the entire series of *Contemporary British Dramatists* and all the publications of the British Drama League, and we shall not find a single play in which the plot is so absorbing and well-knit, the dialogue so pertinent, and the characters so well realised. Even to-day, twenty-one years after its first production, the ingenuity of the thing still leaves the reader breathless. The skill with which Pinero handled the two "waves" of the plot, so as to reach one crisis at the end of the second act and another at the end of the third, has never been surpassed, and Nina's cry of "I go to no park to-morrow; as God hears me, I do not!" shows, in its simplicity and effectiveness, a mastery of the English language which few of Pinero's successors can equal. No one, of course, can deny that Pinero had some extraordinary lapses in writing English, and the passage in *Letty* which begins "To my imperfect intelligence it seems that the first essential" has been frequently used

in evidence against him; but when Pinero is at his best he writes a fine, intelligent and sensitive English. Walkley described *Iris* as "a piece of literature and at the same time a piece of solid, living, throbbing drama." The phrase could be applied to many others of Pinero's plays and certainly to *His House in Order*. The art of play-writing is first and foremost the art of telling a story, and we may say bluntly that no English dramatist has ever told a story with greater skill than Pinero did in this fine and gripping play.

The Thunderbolt, a brilliant play of provincial life, is another notable example of the art of story-telling, and again we may look in vain for a later dramatist who could make such an exciting and realistic play out of the familiar "lost will" motif. The late William Archer wrote in 1922 that "the act in which the thunderbolt falls into the midst of the family council" is "simply one of the most thrilling pieces of drama ever conceived"; and no one who reads the play to-day is likely to contradict him. *The Thunderbolt* and *His House in Order* would be enough by themselves to classify Sir Arthur Pinero as a great dramatist.

It is when we come to *Mid-Channel* and *The "Mind the Paint" Girl*, however, that the full irony of Pinero's position in the English theatre becomes apparent. The familiar legend invites us to look upon Pinero as old-fashioned; but the real truth is that in writing these two plays Pinero was many years ahead of the theatre for which he was working. And as far as *Mid-Channel* is concerned he is still ahead of it. When that play was produced in London in 1909 it was a comparative failure; and when it was revived in 1922 it only ran for forty performances. Its day is not yet; for the English theatre, in spite of Ibsen, in spite of Pinero, in spite of Shaw, and in spite of Galsworthy, does not yet boast a large play-going public which is willing to watch serious plays worked out with sincerity and power. It is true that Galsworthy and Shaw have sometimes been able to hold the popular attention; but dismal failure is the usual reward for anyone else who tries to put a thoughtful play before the British public. The

French theatre, at the moment, has a number of distinguished and thoughtful dramatists, such as M. Paul Géraudy, M. Jean Sarment, M. Charles Vildrac, M. Denys Amiel, M. Jean-Jacques Bernard, M. H-R. Lenormand, M. Simon Gantillon, M. Marcel Achard, M. Jules Romains, M. Stève Passeur and M. Lucien Descaves; but very few of their plays have been translated for production in England. The reason is, of course, that theatrical managers have a shrewd understanding of the tastes of playgoers; and they know that it would be madness to put a play like M. Sarment's *Je Suis Trop Grand Pour Moi* or M. Descaves' *Le Cœur Ebloui* before an English audience. We prefer farces and "mystery plays" from New York; we are not educated up to serious drama. Whether or not the British public will ever be "educated up" to serious drama is a problem which cannot be solved at present; but if that blessed day ever arrives it is safe to prophesy that Pinero's *Mid-Channel* will come into its own at last. For here we have a fine play which springs naturally from the given situation and from the characters of the protagonists. In this tragedy of a childless marriage Pinero never uses the long arm of coincidence; he never tries to hold the popular attention by meretricious methods. Everything in the play, from the beginning until Zoe's despairing suicide, is logical and closely knit; and almost every word of the dialogue bears directly on the inevitable development of the story. As an example of Pinero's economy of dialogue we might take the passage in the first act when Zoe and Blundell are discussing which hotel they shall stay at in Paris. Zoe wants to stay at the Ritz, or, failing that, the Regina or the Meurice; but Blundell suggests "a capital little hotel" in the narrow part of the Place Vendôme—with "the traffic of the Rue St. Honoré to help to send you to sleep," as Zoe bitterly adds. In the work of a post-War dramatist this piece of dialogue would probably serve no other purpose than that of dazzling the *bourgeois*; but Pinero makes it the opening of a quarrel which ends in Blundell leaving the house for good. Throughout the play a masterly technique is used for the telling of an absorbing story, with characters who

impress themselves on the mind by their urgent reality; and there can be no doubt that, sooner or later, *Mid-Channel* will be recognised as one of the greatest plays in the history of English drama.

The last of the four plays which definitely establish Pinero as a great dramatist is *The "Mind the Paint" Girl*; and here, too, we have a play in which coincidence is reduced to a minimum and the whole story springs from the characters and the opening situation. Its tale of a musical comedy actress who marries a lord is told with a skill which makes all later variations on the same theme look remarkably foolish; and the time is surely ripe for a revival of this clever and witty picture of theatrical life. Like *Mid-Channel*, it was not very successful at its first production; but although the playgoing public is not yet advanced enough for the acceptance of *Mid-Channel*, it may, in 1928, be sufficiently enlightened to appreciate *The "Mind the Paint" Girl* at its true value.

For Pinero's jubilee, then, let us take down these four plays—*His House in Order*, *The Thunderbolt*, *Mid-Channel* and *The "Mind the Paint" Girl*—from the bookshelves and let us carefully re-read them; and then let us ask ourselves how many later dramatists have written such brilliant and durable work. In his time Pinero has had some harsh treatment from the critics; but, as Archer has well said, "When history views things in their just proportions he will stand out as a great master of the essentials of drama." His plays, and particularly the later ones, are the work of a dignified and polished dramatist, who would not stoop to win popular favour by cheap and easy means. When, in deference to public opinion, he altered the ending of *The Big Drum*, he declared that he made the alteration "against my conscience and against my principles"; and anyone who surveys the great mass of his work to-day will find that it is the work of a man who was always guided by his conscience and his principles in the pursuit of his art. He stands before us, at his jubilee, as a great and honourable dramatist.

Let no one imagine that I am trying to write "Finis" to Pinero's career. I am only marking another period—

the conclusion of his second twenty-five years as a dramatist; and although his latest plays have not shown Pinero at his best, we may hope that we shall see some more of his work in the future. He is only seventy-two, and what is seventy-two to a dramatist? Shaw was nearing seventy when he wrote *Saint Joan*; Maurice Donnay at sixty-seven wrote his first *revue* a few months ago; and a new play by François de Curel, who is seventy-three, was produced in Paris last October. And what shall we say of M. Georges de Porto-Riche, who is hard at work on a new play at the age of seventy-eight? Everything goes to show that a dramatist is not too old at seventy, and we may all hope that we have not yet seen the last play by the young dramatist of October 6th, 1877.

SHAKESPEARE'S "CLEOPATRA"

BY LUCIE SIMPSON

THE comparatively recent inclusion of *Antony and Cleopatra* in the list of plays for the Cambridge Literary Tripos is, for the most part, significant of the new attitude of criticism to this Shakespearean masterpiece. In ranking it as a compeer of the great four tragedies, a certain readjustment of opinion concerning Cleopatra is implied. Without a corresponding advance in psychology, however, her name might still have been an occasion for looking down the nose and that vilification by which so many critics in the past got over the difficulty of admitting she was beyond them.

Not until Shakespeare met Cleopatra in the pages of Plutarch and the company of Cæsar and Antony did he find an opportunity for expressing in one woman the qualities of all his women—the wit and perversity of a Beatrice, the freshness of a Rosalind, Cressida's duplicity, Imogen's pervasive charm, the sweet womanliness of Hermione, the tragic fire of Constance, and the swift and melting sympathy of Cordelia. Because of this Cleopatra is not only the greatest of his heroines but the culmination of feminine characterisation in all literature. If the reader dissents from the superlative—for each heroine has an excellence all her own—let him, or her, re-read the play, weigh the pros and cons of the action, and subject the heroine to the only test that counts in dramatic representation—the human—and we shall not fear the verdict.

The opening of the play reflects something of the confidence of mastery of the material the poet is about to handle. Like some great orchestral symphony it captures the attention and imagination from the very first. The opinion of the onlookers, the condition of Rome, the pulsating hearts of the protagonists, are revealed in almost as few words as it takes to mention them.

CLEOPATRA. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANTONY. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEOPATRA. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

ANTONY. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

As the first scene, so the last words of Cleopatra, as she succumbs to the poison of the asp, reveal the keynote of this great work, and the impossibility of a woman of her type to subsist without an object of affection.

Love, then, is the *motif*. As *Hamlet* typifies irresolution, *Othello* jealousy, *King Lear* ingratitude, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the drama of passion. In overlooking this for one moment we are apt to confuse the issues.

Accustomed to masculine priority in the tragedies, certain critics refuse to acquiesce in Cleopatra's pre-eminence, thus setting a limit to Shakespeare's knowledge of the human heart. Feminine psychology to him was one with masculine psychology. Cleopatra is the only heroine treated individually apart from the man's character with whom her life is conjoined. "Shakespeare's women," says Professor Dowden, "act and are acted upon, but seldom grow and are transformed." This does not apply to Cleopatra. As the greater heroes, she has an individual history. In the last scenes we see that she has been transformed by the action, as *Hamlet* and *Othello* and *Macbeth* and the others are transformed. The play, in fact, might have been called *Cleopatra* as appropriately as *Hamlet* is called *Hamlet*, or *Othello* *Othello*. This is not in any way to depreciate Antony, for only by estimating him aright can the greatness of Cleopatra be gauged and understood.

Regardless of what she was before she met Antony as of the influences of her past relations with others, Shakespeare so uses his material that, apart from its dramatic significance, behind and under all, we see throughout the heart of the woman—of universal woman—revealed in an effortless, exultant mastery of characterisation.

It is not so much that up to quite recently the play was unpopular as that it was taboo. The morals of ancient Rome and Egypt shocked the national taste. It was easier to write Cleopatra down as wanton, a courtesan by tem-

perament, a voluptuary, than to examine the evidence. Even Coleridge praises her discreetly. Yet the fact is patent that never for a moment was she more reprobate than her age. Perverse, incalculable and capricious it is true, but always charming, withal "a wonderful piece of work," as her creator exclaims through the lips of Enobarbus. Her love for Antony cannot be doubted for a moment. Yet it did not impair her woman's wit. If anything, it made her preternaturally quick to detect the shortcomings of the loved one. It is an aspersion on love to say it is blind. Love, worthy the name, suffers rather from an excess of vision. That it pretends to be blind sometimes on the principle there is none so blind as one who will not see, we don't deny.

Antony's character was well known; he had given ample evidence of instability.

Courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word *No* a woman heard speak!

exclaims one, a touch that helps to explain Cleopatra's "infinite variety" of devices to charm and attract him. Yet now and then we are permitted to see beneath the surface. Early in the play she cries:

O never was there queen
So mightily betrayed. Yet at the first
I saw the treason planted.

"The fact that woman is much more emotional than man," says an eminent modern psychologist, "is accountable for her occasional incalculability, a tendency to self-sacrifice, an inferior sense of justice." And again: "Characteristics like dissimulation and a lower regard for truth are merely the weapons of the weak, and are no more marked in woman than in man when there is a reasonable equality in their relation to one another."

That Shakespeare intuitively realised these things is demonstrated in the character of Cleopatra, as also that in the love of a woman of this type, desire for supremacy, admiration, tribute, power, the maternal instinct itself, are inextricably bound up. To all these the greatness of Antony was the necessary foil. The dramatic possibilities

of two such natures juxtaposed was grasped and materialised to the *nth* extent.

The portrayal of a woman of temperament remains something of a challenge to all creative writers of fiction as well as drama. As no other before him or since, Shakespeare succeeded here. Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, among modern heroines, claims a certain success, though by the side of Cleopatra she dwindles almost to insignificance, remaining provincial and limited, while the other perforce is inexhaustible and universal.

When all is said it was the occasion that made Cleopatra what she was, the occasion that revealed the potentiality for chicane, subterfuge, cupidity, in a word—which has its roots ever in fear—and more or less active in all when threatened with the loss of what is dearer than life. To Cleopatra's thinking all was well lost for love—a condition inseparable from an intense emotionalism, a quality, by the way, misapprehended by the earlier critics, which, in fact, only to-day is being assessed at its right value in men and women and nations. So that to condemn Cleopatra on this score is to admit a personal limitation, an incapacity to feel deeply and desire anything, or anyone, as ardently as she desired the love of Antony. Yet nothing abnormal is suggested. A thousand touches reveal her as the most human of women. Both Shakespeare and Dryden insist on this. After the death of Antony she refuses to be comforted by reminders of her high estate, and moans:

E'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.

And Dryden, in referring to the feints and trickeries to which she is reduced, puts into her mouth:

Nature made me
A wife; a silly, harmless, household dove,
Fond without art and kind without deceit;
But Fortune that has made a mistress of me
Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished
Of falsehood to be happy.¹

(1) *All For Love*, Act IV, Sc. 1.

Only by blotting out the intervening centuries, by imagining a world that knew not Christianity with its asceticism and self-sacrifice, by substituting for our own a society in which the unbridled will of the powerful brooked no obstacle; in fact, by putting ourselves in our feeble way, as Shakespeare in his transcendent way, in the place of the protagonists in the centre of the world's stage, can we understand something of Cleopatra's greatness and Antony's point of view when he cries:

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rangéd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair (*embracing*)
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

How far, we would ask, are these encomiums of Cleopatra borne out by past and contemporary criticism? Coleridge says: "The highest praise or rather form of praise of this play which I can offer is . . . whether *Antony and Cleopatra* is not in all exhibition of a great power, in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival to *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* and *Othello*." Mr. A. C. Bradley thinks this is a lapse from the sound judgment of Coleridge, basing his disagreement on the fact that "Coleridge and others who exalt the play above the great four are thinking first of the artist and his activity, while in the case of the four tragedies it is the product of his activity, the thing presented, that first engrosses us."

Is it not equally the thing presented in *Antony and Cleopatra*—the subordination of all incident and action to the supreme end—that makes it so great? The same critic ascribes the play's inferiority of popularity to some fundamental quality the tragedies possess denied to *Antony and Cleopatra*. We cannot but feel he is on the wrong track, that he is attributing the unpopularity to other than the right cause, which was largely that Cleopatra was considered disreputable, a reprobate, by people who forgot that Shakespeare, first and foremost, was

a-moral, his sympathy extending to all impartially. Rather than setting out to condemn, to palliate, to adorn, his aim is to understand, to explain, and withal to condone, which is the way of literary as well as spiritual greatness.

Mr. Bradley goes on to say that "he (Shakespeare) might have made the story of Antony's relapse extremely exciting by portraying with all his force the severity of the struggle and the magnitude of the fatal step."

Had Antony's doings been the primary interest in the play Shakespeare would probably have done what is suggested. We prefer to think the poet's chief concern was with Cleopatra, and in the matter of excitement surely there is enough and to spare as the play stands.

"I do most ardently desire," says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, addressing his Cambridge students, "that the play (*Antony and Cleopatra*) be reckoned as it has never been reckoned yet, but I am sure it deserves to be, among the very greatest, and in some ways the most wonderful, of Shakespeare's triumphs."

Professor Dowden begs the question of Cleopatra's greatness by comparing her with the Portia type of heroine, and quotes the Sonnet of disillusion (CXXIX) in regard to her being

A bliss in proof—and proved a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream;

which leaves us, as far as criticism of her true character is concerned, where it finds us.

Mrs. Jamieson is no more convincing; "the extreme of littleness," even in the hands of a Shakespeare, could not "produce an effect like grandeur" nor "an excess of frailty produce an effect like power." Cleopatra was never little or frail in the sense this writer uses the words.

The charm that won the self-centred Cæsar no less than the *blasé* Antony was of a nature that could adapt itself to all. "Perceiving," says Plutarch, referring to Cleopatra's first meeting with Antony, "that his talk savoured more of the soldier than the courtier, she rejoined in the same taste." And again: "Her actual

beauty was not so great that none could be compared with her or that none could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible." And yet throughout, critics, from Plutarch downwards, cannot resist attaching more blame to Cleopatra than to Antony. If the attraction was mutual, the times being what they were, no more onus attaches to one than the other. To dissent from this savours somewhat of the mediæval attitude towards women, implying that in the matter of soul-saving man counted for more than woman.

"Plato admits four kinds of flattery, but she had a thousand," continues Plutarch—a hint by no means lost on the poet. Even when the materially minded, obvious Antony cries in a fit of anger against her, "She is cunning past man's thoughts," voicing masculine incomprehensibility of the type, even down to our own day, he is instantly refuted by Enobarbus. "Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love." Not pure in the sense of being sublimated or unegotistic, as one critic points out, but in the sense of being quintessential, erotic emotion, free from other elements generally mixed with it.

As the artist in the play, Enobarbus brings the calmer, more discriminating criticism of the onlooker to bear on the action; until he too is caught in the vortex and suffers a fate no less tragic than the protagonists.

Antony's disparaging remark appears to have had some justification when we recall Cleopatra's overtures to the young Cæsar's emissary — Thyreus — when Antony's fortunes had suffered a temporary check. Yet, all things considered, was there not another reason for the momentary lapse? Dangerously and capriciously feminine, Cleopatra lived for enjoyment and the present. Avid as she was for admiration, it is conceivable that when Antony was out of the way, and Cæsar's son—her Cæsar's son—sent flattering messages, she should for the moment give rein to memory. It is human nature, and emphatically feminine human nature, in a dull and colourless present to recall past conquests and past delights. That Cleo-

patra was often busy with the past requires no emphasis. She admits it when, giving Thyreus her hand, she says:

Your Cæsar's father, oft
When he had mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place
As it rained kisses.

Were additional proof needed that the momentary defection from Antony was deliberate rather than emotional, we have but to read a little farther on in the play, *i.e.*, until after the reception and Antony's whipping of Thyreus. Had the queen intended to submit to Cæsar's demands, had her warm greeting of the Roman messenger been anything but a whim, she would scarcely have behaved as she did in the face of Antony's ignominious treatment of him. Poor Thyreus, more sinned against than sinning! Cleopatra had authority sufficient to interfere and prevent the indignity of that whipping; or she could have remonstrated. She did neither. All she was concerned about was having incurred Antony's anger. She was suddenly full of fear of the consequences. The scene that follows, short though it be, is one of the strongest in the play. The characters of hero and heroine are revealed with arresting power and truth. It is as if their passions speak for them, the dramatist being merely the instrument through which the distilled emotions find expression. In all, Cleopatra speaks but five times, in separate half lines; but every utterance shows the workings of her heart. Never is she more quintessential Eve, specific woman. The few short interjections—none of them an excuse—are intended to placate and remind Antony of happier times; never to inflame his anger. In fact, so replete are they in turn with dismay, patience, fear, and respect that it might be another woman speaking—one inured only to sorrow and regret.

When Antony interrogates her angrily:

To flatter Cæsar would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

her reply:

Not know me yet!

is the nearest to a reproach in the whole interview. For all time it is an indictment of Antony's inability to understand and make the necessary allowance.

A courtesan by temperament, inexhaustible in inventiveness of attraction, she is taken unawares now and then, as if surprised into sincerity. And, though unreasoned, there is a sound philosophy at the bottom of most of her actions, assuming a certain wrangle between the sexes to be inevitable (Sc. III, Act 1).

Only once is she nonplussed, and that when she hears of the marriage of Antony and Octavia as *un fait accompli*. Torn between jealousy and the pride that would hide all she suffers, yet swayed by her woman's desire to say what she thinks, we see her in a less favourable light. But the hand of the creator is no less sure; so sure, in fact, that, of a certainty, one feels he is drawing from direct experience of a woman of the type.

Ignorant of the personal attributes of Octavia and the desire to

Let him [Antony] for ever go—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars . . .

she can momentarily forget her sorrow at the thought of a rival more beautiful than herself.

After a final bidding of Alexas—her messenger to Rome—to

Bring me word how tall she is,

she collapses with the immortal

Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me;

the cry of one to whom a spoken sympathy at such a time would be more than she could bear.

From beginning to end there is abundant evidence she has greatness of character and courage as well as charm. The tendency to act at cross-purposes, born of the restlessness of a great passion, the having cast all on the die for love, could only end one way. The concentrated emotion of the narrative itself affords such incentive to

poetic treatment that, apart from historical veracity, we get power and flashes of immortal speech which have given to the fourth act of the play its place apart even in Shakespeare.

The action reaches so high a plane that from its very intensity elements are evolved that are strangely purifying and compensatory. In face of the dominating passion of the lovers, precluding as it does all possibility of adjustment, fear of consequences, as also fear of death, pass away. And, shorn of these, character and motive stand out with vivid and arresting force and meaning.

As Aristotle, with the tragedies of Sophocles in mind, remarks in his *Poetics* how the pity and fear of a great tragedy lead to conditions of mind at once reconciling and ennobling, Shakespeare, with a still finer sense of fitness, recognises and applies the principle to the closing scenes of Cleopatra's life.

In the last tense hours come from time to time the following:

. . . what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us . . .
. . . we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end. . .

I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience . . .

My desolation does begin to make
A better life . . .

I do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex . . .

Then, after adjuring the asp which she has applied to her breast:

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life untie . . .

she is unable to resist the last spark of humour at the man she outwits, and continues talking to the creature:

O couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpoliced!

The process of purification then is as rigorous and severe in her case as in Antony's, and the above are equalled in beauty and pathos only by the last words of any of the tragic heroes.

Yet not for a moment must we assume Shakespeare set out to ennoble Cleopatra as he did Antony. The evidence points in an opposite direction. Once or twice he puts a much more unfavourable light on her conduct than does the historian whom he follows closely in other respects. Yet, in spite of these things, it is as if the poet—the seer—asserts himself above the critic at the end of the play. For with the increasing urgency of the situation come indications of that absolute sincerity and sureness of touch with which he always rises to the noblest emotions. And in the light of these he endows Cleopatra with the heritage of his greatness in reading a woman's heart and condoning human frailty.

A BUDGET OF LITERARY LETTERS

PART II

BY W. FORBES GRAY

V

THERE is one item in the Watson Collection which I feel certain Professor Knight, had he known of its existence, would have incorporated in the biographical portion of his monumental edition of Wordsworth—an account of the poet's funeral written by his son-in-law, Edward Quillinan, who, in little more than a year, was also to find a grave in Grasmere churchyard. Thus it happens that the greater and the lesser poet (for Quillinan, too, wrote verses) lie side by side. Quillinan also left an unfinished version of Camoens' *Lusiad*; but he is remembered now not by his verses but as the husband of Wordsworth's daughter Dora. Professor Knight prints a letter of Quillinan to Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, announcing Wordsworth's death, and there now lies before me the fragment of a letter by the same hand furnishing a detailed account of the funeral. The epistle was written to someone who was writing a memoir of the bard of Rydal Mount, for in the first sentence of the portion of the letter that remains Quillinan requests that the error be avoided of stating that "Mrs. Wordsworth was the poet's cousin." "Wordsworth," he says, "did not altogether approve of cousins intermarrying. I know I have often heard him say that he thought it a pity that it was so much the fashion among European royalties to intermarry in blood." And from placing on record Wordsworth's views on consanguinity, Quillinan proceeds to give a circumstantial account of his father-in-law's funeral—the only one, so far as I know, that has found its way into print:—

The funeral was most impressive. The day was fine, and will long be remembered in these vales. It was intended to have a very quiet burial; and no friends, even of the neighbourhood, were asked; none but relatives; and the relations at a distance were not asked, though one or two came.

Nevertheless all our neighbours, gentle and simple, attended who could, and Grasmere Church and Churchyard were thronged with the gathering. In the first carriage that followed the hearse from Rydal Mount were Mrs. Wordsworth, the Revd. John & Mr. William Wordsworth,¹ the sons, and Mr. Quillinan, the son-in-law of the Poet. In the next were the Revd. Charles Wordsworth, Warden of Glen Almond College (Perthshire)² & Mrs. & two Miss Hutchinsons.³ In the third the Miss Quillinans and Captain Robinson, R.N., & Revd. G. Hutchinson. Mr. Benion Harrison & other relatives, or near connections, followed & then a long train of carriages, and a great number of persons on foot. Among the poet's most intimate friends who were present at his funeral were Mrs. Luff, one of his oldest friends, the venerable Mrs. Fletcher of Easedale (a lady well known in Edinburgh), and Dr. & Mrs. Davy.⁴ He (*i.e.*, Wordsworth) was buried close by his daughter, Dora Quillinan.

As is well known, there were those who thought that a grave for Wordsworth should have been found in Westminster Abbey, but Quillinan says all that is needful on a point which could only have been raised through imperfect understanding of the poet. Burial in Westminster would have run counter to Wordsworth's own desire. Quillinan puts the matter thus:—

Some of his devoted admirers in London have objected to the interment of such a man in a country churchyard, when he ought, they say, to have been borne in pomp to Westminster Abbey, as so many less remarkable men have been. Those who have made the objection do not know what his own feelings were on this subject. It was his wish to rest among his own people, and in the very spot where he lies. In this Lake-country "where not a mountain lifts its head unsung" by the Bard of Rydal, he is surrounded by the noblest monuments to his genius.

VI

Had Hartley Coleridge not been the son of an illustrious father he would have been a more imposing figure in English literature, for he was capable of giving dignified expression to elevated thoughts and of producing work of rare delicacy and finish. As a sonneteer his reputation is deservedly high, while the mild humour of his prose links him naturally with his friend, Charles Lamb. In 1823, while schoolmastering in the Lake District, Hartley Coleridge received an invitation from Tom Hood to become a contributor to the *London Magazine*. Hood was

- (1) Eldest and third son.
(3) Sister-in-law and nieces.

- (2) Nephew of the poet.
(4) Of Ambleside.

sub-editor of the periodical, and to him the young schoolmaster wrote on June 29th, 1823, as follows:—

SIR,—I feel much flattered by the approbation you are pleased to express of the few trifles I have contributed to the *London*—and not less honoured with your request, which I will endeavour to comply with to the best of my abilities as soon as possible. The subject or subjects I have not determined upon, but I think prose is likely to be less copiously supplied than verse—for we are a jingling generation.

You will permit me, tho' a stranger, to thank you for the high pleasure I have received from the perusal of your delightful sallies. My kindest remembrances to Mr Lamb and his sister, when you see them. I am, Sir, Your very obedient servant, HARTLEY COLERIDGE. P.S.—My address at present is Grasmere, Westmoreland.

The "delightful sallies" of Hood doubtless included the *Two Peacocks of Bedford* and *Lycus the Centaur*—*Lycus*, which Hartley Coleridge, a few years later, described as "absolutely unique in its line, such as no man has written, or could have written, but yourself." On another occasion he expresses a wish that Hood "would write a little more in the style of *Lycus the Centaur*," for Hartley Coleridge was one of a select band who deprecated the constant identification of Hood's genius with things comical.

Hood himself is represented in the Watson Collection by several letters, all of them unmistakable products of our incomparable punster. They were written in the years 1843-44, when the poet was overtaking his strength in trying to make *Hood's Magazine* a success. Before Christmas, 1844, his health completely broke down, and from then till his death he was a confirmed invalid. The correspondence opens with a rollicking epistle to Watson, the Edinburgh bookseller, of whom Hood made a firm friend. The poet was then on a visit to Scotland, and Watson had been helpful in many ways. The letter, which is dated "Edinbro., Friday Eveng.," is in the following terms:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your present, which will be a pleasant remembrance of my visit to Auld Reekie & its Reekiebites; whom Father Mathew,¹ I perceive, hopes to turn into Rechabites.

- (1) Theobald Mathew ("Fathew Mathew"), apostle of temperance.

I hope the Professor ["Christopher North"] will ask him to one of the Noctes. Not that I am a Drunk-hard (N.B.—The true spelling of the word). I like Temperance, and always put a little water in my grog.

Perhaps—who knows?—between Professor Wilson & Father Theobald, the vexatious difference may be settled between the Moderates and the Immoderates—as to spirits as well as spirituals.¹ A consummation devoutly to be wished.

I shall return to London, or at least steam in that direction to-morrow, so well pleased with Edinboro—some of your ancient Scots, I believe, spell it Eden-borough paradisaically—that at some future time, you may see me again—especially if you will look in here tonight, & take a glass of toddy—which I have learned should be pronounced "toadey," with, Dear Sir, Yours very truly, THOS. HOOD.

The best of Hood is frequently contained in the postscripts. Proof is afforded by the one to the Watson epistle.

My laddie desires his love to all in your flat. If Tom Junior *cuts no great figure*—at least he can *carve a little mouse*—as you saw last night. It used to be reckoned a mountainous effort to give birth to such things—so he may yet prove a genius. He is as delighted as I am with your Town—but in a different way—for instance—I think he will regret the Cowgate² for the sake of the milk. In London we have but the ghost of that luxury. I have a bad cold in my head, if it be not a Scotch mist—for it is very like it—but I suppose toadey drinking, which is far preferable to toady eating, will cure any of your national complaints. T.H.

Hood's friendship inspired Watson with the wish to enrich his collection of manuscripts with those of the *Song of the Shirt* and the *Bridge of Sighs*. Accordingly, he wrote to the poet soon after the latter's return to London asking to be favoured with the two manuscripts and also with a "scrap of Keats." Writing on October 8th, 1844, after another period of ill-health, Hood apologises for the delay in returning a paper which Watson had sent him. He had been "but half alive, and for the last five months only editing, by proxy," whilst "seeking for health and strength elsewhere." Moreover, having "just resumed the box and reins of the *Magazine*," there were "awful arrears to get through," and, "reduced to half speed

(1) In the eighteenth century the members of the dominant party in the Church of Scotland were called Moderates, which explains Hood's use of the word "spirituals."

(2) An historic thoroughfare in Edinburgh.

instead of high pressure," he was still making up lost time. As to Watson's request, the poet writes:—

The original MS. of the "Song of the Shirt" is, I suspect, destroyed. I cannot find it. Ditto as to the "Bridge of Sighs." If I can discover a scrap of Keats, I will enclose it, but fear not, as I did not know him personally. The sonnet in the *Mag.* was sent me, copied from his (Keats's) MS.

In a postscript Hood says:—"I find that I had made a copy of the *Bridge of Sighs*, which, as it may suit your purpose, I enclose." With the MS. was also sent a scrap of "genuine Keats—tho' without his name," abstracted from "Mrs. H.'s Autograph Book." Apparently Watson expressed the hope that Hood would again visit Edinburgh, but the poet declares sorrowfully:—"I fear there is no chance of my seeing Auld Reekie again. My travelling must consist of very short stages in future. I have been on the very edge of this world, and was shipping off into the next, but hitch'd somewhere."

One of the most pleasant incidents of Hood's Scottish visit was a journey to Musselburgh to make the acquaintance of "a surgeon and well-known author" with whom he had frequently corresponded. This was "Delta," the friend of "Barry Cornwall." A characteristic letter addressed to "Delta" is in the Watson Collection. The Musselburgh surgeon had sent Hood a "welcome note" together with some poems for his *Magazine*, and the epistle, which I have lighted upon, is an acknowledgment. Hood had just returned from "a trip to Calais for the benefit of the sea air," but without any appreciable improvement of his health.

My life now is made up of alternations of effort and exhaustion. In such cases, where all cannot be performed, our friends are apt to come in for the postponements, their indulgence being more certain than that of strangers.

Last May I was at death's door—on the very threshold—all but walked in and left my mortal dust on the mat. I gasped for breath in spasms for twelve hours at a time, feeling probably very like a fish with too much air. Disease of the heart, my Esculapians say, aggravated by old marsh fever producing a state similar to the ancient sea scurvy. Indeed so sensitive am I become as to malaria that a minute or two on the drawbridge over Calais moat sent me home to the inn with sore throat.

A concluding portion of the letter is couched in a brighter key, and shows how quickly Hood could make the transition from grave to gay.

Since the foregoing I have dined, & being in consequence a better man in strength, it just seems to me that by a miraculous possibility I may some day revisit the North, and enjoy one or two of those jaunts you hold out to me. Perhaps I may even be able, like Prince Albert, to deer stalk out of a castle window, or like her Majesty be up at the death of a Stag. . . . So keep your wheels well greased till then, and look to your linch pins, and give your horse or horses a few beans, and keep all your patients alive, and present my distant regards to Professor Wilson & Doctor Blair—if you know him. I believe, and so does he, that he is somewhere in Edinburgh—but we are not quite sure.

Tom Junior is very well & joins heartily in kindest remembrances to yourself, Mrs. Moir, and all the young folk. I am, my dear Sir, Yours very truly, THOS. HOOD.

Hood's desire to revisit Scotland was not realised. From this time onwards his illness developed rapidly, and when he was no longer able to write, his daughter Frances took up the pen, and sent "Delta" a touching account of her father's last days. This letter, dated April 13th, 1845, has also found its way into the Watson Collection. Hood's daughter writes:—

We know you will be sorry to hear of Papa's dangerous illness. He has been now confined to his bed for more than three months . . . and his sufferings are so severe that it is quite heartbreaking to witness them. He is fully aware of his danger, and his calmness and resignation to the will of God are quite a support and comfort to us all. His physicians say he may linger on yet for three weeks or a month, but his life is not certain an hour.

Miss Hood's conjecture as to the duration of her father's life, unfortunately, proved correct, for the poet died on May 3rd, 1845.

VII

Two items in the Watson Collection remind us of the erratic genius of George Borrow. As is well known, Borrow, while travelling through Europe and the East, developed a strong predilection for rhymed translation, the fruit of which was the publication in 1835 at St. Petersburg of *Targum*, a series of metrical exercises from thirty languages and dialects. One of these was a tale of out-

raged love from the Russian of Pushkin entitled *The Black Shawl*, which opens with the lines:—

On the shawl, the black shawl with distraction I gaze,
And on my poor spirit keen agony preys.

It was the faded manuscript of *The Black Shawl* that I came across recently in a bundle of miscellaneous letters of no consequence. The other item is a brief letter written by Borrow from his home at Oulton, and dated "December 5th." A paper containing an account of "the late religious movement at Manchester" had been sent to him by his correspondent, James Thomson, and in returning his "sincere thanks" he mentions that though he "had previously heard of the movement" he was unacquainted with the circumstances. "So much truly Christian enthusiasm," adds the author of *The Bible in Spain*, "is very cheering in these days when Popery is again raising her old battered brow in our native land." Thomson had asked Borrow to write for a new publication, but with this request he was unable to comply. "I am at present very much occupied, have been so for some time past, and so for some time am likely to continue. If you wish to ask me any questions about Spain you had better come down here and receive the hospitality of my poor cottage for a day or two. I shall ever be most happy to see you."

And with Borrow's name I would couple that of another great Victorian writer—Macaulay, who is represented by a brief letter in which he pontifically expresses views on the important problem of teaching languages—a subject which certainly would have interested so accomplished a linguist as Borrow. "I am convinced," writes the Whig historian, "that we are all on a wrong tack, to think of teaching boys a language by means of grammars of logic and grammars of rhetoric. Give them *Jack the Giant Killer* and *Tom Thumb*, and then let them have *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver*. That is what I would do; and I will bet ten thousand to one that my pupils would beat yours hollow."

VIII

Despite her self-esteem and captiousness, Harriet Martineau justified her place among distinguished personages of the early Victorian era. Charlotte Brontë thought her better than her books, and this was probably true. Anyhow she was possessed of good sense and moral courage. Besides, she showed energy, self-reliance, and an intense love of truth. And withal Miss Martineau had an unflagging mind which was constantly revolving the possibilities of some literary venture. In 1831, while on a visit to her brother James, the noted theologian, in Dublin, she evolved a scheme for a series of short tales illustrative of the basal truths of political economy. Her idea was to make the "dismal science" more appetising by serving up its essence in a succession of tales. Her brother approved, and she devoted all her energies to the project. Towards the close of 1831 she settled in London, taking lodgings in Conduit Street, and, having negotiated successfully with publishers, Miss Martineau issued the first of her stories in February, 1832. It was warmly received, and as story followed story in rapid succession the authoress became widely known. Even Cabinet Ministers condescended to ask her opinion of their work, while Brougham gave an impetus to her venture by furnishing her with private papers so that she might write to some purpose on behalf of projected poor-law reforms. At a time when the "stern Benthamites" were, as she tells us, thanking her as a capable expositor of their doctrine, and when the tales were being sold by the thousand, Miss Martineau addressed a letter to William Tait, the founder and first editor of *Tait's Magazine*, in which she gives a very complacent view of how matters stood in regard to the tales. Writing from 6, Conduit Street, on November 10th, 1832, Miss Martineau says:—

You know that my Series is no small task; & I have now direct access to the Cabinet, and feel that nothing is so important as to preach my sermons there. The radicalism of a woman does not alarm them, & I learn not a little from them as to how much the aristocracy does actually know of the people. Brougham knows more than I thought, & is disposed

to let me make the best use of his knowledge. He is an extraordinary man for details, & has no objection to let others deduce principles therefrom, tho' not over-ready to do it himself. Be assured that I hourly keep in view the grand object of making known the *moral character* of the poor. It is, in truth, almost the primary object of my Series—& of all that I write, and when you come to know what new opportunities I have of exhibiting it before those whom it most concerns to learn to use their eyes, you will be reconciled to my not being able to fill so much space in your Magazine as either of us cd. wish. One great hope is in my brother, who holds my views, & is one of the most accomplished philosophers society may look to. When he is a little less busy, he will send you something. . . . With our own good will, we shd. divide our work thus: he wd. plead for the people by lofty appeals to the guides of socy., & I by being the annalist of the Poor. But he has his pulpit to mind, while I can give myself wholly to the press. . . . I do think, on looking back a few years, that *great* things have been done for the people; & I *know* that others are in full contemplation, & have therefore more heart and hope than ever. We must be patient & courteous as well as strenuous, & then we can "all move together," & each leave the world in a better state than we found it in. Yours very truly, H. MARTINEAU.

IX

In Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns* (Vol. IV, p. 534) it is stated that "through the exertions of Thomas Carlyle, Lord Houghton, and Robert Chambers," Mrs. Begg, the sister of the poet, secured in 1842 a Government pension of £20 a year, with reversion to her daughters. In the Watson Collection there is a letter of Sir Robert Peel, who was then Prime Minister, which shows that he took a personal interest in the matter, and that the indebtedness of Mrs. Begg was even greater than is represented in Chambers's biography. Peel's letter is addressed to Lord Houghton (then Richard Monckton Milnes), and is dated Whitehall, Saturday, June 4th (1842). It is in the following terms:—

DEAR MILNES,—I see a letter from you respecting the relatives of Burns, the Poet.

Lady Peel has at her disposal a small pittance—in her capacity of wife of the Prime Minister. Of this she will with the greatest pleasure appropriate a large proportion—namely twenty pounds per annum to be assigned by way of pension.

She will either allot twenty pounds to Mrs. Begg or ten pounds to each of her daughters—whichever may be deemed most advantageous for the family.

I will also add from Royal Bounty fifty pounds by way of donation to Mrs. Begg, and I shall be truly happy if our intervention shall redeem from any position of embarrassment or anxiety the Relatives of Burns.
Very truly yours, ROBERT PEEL.

Considering that during Burns's lifetime no movement worthy of the name was made to secure for him any State patronage, all the poet's active patrons being Whigs (who, for the time being, were powerless to help him), it is rather remarkable that a Conservative Premier should have bestirred himself, long after Burns's death, to secure the welfare of those nearest and dearest to the poet. If "no Minister smiled upon Burns" in the flesh, one at least smiled upon his relatives, and, manifestly, in a more generous manner than is ordinarily believed.

(Concluded.)

AMERICAN PERTURBATIONS

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

EUROPEAN interest in political events in the United States is generally lukewarm. In the days when the question of Protection or Free Trade was the issue the business community of Europe hoped for a letting down of the Customs barriers against imports. When it became apparent that whichever party came into power the policy of Protection would prevail this hope was abandoned. When W. J. Bryan came to the front with his advocacy of a bimetallic money standard the financial powers of Europe were uneasy and shared in the general relief when Bryan and his policies were finally defeated. When Woodrow Wilson was a candidate for re-election, and it appeared to European eyes that his success would mean the indefinite abstention of the United States from participation in the Great War, such interest was aroused as could be spared from the never ceasing and absorbing anxieties at home. At the end of the War Europe regained the usually prevailing indifference to American political affairs characteristic of normal times.

The Presidential elections to be held in the United States this year may possibly arouse a greater interest in Europe than has been shown since the American Civil War, and not because of any material interest which may be at stake. For the first time in the history of the country a religious controversy has arisen in the affairs of Government, and to what this may lead is now a cause of deep anxiety on the part of Churchmen and politicians alike. This being a matter to which all the civilised peoples of the earth are alive and one which appeals to emotion, passion and prejudice rather than to reason it is of real and personal interest to all, regardless of nationality.

This situation will arise if Alfred Emanuel Smith, now Governor of New York, is selected by the Democratic

Party as its candidate for the Presidency, and it now appears probable that he will be chosen as the standard-bearer. Governor "Al" Smith, as he is known, is a Roman Catholic, and is opposed to the Prohibition laws of the country as they now stand. His opponent, whether it be Mr. Herbert Hoover or some other man, will be Protestant, and will be nominated on a platform which will demand the continuance and a strict enforcement of the anti-liquor laws now in the statutes. Here is the making of a controversy which becomes less political than emotional, and one in which party lines will disappear according to the beliefs or prejudices of the voters.

It is useless to suggest that people should be broad-minded and tolerant. These qualities do not exist in the minds of a majority of mankind when matters affecting their religion or their convictions as to a manner of living are concerned. Those who accept a particular religious creed are, as a rule, not governed in their choice by reasoned conclusions, and the extremists among the "wets" and the "drys" are equally fanatical in their advocacy of the use or disuse of alcoholic liquor. It was a revelation to the world of the passionate ardour which men bring to a religious controversy, even in these days of boasted indifference to spiritual affairs, when the case for Prayer Book revision was debated in the House of Commons. Back of it all was heard the old battle cry of "no Popery," and in the United States to-day, even before the occasion demands, the gage of religious warfare has been thrown into the arena. Nothing is to be gained by ignoring the seriousness of the issue, and no trouble can be averted by temporising or by attempting to talk reason into the controversialists.

Governor Smith, the more or less innocent cause of this gathering storm, is a remarkable man in many ways. He was born in New York City in 1873, and for the past twenty-eight years has held some public office, the first three years in New York City under the auspices of the Tammany organisation, and later as a representative in the New York State Legislature. He has been elected Governor of New York State three times, and is acknow-

ledged by political friend and foe as an honest, capable and politically undefeatable executive. Since he has been Governor of New York, although a Democrat, he has secured and still holds the friendship and support of many prominent Republicans. Men like Charles Evans Hughes, Elihu Root and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler have paid public tribute to his personality, his honesty, ability and fairness. Even Grover Cleveland, once Democratic Governor of New York, when elected President of the United States attained that position without such endorsement as has been given to Governor Smith by leaders of the Republican opposition. Under ordinary circumstances it would seem that the Democratic Party had at last found a man who stood some chance of restoring the shattered fortunes of that organisation only now beginning to recover from the disintegrating influence of the late William Jennings Bryan. The situation is confused, however, by unusual circumstances.

The Democratic Nominating Convention of this year will be held in Houston, Texas, why there no one seems to know. Texas is normally a strongly Democratic State; the city chosen is a long and expensive journey from the localities which furnish the larger number of delegates, and the heat in Texas in midsummer is severe; it has been said of the inhabitants of another city in that same State that they take their blankets with them when they depart for the infernal regions. Political and financial reasons generally determine the choice of a convention city. These gatherings are extremely profitable to the towns in which they are held, and a generous sum is contributed to the party funds by those who expect to gain thereby.

The South, however, is strongly Protestant and in favour of Prohibition because of the good effect it has had upon the coloured population, so largely predominant in many sections. Crime has greatly decreased among the negroes since Prohibition was introduced, particularly that form of crime against the white population which formerly led to outbreaks of mob violence. For similar reasons there are restrictions upon giving liquor to the natives in

South Africa, and, in fact, in many other parts of the world. The compliment of holding the Democratic Convention in a Southern State, an entirely new departure, may be an attempt to overcome the objection in that locality to the nomination of a candidate who is "wet" and a Roman Catholic as well. Whether it will be effective or not remains to be seen, but it is a fact that the former Democratic solidarity of the Southern States has been seriously threatened in recent years through the advent of Northern capital and immigration, and the consequent industrialisation of that section of the United States. It would take but a comparatively small increase in the Republican vote in several of these States to eliminate them from the Democratic column.

The South is in favour of Prohibition for practical reasons, social and economic, and the people of the South are more emotionally religious than those of the North, and more universally of the Protestant faith. Only once in the political history of the United States has it been possible to note the effect of the introduction of these two most controversial questions into politics, and that was when Dr. Burchard, of Maine, in 1884 devised for his friend James G. Blaine, the candidate of the Republicans for the Presidency, the slogan "Rum, Romanism and rebellion." This was subsequently held to be one of the principal causes for Blaine's defeat, as it aroused religious antagonism and incurred the enmity of the then powerful liquor interests. The animosities aroused by this incidental feature of a political campaign, one which might reasonably have been explained away on the ground that neither the candidate or his party was in any way responsible for the mistakes or indiscretions of an unimportant supporter, are but a warning as to what might happen if these matters became principal issues.

Out of a population of about 116 millions in the United States proper, over 46 millions are members of some religious organisation, and each year registers a gain in membership greater in proportion than the increase in population. Of these 46 millions nearly 19 millions are Roman Catholics. The combined forces of the Protestant

religious organisations number about 26 millions, there being about one million in the Jewish and other non-Protestant and non-Catholic congregations. In the matter of political, social and business influence the Roman Catholic community exercises very much less power than would be indicated by its numerical strength. This is due to conditions of class, racial origin and location. It is interesting and probably explainable to note that a far greater number of Catholics are Democrats than are Republicans. In other words, it is probable that a Democratic candidate for the Presidency who was a Catholic would not secure many additional votes for his party because of religious affiliations, whereas because of them he would undoubtedly intensify the fervour of the opposition.

In 1926 the Roman Catholic Church gained over two hundred thousand communicants in the United States, while the Methodists and Baptists, two religious organisations having much the same characteristics, gained over three hundred thousand, although numerically not so strong. The Roman Catholics, from a political point of view, have far less power than an equal number of other denominations for the reason that they are more or less concentrated in the larger cities and in industrial centres, nearly all of which vote Democratic in a normal election. It is now held that the balance of political power in the United States lies in the Middle West, and here, as in practically all American agricultural communities, the population is overwhelmingly Protestant.

It is a fine tribute to the wisdom and sagacity of the Vatican that in its conduct of Church affairs in every country it has adapted itself to existing conditions. With all the great strength of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States it has never made any visible effort to interfere in the political life of the nation. There has been local friction at times over questions of schools, but for these the Church hierarchy has not been responsible. From time to time some influence has been brought to bear to secure the appointment to office of a Catholic candidate, but as a rule this has been done in such a way as to escape

criticism. When by accident or through some individual indiscretion such an effort has come to light the storm it has aroused has served as a warning too serious to be disregarded. Even President Roosevelt, with all his courage and who numbered among his intimate personal friends several highly placed Roman Catholic Churchmen and had no religious prejudices, was well aware of the necessity for caution. An American Ambassador to a great Catholic Court in Europe retired from the Diplomatic Service by reason of the religious activities of his wife, who was accused of using her privileged position to advance the cause of the Roman Catholic organisation in the United States.

A determined effort is being made not only by the Democratic leaders but by prominent Republicans as well to keep the religious question out of the controversy, but those who are trying to sit on the safety-valve are finding it almost impossible to prevent the escape of steam. Senator Heflin, of Alabama, a Democrat from one of the most dependably Democratic States in the Union, took occasion, during a recent debate in the Senate, to denounce Governor Smith for his religious affiliations, and raised the battle-cry of "No Popery." Senator Heflin was vigorously attacked and denounced as irresponsible by his fellow Democrats, but the fact remains that this Senator was voicing the sentiments of a large section of the voting community.

Republicans who are in sympathy with his position have taken pains to unearth and advertise the fact that Mr. Herbert Hoover, the most likely Republican candidate for the Presidency, was, although a Protestant, married by a Catholic priest in California about thirty years ago. This came about through the peculiar circumstance that this priest was the only person then in Monterey, California, where the ceremony took place, who was legally qualified to perform the service, and he acted under special dispensation only in his capacity as a civil magistrate, which position he then held. Even this is assumed by the fanatical to give Mr. Hoover a taint of "Popery," and the wolves are at his heels. It seems incredible that any-

one would take such a matter seriously, and it is only extremists who will do so, but it is a straw indicating the direction of the breeze which will unquestionably become a tornado if this question is brought into the coming political fight.

The Republican National Convention meets in June, and only a majority vote is needed to determine the selection of a candidate. It would now appear that Mr. Herbert Hoover has the best chance of securing the nomination, and the feeling is universal throughout the country that the Republican candidate, whoever he may be, will be elected. In the Democratic National Convention a two-thirds vote is required for a nomination, hence, with the opposition aroused by the religious affiliations and anti-Prohibition views of Governor Smith, it is only a complete lack of other candidates with appreciable strength which will enable Governor Smith to secure the necessary endorsement. If it becomes evident that he cannot secure two-thirds of the vote the Convention will be compelled to fall back upon a compromise nominee, who may be one of a dozen or more who have been suggested as possibilities. Such a candidate would come out of the race in little better position than that achieved by John W. Davis four years ago. Mr. Davis, formerly American Ambassador in London, was an excellent choice, and entirely acceptable from every point of view for the high office of President of the United States, but he was a sacrifice upon the altar of a lost cause.

It would be unsafe to accept the nomination of any particular man as a foregone conclusion in either the Republican or Democratic gathering, for many things can happen in the next few weeks, and the situation often changes overnight. The greatest significance can be attached to the candidacy of Mr. Herbert Hoover, however, notwithstanding certain drawbacks to his personal record from a political point of view. He has lost some of the support which was given him four years ago when he was also a candidate for the nomination, but he now has beyond question the support of the present Administration, which in itself is a mighty asset. During the time

a man is President he gradually acquires, through his position as leader of his party and the appointive power, a real and widely extended influence over the political machinery of the country. If he desires to aid in the selection of a certain candidate to succeed himself he does not need to exert more than a slight pressure or to exceed the bounds of decorum to render his candidate almost invincible, especially if that candidate be personally acceptable to the nation.

Mr. Hoover's critics object to his long residence in foreign countries, his alleged lack of real and definite domicile in the United States, his non-partisan association with the Administration of the late President Wilson, and his alleged complaisance at being married by a Catholic priest. These criticisms do not sound serious, but it is amazing how they can be built up into a formidable indictment by a skilful political opponent. In addition to the support of the President, Mr. Hoover has the advantage of his own organisation created by himself as Secretary of the Department of Commerce. This organisation extends into every section of the country, and is concerned with every material activity in which his fellow-citizens are engaged. He is unquestionably an able official, and has developed his Department until it has become an important factor in the life of the nation. His subordinates are most loyal friends, and outside of Government circles those who have worked with him in the numerous relief enterprises of national and international character are all strong Hoover advocates.

Should Mr. Hoover become President of the United States certain changes in atmosphere and policies will quite naturally become apparent at the White House. The personalities of Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover are in sharp contrast at many points. President Coolidge is slow to make up his mind, asks advice of many, and, once having taken a position, is difficult to move. He dislikes anything that savours of the sensational, plans no surprises, and prefers things to happen as part of a natural evolution or orderly sequence. He is deeply and conventionally religious, and is eminently satisfactory to the business

interests of the nation. He is not international in thought or feeling, having a largely national, not to say New England, outlook upon the affairs of the world. The manifest honesty of purpose and action of Mr. Coolidge, his conservatism and stability captured the imagination of the country in the financially hectic years during which he served out the unexpired term of the late President Harding, and this put him in the White House on his own at the national election in 1924 by the largest majority ever given to a Presidential candidate.

Mr. Herbert Hoover was born in Iowa, and is fifty-four years of age. A mining engineer by profession, his work carried him to Russia, China, India, Mexico and other countries. He first appeared in relief work as Chairman of the American Relief Committee in London, became Chairman of the Belgian Relief Committee, and was American Food Controller during the time the United States was in the war. He also served on the War Trade Council, was Chairman of the United States Grain Corporation and the Sugar Equalisation Board. He was on the International Food Council, was Secretary of the European Coal Council, and during the Armistice directed the distribution of food supplies to the starving people of a score of countries in Europe.

Mr. Hoover was appointed Secretary of the Department of Commerce by President Harding in 1921, was re-appointed by President Coolidge, and since he has been in that position has served on many national and international bodies, including the War Debt Commission. He is a linguist of some attainments, has made many speeches and written many technical articles. There are few men living to-day who can show such a record of useful and important activities, not only in his own country but as a citizen of the world. Such a man, although he may hold the interests of his own country to be of the first importance, must necessarily have an intelligent and appreciative point of view of the affairs of all the nations.

Mr. Hoover was long interested in Russian affairs, and is supposed to have suffered financially from the advent of the Bolsheviks. When he first became Secretary of

Commerce he is credited with having convinced Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, that unyielding opposition to a recognition of the Soviet Government was the wisest policy. It is understood, however, that later on Mr. Hoover came to the conclusion that there was more to be gained from every point of view by recognising the Soviets, and that he then attempted to influence Mr. Hughes in that direction. This he intimated to his friends he found to be impossible, and Mr. Hughes remained uncompromising in his opposition to recognition to the end of his term of office.

It may be, therefore, that if Mr. Hoover becomes President some way will be sought to arrive at an understanding with the Russian Government. It is known that President Coolidge, while officially maintaining the position indicated by Mr. Hughes, has in the meanwhile made tentative moves towards getting into touch with Russia, but, with his characteristic caution and conservatism, has taken no definite steps in that direction. He has gone so far as to inquire as to whether his friends thought a Commission could be appointed to meet a similar Commission from Russia to discuss matters at issue. He was told, however, that it would be better to provide for a limited recognition before such a meeting was suggested. With this he has apparently dropped the whole matter, and there are no signs at the moment that any progress has been made towards bringing about a renewal of official relations between the two countries.

It is these same foreign activities of Mr. Hoover which have brought about some doubts in the minds of a certain type of American as to the percentage of his Americanism, and his political opponents are making the most of this. After the recent great floods in the Mississippi Valley Mr. Hoover was in favour of a Government grant for the relief of the States which had suffered, and this brought him a momentary popularity in that section of the country, but as this suggestion was defeated through the opposition of President Coolidge the effect was not lasting, and if he is nominated it will be because of Administration support of his candidacy and his own extremely interesting, note-

worthy and admirable record of accomplishment in large national and international enterprises devised for the welfare of the people.

American voters are affected by psychological waves of thought or emotion which sweep across the country from time to time. Party lines are loosely drawn; the so-called floating or indeterminate vote decides the outcome of an election. Should these waves of influence for or against a particular party or individual occur much in advance of an election their force is spent before the voters go to the polls, and their effect becomes negligible. The candidate is indeed fortunate who can ride into office on the crest of one of these tidal movements which may happen along at the right moment. For this reason all predictions as to the probable selection of candidates for the Presidency, made some months or even weeks before a nominating convention is held, have less value than seems reasonable.

As matters now stand, however, it appears likely that Mr. Herbert Hoover will be the Republican nominee for the Presidency, and that Governor Smith will head the Democratic ticket. It is even more probable that the Republican nominee, whether it be Mr. Hoover or someone else, will be elected. In the intervening days, however, while the struggle is on between the aspirants for these honours, a campaign will rage, the bitterness of which will have been unequalled for many years. It will be marked by a deplorable outburst of religious fanaticism intensified, if that is possible, by the war between the "wets" and the "drys."

THE SAHARA DESERT

BY THE RIGHT HON. NOEL BUXTON, M.P.

It is always thrilling to get among non-Europeans, and we Britishers are accustomed to associate the experience with a long journey. In Algeria, however, you have a coloured population which is close to Europe. That population has the extra merit of belonging to a fraternity which is so vast as to constitute a world problem, namely, the followers of Mahomed. Just as the Japanese visits any Christian country to see what Christianity produces, so you may visit North Africa to sample Islam.

Here you have a country which, while non-European like Palestine or Turkey, is also a European colony. In this combination it is unique. British possessions are one thing or the other. The nearest parallel is South Africa, but its segregated populations of black and white have no counterpart in the blended masses of French and native, frequenting even the same *cafés* in a manner which in British colonies would be unthinkable.

It is the French custom in Algeria to describe as "natives" the variegated mass of Arabs, Berbers, negroes, and, as some think, Phoenicians, which forms a community distinguished for the equally mixed European section, French, Spanish and Maltese. These are about twenty per cent. of the population of five millions. Near the coast you have semi-Europeanised Arabs, and some Arabs who have served in the army in France and have married French women, though intermarriage between Christian and Mahomedan is very rare.

Inland you have Arab towns; but the picturesque feature of Algerian travel is that the Arab in general remains a nomad, a Bedouin living in his tent. I had not previously seen tent-dwellers nearer than the frontier districts of Persia and Turkey. Even there, in the vast pastoral downs of Kurdistan, the Kurds leave their tents in winter and invade the underground houses made by the Armenians. But within one day's drive from Algiers, only three days

from London, you find the Arabs preferring their tent of black camel's haircloth. Seen far off on the naked plain you might mistake the tents for gigantic tortoises.

Only four days from London we were entertained by a Sheik who, though he frequented Paris every year, prefers his tent when at home. Motoring out from Lagouat we were met by twenty of his retainers on well-bred Arab horses and carrying arms. They advanced in groups of four, racing up to us with their white robes flowing, and discharging their rifles as they galloped. Then they retired, and this time charged all together, pulling up suddenly close to us in a cloud of dust.

The Chief then led us to his tent, as big as a large marquee, supported on numberless poles, the floor entirely covered with lovely carpets and the sides open to the warm wind. We realised the surroundings in which lived Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In this ideal dining room we squatted round a large tray and ate as many courses as the cramped position of our bodies would allow. When at last it seemed impossible to find room for another mouthful a whole sheep, roasted, with the head standing up like that of a boiled rabbit, was brought in, and we were exhorted to seize the meat with our fingers. It would have been bad manners to refuse, or even to use a knife and fork. We did our best and suffered in silence.

It is the custom to extol the noble traditions of Mahomedan hospitality. I did not think them perfect. I was too conscious of the fact that within fifty yards of us, cooped up in a small building which must have been stifling, were all the time hidden the Chief's wives, like prisoners serving a life sentence.

The women of humbler class must, of course, leave the house or tent for work, but the veil is strictly maintained, at the most one eye being visible to the passer-by. Seclusion has a marked influence on the general appearance of Moslem countries. Half the charm of foreign travel lies in the picturesque effect of both sexes of all ages moving about, especially when, as in Eastern Europe, peasant dresses add bright colour. In North Africa not only is the visible population confined to men and boys,

but colour is also absent, because the usual garb is a dirty white robe, often in rags. One returns with pleasure even to the dull dress of Europe.

What matters much more is the hopeless narrowness of the harem life, the waste of human potentialities and the cruelty inseparable from total subordination. The killing of a wife, the French say, does not shock Arab opinion, but one must remember that it is not long since the sovereign (the Dey of Algiers) frequently buried a murdered spouse in the palace precincts. The French claim to bring to light most of these crimes, but to punish wife-beating would offend too much against the Koranic idea. It was, however, thought legitimate to take notice of a recent case where a Mahomedan cut off his wife's nose! An Arab who prides himself on his rank and station will boast that his daughter is so well brought up that she does not even know her way along the street where she lives.

At a party which included several French officers and their wives and a Europeanised Arab the latter was asked if he did not think the women should get freer by degrees. He declared himself strongly conservative. The ladies replied facetiously "But no conservative for yourself," for he was breaking the religious law by drinking wine. Such conservatism does Islam produce that there is strong opposition to Western hygiene, even though lady doctors and the order of nuns called White Sisters take treatment to the harem itself. At one place the French officials were offering to pay a reward to any Arab man who would consent to receive hospital treatment, but in vain. Elsewhere there is some progress in the use of modern hospitals. Conservatism goes with the fatalism of Islam, whose ideal is a resigned acceptance of the will of God. If you are ill, if your crop fails, if your mule is hopelessly lame, it is blasphemous to try and improve on Allah's plan.

A French official's wife, who works at one of the maternity centres known as the "Goutte du Lait," finding a child ill from dirt, was proceeding to wash it. The mother shrieked with piteous entreaty—it was dangerous to wash a child under three years of age. It will take time for the modernist school in Islam, which is a factor in

Egypt and Turkey, to penetrate North Africa. I did, however, meet a most attractive Arab of solid intelligence as well as learning, who could ignore what he called the poetic parts of the Koran and concentrate on its idealistic sections. He was equally satisfied if heathen negroes were converted to Islam or Christianity. Can such a close parallel be fairly drawn? Is there anything in the New Testament to compare with the puerile descriptions of heavenly rewards in the Koran?

The modern Moslem writes these off as poetry adapted to the ignorant desires of the people. Surely just there lies the difference. To tone down His teaching, whether on conduct or reward, is exactly what Christ would not do. Even the greatest apologist for Islam, my old Harrow master, Bosworth-Smith, expressed the view that "the religion of Christ contains whole fields of morality which are outside the religion of Mahomed—humility, purity of heart, forgiveness, sacrifice of self, toleration."

THE DESERT.

The desert stretches illimitably ahead, flat and smooth like the sea; so the earth disappears below the horizon about three miles away, if your eye is six feet above the ground. In ordinary country any land which hides the distance at three miles would be hilly land, and therefore when you are on flat desert you feel as if the land must be rising all round the horizon; you seem to be in the centre of a shallow saucer.

Here you get up speed and rushing through such solitudes provides one with a new exhilaration. You are in a world without obstacles; you could run straight on for 2,000 miles and the mind feels a new liberation. Anxieties fade away and in spite of being thrown at rocky places against the roof of the car (your helmet saves your skull) sleep overtakes you, and after half an hour you wake up to find the same humming of the engine and the same vast solitude.

If people go to the desert for its loneliness, to meditate like the anchorites who used to frequent it, they should get

tents and camels or horses and avoid hurry, but peaceful travel has been destroyed by the invention of the desert car. This car has four driving wheels, each of them double, and it is so contrived that all four wheels may be on widely different levels, gripping the ground over a sufficient surface to drive the car up any slope whether flat or rocky. By this invention the desert oases, hitherto six or eight days' camel journey apart, can be exploited for tourism, and the French genius for hotelkeeping is pushing out so fast that it expects in two years to bring into its regular tours the fabulous town of Timbuctoo, on the Niger river. These cars are the only means of covering more quickly than camel speed (four miles per hour) the kind of desert which we are taught to regard as typical, but which is only one of many kinds, *viz.*, the sand dunes.

If you imagine our own seaside dunes without a single blade of grass, and rising to every variety of height up to 500 feet, you know the look of the kind of desert which to my mind has real beauty. It is all in perfectly graceful and delicate curves with now and then a sharp edge along the ridges where the wind has made an eddy and caused a sudden cliff on the leeward side. The surface is smooth, with little ridges like those left by the sea on a falling tide, and at evening the shining surface, contrasting with deep shadows, gives an effect extraordinarily like snow mountains when lit by a golden sunset. A very pretty thing on the dunes is the track of animals, more exact than on any snow. You can see each claw of a beetle and tell exactly what he did.

Some of the desert it must be admitted is positively hideous, and for some strange reason the expression "howling wilderness" seems appropriate.

But there is desert of many kinds, undulating, mountainous, evenly strewn with sharp stones, ugly with shapeless rocks, totally bare or spotted with a dozen plants to the acre, usually resembling dead tufts of heather, but apparently sufficient to support a camel, and indeed capable in some parts of supporting sheep.

Mile after mile the motor follows the track that other motors have made, with occasional posts or stone erections

designed to guide the traveller in his general direction, and to save him from being totally lost in a sandstorm.

There is no road because the dunes keep moving with the wind, and you have to surmount ridges the sides of which are sometimes as steep as forty-five degrees. The driver accelerates for all he is worth, you get up perhaps twenty miles per hour over the heavy sand, you charge up the slope, entirely ignorant of what lies beyond; if you reach the top you may suddenly find yourself at the edge of a long precipice. You brake hard and stop dead. You gasp at the prospect of a somersault down the cliff. But in a trice you are saved. You feel the sand sinking under the car. You slide down slowly at about thirty. Often, however, we charged repeatedly without success, backed down and tried another route.

Motoring over the dunes provides such novelty as almost to constitute a sport, and I incline to think that just as the English invented "winter sport" in the snow they will develop a game out of the dunes, for which the next generation will be swarming to Africa instead of to Switzerland.

The right way to see the desert is quite different. Find an Arab who has camping equipment and knows some owners of camels, make up your party and leave modern life behind. This is what we did. At the appointed time we foregathered at the rendezvous, with coats and knapsacks. You must not expect Orientals to keep engagements, but within an hour the camels turned up, three for baggage and five for our party, one with a foal running beside her. Why not start? Quite impossible. Why? We must wait for the musician. When at last this unexpected equipment arrived, he proved to be an aged Moor with a long bamboo flute, who shared a camel with the Arab leader. It transpired that the leader was fond of singing and music certainly came in useful.

I was relieved to find that we had something better to sit on than the saddle of the Tuareg tribe, which had been our fate hitherto. As this saddle is in front of the hump, and slopes forward, you are only supported by planting your feet on the camel's neck. You have no stirrups to support

you sideways. This is awkward when the camel rises. He elevates his body to the height of his legs by three rocking-horse motions. In the first he sits up like a dog sitting on his tail. As you cling on forward he suddenly jumps up behind till he seems standing on his head; you fall on to it just as the front of him rises again, and you get level at about six feet from the ground.

Once settled into his stride, the camel's paces are delightful, and if I could hire one to ride in Rotten Row I would certainly do so. Imagine yourself after hours of easy motion arriving at your camping ground among the sandy dunes. Off the two baggage animals your men produce three sleeping tents, a larger tent for meals, and a cook's tent equipped with material for producing a hot four-course dinner. The cook did all this with no better stove than a cunning arrangement of iron bars surrounding a thin layer of charcoal, with other bars to support the saucepans over it.

Before tea you explore the dunes; and then the incredible colours of sunset in the desert occupy you till the full darkness. Returning then from the dune-tops I found the leader and the flute player enjoying music by themselves, the former singing an improvised sentence (a maxim from the Koran if he was to be believed), and the musician responding with a phrase of notes. I enjoyed myself lying flat on the sand beside them and watching the stars come out. We put off dinner to see the moon rise, and afterwards a bonfire was lit. As we sat round it the eight Arabs sang to us, and we Europeans did our best in return, two of our party being Irish. I myself contributed "The Bells of Shandon." Then the camels were brought back from grazing (on what seemed to be dead scrub) and made to lie in a group. A cool breeze had sprung up, and when we turned in for the night I saw in the moonlight (brighter than a London day in November) that the mare had moved her foal over to the leeward side of her to keep warm.

MUCH ADO ABOUT THE MOVIES

BY BERTRAM CLAYTON

THE Cinematograph Films Bill, which has now become law, is probably the first legislative step ever taken in this country to protect a form of dramatic entertainment. Its genesis may be traced, first, to a growing alarm on the part of our Dominion authorities at the rapid Americanisation of the screen in British Colonial possessions; and, secondly, to the pressure brought to bear on the Government by the Federation of British Industries. Two years ago the cinema exhibitors were asked to prepare a voluntary scheme whereby they were to pledge themselves to show a quota of native films in their theatres. No agreement being reached (the exhibitors protesting that their experience of British pictures in the past had been anything but profitable, and that the public showed a marked preference for the American variety), the Government introduced a compulsory quota Bill which, with sundry modifications of its original clauses, came into operation on January 1st of this year.

Throughout the debate on this measure the Imperial and commercial aspects of the film trade have been kept far more steadily in view than either its artistic or educational influence. Perhaps this was only natural. The keen interest evinced by our industrial magnates in the welfare of this branch of entertainment would appear to be quite in keeping with the general nature of cinema commodities. After the oceans of talk about the "art" of this particular type of amusement, and the ecstatic claims put forward by its sponsors that it was destined to supersede the written word, and leave the poor old stage panting after it in vain, it is the engineers and hardware merchants who desire to take it under their wing, to regulate its output and give it its appropriate trade mark. Thus we have it acknowledged by implication that the moving picture is more closely allied to merchandise than to art, and that its "sell-

ing points," more than any questions of beauty, goodness, or truth, are what really govern the operations of those who produce it. This is what many people have been saying ever since the first cowboy raced round a rather unsteady ranch, and the first posse of gendarmes chased a lunatic in his nightgown.

When this "infant phenomenon" among popular amusements came on the scene its magic took the world by storm. Nobody pretended that these dumb show figures of the screen had any significance, or that the "silent drama" was in any sense a *protégé* of Thespis or Melpomene. It was enough that the figures moved; to what purpose was a matter of little moment. The wonderful capacity of the cinematograph, too, for giving us glimpses of the actual human panorama, and revealing "close-ups" of the processes of nature and science held us all in thrall. Here was a medium which could do superlatively well what no other medium could do at all. But, as time went on, the screen lost some of its early novelty. Magic gave way to mechanism. We began to see the wires and the works. Then it was that the film promoters, with true commercial instinct, enveloped their puppets in a romantic haze. Roughly improvised stories took precedence of everything else, and the cinema set up in business for itself as a purveyor of "bloods," novelettes, and comic charades in pictorial form. By Photography out of "Spicy Bits" this precocious child was reared in an atmosphere of sordid and sickly vulgarity, and would surely have died the death had not its guardians bethought them of contracting an alliance for their charge with the classics of study and stage. This was a master-stroke, for it brought into the picture theatre an innumerable company who had not been attracted before and who had a natural curiosity to see how their favourite works would look in the modern transformation. "Famous authors" of all countries were invited to the nuptial ceremony, at which "Realism" acted as best-man and "Psychology" as principal bridesmaid. Since then this pair have taken up their permanent abode with the "infant," which has now assumed all the airs, if not the graces, of serious dramatic art. Needless to say

- that most of the pretentious slogans adopted by those whom the late Maurice Hewlett called the "cinema undertakers" to cry up their wares and impress the multitude have been dictated from America, which exports about eighty-five per cent. of the world's film supply.

Warned of the top-heavy predominance of American films on the screens of this country and the Colonies, the Government set out to "do something" for the British variety—very much in the same spirit as a former Bishop of Gloucester set out to "do something" for the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The legislation which has resulted from that effort is perhaps less significant than the claims and comparisons to which it has given rise in course of debate. A Ministerial measure designed to check the inflow of foreign (*i.e.*, mainly American) pictures and to put the British industry "on the map" might have provided an excellent occasion for a discussion on the general quality and tendency of cinema films. Some attention might also have been given to the vagaries of the trade's own censorship—thinly disguised under the presidency of Mr. T. P. O'Connor. But apart from a perfunctory lip-service to the desirability of seeing our own "national ideals" (whatever they may be) on the screen, the Government approached the subject from the exclusively commercial angle, merely balancing footage against footage and offering the vaguest possible safeguards against the new British films being as bad as the old American ones. Here, then, one would have thought, was an opening for an enlightened Opposition. But the Labour members who constituted themselves the chief spokesmen for the cinema managers simply indulged in obstructionist tactics in the interests of things as they are, being driven thereby to the most absurd defences of the stupidest kind of American movie. The Government undoubtedly envisaged the question too narrowly from the manufacturers' point of view; but the arguments adduced by the advocates of "free trade in films" were, for the most part, as artificial and insincere as anything recorded in the annals of Parliamentary debate. The Government was badgered into this Bill and would gladly have dropped it at any stage. The

Labour Party sought to curry favour with the exhibitors by defending their claim to book films where they liked. Conducted in these circumstances the resultant discussion was hardly calculated to impress the public mind with the importance of the cinema as a repository of "national ideals." When we have supporters of the Bill, like Lord Newton, declaring that "all films are rubbish, but they might as well be British rubbish," and opponents, like Colonel Wedgwood, adopting the attitude that even the American rubbish is a good enough stick with which to beat the Government, it is not unnatural to assume that in legislative quarters, at any rate, the products of the cinema are held in general contempt.

For some extraordinary reason, however, our industrial prestige is now said to be bound up with the films we circulate and export. "Trade follows the film" is the battle-cry of the quotamongers, not only in England but in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, where attempts are also being made to cope with the relentless "drive" of the Hollywood studios. Yet how the exploitation of "national ideals" in the cinema (mostly expressed, by the way, in the form of "love" and "crime" stories eked out with acrobatic "stunts") can possibly affect the sale of other commodities, except, perhaps, chocolates and cigarettes, it is difficult to understand. As for the purely advertising film, that has proved a dead failure everywhere and is now seldom seen. The greater part of the energies and ingenuities of the producers are concentrated now as always, and now more than ever, on creating what is called "entertainment value." The industrial magnate may imagine that films made in his own country will help to put orders on his books. But the studio magnate pays little attention to *him*. The "infant phenomenon" has other fish to fry. That rampant pair, "Realism" and "Psychology," stand jealous guard over any attempt to break away into the gritty fields of "industry," "science," or "education." These are side-lines only which may be pursued now and then as an act of grace, but are not to be confused with the main business. This is to provide highly coloured presentations of amorous intrigue and violent criminality, interspersed with scenes of spectacular

daring or volcanic upheaval. It must be confessed that the camera succeeds better with landslides and eruptions than with the play of situation on character. At its superb best when showing us the workings of nature, the camera has tripped up badly over human nature. To the discerning eye, in fact, it is an invention which appears to have taken the wrong turning. Photographic rather than psychologic realism is the cinema's rightful job. Its technical achievements are a marvellous testimony to the brains behind the machine. We can sit and watch in wonder its faithful reflections of landscape, sea, and animal life. Its rapid transformations, duplications, and fantasies of scene and shadow (as, for instance, in such a film as "Metropolis") are only little less than mechanistic miracles. Many of its performers are pleasant to meet and interesting to study in the searching light of this medium. . . . Then the "story" comes in again and very nearly spoils all.

And, unfortunately for the prestige of the cinema, the "story" is getting worse and worse. That part of the Press which now treats the screen as seriously as the stage raises a periodical outcry against "bad films," and even from the inner circle of cinema-land, fearful of declining patronage, is heard an occasional demand for greater variety of theme. Then yet another "better films" campaign is announced by the high priests of Hollywood. But when the "better films" arrive they are discovered to be only the "mixture as before"—some new "stars" perhaps, another "famous author" or two (who have generally never been heard of till their "works" begin to be maltreated in the studio), a few more tricks and traps, but the same old "psychology" that did duty when the cinema hero was wont to go down a sewer, and the comedian to fall out of a top-floor window into a mudcart. If America's "national ideals" are to be inferred from America's moving pictures one can only conclude that that country must be singularly indifferent as to how it reveals itself to the world.

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The truth is, of course, that the "drama" of the screen, like the drama of the Restoration, according to Charles

Lamb, is remote from both reality and morality, and represents merely a "speculative state of things which has no relation to the world as it is." The ordinary writ of character and conduct simply does not run in this queer country of the cinema, where tragic spectacle jostles with simpering sentiment, vamps and crooks are tamed to astonishing goodness in the twinkling of an eye, and monstrosities of virtue and villainy operate in the vast inane. The fierce "he" man and fluffy heroine are flashed on against a background of fire and flood, and must oftener be applauded for feats of physical endurance than for anything that can justly be called acting. Yet nobody can deny the truly catholic taste of the film producers in their choice of subject. Except for the standardised "Western" variety, which are as like one another as sardines in a tin, all that is asked is that the matter filmed should, if possible, have been a public success in some other branch of art or entertainment. The names of George Eliot and Georges Carpentier are shouted with equal emphasis and impartiality from the same megaphone; and, provided the subject has made some previous appeal, the camera-man will film you anything nowadays, from the first chapter of Genesis to the latest play of Bernard Shaw. Novelists, dramatists, poets, hymn-writers, boxers, flyers, cricketers, athletes of all descriptions, and ex-convicts—they are all one to him. A pioneer in everything pertaining to photography, the cinema is content to be the veriest parasite for its thematic material. Mr. Noel Coward is "up" as a playwright, therefore the plays of Mr. Coward must be filmed. This is "modernity." But it really does not matter what dim memories are evoked, nor how thin the thread of sentiment appealed to. A picture now due for release is boomed as being "based on" the once favourite melody, "Love me and the World is Mine." This title might serve for ninety-nine films out of a hundred. The point is that nobody thought of it before. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has recently been filmed in America, and *Tommy Atkins* in England. Thus these intrepid adventurers of the studio keep the flag of progress flying! One of the most candid of the British manufacturers said

the other day that he was not sure whether the cinema was an art, an industry, or a dissipation. Whichever it is, one may safely echo the prediction of Mr. Ivor Brown that "when it ceases to pay it will be dead."

"Why all this fuss about films for children?" asked a bored reviewer on one occasion. "Surely they are all children's films!" Perhaps it is as well that the Board of Film Censors does not take this view. Children are supposed to be excluded from films which are given an "A," or adult, certificate—though, as they are allowed to see them if accompanied by the adult, the safeguard seems more illusory than real. This is a regulation of the London County Council. But Mr. T. P. O'Connor and his staff have a remarkable list of provisos of their own which repay a brief study, rounding off as they do the solemn absurdities of the showman and his show. From the Board's report for 1926 it is recorded that only four films were entirely rejected out of a total of 1,718 submitted, and that 334 were limited to "Public" as distinct from "Universal" exhibition. The closest examination of the films shown during the past five years or so would fail to disclose exactly on what principle one film is marked "A" and another "U." Common sense might be inclined to mark most of them "F," as indicating for the "Feeble-minded." In the light of the films actually put out it is more interesting to consider the Censor's reasons for rejection. Altogether there are seventy-three of them, grouped under seven headings: Religious, Political, Military, Social, Questions of Sex, Crime, and Cruelty. The four rejected films were banned because of such diverse offences as the "drugging and ruining of young girls," "scenes in a lunatic asylum," and "Bolshevik propaganda." The last-named would probably be easy to spot and dismiss, but one wonders which particular species of lunatic asylum came under the ban, seeing that so many have been granted the blessing of the "U" certificate.

Indeed, the more one ponders over this amazing list of expurgations the more one is driven to the conclusion that Mr. O'Connor's Board must have been supplied with a

dictionary of definitions not available to the ordinary student. Otherwise the reasons given by the examiners, in many instances, for taking exception to films would seem to be the very reasons why they are passed. For there is hardly one of the seventy-three which has not been ignored in film after film. Will it be believed, for instance, by anybody acquainted with the drama of the picture palace, that "female vamps" are on Mr. O'Connor's Index Expurgatorius? Who would have thought, too, that "passionate and unrestrained embraces" were taboo? What film "fan," accustomed to seeing the innumerable devices of crooks and "confidence" men on the screen, would be convinced that "methods of crime open to imitation" were always carefully eliminated before the picture was passed? We rub our eyes in wonderment on noting that "orgy scenes" are not allowed, and that "marital infidelity" is kept out of the cinema entertainment. Mr. O'Connor, that careful casuist, once explained that he was keen to distinguish between "love, even guilty love," and "lust" when submitted to him in film form. It would be interesting to learn how he distinguishes between the scenes of "brutal fights" which he rejects and those which he accepts. Nine out of every ten of the films which come from America present us with at least one "brutal fight" which, though it may have no damaging effect on the actual combatants, is specifically intended to convey that effect. "Lecherous old men" are down on the black list, but somehow have a most uncanny knack of creeping on to the screen. "Travesty of religious services" may offend the susceptibilities of the Board, but several films of recent date could be named in which such travesty has been permitted—the humbug of the ultimate "conversion" of the principals, in one case, merely turning a semi-humorous incident into a nauseous slab of hypocrisy.

One could go through the entire list, and in regard to at least three-quarters of it could point out where, over and over again, the Censors' precepts are at variance with their practice. Every kind of censorship, no doubt, involves a certain amount of arbitrariness and inconsistency.

The mistake of the film censorship lies not so much in the system which governs its decisions (though this is open to grave objections), as in the eagerness it displays for publishing the "reasons" which govern the system. This section of the Report must surely be meant for the perusal exclusively of people who never visit the cinema.

The question of the censorship of films will not be less important in the near future now that the productions of the home manufacturers have received the encouragement of the State. Whatever efforts are to be put forth to embody our "national ideals" in the light of the screen it must be said that, so far, the British film "revival" has shown an astonishing aptness for reproducing the American methods. So long as these include one or more of the Board's seventy-three "objections" it is unlikely that the new British pictures will be banned because they fail to express the national spirit. The films are a law unto themselves in this respect, and the censors must be so used by now to the politics and ideals of "never-never-land" that if any really national characteristics were to appear in a screen story they would probably regard them as "propaganda," and prohibit the subject forthwith. The cinema public, too, has become so familiarised with the intensive cultivation of movie ideals, as exemplified in American films, that any others might be resented as unnecessarily insular. This was one of the arguments used by the exhibitors who opposed the quota. They declared that whenever they screened subjects showing English characters in an English setting the public stayed away. Whether this be true or not it is significant that the only film which had any great success during the British Film Weeks of a few years ago was one which, in story, style, and treatment, was so like the American model that it was actually booked in America.

With the support of the quota (which is to rise from 5 to 20 per cent. of the exhibitors' programmes) British producers may feel more at liberty to indulge in new departures and experiments. But the outlook is not promising. In the last few months the "national ideals" have flourished only in "society" melodramas adapted

from recent plays, and in military and naval spectacles built round some incident of the War. It is still thought necessary to reconstruct these horrors, and it must be admitted that in such a picture as "The Somme" an undying chapter of British history has been faithfully re-written in the graphic language of the screen. But the "undertakers" are not content with this form of mimicry, which does, at least, give us a rendering of a real story untainted by any attempt at "story-telling." They must go on to weave incidents of their own round some of the more heroic passages of the War which consistently play down to the level of the "hick" intelligence. But though a hectic patriotism was, of course, the only "ideal" in the film theatre while the War was on, we might reasonably ask for something a little less reminiscent ten years after its conclusion. Yet every historical incident of the War is being raked over for purposes of movie mimicry; many of the actual heroes who shone on the field of battle having been engaged to take puppets' parts in a shadowgraph reproduction of it. The martyrdom of a woman is the latest "stunt," the name and deed of Edith Cavell being exploited to make a film "fan's" holiday. All we need now is for some enterprising producer to prevail upon the Kaiser himself to re-enact some of his wartime antics for the delectation of the British cinema-goer. Thus will the acerbities of our struggle with Germany be softened, and our "national ideals" be widened to include the world. The heroine of the Cavell picture said that "patriotism is not enough." But both patriotism and pacificism are too much—far too much—when exploited on the screen, which has ever been the exponent of false sentiment and distorted psychology. Perhaps the cinema does not aspire to anything better for a public which would sooner read sub-titles than listen to dialogue, and prefers the jazz-movement of the screen story to the concentration of real drama. But if the films we are promised under the quota system do not improve on the debased and hysterical standards now so slavishly followed, the Americanisation of the screen will be complete, even if the British quota is raised to 100 per cent.

SALONICA—YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

BY H. CHARLES WOODS

THE former, present and future importance of Salonica depends very largely upon its excellent position in regard to the sea and upon its favourable relations with the interior. Situated about half-way along the European coast of the *Ægean*, it occupies a fine site at the head of a bay and of a gulf, through which there is an adequate channel for ships making their way to and from the modern harbour. On shore the communications are governed by the geographical configuration of the country, and especially by the fact that the town lies at the southern extremity of the Vardar Valley, which divides east from west, and which, together with the Morava Valley, forms the great highway from south to north across the Balkan Peninsula. Moreover, whereas political rivalries have so far prevented the connecting up of the Adriatic with the *Ægean* by railway, Salonica is situated on the ancient Via Egnatia, which united Durazzo with Constantinople. Consequently, from earliest times the collecting and distributing radii of the port have always been extremely wide, and in the Great War, when Napoleon closed the accustomed routes into Germany, this route formed one of the new channels of commerce, which reached its Central European destination either by way of the Vardar or Struma valleys, and thence along the great international thoroughfares.

In modern times the trade of the port has been increased by a fairly effective system of railways, three of which are deserving of mention. By far the most important is one which follows the valleys of the Vardar and the Morava, and connects Salonica with Nish, on the main route from Central Europe to Constantinople. This line, together with another, opened during the World War, places Salonica directly between Paris and Athens, and, were the permanent way to be improved, this would probably be the easiest and quickest means of communication between Europe, Egypt, India, and the Far East. Furthermore,

even if the Salonica-Monastir railway has not yet been pushed to the Albanian coast, it certainly serves a considerable area of new Greece, part of Southern Jugoslavia, and a section of Eastern and Southern Albania, whither passengers and goods are conveyed across the frontier by road from Florina or Monastir. Lastly, there is the Salonica-Dedé-Agatch-Adrianople line, which traverses the Ægean Plain, and forms the connecting link with Constantinople. As neither Kavalla nor Dedé-Agatch is ever likely to be able to compete with Salonica, this line must continue to carry a very considerable amount of traffic. Its value will be materially increased when, and if, the Greek and the Bulgarian Governments come to an agreement for the prolongation of the present narrow-gauge Bulgarian railway, which follows the Struma Valley as far as the frontier, or for its conversion into a normal gauge line, and for its linking up with the Greek system at or near Demir Hissar—a place so well known during the Macedonian campaign. For these reasons, therefore, it is not surprising that for years Salonica has been the object of many aspirations, and that its future remains of interest not only to Greece but to other countries dependent at least in part upon it for their means of import and export.

Salonica has always been specially noteworthy from two standpoints—its picturesque position and plan and its cosmopolitan population. Rising from the water's edge and built in a horse-shoe shape on the slopes of the hills, before the fire of August 1917 it presented an attractive appearance, especially from the sea. But with the exception of the comparatively new street, which ran along the quay and round the head of the bay, the city used to be dirty and squalid, and many of its thoroughfares were narrow and winding. Indeed, in spite of beautiful churches, bastioned walls, and a Roman arch, one's outstanding pre-War impression was that the town constituted something isolated and different from anything else in Europe, and that it was a compromise between the materialistic and vulgar on the one side and the ancient and beautiful on the other.

In some directions this impression has been crystallised, and in others it has been shaken by the events of the last few years. The fire destroyed the centre of the city, measuring roughly 1,000 yards wide by 800 yards deep, and for some time one was forced to pick one's way over uneven ground, and among gaunt, charred walls and temporary huts. In 1923, however, the work of rebuilding took serious shape, and the new part of the town is now divided into squares, more or less bounded by wide straight streets, which run roughly parallel or perpendicular to the sea front. The original level of the quay street, no longer followed by tram lines, is being raised by several feet, thus giving it greater protection from the waves, which were always so troublesome, especially in the afternoon. No particular type of architecture has been followed; the buildings are usually of reinforced concrete, and most of the houses are four or five storeys, except in cases where money has run short, when lower structures are often roofed in as a temporary or permanent expedient. There is now a much better system of electric tramways, a fine modern hotel has been constructed on the site of the former Splendid Palace, and there are the several beautiful churches transformed by the Turks into mosques and reconverted by the Greeks into churches. But when I was in Salonica last year a large number of the streets, for which the municipality is responsible, were as yet unmade, there were localities to which one could only drive with difficulty, and many of the plots were still bare. Consequently, the new part of the town had an unfinished or a mushroom appearance, recalling in some ways Tel Aviv (the Jewish city alongside Jaffa), and in others the suburbs of an American or colonial city, where building has gone forward for a time with unexpected rapidity. In short, with some of the former atmosphere remaining in the original streets, there is now a sort of exaggerated modernness, which in a way produces a contradiction almost as acute as that which existed in former times.

The exceptional and cosmopolitan spirit of Salonica, which in old days was comparable only to that of Constantinople, depended partly upon its mixed population.

Under Turkish rule, that is prior to the Balkan wars, when the inhabitants probably numbered about 150,000 souls, roughly 90,000 were Jews. Speaking Spanish, they controlled the business of the city, and surpassed the Greeks both in commercial ability and social standing. Besides the Jewish community, there were and there probably are about fifteen thousand *Dunmés*, who are Jews by race and nominally Moslems by religion. The remainder of the population used to be made up of roughly 30,000 Greeks, 5,000 Turks, 4,000 Bulgarians, and a European colony. The results of such a mixture were that prior to the Greek occupation the Jews dominated everything from the most menial work to banking, that almost every known language was spoken, and that, as at present in Palestine, there were really three days of only partial business, the Moslems keeping Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday as their particular days of rest.

These conditions have now been fundamentally modified. Though the European War followed the Hellenic annexation too closely for Salonica to have gone through a far-reaching change in the interval, the Bulgarian and Turkish elements rapidly disappeared. Moreover, after the World Armistice there was a period of great stagnation, the total number of the inhabitants probably showed a decrease, and a material Jewish emigration occurred. This lack of briskness continued until the time of the Hellenic disaster in Anatolia, when Salonica was inundated by a vast horde of refugees, who at first seemed likely to overwhelm it, and the city probably now has 500,000 inhabitants, including some 300,000 refugees, permanently installed in the town, or in its numerous suburbs. Such a change has completely altered the complexion of the place, for, whereas the Jews are still an important element, politically and economically they have been swamped by the Greeks, who now form an all-preponderating majority of the population. Thus, whilst in these and other ways Salonica still has a distinction of its own, the second largest town in Greece owes its rapid Hellenisa-

tion to circumstances impossible of anticipation at the time of its occupation fifteen years ago.

Salonica, captured by the Turks in 1430, and therefore twenty-three years earlier than Constantinople, has been and is a place of much more than local importance. For many years both Russia and Austria-Hungary had direct or indirect aspirations in Macedonia and at its port, and the city was the birthplace and the long-time headquarters of the Committee of Union and Progress, which brought about the Turkish Revolution in 1908. In 1912 and 1913 the place entered upon what was really a new international phase, for, whereas Austria-Hungary no doubt continued to turn her eyes in that direction, the future of the port became of all preponderating interest to Greece, to Bulgaria, and to a lesser degree to Serbia. The Serbo-Bulgarian Treaty of March, 1912, left the city far beyond the line fixed as the limit for Serbian claims, and the Græco-Bulgarian Treaty of the following May made no arrangement for the future distribution of the territories to be acquired by a common victory. Hence, when the first Balkan War broke out it soon became a race between Greece and Bulgaria—a race actually won by the Hellenic Army, which occupied the city on November 9th, and twenty-four hours before the arrival of a Bulgarian division, which came by way of the Struma Valley. Thenceforward, whereas the all-important Bulgarian campaign in Thrace was of far more immediate military interest, one of the most urgent problems concerned the future of the place under discussion. There were delays in the conclusion of peace between the Allies and Turkey, the attitude of the Central Powers was responsible for thwarting the Serbian aspirations in the direction of the Adriatic, and the claims of Bulgaria, especially upon Salonica, threw Greece and Serbia more and more together against her. In the end, and on June 1st, 1913, when an earlier arrangement had been made that the Serbians would make no objection to the incorporation of Salonica in the Hellenic kingdom in exchange for a Greek agreement that Monastir should become Serbian, the Govern-

ments of Belgrade and of Athens signed the famous Treaty of Alliance¹ which led to the second Balkan War, undertaken by Greece principally in order to secure the retention of Salonica. The reputation then won by King Constantine, and the bearing of that Treaty upon the relations between Greece and Serbia, were of far-reaching significance during the World War. Moreover, the Royalist opposition to the Allied and Venizelist proposals of compensation to Bulgaria in 1915 certainly depended partly upon a Greek fear that such concessions might endanger the ultimate safety of the port. Lastly, whereas the Venizelist insurrectionary Government had its capital at Salonica from September, 1916, till June, 1917, the political, and especially the geographical, importance of the area under discussion is clearly suggested by the fact that the ultimate Allied victory in Macedonia drove a wedge into the vitals of the Central Powers and played its part in the German isolation, which was followed immediately by the conclusion of the World Armistice.

Since the Greek annexation in 1913 Salonica has passed through two economic phases—the first of almost complete ruin and lasting until about 1923, and the second of relative, if not complete, prosperity and extending up to the present time. The World War, and particularly the Macedonian campaign, provided temporary oxygen for a languishing patient, and the various territorial arrangements, made since the Armistice, have extended the eastern frontier of Greece along the Ægean coast and materially beyond the limit fixed after the Balkan wars. But the coming of Greek sovereignty had the natural consequence of removing a great deal of the political importance of the city, since, instead of being a second capital of the Ottoman Empire, it became a too near neighbour, if not a mere appendage, of Athens. Much more important from the commercial standpoint, the arrangements made in 1913, and generally confirmed since the World War, had for their result the separation of the port from the territories which it was accustomed to serve.

(1) This Treaty is published in *La Genèse de la Guerre Mondiale*, by J. E. Guéchoff.

Thus, instead of Salonica remaining an integral part of its naturally large hinterland, it is now situated in a narrow strip of Greece, encompassed at short distance by Bulgarian and especially by Jugo-Slav territory. That position, necessarily unfavourable owing to the establishment of customs barriers, was and to some extent still is aggravated by the political relations between the three countries—relations which seriously interfere with goings to and comings from either Bulgaria or Jugo-Slavia by this route.

These disastrously unfavourable conditions, which prevailed for some years, have now been materially modified by three developments, or series of developments, worthy of discussion in connection with the second phase of Salonica's Hellenic existence. Strange as it may seem, the first local improvement was due to the external situation and to the quite unforeseen growth of Turkish nationalism. That movement, unsympathetic to Constantinople and European trade in general, has reacted entirely in favour of the Piræus and Salonica, which have now become the most important ports in the Levant. Moreover, whereas at first it appeared that the compulsory exchange of the Turkish and Greek populations and the nominally voluntary transference of the Bulgarian and Greek elements would entail enormous disadvantages to the countries concerned, that result has certainly not occurred, at any rate so far as it refers to Greece, and particularly to Salonica. This is so because, ignoring the undoubted gains from the Græco-Bulgarian arrangement, about 800,000 Greeks have entered Macedonia in the place of roughly 350,000 Moslems who have left that district. There has been a good deal of unemployment, both in the urban and rural communities, and the new-comers, who may be seen everywhere in Salonica, besides in their white-walled, red-roofed cottages in the interior, are only just beginning to be productive and able to meet the requirements of life by the purchase of foreign goods. But the consequence of the change is that in the place of a much smaller and more backward Turkish element there has been a widespread re-population of the fan-shaped Salonica commercial basin by the introduction of a hard-working people,

accustomed to cultivate the produce and to manufacture the goods for which parts of Asia Minor have long been famous. Here, too, the Government and the Refugee Commission are to be congratulated, for even if it has not always been possible to fulfil such conditions, every endeavour has been made to settle the people according to their original grouping and to allocate town and country inhabitants so that the refugees need not change their modes of life. In short, the instalment of this vast new population in Macedonia, besides a corresponding movement in other districts more or less dependent upon Salonica, has already done, and is destined to do, a great deal to replace what is a lost geographical hinterland by a human background and to bring a renewed prosperity to a port which at one time seemed well-nigh ruined.

The reconstruction of the devastated fire area, which more or less coincided with, if it did not directly depend upon, the above-mentioned movement, should be considered from the standpoints of what has occurred and of the results of those occurrences. Soon after the fire the principle of the acquisition of the devastated land by the Government was decided upon, values being fixed in a more or less arbitrary way and the owners receiving payment in bonds which were good only for the repurchase of land in the newly laid-out quarter. The value of the Greek exchange and of the securities fell heavily between their time of issue and the completion of the town-planning scheme; there was a good deal of gambling in the bonds, and when the land came to be resold, often to its former owners, prices and costs of building were far dearer than a few years earlier. Serious sales took place in the year 1922, actual reconstruction began in 1923, and the building boom was brisk for about two years. But since the latter half of 1925 various conditions have seriously interfered with the completion of the work. The world financial crisis has been particularly serious in Greece, because of an earlier fluctuation in the currency, of a political uncertainty, and of a lack of confidence which has driven money abroad. Moreover, the economic and financial situations became acute owing to the usually too

high prices paid for the land, to the way in which it (the land) and the new buildings have been fully mortgaged, and to a heavy fall in rents. And then, even if tenants can generally be found for residential properties, offices, particularly the better class offices, are at a discount, and last year I saw many buildings which were partially or entirely unlet. Nevertheless, if the commercial quarter has been overbuilt, and if many formerly rich people have a serious difficulty in meeting their daily liabilities, the recent uncertainty and disorder are now on the way to obliteration, and Salonica is acquiring a new life, entirely out of the question so long as its principal business quarter remained in ruins.

The third, and in some ways the most important, new feature in the life of Salonica is the establishment of the Greek Free Zone. Under discussion for a number of years, this zone, no doubt inaugurated largely in order to compete with the Serbian area referred to below, was opened in 1925. It embraces the whole port except the Serbian section, and certain quays devoted to Greek coastal trade; it is well equipped, and it works under a convention by which the controlling commission now occupies the same position towards the French Concessionary Company of Construction as did the Turkish Government in pre-War days. A good deal of the former congestion has now disappeared, the management appeared to me to be efficient, and, if the supplied information be reliable, the imports during the first year's working were greater than ever before the opening of the zone. Ignoring statistics, and put in simple language, the facilities now available mean the provision of a number of bonded warehouses for the use of the local importer as well as for the assistance of the merchant resident beyond the frontiers of Greece. Thus, whilst the Salonica purchaser can leave his goods, as a whole or in part, in bond for so long as he chooses, paying only storage and certain other charges, merchandise in transit to countries beyond Greece is subject to no Customs duties, certain disembarkation and storage charges being reduced in such cases. This is a great advance upon the systems often adopted in countries where nationalism

generally outweighs ordinary commercial advisability; goods already go far into the interior by this route, and, were satisfactory arrangements completed with Jugo-Slavia and Bulgaria, there is no doubt that the zone would gain a position unequalled elsewhere in South-Eastern Europe.

The future of Salonica as a whole depends very largely upon three things—the capacity to overcome the financial crisis, the full exploitation of the agricultural and commercial advantages possessed by the Hellenic population, and the conclusion of satisfactory political and economic agreements between the Greek and Jugo-Slav Governments upon matters of outstanding importance, and particularly as to the use of the port. The Greeks are a persevering, intelligent, clever people, and, provided deeper and more serious political rivalries can be kept in the background, as they now seem to be temporarily in the background, there is good reason to suppose that they can put and maintain their house in order. With regard to the external position, however, the question is much more complicated, and certain fundamental facts should be recalled. Before the Balkan wars, when Serbia, of course, had no port of her own, and when the ever-recurring crises made it difficult for her to export produce, particularly live stock, to and through Austria-Hungary, Turkey granted her limited facilities, including the use of special cattle-sheds, at Salonica. When Turkey had been defeated, and in the summer of 1913, Greece and Serbia entered into the general treaty of alliance mentioned above. Later on, and after the second Balkan War, which left Serbia greatly enlarged, but still without access to the sea, and therefore more than ever dependent upon Salonica, an agreement was arrived at with Greece under which the first-mentioned country secured a free zone at Salonica. That agreement was not ratified, and the European War converted Serbia into the much larger and more powerful kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and left the relations between Belgrade and Athens considerably modified or strained as the result of the earlier

and royalist attitude towards the interpretation of the Græco-Serbian Treaty of 1913.

Late in 1922, when the War and the Hellenic disaster in Anatolia had greatly qualified the positions of the two countries, Greece ratified the 1914 agreement about Salonica, but Jugo-Slavia declined to do so on the ground that it gave her insufficient advantages. Fresh negotiations were opened, and in May, 1923, a new agreement was signed regulating transit trade by way of the Mediterranean. That agreement¹ was ratified a year later, and a special zone at Salonica was handed over to the Serbian Government in March, 1925. In the meantime, however, a further and still unsolved problem had arisen, for, in November, 1924, the Jugo-Slav Government gave a legal one-year's notice of its intention to terminate the pre-War treaty with Greece—a treaty capable of denunciation at any time after the summer of 1923.

This development and the opening of the Greek Free Zone has had its practical effects upon the smooth and continuous working of the Græco-Jugo-Slav transit arrangements, and of the Serbian Free Zone, and for the last three years the diplomacy of the two countries has been working intermittently for the conclusion of a new political treaty and for fresh arrangements regarding Salonica and the approaches thereto. Pourparlers which began in February, 1925, were adjourned in the following June, largely because the Greeks were unable to agree to the Serbian demands regarding the control of the Ghevgeli-Salonica railway, and to the creation of a specially favourable position for the Serbian minorities in Greek Macedonia. Indeed, whilst certain excessive demands by Jugo-Slavia in regard to the Free Zone appear finally to have been dropped, it was naturally impossible for Greece to sanction an arrangement tantamount to the modification of her sovereignty on the railway and in part of Salonica. A year later, and just before the fall of General Pangalos in August, 1926, a Treaty of Friendship and a series of conventions regarding Salonica and other

(1) For details of this agreement see *Survey of International Affairs, 1920-1923*, or *The Near East Year Book, 1927*.

matters were signed at Athens. These arrangements, which included a political treaty for three years, an extension in the size of the Free Zone, and a right by Serbia to bring into that area goods from countries with which she had commercial understandings, were distinctly acceptable and favourable to Jugo-Slavia. But whereas General Pangalos had declared an intention to secure their consummation by legislative decree, a year after his disappearance from power they were refused ratification by the Greek Chamber in August, 1927. Hence, ignoring a commercial treaty concluded on November 2nd last, the general political situation, besides further details concerning the Serb Free Zone, still await fresh negotiations likely of inception at an early date.

In the past, the Jugo-Slavs have no doubt taken advantage of their favourable tactical position in order to try to secure terms and to press claims which have given rise to serious and natural fears in Athens. The Greeks on their part seem to have failed to realise that Serbian trade is vital to the prosperity of Salonica, and that unless they go out of their way to encourage that trade, Jugo-Slavia will grow to rely more and more upon her own Adriatic ports, with which the railway communications are being improved every day. Consequently, to a close and, I hope, impartial observer it would appear that the Government of Belgrade would be well advised to remove all suspicion of political or military designs upon Salonica, and to work solely for commercial arrangements, which will always be advantageous, at least, to Southern Serbia. On the other hand, those responsible for the direction of the new Hellenic Republic should recognise the advantages of accepting almost any terms which do not infringe the sovereignty of their country or endanger the actual safety of a town and of an area now so dear to the heart of every Greek. Mutual arrogance, extreme claims and extended chauvinism will be to the disadvantage of all concerned. Reciprocal moderation, restraint and clear-sightedness must react to the benefit of Salonica and to the advantage of Greece and Jugo-Slavia, each of whom may well be useful to the other at a time of need.

THOMAS HARDY: SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

By S. M. ELLIS

THE long-dreaded blow has fallen at last, and the sad words "Hardy is dead" have been said with poignant regret. Each time I saw him during the last years I could not escape the painful thought, "Perhaps this is the last time." Yet the years went by and he still remained as active in mind as of old, still composed poetry, still walked daily in the fields adjacent to Max Gate and often in the heathy tracts of Egdon, till at last the happy hope grew that he would, now in the anchorage of a peaceful old age, reach to an extreme antiquity. But it was not to be. Hardy attained a great age—eighty-seven; but a century would have been unique, I fancy, in the records of intensely imaginative novelists, for these have drawn too lavishly on their vitality. Walter Scott, when the end came at sixty-one, was a physical wreck, as was Meredith at eighty-one. Thackeray was only fifty-two and Dickens fifty-eight when, in both cases, a stroke obliterated for ever their powerful but over-used brains. But Hardy's passing had none of these painful aspects. His was just the quiet end to a quiet life, a sinking to sleep—"The day being so far spent, so low the sun."

The nature of these slight recollections of a great man compels me to claim indulgence for a personal intrusion at times. It was my privilege, my great privilege, to know Mr. Hardy for fourteen years, and throughout that period my first impressions of him suffered no change. As on the first occasion, so to the end, I was ever impressed by his modesty concerning his genius and his immense achievement, his gentle courtesy and kindness, his love for animals, his extreme simplicity. In conversation it was difficult to realise that here was the unchallenged head of literature in England, here a man who had the world at his feet in homage.

I first met Thomas Hardy in 1913, when I was living at
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Southwold, in Suffolk. A near neighbour there at that time was Mrs. Arthur Henniker, the daughter of Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), herself a writer, and a very valued friend of Hardy, who addressed to her a long series of letters wherein, I understand, he gave free vent to the whimsical humour which was one of his characteristics, a trait quite unknown to the world outside his intimate circle, the world which, quite wrongly, believed him to be a melancholy pessimist. In April, 1913, then, Hardy, accompanied by Miss Florence Dugdale (who became his wife ten months later), paid a visit of a week or so to Florence Henniker at Southwold House. My mother and I were invited to meet them at luncheon. There were no other guests, as Mrs. Henniker most kindly desired that I, as a young writer with then but one book to his name, should have the opportunity for a prolonged conversation with Mr. Hardy. I remember it was a very long lunch, lasting from two until four o'clock, based on the generous profusion of a vanished Victorian menu. Which reminds me that Hardy was indifferent to food, and quite unaware of what kind of wine he might be drinking. In later years Mrs. Hardy told me how on one occasion when her husband was ill a friend sent him a case of fine champagne, and in jest she asked: "How do you like this brand of cyder?" To which he replied: "It's very nice, but rather drier than what we usually have."

At the conclusion of Mrs. Henniker's luncheon I, no doubt rather presumptuously, invited Mr. Hardy to come over and see me on the following morning. He accepted, duly arrived, and stayed for over two hours. My old home, Hill House, possessed something which interested him very much. It was a house built and added on to at various dates, one wing having been the ancient Custom House of Southwold; and here, in the cellars, were two small prison cells which had been used in the late eighteenth century for the detention of smugglers after arrest, pending their removal to the gaols of Yarmouth or Ipswich. This little link with the period ever nearest to Hardy's heart, the years of England's great conflict with Napoleon, to the episodes of which he had given such

magnificent expression in *The Dynasts* a few years earlier, led him to speak much of the dramatic picturesqueness of life in our grandfathers' era as seen from our retrospective angle of vision—for I doubt if either the incarcerated Suffolk smugglers or the soldiers of the Peninsular War had any conception that they were formative figures of romance: rather did they only curse at their ill-luck and hardships. Our conversation naturally passed on to historical romance in the form of fiction, and I was delighted to find that he had a great admiration for that best of historical romancers, William Harrison Ainsworth, whose biography was the one and only book I had at that date written. Mr. Hardy said that Ainsworth was the most powerful literary influence of his boyhood, and *Old St. Paul's* his favourite romance, so much so that when he paid his first visit to London as a boy of nine, in 1849, he procured a map of the City, marked out all the streets, lanes, and purlieus described by Ainsworth, and then made a personal tour, first going to Wood Street, thence following the movements of Leonard Holt as depicted in the story. In later years Hardy liked Ainsworth's *Windsor Castle* very much, and he said the unexplained mystery of Herne the Hunter was most artistically treated. I had the pleasure, shortly after, of sending to Mr. Hardy a copy of *Windsor Castle*, and here is his reply:—

Max Gate,
Dorchester.
4th May, 1913.

Dear Mr. Ellis:

I am much obliged for the illustrated *Windsor Castle* of Ainsworth. In looking over it I am carried back to the days of my boyhood.

The passage concerning Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy's lodgings at Meredith's¹ occurs in a letter from the former to his brother Joseph, quoted in Broadley's and Bartelot's *Nelson's Hardy* (John Murray, 1909), page 202:—

"Portsmouth,
Sept. 7th, 1827.

"... I can give you a Bed. I am at Meradith's (sic) the Tailor, 73, High Street, opposite the Parade Coffee House..."

(1) An allusion to my grand-uncle, Augustus Meredith, the original of *Evan Harrington*, by his son, George Meredith. Augustus's father, Melchizedek Meredith, "The Great Mel.," had died in 1814.

The reference to Turpin in *Far from the Madding Crowd* occurs in Chapter 50, pages 401-2, in the three-and-sixpenny and the pocket editions.

Sincerely yours,

Thomas Hardy.

Rather curiously, in view of his liking for the romances of Ainsworth and G. P. R. James, Hardy did not much care for those of Walter Scott and R. L. Stevenson. In fact, for the latter he had no inclination at all. He considered Stevenson overrated, and could no more finish a story of his than he could *The Egoist* of George Meredith. *Old Mortality* was also a story he found it difficult to get through, and he thought Scott was at his best in the novels with English settings, such as *Kenilworth* and *Peperil of the Peak*. It cannot be that Hardy disliked Scotch romances, for he had greatly enjoyed in his youth the now almost forgotten James Grant, particularly *The Scottish Cavalier*, with its artistic presentation of the sadly fickle Annie Laurie. Mr. Hardy said this was also one of the books which had influenced his imagination in boyhood; and when I told him that James Grant was living at No. 25, Tavistock Road, Westbourne Park, at the time he himself was near by at Porchester Road in 1872 and 1874, Mr. Hardy said he wished he had known, so that he might have seen Grant and expressed his admiration in person. Hardy added that he was in London in December, 1863, at the time of Thackeray's death. Later he lived at No. 16, Westbourne Park Villas until 1867, and it was here many of his early poems were written during the years he was still a student of Gothic architecture under Sir Arthur Blomfield. In February, 1880, Hardy was at No. 1, Arundel Terrace, Trinity Road, Upper Tooting, which sounds a most unsuitable, even if temporary, address for the author of rural tragedies.

Some of Mr. Hardy's later opinions concerning contemporary writers that I remember include his intense admiration for A. E. Housman's *Shropshire Lad*, and his dislike for Mr. Garnett's *Lady into Fox*, which he thought stupid. The works of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith—described by some of her admirers as "The Hardy of Sussex"—he

considered clever, and her descriptions of peasant life imaginative, but not based on personal acquaintance with the subject. He laughed about one of her farmers dressed in a smock. He said such a thing hardly was to be seen even in his own youth: labourers, of course, wore smocks, but not their master-farmers.

On one occasion I asked him what kind of wife he imagined Fancy Day, in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, would turn out in the future. He replied: "I don't quite know. We had better draw a veil over her; and yet I have known women of her type turn out all right, some of those early examples of independent schoolmistresses included." I also asked him about the old superstition of the Key and the Bible mentioned in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and he said the girl's garter was tied about the key, and both were placed hard against the text chosen; and if impress from the Bible type was made upon the light garter it was presumed to be an omen that the suitor was the right man and that he should be accepted.

In view of Hardy's pronounced interest in the supernatural and in what, for want of a better term, I must describe as "ghosts," it is surprising that the subject did not receive more attention in his novels: in his poems there is often a breath from the unseen land—"I saw much less of the quick than I saw of the dead." In some of the short stories, in particular *The Withered Arm*, Hardy showed how powerfully he could interpret and convey the authentic thrill from the Unknown. It was at our first meeting that he told me *The Withered Arm* was founded on fact, and he agreed with me that a story dealing with the supernatural should never be explained away in the unfortunate manner of Mrs. Radcliffe. Mr. Hardy added that Leslie Stephen wrote to him protesting that the mystery in this story should have been dispersed by a normal solution, which the author regarded as a dull and unimaginative example of gratuitous criticism.

There is a passage in one of the *Life's Little Ironies* that, for me, presents, as in a miniature, Hardy's preoccupation with the supernatural, his introspection and meditation at "mothy curfew-tide" upon the hills and in

the little churchyards of his loved Wessex. It is in that saddest of all stories, *The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion*, an episode of about 1804, when England feared invasion by Napoleon, and the coast of Dorset was guarded by soldiers encamped on the Downs:—

Here stretch the downs, high and breezy and green, absolutely unchanged since those eventful days. A plough has never disturbed the turf, and the sod that was uppermost then is uppermost now. Here stood the camp; here are distinct traces of the banks thrown up for the horses of the cavalry, and spots where the midden-heaps lay are still to be observed. At night, when I walk across the lonely place, it is impossible to avoid hearing, amid the scourings of the wind over the grass-bents and thistles, the old trumpet and bugle calls, the rattle of the halters; to help seeing rows of spectral tents and the impedimenta of the soldiery.

The incident on which the story is based was related by an old woman to Hardy in 1855, when he was a boy of fifteen. The scene, he told me, was Bincombe. I visited the spot *en route* to a later visit to Max Gate. Bincombe is a remote little hamlet, off the highway from Weymouth to Dorchester, and approached by gated lanes, nestling under a great steep down, which rises almost perpendicularly above the few cottages and the tiny church, where in an unmarked grave by the churchyard wall lie the two young hussars of King George's German Legion, Matthäus Tuia and Christoph Bless, who are immortalised in *The Melancholy Hussar*. The same theme of the threatened invasion of the Dorset coast by Napoleon occurs in *A Tradition of Eighteen Hundred and Four*, and Mr. Hardy told me how as a boy he had delighted in hearing from his father and aged people, such as "Solomon Selby," stories of the war times when troops were encamped on the downs above Weymouth, a theme which reached its fullest expression in *The Trumpet Major*. The "Overcombe" of this book, the author said, was partly Sutton Poyntz and partly Upway. A sad story also is *The Trumpet Major*, and those rolling downs between Dorchester and Weymouth always bring to my mind's eye the figure of the unlucky hero and how at the close he "marches into the night":—

The candle held by his father shed its waving light upon John's face and uniform as with a farewell smile he turned on the door-stone, backed by the black night; and in another moment he had plunged into the dark-

ness, the ring of his smart step dying away upon the bridge as he joined his companions-in-arms, and went off to blow his trumpet till silenced for ever upon one of the bloody battlefields of Spain.

The pathos of the final, sudden antithesis in this picture is worthy, I submit, to stand beside that famous passage of Thackeray's in *Vanity Fair*:—

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

In one of the remarkable illustrations drawn by Hardy for his *Wessex Poems*—the one accompanying *The Alarm* (1803)—he shows the lonely figure of a soldier standing on the high Ridgeway and gazing across the wide stretch of country to the sea and the ships off Portland, the ship that may take him to death. Like his friend, Mr. A. E. Housman, Hardy was ever deeply moved by the poignancy of the soldier's life, the strange fate that urges a young, vigorous man to early death and decay.

Yet saw he something in the lives
Of those who'd ceased to live,
That sphered them with a majesty
Which living failed to give.

In a later poem, concerning the South African War, *The Dead Drummer*, Hardy writes of a Wessex boy killed and buried on the veldt:—

Yet portion of that unknown plain
Will Hodge for ever be;
His homely Northern breast and brain
Grow up a Southern tree,
And strange-eyed constellations reign
His stars eternally.

I do not think it has been pointed out hitherto that here is the same thought that in after years found expression in *The Soldier*, by Rupert Brooke:—

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed. . . .

I have strayed from my first meeting with Hardy. Upon leaving my house he warmly invited me to visit him at Max Gate whenever I was in Dorset. The opportunity

occurred during the same year, August, 1913, when I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hardy in his own delightful home, a privilege that was to recur on three subsequent occasions. Many pens will describe the house, and I shall only mention one detail which may be of interest to future pilgrims. The author's study was originally in the front (over the drawing-room), the room he later used as his bedroom, and it was here he wrote *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. His study some time afterwards was a room at the back of the house, facing north-east, with the prospect rather obscured by trees, and here he composed the tragedy of *Jude the Obscure*. From the garden at the back Mr. Hardy pointed out to me the wide prospect stretching to his Egdon Heath and the dairy lands of Tess. In front, his view ranged over the spreading fields to the downs of *The Trumpet Major*—the fields¹ in which he delighted to walk, for they were off the highways and spared him from meeting staring strangers—an ordeal he abominated. Rather than meet a stranger, in his last years, he would turn back at the approach of one and retrace his steps. Hardy always pointed out to me the beacon erected on distant Blackdown to the memory of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy—Nelson's Hardy—who figures in *The Trumpet Major*. It is a conspicuous monument entirely in keeping with the lonely, wide landscape. And here I would warmly support Mr. Sydney Cockerell's plea that Hardy's memorial in Dorset should be a somewhat similar column, lofty and plain, reared on the Mai-Don or Rainbarrow or other of his hilltops, for I can vouch for the appeal that solitary monument to his naval namesake had for the author of *The Return of the Native*, whose imagination ever scaled the heights. And what could be more fitting than a column on Rainbarrow, the pivot of that wonderful book, that most wonderful interpretation of the Spirit of Place:—

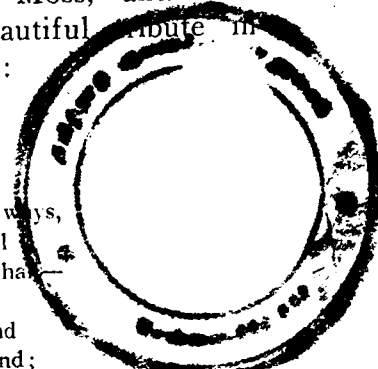
A high hill cutting against the still light sky . . . a barrow. This bossy projection of earth above its natural level occupied the loftiest ground of the loneliest height that the heath contained. . . . It formed the pole and axis of this heathery world.

(1) The aspects of these fields can also be seen in the author's illustrations for *Wessex Poems*.

When I first visited Max Gate, Hardy's dog, a white terrier, the famous "Wessex"—the subject of the poem *A Popular Personage at Home*—was a puppy sporting round the tea-table in the garden. Twelve years later I found him as lively as of yore, indeed an obstreperous hound, much addicted to growling and the tearing of rugs, one who was guilty, it is related, of biting Mr. John Galsworthy. Poor "Wessex," I fear, must now be dead, and lies, no doubt, in the shrubbery, where a row of little inscribed tombstones, partly covered with ivy, mark the resting-places of the former pets of Max Gate, a dog and five cats—among the latter "Comfy," "Moss," and white "Snowdove," who inspired that beautiful tribute in verse, *Last Words to a Dumb Friend*:

Pet was never mourned as you,
Purrer of the spotless hue,
Plumy tail and wistful gaze
While you humoured our queer ways,
Or outshrilled your morning call
Up the stairs and through the hall—
Foot suspended in its fall—
While expectant, you would stand
Arched to meet the stroking hand;
Till your way you chose to wend
Yonder, to your tragic end.

Housemate, I can think you still
Bounding to the window-sill,
Over which I vaguely see
Your small mound beneath the tree,
Showing in the autumn shade
That you moulder where you played.



This was written in 1904, and though it was nine years after when he sadly pointed out the little grave to me, I think his sense of pain and loss was as sharp as on the first day. Hardy, like the true nature-lover he ever was, had a profound affection for the domestic pets who mean so much in the lives of sensitive and solitary humans, and he agreed with Byron that their loss can cause as bitter and desolating a pain as ever the human heart will know. He voiced his exquisite compassion for the suffering dumb creation in many a poem: the cattle driven brutally to slaughter; the hunted fox; horses shipped for war service

—"all the wrongs endured by Earth's poor patient kind."
Even a poor starving cat out in the snow has a place in
this noble man's gentle benevolence:

The steps are a blanched slope
Up which, with feeble hope,
A black cat comes, wide-eyed and thin;
And we take him in.

It was the small, sad things of life that so often touched
his muse to song, the memories aroused by some insentient
thing of a day of long-vanished joy. Thus it is in *The
Garden Seat, The Little Old Table, The Best Times,
The Last Time, At the Piano, Old Excursions, Every-
thing Comes, The Last Performance, The Strange
House, At a Fashionable Dinner, In a London Flat, The
Selfsame Song*. Many of these sad little lyrics look
back to his first wife and her sudden death on the very
day of the production of *The Trumpet Major* by the
Dorchester Players in November, 1912.

Then do you remember
That sad November
When you left me never to see me more
And looked quite other than theretofore,
As if it could not be you?

When Mr. Hardy showed me the portrait of his first
wife, with her long, fair hair hanging down over the
shoulders, he said she was the prototype in many respects
of Elfride in *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, particularly in her
physical attributes. According to the accounts of people
who met this Mrs. Hardy in her later life she
was a formidable person, though, no doubt, a typical
lady of a Victorian parsonage, for she was the niece of
an Archdeacon, the Ven. E. H. Gifford, and sister-in-law
of the Rev. C. Holder, Rector of St. Juliot, near Bos-
castle, in Cornwall, with whom Miss Emma Lavinia
Gifford lived at the rectory during the years 1868-1873.
It was to this place that Thomas Hardy came in 1870 as a
young architect to superintend the restoration of the
church, and he married Miss Gifford four years later.
Hardy's own love story is not only reflected in his Cornish

novel¹ but in many of his poems, pre-eminently in the
lovely *Beeny Cliff* (March, 1870-March, 1913):—

O! the opal and the sapphire of that wandering western sea,
And the woman riding high above with bright hair flapping free.
The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed far away
In a nether sky, engrossed in saying their ceaseless babbling say.
As we laughed aloft light-heartedly on that clear sunned March day.

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird western shore,
The woman now is—elsewhere—whom the ambling pony bore,
And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will laugh there nevermore.

And again in *On a Discovered Curl of Hair*:—

When your soft welcomings were said,
This curl was waving on your head,
And when we walked where breakers dinned
It sported in the sun and wind,
And when I had won your words of grace
It brushed and clung about my face.
Then to abate the misery
Of absentness, you gave it me.

Where are its fellows now? Ah, they
For brightest brown have donned a gray,
And gone into a caverned ark,
Ever unopened, always dark!

However much the passing years and ill-health may
have changed the lady, it must always be remembered that
she was once in her far youth Hardy's bright star of love,
and that on the wild coast of Cornwall romance dawned
for one of the greatest artists of the erotic theme.

Mr. Hardy was singularly fortunate in his second wife,

(1) *A Pair of Blue Eyes* was published in 1873, and it found an early and
perceptive admirer in young Reginald Brooks (son of Shirley Brooks,
editor of *Punch*), for in his manuscript diary, which I chance to possess,
he notes on January 18th, 1874: "Rained all day without a break. Very
dull. Read a novel, *Pair of Blue Eyes*, very good indeed: worth all other
new novels I have read for a long while."

Mr. Hardy told me *A Pair of Blue Eyes* was the favourite of Tennyson
and also of Coventry Patmore. The manuscript was sold for £1,500 in
1926.

now his widow. To her, a woman of infinite tact, the world owes a great debt, for it was she who shielded him from all worry and anxiety and importunate callers, tended him with gentle care, and so prolonged his life in the haven of a peaceful and happy old age. Hardy himself realised his great debt to her, and wrote:—

For one did care,
And spiriting into my house, to, fro,
Like wind on the stair,
Cares still, heeds all . . .

There was no "pessimism" in the home life of Max Gate, any more than there is in Hardy's literary work. He was, in his prose and poetry, often preoccupied with the fate of humanity as the sport and victim of ironical immortal powers; with the mischances of life and love; with the swift passing of beauty and happiness—the sad impermanence of all mortal things. He lamented that the flowers should fade and spring be so quickly gone. The moon wanes and the sun sinks to rest, and human life, unlike these forces of nature, is not reborn, but is bounded by the little green hillock in the churchyard and the eternal night—decay, blotted memories, extinction in exchange for all the high hopes, the fine ambitions, the love, the "throbbings of noontide," when the mountain tops were roseate at the outset of youth. What deep thinker but can be sad in contemplation of the facts of life: this is not pessimism, only regretful resignation.

As a man, Mr. Hardy—as I saw him—offered no "pessimism," either in his conversation or his personal appearance. It always amazes me when I read the accounts of his "eyes full of pain" and his confessions of fits of dreary depression. The fact is, his was an extremely shy and sensitive nature, and the mask he wore to the outer world was an artificial protection of his inner self. To bores and intrusive journalists seeking "copy" he presented the "pessimism" they inspired and desired to find; and these people, who could only see in the "tired eyes" infinite sadness and depression, little knew that the same eyes could twinkle with fun as he told or heard some amusing story. I could relate several humorous observa-

tions and anecdotes of his concerning still living or recently deceased people, but I prefer to dwell on his kindly simplicity and his unconsciousness of his genius and importance. I will advance two instances, and must again ask pardon for what may seem an egotistical intrusion. On presenting to Mr. Hardy one of my books which contained his portrait as frontispiece, he said: "I ought not to come first." And when I replied: "You could not be put in any other place," he only smiled and shook his head in friendly reproof.

I look back to a very memorable visit to Max Gate on Michaelmas Day, 1922, a lovely autumnal day. On leaving, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy walked with me by the field route to Dorchester station, not forgetting "Wessex," who provided vocal noise. The distance must be quite a mile, but Hardy, though then eighty-two years of age, walked along as quickly and actively as a boy, talking humorously the while. On reaching a bridge over the railway line, I said good-bye and proceeded to the station some distance away. My train left quite a quarter of an hour later and passed under the same bridge I have mentioned. By a fortunate inspiration I looked out of the carriage window, and there was Mr. Hardy still waiting on the bridge and waving a final adieu. It was an incident that touched me greatly, and I am glad to say Mrs. Hardy wrote to me later: "My husband saw your final wave to him out of the carriage window. I was amazed you could see him on the bridge as the train passed beneath."

The last time I went to Dorset, in 1925—it was winter-tide—it had been a murky day. As the train from Wareham travelled across portions of Egdon Heath the evening sun burst through the clouds and took the colour of a dull red ball lighting up the pools of water on the heath as with fire. As the sun sank, the pools became the colour of blood and the distant hills took on a lovely tinge of purple. When I reached Woolbridge House—where poor Tess arrived to spend her honeymoon—the sun had set, and that dire, haunted manor-house beside the "great Elizabethan bridge" looked drear indeed in the fading light, the last rays reflected in the flooded land around. Twilight

merged into night, and lights soon were twinkling from the homesteads scattered here and there on the great range of downs and on that black mass of Egdon Heath, which perchance is also the heath of storm and sorrow of Lear, traditional King of Wessex.

But my thoughts are with that greater King of Wessex whose torch of genius and romance has lit up for human time the aspects of his native countryside. His body does not lie, as he expected, beneath the shade of the great yew trees in Stinsford—"Mellstock"—churchyard, but his memory is there and to the verge of his Wessex "till the last crash of all things low and high shall end the spheres."

JOURNEY TO PARADISE

BY DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

WHEN we are lords at last of earth and sea and the spell of the wild shall have retreated to the stars, the charm of coasts will remain, the ancient charm of land and sea in relationship. It is a thing inexorable even by villas, even in a world imagined as edged along the whole of its coast-lines by promenade, villa-fringed. And, indeed, wild coast, now so rapidly diminishing, was, for the majority, until the present century, until the coming of motors, even in England almost unknown. There was the ocean, across which brave people ventured for diversion or for business. And there was the seaside, certain known strands, frequented in the proper season. The interspaces were legendary, matter for travellers' tales. And a visit to even the best known and most easily accessible resort was an enterprise fraught with so many perils that every book of household management offered a little homily on the subject of sea air—a substance only less redoubtable than night air—and a discourse on the dangers of bathing. To the end of my days, though I have shed more of this lore than I can recall, I shall know just how long one should acclimatise before venturing into the water, how long to remain therein, the best restoratives to take on emergence, and the number of minutes that may safely be spent in resting before the sharp walk that is essential to survival from the ordeal.

From our earliest years my sisters and I were familiar with every detail of the ritual, discussed, no doubt, each summer in advance by our parents and nurses, and serving, I fancy, with them no less than with ourselves only as an enhancement of the coming adventure. It is certain that once we had arrived they were immediately forgotten. Bathing, which began on the first morning, I remember as an exciting and tiresome interruption of entrancements, of building and dyke-making, shell gathering, shrimping, wading or mere ecstatic pattering about to the movement

of sea and sky and cliffs. It was exciting because that quaint Quaker invention, the bathing-machine, rattled across the sands at a tremendous pace, and it was happiness, while being unrobed, to stand on the bench in the dark enclosure and watch through the tiny square of window the outside brilliance racing by. Bathing was tiresome because the hands of the huge bathing-women who stood about in the shallows and cut short private enterprise by dipping us one by one turn and turn about beneath the advancing waves were large and red and very hard. The interruption over we immediately followed our own devices, though I remember that there were, if no restoratives, at least buns, incomparable brown sun-hot new buns, to allay the worst pangs of a most ferocious hunger.

To this day when in London I prepare for a swift rush to the coast I know that I am going, not casually to the sea, but marvellously to the seaside; the seaside that is one place and has no name. The place that was seaside to me in my childhood, being in South Devon, had a rich and lovely name, a name that my father, with a touch of jocular patronage, used to speak in the West Country fashion, and my childish condemnation of his pose was in reality a resentment of any naming of my heaven. I know now how unjust I was, that the young man, ancient to me, who doughtily, summer after summer, carried his offspring the long day's journey to the far west, took refuge in the local speech because he, too, was shy of naming the unnameable. He, too, was going to the seaside. And I can appreciate, knowing that although seaside is one and indescribable, there are shores and shores, the excellence of his choice. For though to-day I love the pale and narrow sea that tumbles heavily upon the Sussex coast, the fresh little sea dancing in the east wind off Norfolk, the green Atlantic rollers that break against the Cornish cliffs, and many another stretch of our island waters, each one brings between-whiles the nostalgia of my own seaside, of the fine, fine shingles of the Devon beaches, the recurrent sound of them under the tide, the infinitely refreshing hiss and wash as they are lifted and dragged backwards by the waves, and the echoes of this

sound in the red caves and tunnels. For years I knew no other coast. Did not know that there were cliffless beaches of grey pebble, pallid in unbroken sunlight, and waves that retired soundlessly over sands of muddy grey. The first sight of such pebbles and such sands seemed heartbreak.

And I have seen Devon triumph, seen her coast a lifetime of other coasts.

My seaside is no longer the seaside that I knew. But the pier and promenade that have usurped the places of the old stone jetty and the sea-wall have not changed the sound of the sea in the coves nor dimmed the beauty of the innumerable shells washed up there. A handful of shingle still yields cowries, the small tooled shapes that were nuggets in dross to my eager hands, minutely heavy, sea-wet and pinky brown in their fine ribbings along the spine, paling to where the lips curl inwards, ivory white.

But it was not of these things that I thought when into endless summer, into a garden whose boundaries were as yet unknown, there came the news of the great journey, but rather of the dazzling spaces of sunlit salty air above the little town and of the way sound echoed through it fresh and free. Morning sounds, the blithe barking of a dog upon the shore, the shrill high voice of the fishwife announcing my incomparable seaside breakfast, and later the sounds of donkeys trotting and of people hurrying to the beach on silent rubbered feet to laughter and the clinking of little buckets. The air above the small town behind the cliffs held always some echoes, and this for me was its deepest charm, haunting me while I coned over with my sisters the joys to come. Nothing could fully banish its enchantment, neither the childish squabbings that at home could fill the universe with darkness, nor the first misery of scorched legs nor even the recurrent tragedy of bedtime. And though each day I was lost in the joy of the strong red cliffs, the happy wash and ripple of the waves, the shapes and colours of the lovely things to be seen and handled in rock pools, my best bliss came down upon me away from the shore. All that made seaside was fused and distilled within the dazzling air above the open space where our house stood in the mainway of the townlet, a wide road

divided by narrow ribbons of green lawn that ran each side of a stone-rimmed torrent broken every few yards by a steeply gushing fall. I felt both pity and contempt for these tame sweet waters. Yet it was in passing over the little bridge that spanned their gentle rush to the sea, in hearing the splash and murmur of their cascades go up into the sky, that I tasted the deepest of my joy.

Early on a summer morning we would start from the outskirts of our little Berkshire town. Unfamiliar shadow under the home gables and strange quiet in park and market-place, I remember no family, no incident of departure, only the sense of known things passing away, and then, it seemed at once, the being roused from sleep in the midst of the fearful adventure of Paddington. I knew not then that Paddington was the aristocrat of the London termini with proud traditions and a leisurely staff. To me it was inferno; chaos with but one refuge, perhaps undiscoverable, the seaside train. The regulation Paddington train with its well-hung coaches panelled in ivory and brown, rolling smoothly westwards at the bidding of a decorously low-voiced bell-toned whistle, was, I thought, a vehicle kept in state for its glorious mission. Paddington has changed but little. The many buffets, the automatic machines and other modernities crowding the platforms accommodate themselves to its atmosphere. The staff, including the smallest newspaper boy, is still courtly. And the turn of the wheel that was bringing back mahogany and repp has restored to the Great Western rolling stock its Victorian garb of chocolate and cream to delight the eyes of survivors.

Paddington and piled luggage, and my family suddenly present. My mother, in sprigged muslin and dustcloak and small round hat tilted nosewards from piled hair, disquietingly anxious and dependent. My sisters in sprigged cotton and reefers, their flushed faces framed by monstrous "zulu" hats, kept for the seaside and most miserable in the wearing, with a poke that hit the sky and was brought plastering down over the ears by means of a tight bridle of elastic cutting, when new, unmercifully across beneath the chin. A torment now banished for ever. It had its

compensations. You could, for instance, at unobserved moments, by the simple device of working the elastic to the tip of your chin, become a mounted policeman—a painful process causing the coarse straw to scrape the tender parts of your hot ears, and dangerous unless you preserved a policemanlike immobility. Usually you did not, and the elastic slid and leapt, to come, with a cutting sting, tightly to rest under your nose.

My father on these occasions was less tranquil than the terminus, though quite as stately. Circumstances were exacting. All of us, including my mother and the servants, reduced to eager and not always mute helplessness, were pendant upon his omniscience, excited, frightened, and, but for him, lost utterly. His to carry us through not only without help, but hampered by the humiliating necessity of parting with some of the finer shades of the composure inseparable from the bearing of the travelling English gentleman. This bearing was his by nature and by the grace of an almost religious cultivation. But the travelling English gentleman of his day clothed his composure in frieze and deerstalker, and though on these holiday flittings high summer seems always to have blazed, my father, whenever exposed to the vulgar gaze, bore these articles upon his tall and slender form. The long frieze, it is true, hung open, revealing the cool silky alpaca that lay beneath. But the weather and the occasion tyrannised. Useless to deny it—the English gentleman was flustered. Small wonder that my mother, goddess omnipotent, became almost one of ourselves, shared our torment: the certainty that the train would elude us. Small wonder, indeed, that my father shepherded the forlorn group into a waiting-room and forbade the opening of its door until he should reappear. To this day the inside of a waiting-room recalls to me that fearful interval. Its terrifying length, the pictures of disaster that filled the small space so closely surrounded by large suggestive sounds. And its end was not the least of its fearfulness. The door would open quickly, not upon a stranger or a porter, but upon the dreaded form of my father, upon his voice, urgent. It was now or never. And the pilgrimage that ended in the

security of our reserved carriage was made always in the certainty that this time it was to be never, that we alone amongst the small throng of travellers were doomed by some miracle to miss our heaven.

Once we were safely in the charm descended. Joy was secure. My mother, tearful with relief, would take up her two fold task of sympathy with our happiness and the protection of my father from disturbance. There was, however, an interval of licence lasting from the moment he stood up to free himself from his outer garments until he was ensconced, having for a while unbent to share our celebrations, sideways in his corner with his *Times*.

But the act of keeping comparatively still brought its own rewards. One could hear the faithful rumbling of the wheels, set now to hymn tunes sung quickly, and now, while the train sped rocking, and the telegraph wires, running together, refused to be counted, to a song of its own, the wordless, exultant beating, it seemed, of life itself. And the great events of the day came in the silence to life between memory and anticipation, blossomed in pictures upon the air vibrating to the song of the train. And suddenly there would be Basingstoke. Just a name, standing for a moment on its board on a platform and presently gone. Always for me it was the remotest point of our journey through unknown worlds, and always it filled me with a longing to escape the life I knew. I would look at the faces about me averted towards the platform, and wonder if they too knew where we were—on the borderland of what strange enchantment. . . . After we had passed I suffered loss, as if something of me, alighting there, had been caught up into a state of being that knew no more of seaside and of home.

Quite different was far-away Exeter, "Xturr, Xturr," the porters would say conversationally. In high, fresh air. The first breath of the air that stood above the little seaside town. And these porters, because they breathed it, were different from other porters. Belonging to the world of seaside, they looked happy and serene, as if, though always there, they knew quite well where they were. But these happy porters stood in the distance at the end of

the long day. The sound of the wheels would begin to tell of the long, long hours, and presently, unawares, I was wakening from deep sleep to see the brown hamper open for lunch, to feel older by a long day past, and blissful, waking up after a party, to find another party just begun.

By the time far Exeter was reached we children were knowingly weary. And Exeter, with its message of the sea's nearness, was trial—the last trial of the day; a repetition in miniature of the agonies of Paddington. Like Paddington it was large, and, though comparatively mild and gentle, still important and awe-inspiring. To my childish imagination it was purely in a spirit of respect for its manner and its size that the train waited so long there. It was at Exeter, too, that the sternest of my grandmothers joined us. She was to the smaller of us little more than an apparition. Once at the seaside she disappeared, doubtless preferring the quiet of independent lodgings to the turmoil of our enchanted house. I cannot remember that she took any part in our life by the shore. Only from time to time came the reminder that somewhere in the bright scene Grannie was abiding. It was the only solemn thought that touched me during the length of our stay. And the conviction—arising in my mind if for long enough I stood staring at the cascading waters beyond our door—that I was, in the opinion of everyone but this laughing stream, a very naughty girl—was cheerful compared to any reflection on Grannie's sojourning. The first intimation of her coming was the departure of my father into the unknown. Once more we were left to anxious helplessness, to the certainty of disaster. Relief would come at last with the sound of Grannie's voice—the high, staccato, wavering voice of deafness and old age, crazing my childish nerves with the imagined horror of a soundless world, chilling me with the fear that the train, having stood so long, would move on while she was being got in. There she would stand, black-robed and towering between her black-robed maid and one of ours, my father behind, and my mother, all anxious helpfulness, inside the carriage door.

But when at last she was arranged within there was compensation for this large, dark presence with its terribly chanting voice. When the speechless greetings were over and my parents had communicated with her by means of repeated shoutings into the mouthpiece of the long tube hanging, a sinuous black garland, across the carriage, she would, before finally folding her hands to sit with eyes contemplative upon each of us in turn, extract and distribute—acid-drops. The real lemon-drops, that vanished with the application of modern chemistry to lollipops. They were strong. They contained the pure juice of the lemon and the cane, were satisfyingly sweet and acidly refreshing. They were also a noble size, square and thick and with deep bevelled edges. They lasted. But they were slippery. And if, their first charm exhausted, the return of weariness brought a sudden collapse, they slipped and lodged, four-square, half way down, and the end of the journey was sharp pangs, pangs lessening and ending at last in forgetfulness, till lifting arms were there, and the window and the sea where the train tunnels its way in and out of the red cliffs along its edge. A strange, forbidding sea, ghostly in fading light, as in the morning things had been ghostly. An eternity, a child's whole day with unfamiliar lateness added, had gone to the making of a journey that now takes a few hours. But the days to come were perhaps the richer for the joys and agonies of that tremendous preliminary.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY BEATRICE MOLYNEUX

THE God made Man unchanging through the cha
The silent Watcher in a passing night—
Is He so veiled beneath a faith divided?
Or faith so blind it cannot see the Light?

Can science understand a sacred Mystery
That holds no record on a broken sod?
And what achievement's won in man's poor see
If he in groping loses touch with God?

We ask a sign beyond all human knowledge,
And hands of clay the Infinite would span—
Where lies the Glory of the Incarnation
If we forget the Godhead in the Man!

The generations sleeping in the shadows,
Leave they no story of a simple trust,
No testimony of Faith's Crown of Victory,
God's Holy Image printed in the dust!

Humanity can read the constellations,
And mark the movements of the countless
But only sees as in a vision darkly
The Things of God behind its prison-bars.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

FUNERAL rites have furnished much discourse since the last instalment of these notes was written. The honour paid to Thomas Hardy answered to all men's judgment of what was due to a great man, not only for his own sake, but as a tribute to the generation which had in him its last illustrious survivor. Yet somehow the whole proceedings were touched with his own sinister irony. Disregard of his expressed wish might be justified by arguing that his unaffected modesty would have equally prevented him from contemplating the possibility of interment at Westminster and from putting aside such a tribute if it were offered. Yet his own countryside, to which he belonged by his life and by his long celebration of it, showed so strong a revolt against the physical separation of his remains from the corner of this earth which had been the seedland of his genius, giving of its own qualities in unison with him who raised the crop, that this strange mediæval compromise was effected, and the heart was taken out of the body and buried at Dorchester. Beholders might well imagine Hardy's own grim meditations on all this ceremonial. Not but what he would have surely been touched; yet he might well have seen a final incongruity when they burnt to ashes the members of one whose living mind had so often dwelt on the normal process of creative transformation from one mould into another of animated dust.

Then came, with its poignant comment of contrast, the burial of Lord Haig, when all fell so surely into a noble harmony, of which he himself dictated the broad lines. For him it would have been affectation not to contemplate the choice of interment in St. Paul's or the Abbey, and nothing could have been more perfect than the manner of his setting this aside by a few words to the minister of his own

church. Yet it would be wrong here to talk of modesty; what spoke was rather a more intimate pride. Haig of Bemersyde would rather lie with the Haigs of Bemersyde than in any Pantheon. And after all, what Pantheon could compare, for a borderer, with Dryburgh, where Sir Walter is buried and Lockhart at his feet? Let it be remembered, too, that Scott is there, as his epitaph records, not claiming his place by any right divine such as would gladly have been accorded him, but asserting on his tombstone the tie of blood which to him was essential for admission. He brought his achievements there to his own; and, *si qua fides dubiis*, what exultation there must have been in his ghost when he saw the victorious soldier make the same election and the same offering!

There all conspires to beautify these pieties. That wide lawn where the lovely ruins stand in sunlight is a space enclosed by the sweeping boughs of great sheltering trees, and about it the Tweed puts a shining girdle; all is kept and seemly, yet seems a piece of nature without artifice; and the detached block of buildings, with its vaulting and its columns, under which is Sir Walter's tomb, has been modelled by happy chance into the proportions of some superb and colossal casket. By it, in the open, is fenced the Haig burying place—or so I gather from what is written.

For so unobtrusive was this great soldier, so little bruit was there of his fame, that when hosts of the border, steeped in border tradition, took me to see Dryburgh five years after the War, I can recall no word that told me, here lie the forbears from whom Douglas Haig came. First and last, though, this quietness must have been in his character, for I was a freshman at Brasenose when he had only just left it, and in any college of some hundred and twenty men there are some whose names and repute pass at least to the next undergraduate generation; but he was not of these. Not until the War was halfway through did I learn somehow in France that the Commander-in-Chief had been almost my college contemporary. And after the victory, when Brasenose honoured itself by entertaining him, what stayed in my mind after hearing him speak

there was the lack of any assertive quality, any perceptible magnetism. So far as one's personal observation goes, he did not succeed in making his personality felt through the armies he commanded. Indeed, it is not easy to see how any man could, though two or three of the great Frenchmen seem to have accomplished this.

But we know now, since the publication of Sir Henry Wilson's diaries, that Haig, against the judgment of the Frenchmen, and against Wilson's own judgment, refused to play for safety by giving up a part of the line, and stood for pushing the counter-offensive to the utmost after Germany's supreme effort was spent. That, indeed, was leadership, and we owe to it the shortening of the war by a whole winter with its miseries and hazards, and perhaps by a full summer as well. It seems clear that, as the records are sifted and clarified, his part will show greater and finer than any one of us divined.

But already from his completed life one thing stands out. He was the consummate type of the British officer trained in the old Army; and no school in the world has bred more lovable and admirable gentlemen and comrades. Reticence, the avoidance of whatever was flashy or dramatic, was carried in that school almost to a fault: yet it could be magnificently effective, as it seems to have been when in the worst moments of the early fighting before Ypres, Haig and his full staff rode quietly through the battered regiments down the main road towards the German attack. There was no question of addressing the troops, nor indeed was such a thing possible; but an officer trained in that tradition as a rule said little at any time.

The essential of their training, however, was care of their men—and to make them feel that they were cared for. As the War developed, the regimental tradition with its long-established personal relations became impossible to maintain. Officers and men were thrown together almost pell-mell, the commander of a unit often neither knowing those he commanded nor known by them. What remained when the War was over was the Army. All public opinion has rightly recognised as more characteristic even of Lord Haig than his part in the War the duty which he chose

after the War: and a more heartbreaking task no man ever buckled to. Here was this huge swarm of men, to whom promises had been lightly made which were as lightly forgotten; they were in distress, difficulty, rage and bitterness; regimental associations were useless for so great a charge, and half of them had no real regimental association. But they were the Army, or had been, and Haig had been its commander-in-chief. They had cause to know that he never forgot them. How much good he did, how much evil he prevented, how far he failed, perhaps can never be reckoned; but at least he tried and he died trying; and little wonder it is, after what he went through from 1914 to 1918, and from 1918 to 1928, that death should have come to him sudden and early.

People talk glibly of Victorians. If the word means anything, Haig and the men of his type were Victorians; and those who knew British officers before the War and during the War were unlucky if they did not come across half a dozen at least of such men, not indeed of his ability, commanding regiments rather than armies, some of them already retired before the War, and "dug out"—to the great profit of the new levies. These were men who had been formed on the type that is depicted in the novels of last century, perhaps with most grace and charm by Thackeray, but essentially better in Scott than by any Victorian of them; men modest in speech and bearing, no fire-eaters, not easy to make picturesque, just because of their dislike for the theatrical, but men greatly capable of leadership and incapable of intrigue. The "Great Victorians," if you like, had helped to form them, Ruskin and Tennyson as well as the novelists, or more than the novelists; the public schools and universities had helped; but the British Army itself of pre-war days was the most "Victorian" institution of them all. The simple piety which seems to have marked Lord Haig was anything but rare in those of whom he was the best example.

It is in accord with all tradition that the leadership of the British Armies, first held by an Irishman, should have passed to a Scot; these two countries have always had more than their share of such glory—though it should be

said that probably the picked officers of the Army, if they had to select the name which at the end stood highest for soldiership, would have chosen neither Haig nor French, nor Wilson, but an Englishman, Lord Plumer—but also how completely in the British tradition is it that the great shaper of imaginary lives, clothed in a cloud of thoughts and fancies—whether you call him novelist, dramatist, or poet—should be as English as Shakespeare—the author of all others with whom Thomas Hardy has most affinity. And how characteristic it is and how amazing, that this “nation of shopkeepers,” or, to speak more justly, of excellent business men, which so often borrowed its leaders in war or statesmanship, should have always drawn from its inmost tissue its own poets. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley—and I will not leave out Tennyson—what is there in any of these that is not utterly and authentically English, and what is there better in any other literature? Only one of these names is Victorian, and Tennyson is not only that, but the most typical of all that we mean when we use that word, for blessing or banning. But how ridiculous to apply it to Hardy! He worked, it is true, in the Victorian period; he was the full contemporary of Meredith, he was busy with his novels when Trollope was working, or Miss Yonge, Trollope’s counterpart—I say it not in disparagement of the man, but in justice to a woman writer who has not yet been fairly appraised. Hardy conformed uneasily to the standards which these others accepted willingly and reinforced by their example—and which were entirely congenial to that British military type of which Haig was the pattern. When finally the Victorian public—with the entire approval of hundreds of admirable and lovable British colonels—rose in revolt against *Jude the Obscure*, Hardy accepted the fact that he belonged to an England which was spiritually not at all of Queen Victoria’s period, but much rather of Shakespeare’s or Milton’s—and which no doubt was extant in the dales when Wordsworth had his upbringing—an England that Tennyson was aware of in his *Yorkshire Farmer Old Style*. Hardy then went out of a sphere in which (since society concerned itself

seriously with the novel) those traditions dominated which were at their strictest in the mind of a well-bred devout regimental British officer; and somehow in the Victorian age it had become natural for literary men to conform to such standards. For the Victorian age, unlike others, expected its writers to be prophets and teachers; they all had their “message”—Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Macaulay, Kingsley, Meredith, too, as much as any. Swinburne no doubt was an exception, and was disapproved as an exception, till he in the end became more conformable than any. But Hardy had no gospel to preach: he offered his thoughts—his gloomy thoughts—and his society. He is far more truly the contemporary of the post-war young, who like so well to be reminded of what the Victorians liked to ignore, than he is of his own more cheerful generation.

Why bury him in the Abbey? Why not let his own home be enriched by one final association, as Tweedside is by Haig’s burial? Are there really people who would wish that Shakespeare should lie at Westminster and not at Stratford?

And again, why is it that in thinking of Hardy one always comes back to the thought of Shakespeare? All the adorable gaiety of Shakespeare’s plays has no counterpart in this sombre modern; mirth there is, but you find it only frank in his choruses of rustics, and often there it has a bitter tang. Shakespeare can see the world black and cruel, in *Lear* and *Othello*; yet somehow with him one is conscious of tempests that will pass. Hardy seems always to invite you to watch flies that gambol agreeably, beautifully even, charming creatures of delight; but the spider is always waiting; and in whole books of his it is as if you watched a spider slowly enveloping and killing a fly. Nor does he offer you what never for an instant fails in Shakespeare, the tunable quality of words. Hardy was one of the few important writers whom one easily pictures employing a villainous adjective about which there was some controversy of late; he might have said that an expression was “to be taken in a pejorative sense.” His vocabulary has often the clumsy pedantry of a pro-

moted village schoolmaster; and the rhythm of his sentences, even when it attains to beauty, recalls the heavy lumbering movement of shire horses ploughing. In verse, no writer of excellence ever wrote more uncouth lines; and yet in his verse above all, there are times and times when one says to oneself, "Was there anything so great as this written since Shakespeare?" It is the strength in him, the sap, the vital force, the mass and momentum of his thought, that make us forget all that is deficient in him as a writer. And if he could not catch, as Shakespeare did, the very quality of a bird's song, he could render, as no one else of his time, the thrill with which man's heart answers to a bird's singing. He is not prepared, as his contemporaries were, to tell us how to be good, or how to be happy; it can hardly be said that he tries to make us happy, or succeeds. But he gives us his company, and though it does not send us whistling on the road, that companionship, even in a menacing world, somehow fortifies and gives courage.

The latest American proposal about naval expenditure is interesting. Mr. Kellogg declares that the United States are willing to lead the way in a general abolition of submarine warfare. This is, of course, perfectly natural. The submarine, as we all learnt not long ago, is the arm of the weaker naval power. Now the position is that naval supremacy, which rested up to 1918 with Great Britain, still rests with the English-speaking race; but America has decided that the preponderance of this control shall be in American, not in British, keeping. If the entire fleets were equal, ship for ship and gun for gun, America would have the mastery because her necessary defences are less extended. If she wants more decisive superiority than this, she can have it because she can pay for it. Great Britain has to accept this fact, just as the rest of the world must accept the English-speaking domination of the sea. What, then, is England's interest? Certainly, it would seem, to abolish the submarine, because then the necessary margin of superiority in surface craft could be greatly reduced. From the point

of view of safety, England, which can be starved out, has more to gain than America by the suppression of this arm. On the other hand, if England's object is to challenge and limit American mastery, then she cannot discard the weaker power's weapon. But unless England is willing to accept the doctrine that ultimate control shall lie with the longest willing purse, how is it to be expected that the other Powers in Europe, or out of Europe, should listen to a plan which presupposes that control of ocean transit shall be left secure to the English-speaking races, on terms less burdensome to the controllers than they must be while the submarine exists?

However splendid the traditions of British seamanship, they should not blind us to the fact that, among all the forms of military power, a navy under modern conditions most strictly depends on continuous and costly renewal of material; and this proposal, if universally accepted, would hugely reduce cost. But if England, which has most of all Powers to gain by its adoption, disregards it from competitive pride, there is no possibility of making any serious beginning of reductions. At first sight the offer looks so naive, so manifestly in the interest of America's ascendancy, that one is disposed to laugh. Yet, if one comes to think, it is sound in logic: it is the right place to begin, and it is surely worth thinking over.

Lord Iveagh's collection of old masters, now being shown at Burlington House, will add greatly to the public enjoyment of Ken Wood at Hampstead, where they are to be placed: the more so because the taste of their collector was so much that of the average British citizen. Here are a few of the great Flemings and Hollanders, with a profusion of all that is most popular and sugared in the work of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney—and three or four of Boucher's confections for dessert. It is to be wished that in their destination the Dutchmen may be kept apart; they make the English work seem amateurish and a little trivial. Perhaps the Netherlands gain in their art by having so little to tempt them into prettiness. These serious, heavy people attain beauty by a concentration on the subtleties of tone, on the essentials of character,

and a reposeful dignity, which are best seen here in the little Jan Vermeer study of a lady playing her lute. Neither of the two Rembrandts nor the Franz Hals is so satisfying as this masterpiece. Van Dyck's "Henrietta of Lorraine" is almost too impressive a princess: that solemn presence is overpowering. Rubens is represented by the portraits of himself and his wife—she carrying a tray of fruit on her head, he a dead stag thrown over his shoulders and a basket of partridges on his arm; but the game and the fruit are attributed to Snyder. The fruit I can believe to be by another hand; but was it really Snyder who painted the deer's pelt and those marvellous dead birds? Anyhow, skill could go no farther in the rendering of fur and feather—the rich tactile quality as well as the glowing browns, and that look of something ruffled and fading, yet still exquisitely vital, which is on the plumage in a sportsman's bag.

As for the Englishmen, Crome's "Yarmouth Water Frolic" could hold its own beside Cuyp's "View on the Maas"; and the two together would enrich any gallery. One is made to feel more than ever that Crome was a strayed Netherlander—and indeed that fen country of his is an extension of the other across the North Sea. Gainsborough, who could rival the Dutch in making beauty from the light on a plain face, is not here seen in that subtler *rôle*: his best thing in the collection is perhaps the portrait of George IV when Prince of Wales, which explains that young man's facile charm; and his "Going to Market" is a lovely piece of decoration swimming in a light which, however, suggests sunset rather than early morning. But the father and mother of numberless Royal Academy pictures is to be seen in Reynolds's composition of "Venus Chiding Cupid for Learning to Cast Accounts." It is so pretty, so engaging, so perfectly adapted to catch a sentimental public with the charms of a chocolate box that one feels a brute for saying that here opened the primrose path down which English art meandered to innumerable Lords of Burleigh in literature and Soap Bubbles in art. But the public at Ken Wood will like it better than the Vermeer; and that is the real indictment

against it, and Romney's "Lady Hamilton Spinning," and many other much applauded products of the R.A. On the other hand the real charm and distinction of eighteenth-century England are given in the comparatively early Reynolds portrait of Lady Mary Leslie. The style of the painting shows the century, of course; but the costume and the arrangement of the girl with her arms about a pet lamb give it a suggestion of some fancy fair; and if only her hair was shingled, how exactly that damsel would have the cool freshness of some well-bred English maiden of to-day. The picture is exquisitely virginal, and the lambs and little bunches of flowers carry no hint of sentimentality: they all fit in with the rather shy seriousness of Lady Mary Leslie, aged eleven and dressed for a party, confronting beholders.

DUSK

By J. F. S. ROSS

I

THE great gold galleon of the sun,
 That sailed in burnished splendour all day long
 Across a lonely sky,
 Whence every little ship of heaven had fled
 To hide in far-off harbours from the course
 Of ruthless, despot pride,
 Has now, beyond its edge and yet beyond,
 Passed on, until his topmost pennons flaunt
 No more their ruddy challenge.
 He has sailed
 With all his pomp below the western verge
 And left the trackless sea,
 The wide celestial sea,
 Empty,
 Save for the wan green wake
 That fades, reluctant, from its surface dark.
 The little ships
 Flash up their twinkling lights alert and trim,
 Weigh anchor, and set forth
 To sail all night the placid sky,
 Until at dawn
 The sun shall chase them hence.

II

Here on earth
 The street lamps glow like primrose stars
 Set in the soft blue haze.
 The unquiet wind, that paused to watch the sun
 Blazon his last defiance in the west,
 Now stirs again, and, gliding through the trees,
 Rustles their topmost twigs.
 They, like nervous fingers,
 Clasp and unclasp,
 Pleading with it, beseeching it to rest.

But the wind moans and sighs,
 Putting aside the pleading fingers,
 And passes onward,
 Seeking it knows not what,
 Sighing it knows not why.
 The tall trees whisper, perplexed
 At the fitful unrest of the wind,
 And my heart is caught by the wind,
 Caught by the swell of the wind,
 Entranced by the glamour of dusk,
 And perplexed at the message it brings;
 Borne up on the wings of the wind,
 And carried it knows not where,
 Seeking it knows not what,
 Sighing it knows not why;
 Enthralled by the tender beauty of dusk
 And the delicate glory of lamps
 Star-set in the soft blue haze.
 While the trees that whisper and plead,
 And the winds that wander and sigh,
 And the twinkling lights of the ships
 On the far-off, heavenly sea,
 And even the chimneys black
 Silhouetted against the west—
 Fantastic piles that dream
 Against the pale green west,
 Like the magic towers that rose at eve
 In the valley of St. John—
 And the distant note of a voice
 Singing I know not what,
 I know not where nor why,
 And a distant, lonely step
 That echoes, re-echoes, and echoes again
 Round the corner, beyond the space
 Where the last lamp shines alone;
 One and all,
 In this spell-bound hour they bring
 A message keener than words,
 A message swifter than thought,
 A poignance of beauty that pierces the heart
 And gives wings to the soul.

DUSK

III

O dusk, O whispering trees,
I hear your voices
Plead, when the wandering breeze
Sorrows, rejoices.

Street-stars that softly smile
In the blue gloaming,
What do you ponder while
Night winds are roaming?

Chimneys and stars on high
What is the message?
When the wind wanders by
Tell me its presage.

Oft magic notes I hear,
See mystic glory,
Far off, yet ever near
Man and his story.

Do they not mingle there—
Earth and its sadness—
Caught up and blent with rare
Transcendent gladness?

IV

Fades the last faint afterglow
Where the ship of day has passed.
Fade the chimneys, lost in blackness.
Tree-tops vanish, as the night
Comes flooding to high tide.
The rich blue haze of dusk
Dissolves.
The lamp-light hardens in the colourless air,
Whilst, high above, the cold stars glitter.
Night is here.
Night has conquered.
Night has vanquished the dusk,
And broken the spell of its magic.

CURRENT LITERATURE

FAMILY CHRONICLES

By S. M. ELLIS

THE most diverting and illuminating side-lights upon social history, the modes and manners of the past, shine from old family letters, fade and yellow though they be in aspect. It is a form of record that has no continuance in the present time when the art of letter writing is extinct and family ties are only held together by the most precarious of links, and such communication as is necessary takes place by telephone, telegram, or postcard. To write a good and interesting letter predicated on quiet and leisure at the outset: to-day all is restless, rush, and noise. The amazing changes of habit which have taken place in Society during less than a century must presumably be attributed in the main to the mechanical progress in the form of railway and motor; and yet this cause hardly seems adequate to explain such an entire revolution in temperament and taste as that which has engulfed the old standards of behaviour and recreation once appertaining to the English aristocracy.

These cogitations arise after perusal of some very entertaining volume of family correspondence covering the later part of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth. These records¹ relate to the Stuart Wortleys, that is to say, certain members of the family who were descendants of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Bute, the Prime Minister, or of that Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry whose daughters became Countess of Erne, Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire (the immediate successor of the famous Georgiana), and Countess of Liverpool (wife of another Premier). Here will be found curious evidence of the contrasts I have suggested. A century and a quarter ago the ladies in the great country houses led quiet lives. Thus in 1799:—

I am sorry to say that from nine o'clock, which was the breakfast hour, we are now come to ten. . . . Having breakfasted we come into the library and I begin by writing. . . . When the courier is finished we all work and Zac reads to us after which or sometimes before it, Louisa and I sing together, and this with a little chatting brings us to dinner at three o'clock, by which hour we are a little famished. At about five or a little after we go out in the open carriages and come in to tea and bread and butter between seven and eight. Between the hour and ten o'clock, when we sup, we talk and laugh not a little, sometime sing, or take up a book and read to ourselves, and very often *nothing do but talk*. By eleven we generally feel all inclined to go to our beds—in short it is a life that suits me in every respect and seems to agree most perfectly with us all.

(1) *The First Lady Wharncliffe and Her Family* (1779-1856), by her grandchildren, Caroline Grosvenor and the late Charles Beilby, Lord Stuart of Wortley. In two volumes, with illustrations. (Heinemann, 36s. net.)

Again, two years later, in 1801, at Wortley Hall:—

We have got to really good hours, this morning we were up at a little after seven. Ever since we came here we have breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and go to bed at half-past ten. . . . I have begun my visits to the poor, and have already given away blankets, sheets, and several things for clothing. There are not a great number, but what I have seen are worthy, deserving creatures who do all they can to support themselves.

But if the ladies drove into the great town of Sheffield there was a marked change of scene, for at this date the working classes in industry were in a degraded condition, uncouth in manners, and suffering from a low standard of both morals and physique:—

We were in Sheffield to-day ourselves, and in my life I never was in so stinking, dirty, and savage a place. We did not meet a single carriage of any sort or kind in that great town, so that we were an object of no small admiration and wonder to the inhabitants, and collected a perfect mob round us at every shop we shop'd at, of creatures principally children, without the least degree of colour in their cheeks, all ragged and looking all like blacksmiths. Altogether I never witnessed a scene of more idleness and filth in my life.

Great ladies were not themselves over-fond of baths at this period:—

The first experiment of putting sweet little John into a tub of water. Nurse dip'd him and I received him in flannel. He bore it much better than I expected, that is he set up a shrill cry the instant he was out, as he does when he hurts himself. But it lasted only a minute, and he was as warm as a little toast after it. I feel quite relieved at its being over, for I was as nervous about it as if I had been going in myself.

However, a year later the writer was becoming somewhat braver and more frequent in ablution. 1802:—

I have not begun to bathe yet because I have now no cap, but they have promised to send me one from Sheffield. How can you fancy that it *could* be more convenient to have the tub in that little room, where every drop of water must be carried in pails, rather than in the wash house, where by turning a cock I have both hot and cold, and how can it be either uncomfortable or inconvenient to me and the laundry people since they wash but two days in the week, and that nothing can be more easy than for me to bathe the *other* days? I shall do better, *better* too, than have a *short* dress, for I shall have *none* at all, as I never intend to have anybody with me at the time.

This valiant tubbing in the wash-house five times a week and minus a bathing garment seems the first step towards the love of soap and the bath now so marked a characteristic of the upper classes in England, but not apparently as yet of the artisan and lower classes, for strange stories are told of the baths now fitted in the wash-houses or sculleries of council houses being used for purposes of storage of coal and vegetables rather than the purification of the body by water. In the play of *Milestones*, in the first act, laid in 1860, it was suggested that bath-rooms fitted with a hot-water supply from the kitchen were then quite the latest novelty; but I think such a bath-room was by that date more general than the authors would have us believe. Much more remote than their house in Kensington Gore was an outbreak of suburban building during the 'sixties, and most of those stucco-fronted and basemented houses had their bath-room, with fitted bath set in a wooden frame,

served by an unsatisfactory and lukewarm supply of water from a distant kitchen boiler.

To return to the Wortley letters, a nearer point of contact with the manners of to-day can be detected in some disrespect to elders and considerable laxity of expression both in converse and correspondence. Thus Louisa Stuart Wortley (subsequently Duchess of Northumberland), as a girl of eighteen, writes in 1797 to her future sister-in-law, then aged seventeen:—

Last night I drew a very striking likeness of the *angelic* Charlotte, so like that Mama and Mary knew it immediately, 'tis a whole length portrait, and she is represented as she used to *bless our* sight at Tunbridge with her long stick and parasol, bonnet, etc. . . . Pray try to draw Camilla, and then I think we shall make a very fine collection of portraits between us, and be able to boast of having the likeness of three of the greatest *beauties* England ever saw. I think you and Miss Hervey will be great treats riding about the Common on your *Palfreys*; I begin to think that Assmanship will be the rage among the English *fair*, but do not trust too much to your steeds, as I heard of a lady here, whose ass started, took fright and threw her; she was eight months gone with child, but as you are not in that situation, at least I hope not, I trust no fatal consequences will ensue.

Mrs. Grosvenor, the editor of this book, does not annotate this particular letter very fully, so I venture to suggest that the reference to "the angelic Charlotte" concerns Queen Charlotte, and that "Camilla" is intended for Fanny Burney, whose story entitled *Camilla* had been published the previous year, 1796. Mrs. Grosvenor is on the whole very fair and accurate in her annotation, but she has perpetrated one grave error which I trust she will remedy if opportunity arises. The matter concerns an allusion to Queen Caroline, wife of George the Fourth, and the youth, William Austin, she adopted; but the editor adds the gratuitous footnote "Supposed to be the Queen's son by Bergami." Yet a little research would have revealed the facts that William Austin, the son of a dock labourer at Deptford, was born on July the 11th, 1802; and that Caroline did not meet Bergami until October, 1814.

The later Wortley letters give many entertaining glimpses of historical personages. Thus we see Wellington on a visit to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir in 1833:—

I cannot tell you how odd it seems to me to be in a country house with the Duke of Wellington like any *other* visitor. You would have been pleased to see him on the night of the Ball, with perfect good-humour dancing down two *immensely* long country dances. . . . You would have been *captivated* with him if you had been here, and seen him exhibiting the *beauties* of his character—his perfect simplicity and good humour, his kind and playful manner to the Boys, and his readiness to be amused.

Or King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide *en famille* in very homely style at the Pavilion, Brighton:—

The fun of the thing was rather the party round the table, consisting only of the King and Queen, the Governor and myself, and the Duchess of Gloucester. . . . H.M.'s eyes suddenly closed at last, and he took a tidy nap of ten minutes, from which he woke *as* suddenly, and rather *shocked*. The Queen was busily

employed working little things for a Bazaar for the relief of Foreigners in distress. . . . The King was in very good spirits and good fun, but one was afraid of *encouraging* him, as he was rather inclined to be *improper* in his jokes. In short we all got on amazingly well, and the Queen was quite at her ease with us; and looking up once said, "What a domestic party we are." . . . As you like to hear of the little *attentions* of our Sovereigns to each other . . . when the King came in after dinner alone . . . there was no chair, and before anybody could rush and get him one, the Queen had thrown down her work, skimm'd past Lady Beverley, and brought him one, and quietly resumed her seat. He said, "My good friend, pray don't trouble yourself," and then addressing us said something about her being the best and most *galant* of wives! tidy! "I long'd to say there were few like her in his Dominions."

A curious story in this book concerns Napoleon at the time he was meditating the invasion of England. He sent for the Countess of Albany, here erroneously described as the illegitimate daughter of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, by Clementina Walkinshaw (the Countess of Albany, 1753-1824, was, of course, the widow of Prince Charles, Edward) with the idea that if there was a surviving child he, Napoleon, could present it as the heir of the Stuarts to the people of Scotland, thereby securing their aid in his subjection of England. When the Countess of Albany arrived at the palace, Napoleon received her in a large empty room. Without further preliminary remark, he said: "N'avez vous jamais eu d'enfant?" "Non, Sire," she replied, "jamais." "C'est dommage, Madame," he replied, and without another word he turned on his heel and went out.

I have commented on the amazing changes which have occurred in social manners and life during the course of a century. The old order of things may be said to have died with the death of William the Fourth in 1837. Yet it is but a brief atom of time since then, and a period entirely within the memory of still living if aged people. I knew an old man, who was alive (and mentally active) until two years ago; as a boy he heard the booming of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral which announced to the awe-struck citizens of London that King William was dead. How little those who heard that muffled tocsin of death in 1837 realised that it also rang in for them an era of incredible transition.

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

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ASQUITH AND PARLIAMENT

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

THE funeral orations have been pronounced—in Parliament, in the Press, on the platform. Nor were they lacking in adequate appreciation of a great figure in the political life of our own times. They mostly dwelt upon the qualities of intellect and character, of heart and brain, which everyone acknowledged that Asquith in full measure possessed. Old colleagues in Parliament spoke of his chivalry and magnanimity, of the way in which if blame were ascribed he would personally assume it; if praise were forthcoming he would let others have it. No one who watched him, as I did, in the closing years of his political career can question the justice of these tributes. In the last years of his life he had to face, as the Prime Minister feelingly said, "bitter and cruel disappointments," and he faced them, by general consent, "without bitterness, without blame, without self-pity, and with no attempt at self-justification. He faced them with a dignity perfect and restrained. . . ." That is undeniably true. Lord Gainford, who, as Chief Whip during the first two years of his Premiership, spoke with very intimate knowledge, bore witness to his rare magnanimity, his unruffled temper, and to the devotion with which his colleagues regarded him. The Archbishop of Canterbury testified with deep feeling to the "time, care, and what I can only call elaborate study" which Asquith devoted to the qualifications of those whom he desired to nominate for ecclesiastical preferment. No man, in the Archbishop's experience of more than forty years, gave it, since Mr. Gladstone, in such full measure. This is high testimony from an unimpeachable witness. Lord Haldane referred also with full knowledge to "the extraordinary intellectual quality and the magnitude of personality which he always

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embodied." The friendship of the two men dated from 1882, when they were both young barristers. But Asquith, his friend told us, was never attracted by the Bar; "he never looked forward to success at the Bar"; his mind from the first turned to public life because, though entirely void of vanity, "he felt within himself a certain capacity, and, quite modestly and simply, he sought to give effect to that capacity." Lord Haldane also mentioned the interesting detail that he and Lord Grey were with Asquith on the night of Sunday, August 2nd, 1914, but that in fact he did not wish to consult anybody: "Without hesitation his mind was made up. . . . He simply decided that a situation had arisen in which, much as we hated war, war was inevitable if we were to be saved from war in a further form which might entail disaster to this nation."

Interesting and intimate, however, as were these tributes, much the most intimate and the most moving came (as was indeed to be expected) from the lips of Lord Grey. He and Asquith entered Parliament for the first time together in 1886, and from that moment they were "drawn closely together in the political co-operation which became terms of the most intimate and unbroken friendship." Lord Grey recalled the fact, that from the day on which Asquith made his maiden speech, the House of Commons listened to him as a leader. "Of him alone (he added) of all his contemporaries I think it may be said that he never made a single Parliamentary speech except as a leader. He took that position at once, and maintained it as we all know, ever afterwards."

Within six years from his entry into the House Asquith, without a day's apprenticeship in minor office, was in the Cabinet as Secretary of State. And an admirable Home Secretary he made. Questions which flurried other men, such as the right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, Asquith dealt with coolly and effectively. But it was naturally upon the closing years of Asquith's Parliamentary career that Lord Grey specially dwelt, and in particular he defended him (and incidentally himself) against the charge of dilatoriness in the week preceding the outbreak of the Great War.

Lord Grey's apologia in the House of Lords was indeed in close accord with the main argument of his *Twenty-Five Years*, but as it is much more tersely summarised it is worth quoting. "It is well known," he said, "that in the early days of the last week in July the Government was so deeply divided that the division was apparently irreconcilable. The House of Commons was divided. The country was divided. It is my opinion that if there had been a precipitate attempt to force a decision it would not have held those divisions of opinion, it would have brought them out and made them irreparable, and if (Asquith) . . . had precipitated a decision I believe the consequences would have been that at the moment of crisis we should have confronted the world with a divided Government, a divided Parliament and a divided country."

This statement precisely confirmed the account given by Asquith himself in *The Genesis of the War*. Asquith reaffirmed—what all the world knows—that his Cabinet was "till the last moment absolutely, and I might almost say passionately, united in its desire for the preservation of peace"; but he also says: "The evidence of national unity in accepting the arbitrament of war [on August 3rd], the mere thought of which only a week before would have been scouted by millions of our fellow-countrymen as a wild imagination, was unmistakable. . . . For this unification and consolidation of opinion in every part of the United Kingdom the German Government . . . had only themselves to thank" (pp. 218, 215-16).

On another matter of even more profound importance Asquith's account precisely tallies with that given by Lord Grey. The opinion was, and is, widely entertained that in the last days of July, 1914, there remained only one possible chance of averting a general European war, viz., a perfectly unambiguous declaration on the part of England that if Germany involved herself in a conflict with France, Great Britain, though not bound by any specific obligation, would stand beside France. Whether even that declaration could have averted war may be doubtful: it is certain that nothing else could. This chance was not seized by Mr.

Asquith's Cabinet. Asquith himself evidently recognised that this was the weak point in his apologetic armour and was at pains to minimise the possibility of success. He quoted Bethmann-Hollweg in support of his contention—though not convincingly—and declared that Germany was under no illusion on the subject. But how could Germany be sure of something of which, on the showing both of Lord Grey and Asquith himself, the British Cabinet itself was not sure? "It is useless," wrote Asquith, "to speculate upon what might have happened had Germany avoided the fatal blunder of the Belgian violation, but *it is certain that the British nation could not then have gone into the War with a united front*" (op. cit., p. 208). The italics are mine. Asquith also recalled the language used by Lord Grey to the German Ambassador as late as August 1st: "Our hands are still free"; while to the British Ambassador in Paris Grey wrote: "Up to the present moment we did not feel, and public opinion did not feel, that any treaties or obligations of this country were involved."

For going into this matter in some little detail I make no apology, since I am convinced that it is this point on which historical critics will in the future seize as vital to the estimate of Asquith's place in the history of British statesmanship.

For the formation of such an estimate obviously the time has not yet arrived. Consequently, I find myself in an intermediate and peculiarly embarrassing position: too late for the funeral oration, too soon for the historical estimate. All that I can attempt is an interim appreciation, and I shall count myself fortunate if I am able to anticipate, in any degree, the verdict of history.

Asquith's Parliamentary career may be summarised in a few sentences. After a brilliant record at Balliol and some success at the Bar he was returned at the General Election of 1886 as Member for East Fife. His maiden speech, delivered on March 24th, 1886, was a denunciation of coercion in Ireland, and at once marked him as a "coming man." He was Home Secretary in the Liberal Governments of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, from

1892 to 1895, but when his party went into opposition he inclined towards the section of it known as the Liberal Imperialists, and declined to follow Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in condemnation of the policy of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner in South Africa.

Reunited by Chamberlain's tariff reform campaign, the Liberals returned to power in December, 1905, and from then until 1908 Asquith served under Campbell-Bannerman as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Succeeding to the Premiership in 1908, he held that office continuously for nearly nine years, until the crisis, in the middle of the War, which deposed him in favour of Mr. Lloyd George in December, 1916. Disowned by his old constituency of East Fife at the "Coupon" election of 1918, he remained out of Parliament until 1920, when he was returned at a by-election for Paisley. That seat he retained until 1924, when he was defeated by a Socialist candidate, and in 1925 he went to the House of Lords as Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

During the whole of the forty years which he spent in Parliament he spoke as one having authority, and, except during the first six years, he spoke always from the front bench. How much that meant to him was apparent during the short Parliament of 1923-24, when the Socialists were in office and the Conservatives formed the official opposition. Asquith sat, indeed, on a front bench, but it was a bench below the gangway, and after a few ineffectual attempts to speak from that unaccustomed position Asquith used to cross the floor and speak at the familiar box from which he seemed to derive moral as well as physical support. This incident, trifling in itself, has a not unimportant bearing upon the conduct of business in the British Parliament. In most legislative chambers all the members are placed in a position of physical equality; they speak either from a tribune open to all members, or each from his own place and desk. In the British Parliament no private member has either place or desk or access to a tribune; they speak, therefore, at a disadvantage as compared with Ministers and ex-Ministers such as no one who has not endured it can easily realise. How acutely Asquith felt the difference

was apparent to anyone who watched him during 1924. But I anticipate events.

To Asquith's successful administration at the Home Office I have already alluded, and I pass, therefore, to the later and more important stages of his Parliamentary career.

In December, 1905, Asquith became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Ministry formed, on the resignation of Mr. Balfour, by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. During the Boer War there had been profound differences of opinion between the two men. In a speech delivered on June 20th, 1901, Asquith had repudiated with warmth the attempt of Campbell-Bannerman, Harcourt, and Morley to brand, "definitely and authoritatively," as "schismatics and heretics" those Liberals who (like Asquith himself), had refused to condemn the origins and conduct of the Boer War. Though adhering to his prediction that the War "would bring to the people of Great Britain neither moral advantage nor military glory," Asquith nevertheless held "that the blood that has been spilt and the treasure that has been spent have been expended not in a criminal adventure, not for the purpose of replacing the ascendancy of one party by the ascendancy of another, but that, after the confusion and chaos of this campaign, which we did not seek, is over, there may arise out of it . . . the fabric of a free, federated, self-governing South African Dominion." Save for the fact that union was ultimately preferred to federation, that hope has been abundantly fulfilled, and fulfilled in part by the trustful policy of the Government of which Campbell-Bannerman was head and Asquith himself second in command. For the moment, however, Asquith was in profound opposition to men who were a few years later to be his closest colleagues.

It was, as we have seen, the assault upon Free Trade which reunited the Liberal Party and brought Asquith to the head of it. From 1903, when Joseph Chamberlain launched the Tariff Reform campaign, Asquith was in the forefront of the fight and, in a series of brilliant speeches in Parliament and on the platform, he restated with characteristic lucidity and with deep conviction the Cobdenite position. It was not, therefore, inappropriate that,

on the return of his party to power, Asquith, though devoid of either business or financial experience, should have become Chancellor of the Exchequer.

As an economist Asquith always seemed to be deeply imbued with the teaching of J. S. Mill, in whose doctrinaire school he, like others of his generation, was brought up. Mr. Balfour once spoke in a felicitous phrase of the "thin lucidity of Mill." Asquith's economic reasoning had something of the same quality. Its lucidity was unquestionable; but it lacked "body." The outstanding feature of his Budget of 1907 was his treatment of the income tax, which was wholly Millian in spirit. That Asquith himself regarded this as his main contribution to financial reform is proved by the fact that only this portion of his Budget speech is reprinted in his *Speeches* (pp. 81-87). The proposal to differentiate between "earned" and "unearned" incomes conformed precisely to one of the most important principles emphasised by Mill, and the argument in support of it was based upon his teaching.

Is it financially sound? Superficially it has every appearance of equity, and on that ground has approved itself to all Asquith's successors at the Treasury. But when Asquith introduced the principle of differentiation he was able to gild the pill for investors by leaving the normal rate of income tax at 1s., and *lowering* the rate on incomes below £2,000 to 9d. Even at the time, and under the happier fiscal circumstances of that day, I gravely questioned the wisdom of the new departure; it has become increasingly questionable since those days. Everyone, of course, would desire to lighten the burden of taxation upon small incomes. That end has been largely attained by graduation. But there remains an issue of first-rate importance: ought we to encourage spending or saving, the circulation of money or the accumulation of wealth? The whole tendency of our fiscal policy for many years has been to put a premium upon spending and to discourage thrift. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"; and when we die the Treasury will pounce upon our capital and levy upon it a tax up to 40 per cent. of the aggregate, to say nothing of having taxed the income up to 50 per cent. during the life of the testator.

Has this policy, steadily pursued, hindered accumulation? We have the testimony of Mr. Snowden, among others, to the fact that we are to-day not saving enough, and that industrial expansion is hindered by lack of capital. There is no doubt as to the facts, and it is impossible not to associate the beginning of a mischievous tendency with the introduction of a new principle into our fiscal system by Asquith in 1907.

Asquith's Third Budget (1908), was chiefly remarkable for the introduction of an Old Age Pension scheme. I thought then, and I think still, that Asquith missed a great opportunity in not making his scheme contributory and of linking it to those schemes of social insurance which, even in 1908, he and his colleagues must have had in mind. The rejection of the contributory principle, quite deliberate as we may see from the speech of May 7th, 1908, has rendered infinitely more difficult the task, partially undertaken by the present Government, of formulating a scheme of comprehensive or all-in-insurance. Incidentally, it may be recalled that Asquith estimated the cost of his own scheme, after it had come into full operation, as not likely to exceed £6,000,000 a year, and that he rejected the "universal scheme," associated with the name of Mr. Charles Booth, on the ground that, according as seventy or sixty-five was selected as the qualifying age, it might cost anything from £16,000,000 to £27,000,000, "figures," he said, "which are obviously prohibitive." The cost of non-contributory Old Age Pensions last year was nearly £33,000,000, while over £40,000,000 was spent on the relief of the poor.

The Budget of 1908 was opened by Asquith as Prime Minister, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer having passed into the hands of a colleague of highly contrasted temperament and training. The Government soon found itself in stormy waters. Many valuable measures of social reform were, indeed, passed into law, but the famous Budget of 1909, after being under discussion in the House of Commons for 72 Parliamentary days, was rejected by the Lords.

Asquith then appealed to the country, which in January,

1910, returned an answer so ambiguous (274 Liberals to 272 Unionists) that Asquith found himself dependent upon the Irish vote (84). The Nationalists naturally used their advantage to the full. If they helped the Government to pass the "People's Budget," the Government must support their demand for Home Rule. To secure this end the Parliament Bill was introduced, with a threat that, if the Lords thwarted the will of the Government, a second appeal to the country would follow. At this point the death of King Edward further complicated an already difficult situation; a vain attempt was made to secure a settlement by consent, and a dissolution ensued.

The result was stalemate; the Nationalists were still masters of the situation, and obtained their pound of flesh; the Peers yielded to the storm, passed the Parliament Bill, and a Home Rule Bill was passed through the House of Commons in the three successive Sessions of 1912, 1913, and 1914.

In this great political drama Asquith played the leading part. It is not easy for one who was profoundly opposed to his whole policy to estimate impartially the value of his services, at this juncture, to the country. But this at least may be said with sincerity, that during those difficult years Asquith established his position as a great Parliamentarian, and is entitled in that capacity to take rank with the greatest of the craft, with Pym and Walpole, with the younger Pitt and Peel and Gladstone.

In August, 1914, he was called to a still greater part, and how he rose to the responsibility we have already seen. His War speeches in the House and in the country during the first year of the War—notably those delivered in the House on August 4th, on August 7th (the Vote of Credit), on August 27th (the address to Belgium), and in the capitals of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales—will rank with the War speeches of the younger Pitt, and did much to brace the Country and the Empire for the supreme effort which they had still to make. Most of all, they prepared the way for the inevitable adoption of conscription.

Was the recourse to that expedient too tardy? Opinion on that difficult question was, and is, far from unanimous, but as victory tarried the feeling deepened that a more vigorous hand was needed at the helm, that the temperament of a Walpole or a Peel was ill suited to the conduct of war, that a Chatham was, under the circumstances, more urgently called for than a Pitt. At the end of 1916 Asquith was compelled to resign, and with his resignation his Parliamentary career virtually ended.

Of the superb magnanimity which he displayed during the years which followed, much has been said and written, but no words could exaggerate it. With much in Asquith's career I am wholly out of sympathy, but no opponent could behold unmoved the demeanour of the quickly ageing statesman during those last years. I do not recall one bitter word which fell from his lips, nor any reproach against his opponents, nor even a hint of self-pity. Yet the disappointment must have been as bitter as any that ever befell a man who had basked for forty years in the sunshine of uninterrupted success. Asquith possessed, indeed, a large measure of the characteristic Roman qualities of *pietas* and *gravitas*. To the outward eye his stoical resignation was unbroken. What were the private feelings so rigidly repressed in public only his intimates can tell, and they are not likely to do anything so repugnant to the feelings of their friend.

One word in conclusion. On every hand the death of Asquith was held to mark the passing of a "great Parliamentarian." In fixing upon this as his outstanding characteristic the popular judgment has not, I think, been at fault. But Lord Grey properly ascribed to him another attribute: "He was a good and strong Party man"; and he added the true explanation: "He was a good Party man because he had a real intellectual conviction that Party politics were the most wholesome way in which the business of democracy can be carried on."

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY'S MEMOIRS

By R. H. BRUCE-LOCKHART

THE recent death of Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador to Great Britain during the critical period from 1912 to 1914, recalls very vividly the poignant tragedy of his mission to this country, and will stimulate interest in the forthcoming English translation of his *Memoirs*,¹ which appeared in German in the late autumn of last year. In some respects these two bulky volumes are a disappointment. They contain much new material which is of great value to the historian, but they are devoid both of literary talent and of any constructive plan.

Prince Lichnowsky, however, propounds an interesting and somewhat remarkable thesis to the effect that Austria-Hungary was the real war-culprit and that Germany was dragged into Armageddon through mistaken loyalty to an unworthy ally. "The policy which we followed that summer, when we put five million German soldiers at the disposal of old Franz Josef in order that he might exact vengeance for a family loss, belongs to the age of Romance or to the period of the Crusades." Most historians will agree with much of what Prince Lichnowsky writes about the selfish foolhardiness of Austro-Hungarian diplomacy, but Germany in the rôle of a knight-errant must be a startling apparition even to the Germans themselves, and, although it may be admitted that Germany did not consciously plot for war, but drifted into it "more through folly than design," it is precisely in this half-hearted attempt to whitewash his own country that the ex-Ambassador fails.

In order to understand the psychology of this sadly disillusioned diplomat, it is necessary to bear in mind the exceptional circumstances which gave rise to the publication of his *Apologia*. Prince Lichnowsky was appointed

(1) *Fuerst Lichnowsky: Auf dem Wege zum Abgrund*. Two volumes. Carl Reissner Verlag, Dresden.

to the London Embassy in 1912 as successor to Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. Thirteen years had elapsed since he had vacated his post as Chancellor of the German Embassy in Vienna, and for the last eight years he had been living quietly on his Silesian estates. For his unexpected appointment to the most important post in the German diplomatic service he himself can advance no better reason than the fact that "no other candidate was for the moment available." Since the publication of these *Memoirs*, however, Professor Thimme, the historian of the German Foreign Office, has made the amazing revelation that Lichnowsky was given the London Embassy by the Kaiser himself, because the All-Highest was enraptured by an article written by the Prince against any reduction of the German fleet in order to please England. Be this as it may, the appointment was very unpopular with the permanent officials of the German Foreign Office, and from the day of Lichnowsky's arrival in London there began that campaign of malevolence and wilful *sabotage* which, conducted by Lichnowsky's rivals in the Wilhelmstrasse, reads more like a Turkish or Chinese intrigue than a true account of the inner workings of what was formerly reputed to be the best organised State apparatus in Europe. He had a highly efficient staff, which included Kühlmann, Schubert, the present State Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Hoesch, who is now Ambassador in Paris. From the first moment, however, he was surrounded by a web of intrigue. It is evident that he never had the confidence of the German Foreign Office, and on more than one occasion during his stay in London vital information, which was communicated to his subordinates, was withheld from the Ambassador himself.

In spite of his earnest endeavours to promote an Anglo-German understanding, Lichnowsky had no illusions about the attitude of British statesmen towards the growing dangers of Prussian militarism. From the beginning of his mission his advice to Berlin was essentially sound, and, as far back as 1912, quoting Lord Haldane and Sir Edward Grey as his authorities, he had warned the Wilhelmstrasse that in no circumstances would England remain neutral in the event of a European conflagration.

Nevertheless, when the final rupture came, he was made the scapegoat for the consternation which German statesmen professed to feel, and which the majority of the German people undoubtedly did feel, over England's declaration of war. When he returned to Berlin he was not received by the Kaiser. In order to justify himself in the eyes of his friends and relations, he wrote in 1916 a private memorandum setting out the main lines of his own policy. Through what can only be described as an unfortunate indiscretion, one of these friends made copies of this document and distributed them not only amongst the highest German officials but also to the Press. The publication of this indictment in war-time aroused colossal indignation in Germany, and by the bulk of his countrymen Lichnowsky was regarded as little better than a traitor.

The present *Memoirs* are a further attempt to vindicate his policy and his reputation. They are the work of a prophet who is without honour in his own country; and, although the book seeks to whitewash Germany and to lay the whole blame on Austria-Hungary, it is perhaps the most damning indictment of Prussian methods that has yet been published.

The Lichnowsky thesis, which is supported by a mass of official documents and private letters, endeavours to prove that the root cause of the War was Austria-Hungary's mad Imperialism expressed in a refusal to grant political rights to her vast Slav population, "although the unity of the South Slavs was as inevitable as the unity of Italy." Germany's sole crime consisted in supporting the alliance with Austria at any cost. "Our policy," he writes, "was a policy of sentiment and not a *Realpolitik*." He begins his indictment with an attack on Bismarck, who is blamed for sacrificing friendship with Russia for a one-sided alliance with Austria. "Better no alliance at all than an alliance which brought more dangers than advantages, and in which instead of being the leaders we were always the led. We could have had a hundred years of peace if we had gone with Russia instead of Austria. The Triple Alliance was a mood of Bismarck's, a fit of bad temper against Gortschakov, and after the Berlin

Congress his greatest mistake." Lichnowsky's arraignment of Austria-Hungary is the best part of the book. It is, too, the subject which he knows best. Beginning with the Balkan Wars, he brings a mass of evidence to prove that Austro-Hungarian policy was governed by only one motive: the suppression of all Slav ambitions both inside and outside of Austria. Austro-Hungarian machinations were alone responsible for the second Balkan War, and, although Lichnowsky during the London Conference strove honestly for a fair and permanent settlement, the intrigues of the Austro-Hungarian diplomats were too strong for him. He shows, too, how Serbia was subjected to every kind of provocation by Hungary and Austria. "For years," he writes, "the Serbs were tormented by every kind of frontier pin-pricks. Under the influence of the all-powerful Hungarian landowners the Hungarian Government sought to prevent the importation of Serbian goods. Serbian cattle were left for days in Zemlin (the Serbo-Hungarian frontier station) without water, and a designedly high tariff kept out all Serbian grain. For these reasons it was the urgent wish of Serbia, after the Balkan War, to possess a harbour of her own and an outlet to the Adriatic. During the London Conference the whole effort of Austria-Hungary was directed towards thwarting Serbia's desires in every way possible, while we supported Austria unconditionally." When the Archduke was murdered Austria determined to make war. The Austrian ultimatum was drafted intentionally in order to provoke war. This is the constant refrain of his charge against Austria-Hungary.

With regard to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy Lichnowsky was a Federalist, and undoubtedly a Federal Austria would have been the best solution of the Central European problem. There is, indeed, very little to be said in favour of Austrian or Hungarian pre-war policy. The fatuous conceit of men like Berchthold was almost boundless, and to-day few Austrians would deny that the ultimatum from the Ballplatz was drafted with the firm intention of provoking war. Moreover, although Count Tizsa was the only statesman of the Central Powers to

oppose the war, Hungary cannot be acquitted from a large portion of the war-guilt, for Hungary's intransigent attitude on the Slav question was the real stumbling-block to that Federalisation of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy of which the murdered Archduke was a warm advocate.

So much may be granted, but Austria and Hungary were only junior partners in this catastrophic adventure. What of Germany? What steps did the senior partner take to put a check on her intolerant confederates?

In spite of frequent assurances by the Prince that the ruling clique in Germany did not desire war; that they blundered into it out of loyalty to their Allies; that their chief offence was a mistaken foreign policy rather than evil designs, it is impossible to acquit Germany of the chief responsibility for the actual outbreak of hostilities. Indeed, to Germany herself Lichnowsky's lame excuses are more damning than any foreign accusations, and in his revelations, which historians will find the most interesting part of his book, Germany's culpability is plain for all to see.

The most important of the Lichnowsky disclosures refers to the attitude of von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador in Vienna, during the fateful days of July, 1914. On the day of the murder of the Archduke Lichnowsky was a guest of the Kaiser on board the latter's yacht *Meteor*. That he might receive the latest information, and also fresh instructions, the Ambassador returned to London *via* Berlin. There he saw Dr. Zimmermann, the acting Foreign Secretary. In describing his conversation with Zimmermann, Lichnowsky makes the following important contribution to the history of the war: "Naturally I was not told that Moltke was pressing for war, but I did learn that Tschirschky had received a reprimand for reporting that he had counselled moderation in Vienna." This is an all-important admission, because hitherto Germany had always denied that she exerted any pressure on Austria. From von Jagow Lichnowsky received instructions to work the English newspapers so as "to ensure a friendly Press in the event of Austria dealing a death-blow to the Pan-Serbian move-

ment." When Lichnowsky warned him that such a conflict could not be localised, Jagow replied that "Russia was not ready. There would be some pother, but the firmer we stood by Austria the more Russia would give way."

What Lichnowsky really thought of German policy is revealed in a hundred different passages. "Naturally, a hint from Berlin would have been sufficient to induce Count Berchthold to be content with a diplomatic success. This hint was not given. On the contrary, we pressed for war with Serbia." In another chapter he writes: "With Sir Edward Grey we could have achieved almost everything; he was ready to meet us at every point. One thing I could not do: hold him back from entering the war in the moment when we had declared war on France, and, in addition, violated Belgium's neutrality. That was the whole tragedy of my mission. . . . We were by far the strongest force in Europe, and yet we kept on unsettling the whole world by constantly augmenting our forces on land and sea; by refusing to listen to any overtures for the limitation of armaments; by aggressive speeches in high places about our mailed fist; and by constant and senseless crises, which left the others the choice between humiliation and war. Our attitude caused the other Powers to come together, and that we called 'encircling Germany.'"

Could any statesman of the Entente have written a clearer indictment of Germany's pre-war policy?

There are two other interesting revelations in these *Memoirs*. One refers to the Balkan Conference, during which Lichnowsky declares that at one moment he had actually won the Kaiser's approval for his proposal to divide Albania between Greece and Serbia. The other relates to an alleged conversation between Count Mensdorff, the Austrian Ambassador in London, and Lichnowsky himself, during which Count Mensdorff declared that Austria wanted war as Serbia had to be humbled.

Interesting sidelights on Austro-German relations during the War are given in a passage on Count Aehrenthal, in which Lichnowsky maintains that Austro-Hungarian diplomacy, so far from being grateful for Germany's support, "did everything it could during the War to give the

impression in foreign countries that Austria would have been willing to come to an understanding, but that Germany had forced her into war."

As the burden of Germany's grievance against Lichnowsky reposes on the accusation that he allowed himself, during his stay in London, to be fooled by the English, the tributes which he pays to the honesty and uprightness of character of our politicians and diplomats are of especial value. The King is described as a benevolent man, full of sound common sense, who always showed his goodwill towards the Ambassador and strove sincerely to aid him in his task of promoting Anglo-German friendship. Sir Edward Grey, the man whom official Germany chose to nickname Liar-Grey, was more than a friend. To Lichnowsky he was an ideal character worthy of hero-worship and of imitation. Beyond remarking that lies and intrigues were foreign to his nature, the Ambassador makes no attempt to defend the Foreign Secretary against the ridiculous accusations of dishonest dealing with which Germany sought to calumniate his name, but in a striking chapter he gives a delightful description of the simplicity of Lord Grey's private life and of the open unselfishness of his character. The chapter ends with the pungent comment: "Such is the man who was described as Liar-Grey and as Instigator of the World War!" Of Lord Carnock, who as Sir Arthur Nicolson had been British Ambassador in Petersburg, Lichnowsky was obviously suspicious. "He was no friend of Germany," Lichnowsky writes, "but he, too, did not desire war, although doubtless he worked for an immediate declaration as soon as we went against France." Of Sir William Tyrrell he speaks with great enthusiasm: "The *chef de cabinet*, or private secretary of Sir Edward, Sir William Tyrrell, had far greater influence than the Permanent Under-Secretary. This highly intelligent man had been to school at a German Gymnasium, and afterwards entered the diplomatic service. He was, however, only a short time out of England. At first he associated himself with the younger school of British diplomats of the modern anti-German tendency, but later he became a convinced

supporter of an Anglo-German understanding. In this sense he influenced Sir Edward Grey, with whom he was very intimate." Lord Oxford, or Mr. Asquith as he then was, is described as a jovial *bon viveur*, who liked gay society and good cooking. A pacifist and a supporter of Anglo-German friendship, "he handled all questions with the cheerful calm and certainty of an experienced business man whose health and excellent nerves had been steeled by an ardent pursuit of golf!"

Prince Lichnowsky was a great gentleman who felt himself thoroughly at home in London Society. He had none of the arrogance and wearisome stiffness of manner of most German aristocrats, and his character was entirely devoid of all personal ambition or taint of selfishness. His vanities, indeed, were of a simple, almost childish nature, and probably the happiest memory of his stay in England was the day when he was made an honorary Doctor of Laws by Oxford University. If he had a sincere admiration for English Society he was none the less a shrewd observer of its foibles. "The Englishman," he says, "either belongs to Society or wants to belong to it. His one ambition is to be and to remain a gentleman; and even politicians of modest origin like to be seen in the society of pretty, elegant women. Apparitions like Mr. Lloyd George, the man of the people, who began as a small lawyer and became a self-made man, are exceptions. Even the autodidactic Mr. Burns, the Socialist and Labour leader, sought contact with Society. Nowhere else, therefore, do the social qualities of a diplomatic representative play such an important *rôle* as in England. A hospitable house run by amicable hosts is worth more than the profoundest technical equipment; and an intellectual with provincial manners and limited means would have no influence in spite of all his knowledge!"

Very different are his comments on his own colleagues in the Wilhelmstrasse. His treatment by the officials in the German Foreign Office is characterised as "indescribable." Every kind of chicanery was employed in order to hamper the success of his mission, and he was kept in complete ignorance of the most important events.

Holstein, the evil genius of the German Foreign Office, is described as a man "whom even his near acquaintances considered as abnormal." Since Bismarck's dismissal he had dictated Germany's foreign policy almost uncontrolled. A master of intrigue, he always threatened to resign if his wishes were opposed, "whereupon everyone fell on their knees from fear of attacks or unpleasant disclosures." Kiderlen, Holstein's successor and a bitter opponent of Lichnowsky's appointment, is characterised as a cunning, hard-headed diplomat, not without humour and natural intelligence, but malicious, ill-mannered, and ill-kempt. By the time he came into power his faculties were already impaired through alcoholic and other excesses.

Prince Lichnowsky's book is not likely to increase his popularity in Germany, and already his German critics are suggesting that the ex-Ambassador was a man of weak and vacillating character, whose state of mind can hardly be regarded as normal. With all his faults—and by no flight of imagination can Lichnowsky be called a strong Ambassador—the Prince, however, was a transparently honest man. The men he liked and admired both in this country and in his own may not have been the strongest characters, but they, too, were the honest men. His admiration for Sir Edward Grey has already been mentioned, and of the Germans the well-meaning Bethmann-Hollweg was the only man for whom he expressed any regard. His book is far from being a masterpiece, but it is a sincere effort to establish the real facts. In spite of much irrelevant matter, it contains certain truths which no German apologist will ever be able to refute. And for the good of the world in general, and for the chastening of Prussian militarism in particular, it is as well that these truths should have been established not by a foreigner, but by so high an authority as the last Imperial German Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

AMERICA AND OURSELVES

By "AUGUR"

THE Atlantic is the Mediterranean ocean of the white race, whose habitations and colonies surround it on all sides. The two Americas—North and South—and Europe, with Africa, form the White Dominion, with the Austral settlements as an advanced post in the Pacific and with a controlling interest in Asia.¹ In this racial community the United States of North America are the most powerful political body. The first place is given to them not by acclamation but through the force of hard facts.

The peoples of Europe—those of Great Britain especially—can be proud of their achievement. For the United States, though they have cast off the baby clothes of colonialdom, and even have ceased to be European in the direct sense of the word, in every fibre remain the product of the old continent. American qualities and defects are the heritage brought by the men and women who in their millions crossed the Atlantic to create what is now a stronghold of their race. If nothing else, then the refusal of the Americans to tolerate the overlordship of Europe stamps them as the representatives of the only race in the world which combines genius for State organisation with a fierce love for freedom—a feeling hidden sometimes, but indestructible and breaking out with a force the greater the longer it has been suppressed. This is the essence of Democracy—a white ideal. The superficial observer may be inclined to liken the American attitude towards Europe to-day to that of a disrespectful child towards its parent. In reality the American attitude is tinged not with ingratitude, but with that spirit of independence which through the ages has impelled the white race to go out to the ends of the earth to build homes, to amass wealth, or to seek adventure.

The secret of the growing power of the United States

(1) See "Augur": "Changing Fates of Great Britain," in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for February.

is not only in the fact that they are rich and populous: for numbers are not essential to power, and riches alone do not make force. Many nations have been overcome by others smaller and poorer than themselves, and history teaches that numbers and riches serve, often only to increase the spoils of a conqueror. To establish and to maintain power the presence of a spiritual factor is essential. The factor in this case is self-confidence—that is, the faith in the right to possess the good things of the earth and to defend this possession against all comers. Apart from mental and physical prowess, the Whites owe their successes to this faith, coupled with a sense of natural superiority over other races. But, whilst the peoples of Europe to-day are infected with a Tolstoyan doubt of their right of primogeniture, the Americans remain free from self-consciousness or hesitation in this respect. Power comes to those who are convinced of their right to it; numbers and riches are only a useful corollary. And it is good that the American branch has stepped in to guard the idea of white supremacy whilst Europe is resting after the effort of the War.

The fashion in Europe is to fret at American interference, American bumptiousness and American profiteering. The War has displaced wealth, and Europe is shocked at the need of asking Wall Street for the gold which not so long ago was her own. The Bolsheviks plunder other people, but Europe has plundered herself by effecting the suppression of Prussian militarism and by liberating the nationalities in the most uneconomic way. But has it occurred to seriously minded people what a good thing it is that the displacement of wealth occasioned by the War remains within the family, inside the White Dominion? What would the position of Europe be to-day if the gold, instead of accumulating in American vaults, had gone to Tokio? What if the latter, and not New York, had become the financial centre of the world? How humiliating would have been the position of Europe in that case, and what would have happened to the prestige which is the foundation of the power of the white race? It is sufficient to put these questions to start a train of thought leading to

the conclusion that the powerful reserves stored in America constitute an immense advantage for Europe in an emergency. Naturally, for what one takes one must pay, and though it is unfortunate to have accounts with relatives, it is better to submit to this than that the money should be lost to strangers.

We know of no historian or political writer who holds the view that, if the American Revolution had been defeated, Great Britain would have been better off to-day. On the contrary, it is certain that, if the link between the Mother Country and the States had been preserved, the British Empire, as it exists at present, with its splendid resources, its unexampled vitality and unrivalled possibilities, would not have been created. This, because North America would have drained the forces of the United Kingdom to an extent which would have left nothing over for enterprise in other parts of the world. Not only that, but if the link had been further maintained the growing colony would have overshadowed the homeland, and London would have become the appendix of New York, and Britain of no consequence in the international councils. Alternatively, the vastness of North America would have remained undeveloped—a loss to the whole race. But relations between the two continents would become more easy if we discard preconceived notions. The chief of a great American newspaper has said: "I have an idea that our historians have overplayed the stamp taxes and tea parties. With an ocean between them the classes which came to America could not be held down by the descendants of the Conqueror's generals."¹

For the reasons given above, and for others less prominent, there are no bitter memories in Great Britain about the American Revolution, as also there is not the shade of a desire for a return to a system of relations now prehistoric. If relations between the two countries are not all that can be desired, the reason, therefore, has to be sought in the present more than in the past. The fact that both belong to the White Dominion ensures that, how-

(1) Colonel McCormick in a speech at Cleveland, Ohio, on January 11th, 1928.

ever much they quarrel, they cannot get away in the end from the necessity of co-ordinating their policies according to essential racial interests. In these circumstances a frank discussion can only be useful. We have said that in Great Britain not a trace remains of ill-feeling for the American secession. Generations have come and gone since the Revolution, busy building up political power and economic prosperity at a rate which quickly pushed into the background and then obliterated the memory of the set-back in America. Instead a feeling of admiration sprung up for the scale on which the "cousins" were developing their material existence; people came to have a feeling of proprietary pride in the progress of a State founded by their ancestors. In the United States things apparently are different. The Revolution was a protest against British wrongdoing (whether real or imaginary does not matter now). To keep alive a sense of wrong was necessary for the consolidation of national independence not yet crystallised. For a long time, too, the Americans were jealous of the mighty strides of Great Britain through the world; this feeling, coupled with the sense of wrong already mentioned, created a perverse desire to "twist the lion's tail." To-day the United States has caught up with Great Britain, yet something remains of the "twisting" mentality, often causing misunderstandings. All this does not suffice, however, to explain a friction the existence of which cannot be denied, as it breaks out time and again quite unexpectedly. The true cause of this friction, we say, is the competition between the two countries for naval supremacy, or rather the desire of the United States to get rid of the supremacy on sea so long enjoyed by Great Britain.

Without the freedom of the seas Great Britain cannot live. This commonplace has become tedious by repetition, and has been reaffirmed by the experience of the Great War, when moments of grave danger were caused not by the loss of men or territory, but by the German submarine blockade. The British people would have lost the War if their navy had been deprived of the command of the open sea. The United States are a bulky continental

State, replete with food and rawstuffs, and cannot be starved into submission by a blockade of their ports. At the first glance, therefore, it is not clear why the freedom of the sea routes is as important for them as it is for Great Britain, or very nearly. But if one considers that the level of economic comfort in the United States is violently depressed by an interruption of the outflow of agricultural produce in the first place, and then of manufactured goods, one understands the American resentment at the idea that communications by sea can be controlled by a foreign Power. For the principal trade routes of the United States also are laid on the sea. So the stoppage of British imports and of American exports—two groups of different causes—produces an identical effect in both cases, an immediate menace to essential interests. What happened during the War is typical and deserves to be meditated. At the outset the Americans were not unanimously for the Allies; a part of the nation—and not German descendants only—was favourable to Germany; a larger part again took no interest in the European quarrel. Two things drove the United States into the War after a long hesitation: German tactlessness and the British blockade of the sea. The sinking of the *Lusitania* seared like a red-hot iron, but the strangling of American shipping activities was a torture without end. If at that time the United States had possessed a battle fleet adequate to protect convoys to neutral countries, it is more than probable that Washington would have declared its shipments of cotton, etc., sacrosanct, and would have defied the Allies as well as the Germans to touch them. But the command of the sea was in British hands, and, instead of being progressively squeezed by the blockade, the Americans preferred to become active partners in it themselves. Germany's more than irritating behaviour supplied the moral backing for the decision. But need one wonder that ever since Americans have thought about the freedom of the seas?

This freedom of the seas is a general expression, which in practice may be reduced to a demand for free sea routes in and through the Atlantic—the Mediterranean ocean of the White Dominion and the key to the communications of the

world. Here the United States are confronted with a long-established British preponderance based on real power and generally accepted. A virile nation like the American one, when it meets trouble, does not run away from it, but seeks to overcome it. Hence the quest by the Americans for means to get rid of the disadvantages imposed upon them by British naval supremacy. Three ways exist, apart from actual fighting, to achieve this object: to construct a navy up to parity with Great Britain, to obtain a reduction of British armaments down to parity with the United States, or to co-ordinate national policies. The scheming for a larger navy is on the lines of the "building upwards" plan; disarmament proposals have their source in the desire to depress British naval power to the level of the United States. Of these alternatives neither is being carried through to its logical conclusion, because, on the one hand, wealth does not make sailors, or a collection of ships does not constitute a live navy, and, on the other hand, Imperial interests all over the world do not permit of the question of naval disarmament being taken as a straight issue between Great Britain and the United States alone. The third solution, co-ordination of policies—has not been tried out yet, although the advantage from it for both countries is evident. The fact that they both belong to the White Dominion makes finally inevitable the adoption of this solution, but after what loss of temper and after how much mutual damage we are not prepared to say. We hold the view that, as a preliminary step in this direction, it will be necessary for Europe, of which Great Britain is part, to affirm its economic unity as a background for a bargaining power sufficient to impress American mentality with the need for political adjustments on the basis of perfect equality. The guiding idea is that Europe organises herself not to fight the United States, but to have the right of claiming equal partnership with them.

Nothing useful can be achieved, however, if, on both sides the habit of plain speaking does not take root. The Naval Conference at Geneva and later developments prove that people in responsible positions in the United States have a deep distrust of the intentions of Great Britain,

and are inclined to see hidden plans of aggression in all proposals made by the British. The latter have no such idea about American intentions, but that the distrust is unilateral does not help matters. It is clear that the complex of political inferiority which existed among Americans before the War has not vanished completely even now, when really there is no cause for it. The fear of Great Britain has disappeared, but, instead, the inferiority complex breeds a suspicion which must be destroyed before the two countries can come together. It is useless to try to apportion the blame for the absence of plain speaking. On the whole, British statesmanship, with its older methods, is more averse from the light of publicity than its American partner unhampered by tradition. In any case, both sides are guilty. But one thing is clear: if parity of armaments is to be achieved in one way or another, or, especially, if national policies are to be co-ordinated by friendly agreement, the two Governments must make up their minds to leave their military and naval experts at the door of the council chamber. For the bounden duty of these gentlemen is to place the interests of their respective services above all other considerations. Their profession is to fight, not to abolish fighting, and they cannot be expected to take the same view as statesmen who are aware of the general situation and whose duty it is to understand the essential issues at stake in world politics.

DANZIG TO-DAY

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

ROMANCE gathers round the very names of certain places, and undoubtedly that of Danzig stands among the foremost in Northern Europe. Developed from a fishing village in the delta of the Vistula in the immemorial past of the Baltic into a great mart of trade and commerce in the Middle Ages, the city has a recorded history that reaches back for a thousand years of various fortune, of splendour and gloom, of war and peace. Danzig, then known as Gdansk, as it is still called by the Poles, first emerged as a settlement of a tribe or tribes belonging to that part of the Slav race later identified as Polish. It figured largely and tempestuously in the long and bitter struggle between the Slavs and the Teutons. In the fourteenth century it was taken by the Teutonic Order, whose oppressive yoke was thrown off by its citizens in the middle of the following century. Next, it shone as a member of the Hanseatic League, as a Free City, but under the protection of Poland, with whom its relations were extraordinarily friendly, and under whom it attained the zenith of its wealth and power. But with the decay of Poland Danzig suffered eclipse, and on the second Polish partition in 1793 it passed to Prussia, notwithstanding the protests of its people. A little later it fell under the sway of Napoleon—to become Prussian again in 1814, though in the previous year its citizens had petitioned the Powers to reunite it to Poland. For rather more than a century Danzig was Prussian-German, and during that period it underwent Germanisation in its most intensive form. It was made a Free City under the League of Nations in 1919, and since that occurred there have been few meetings of the Council or the Assembly of the League in whose proceedings it has not had a more or less prominent part. But what a chequered story! Its details are often of absorbing interest, and some of them hold a high, heroic

quality. Small wonder that many books and articles have been written about Danzig.

In particular, the city has always made a strong appeal to the British, whether English or Scotch. In the Middle Ages, and even up to comparatively recent times, trade abroad was ever a great adventure, well spiced with incident, risk, excitement and daring. Danzig drew many adventurers from these islands, and not a few remained and became Danzigers. In 1706 an English writer of repute stated "that there is not in any place in Europe so great a number of British natives and their posterity, whose industry God has blessed with such plenty and affluence, as here in Danzig." The beautiful building in the Brodbänkengasse called the English House, the original of which was erected in the sixteenth century, still testifies to the connection, as, even more, do the suburbs denominated Old Scotland and New Scotland. English or Scottish descent can be traced with little difficulty in the names of some of Danzig's present inhabitants. The city continues to possess a lively interest for us all, especially to-day when it has reasserted its position as the greatest port on the Baltic, and one of the really great ports of the world. Big as it is in itself, and important as it is for British shipping, this is by no means its sole claim on our attention.

To begin with, Danzig is a city of endless fascination, of a magic all its own. During the last seven years I have stayed in it several times, and the spell it cast on me at first has been renewed and deepened with each subsequent visit. It is a place of enchantment, and why it is so is an open secret, to be discerned in the perfectly amazing, completely pervasive success with which it combines the mediæval and the modern in a singular and unexpected harmony. You may say that here in Danzig the twentieth century is set into the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or you may put it the other way about, but in either case you are sensible of no jarring note, of no incongruity in these softly-blended contrasts. The past and the present form a concord. In its streets and lanes, in its churches and halls, in the interiors as well as the exteriors of its houses,

in its canals and quays, the city not only suggests but preserves the veritable air of the Middle Ages. In part this is achieved by the construction of even its newest buildings on the lines beloved by the old architects—the same gables, façades, and arched gates. As the precise Baedeker, in his *Northern Germany*, phrased it: "The appearance of the streets, with their narrow, lofty and richly-decorated gable-façades, is still very antiquated." But just as truly Danzig has also the air of modernity. Perhaps the disappearance of the walls that surrounded it when it was strongly fortified have something to do with this effect. The chief reason, however, is that to-day, as throughout its long history, the city continues to be above everything a great business centre, with a corresponding adaptability to circumstance and opportunity. Its very existence, to say nothing of its prosperity, has depended, and still depends, on its trade and commerce—and on nothing else. If the counting-house of the Danziger belongs to the fifteenth or sixteenth century, as it does in many cases, none the less it is furnished with every modern facility for business. Any sense of anachronism is lost in the sheer fascination of the thing.

By way of the sea the approach to Danzig is not specially impressive, and is perhaps disappointing to anyone who has heard of the glories of the city, for nothing in the port itself indicates that here is a place of unusual interest and romantic charm. Up a canalised mouth of the Vistula, with Westerplatte on one side and Neufahrwasser higher up the river on the other, you pass into the harbour, nowadays crowded with shipping, and you might almost be in any great port anywhere, so little is there anything distinctive about it. And if you enter Danzig by rail you will see nothing remarkable. But you need go only a short distance from either the harbour or the station to be in the midst of this wonderful, spell-weaving, new-old city. The moment you find yourself in the Lange-Markt and Langgasse, which form a single street, with great gates or Tors at either end, intersecting the town from west to east, you will be enchanted back into the Middle Ages, for every building belongs, or seems to belong, to that period. Yet

almost at once you are conscious of a difference, at first subtly and surprisingly, and then absolutely, as you perceive how the mediæval links up with or rather melts into all that is of the most modern. Here, for instance, is a beautiful old house, narrow, lofty, with a richly-decorated gable-façade, and very antiquated, to quote Baedeker again, in appearance, but it now houses a branch of one of the great banks of Europe. And there, across the street it may be, is a building of like beauty which proclaims itself to be the office of one of the world's biggest shipping companies. The adjacent streets tell much the same tale. It is no use for our determined romantics to hold up their hands in horrified protest. Danzig is as it is—and uncommonly fine at that! Naturally the city still has some parts in which the mediæval reigns supreme, as in the Marienkirche, its ancient dom or cathedral, which contains various memorials of the past, among its treasures being Memling's famous painting, "The Last Judgment." The picture was "acquired" by a Danzig pirate in the fifteenth century—but the story is too well known for repetition.

During the last nine or ten years Danzig has been perhaps most interesting from the political point of view. It has been not unusual to refer to it as one of the danger spots of Europe, and to question the wisdom of the decisions arrived at with respect to the city and port by the Allies at Versailles. One of the Fourteen Points of President Wilson was the resuscitation of Poland, with a secure outlet to the sea. This outlet could be no other than Danzig. In the upshot Poland was given the so-called Corridor, consisting in the main of Pomerania lying on the Baltic and predominantly Polish. There was in reality nothing new in this arrangement, for there had been a Polish Corridor to the Baltic, including Danzig, in existence for centuries before Poland was partitioned. What was new was the exclusion of Danzig from the territory assigned to the Poles. They strove hard at Paris to have the city and port allotted to them in full sovereignty, but what they got, though it did reach the Baltic, did not contain a port at all. Danzig was excepted and turned into a Free City,

as in the past, but with sweeping reservations, it is true, in favour of Poland, who was not only entrusted with the conduct of the foreign relations of the little State which was placed within the Polish customs area, but was also guaranteed the free use of and the right to develop and improve all waterways, docks, basins, wharves, and other works within the Free City, as well as rights over the Vistula and the Danzig railway system. The Treaty, Danzig's charter, bound its citizens not to discriminate in any way against the Poles. But Poland was not given control of the port—that was put in the hands of a Harbour Commission made up of five Danzigers and five Poles, with a neutral as chairman. There has been incessant friction, and the High Commissioner, who represents the League of Nations and acts as referee or arbiter, has frequently been placed in a very difficult position. The real trouble has, of course, lain in the common antagonism of Germans and Poles.

The Free City has been somewhat slow in grasping the truth that its political position is virtually identical with its economic position, although in its history and traditions there was a sure guide, for it was during the period when its connection with Poland was closest that it was most prosperous. Both numerous and striking are the landmarks left by the Poles of their former intimate contact with the whole life of Danzig. The white eagle of Poland still spreads its wings in the Council Chamber of the Rathaus, on the summit of whose graceful spire stands a statue of the Polish king Sigismund Augustus. On the lower part of the façade of the neighbouring Artushof are medallion portraits of Sigismund III and his son Ladislaus IV. Paintings by Polish artists adorn the city's galleries and public buildings; and there are other signs whose witness is similar. Yet it is the fact that in 1919, when the Allies constituted the Free City, Danzig was a German town, with a relatively insignificant Polish element. A century of ruthless Germanisation had done its work; indeed, in 1918-19 Danzig probably was more German than it had ever been before, because during the Great War it had become a munitions centre manned by

thousands of workmen drawn from elsewhere in the German Empire. Anyhow, in 1919 the city was clamorously German, and vociferously asserted that it would have no more to do with the Poles than it must in its circumstances. Its policy was not even merely negative, but actively opposed to Poland. In its extreme Nationalism it appeared to forget the very basis of its existence, which was trade and commerce. It seemed to be blind to the truth that German policy had fostered the ports of Stettin on the west and Königsberg on the east at its expense, and that if this process continued it was certain to decline into a comparatively small and poor place. It failed, in fact, to realise that Germany could do little or nothing for it, and that its life was inevitably bound up with that of Poland.

Poland is the hinterland of Danzig, and there is no other. The sole hinterland of the Free City is the basin of the Vistula, the great Polish river, which, with its affluents, drains an area of 125,000 square miles, and is larger than the basin of the Elbe or of the Rhine. Apart from this vast and magnificent tributary territory Danzig is nothing. This is the key to the whole situation, the fundamental thing. When this was pointed out to the Nationalists who were in political control of the Free City they shrugged their shoulders and spoke spitefully of Poland. What was Poland? How long would it exist? A few years perhaps! Oh, Poland! This was the kind of talk of which I heard a great deal when I was in Danzig in 1921. At that time there was a certain colour of truth in what was said, for Poland was then in evil case—like a gallant but battered ship hurling through storms into unknown seas. Only a few months before it had looked as if the Bolshevik hordes would overrun all Poland, and though the Reds were in the end defeated and driven back from before Warsaw, the country was in a state little short of desperate. Everywhere, except in Posnania, there were cruel traces of the Great War—ruined towns, wrecked railways, despoiled farms and factories, with multitudes of starving people. During these three or four years of horror and want, the trade and commerce of Poland could not do,

and did not do, much for Danzig. How could it be otherwise? Things were rather better in 1922-23, and Danzig recorded an advance; upwards of 3,000 vessels entered its harbour, their total tonnage being well above one and a half millions. There then set in a gradual improvement, which became very marked first of all in 1925, when Poland had a splendid harvest, and instead of having to import grain was able to export it. But it was in 1926 that Poland showed what it could do for Danzig and what it meant to the Free City. And 1927 has bettered that showing. Statistics are generally dull, but those that follow are not, for they tell a story of a significance, political no less than economic, there is no mistaking.

In 1912, which was Danzig's best year just before the Great War, nearly 6,000 ships entered and cleared the port, the total tonnage being approximately two millions. In 1926 the number of vessels more than doubled, and the total round tonnage was upwards of 6,800,000 tons. In that year much of the success of Danzig was attributed to the British Coal Strike, which had the result of sending from that port huge quantities of Polish coal to Sweden and other countries, not excepting Great Britain itself. With the termination of the strike doubt was expressed whether Poland would be able to retain the markets it had gained for its coal, and that consequently there might be a diminution in the trade of Danzig. But the Poles contrived to keep at least some of the markets, and actually increased their exports of coal in 1927—upwards of four million tons, as against rather less than three and a half millions in 1926. Here are the figures for Danzig for the last five years :—

		Imports.	Exports.	Totals.
		Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
1923	...	715,138	1,162,120	1,877,258
1924	...	884,472	1,731,539	2,616,011
1925	...	774,925	2,155,309	2,930,234
1926	...	619,647	5,793,222	6,412,869
1927	...	1,352,651	6,515,936	7,868,587

This shows an increase of six million tons in five years. It is colossal! The subjoined table gives the number of
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vessels entering the port, with their registered net tonnage for the year 1912 and the years 1924-27 :—

			Ships.	Registered net tons.
1912	...	...	2,992	970,653
1924	...	...	3,312	1,635,610
1925	...	...	3,986	1,869,979
1926	...	...	5,967	3,432,480
1927	...	...	6,950	3,899,854

It will be seen that the post-war development of the goods traffic is enormous. Something like ninety-five per cent. of it is Polish. No better, more convincing proof could be given that Danzig is of the utmost necessity to Poland, and that the Free City can flourish only in connection with Poland. For the foregoing figures indicate "beyond peradventure" that, as the Poles have always maintained, Danzig is the "natural" port of Poland. And what an unanswerable argument they present for the possession of the Corridor by the Poles! Danzig manifests itself as a vital interest of Poland—as vital an interest as the Suez Canal to Great Britain or as the Panama Canal to the United States. Let any Englishman or American ponder awhile the situation thus briefly outlined, and he will understand what Danzig means to every Pole.

Danzig itself now begins to understand, as was indicated in a preceding paragraph; it sees at last that the common language of that understanding is economics; previously no Danziger had ever dreamed what Polish trade and commerce in these times of ours could do for him and his city. In the lean years after the Armistice he never imagined that Poland could or would send to the port nearly six million tons of coal and timber in a not much later year; and there is this to be said for him, that Polish coal and timber were practically unseen in Danzig before the war. The result of the last General Election in Danzig proves the great change that has taken place in public opinion in the Free City. In the new Volkstag there are only twenty-five Nationalists determinedly anti-Polish; on the other hand, the Socialists have forty-two seats as against twenty-nine in the previous Parliament, and their success was due to the fact that they

- presented themselves to the electors as pioneers of a moderate, reasonable policy of collaboration with Poland based on recognition of the *status quo* and on the building up of a suitable *modus vivendi* with the Poles. They have, besides, a programme of constitutional reform, which, however, is beyond the scope of this article, but it may be mentioned that they intend to make the Volkstag supreme over the Senate, the Nationalist composition of which has all along been the chief obstacle to a good understanding with Poland, and that, with this object in view, they have formed a coalition with eighteen members of the Centre Party and six Liberals; thus, with sixty-six votes in all, they have a clear majority in a House of one hundred and twenty members, the full tale of the Volkstag. To turn from the politics of the Free City to the actual port itself, it must be noted that, proportionate to the vast increase of tonnage, improvements and enlargements of the harbour and its equipment are being carried out. In December the construction was completed of a quay at the Vistula station. The old, unfinished basin at Holm, the island in the river near the city, has been dredged and deepened for the use of the timber trade. In October work was started on a new basin on the right bank of the "dead" Vistula, a sort of backwater partly surrounding Holm, and when it is finished it will be possible to load about 250,000 tons of coal a month thereat. The Harbour Board counts on a steady increase of the Polish coal export, and in order to overtake it contemplates an immediate expenditure of half a million sterling on new quays, basins and machinery. Meanwhile, Gdynia, Poland's new port on the Baltic a few miles north-west of the Free City, is being built and developed satisfactorily, but its competition with Danzig appears to be out of the question. Poland needs both ports. Its exports consist mainly of raw materials of bulky dimensions—coal and timber—which necessitate large space and big technical equipment; in these respects Danzig and Gdynia complete each other.

TROUT-FISHING IN NORWAY

BY H. A. BRYDEN

IN England, and even in Scotland, in these days, trout-fishing is not what it used to be. There are now too many people in these islands, and a considerable proportion of them want to fish. Good free trouting, which fifty years ago was easily attainable, is almost a thing of the past. There are too many rods at work, and eager fishers have increased five-hundredfold. Good preserved trout-fishing is an expensive luxury, suited only to the purses of fairly wealthy folk; and the cost of a rod on those clear streams sacred to the dry-fly expert is seldom less than £50 for the season, even on the quiet, lovely and fairly remote streams of Wiltshire. Where, then, is the humbler type of trout-fisher to betake himself? I say, confidently, to Norway, where living is reasonably cheap in the quieter places, English is freely spoken, and lakes abounding in trout are scattered by the hundred over one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

When first I cast a fly in that delightful land I betook myself with a friend to the neighbourhood of the Hardanger Fjord. This is a favourite district for tourists, and the roads and chief hotels are often filled with passengers from touring steamers, going overland from one part of the various fjords to another. But, except very occasionally, when you are shifting quarters, there is small occasion to be troubled by these people. They are easily avoided, and there are plenty of peaceful fishing places and quiet hotels where you can take your pleasure, enjoy the glorious scenery and the wonderful wild flowers, and fill your basket with goodly trout.

We first directed our steps from Bergen to Opheim's Vand—vand is Norsk for lake—a beautiful water lying between Vossevangen and Gudvangen on the Næroffjord. It was June 7th, early in the season, and we had the comfortable timbered Framnæs hotel to ourselves. Our first evening on the lake yielded nine trout, going three to the

pound—the largest $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; but my companion was a novice, had never thrown a fly before, and I had to do everything for him as well as for myself and instruct him in the art. Evening fishing in Norway is perfect, the light never really fades; you can see to read a book till 12.30, soon after which the light of another day is approaching! We went to bed at midnight, and a rich glow lay in the north-east where the sun lay.

Our second evening's sport, after a very hot day, yielded eighteen nice trout, many of them over half a pound. The best day we had at Opheim's Vand was on June 11th, when we captured twenty-six trout, the heaviest, taken with a brown phantom minnow, scaling $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. I should say here that I never killed a heavier trout in Norway than $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; but in some of the bigger and deeper lakes, notably at Red, on Bredheim's Vand, Nordfjord, the heavy lake trout run to great weights, sometimes even exceeding 12 and 14 lb. These are, of course, similar monsters to what we in Britain know as *salmo ferox*, which I take to be no more than a very old lake trout. A pleasant party, consisting of two English parsons and their ladies, had meantime arrived to fish and add to our cheerfulness. I went with one of these clergymen, a skilled angler, to try a high lake, called Helgeset Vand, seven miles away up in the mountains. To reach it we had a tough and rather boggy walk and crossed a good deal of snow. We found ice still half covering the small lake, and, putting our rods together and our flies on, we started casting from either side of the vand near the far end, where a small waterfall poured into the lake. It was really too early to expect much sport. I had slightly the best of the luck, taking eight fair fish, mostly half-pounders, while my companion, although the better fisherman, only accounted for two or three. All these trout were thin and weak, and those I took, if in good condition, would have been much nearer a pound each than half a pound. This was on June 12th. It is not the least use fishing these higher waters in Norway until the lakes are free of ice, the snow has vanished, and the trout have had time to find food and attain condition. From one of these excellent parsons I heard an amusing fishing yarn, which

has the merit of being a true one. A certain old Shropshire squire had some very fine trout water, of which he was extremely proud and somewhat chary of granting permission to fish. A neighbouring curate, who was devoted to fishing but a somewhat greedy sportsman, after some time obtained the coveted permit. He got up very early, fished hard and long on a good day when trout were rising well, and made a very large—in fact, a quite unnecessarily large—bag. As he returned triumphant from the scene of his labours he met the squire's keeper, who asked him civilly how he had fared, and said he would like to see his basket. The curate could hardly refuse, and a little later the keeper reported the matter to his master, who was much annoyed at the way his water had been punished. A year or two later a living in the gift of the old squire became vacant. Among other applicants the fishing curate sent in his name and testimonials. He received in reply only a signed post-card, on which these ominous words were written: "Sir, I would sooner give my living to a cormorant!"

On June 13th, fishing in the morning on Opheim's Vand, with one of the *padres*, with a pleasant breeze from the north-west, we had twenty-five fair trout between us. In the evening my fishing friend and I got a dozen more, including a very good trout of 1½ lb., which I got with the brown phantom minnow. The two parsons also did fairly well, and the total bag for the day was seventy-five fish—quite good for so early in the summer.

We now shifted our quarters and betook ourselves to a pleasant place known as Vikingnæs, situated at the narrowest part of the Hardanger Fjord. At that time some Norwegian folk ran a quiet private hotel there, usually frequented by a few English people. Close to the main building were two or three of the old Norsk timber huts—*Rogstuurs* they call them—built of heavy timber, thatched with birch bark and turf sods, and wonderfully cool in summer as well as warm in winter. These served as bedrooms, and my comrade and I were fortunate enough to secure one, a fine roomy abode, measuring 24ft. by 22ft., where all our luggage and fishing tackle could be comfortably bestowed. The situation of Vikingnæs was delight-

ful. Beyond and behind the little clearing where the hotel stood lay far-spreading forest of oak, birch, juniper, and pine. Four excellent fishing lakes were within a couple of miles or so; one of them, Eide Vand, a mile and a half in length, the others circular and smaller and hemmed in by woodland. We had a small wooden pier, and local steamers plying up and down the Hardanger called two or three times a week. Eider duck and their young were often seen, and moderately good sea-fishing for codling and other varieties was to be had just below the house. Beyond us stretched the lovely fjord, and everywhere around arose great mountains, with the snowy heights of the magnificent Folgefond glacier ten miles away. Since the War the Vikingnæs establishment has been abandoned, and the little clearing has, I hear, gone back to primeval forest again—a thousand pities.

In this delightful spot we found some pleasant English people who came there every summer and enjoyed one of the most restful of retreats. The little establishment was very well run, and we were admirably looked after. The first evening of our arrival at this pleasant place my comrade and I set off for Eide Vand, the largest of the four lakes I have spoken of. With us went a Norsk lad, named Lauritz, who was attached to the hotel and looked after the boats and the fishing. He spoke some English and easily understood all we said or wanted. He was an expert rower, fisherman, and trapper, and added to his small means by trapping animals such as mink, otter, fox, and various eagles and other raptorial birds, for the destruction of which rewards were paid by the Norwegian Government. After a delightful walk of two and a half miles through the woods, that beautiful flower, *Linnea borealis*, everywhere starring the earth, and with occasional glimpses of the fjord, we reached the vand, an exquisite sheet of water, set amid forest with a mountain background. Many lovely lakes have I seen and fished in Norway, but few exceeding in beauty this peerless water. It was a wonderful evening, a soft breeze blew from the south-west, and, as it turned out, the trouting was first-rate.

My comrade had not yet acquired expertness in adjust-

ing his flies to his cast, and as usual I did the business for him. I used black and silver, green and teal and claret and grouse for myself, and for my comrade the like patterns with a "Zulu" instead of the black and silver. I have always found the claret and grouse a most favoured fly wherever I have fished in Norway. The "butcher," "blue upright," and "coch-y-bondhu" are also good patterns. Norsk lake trout like biggish flies, of sea-trout size. Lauritz managed the boat perfectly, and we slowly made our way to the far end of the lake. The Eide Vand trout were excellent specimens and nearly always, as we found them on this summer evening, very lively and sporting, all of them well fed, lusty, handsome fish. They averaged nearly half a pound, and pretty often we got three-quarter-pounders and occasionally over. This evening, between 8.30 and 11.15, I landed twenty good fish, the biggest $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb., while my comrade did very well for a novice to capture a dozen, the heaviest just a pound. As we walked home at 11.30, full of contentment, through the forest and the balmy night, it was still quite light, while in the north-eastern sky the golden hue showed that the sun was preparing to create day once more.

Next afternoon, June 16th, after a hot day, we set out towards five to try the three small lakes on the Kalthveit side. Three and a half miles through the forest brought us to our destination, after passing two or three Norsk farmsteads, set amidst a grassy clearing, with patches of corn and potato land. Tall mountains still streaked with snow rose in the background. The first lake, a small one like its fellow beyond, lay in a setting of dark pine forest. Getting into a boat we at once set to work. We took here a few smallish fish and one three-quarter-pounder which I captured with the phantom minnow. Going on to the next lake we found better sport again, taking between us by 9.30 p.m. twenty good trout, of which my largest scaled just a pound and a half. My comrade's best fish went $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. In this circular lake, which had a peaty bottom, the fish were beautiful specimens, very dark, brilliantly spotted, with rich golden stomachs. We saw some eider duck, which are common in Hardanger, at a small

arm of the fjord as we came home, and a tall heron flapped away majestically before us as we disturbed him. Our twenty-four trout taken this evening averaged just under $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. each, a very good catch for this district. Vikingnæs—*næs* means a nose or promontory, the equivalent of our English ness, or naze—is famous for its Viking graves, which lie scattered about the coastline. These consist of huge mounds of stone, piled together in the wild and stormy days of the fierce Norsemen, who from these shores raided Europe. Some friends staying at the hotel opened with much labour one of these graves. It had been ransacked long before, but they found in a stone cist a brooch which they afterwards took to the British Museum. Curiously enough it was by the authorities there declared to be of old English make, and had no doubt been raided from the land of the Angles and Saxons by the Norsk pirates. The name Viking, by the way, has nothing to do with our word "king," but signifies merely people who dwelt in *viks* or small settlements—villages. The same word is, of course, common in English place names, as, for instance, Chiswick, Painswick, etc.

On the 28th, after a wet and stormy night, we walked to Eide Vand after breakfast and again had capital sport. A glorious morning after the storm, a delightful breeze with no chill in it, a gleamy day with wonderful interplay of light and shade over mountain, fjord, and lake, and trout everywhere rising freely. In the distance, down the fjord, the great island of Varaldsö rose magnificent, showing deep blue against the horizon. Everywhere the verdure was vivid after the rain, and the wild pansies bloomed in profusion as they do all over Norway at this season. We captured forty-five good trout and enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content on one of the most perfect days I ever remember in that fair country.

Our next venture, June 21st, was made to Thorsnæs Sæter, a place high up on the mountain across the fjord, where in a few summer huts the women were herding their cows and goats and making their annual store of cheeses. Here they are alone with nature, their men climbing up to them each week-end with necessary

supplies. Lauritz, our invaluable boy, of course, went with us, and we carried our blankets and details, including a kettle and frying-pan. The fjord here is only two or three miles across, and with alternate rowing and sailing we were soon at Thorsnæs, where stands an old stone farmhouse inhabited by the family of Galtung. On the front wall of this house was carved an ancient coat-of-arms—a very unusual thing in Norway—with the crest of a pig. The Galtungs, although they are only farmers, are a family of long descent. The legend—I believe well founded—in connection with their coat-of-arms is this. In the days of Gustavus Vasa, that famous king was, in the early part of the sixteenth century, in flight from his enemies and found refuge with the Galtungs, one of whom took him across the fjord in his boat, wrapped in sacking, and lying amid other farming gear, including the carcasses of some pigs. They were stopped by some enemies in mid-fjord, but on Galtung declaring that he had no news, that the half-concealed bundles of sacking contained nothing but pigs' carcasses, and that he was only moving some farm stuff, he was allowed to proceed. For thus saving his life Gustavus Vasa, as a mark of his gratitude, granted a coat-of-arms with the quaint porcine crest to the farmer and his family.

We met Galtung, the descendant of this ancient family, as we passed the house, and had a chat with him. Then began our upward climb to the lake. It was a very hot afternoon and we sweated freely as we carried our blankets and paraphernalia on our backs. A climb of rather more than 1,000 feet brought us to the lake, where we found a boat, put our rods together, and fished down the three-mile vand, which lies in a deep mountain valley known as Glomdal. It was a coldish evening, with a not too promising north wind. Nevertheless, we did fairly well, taking sixteen good fish, the largest scaling 2 lb., captured on the brown phantom minnow. This was a plucky fish, which fought well and leaped two feet out of the water before being brought to the boat. Other nice trout were one of 1½ lb., a pounder, and several of half a pound. We landed at 9.45 p.m., got our things to a primitive sæter

hut, fried some fish, made some tea, and enjoyed a good supper, eked out with excellent *blæber* jam and cream. We saw and spoke to some of the pleasant *sæter* women, still busy with their work. They had sixteen huts at this place and looked after 100 cows and some goats. Still higher up the mountain lie two more lakes, but these were not yet fit to be fished. We noticed here ravens, various hawks and buzzards, ring ousels, wagtails, the inevitable pair of divers and their young, and some wading birds.

Next morning, after ablutions in a stream at hand, we breakfasted at 7.30. There was again, at these heights, a coldish breeze from the north-west. We fished half-way up the vand again, taking sixteen good trout—the largest 1½ lb.—and several pounders, the rest averaging half a pound. Returning to the *sæter* we lunched, packed our belongings into the boat, and rowed up to the top, taking only five more fish on the way. Descending to the Hardanger we were again in a hot climate; the fjord was smooth as glass, and we rowed easily across to our pleasant quarters at Vikingnæs. Our total catch of trout at Thorsnæs Sæter was thirty-seven good trout—quite as many as we expected thus early in the season.

On June 23rd we had a telephone call from Thorbjörn, the farmer at Ljörnæs, a hamlet three miles away, telling us that a wedding was to take place that morning at Strandebarm, a village in the neighbouring bay, and that the procession would leave Kalthveit at 11. We sent round our fishing tackle and lunch by boat and walked to Ljörnæs. It was nearly 1 o'clock before the procession came along. First appeared a man in the usual blue serge, home-manufactured Norsk suit—the women still used spinning wheels and looms in this district—and a black wide-awake, soft hat, playing with much vigour the curious Norwegian fiddle. Then the bridegroom, in similar attire, and the bride, a pretty fair girl, her head surmounted by the high ancient Hardanger wedding crown of silver decorated with coloured glass. Her dress was the usual Hardanger costume, red bodice edged with the curious ribbon characteristic of the Hardanger, dark skirt, white embroidered apron, and full white lawn sleeves. Long

coloured ribbons streamed down her back, mingling with the two thick plaits of her fair hair. With her lofty crown, fresh complexion, and beautiful hair this charming girl looked truly a queen. Sometimes a bowl of milk, signifying plenty, is carried in front of the bridal pair, but on this occasion the ancient custom was omitted. A number of men and women followed, the women carrying their Hardanger costumes in quaint Norsk carved and painted boxes; these costumes were to be donned on their arrival by rowing boat at the beach at Strandebarne.

After the procession had passed us we lunched, and then adjourned to the neighbouring Kalthveit Vands and fished. The trout were not rising well, and after capturing eight we dragged the boat through a hundred yards of bush—a rather tough and muddy scramble—and launched her on a charming little circular lake known as Rürvik Vand, perched high above the fjord, with glorious views, and tried our luck there. Here we found an extraordinary change. The trout of Rürvik are very light in colour, very active, and all fought like furies. For their size I never saw such determined pugilists. When hooked they leaped high out of the water and often kicked themselves clear. I lost one really heavy fish in this manner. In a short time we took here fourteen excellent trout, the heaviest a shade over a pound. At 7 o'clock we rowed home and supped at 8. It was the eve of St. John, a night of great tradition in Norway, the survival of the "Balderfest" of the Norsk pagans. Everywhere up and down the long length of Hardanger Fjord great fires were lighted on shore and isle and headland. Old and decayed boats are often burnt whole or broken up to feed the flames as on this occasion. At 10.30 we had a big fire at Vikingnæs, drank *skall* in quaint old Norwegian wooden bowls, and watched the fires blazing down the fjord.

On the 24th we again fished the Kalthveit Vands in the evening and did very well, landing twenty-six good trout, several of them running to a pound in weight. Next morning we quitted Vikingnæs with infinite regret, and after various wanderings found our way to Eide on the Gravensfjord, the narrowest of the arms of the Hardanger. From

- there we made our way on the following morning by a mountain walk of seven miles to Espeland's Vand, a very beautiful lake lying between Eide and Ulvik. A feature of this lovely vand is the fine waterfall pouring from the heights of the north bank headlong into the lake. High snow-topped mountains and dark pine forests lay in the background. After a very hot walk we found a boat and boy and fished this charming lake with fair success, taking thirty-one nice trout, all in good condition. On July 6th, walking up from Ulvik in intense heat in the afternoon, we had not much time left for fishing, but secured eight trout, all of fair size, notwithstanding a dead calm. In Norway, so brisk and obliging are the trout, you can, fishing with a dry fly, manage to kill fish even on such inauspicious occasions.

Next morning was again intensely hot, with a flat calm, and we did little. We bathed and had a slack time, and a good breeze presently springing up about noon we did well. There was a good rise, and we took thirty-seven nice trout by 4 o'clock, the heaviest just over a pound. We then went ashore, packed our few belongings and walked down to Ulvik, passing a *sæter* on the way and getting a drink of milk from a good-looking Norsk girl. Round Ulvik the scant Norwegian hay harvest was now in full swing, and the fjord sides were sprinkled with the tall light hurdles on which the farmers dry their little crops. It was delightful to see hundreds of fieldfares, which nest so freely in Scandinavia, busy among the meadows.

From Ulvik we went on by fjord steamer to Norheimsund, one of the most beautiful spots even on lovely Hardanger, nowadays rather too much frequented by the ubiquitous tourist. From there we visited a good trout lake known as Langsvand, away up in the mountains, a wild moorland water with a few *sæter* huts near-by. The morning was again hot and glaring, but we got afloat and managed to get a few fish with the phantom minnow. After a bathe and lunch a kindly breeze once more came to our assistance, and we did quite fairly well with the fly, our total bag reaching twenty-seven good fish, the heaviest $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb., with a few pounders and some three-quarter

pounders. The good *sæter* people, as usual, supplied us with milk, and we jogged downhill contentedly to our supper at the hotel.

Evening at Norheimsund is wonderful. From there you obtain a marvellous view of the vast Folgefond icefield, clothed in eternal snow, which throughout the long night hours is suffused with rose colour. Norheimsund was, however, too busy a place for us, and we returned by steamer to Vikingnæs, where we had again plenty of quiet sport before us. Again we visited Thorsnæs *sæter* and had good fishing, the first evening yielding thirty-four and the next morning thirty-two good trout.

Our total bag during the trip realised 501 trout, not one of which was wasted. It is to be remembered, however, that my comrade was a complete novice and that for a great part of the trip I had to spend much of my time in assisting him. If I had had an expert fisherman with me I have no doubt we should have basketed 800 trout between us. On other occasions in Norway, in less frequented places, I have experienced even better sport. On one memorable day an angling friend and myself took 116 trout in little over two hours' fishing. In all these excursions only once have I been asked to pay for the fishing; that was at Eide where Mr. Maelands, the hotel proprietor, had kindly arranged with the owner of two lakes among the mountains whither we took our way. The fee was, I think, 2½ kroner (about 2s. 6d.) per rod, not a very alarming item for a day of good sport. Everywhere else that I have fished in that beautiful and most picturesque country the trouting has been entirely free. Moreover, the kindness and the friendly welcome everywhere extended by the simple and unspoiled Norsk people to the man or woman of British blood is an asset which can never be over-estimated. The great thing to be remembered by the trout-fisher in Norway is to fish from the middle of June to the end of July, and to keep always away from the few beaten tracks of the inevitable tourist. This is not a difficult matter.

SHAKESPEARE: A VINDICATION

BY MORTON LUCE

Prefatory Note.—As I mentioned a short time ago, in the Preface to a revised edition of *The Tempest*,¹ new expository criticism might be expected to follow in the paths thrown open by recent Shakespearean research; also, there are yet a few subjects in this connection that have remained comparatively unnoticed. On these two grounds chiefly I shall endeavour in the following brief remarks to do Shakespeare a justice which, I believe, has hitherto been denied to him.

* * * * *

Love and woman are a diapason that closes full in Shakespeare. Nothing in his genius is more wonderful than the completeness with which he shook himself free from the trammels of the past and created ideals that should last for all human time. So under this head of his dramatic presentation of woman, whether as plighting her maiden vow, or bursting into blossom at the touch of love, or as a sacrifice to filial devotion, or as the embodiment of wifehood or motherhood—in all of these his ideal creations possess a refinement, a beauty, and sometimes a spirituality that are entirely his own. To prove all this we need only draw up a short list of names—Juliet, Viola, Isabella, Rosalind, the two Portias, Beatrice, Hero, Desdemona, Ophelia, Cordelia, Silvia, Queen Katharine, Virgilia, Volumnia, Hermione, Marina, Imogen, Perdita, Miranda.

But however unwelcome it may fall on a modern ear, there is to be heard in this diapason of love and woman a third and a persistent harmony which I may term, and by no means inaptly, the sound of marriage bells. We look for a moment at the foregoing list; every one of the

(1) September, 1926. The Arden Shakespeare.

characters it includes has either heard this third harmony or is expecting to hear it.

We have here no trifling, no fortuitous matter; on the contrary, as I think will be quite clear from what follows, it is a fact of the deepest significance, and it forces upon us a reflection that may well come first in any such commentary as the present. I will state it in the words of a former essay¹: "With Shakespeare, marriage was to love as metre to poetry, as form to art; it alone separated love from lust."

But as this statement may appear exaggerated, I shall take the opportunity now offered to me of quoting² one of the many passages that give it support:—

The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration.

—*The Tempest*, iv., i., 26-29.

But before proceeding further I must make some reference to another poet who ought certainly to be mentioned in any estimate of Shakespeare, a poet with whom Shakespeare was presumably acquainted, if not intimate, and whose love philosophy, as I regard it, comes nearest to that of his great contemporary. I refer to Edmund Spenser: "Ring ye the bells . . . this day is holy." These words are taken from his *Epithalamion* of 1595; here, and here for ever, is the diapason in real life. To this poem Shakespeare seems to have been indebted on more than one occasion, and I sometimes think that he recollected not a few of its undertones when he was creating that wonderful symphony of all the ideals of love, his *Tempest* of 1617. For example, here is another short passage from Spenser's poem:—

There dwells sweet Love, and constant chastity . . .
The which the base affections doe obey . . .
Bring her to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake. . . .

Let us compare these lines from the *Epithalamion* with

- (1) *Shakespeare: The Man and His Work*. Essay VII.
(2) For a principle of quotation, see page 481 below.

those of Shakespeare that were quoted above, to which we will now add the following:—

If thou dost break her virgin-knot¹ before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy² rite be minister'd . . .
—*The Tempest*, iv., i., 14-16.

Many more of these similarities might be noticed, but I must now pass on to remark that other contemporary poets, of course, offer resemblances to Shakespeare under this head of love and woman; but, with the possible exception of Sidney, they bear no comparison with Spenser; in fact, I regard him and Shakespeare as not merely the two greatest, but rather the two great authorities on love among Elizabethan poets. Ben Jonson, for example, may on occasion speak nobly of love, but in Spenser and Shakespeare the nobility of treatment is a *prevailing tendency*,³ a tendency, moreover, that is based on a depth of conviction which inspires an astonishing creation of noble ideals; and, as I may here venture to repeat, I believe that these ideals, while they owe but little to the past, are destined to stand forth, not only unsurpassed, but also, alas! unrivalled through all human time.

After these preliminary remarks, which are as essential to the present subject as they are intrinsically important, we turn to the list of names⁴ which was given on a former page. This surprising array of womanly beauty and purity will support at every point the argument that follows. It is briefly this: that the women of a less refined character in Shakespeare's plays, and even the incidental licentious passages (or, in some cases at least, those that appear to

(1) As in *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare speaks almost undramatically of the disastrous consequences that may follow if the wife is older than her husband, so here in *The Tempest* he may be recalling some experience of the past. But as in the case of the Sonnets, it is wiser to put any personal considerations aside as being altogether doubtful.

(2) With this compare such other expressions by Shakespeare as "holy wedlock vow," "holy human law," etc.

(3) For this, as the sole criterion of quotations, see *Shakespeare: The Man and His Work*, Essay II. Further, as I think will be evident even in this short article, a denunciation of lust is thundered throughout most of the storms of Shakespeare's spiritual imagination.

(4) To which many others might be added.

be such) should not lessen our belief in his exalted doctrines and convictions on the subject of love and woman, and, as we may add once more, of marriage.

Let me remark in passing that elsewhere I have carefully examined the poet's treatment of Cressida,¹ and I can only repeat with fuller assurance my former convictions, namely, that in the Cressida of Shakespeare's play we find nothing whatever of the professional harlot. To this I may add that such references as "the lazar kite of Cressid's kind," in *Henry V*, or "Cressida was a beggar," in *Twelfth Night*, belong to Shakespeare's conventional habits, and that he formed his opinion anew when he got to work on his elaborate drama.

After this I may remark that perhaps the chief work of Shakespeare which calls for examination under this head of morality is the *Venus and Adonis*, which most critics regard as being at least in some degree licentious. I think we may begin whatever of apology can be offered with the suggestion that there were other writers who handled the theme more grossly. Possibly, also, some of the voluptuous situations or expressions may be set down to Shakespeare's habit of antithesis² and over-anxious efforts of contrast:—

Call it not Love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name.

But no final opinion of the poem can be formed until it is read side by side with *Lucrece*. We need not recall Spenser's purpose in writing his second two *Hymnes*³; we may admit that Shakespeare's intention in regard to either of his poems was purely artistic; but there are poets who sometimes make an originally artistic design the occasion for moral reflections, and Shakespeare was one of these. And it is at least worthy of note that he seems to speak of the *Lucrece* as a "graver labour." On this, as before, I lay no stress; it may or may not be that the method of

(1) *Shakespeare: The Man and His Work*, Essay VI, and *Handbook to Shakespeare*, 3rd edition, pages viii and ix.

(2) *Handbook to Shakespeare*, pp. 30-33.

(3) The first two *Hymnes* may have been read by Shakespeare in MS. See also p. 487.

antithesis is thus rendered more complete; but in any case, to use the poet's own words, we are presented with a startling contrast between "Mars's hot minion" and "the incomparable chastity of . . . Lucretia." In fact, whatever their origins, the poems from one point of view may almost be regarded as supporters to a shield—the shield of Christian morality; on the one side we discern a Christian denunciation of lust; and on the other a Christian exaltation of wedded love.

And finally, we ask the question: Could Marlowe have written these poems, even the *Venus*? "Certainly not" must be our reply, "nor any other poet who was not imbued (as was Spenser) with the spirit of Elizabethan Christianity. To sum up, indeed, I incline to the belief that in the *Venus* there may be discovered a central gem of moral which burns with a glow far too steady to be obscured by what Milton might call the "glistening foil" of the setting¹:—

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

But what shall be said of Shakespeare's re-creation—or rather, creation—of Cleopatra, for this "wonderful piece of work"² may for many reasons be chosen as our second example. Here, surely, if any central gem of moral exists, it is in danger of being altogether obscured by the glitter of the setting:—

Husband, I come!
Now to that name my courage prove my title!

One is almost tempted to quote George Meredith—

O bitter barren woman! what's the name?
The name—the name—the new name thou hast won?

Surely the moral, if there is any such, shrinks to a point as little to be reckoned with as Octavia in the heart of Antony.

(1) Lines 799-804.

(2) *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. ii., 152.

And is this the creator of that noble array of characters drawn up at the outset of this essay, the poet who for all time is the foremost champion of marriage, and with that of woman? Indeed, if we ask him for the ethical teaching of his play under this head, here is what we must expect for an answer: "Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love . . . She shall be buried by her Antony."

At this point we must give some attention to a question which is essential to any comprehensive view of the position occupied by the poet. "Why," it will be asked, "should we expect to find a lesson in the morals of love or woman, or, indeed, in any aspect of human conduct, in a play, even if that play has Shakespeare for creator? What has morality to do with drama—with art? What is the real truth about it all?" Meredith himself seems to withdraw his admission that a woman can win a bad name, for he adds: "Behold me striking the world's coward stroke!" and elsewhere he asserts: "Love (is) a thing of moods, Not like hard life, of laws." On the other hand, Shakespeare corrects himself in a reverse order, where he warns us:—

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly . . .

or this:—

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'er-flourished by the devil.

But this, it will be added, is the mood of sober reflection, for which Shakespeare found no place when engrossed with the business of creating that magnificent work of dramatic art, his *Antony and Cleopatra*; and we are reminded by the late George Wyndham that when we listen to a play we must allow ourselves to be altogether possessed by the "mood of æsthetic delight"; we must not judge. In other words, as I venture to understand it, when we enter a theatre we must put our conscience in our pocket.

This forms a crucial thesis, and in justice to the subject in hand, I shall endeavour briefly to examine it (and, as far as I am aware, for the first time).

(1) Compare this with Shakespeare's "holy human law" (see footnote 2, p. 481); and, for Hardy, see "Love in Shakespeare" (p. 489, footnote 1).

Of our Restoration Drama, of which Dryden himself was ashamed, Macaulay writes: "Clever indeed, but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, earthly, sensual, devilish." But what if the critics and the audience of such plays were Greeks of the age of Aristophanes? In such a case not one of these words "earthly," "sensual," "devilish," would have its full meaning, if indeed any meaning whatever, for they belong to a later period in the evolution of morals; or, to return to our thesis, these Greeks had no sort of conscience that they must put into their pockets for fear it should disturb their "mood of æsthetic delight." Morality, therefore, is relative and a matter of development.

And here follows the remaining consideration. Our present-day mental powers and needs: "The good, the lovely, and the true," as they are succinctly classified by Rupert Brooke, have grown up interdependently; each is concerned in any and every operation of the human mind; they cannot be isolated even for a moment. As Rashdall remarks in his *Ethics* (p. 69): "Men . . . pass their judgments of value upon the experience or mental state as a whole."

To sum up: the comprehensive mental state that pronounces the Restoration Drama "earthly, sensual, devilish," is one with the comprehensive mental state that concerns itself with any drama, whether in a library or a theatre, and must pass some sort of judgment thereupon. As to the deliberately retrograde attitudes of mind (if there can be any such) that in our day would stultify appreciation, and play the Greek without his privilege of a remote past, they are at least to be pitied, for they are "vacant of our glorious gains."

What, then, shall be said of Shakespeare's *Cleopatra*? Is there nothing that may be urged in favour of such a splendid yet seemingly immoral piece of work? There is; it follows partly from what precedes, and may thus be stated: Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire, and Centaurs and Satyrs and Devils with tails and angels with wings, and nude women (aye, and men) in stone or on canvas; and, in literary art, Venuses and Helens and

Cleopatras—all these are creatures of (a) an imagination and (b) a morality that has the privilege of the past, and to appreciate which as a law unto themselves we have been taught and accustomed. The incongruities they exhibit are tacitly ignored, much as we ignore the inconsistency of a character speaking blank verse. But if the subject represented does not fall within this protecting category, whether on the stage or in real life, but depicts human monkeyisms, or men and women naked, or such grossness as is sometimes meretriciously displayed in the Restoration Drama mentioned above,¹ then our sense of fitness revolts; we are shocked; and it would take—or it should take—a very long time to educate us backward to such a moral constitution as would enjoy or even tolerate such things or situations.

This—or something like this, as it appears to me—is a brief answer to the question which is an integral part of any such inquiry as the present. But one other question under this head, a question of perhaps equal importance, must now be stated, and it follows closely on the foregoing: What shall be said of the licentious passages that occur in so many of the plays, and are not absent from the two works we have chosen to illustrate the subject generally?

I must confess myself by no means satisfied with the apology offered by most commentators, namely, that the characters, and not the author, are responsible for any indecencies, or that they were of the very air breathed by the dramatist, one with the language and the manners of the day, and that to exclude them would be an untruth to life as he knew it and as it was known.

As a convenient summary of what precedes, I cannot do better than quote from Mr. John Masefield's review of *Love's Labour's Lost* (*William Shakespeare*, pp. 33, 34): "Shakespeare is blamed for not conforming to standards unknown to his generation. . . . Shakespeare wrote about life. A man who writes about life must accept life for what it is, as largely an animal thing. Those who

(1) And, as we may add, and emphatically add, in far too many of our modern theatre and cinema performances.

pretend that life is only lived in boudoirs are in peril, and the world is in peril through them."

In reply to this, we have first to admit that a certain amount of coarseness, seemingly at variance with a normal refinement, is to be noticed in most men and women of Shakespeare's day; even Spenser is no exception to this prevailing characteristic, nor perhaps was Shakespeare himself. Had Spenser turned dramatist (and even with regard to his extant work) these remarks would doubtless apply here and there. This coarseness, however, is not often a mark of evil living; it is rather a superficial convention to which later ages gave, perhaps, a too definite and too serious form.

Next we have to recall what was said on a former page, where morality was explained as being "relative and a matter of development," and where the Age of Aristophanes was compared with the Age of Dryden; to these we may now add on a like principle the Age of Shakespeare. We must further recall the regret of Dryden referred to on the same page, and then ask ourselves: "Perhaps we may find something not altogether unlike this among Elizabethan writers?" The answer is that we may. Let us begin with Spenser; referring to his first two *Hymnes*, he remarks: "I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retractation, to reforme them." And there were yet other writers of the time who erred more grossly, and were sensible of their error. As to Shakespeare under this head we might perhaps refer to some of his Sonnets. But it will be more to our purpose to leave this inquiry while we point out that in the early play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, which Mr. Masefield has under review, we find such utterances as the following: "So it shall please you to abrogate scurrility." Now in this proviso alone we discover a respect for the words *moral* and *immoral*, and a recognition of a correspondingly advanced standard of morality.¹

But this subject, as far as Shakespeare is concerned, will be more fully illustrated a little further on; at this point we have to remark generally that the real must always

(1) E.g., "Decency." "Insist on the genuine independence of the ethical standard" (*Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge*, p. 473).

be the servant of the ideal; that the ideal has been a ceaseless moving upward from the savage to the sage, and that therefore true art in the fullness of her time

Bows to one law, the law of loveliness,
And scorns the soulless reflex of a lens.
True to the crowning truth of Decency
(Her Holy Grail, her Evening Star), she boasts
No meretricious refuse of the past,
No filth, no brutal oaths, no monkeyisms.¹

Returning now to Shakespeare, I may suggest that the chronological principle which is such an important element of any modern criticism of his work can be applied, at least in some degree, to his employment of indecencies; they are certainly both less pronounced and less frequent in his later plays.

This, surely, is something to the good; it is one with the poet's general growth in refinement, his disuse of conceits, puns, and the like; it is, further, a matter of attestation. By the time that Shakespeare is at work upon *Hamlet*, for example, he supplies us with some anticipatory evidence of a maturer and more refined taste, for we read: "I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury . . ."; that is to say, there was no attractive spice of licentiousness in a certain play, "as wholesome as sweet," that came nearest to Shakespeare's heart. Again, the author speaks thus contemptuously of a craving for indecencies on the part of Polonius: "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps." This ripper opinion of certain dramatic methods, and his scornful condemnation of Polonius, go far to support our belief that, if only on the ground of a growth in taste and refinement, some excuse may be offered to free the dramatist, at least in part, from the charge of deliberate licentiousness.

However, leaving all such particular instances, we must now add that under the head of a general progress towards refinement by far the most important evidence is that afforded by the manner in which, during some twenty years of authorship, Shakespeare advanced his studies of women

(1) Some of these, I venture to think, occur in "The Widow in the Bye-Street" (see *Handbook to Tennyson*, 6th edition, pp. 39-43).

to higher and yet higher standards of perfection, and ultimately created ideals—among them Imogen, Marina, Perdita, Miranda—that have never been surpassed.

There exists, nevertheless, an opinion that Shakespeare's more refined treatment of love towards the close of his career was due not so much to a progressive development as to waning powers or some new literary influence, such as that of Beaumont and Fletcher. But a broader view discovers that Shakespeare's dramatic genius was undiminished, and that such external models were but matters of chronology, and a part of that general environment wherein the poet was gradually self-evolved. But the subject calls for a more complete exposition than is possible in this short essay; here I can only refer to occasions¹ on which I have endeavoured to show that in these later plays Shakespeare's outlook on life appears to be happier and kindlier,² even his dealings with nature being marked by a closer interest and a new tenderness. And finally in this connection, as in every other, we may remember that Shakespeare was poet first and dramatist only second.³

But we may take a wider, a yet clearer view than this of progressive development, for in reply to our question as to morality in art generally, and Shakespeare in particular, the poet himself has furnished us with an answer both explicit and satisfactory; he has contrived to include in one of his dramas his own views and theories of dramatic representation, and solely, as it appears, with regard to its moral aspect—"Whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, *to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image.*" As I have pointed out elsewhere,⁴ and may here more explicitly repeat, the words in italics have not their surface meaning,

(1) "Love in Shakespeare," *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1924; "Nature in Shakespeare," *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1922; "Shakespeare and Nature," *Church Quarterly Review*, April, 1924; "Botany in Shakespeare," *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1925.

(2) "This is the word which interprets Shakespeare's latest plays—reconciliation."—DOWDEN.

(3) *Handbook to Shakespeare*, pp. 29, 30.

(4) *Shakespeare: The Man and His Work*, Essay III.

but convey this interpretation, and no other—"to enable men to see themselves—not their bodies, but their souls—as in a mirror, and to profit by the sight." Shakespeare, therefore, seems to have a high dramatic purpose in mind if at times he reflects in his mirror the back-door antics, and even the monkeyisms of our human kind. But these vital considerations should be added; as with Shakespeare's æsthetics so was it with his ethics; they were not a birth but a growth, and a growth during some score years of authorship; he had to learn before he could teach; and he taught, first through laughter, then through tears, and, lastly, through love; thus we have the order—Katharina, Isabella, Miranda.¹

But further: like every other man, Shakespeare had his moods; sometimes, therefore, he will hold up his mirror with a smile,² or a hearty laugh, or at most a word of friendly warning. But when, for some dark reason, he is possessed by the mood so ingenuously described in *Hamlet*—"Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither," he will hold up his dramatic mirror with a terrible effect, and his face, as we watch it, will be stern, or scornful, or despondent, or even agonised; or it may be something of all these—

Mother . . . you go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you . . .
—*Hamlet*, III, iv, 16-20.

Indeed, in *Measure for Measure*, where surely

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

he seems to have given more attention to his mirror than to his play, with the result that on the dramatic side the latter is not a little perplexing and even unpleasant.

Nor must we forget the testimony of the Sonnets. Whatever may be said of the series generally, there is at least one Sonnet, the 146th, in which we catch the indubitable *cri du cœur*, and even listen to a creed of earnest

(1) A corresponding order among the male characters might be: Falstaff, *Hamlet*, Prospero.

(2) And show virtue her own image, as in *Julius Cæsar*, I, ii, 55-58 and 67-70.

Elizabethan Christianity that is inspired by the highest moral conviction and purpose.¹ Of this I have no doubt whatever. Indeed, if we were dealing with any other author than Shakespeare these phrases of asseveration would be utterly out of place.

Thus, then, taking into account the quotations from *Hamlet* on a former page,² we may close an inquiry which is perhaps the main part of our subject with the conviction that Shakespeare is to be trusted with all sexual problems and the expression of them; that, broadly speaking, he never deliberately plays with mud, and that he has no heart for obscenity, even when it might serve to tickle the ears of the groundlings.

And, of course, there is to be added the testimony of his contemporaries. And this brings me to the final, and not the least important, of these questions, which may be stated as follows:—Apart from the evidence of his written work, and the little we may conjecture of his own experiences, what manner of man is this voluminous writer on Love and Woman? What did his friends think of him? What are his personal qualifications for dealing with a subject which he has so much at heart that in his case we are disposed to rewrite a line of Pope, and word it thus: "The proper study of mankind is—woman"? What are his morals in this regard, what his language, his habits? Does he believe with the poet I have just been quoting that "every woman is at heart a rake," or, if we may refer once more to his contemporaries, does he under this head in any way resemble Spenser, for instance, or is he more like—shall we say—Robert Greene? With respect to all these questions (which are possibly of more account than any answers that might be given or suggested) I have space only to refer to other pages on which I have noted that the testimony of his friends may be regarded as favourable.³ On this occasion I can do no more than

(1) See "Shakespeare's Confession of Faith," *Anglo-French Review*, December, 1920; also "The Character of Shakespeare," *Book of Homage to Shakespeare*; also *Shakespeare: The Man and His Work*, Essay II.

(2) Page 488.

(3) *Twelfth Night*, Arden Edition, p. 196; also *The Tempest*, Arden Edition, p. 179.

repeat my convictions, which, as I trust, may find some additional support in this brief notice of Shakespeare's views of love and marriage, and in the closely related moral considerations that are involved in the representation of some of his characters.

POSTSCRIPT

I should like to do Shakespeare a last justice by drawing a brief distinction between the improprieties and indecencies that are found in his work and those that occur in our present-day literature. Of the former it may at least be said that they date back some three hundred years; but the latter follow a period in the evolution of morals which has risen above them and decided against them. In our modern literature, therefore, they are reactionary, notorious, and often a cheap means of advertisement, and it is perhaps only fair to say that much of our recent prose—and even poetry—owes a very large measure of its popularity to the employment of vulgarities, brutalities, and indecencies. On the other hand, I think I shall be exempt from any charge of special pleading if, finally, I call attention to these two facts: first, for the noblest ideals of love we must still look back 300 years, that is to say, to Shakespeare; to prove this (if proof were wanting) we need only compare, for example, Rupert Brooke's sonnet on *Love* with the lines from the *Venus* quoted on page 483 above; and next (and perhaps most important of all) in place of Shakespeare's noble and persistent vindication of the "holy wedlock vow" (page 481, footnote 2), we have too often a modern contempt and even ridicule of marriage, and with that an encouragement to infidelity and licentiousness. But the purport of all these remarks is admirably conveyed in the following lines:—

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud . . .
Have we risen from out the beast, then back into the beast again?

MORTON LUCE.

HENRIK IBSEN

(A CENTENARY SKETCH)

By C. WHITAKER-WILSON

I. BIOGRAPHICAL

HENRIK IBSEN was born on the twentieth day of March in the year 1828 at Skien, a small town on the south-east coast of Norway. His father, a merchant, seems to have been descended from anything but pure Norwegian stock: his forefathers were a curious mixture of Danish, Scotch and German. When Henrik was eight years old Ibsen senior failed, an unfortunate circumstance which necessitated the removal of the whole family to a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the town. There they existed in the direst poverty, and Henrik was sent to the local school for his education.

At fifteen he was taken away from the school and apprenticed to an apothecary in Grimstad. The apprenticeship—so much drudgery—lasted for seven years, the weariest years of Ibsen's life. One imagines that drugs and drama are not likely to agree, but it is not surprising to find that Ibsen tried a mixture of them: there was certainly quite as much drama as drugs in those seven years at Grimstad.

Ibsen served in the shop with a pencil and paper concealed behind a convenient bottle; in his luncheon-hour he forgot to eat in his eagerness to write; almost any hour of the night would find him studying literature.

He was a queer-looking creature, gloomy and sinister in the extreme: someone said that he walked about Grimstad like a mystery sealed with seven seals. By the time he was twenty-two he had fully made up his mind to endure it no longer; he had saved up a little money and had written his first real work.

With the former in his pocket and the latter under his arm he arrived in Christiania determined to study at the University and to earn what he could as a journalist at the same time.

The work which he had brought with him was a blank-

verse tragedy called *Catalina*. It was virtually a drama in three acts; and (for some reason best known to himself) he had chosen to write it under the somewhat cacophonous pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme.

It is a wonder that he managed to get it published at all, for every line of its weak iambic metre spelt immaturity. Its only saving grace was that it at least showed that he had read his Sallust in the days gone by: he must have read him amongst the bottles, for it is perfectly certain that the little school at Skien had had nothing much to offer in the way of classical education.

He entered upon his University career too late and with too little scholastic backing to make anything really brilliant of it: nevertheless, all things considered, he came out exceedingly well.

He seems to have been fortunate in his friends there: several literary men were up in his year. There was Björnson to begin with; there was Botten-Hausen, who subsequently attained some amount of fame as a bibliographer; and there was the novelist Foss.

Botten-Hausen and Ibsen soon became fast friends. It must have been a case of opposites agreeing, for two more dissimilar types could not have been found in all Christiania. Botten-Hausen was an exceptionally cheerful individual who laughed at everything and took life in a gay spirit; Ibsen was bitter and begrudging, even when he was not openly attacking someone or something.

The two friends joined Vinje in a literary enterprise which took the form of a journal containing much original poetry, some amount of literary criticism, and some æsthetic writing. Ibsen's contribution to it was a lengthy drama called *Norma, or a Politician's Love* which turned out to be an insolent satire upon the personalities of nearly every well-known member of the Storting. The journal led an up-and-down existence for about nine months and then died a natural death.

It was exceedingly fortunate for Ibsen that Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist and friend of Chopin and Paganini, happened to be resident in Bergen at this time. Bull was something of a personality and was con-

nected with every phase of theatrical life. He and Ibsen met at the house of a common friend and formed a friendship. Bull said he liked Ibsen for his brains but not for his looks; but he was good enough to use influence on his behalf, which resulted in Ibsen being appointed director at the Bergen theatre.

His work there was that of producer, manager, and general editor. He altered or re-wrote portions of plays which needed attention before being fit for presentation to the public, and, of course, he supplied dramas for this, his own stage.

The extraordinary thing about him at this time is his complete dissatisfaction with everything he did. Of the plays he wrote for the Bergen theatre at this time scarcely a line remains: he would neither print nor preserve. He moved about the theatre as if in a mist: someone said that if he smiled more than once a month it was as much as he ever did. Then he suddenly astounded everybody by writing quite a flimsy *feuilleton* for a Bergen newspaper: one can only suppose that he was well paid for so doing.

As the post at the theatre carried with it a kind of travelling stipend Ibsen was able to visit both Copenhagen and Dresden for the purpose of studying drama. The result of his studies in those cities culminated in the production of *Mistress Inger at Ostraat* which he produced upon the Bergen stage in 1855. In 1858 he followed it by *The Warriors in Helgeland*, though, for some reason or other, it was not actually produced upon the stage until 1861. So that our poet was practically thirty before he had written a really great work. He had already been appointed director of the National Theatre in Christiania (1857), and though he had worked unceasingly at drama of every sort and kind nothing really outstanding had come from his pen.

In 1863—he was by now thirty-five—he suddenly awakened to the fact that his real purpose in life was to be a satirist. One imagines such an awakening not to be very pleasant: there is so much to live up to about it. But granted that one can be sufficiently acid every time one handles a pen it can, of course, be done. However this

may, or may not be, from that moment we have the true Ibsen.

He had certainly been through enough to make him satirical: his was the mind of an idealist, and there was very little idealism in Norway in the nineteenth century. Of course, he was not liked; some admired him, many could "get on" with him. But it is to be feared that most of them forsook him and fled when his theatre became bankrupt in 1862. He himself had no alternative than to accept a miserably paid post of adviser at the other theatre.

He applied for a poet's pension (*digtergage*) which the Storting occasionally granted. He felt fairly sure that he would have one granted him because Björnson had just been successful in his own application. But it was refused. Whether he "upset" someone in authority or not is difficult to say, but the fact remains that it was refused. Ibsen was furious. The country cared nothing for what he had done for literature; the Storting were an ungrateful lot of devils, and he would have no more of them. So he departed from out their coasts in high dudgeon and went to Berlin for a while. Then he moved on to Trieste, and finally settled in Rome. Here, he said, he could at least enjoy tradition, whereas in Norway there was nothing for anyone who had the power to think.

But they should know that he was still alive; he let them know it to some purpose in the excellent poem of *Brand*. He satirised and denounced the weakness of the Norwegian character in the hero—a priest—and then proceeded to do the opposite thing by deliberately making *Peer Gynt*—the hero of his next effort—the personification of evil, but in such a way as to suggest that all Norway should look up to him as its model.

Then he embarked upon a political comedy called *The Young Men's League*. This was produced at Christiania in 1869. Ibsen did not attend the production but awaited the result—in Egypt. It was received with roars of disapproval. Ibsen replied to its reception with a little masterpiece of impudent satire and defiance which he called *At Port Said*.

Brand had sold well; the Storting had been persuaded—despite Ibsen's studied insults—to grant the *digtergage*. There was nothing to fear now, and he did not propose to begin fearing it.

In 1868 he left Rome for Dresden, where he lived for some time before going on to Munich; later he made up his mind to go back to Christiania. He arrived in no good humour. The political situation had disgusted him utterly. Germany had been at war both in Denmark and, of course, in France. Ibsen, with his usual habit of trying to assign a cause for every effect, jumped to the unwise conclusion that now was the time for the development of individualism. When he found that the wars had brought about nothing of the sort he chafed harder than ever. He was forced to make the only possible admission in the circumstances: he found that what is called democracy is not democracy at all, and that even if it were there would be little gained by it. The sight of the masses swayed this way and that way by the first political breeze which happened to blow turned him sick with rage. It seemed to startle him that individualism must lie with the individual and not in numbers, and that the world has always progressed by the efforts of outstanding characters in its history: at any rate we find him more disgruntled than ever and determined to slash out in every direction at the social conditions which he found reigning in the Norwegian capital.

The direct result, in terms of his work, was the production of his social dramas. For some reason or other—probably sheer determination to be more cutting than ever—he abandoned his versification and commenced to write ordinary dialogue. To us, who hate plays in verse (rhymed or otherwise), the change has much to commend it: to the Norwegians, who have always made rather a fuss over their poetry, it was merely a change and nothing more.

Ibsen poured out play after play. *The Pillars of Society* was followed by *A Doll's House* and the well-known *Ghosts*. Then came *The Enemy of the People* and *The Wild Duck*, to be followed again by *Rosmersholm*, *The Lady from the Sea*, *The Master-Builder*, *Little Eyolf*,

John Gabriel Borkman, and, finally, *When We Dead Awaken*.

In 1898, upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday, Ibsen was honoured all over the world: congratulations and gifts poured in from almost every quarter, and the following year an enormous statue of him in bronze was erected outside the National Theatre in Christiania. The Norwegians had forgiven him his bitterness and recognised only his great powers. By this time he had lost much of his saturnine appearance; success and recognition had softened him in many ways. If there was always a touch of satire underlying everything he uttered in public it was merely a case of living up to a reputation, very often, for in private life he would show gentleness and even sweetness of disposition.

It was a strange character: fierceness and the utmost bitterness would seem to roll out of the very pores of his skin on occasions; at other times he could be tenderness itself. In 1901 his health suddenly gave way, and his doctor told him that if he did not cease from all actual work, and even from his customary outbursts of passionate anger when conditions in the political world annoyed him, there would be no accounting for the consequences.

But the worst had really happened; the fine brain had given way. For the best part of four years he was more or less unconscious of the passage of events. In this condition he lingered until his death which took place, quite painlessly, on May 23rd, 1906, at the age of seventy-eight. He was accorded a public funeral with the highest national honours.

II.—“BRAND” AND “PEER GYNT”

Love's Comedy, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* undoubtedly form a kind of dramatic trilogy. In so short a survey of Ibsen and his works as this it is possible to review two of them only. And as *Brand* has always been the “best seller,” and as (in my opinion, at least) *Peer Gynt* is the greatest of his plays, *Love's Comedy* must be omitted so far as any detail is concerned.

Brand, first published in Copenhagen in 1866, is little else than a fierce attack upon the religious sentiments of Norway in Ibsen's time. Brand, the hero of the play, is a priest who attempts to live like Christ, not only in the spirit but in the letter as well. Despite Ibsen's earnestness in this matter the priest appears almost fanatical—the kind of person to whom it must be “all or nothing.” But he draws the character well, for all that. Brand is sent for to attend to a dying man, and in order to reach him has to cross a raging fjord during the progress of a fierce storm. He pushes off in a small boat with Agnes, a beautiful young girl who has always admired him. They cross safely, the dying man is attended to before they attend to themselves. This they ultimately do by falling in love with each other. They are married and live in the parish itself, of which Brand becomes the priest. A baby is born to them, but lies in danger of its life by reason of the fact that the place is situated in a gloomy glen which only has the sun upon it a few months in the year.

The doctor in the place tells Brand that he must leave at once or the child will die. He refuses, saying that his duty lies in the parish. The child does die, and also its mother. Brand's own mother, a frivolous person of worldly ideas, comes to live with him. She quarrels with him most of the time, to such an extent and upon so many religious questions that when she dies he refuses his blessing upon her in any shape or form. Her fortune comes into his hands, notwithstanding, and he devotes it entirely to the construction of a new church for the parish. The satire of the piece now turns upon the villagers who come to worship therein, and in them, as characters, is depicted not only society at large but many leading politicians in particular.

His sermons in the church are vindictive in the extreme, and in the end he throws the keys of the place into the fjord and flees to the mountains for desolation and solitude. It is a drama of nearly three hundred pages, and is written in short, rhymed lines—sometimes they rhyme four or five times.

In *Peer Gynt*, written amongst the lemon-groves of

Italy, Ibsen goes very differently to work. The hero—Peer Gynt himself—is an idle rascal whose aim is to live his own life regardless of any law or order of the country in which he lives. He is something of a story-teller and an inveterate liar. If Brand strove to wake the nation to a sense of earnestness and responsibility by holding up before it a model of duty before pleasure, Peer Gynt strove to idealise every kind of vice it is possible to mention. Peer attends a wedding and distinguishes himself by carrying off the bride into the mountains, where he treats her as his own. For this pleasantry he is outlawed and lives in the caves of the *Dovrefjeld*, haunted by strange spirits. He grows to manhood and makes the acquaintance of the King of the Trollds who takes a fancy to him and proposes that he shall marry the princess and settle amongst them. In the Trollds Ibsen bitterly satirises the party in Norway who had advocated commercial isolation.

At last Peer slips down quietly and unseen to the shore and embarks for America. There he makes a fortune, and the opening of the fourth act finds him (after twenty years) in Morocco. He is now middle-aged and quite elegant in appearance. He entertains a select party of friends. It appears that his wealth has been gained from trading in Bibles, stockings, rum and rice, in the first instance, but also that much revenue has accrued from dealings with negro slaves in Carolina and heathen goods in China. Peer is, in short, a wealthy humbug, unscrupulous to the last degree. While he is asleep his friends are thoughtful enough to go off in the private yacht which contains all his wealth. They manage to blow the ship to smithereens, as it happens, which, though it may have been some sort of comfort to Peer himself, hardly recompenses him for his loss. He is left alone and penniless on the African shore. Later he appears in an Arab camp where he is received as a manifestation of Muhammad himself: a chorus of girls do him honour, headed by Anitra.

Again twenty years elapse, and Act V finds him with a new fortune on the way to Norway to enjoy himself. He is wrecked off the Norse coast and is the sole survivor. Thus he is again penniless, but this time in his own country.

Solvejg, who has loved him all his life, seemingly, receives him into her cottage, where he dies in her arms. She sings the well-known Solvejg's Song over his body. Perhaps it is the delightful incidental music which Grieg wrote to this play which causes it to make a more artistic appeal than do either *Love's Comedy* or *Brand*. It took a Norwegian to write the music for *Peer Gynt*: one cannot imagine an Englishman or an Italian doing it successfully.

III. THE SOCIAL PLAYS

There is only space for a very cursory glance at these. They are one and all characterised with the same ironical spirit of conception. *The Pillars of Society* deals with hypocrisy in small centres of industry, and in it Consul Bernick is depicted as being a pillar of both Society and of the Church, his real character being gradually divulged. The whole play directs its shafts at the growing egotism in successful business men.

A Doll's House is much upon the same lines, but is directed against women who are devoted and willing sacrifices to men. The conclusion of the play, where the heroine flees from the house of her husband, caused a great deal of discussion all over Europe when the play was first performed.

In *Ghosts* Ibsen dared much: at least, Norway thought so, for no play of his was ever hissed more fervently. Perhaps his countrymen went to his first nights with the preconceived idea that they would be angered: it certainly seems like it.

But they had to laugh at *The Enemy of the People*, where Dr. Stockmann (who is depicted as being of great social benefit to a seaport town by constructing public baths for which natural resources were used) is hounded out of the place by the infuriated populace for daring to suggest that the drainage system was faulty.

In *The Wild Duck* he was merely pessimistic. The others are a little heavy-going in places, but each and all are characterised by Ibsen's determination to speak his mind.

It was a queer point of view all through: Ibsen took nothing for granted. He probably never considered the possibility of social reform effected by writings of an ideal character in which he might have made so irresistible an appeal as to have defied criticism. His methods were very different. Fully two-thirds of his work was written in a tearing rage. A thought would come to him and his quickness of brain would turn it to account in some form of bitter satire. A howling mob at his first night simply set him going again with grim determination: he flashed back a still more caustic reply at the earliest opportunity.

It must have been galling to him to the last degree of endurance to behold that statue of himself outside the National Theatre. It was there not as a monument to the power of his idealism, but to that of his technique as a writer. He was appreciated as a poet and as a playwright: as a reformer he was as naught in comparison.

The people stood his insults because they were entertained as well as insulted: they overlooked his contempt of them because he managed to convey that contempt in an interesting form. They must have often known he was right and that they were wrong; but when he told them in *The Enemy of the People* that "a minority may be right," but that "a majority is always wrong," they merely smiled indulgently and hoped he would say something else equally amusing before the curtain fell. He was so deadly in earnest that he never thought that he was often wasting good energy in being satirical at the expense of those who could neither reply nor even understand quite what he was aiming at. The conditions at which he directed his arrows of scorn and contumely are but matters of history to us in these days; indeed, it is doubtful if they were ever anything else. We were much in the position of his own country in the War: we merely looked on at the fight and preserved what neutrality we could.

But he was a fine old man who feared nothing; there has never been another quite like him, and it is doubtful if there ever will be. The type of Henrik Ibsen is not to be found by the wayside.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AT SEA

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

IN future years the historian will wonder at the lack of clear thinking on the part of a people so dependent on sea communications as ourselves on the subject of maritime law in war-time.

While the greatest change in diplomatic procedure brought about by the late war was the establishment of the League of Nations, the effect of this change on the law at sea appears to have been hardly noticed in British governing circles. No attempt has yet been made to bring about a re-codification of the law.

It is necessary to make a very brief historical summary. The right of capture of enemy property at sea, whether of shipping or goods, was upheld by successive British Governments right through the Napoleonic wars and our war with America and the Crimean War. We claimed the right to search all ships on the high seas when we were a belligerent, and for our own prize courts to judge as to the legality of any seizure of goods or vessels. Neutral ships, other than blockade runners, were themselves exempt from capture; but their cargoes, if the property of enemy merchants, were usually judged good prize. Enemy vessels and property were, as a matter of course, condemned as prize. When we declared a blockade the only test of its legality was that the blockade should be effective, and any vessels attempting to break the blockade and their cargoes were condemned as prize. We even insisted on the doctrine of "continuous voyage," that is, we claimed the right to seize enemy goods shipped to a neutral port for transport from there to enemy territories.

The European Continental Powers and America attempted to resist this doctrine, and such resistance was the main object behind the formation of the armed neutrality in the Napoleonic wars. Rather than yield to this demand of the neutrals in the Napoleonic wars we

bombarded the hitherto friendly port of Copenhagen. This right of using our sea power to exercise pressure on an enemy by cutting off his trade, whether under his own or a neutral flag, was zealously upheld, and was the answer of our naval power to the military strength of the Continental nations. It involved us in one war with the infant United States of America.

After the Crimean War, however, in the year 1856, we signed the Declaration of Paris. Under this agreement, in exchange for the declared illegality of privateering, which we had found an intolerable nuisance even when we were strongest at sea in our French wars, we agreed to an important demand of the armed neutrality, namely, that the flag should cover the goods. The slogan of the members of the armed neutrality was free ship, free goods; enemy ship, enemy goods; and to this we agreed. America, curiously enough, though represented at the Paris Conference, disagreed on the double ground that the Declaration did not exempt all private property from capture on the high seas, and that it forbade privateering. The American theory was, and is, for that matter, that until all private property is exempt from capture at sea privateering should not be abolished. The privateer was to be the answer to the predominating sea power which, for two centuries, has meant Britain.

Yet, although America abstained, the other signatory Powers, including ourselves, France and Russia, ratified the Declaration of Paris, and it has covered our own theory of international law at sea ever since. Both Russia and Japan, in the Russo-Japanese War at the beginning of the present century, adhered to and carried out the terms of the Declaration of Paris. Nevertheless there was friction with neutrals, the Russians falling foul of us and the Japanese of the Germans.

An attempt was made to re-codify the whole law in the years preceding the war, and some important modifications were proposed in the abortive Declaration of London. An effort was made to define blockade under modern conditions, as the old close blockade had obviously become

impossible in view of modern developments of the torpedo, the submarine mine and so on. In the late war the distant blockade was considered effective, and the prize courts were so guided.

The old law of blockade was strict. It was effective until raised by a superior naval force operating in the interests of the blockaded territory. It has been held that the blockading vessels being temporarily driven off by bad weather did not raise a blockade. The blockade had to be effective in the military sense, that is, the probabilities of the capture of blockade runners must overshadow the possibilities of the successful evasion of the blockading line. But any such close blockade became militarily impossible under the new conditions. This was clearly demonstrated during the late war, for our blockade of Germany, though effective, was distant. The northern exit of the German Ocean, for example, was closed by a cordon of cruisers based on the Hebrides and on Halifax (Nova Scotia).

In the Declaration of London an attempt was made to distinguish between supplies destined for the enemy armed forces and supplies destined for his civilian population. As cotton and copper were excluded from the list of contraband it is obvious that the attempt made to bring the international maritime law up to date did not even survive the first few months of the outbreak of the Great War. In the event, however, the House of Lords rejected the Naval Prize Bill, which was felt to be too favourable to the Continental Powers, and to Germany in particular, and the outbreak of the war found us back to the position of 1856. Britain and France immediately declared that they would be bound by the Declaration of Paris, though it had to be abandoned very soon under the actual stress of the campaign. Yet in theory the Declaration of Paris is still the latest agreed system of maritime law in war-time binding ourselves and other European nations.

The conditions of the late war were altogether abnormal. It will be remembered that America protested vigorously

against cotton being placed on the contraband list, and attempts were made to force the Department of State at Washington to protest against all interference with American goods, whether carried in American ships or in neutral ships.

The interests in the United States favouring a rupture between America and England even went so far as to send a cargo of cotton to Germany, well advertising the departure of the ship beforehand. The Allies were astute enough to arrange for the ship to be captured by a French cruiser bearing the name of *Lafayette*, which rather non-plussed the pro-German elements in America. What would have been the upshot of the American protests, however, and the friction arising therefrom and the ill-feeling in the United States, we shall never know, for the Germans put themselves out of court by openly violating other well-established laws of warfare and humanity by the illegal use of their submarines.

As the war progressed the blockade was gradually tightened up, and finally the list of contraband became so extended as to cover all the ordinary articles of commerce. Germany had only two neutral neighbours, Holland and Denmark, both weak and both sympathetic to the Allied cause. Not only was the doctrine of continuous voyage applied to goods shipped to Holland and Denmark, though suspected of an ultimate German destination, but we introduced the entirely new system of *rationing* these small neutrals, and only allowing them such food-stuffs and raw materials as they had been importing in normal times of peace.

The next historical stage reached was the publication to the world of the famous Fourteen Points drawn up by President Wilson, under which the German armies were to be allowed to lay down their arms and an armistice to be declared. One of the Points was the freedom of the seas in peace and war, and was generally understood to embrace the historic American demand to exempt all private property at sea from capture in peace or in war. The Allies immediately protested and insisted on reservations on this point. It was tacitly abandoned.

The present position is that Britain still considers herself bound by the Declaration of Paris and in enjoyment of its safeguards. France takes up a similar attitude, though a powerful school of thought in French naval circles is claiming a modification of the sea laws in other respects to which I shall refer presently. America is once more putting forward her claims for the freedom of all private commerce on the high seas. The rival doctrines of Washington and Westminster on this particular point were contributory causes to the failure of the Naval Conference which met last autumn in Geneva on the invitation of President Coolidge. Though this conference of the three leading maritime Powers—Britain, America and Japan—broke down *officially* on the question of the size of guns to be carried in the smaller cruisers, in practice great difficulty was caused by the differing interpretations of future maritime law in war-time. The Americans and ourselves are poles apart in this matter; and until some measure of accord can be reached between us it is difficult to see how a further agreement can be come to for a mutual limitation of naval armaments.

I make no excuse for dwelling on this matter, because in 1931 the agreement of 1921, drawn up at Washington, limiting the building of capital ships by the five leading Navies of the world can be abrogated. After 1931 the Americans, or ourselves for that matter, would be perfectly within our rights in declining to renew the 1921 agreement. This would leave us all free to build battleships, battle cruisers, and all other types of warships without limit.

I consider that it is absolutely essential in the interests of the three leading Naval Powers and, indeed, in the interests of all the States Members of the League of Nations, that some agreement should be reached on this and cognate subjects affecting maritime strength and maritime rights at sea *before* 1931. I will here quote the declarations of two, among other, important American newspapers, representative of a very large section of American opinion, on October 28th, 1927. This is the annual Navy Day in America, and the occasion was taken

for the *Washington Post* to express itself editorially as follows :—

The United States is entitled to an absolutely free field for foreign commerce. When foreign Powers are at war the United States has a right to remain neutral and carry on neutral commerce without interference. It must have a Navy sufficiently strong to enforce its neutral rights. Its flag becomes a despised rag if its people do not keep it inviolable upon every sea.

This raises the whole question in a very direct manner. The United States apparently intends in any future war, in which it expects naturally to begin by being neutral, to enforce its claim to trade with belligerents or neutrals alike without let or hindrance. And later the same journal clinched the matter by stating that (referring, of course, to the present state of the laws of war at sea) :—

War between Great Britain and other foreign Powers under modern conditions would either compel the United States to enter the war on one side or see its neutral commerce swept away.

The *New York Herald-Tribune*, after making out a case for the building of sufficient 10,000-ton cruisers to bring the American Navy up to numerical parity with the British Navy, sums up as follows :—

We need a Navy competent to protect our enormous commerce, our merchant marine, and our sea communications. We have no such Navy now. But we can have it if we want it. We are free to build it. And we are certainly rich enough to do it.

Here, then, is the situation, and, baldly stated, it is that the British Admiralty, which, in the absence of any declaration to the contrary, is supported by the British Government, demands the right to exercise the pressure at sea of the British Navy against its enemy in the event of another war under the terms of the Declaration of Paris, while the American people, or the large section of them demanding a Navy equal to Britain's, and certainly having the money to pay for it, are insisting on their right to trade with whom they will, no matter what war is in progress anywhere in the world.

And if this complication was not enough, Britain is a State Member of the League of Nations and has signed the Covenant of the League. The first paragraph of

Article XVI of the Covenant—the other paragraphs dealing only with ways and means—reads as follows :—

Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals, and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a member of the League or not.

Note here that in the case of the economic blockade, commercial intercourse between the offending State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not, is to be prohibited. This means that the British Navy, probably, will have to blockade some recalcitrant State and prevent United States citizens trading with her. What is to be the attitude of the United States? Has this matter been explored as between Westminster and Washington or between Paris and Washington, and where do we stand? Sir Austen Chamberlain, before he left for Geneva in November last, replied to a vote of censure moved by the Labour Party in Parliament which, amongst other things, regretted the slow progress of the League of Nations Commission on Disarmament and the refusal of the British Government to accept the principles of arbitration, etc. This motion was moved by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who devoted a good deal of his speech to a defence of the principles of the Protocol. In his reply the Foreign Secretary pleaded, as he has on many previous occasions, that we had undertaken very extensive obligations under the Covenant already, and he appeared to envisage just such a situation as I have described above. Quoting Lord Haldane, Sir Austen Chamberlain delivered himself as follows :—

Suppose, he said—and it is a supposition which we can permit ourselves, in view of what he called our close and affectionate relations with France; if those relations were not as close and intimate as they are, it is an illustration that none of us would like to use—suppose, he said, that France was called an aggressor by the League; suppose that we were ordered to blockade the French coast and to cut off France from commerce with the outer world; what consequences might that have for us, and, what Navy should we need, if we were to undertake such obligations as that?

At this point I took it upon myself to remind the Foreign Secretary that we have that obligation already, to which he replied as follows:—

There is an immense difference between our obligations under the Covenant as it stands—onerous as they are, in some respects dangerous as they may be thought to be by reason of the fact that Great Powers have stood outside the League who were expected to form part of it—there is a great difference between the Covenant as it stands and the kind of fresh obligations that the *rt. hon. gentleman* (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald) vaguely thinks we might undertake in order to pool the security of the world. His Majesty's Government have pursued a more restricted, a more modest policy.—*Hansard*, November 24th, 1927, column 2114, Vol. 210, No. 124.

This would seem to indicate clearly that the Foreign Secretary has in his mind the difficulties that might arise with the United States through the application of the existing Covenant of the League, apart from the added obligations proposed under the Protocol.

Earlier in the same month Admiral of the Fleet Lord Wester-Wemyss, a former First Sea Lord, initiated an interesting debate in the House of Lords in which he pleaded for the renunciation by this country of the Declaration of Paris as it had had to be departed from almost completely during the late War. The Admiral went on to advocate a return to our traditional practice of the Napoleonic wars. The Government spokesman, who happened to be a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, resisted the Admiral's pleadings and re-stated the adherence of Britain to the Declaration of Paris. Now, is it really in the interests of the British Empire to insist on the full rights that we in theory would be able to exercise in a future war against merchant shipping? The old theory of contraband has broken down in practice. In the first place under modern conditions war is not waged by small professional armies, but by whole nations. Two continental Powers, France and Russia, have legalised the universal levy in mass and can enrol for war purposes their entire populations, irrespective of age or sex, for war work.

Modern armaments require a long list of raw materials and other goods, which are also necessary for peaceable commerce or agriculture. In the conference preceding the abortive Declaration of London a lot of time was wasted over the question of saddles for armies at war. How could

military saddles be distinguished from farmers' or hunting saddles? Yet eminent jurists engaged allowed cement, necessary for "pill boxes," and cotton, necessary for explosives, to slip into the non-contraband list, while saddles, and the cavalry horses to carry them, have become almost as obsolete under modern war conditions as cross-bows.

Copper was excluded from the list of contraband articles provisionally agreed to for the Declaration of London, yet copper was one of the first metals we had to stop going to neutral countries contiguous to Germany. Nitrates are a necessity for modern agriculture, but no belligerent would allow nitrates to reach his enemy's explosive factories; while the list of chemicals that must be prevented from reaching an enemy who could turn them into poison gases covers nearly the whole range of the commercial products of the chemical and dye factories. Petroleum, rubber, tin, are other raw materials which no belligerent would willingly allow to pass his lines if he could prevent it.

But how effective can a modern blockade be made? In the Napoleonic wars the cutting off of sea transport caused real inconvenience to the blockaded nation. But to-day every one of the continental Powers is neighboured by one or more nations who would presumably be neutral and is connected to them by an elaborate canal, railway and road system with swift means of transport thereon not in existence one hundred years ago.

Let me take Sir Austen Chamberlain's case of an attempted blockade of France either by a single enemy, only for the sake of argument, ourselves, or by several States members of the League under Article XVI of the Covenant. France has as neighbours Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. To blockade her effectively the whole of the sea-borne commerce to Europe would have to be controlled.

The position is absurd. Ourselves and Japan are the only two countries in the world who could be effectively blockaded by sea; though for such a blockade to be effective the naval strength against either of us would have to be overwhelming.

At Geneva the British delegates laid down a minimum

of seventy cruisers for the defence of Britain's trade routes, and it was understood that this minimum would be the maximum. No agreement was reached, and it is interesting to speculate as to how this figure of seventy cruisers was arrived at. To blockade Britain or Japan *completely* I have said that the naval forces required would have to be overwhelming, because we could always receive supplies, even though we were very hard pressed, across the Channel and North Sea; and Japan could presumably receive supplies from Korea and China. Our more distant arteries of maritime commerce would be open to very serious attack.

We commenced the late war with 128 cruisers on the Navy List. Of these a certain number were detailed for service with the Fleet, but to reinforce the commerce protecting ships we commissioned seventy-five merchant liners and armed them. We had the assistance of French, Japanese and Russian cruisers, and the actual number of regular cruisers on the trade routes was 104, not counting the commissioned merchant ships. These 104 cruisers did not prevent four German light cruisers, armed with four-inch guns, the best known of which was the *Emden*, from sinking 200,000 tons of British merchant shipping and 30,000 tons of Allied shipping. Admiral von Spee's squadron from China was kept together as a tactical unit and made very few prizes. The greater part of this damage was done by these four small German ships.

Later in the war three disguised merchant ships, which were not technically privateers, be it noted (they were regularly commissioned warships of the German Navy), evaded the Northern Patrol during the winter nights and appeared on the trade routes. They sank 250,000 tons of British shipping and 39,000 tons of Allied shipping. And Germany had no oversea bases.

So much for surface raiders. The old-fashioned privateer—an armed merchant-ship commissioned by private adventurers for purposes of gain—is completely out of date. The only vessel that can successfully prey on commerce to-day is a warship, which may be disguised but must have the necessary speed. Although the issue

f letters of marque holds out few terrors to peaceable shipping under modern conditions, the modern cruiser has a far better chance of making prizes than ever the frigate had in the old days. The chase under sail was slow, and the intended victim frequently made good her escape under cover of darkness; but the modern cruiser, steaming at 30 knots and fitted with searchlights, can rely on overhauling and sinking nine out of ten merchant ships sighted.

The submarine, if she is to be allowed to operate as the Germans operated their submarines in the late war, is an even worse danger. In spite of nearly 4,000 vessels of all sizes and descriptions armed and used against the submarines in the late war, the Germans, who never had more than thirty submarines at sea at one time, and frequently far less, accounted for 7,000,000 tons of British and Allied shipping before the Armistice. These thirty German submarines at sea were a greater danger to Britain than all the German hosts in France and Flanders.

And here let us take note that the Germans tore up the time-honoured laws of capture at sea in their submarine campaign. Under these laws the crews of captured merchant ships were shielded from ill-usage, prizes had to be navigated to port for adjudication by the Prize Court, and, even if military necessity allowed for the destruction of captured ships, crews and passengers had to be removed to a place of safety. During the German *guerre de course* the crews of captured ships and the passengers, if they were lucky, were able to take to the boats, perhaps hundreds of miles from land, in all kinds of weather, and to trust to Providence for their safety. An attempt was made to limit this illegal use of submarines as commerce destroyers at Washington in 1921; but a powerful school of French politicians and publicists claim for France the right to continue the practice, inaugurated by Germany, of an unlimited war of destruction against peaceable shipping in war-time by means of submarines and aircraft.

I think I have said enough to show the urgent need of a thorough examination of this whole question in conjunction with the other maritime Powers, whether members

of the League of Nations or non-members. I believe the case, on political and strategical grounds, is very strong for meeting the Americans half-way with regard to their claim for the freedom of peaceable commerce and capture at sea in wartime. On the figures of the late war, in which the strategical factors were in our favour, seventy cruisers would have been quite inadequate to safeguard our commerce; seventy cruisers, costing £140,000,000 at least, will be inadequate again if we are unfortunate enough to be involved in war in the future with a first-class Naval Power. And we will not be able to afford a greater fleet than this for several decades to come.

Traditional Admiralty policy must be altered in conformity with modern conditions. We might well explore the possibility of a Treaty of Mutual Guarantee with the United States, Japan and other friendly Naval Powers, for all peaceable commerce at sea.

CORRECTION

I much regret that in an article which appeared in the February issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* there appeared on page 253, under the heading of "The Hungarian-Roumanian Dispute," the following paragraph:

"Incidentally, too, I would point out that there are many Roumanian landowners in the Regat whose lands have not been expropriated, and the Bratianos and Stirbeys particularly have been allowed to retain *all* their *latifundia*."

It appears, from trustworthy information which has been given to me, that this statement is inaccurate. Both the Stirbey and Bratiano families have had their lands expropriated under the provisions of the Roumanian Agrarian Law, and no exception, as suggested in the above paragraph, has been made at all in their favour. Prince Stirbey had approximately 33,000 acres of agricultural land expropriated, and his sister, Madame Bratiano, the deceased Prime Minister's wife, had all her arable property expropriated, so that the statement that these two families were allowed to retain their properties is obviously inaccurate and misleading, and is calculated to cause the families mentioned odium and prejudice.—ED. "F. R."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE NAVY: A LOST OPPORTUNITY

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE politicians of this country, and in particular Mr. Lloyd George, have landed us in an embarrassing situation in relation to the United States, with the result that Congress has been discussing a most ambitious shipbuilding programme. The outstanding feature of the programme, which has been considerably pruned since it was introduced, is the laying down of fifteen cruisers of 10,000 tons, to which the President has assented. This is the five years' programme. But Mr. Wilbur, the Secretary of the Navy, has stated that his Department favours, in addition, a twenty years' programme. This would bring the American Navy, in respect of all classes of men-of-war, to a condition of equality with the British Fleet, as estimated in the United States (which means that it would be much stronger), and place it on a standard above the five-three ratio with respect to Japan.

It is announced, both officially and unofficially, that these enormous commitments are recommended in order that the United States may place its own interpretation on the doctrine of "the freedom of the seas." A violent propaganda is being conducted on the other side of the Atlantic in favour of the right to ignore a blockade when other nations are belligerents and the United States is neutral. Addressing a conference of women on the cause and cure of war, Mr. Davis, the Secretary of War, recently declared: "We insist upon security within our national frontiers, and the free and undisturbed right to navigate the high seas." In the February issue of *McCall's Magazine* Colonel House, whose name, as the late President Wilson's friend, is as familiar in this country as in the United States, has discussed the same subject. He claimed that, "by the simple device of bringing about agreement regarding the abolition of capture and search at sea, the question of naval disarmament almost solves

itself. The attitude of Great Britain," he added, "is the main obstacle to its being brought about," as the other Powers would not object to "Great Britain having as large a navy as is necessary for protection from invasion, provided it were not used to blockade enemy ports or interfere with enemy or neutral commerce in time of war."

It is apparent that the situation is a delicate one. It is all very well for British and American Ministers to make repeated statements that the shipbuilding proposals of the two countries are in no sense competitive, and that war between the peoples of the British Empire (for this country and its partners, with a population of 450,000,000, must be considered as the unit) and the United States is "unthinkable," as Sir Austen Chamberlain stated the other day, but the unthinkable sometimes happens. It happened, according to Mr. Lloyd George, in 1914, when, asserting that the skies were clearing, he promised a reduction in British naval expenditure on the very eve of the declaration of the greatest war of which history holds any record.

It may be asked how it can be claimed that the politicians have been responsible for the present Anglo-American situation in regard to naval armaments? The answer is a simple one. In 1916, while the United States was still neutral and was suffering from the British blockade, it was proclaimed from Washington that the American people would never again submit to such an indignity, as they claimed it to be, as the repeated interference on our part with their ocean-borne trade constituted. In order to make this plain, Congress adopted the greatest naval shipbuilding programme on which any country had hitherto embarked. Responsible Americans declared that their country intended to have "a navy second to none." Although later on President Wilson dragged his country, unwilling to intervene even at that time, into the war on the side of the Allies, the construction of these ships continued. On the other hand, the Americans, having become belligerents, co-operated with all their resources in enforcing the British doctrine of blockade against the enemy, as well as *neutral*, Powers.

The gravamen of the charge which can be made against Mr. Lloyd George, who was Prime Minister when the Peace Treaty was negotiated, and claims to have been in large measure its author, is that he failed to see the obvious course which should have been pursued once the war was over. The Americans had declared that they intended to possess "a navy second to none"—in other words, equal to the British Fleet. It rested with us, consequently, on this side of the Atlantic to settle the strength at which the American Fleet should be maintained. We were in a position to do that, deciding upon a very modest scale of strength, because the warships of Germany had been either destroyed, surrendered or scuttled; the Austro-Hungarian navy had ceased to exist; the Russian Fleet had become a byword of inefficiency since the revolution; and France and Italy, owing to their preoccupation in defending their land frontiers, had sunk to the level of second-class naval Powers. Our alliance with Japan was a re-insurance of our Eastern interests.

What excuse in those circumstances had we to maintain a large navy? It is true that the Admiralty, mistakenly as events proved, had drawn up an ambitious programme for keeping up a vast armada. The scheme was really ridiculous in the circumstances. Mr. Lloyd George had stated that the war of 1914-18 was "a war to end war," and therefore, by inference, to abolish armaments, for if there were no prospect of war there would be no need for armaments; and the Foreign Office gave the assurance that there was no chance of another war for ten years. Mr. Lloyd George failed to prevail upon the Cabinet over which he presided to scrap the Admiralty's proposals, which would have involved the taxpayers in an unremunerative expenditure of many millions. He merely began paring them down. He used a plane when he should have used an axe. The assumption is that, in the first place, he lacked the necessary vision of the responsibilities which rested upon him and his colleagues of fixing the standard of the naval armaments not only of the United States, but of Japan, France and Italy, for the British example would have been con-

clusive. In the second place, he was probably frightened of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty, then First Sea Lord and the nation's naval hero. Lord Beatty is a leader of men, but he is not a statesman—that is not the *rôle* of the naval officer. The ultimate responsibility for all naval expenditure rests not with the First Sea Lord or his colleagues, but with the Cabinet. The Prime Minister and other Ministers must decide how much money shall be spent on the navy; finance governs the size of the Fleet. The navy is the servant of the nation, and once it were conceded that the nation is the servant of the navy then our trade and commerce, over-burdened by taxation, would be imperilled, for, inevitably and instinctively, the average naval officer believes in the shoemaker's dictum that there is nothing like leather; and small blame to him.

What could Mr. Lloyd George and his Cabinet have done in the circumstances? They could have reduced the swollen Fleet immediately to a nucleus force sufficient for the purpose of keeping efficient a relatively small *personnel* for the purpose of training the officers and men of to-morrow, and adequate for the peace duties of the Fleet. Officers with permanent commissions and men on the permanent strength, who had served the country so well, might have been put on the retired list on full, or nearly full, pay. We could have afforded to be generous. The result of this bold gesture on the part of the British Government would have been world-wide in its influence. So far as we in this country were concerned we should immediately have saved many millions of pounds without running any risks. The American Government would have been bound, by the force of public opinion, to respond, and the British action would have brought Japan, France and Italy into line. The naval armament problem would, for the moment at least, have been solved, and the peoples of the British Empire would have run absolutely no peril in setting this example. On the other hand, they would have gained enormously by a reduction of their expenditure on naval armaments, which would have reacted on their industries, enabling them to sell their raw materials and manufactures cheaper to the distressed peoples of the Continent of Europe.

Mr. Lloyd George, having made a muddle of the Peace Treaty, as Mr. Maynard Keynes pointed out at the time, made a muddle of the naval problem. He is a master of compromise, but you cannot have compromise in naval affairs in such a situation as confronted the Government at the end of 1918. It was fatal in the conditions that then existed. The Prime Minister of the Coalition Government, fresh from the discussions at Versailles, must have realised, if he had given the matter serious thought, that the only statesmanlike course was to scrap the Admiralty scheme to maintain a fleet of unnecessary strength. He decided on a compromise, and the opportunity passed of setting an example to the whole world which every naval Power would have followed, doing so gladly in the case of European countries, and with what grace they could assume on the part of the United States and Japan. The chance then offered for a magnificent gesture, and no one could have made it better than Mr. Lloyd George, at the moment the outstanding figure in Europe, whose every word circled the world as soon as it was uttered.

The opportunity has never recurred. Successive Governments have steadily pared down the fleet year by year, reduced the number of officers and men afloat, and cut down the dockyard staffs. A fatal policy of compromise was adopted. When the Washington Conference was held this country, owing to the action of Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues, had no clear-cut policy. It rested with the American Government to take the lead. The British delegation came back to this country with the understanding that two enormous battleships, H.M.S. *Nelson* and H.M.S. *Rodney*, might be laid down. Each of these ships has now been placed in commission, and the taxpayers are the poorer by £14,000,000. *We built these ships when we should have constructed cruisers for the trade routes.* The Government of the day, moreover, lost the chance of abandoning the battleship in accordance with the views which had been expressed by Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher, Admiral Sir Percy Scott and other officers. These views are more prevalent to-day among senior officers of the Fleet than they were then. Prominent

naval officers concede that battleships carry heavier and more powerful guns than cruisers. Of what use, they ask, are such weapons under normal atmospheric conditions in the Atlantic or North Sea? The War proved that, though the 16in. gun can strike a heavier blow by reason of the weight of its projectile of 2,000lb. than the 8in. gun of the average cruiser, with a projectile of 200lb. only, its effective range is no greater because it is limited by haze or fog or heavy seas, making accurate aim at a distance of 20,000 yards or so practically impossible, as the experience of the Battle of Jutland proved. Admiral Sir Douglas Nicholson has made the following declarations in a remarkable article, well repaying close study, in *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual*:—

The circumstances of recent wars have clearly been against the big gun theory; but supposing they had been otherwise, that the battleships at Jutland had met earlier in the day, that the atmosphere at the outset had been clear and remained so, however many guns were fired to foul it, it is conceivable under such special circumstances that the theory would have had some real evidence to support it. And this, perhaps, is what has induced Great Britain to spend thirteen millions sterling⁽¹⁾ upon the production of two battleships demonstrating the very latest that British naval construction has evolved in the combination of theory and practice in a vast warship.

The battleship, in addition to its big guns, has a powerful torpedo armament which is useless under ordinary conditions of warfare. On this matter Sir Douglas Nicholson has asked this question: "Is there a single recorded instance of a battleship firing a torpedo in action, successful or otherwise, except in the 'seventies of the last century, when the *Shah*, really a frigate fighting as a battleship, fired an ineffective torpedo at the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar*?" In the opinion of this officer, torpedoes when fired "may easily be a source of danger to consorts-in-the-line, if they happen to go wrong, as they still sometimes do; and from the range at which a battleship has to fire them they are not in the least weapons of precision." Yet, in the latest battleships there are not only torpedo-tubes, but the Admiralty has returned to the long-condemned habit of

(1) The figure should be fourteen millions sterling.

putting them in the bows of the ship, although not actually in her stern. "What an advantage and simplification," he suggests, "it would be for the naval constructor if he knew that in the building of a battleship he need not give her this weapon." This officer has summed up by stating that: "The torpedo is no longer a battleship weapon, but a danger giving complication and encumbrance to her."

What, then, is the justification of the battleship? There is obviously none, except that such a vessel is heavily armoured. Naval opinion on the value of armour is, however, divided. The late Lord Fisher held that speed and not armour was the best means of defence; and when he was First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty during the War he refused to permit any vessels to be built with armour, and many naval officers were in full agreement with him. He may have been wrong, but ignoring the psychological influence of armour on the crew of a man-of-war, he was convinced that he was right.

What was the result of the Washington Conference? We obtained two costly battleships which we do not require; we accepted restrictions on cruiser construction, which are a handicap to us; and in subsequent years we have not built the number of cruisers for the trade routes which the Admiralty require—not because we are competing with any Power, but because there are certain strategic needs which must be met unless this country's trade and shipping are to be endangered.

The full consequences of these errors of policy are now apparent. In the first place, we still possess a considerable fleet, which is the envy of the Americans. It is strong in battleships and weaker in cruisers, destroyers and submarines. The Admiralty has for some time been conscious of the weakness in cruisers, and aware that in a few years' time it will have heavy liabilities to meet in order that the destroyer and submarine flotillas may be maintained. The existing fleet is wearing out. The officers and men who form the crews of our warships have a right to demand that the vessels in which they serve, and in which they might have to meet an enemy, shall be the best that can be provided in offensive and defensive powers.

Thus it came about that the Admiralty, after the Washington Conference, pressed Mr. Baldwin's first administration to adopt a comprehensive scheme of cruiser replacement, and it was approved generally. When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald came into power in 1924 he reduced the provision for cruisers which had been prepared for the financial year 1924-25 from eight to five, and he stoutly defended the provision of these vessels in face of opposition from his own party. Then Mr. Baldwin returned to office, with Mr. Churchill, a former First Lord of the Admiralty, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. As guardian of the public purse, the latter insisted upon the appointment of a Cabinet Committee, over which the Earl of Birkenhead presided, charged with the duty of reconsidering the building programme which the Admiralty had prepared—still on the assumption that it was necessary for this country to maintain a large fleet. The result of that action was that a five years' programme was accepted by the Cabinet as follows:—

Cruisers—	1925-6	1926-7	1927-8	1928-9	1929-30
Class "A" (10,000 tons)	4	2	1	1	1
Class "B" (8,000 tons) ...	—	—	—	—	—
Aircraft carriers ...	—	1	2	2	2
Destroyers ...	—	—	—	—	1
Submarines, "O" type ...	—	—	9	9	9
Submarines, fleet type ...	—	6	6	6	5
Gunboats ...	—	—	—	—	1
Motor launches ...	4	—	—	1	—
Submarine depot ships ...	—	4	—	—	—
Net layer ...	—	1	—	—	—
Repair ship ...	—	—	—	1	—
Floating dock ...	—	1	—	—	1
	1	—	—	—	—

The programme was less ambitious than that to which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had assented, but the new Government had pledged itself to a policy of economy at the General Election, and the proposals were approved by the Cabinet. When the scheme was submitted to the House of Commons, its principal defender was not the First Lord, Mr. Bridgeman, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Speaking on July 29th, 1925, when the Government's scheme was subjected to a double fire of

criticism—from diehard fire-eaters and pacifists—Mr. Churchill declared that the programme was "an immense diminution upon what the Government (under Mr. Baldwin) had inherited from the Government that preceded it"—that presided over by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He added, according to *The Times* report, this declaration:—

He was not going to say how great that diminution was, but it was a programme—the reduced five-year programme—which the moment he saw it presented he felt was no more than any reasonable man would regard as necessary for a sober yet solid defence of our permanent naval position.

Looking at it from the point of view of finance he had supported the programme, but he asked that it should be begun next year instead of this year.

The ultimate decision of the Cabinet was that the programme ought not to be delayed, but begun at once, and the Admiralty should make economies that countervailed the cost of the acceleration. He considered that the whole of that process had been thoroughly healthy, and that they had arrived at an absolutely sound conclusion so far as the programme was concerned. What was the basis of this programme? Mr. Lloyd George had asked what was the menace against which we were building. . . . The menace was that the Fleet was wearing out. That was the only menace.

He recognised the manner in which the Admiralty, in view of the declaration which the Foreign Office and the Cabinet were able to make of the peaceful outlook of the world, had so shaped this programme of replacement as not to exceed what the minimum requirements of the Fleet were.

What has happened since? A Conference on the limitation of naval armaments was held at Geneva last year, which was a failure. The British and American representatives failed to agree on the main question. On the matter of cruisers the British Delegation was firm. The result was that American public opinion was irritated and the programme to which reference has been made was drawn up by the Navy Department, and in due course submitted to Congress. On the eve of this action by the United States Mr. Bridgeman, in answer to a question and not as a dramatic gesture, announced in the House of Commons in a casual way that it had been decided not to build two of the three cruisers which should have been laid down last month. Shortly afterwards the *Shipping World* stated (its information being subsequently confirmed officially) that one cruiser out of the coming financial year's programme had also been dropped. So

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that instead of six cruisers being laid down in the financial years 1928-29 and 1929-30, only three will be built. It is common knowledge that this decision of the Cabinet was taken on the earnest solicitation of Mr. Churchill, who had accepted the whole programme as being the minimum to meet the many requirements of the fleet. It is not surprising in the light of the sequence of events that Mr. Bridgeman, as First Lord of the Admiralty, as well as his naval advisers, put up a determined struggle against this radical revision of the programme. The naval delegation at Geneva, with the powerful support of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, had committed itself definitely to the scheme of 1925 as representing not a competitive scheme, but of one which barely met the needs of the navy.

In the knowledge of the events which have occurred since the signing of the Peace Treaty, is it not apparent that, owing to Mr. Lloyd George's initial error, our naval affairs have been grievously muddled and our relations with the United States, cordial to the point of brotherliness when the Peace Treaty was signed, have been rendered difficult. Mr. Lloyd George cannot escape from responsibility. His was the opportunity to give a lead to the world, and he failed to grasp it. He set the pace in naval armaments, not in building new men of war, but in permitting a fleet of unnecessary strength to be maintained. Lord Fisher, condemning battleships, reiterated the cry "Scrap the lot!" but without result. Instead of doing that we have built two more battleships at a charge of £14,000,000, whereas we could better have saved the money at the moment and spent it now on cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. It would be unjust to blame Lord Lee of Fareham, Mr. L. S. Amery, Viscount Chelmsford or Mr. Bridgeman for the present unhappy situation. But we must admit the consequences of Mr. Lloyd George's failure. The Americans "have their backs up." They may not build all the cruisers in "the programme of madness," which Congress has been discussing, but some of them will be constructed. Nor is that all. Unless good sense prevails a rivalry in design, though not in tonnage, of battleships is about to open. Under the terms

of the Washington Treaty this country, the United States, Japan, France and Italy have the right to lay down from 1931 onwards battleships of huge displacement, which will cost about £400,000,000. Admiral Sir Douglas Nicholson and other senior naval officers have no belief in such vessels of enormous displacement and fabulous cost.¹

It is inconceivable that the Americans, with 3,000 miles of ocean on the one hand and 6,000 miles of ocean on the other, can seriously desire to incur an expenditure on their fleet which has been put by some statisticians at about £800,000,000 including all incidental charges, besides spending a sum of £50,000,000 in adding new merchant ships to that miserable failure, the State-owned mercantile marine, on which, in spite of economies, they are still losing upwards of £3,000,000 annually.

There is assuredly need for statesmanship on both sides of the Atlantic, and less talk of war between the two countries being "unthinkable." We may easily drift into a condition when war may become not merely thinkable but, as was said to be the case when we were dealing finally with Germany, inevitable. War with the founders of the United States was unthinkable to George III, but it nevertheless occurred. The value of history is that it may warn mankind against the repetition of follies, and war between this country and the United States would be worse than a folly—an unforgivable crime.

(1) The British delegates at Geneva proposed that the battleship displacement should be reduced from 35,000 tons to 30,000 tons. The United States would not assent.

THE CASE FOR EQUAL FRANCHISE

BY EVA M. HUBBACK

THE promise in the King's Speech to introduce legislation giving the franchise to women on the same terms as men, which will have been before Parliament by the time this is in our readers' hands, marks the final stage in the march towards complete political democracy in this country, a march whose origins are many centuries old, and the struggle for which, in its modern guise, has been carried on for nearly one hundred years; 1832, 1867, 1888, 1918, and finally—unless something very untoward occurs—1928—all these mark the extension of the vote to a large and important section of the adult population.

But the Representation of the People Act of 1918, although it enfranchised eight million women, established qualifications for women of an admittedly arbitrary character; in order to keep the number of women voters considerably below that of men voters thirty was made the minimum voting age, while the possession, in addition, either of unfurnished rooms, a house, or land, a university degree, or a husband qualified to vote was required instead of a simple residential qualification as in the case of men.

So far so good; the principle was accepted, and it was not to be expected that a measure so clearly a compromise could be long either retained or defended. When the peace came many whose energies had been largely devoted to War work, and some who all the time had been able to give a hand to the suffrage cause, once again worked for the extension of the vote to women on the "same terms as it is or may be given to men." The Labour Party had always stood for Adult Suffrage, and already, in 1919, some Labour members introduced a Bill—the Women's Emancipation Bill—to give equal franchise to men and women, which passed through all its stages in the House of Commons. This Bill was torpedoed by the Government's

Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act, which, although it did not give equal franchise, laid down the principle that:

A person shall not be disqualified by sex or marriage from the exercise of any public function, or from being appointed to or holding any civil or judicial office or post, or from entering or assuming or carrying on any civil profession or vocation. . . .

Nearly every year since this date legislation dealing with equal franchise has been introduced by members of each political party in turn, under names such as the Representation of the People Act (Amendment) Bill, the Women's Enfranchisement Bill, etc. None of these reached farther than their committee stage. Some were introduced for propaganda purposes only, but it is significant that in every case few Members of Parliament wished to appear in the division lists as being opposed to the principle, at any rate, of equal franchise.

By 1922 the Liberal Party had adopted the political equality of women as an important plank in its platform, and has stood by and for the principle ever since, the late Lord Oxford having generously admitted his conversion in 1918 in the following words:—

My eyes, which for years in this matter have been clouded by fallacies and sealed by illusions, at last have been opened to the truth. . . . How could we have carried on the War without them? Short of actually bearing arms in the field, there is hardly a service which has contributed, or is contributing, to the maintenance of our cause in which women have not been at least as active and as efficient as men.

In the same year Mr. Bonar Law declared himself as always having been in favour of the principle:—

I have been a consistent supporter of women's suffrage, and even at the time of the Franchise Bill of 1918 was passed I felt that the discrimination in age between men and women could not be permanent. I think so still:

a statement which, it was said, had considerable effect in shaping the views of the present Cabinet.

It was not until 1924, however, that the Conservative Party stood definitely for equal political status between men and women, when Mr. Baldwin published an

announcement in the Press, just before the General Election, as follows:—

The Unionist Party is in favour of equal political rights for men and women, and desire that the question of the extension of the franchise should, if possible, be settled by agreement. With this in view they would, if returned to power, propose that the matter should be referred to a conference of all political parties on the lines of the Ullswater Committee.

The present Parliament, therefore, was the first to open with equal franchise as the accepted policy of every party, and with an ever-increasing proportion of the women of the country wholly in favour of the principle. It was not long before the Government was challenged to put its principles into practice, certain members of the Labour Party having won a place in the Private Members' Ballot for the Representation of the People Bill, which came up for debate soon after Parliament assembled. The Government declared itself in favour of following the usual tradition of not dealing with a Franchise Bill until shortly before the natural term of Parliament was ended. The Home Secretary, however, repeated the Prime Minister's pledge quoted above, and added: "I have the authority of my right hon. friend (the Prime Minister), who is by my side, to say, as all the House knows would be the case, that he stands by that pledge. We do mean to give equal political rights to men and women." In April, 1927, the Prime Minister definitely announced his intention of introducing legislation the following Session, and is now giving effect to this promise.

Although it is never possible to pronounce a Bill safe until it is actually on the Statute Book, those who have been working for this consummation for many years feel that they have now earned their *nunc dimittis*.

It is perhaps worth while to enquire a little more closely into what has been the main driving force of the movement in favour of equal franchise during the last ten years. Was it only the desire for logical consistency and abstract political justice? That certainly bore some weight, but the real push was probably due to the way in which the first women's franchise measure had in practice worked out.

- It had become increasingly clear, election after election, that the woman who was enfranchised was either the married woman, who in the great majority of cases could be said to be represented by her husband, or the woman of property, or at least the woman with a house or unfurnished rooms of her own. The irony of the situation thus became clear: it was the women occupied in industry and in the professions—just those very women on whose behalf the Government of the day in 1918 decided that the vote should be given—who by the terms of the measure were shut out from its advantages. It has been estimated, indeed, that only about one in fifteen of the women wage-earners have the right to vote. The great majority of women in industry leave before they are thirty to get married, while those over thirty in many cases live either with their families, or in furnished rooms, big hostels, etc. It is a matter of common knowledge that comparatively few professional women, such as teachers, nurses, civil servants, etc., let alone the women in industry, are the proud possessors of houses, or even of unfurnished rooms of their own. The importance of this becomes manifest if we remember that almost every year Parliament is discussing legislation such as a Factory Bill, the Lead Paint (Protection against Poisoning) Act, the Trades Disputes and Trade Union Act, etc., dealing with the condition of the workers generally or of women workers in particular. In certain cases the interests of women workers clash with those of men, and when every Member of Parliament knows that he has many more men wage-earners in his constituency than women he cannot, humanly speaking, be expected to take as much care to interpret the wishes of his women constituents as of his men. It certainly cannot be right that the labour of adult women should be controlled by a Parliament which is not responsible to those whose livelihood it is directing.

The claim of the married woman under thirty may by some be considered less urgent than that of her self-dependent sister, because she may be said to be represented through her husband or through the older wives whose outlook and interests are similar to her own. But, after

all, it is during youth that habits are formed, and a woman who waits until thirty to begin to take an interest in politics may find, by the time she reaches that age, that her mind is too absorbed by domestic cares to be able to give much thought to new and difficult interests. As a matter of justice, it would appear that the young mother who is rearing the citizens of the future has a greater stake in the country than the irresponsible young bachelor of one-and-twenty. Questions of the cost of living, of pressure of rates and taxes, of the right to a living wage, of the need of permanent peace in industrial as well as international affairs affect her more nearly than those who have less to lose by extravagance, misgovernment or instability.

Owing to the parrot cries of some of the daily Press, the women to whom the vote would be extended by the new Bill have been represented as "flappers," and even many of those really sympathetic to the reform seem under the impression that the women to be enfranchised are all under thirty. A glance at the figures as to the age distribution of the new voters will make it quite clear, however, that this is by no means the case. Official figures show that of the 5,500,000 women who will be enfranchised 1,950,000 are over thirty, and 1,700,000 between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. Of the 1,590,000 under the age of twenty-five only 415,000 are actually twenty-one. This means that the young women of twenty-one who are causing the readers of the *Daily Mail* to tremble form only about two per cent. of the electorate. One cannot help feeling, moreover, that those who appear so frightened of the woman voter have in their mind the class of young woman who, fortunately, constitutes only a small minority—the idle, pleasure-seeking, irresponsible young woman, who is mainly a product of the wealthier classes. The great majority of the young women up and down the country have been earning their own livings, most of them from the age of fourteen, and others from sixteen or eighteen years of age as the case may be. Many of them are already married. By the age of twenty-one the law allows marriage, motherhood, entry into Parliament, responsibility with regard to property; why should the right of Parliamentary representation alone be excluded?

Some reference should be made to the proposal, widely canvassed in the Conservative Party, that equal franchise should be given, but that the minimum voting age should be twenty-five. It seems at this stage waste of time to discuss this proposal on its merits, as those who believe that a wise head is rarely found on young shoulders will never lie down side by side with those who believe that, politically speaking, we are all too old at twenty-five. The proposal, however, has been condemned from the standpoint of practical politics. As the Prime Minister has himself explained in his speech at the Albert Hall last May:

Let me put it to any provincial candidate at the next election. You will be asked: "Are you in favour of a man having the vote at twenty-one or not?" He will be a bold man who will stand up and say, "I am not." He will find it politically, in my view, an impossible position to maintain. "Twenty-one" would immediately be taken as the slogan of both the other parties, and to take away a franchise centuries old in a democratic country is a thing which, in my opinion, is not practical politics.

Another bogey in the public mind, and one which, perhaps more than any other, has militated against the earlier granting of equal franchise, is based on the fact that women are in the majority in this country. The fear of petticoat government and of sex divisions would, one would have thought, have been exorcised by the recognition that women are politically as much divided among themselves as men, and are as much or as little prepared to join different political parties. This does not mean that the influence of more women in politics has been or will be unnoticed. If any generalisations can be made between men and women at all it is certainly not along lines of party nor in connection with their relative share of qualities such as intuition and logic; it is, however, perhaps this: that women are more concerned than are men with the social conditions of the nation and with the welfare of the individual human being, and especially of children, whereas men are more concerned with the questions, equally important but more indirect, of finance and foreign affairs, property, and all that is based on its conception. Thus it is undoubtedly true that since the entry of women into politics there has been a surprising increase in the

number of Acts passed relating to the welfare of the wife, the mother and child. These include, for example, legislation such as the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Pensions Act, the Guardianship of Infants Act, various Affiliation Orders Acts, Acts dealing with infanticide, the maintenance of married women, the protection of girls, and the Matrimonial Causes Act (which provides equality in divorce), and many others, all passed since 1920. Dame Millicent Fawcett has reckoned that whereas during the first eighteen years of the present century only four measures relating to the position of women were carried, since that date the number has been increased tenfold.

It is interesting to note that the emancipation of women, which we are this year being asked to complete in this country, has since 1918 been making rapid strides all over the world, and that women are now enfranchised without any distinction of sex and in countries such as Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Norway, Poland, etc.; while Great Britain and Hungary stand alone among the thirty-two countries of the world in which women are enfranchised in placing men and women on a different footing. This country, moreover, is behind most of its Dominions which have granted the franchise to women. In Australia, in Canada (except Quebec), in certain provinces in India, in the Irish Free State, and in New Zealand men and women are enfranchised on the same terms. Therefore the women citizens of those Dominions who are enfranchised in their own country lose their citizenship when they come to live in the Mother Country, unless they are over thirty and possess one of the other qualifications.

It will not be many months now before these many anomalies will be redressed, and the cause of political democracy in this country will have reached its logical conclusion. We would like to finish with the words of the Prime Minister, who, in referring to his proposals for legislation this year, said:—

I, for one, not only look with no apprehension at the enfranchisement of both sexes at the same age; I welcome it. I believe that democracy is incomplete and lop-sided until it is representative of the whole people, and that responsibility rests alike on men and women.

THE ELECTION FIGHT IN FRANCE

BY JOHN BELL

THE election campaign which is now being prosecuted in France with something like unexampled fury is one of the most significant that the country has known in its Parliamentary history. The electors will vote on the 22nd of the present month, but it will not be before the second ballot, fixed for the 29th, that the definite result will be known. The last two elections, those of 1919 and 1924, took place under a system of hybrid proportional representation. It was not satisfactory, and it was decided to restore the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, or single constituency system, with a second ballot.

What makes the fight peculiarly interesting and important is the great issue involved, for, though several programmes have been placed before the electors, the real question they have to settle is whether the policy of National Union prosecuted since the end of July, 1926, shall be continued, or whether the political parties shall resume their liberty of action and fight for the realisation of their doctrines.

In order to indicate the positions of these political parties it is necessary to go back to 1924, when the Cartel composed of Radicals, Radical Socialists, and Socialists emerged triumphantly from the polls. This Cartel had been formed to fight the Bloc National which was victorious in 1919. The Bloc National had a majority of Moderates or politicians largely of the Right. M. Millerand became Premier, and when he was elected President of the Republic he was succeeded by M. Georges Leygues, who in turn gave place to M. Briand. Important questions connected with the Peace settlement were at that time causing bitter Anglo-French discussions from which Germany was profiting. Germany got it into her head that she need not worry over furnishing reparations as long as England and France were in disagreement. M. Briand resigned the Premiership at the time of the Cannes Conference, and he was succeeded by M. Poincaré.

The new Premier set to work to straighten things out. His policy towards Germany, which culminated in the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923-24, increased his adversaries at home and abroad. His opponents in France became more numerous when he began to tackle the financial situation and intimated that higher taxation and sweeping economies would be necessary. The 1924 elections were approaching. The Radicals and Radical Socialists saw their opportunity. They knew that a campaign against higher taxation and a reduction in the number of civil servants would appeal to the electors, and in order to beat the Bloc National, which had given wholehearted support to M. Poincaré's policy, they did not hesitate to join their forces with those of the party of revolution, the Socialists, who label themselves the French Section of the Workmen's International. This combination succeeded in winning the election, and M. Herriot, as head of the Cartel and its first Premier, had a majority composed as follows:—

Radicals and Radical Socialists ..	135
Socialists	95
Republican Socialists	40
Radical Left	40
	310

The minority which fought the Herriot Government included 100 Deputies belonging to the Republican Democratic Union, which is the largest organisation of Moderates, 34 Republicans of the Left, 34 belonging to the Republican Democratic Left, 14 of the Independent Left, 13 Democrats (Deputies from Alsace and Lorraine), and 28 Communists. Fifteen Deputies of this total of 223 frequently abstained, but, on the other hand, 20 Deputies who did not belong to any group voted with the minority. M. Herriot's average majority was, therefore, from 300 to 330 against 210 to 240.

During the two years that the Cartel reigned there were at least half a dozen Governments. The Cartel set out to break the official connection between the French Govern-

ment and the Vatican. It was a case of withdrawing the French diplomatic representative from the Holy See. The Catholics saw in this an attack on their faith, and demonstrations of protest were organised throughout the country. M. Herriot did not have his way; the Senate rejected his proposal. He did one thing, however, and there is considerable misgiving as to whether he was wise in doing it; he made trade unionists of the civil servants, giving them the same powers of agitation as ordinary workmen.

The supporters of the Cartel were so keen on putting into practice their own doctrines that they neglected the financial situation, which was becoming steadily worse. They found the franc at 70 to the pound. They resorted to inflation in spite of their protestations that it would never be a question of increasing the note circulation unduly. Speculation in the franc was rampant, and when M. Herriot fell it continued during the Painlevé and Briand Governments. The franc descended in value at a terrific pace, and when, in 1926, M. Herriot, who was President of the Chamber, left the Presidential chair and became a simple Deputy again in order to attack the Briand-Caillaux Government and bring it down, such was the lack of confidence in him that when he again became Premier the franc fell to 240, and he suffered an inglorious defeat.

The Cartel that was going to do such great things was dead. Under its reign France had been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. The statesman who had been decried and vilified had to be sent for and asked to form a Government. He consented on one condition, that the politicians who had created the financial chaos should co-operate with him in restoring order. They had been implored to establish a Government of National Union, but, thinking of their doctrines all the time and ignoring the necessities of the country, they pooh-poohed the idea. But when M. Poincaré appeared on the scene and made known his terms, such was the nervous state of M. Herriot, M. Painlevé, and the other leaders of the discredited Cartel that they thought no more of their followers, as

crestfallen as themselves, and accepted the portfolios offered to them.

Innumerable articles and not a few books have been written about M. Poincaré and his work, but of all the portraits of him that have limned there are still touches to be added. To the student of statesmanship M. Poincaré probably never appeared in a more interesting light than during the full-dress debate on the financial situation in the early days of February. His record speech on that occasion occupied two sittings of the Chamber. It filled over thirty columns of the *Temps*, and every word of it was written by his own hand. He is not a striking figure in the Tribune, and from the oratorical point of view he is not impressive. There is nothing alluring or persuasive in his voice. It is clear enough, and his enunciation leaves little to be desired, but of graces of style he has none. He is simply a matter-of-fact speaker, who has the written word before him. Not that his memory is at fault. He has a most extraordinary memory. He remembers what he writes. In this connection I may recall an amazing feat of memory which came under my notice when M. Poincaré was the guest at a luncheon organised by foreign journalists in Paris. Copies of the important speech he made on that occasion were issued before it was delivered. He had no copy before him, but he might have read from one, for the delivery was word perfect.

Though his great speech on what had been achieved in restoring the finances was delivered in the Chamber it was really addressed to the country. It was, in truth, an account of his stewardship, and thereby hangs a tale. He could have taken full credit for what had been done; he could have harked back to the deplorable past; but of that not a word. No criticisms whatever of the ineptitude exhibited by the Cartellist Governments. There was a reason, and an eloquent one, for the prudence shown by the Premier and Finance Minister. He was at the head of a Government of National Union. There were four Radicals who were associated with the blunders of the past in that Government. M. Poincaré now linked them with the excellent results that had been achieved.

Moreover, there had been threats of trouble if, in the course of the debate, the Moderates dared to recall the past. There were certain Radicals and Radical Socialists who would have liked nothing better. Let the truth be told: these politicians were never from the beginning, and are not now, in favour of National Union. For them it was a case of *force majeure*. Any references in the debate to the grave errors committed between 1924-26 would have given them the pretext they wanted—to put an end to National Union and form a Government which would formulate a programme for the elections. But the Moderates, in the interest of M. Poincaré's Government of National Union, which they had advocated long before its constitution, kept quiet. The malcontents, spoiling for a fight, were disappointed, and M. Poincaré's policy was approved by something like a record majority.

In view of the election fight it is useful to indicate the composition of the majority which has supported M. Poincaré's Government, but the figures must not be interpreted as showing conclusively that though National Union will be the issue at the polls as far as many voters are concerned, it will be inscribed on the election banners of all those who have voted in favour of the financial policy prosecuted by the present Cabinet. There voted consistently for M. Poincaré:—

Republican Democratic Union ..	100
Radicals and Radical Socialists ..	70
Radical Left	35
Republican Left	34
Republican Left of other Shades ..	34
Republican Socialists	20
Independent Left	14
Democrats	13
	320

The minority consisted of:—

Socialists	95
Radicals and Radical Socialists ..	30
Communists	28
Republican Socialists	5
	158

In every essential vote a number of Radical Socialists abstained, so that the figures reveal splits in the Radical Party. Its president, M. Daladier, has rather consistently shown that he is not a partisan of the Government of National Union, and he has found himself in the unpleasant situation of being in opposition to the majority of his party. Those Deputies who have followed his lead, and many who have ignored it, consider that National Union should come to an end with the present Parliament. We have the spectacle of the Radicals blaming the Moderates for the disaster which happened to the finances and of taking credit for having restored them. They are belittling the successful efforts of the statesman whose brain evolved the plans of financial salvation.

It is ever so in French politics, and it would be quite in keeping with the past if in time M. Poincaré's great work for France was forgotten, just as the useful services that M. Clemenceau rendered to the country in the darkest hours of the War are now ignored. It will in all probability be the same with M. Poincaré, who inherited a burden which no other politician was capable of shouldering. Like M. Clemenceau he rose to the occasion and gave orders to Parliament which had to be obeyed, and now, before he is quite through with his task, those who were responsible for the calamities which he has surmounted are seeking to rob him of his recompense—the gratitude of the country.

What is the real position of the election fight? Four parties are before the electors—the National Republicans or Moderates, the Radicals and Radical Socialists, the Socialists, and the Communists. The Moderates have a clearly-defined programme, the continuance of the policy of National Union in the interest of the country, which, they argue, on account of the uncertainty of the future from the point of view of the stability of the finances, has need of a respite from party politics. And so that this policy of National Union could be continued they offered to join forces with the Radicals and Radical Socialists against the Socialists and Communists; but their overtures were rejected for reasons which must strike every im-

- partial observer of the struggle as being dictated by purely party considerations. The Moderates are therefore fighting as a national party.

The Radicals and Radical Socialists will go to the polls as a divided party. There is a section, the real strength of which will only be known after the elections, which is in favour of National Union. One of its leaders is M. Franklin Bouillon, who has undertaken a campaign throughout the country in favour of this ideal. The Radical programme has not been set forth with sufficient clearness. M. Herriot, M. Caillaux and M. Daladier have spoken, but they have not said the same thing. M. Caillaux has elaborated a series of financial, fiscal and social reforms, and his activity is such as to convey the impression that he aspires to reappear in the limelight if the Radicals secure a majority. One thing is clear enough: If it should happen that he is again placed in charge of the finances there will be no capital levy, or, as the Socialists now prefer to call this impost, surtax on capital. The Radical programme, as indicated by M. Caillaux, includes the consolidation of the floating debt and the regulation of Inter-Allied debts as preliminaries to the stabilisation of the franc, which he considers is not secure from foreign speculation. Afterwards a policy of production at home and in the colonies, a reduction of credits for redemption, an amelioration of the method of taxation, repression of frauds, a transformation of succession taxes, and a distinction between the taxation of income derived from capital and that earned by labour.

The programmes of the other two parties, the Socialists and the Communists, are programmes of revolution. The Socialists are putting up a desperate fight, and are hoping to increase their representation. Though by their strength in the Cartel Chamber they represented only a tenth of the electors, they were masters of the situation when the Cartel was in being; and when successive Radical Cabinets failed to find solutions of the distressing financial problem they had the hardihood to offer to form Government with the capital levy as their programme.

Not less desperate are the Communists. The most pro-

minent of their leaders were put in the Santé prison for inciting soldiers to commit acts of insubordination. The Communists, by their own organ *Humanité*, have announced that they will contest every seat, and months before the campaign opened they started an election fund. The aim was to raise three million francs, and it was suggested that the money could be readily found if the readers of the Bolshevik daily organ, put at three hundred thousand, contributed ten francs each. Communist workmen were invited to deduct ten francs from their wages and give this sum to the election fund. Subscriptions came in slowly, for by the middle of March only one million francs had been subscribed. But it must not be assumed that the three million francs will not be forthcoming. Moscow will come to the rescue. The Soviets will supply funds for fighting the elections just as they are furnishing money for the intensive Communist propaganda in France. Moscow pins its faith to France, believing that if the Communist ideals take permanent root in that country and reveal themselves by a big Bolshevik representation in the Chamber, other western countries will follow suit.

Though the Cartel is dead—there is no explicit understanding among the parties of the Left as in 1924—it can be assumed that there will be political combinations at the second ballot. It was the second ballot at the last election which secured victory for the Cartel. Socialists who had nothing in common with Radicals voted for the Cartellist list. It was an immoral combination, and no wonder that the Governments that emerged from it came to grief. As an example of the working of the Cartel, the richest quarter in Paris, the Opera quarter, is represented by two Communists, who at a by-election were elected by the votes of Radicals and Socialists. The Moderate candidates had to be defeated at any price.

The Communists have invited the Socialists to form a common front with them, but the invitation has been rejected. Both parties are slinging mud at each other now, but when the second ballot takes place it is inconceivable that the Bolsheviks, finding that their candidates cannot

win, will ignore the Socialists and vote for the Radicals or Moderates, and vice versa. In general, the same observation applies to the Radicals and Radical Socialists. The parties of the Left will utilise all the means in their power to keep out the Moderates—the reactionaries, as their opponents call them.

The fear of the Moderates is real. The Left is afraid that the influence of the Catholic Church will be increased should it happen that National Republicans were returned with a majority. There is no doubt that these candidates will have the support of Catholics in the mass. The letter which Cardinal Dubois, the Archbishop of Paris, brought from Rome is an invitation to Catholic voters to vote for those candidates who are in favour of toleration in Church matters. It is the parties of the Right who support the Church, and they will have its assistance at the elections.

What the Moderates are doing is to place before the electors the achievements of the Government of National Union, and to contrast these with the catastrophic bungling of the Cartel Governments. They point out that when M. Herriot took office in 1924 the franc was 70 to the pound, and that when M. Poincaré received it from the Radical leader in July, 1926, it was 240. The Cartel is also charged with having put into circulation banknotes of three milliard francs beyond the legal limit, of having asked the Banque de France not to reveal in its weekly reports this illegal circulation, and of having resorted to inflation during the period of 1925-1926 to the amount of seventeen and a half milliard francs. As to what has been done, the Moderates recall that when M. Poincaré formed his Government of National Union he found only a million francs in the Treasury and thirty-nine and a half milliards of inflation, that he brought the pound of 240 francs down to 124, consolidated the short-term debts, and repaid sixteen milliards to the Banque de France, thus reducing the advances made by the bank to the State from thirty-nine to twenty-three milliards. To all of which the Radicals reply that four years of government by the Bloc National, the combination of parties which governed from 1919 to 1924, cost France seventeen milliard francs.

He would be a bold prophet who ventured to foretell the result of the election. If combinations are not taken into account—and they have not operated during the life of the Government of National Union—there was no real majority in the old Chamber, and there are French politicians who do not believe that there will be a distinct majority in the new Parliament. Hence their argument that National Union should continue and that there should be a truce to party strife for at least four years, so that the finances of the country can be put properly in order. But a truce to party politics is the last thing that the Left wants.

Another prophecy hazarded is that the new Chamber will not differ very materially from the old, since the Left tendencies in the country remain in spite of what has happened. In that case a Government of *concentration à gauche* would, it is believed, be formed. Should this come about the question arises: Where would M. Poincaré come in? The franc has to be legally stabilised after the election, and obviously this task should fall upon him. Of the Left himself, a fact which is often forgotten by politicians who are wont to associate him with other tendencies, a Government largely composed of Radicals and Radical Socialists would certainly wish to get rid of him. At the same time even they do not forget that while they criticised him for his Ruhr policy in 1923 he has now to his credit a successful financial policy, and a section of Radicals would willingly retain him as Minister of Finance in a Radical Government. In the event of the Moderates emerging victoriously from the election struggle it is beyond doubt that the President of the Republic would be advised to invite him to form a Government in which he would occupy the posts he now fills.

It is not only the financial future of the country to which the electors will have to give thought before casting their votes; they will have to consider the foreign policy of France. There are many Frenchmen who believe that National Union is as essential in the foreign as in the purely domestic domain. M. Briand would certainly be retained at the Quai d'Orsay if a Radical Government

was formed, and there is no reason why, if the electors voted for a continuation of the policy of National Union, he should not remain Foreign Minister. Like M. Poincaré, he is not a slave to party. For him the interests of France are above parties. Several important foreign problems have to be solved. By reason of her demands which she intends to put forward unceasingly in the future, Germany will loom large on the European horizon, and the question of Franco-Italian relations which requires delicate handling will have to be tackled. M. Briand has shown that he is a skilful negotiator, supple and persuasive, and actuated by two prime considerations—the safeguarding of French interests and the maintenance of the peace of Europe. In the hurly-burly of the election struggle his work will not be forgotten. He is the safe man at the Quai d'Orsay, just as M. Poincaré has proved that he is the financial genius of which France still has need.

The electors are faced with a tremendous responsibility. What has been achieved in the financial domain has created a spirit of confidence which would not have been possible if the politicians had not forgotten their party cries and worked harmoniously together. But the end of the thorny path leading to complete financial security has not yet been reached. Pitfalls lurk. The man who has been treading the path courageously has signalled their presence. He has uttered warnings repeatedly. Will they be heeded? There is no telling what may happen if they are ignored and the politicians of the Left are returned with a majority which will entitle them to say that the country has decreed that National Union is dead. A disorderly majority such as emerged from the last election would conceivably mean that the methods which created financial chaos would be resumed. At any rate, many Frenchmen who are not politicians are obsessed with this fear.

A LETTER FROM GENEVA

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

GENEVA, *March.*

DEAR —

Your letter which has just arrived sets me a difficult task. For you ask me to give you a plain story, as you call it, of the proceedings of the Security Committee here, and whether all this talk about arbitration and disarmament is likely to lead to any practical results. I wish I could tell you! For when you add that the public are getting a little weary of these apparently endless discussions, which are wrapped, so you complain, in the peculiarly forbidding terminology with which experts invest the subject, I can well believe it.

This, you say, is choking the interest which well-meaning people would like to take in the League, and encourages the cynic who says that human nature will never change, and that the best thing that the nations can do is to keep their powder dry and look to their right arms for their defence. The choleric admirals and generals who from time to time go off the deep end and proclaim that another war is inevitable will, if this sort of thing goes on, begin to persuade their public that all talk about disarmament is moonshine, and, worse still, to stir up the witches' cauldron of hate and suspicion. So runs your argument, and you beg me, therefore, to give you a plain story of what is happening here which will also supply a key to the motives of the chief actors on the stage, and describe the principal scenes and incidents in this long-drawn-out drama, so that they may be made intelligible to the man in the street, such as you modestly claim to be.

I will begin with a short explanation of the events which led to the appointment of the Security Committee, which was set to work on the problem of arbitration and security while the Preparatory Disarmament Commission continued its technical work of balancing up armies and

navies, the Committee consisting of Government representatives who in many instances are the same as those who sit on the P.D.C. Now as long as a purely expert committee was left to work out the problem of disarmament it was not likely to reach any result, for naval and military men naturally think of security in terms not of peace but of war. Indeed, as the failure of the Naval Conference between ourselves and the United States proved last year, the weighing up of ships and guns or any other armaments is a positively dangerous business unless the Governments concerned have previously adjusted their foreign policies and have come to an understanding as to what their navies and armies stand for. For it may otherwise well end in setting everyone by the ears, and starting that very competition in armaments which it was the aim of the Conference to avoid. Fortunately, owing to the good sense of the two nations concerned, the United States and ourselves have managed to escape the worst consequences of the failure of the Naval Conference, for the American people, as well as our own, are not to be drawn into the folly of a competition in armaments. But there was a good deal of soreness on both sides by the time the Conference ended, and if the British Government had not seen the wisdom of modifying its shipbuilding programme in such a way as to remove any suspicion that it was intended to challenge American sea power, very serious consequences to the good relations of the two countries might have followed.

This, of course, assisted in the reaction of American opinion against the big programme which was first proposed on the other side of the Atlantic, and, now that the American shipbuilding plans have also been greatly modified, the danger of the Anglo-Saxon world indulging in a competition in armaments has been removed. Thus the two great naval Powers can once more calmly consider how best they can use their naval power as a contribution to the peace of the world, and from this point of view America's desire that all nations should enter into a contract to renounce war is of great interest to the League.

The moral to be drawn from the Conference was the necessity of approaching the problem of disarmament by

another and more indirect method. That is not to say that all the work of the experts in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission is useless; but the criteria which they have established will only be serviceable in so far as they can be made the medium of expressing the results of adjustments in the political sphere. This sounds like more League jargon; to put it more simply, all these calculations as to the comparative values of effectives, reserves, weapons and munitions may ultimately prove to be most valuable, if the human factor can be brought into play, for if confidence can be established between nations, the figures will prove how far in excess of anything reasonable the present armaments of the world are.

It is to promote this confidence, without which we shall not make much progress at Geneva, that the Security Committee was set up. In the terminology of the League, it was "to study measures enabling the League of Nations to promote generalised and co-ordinate special or collective agreements on arbitration and security"—which is another mouthful for you. In short, it was to survey the whole field of arbitral and conciliatory procedure for the settlement of disputes.

I wish you had been here to attend the debates of the Security Committee in the room in the Secretariat of the League (the old ballroom of the former hotel, which we now call the Palace of the Nations), with its great windows looking out on gardens and trees to the quiet waters of the lake. You could not have helped reflecting, as you listened to the proceedings, that the appointment of the Committee was in itself a very remarkable achievement. Here the delegates of twenty-one nations, including a Russian Soviet observer in Dr. Stein, assembled on February 20th to consider the report of the Committee which Dr. Benes, the Foreign Secretary of Czechoslovakia, had presided over with the object of making a detailed examination of the problems of arbitration and security and their relation to the Covenant of the League. Dr. Benes was assisted by Mr. Holsti (Finland), M. Rutgers (Holland), and M. Politis, now Greek Minister at Paris, and the most brilliant advocate of the scheme of

all-in compulsory arbitration known as the Protocol of Geneva.

Now in all the discussions on these questions the real interest of the proceedings is to be found in the conflict between two ideas of security. The plan which was embodied in the Protocol of Geneva, about which we have heard so much, aimed at solving the disarmament problem by making every international dispute the subject of compulsory arbitration. The aggressor was to be defined as the nation which went to war in defiance of its contract to arbitrate or to accept the decision of an arbitral court or the recommendation of the Council of the League. This seemed a perfectly logical scheme—the nation which would not surrender the right of private war was to be dragooned into decent behaviour. The Protocolists, indeed, will tell you that if you won't accept their scheme there must be some moral obliquity about you; for what could be more reasonable, they ask, than that the nations should settle their disputes in this way, and what better security could be afforded to those nations, which fear that they might be the victims of aggression, than that all the other members of the League should be pledged to protect them against attack? Under this scheme, we are told, all our troubles would be settled, and every nation would feel so confident about its security that armaments would melt away. And thus war would be really outlawed by the threat of collective action on the part of the League, and the gap in the Covenant which, when the Council is not unanimous, leaves the disputants to fight it out, would at last be closed.

The Protocol has become a new religion, and it is impossible to argue with its champions, for they believe that they have found an infallible remedy for the wickedness of the world. But there are some of us who have followed the discussions on security and disarmament at Geneva from the famous debate between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Herriot to the discussions in the Security Committee, who know that the question is not so simple as this. And this brings me to what may be called the rival school of security. Those who belong to it hold that the proper way to attain security is not by putting coercive measures

in the foreground of the League's activities for peace, but to concentrate on the crux of the problem—the pacific settlement of international disputes as laid down in the Covenant. You may say that this is just what the Protocol proposed to do; but there is all the difference in the methods recommended by the rival schools for the settlement of disputes. The root of the conflict lies indeed in the fundamental difference between the points of view of the two protagonists, the opponents of the Protocol holding that the best way to avoid war is not by compulsory methods, but by conciliatory processes which will gradually remove the causes of war and create confidence among the nations. Those who believe that the Covenant, with the obligations which it imposes on every State member of the League to submit a dispute with another State to arbitration, conciliation, or in the final resort to the Council of the League, is a sufficient guarantee against war and the best that can be attained at present are not actuated, as the Protocolists so often maintain, by an insane desire to reserve the right of private war for their own country. They object to the Protocol not only because they believe it to be impracticable in existing circumstances, as the Germans argued in their Memorandum to the Security Committee, but because, to quote from the same Memorandum, to make the outbreak of war and the provision of military sanctions the pivot of the Covenant would be like trying to build a house from the roof downwards; for war cannot be prevented by preparing for a war against war, but only by removing its causes.

I am giving the German view because it is so often said that it is the British opposition to a scheme of all-in compulsory arbitration which is the real obstacle to the organisation of peace on a basis which would admit of disarmament. As a matter of fact not only Great Britain, but Germany, Italy, and Japan are opposed to the rigid system of the Protocol, although the Germans, as they showed before the debate ended, are willing to borrow some features from it. The key to the British opposition, in which you are primarily interested, is doubtless to be found in the refusal of Great Britain, or the present

British Government if you like, to accept further commitments on behalf of the League. British opposition is also based on the sincere belief that the Protocol is not the best instrument for the maintenance of peace. There is no guarantee that it would lead to disarmament, as Mr. MacDonald was well aware when he made the ratification of the Protocol by the British Government dependent on the immediate summoning of a Disarmament Conference. For the Powers which are interested in the Protocol, because they think that they could impose for all time the present territorial *status quo* on Europe by clear-cut definitions of aggression, would clearly demand the retention of very large forces for the punishment of the aggressor by the League. This brings me to the heart of the controversy in the Security Committee, where, in spite of Dr. Benes' attempt to focus attention on the virtues of the Covenant, and his insistence that Security Pacts were at the present moment the only practical and possible form of supplementary guarantee, the flag of the Protocol was again raised by M. Paul-Boncour (France), M. Sokal (Poland), M. Markovitch (Jugoslavia), and M. Politis (Greece).

Against these attempts to revive the system of all-in compulsory arbitration, Lord Cushendun reacted with all the strength of a forcible personality. The great thing about Cushendun is that he knows his own mind and can express it forcibly, but without giving offence. He never adopts a hectoring tone, but speaks in a gentle persuasive voice, which has all the more effect, coming from a man of such commanding stature. Those who remember Lord Cushendun as Ronald M'Neill of Die-hard fame wonder at the extraordinary change which has come over his style of speaking. Whatever it is due to (perhaps we all get more mellow as we get older), the result is that the representatives of the other nations showed none of the resentment at his speeches which the Assembly evinced when Sir Austen Chamberlain, with his more didactic manner, laid down the limits of British policy. But no doubt Chamberlain made it easier for Cushendun to adopt a milder tone, for after his speech to the Assembly the rest

of the world were forced to believe that John Bull meant what he said.

I can only describe the chief incidents in the debate, which I shall long remember for its picturesque setting as the afternoon sun, reflected from the shining waters of the lake, stole through the broad windows of the glass room on the busy scene. The discussion was often a lively one, and instead of a series of set speeches it was a real debate to which one listened with the feeling that the future of Europe was being decided. For this very reason I can hear you blaming Cushendun for taking up such a negative attitude. He might at least, you will argue, have signed the optional clause of the Statute of the International Court for Compulsory Arbitration on justiciable questions, as Germany has done. But I think it is an advantage that the rest of Europe should know exactly where Great Britain stands, for I believe that the instinct of the British people will always revolt against the Protocol and all that it stands for. If that is so, it is all to the good that France and Poland and the Little Entente—in fact, all the nations which desire to stereotype existing frontiers by a scheme of compulsory arbitration—should realise that they will not obtain the guarantee of Great Britain for a system which is based on the theory that every line of the Peace Treaties is as sacred as the Tables of Mount Sinai. You may retort that as the Treaties are, in fact, the international law of Europe, and therefore can be altered only by consent, Great Britain is, in fact, bound to support the League in upholding them under Article 10 of the Covenant, which guarantees the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. Moreover, there is no doubt that in the Eastern as well as the Western Locarno Treaties Germany has renounced all idea of using force for the recovery of lost territory. In her Treaties with Poland and Czechoslovakia she assents to the declaration that respect for the rights established by Treaty or resulting from the laws of nations is obligatory for international tribunals. How then, you ask, can Great Britain escape from her obligation to assist the League in defending the frontiers of Poland against aggression?

But this does not alter the fact that if such a situation arose Great Britain under the Covenant retains the right to be the judge of what action she should take even if the Council of the League were unanimous. Military sanctions are not obligatory on States Members of the League, and the supporters of the Protocol, realising this and the fact that no country is likely to go to war unless it conceives that it is under a political necessity to do so, want so to arrange matters that Great Britain will be under a positive obligation to assist the League in resisting any alteration of the peace frontiers. No one can blame them for doing this; but as it is quite clear to anyone who studies the Protocol impartially that a two-thirds majority of the Council would be able to enforce sanctions, for if the Council does not at once succeed in determining the aggressor it is bound to enjoin an armistice on the belligerents, the terms of which may be fixed by a two-thirds majority, it does in effect mean a very serious extension of Great Britain's obligations. Any belligerent who refuses to accept the armistice is to be deemed an aggressor, and in that case the Council is to call upon the signatory States to the Protocol to apply the sanctions provided against aggression. Moreover, since Article 11 of the Protocol obliges each of the signatory States to co-operate loyally and effectively in support of the Covenant against aggression, neither Great Britain nor any other Member of the League could escape the duty of assisting the Council. Remember, too, that the definition of aggression is automatic; a State which goes to war in defiance of an arbitral verdict or in violation of the undertakings contained in the Covenant becomes *ipso facto* an aggressor. And, unless the Council decide by unanimous majority that it is not in fact so, sanctions must follow. This inversion of the unanimity rule has always seemed to be one of the most sinister features of the Protocol, and I cannot for the life of me see how it does not in effect mean that the majority rule of the Council is established for all practical purposes.

Lord Cushendun made it quite plain that Great Britain will have nothing to do with any such tampering with the unanimity rule of the Council. He pointed out with great

force that if a nation were placed under the obligation to assist the League by a majority vote a State might be positively committed to war against its will. It might, indeed, have actually voted against the war for the very good reason that it did not believe that the State which had been defined as an aggressor was the real offender. For, as Lord Cushendun urged, it is not easy to define aggression by any hard and fast rule, and in this conclusion he was supported by M. Rutgers, one of the *rapporteurs* of the Benes Committee, who admitted that it might lead to a State which was not in reality responsible for hostilities being described as an aggressor, or might oblige the Council to pronounce on a breach of the Covenant at a time, when it would still be preferable to refrain for the moment from measures of coercion. And when we get M. Politis also admitting the difficulty of establishing unprovoked aggression, Lord Cushendun cannot be accused of taking up a singular attitude, or one that is opposed to the interests of the League. With all these divergences of opinion it must be left to each member of the League to decide for itself when a breach of the Covenant has been committed. If such a breach were obvious there is little doubt that, if the Council of the League were unanimous in asking for sanctions against the Covenant-breaker, the League would get all the assistance which it required. Do not, therefore, be too much worried about the gap in the Covenant. The supreme interest of Europe is the maintenance of peace, and the first duty of the League is to prevent war. This I believe it is doing by the thorough discussion of all possible measures which should be taken by joint action to preserve the peace. But to impose on the League a rigid code for the settlement of all possible disputes would defeat its own object, for such a system, by tending to prevent the removal of the causes of conflict by conciliatory methods, would render the work of organising peace more difficult. It is only by a gradual process that confidence can be created between nations, and it is in the direction of security pacts, as Dr. Benes points out, that in existing circumstances the work of organising peace can

best be advanced. Such treaties must not be in the nature of defensive alliances directed against other States, or the League will soon be at loggerheads. There are, indeed, too many of such alliances at present. They should be contracted between former enemies with the idea of collectively or severally guaranteeing their territorial integrity. No one must be forced into such pacts. Germany made this plain when she protested against the idea of the Council being brought on the scene to arrange collective treaties. She is not going to enter into any arrangement which would compel her to give a more binding guarantee than she has already given to Poland in her pledge to abstain from force in obtaining any modification of her Eastern frontiers. Hungary would also refuse any arrangement which might appear to stereotype her frontiers. It is, therefore, in the extension of bi-lateral treaties of arbitration and conciliation of the Locarno type that we may look for the most hopeful results from the Security Conference. This, you may say, is not likely to lead to any appreciable reduction in armaments in the near future. But the discussion in the glass room showed an appreciable improvement in the friendly feeling of all concerned, and that, you will admit, is a great gain, for it is only by the growth of confidence between former enemies, that the problem of security can be solved or the nations be persuaded to limit their armaments. In the meantime, as you know, Great Britain and Italy have assumed the very serious responsibility of maintaining the territorial *status quo* as between France and Germany and Germany and Belgium, which, I think, you will admit is a solid contribution to the peace of Europe.

Yours ever,
H. F. S.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

LORD OXFORD's death in February could hardly be called an event, for he had completed his career and remained rather one of the State's ornaments than its instruments, and he was not of the order of men who excite emotions by their personality. Only one politician since Mr. Gladstone has completely aroused the imagination of Great Britain, and that was Mr. Chamberlain, for a space of eight or ten years. Perhaps since then Lord Carson's hold for a period was the most notable; there is no doubt that he stirred passion as no other man did on either side; there were plenty who would have gone to death at his bidding. Mr. Asquith's ascendancy never had that quality; nor had Mr. Lloyd George's, though his name was a flag, and though for a long period he wielded a power which no British statesman had approached since the days of Pitt. But at the greatest of that power he held his rank without any of the personal devotion which cements the fabric of such a pedestal as he then stood on. He was kept there in the main by powerful individuals, and by huge multitudes, who had loathed his name, and he was kept there because they saw no one able to replace him. But the party that had followed him with enthusiasm had withdrawn their affection—out of loyalty to Mr. Asquith.

That was no doubt the most remarkable tribute that Mr. Asquith received in his public life, yet I do not know that it was the most inspiring. Was the motive love of Mr. Asquith?

If, now, there had been any question of a breakaway from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman after 1906, it would have been a very different story. During the two years of that old man's premiership there was an attitude towards him among his followers the like of which I never saw again. When he rose in the House there was a sort of movement towards him. I have seen a crowd sway with

infinitely more passion, yet with the same quality of allegiance, towards Parnell.

All that disappeared when Mr. Asquith took command. Nobody had any desire to protect him; he was too well able to protect himself. In those days an able Irish barrister, Vesey Knox (one of the two Fellows of All Souls who sat with the Nationalist party), said to me that Asquith would be a wet blanket on the Liberal party; and for a year or more that looked like coming true: in fact, it was true. Mr. Lloyd George, however, lit a new fire—and very largely with fuel which Mr. Asquith had provided. It is singular how little of the gratitude for Old Age Pensions went to the man really responsible for them. But it began to be seen that this new dual leadership—for it was that in 1909—had great strength; and then the House of Lords made it again a one-man affair. For by throwing out the Budget they put Mr. Asquith into the rôle for which nature and Jowett had fashioned him—that of a Whig statesman defending traditional liberties. Two doctrines were his religion—Free Trade and the financial supremacy of the Commons. Free Trade had come to depend on the latter so the root principle of all his orthodoxy was challenged; and how superbly it was defended! Yet his eloquence never gave me pleasure like that which one derives from literature, whereas Lord Hugh Cecil or Mr. Birrell's speeches were infinitely better to listen to than any essay is to read. Nor was there ever in them the personal quality which made Sir Edward Grey so moving: as an example, in the debate of August 3rd, 1914, I cannot imagine that anyone who heard the Foreign Secretary's speech has not remembered it vividly—while I at least keep no memory of what the Prime Minister said on that tremendous occasion.

But to such criticism a Tory once gave me the true answer: "All I know is that when Asquith was making his case, we on the benches opposite used to find it very hard to see how he should be replied to."

Ireland was his weak spot, for he had allowed a policy to be dictated to him by the opposition before he came into power. The pledge not to introduce a Home Rule

Bill in the 1906 Parliament meant that he declined to fight on one part of his line—and naturally his opponents hammered where weakness showed. Later on he allowed Irish Unionists to do what Nationalists would never have been allowed to do, and he contented himself with a phrase about “the grammar of anarchy.” I have never felt that we in Ireland owed him gratitude.

But it is only fair to say that both our leaders, Redmond and Dillon, had a strong personal attachment to him and a trust in his word which they did not extend to any other man they dealt with in his party.

Also, there was no doubt of the affection borne him by his friends. On the occasion when the Tory party decided to howl him down they made the mistake of trying to underline the insult by letting Sir Edward Grey be heard. That also was an occasion not to be forgotten. “You have refused to hear our leader, you shall hear none of us,” was the first of a few sentences in which the quiet-spoken man flamed up into passion—for friendship was touched as well as mere public feeling. He scourged the objects of his anger, and they took it as well-bred dogs take a deserved beating. The speech, or the action, for it was action rather than speech, had what Mr. Asquith never attained to—the logic of the emotions. He rested in the logic of the intellect. But within that range, over the field of politics, where close reasoning is so difficult to establish, who was ever more cogent?

Public opinion has been exercised latterly about a group of matters very proper to concern it: for the first two were administrative acts of censorship, and censorship in these countries is designed to interpret public opinion. The others involved the standard of conduct to be maintained in the Civil Service; and here, a decision which did not give public satisfaction, would weaken the characteristic strength of English institutions.

Not being an Englishman I permit myself to endorse, as from outside, the belief that England's best virtue is the cult of fair play—which means something less exact and

logical than justice. But another English virtue is good nature, especially expressed in the dislike to maintaining feuds. These two virtues can get to loggerheads, and they did so over the film about Nurse Cavell. Germany protested; and Sir Austen Chamberlain—who might be exhibited anywhere for an embodiment of John Bull's typical virtues—immediately inclined to avoid all appearance of rubbing salt into the wounds of a beaten foe. There were, of course, also reasons of high policy to be taken into account: Germany in the Council of the League of Nations has earned Sir Austen Chamberlain's consideration. But, on the published documents, it looks as if he had acted on an impulse of chivalry rather than of calculation. In substance, many of us will agree with him that the enterprise had better never have been undertaken. If it were a bad work of art the memory of this noble lady, already associated with a deplorable monument, would have suffered doubly; and even a good film could scarcely serve any purpose that she would have approved. But all this could have been foreseen when the project was first made public, and that is long ago. The Foreign Secretary cannot have his eyes everywhere, but the Foreign Office exists to provide him with both ears and eyes in all the capitals and countries of Europe. The objectors also might have objected at an early stage. Since they failed to do so, it was open to the Foreign Secretary to reply that he could not prohibit the legal activities of certain British artists, any more than he could forbid the writing of articles or books which Germany might dislike. As it was, he had, indeed, no authority to veto; but he strained his influence with the Censor of films (another good-natured man, though certainly not an Englishman), and he succeeded in achieving a result contrary to fair play. It was more particularly unfair to the principal artist involved, Miss Sybil Thorndike, an actress—to judge her by her public record—most unlikely to be concerned in any ignoble or rancorous performance. Surely the German protest might have been met by an undertaking to see that the film contained no odious presentation of facts which are not in dispute. But the Foreign Secretary refused

to see the film either personally or by deputy; and he wrote a letter from which it would appear that the details had been wrongly reported to him.

Arguments against the Foreign Secretary's action are much strengthened by an action of Lord Cromer's, who, as Lord Chamberlain, had prohibited the public performance of *Young Woodley*. Yielding to representations, he went to see a private performance of the play at the Arts Theatre and, having seen it, withdrew his ban—thereby doing much to prolong the life of the office which he exercises. At least we have evidence of what till now has been totally impossible to believe—that there exists somewhere in this relation an intelligent and serious mind accessible to appeal.

The play, now running at the Savoy, is an oasis in the vacuity of the contemporary theatre. It deals frankly but delicately with sex-trouble in adolescence, and I never saw a play primarily concerned with sex which was so completely free from salacity. Necessarily in the group of schoolboys one is presented who is by choice and disposition salacious; but the purpose is to show that the ordinary decent lad's repugnance to salacity amounts in some to a violent revulsion—though the dislike is generally tongue-tied, and the salacity outspoken, as in the play. There has been criticism of the part assigned to the woman; it is said, truly, that she is not merely a married woman who leads a boy to make love to her, but that she is betraying a special trust. On the other hand, both playwright and actress make it clear that she is a girl married to a middle-aged man and has never been enabled to feel herself an active partner in the care of the boys. Her movement is mainly one of pity for the lad whom she has seen her husband bullying with the abuse of privileged irony on a wincing subject. There is no planned seduction—indeed, as the word is generally used, there is not any seduction at all.

But, of course, the story necessitates at one point a caricature, in the person of the schoolmaster. It is not a nonsensical presentment; but it lumps into one creature all the shortcomings to which schoolmasters are prone and allows none of the virtues. This is necessary in order to

make the wife's action endurable as a natural revolt. Still, it is a caricature, but a caricature admirably played. All the boys are excellently acted, and Mr. Frank Lawton in the principal part is good past belief. Miss Francis Doble was unequal, but in the central scene of the love-making there was never a false note. It is only fair to add that Miss O'Regan, who created the part at the Arts Theatre, is said to have been equal to Mr. Lawton.

The other cases of conscience concern the Civil Service. It was proved that a group of men in the Foreign Office had been gambling in the rise and fall of the franc; and though their close contact with international affairs had not resulted in any advantage (for they all lost money), yet the published report of a special tribunal condemned all such proceedings root and branch. The senior of those concerned was dismissed—a formidable penalty for doing that which was not explicitly forbidden by any code whether of the Service or the Common Law. In other words, the English Civil Service will break a high-placed official for doing that which his official superiors think he should have known to be wrong without being told that it was. The public Press generally approves this rigour; and England may be judged by the incident.

With this comparatively simple issue another was confused, for the dismissed officer had signed the official communication which made public the notorious "Zinovieff letter" just before the general election of 1924. Rumour was busy, and the Committee which enquired into the francs question felt bound to go into this also, and found that all officials of the Foreign Office had acted in this matter strictly in accordance with their public duty. But since then a letter from Mr. Marlowe, who in 1924 was Editor of the *Daily Mail*, announces that two copies of the Zinovieff letter had reached him with the intimation that the Foreign Office had it; and that he warned the Office that he would publish it if they did not. There is not unnaturally a demand for further enquiry how Mr. Marlowe knew that the Foreign Office had this document. As the matter stands, many of the public will be led to believe that Civil Servants who have politi-

cal preferences can be tempted to disregard the Official Secrets Act by the desire to effect a political end which seems to them great public utility. This is in itself no way unbelievable, and if the belief can be proved erroneous, the sooner that is done the better.

America's Big Navy party have been discouraged by expressions of public feeling from all over the United States; and neither legislature nor administration can disregard such pressure. The building programme is reduced to more modest dimensions, and we shall not see America equipped on a scale that will give her unchallengeable naval predominance. On the other hand, it is certain that America will never again submit to the position in which she found herself between 1914 and 1916, when her ships must perforce allow Great Britain to interpret what was meant by the freedom of the seas.

Also, the movements of the American mind in regard to international matters, though obscure, grow intelligible. The United States still resolutely refuse to touch the League of Nations, but none the less desire to take a hand, and even to lead, in bringing to pass "the outlawry of war." Apparently they desire to sign a treaty with each and every Power pledging the signatories reciprocally against undertaking a war of aggression. Logically, this method could be extended till all nations were mutually pledged, and war between Powers deemed worthy of acceptance in this compact would be outlawed. But there would be no agreed sanction for any of these bonds. The public opinion of nations would have been pronounced, that is all.

It is characteristic of America to believe that an evil can be ended by declaring that it must not exist. Long ago, after one of the recurring fights against Tammany, an actor in the contest wrote a book which argued that the root of the trouble lay in America's habit of passing laws which would look well on the Statute Book. Since ginger continued to be hot in the mouth, somebody had to control the supply of ginger; and the police regulated it—illegally. The reason, according to this writer, why an

Irish organisation secured the illegal privilege was that the Irish did not prey on each other; the other willing combinations had no honour among grafters, and so broke up. This concerned only State laws. We have now seen universal prohibition. Suppose the universal prohibition of war led to as much contraband provision and use of armament as there appears to be of alcohol, should we be better off?

Yet we have to recognise that America by a majority approves the continuance of prohibition, and believes that ultimately the public expression of this principle will lead to universal sobriety: and also that sobriety has already very greatly increased, despite the flagrant breaches of law. Apply this reasoning to war—and who is to be sure that America is wrong? It was possible in 1914 to have great States looking to aggressive war as a means of expansion—and without concealment or condemnation. We are moving away from that possibility. The mentality of diplomats and politicians has changed more in the last ten years than those realise who have not been recently studying the mind of these classes—in all countries—before 1918.

Mr. Yeats has a singular position. In more than forty years that he has been a poet, he has never compromised with his art; when the Nobel Prize was awarded him two or three years ago, it was welcomed as an equivalent for the popularity that he never attained. Hardly ever the Poet Laureate has so little recognition outside his own craft; and when a volume of verse by Mr. Yeats appears there is no stir about it. Yet I confess that his just published book, *The Tower*, makes everything else in verse of these days that I read look flimsy and ephemeral.

There is not much of it—not much more than fifteen hundred lines—but that is the length of three Georgics; and there is no dead stuff anywhere. All has the strength and fire in it of some good vintage, which perhaps may seem harsh at first but grows into liking because of its individual savour and its vitality. There is no gaiety in these poems, no light music; these are the work of age

that goes on through the years with a heart unappeased. In these communings with himself, the poet's thought ranges backward more often than forward, and because he speaks to himself without reserve, the meaning is often deliberately screened by a symbol or some riddling phrase which we must interpret as best we can. Yet one thing is never in doubt—the reality of the passion, the intensity of the utterance.

Long self-discipline has taught him to use verse in such a way that, keeping its own rhythm, it has the supple force of prose. Here is a picture from County Galway :

Beyond that ridge lived Mrs. French, and once
When every silver candlestick or sconce
Lit up the dark mahogany and the wine,
A serving man, who could divine
That most respected lady's every wish,
Ran and with the garden shears
Clipped an insolent farmer's ears,
And brought them in a little covered dish.

That gives not only a personality but a whole way of life in brief compass. This, however, is far more intimately characteristic :

Some novelist or mythological poet
Compares the solitary soul to a swan ;
I am satisfied with that,
Satisfied if a troubled mirror show it,
Before that brief gleam of its life be gone,
An image of its state ;
The wings half-spread for flight,
The breast thrust out in pride
Whether to play, or to ride
Those winds that clamour of approaching night.

And then a single line :

The swan has leaped into the desolate heaven.

What a writer ! Yet the end for him is no more content than Browning foresaw :

And you, great sculptor, so you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn :
You acquiesce—

But Mr. Yeats does not acquiesce. All this volume is a crying-out against the inevitable "decrepit age that has been tied to me as to a dog's tail." He makes one think of a curious passage in another recent and notable Irish book, *Etched In Moonlight*. There James Stephens, in one of his stories, discourses of the survival of memory.

A memory may die in the mind as peacefully as an old man dies in his bed ; and it will rest there tranquilly and moulder into true forgetfulness, as the other debris moulders into dust. But a memory cannot be buried alive ; for in this state of arrested being, where it can neither grow old nor die, it takes on a perpetual unused youth and lies at the base of one's nature as an unheard protest ; calling to the nerves instead of to the brain, and strumming at them with an obstinate patience and an unending fertility of resource.

Mr. Yeats has not buried a memory alive ; but rather perhaps has kept poignant visions of his youth, as it were, galvanised into being, which in the natural course of things with the normal man would have dissolved through his nature, as the splash fades out in quiet water. He has lived always with the past, yet has never lost touch with the present of that past ; nor yet in presence of the present has he been able to forget its past : and all his poetry of later life is full of confrontations between these two : as here in the poem called *Among School Children*, when he describes himself being shown by old nuns through some Irish convent school, and then passing back in memory to his past, when two of them together recalled old childish days :

Her present image floats in to the mind—
Did quattrocento finger fashion it
Hollow of cheek as though it drank the wind?

So it is all through : ghosts walk these pages, ghosts that he has wittingly conjured up all his life—perhaps because he could not help it, perhaps, too, because this was first and last the inspiration of all that is best in his poetry. We that have profited have no right to complain if the end of it to the poet is bitterness, and a feeding on shadows for meat.

VIE À DEUX

BY WALTER LENNARD

(Early Victorian)

"You haven't lunched at home for months, Tom," said Enid Traver-ton, as she saw her husband putting on his coat in the hall. "Could not you give me the light of your countenance for once?" And she looked plaintively at the broad shoulders and big manly frame of her "Tom," just on the point of leaving her.

"Well, no," said Tom, "I don't quite see how I can cancel an engagement which has been made a long time back. You must forgive me, Enid."

"But it is so long since we broke bread together, and you have had so many engagements lately. Can't you plead some excuse and stay at home? I want you."

"Oh, please don't ask for what is impossible! I will lunch at home to-morrow—no, I can't to-morrow, but say the next day."

"Ah, but it is always the next day," said the piteous Enid, "and the next day is never to-day. It is jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day," and she smiled a forlorn little smile, the smile of the neglected wife. "What is the engagement to-day? I don't believe in the club luncheon or the golf handicap, or a promise to go to a *matinée*. At all events I no longer believe in them, whatever I may have done in the past. Please grant me this little favour, dear Tom, won't you?" But the husband remained obdurate and only looked cross.

"Come, come, Enid," said Tom, "be sensible, and don't try to make scenes. You are rather fond of them, you know, and they only make mischief between us. I am sure my company is not so rapturous a boon that you need covet it. I am gloomy enough in all conscience, and we never find anything to talk about; and your interests are not always mine, you know. Let us say that you are too good for me, and leave it at that."

His fingers were already on the handle of the door.

"We used to get on so well together," was all that she said, in a small and miserable voice.

"Yes," he rejoined, "you generally say that. As if it could help us in the present circumstances."

He had got the door open now, and with a curt nod to Enid he passed out. Enid, left alone, turned sadly from the door and, with just a suspicious sniff and a tremulous sigh, threw herself on the sofa. In a moment more Tom was back again; he had forgotten his cigar case and was returning in a vile temper. "Of course I cannot remember little things when you rag me as you are so fond of doing. If you had left me alone, and not worried me about trifles, I should have remembered. Well, it's hardly worth while to go out now, as I am so late. Confound it all. I don't know what excuses to make to my hostess. I can hardly

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say I was detained at home. She would laugh in my face! It is ridiculous to be so dependent on a woman's whims."

"Which woman?" asked Enid, "myself or my rival?"

"Well, I was thinking of you, but I daresay it would be equally true of her. Anyhow, there's my afternoon spoilt. It's just my luck. Damn! What have you got for lunch, Enid?"

"Oh, I am afraid there's not much! You see, it's no use my preparing lunch or any other meal, when your movements are so uncertain. There's some mince."

"Mince!" said Tom scornfully, "and a poached egg sitting forlornly on the top of it—the mince a bit gritty and the egg not too fresh. Yes, I know the mince dish—recollections of the past served up to cheat the present appetite with Worcestershire sauce!"

"Why, Tom, you are quite eloquent," rejoined Enid, with a smile. "I'll tell you what we will do. We will have lunch at home. We'll have an omelette and I will make it myself—you used to like my omelettes. Or would you prefer *choux-fleur au gratin*? Only that will take longer, and I expect you are hungry."

"Well, I am a bit sharp set, Enid."

"And what would you say to a really nice salad made with a proper sauce? And there's some left of the caviare that you, extravagant boy, insisted on buying yesterday. We can have caviare on toast, if you will make the toast; and there's always the cold beef in the background, not to be despised at any time, Tom, when you are in the mood for it."

Tom could not forbear a laugh, as the idea of a scratch meal appealed to him. "Right you are," he said. "I will do the toast, and I think we shall fare royally."

O strange tribe of men! Quite as uncertain and hard to please as the woman in Walter Scott's verse. So Enid thought to herself as she began to make preparation for the meal. Here was Tom, originally in the blackest of tempers, with his day's programme hopelessly destroyed, actually condescending to smile quite genially, and to show an interest in toast-making. And why the change? Can it be true, as the cynic said, that you must "feed the brute" if you want to get anything out of him? Is Tom getting better natured at the mere prospect of a meal? At any rate the change was for the better. Enid's heart was glad.

The lunch turned out a radiant success, especially when Tom suddenly decided to open a bottle of champagne. "It's ruinously dear," he said, "so I must have some excuse for drinking it. Is it anybody's birthday?"

"Well, it happens to be mine," said Enid, "but I did not want to give it away, for I thought it might worry you."

Tom was most thoroughly repentant for his ill-humour. "I am sorry I behaved so badly to you, Enid, old girl. Forgive me. What shall I give you for your birthday?"

Enid leant forward. "Give me a kiss," she said, and tears were in her eyes. Tom, after a moment's hesitation—and he hated himself for the hesitation—brushed her cheek with his lips and gave a shamefaced, uneasy laugh.

They had been married three years, though Enid had her own way of counting the years that were gone. To her the honeymoon appeared as a matter of six months. She was happy then, and for the next six months also there was peace, so that she could reckon on a year of wedded happiness. But as to the twenty-four months that followed, she utterly refused to count them at all. They did not mean marriage in any fashion which she could accept. It was a time of misunderstandings and rows, bitter words said and not meant, with bitter words said and most emphatically meant: horrid, unforgettable scenes—Tom said Enid was fond of scenes, which was emphatically not true—passionate outburst, storm and thunder, and then remorse and repentance and pledges, so quickly broken, and promises, so brittle and fragile. Enid was not the kind of woman that it is easy to quarrel with; for she refused to answer and silence was to Tom more irritating than any amount of noisy controversy. She was critical and cold and logical, which left Tom with no material for argument or reply. What could be done with a woman who would not raise her voice, rarely lost her temper, but faced her angry lord with a look of sweet reasonableness?

She never allowed that she was in the wrong; if she conceded any points in the endless controversy, she would calmly point out how and why, in a voice that seemed to her husband to be absolutely provocative. Why must she be always in the right and he always in the wrong? It was absurd, false, impossible, and the worst of it was that when Tom was in his sober senses he was forced to acknowledge that she was right to remain calm. It was all about little things that really mattered not at all. And yet these little things had power to upset the domestic equilibrium and to make it exceedingly difficult for two people to live in peace. The *vie à deux* was very hard. Had it ever been accomplished with success? Tom appeared to think that he was up against an unsurmountable obstacle and was inclined to pity himself as a victim of some obscure fate.

But while Tom was satisfying his hunger with his scratch lunch, Enid was looking ahead. She was aware of one or two critical matters likely to develop soon, and she was doubtful of her own course of action in certain circumstances. After sipping a little of the champagne—for she knew that nothing was so annoying to Tom as her teetotal habits—and toying for a moment or two with her glass, she said, "You won't forget that Harry is coming to see you and me this afternoon, will you, dear?" Tom looked troubled, and his trouble generally meant a storm.

"There," he said irritably, "that's just what always happens. If ever we try to live a decent life with proper regard for one another, something is sure to happen to upset us. I wish Harry had chosen some other day, instead of doing his best to spoil your birthday."

"It was your own wish that he should come, dear," said Enid, in those quiet tones which seem to annoy husbands far more than rebuke or criticism.

"Oh, yes, I know; no doubt it is all my fault; it usually is. But when I suggested to your brother Harry that he had better come and see

us, it was in reference to a proposed arrangement for our future. I thought that Harry, being a solicitor, might give us advice, or at all events help us with some useful plan of procedure."

"Well," said Enid, "cannot he still help us? Why don't you want to see him to-day?"

"For the matter of that," replied Tom, "of course I want to see him; there are so many things to be settled—only there are also such things as times and seasons, and it does not seem to be the right moment to discuss questions of divorce and separation, even with so friendly a counsellor as your brother. However, if he must come, he must—that's all there is to it. But I don't quite see why you want to see him so ardently."

Tom was quite prepared to treat this as a fresh grievance, despite the fact that he had made the arrangement himself and originally had pressed Enid to consent. Harry's visit was part of a plan to solve the domestic problem. Inasmuch as Tom and Enid could not manage to keep the peace, they must be bound over, so to speak—a solution which kept the parties apart and therefore ensured tranquillity on both sides. Divorce was too big and ugly a word: besides, it necessitated the production of evidence which was repulsive to Tom. Whatever he had said or done in the domestic arena he did not see himself figuring in the newspaper reports as a husband deliberately unfaithful. Therefore separation, with all its inconveniences and drawbacks, appeared to be the preferable course, the only policy in fact appropriate to the case. Legal advice must be sought, however, and it was decided, after some discussion, to ask Enid's brother to call and thrash the matter out in proper legal fashion. Enid was decidedly averse from this visit, for it appeared to resemble too patently washing one's dirty linen in public. But she was over-persuaded on the express ground that she was obliging her husband.

Now it appeared that she was *not* obliging her husband, but running in the face of his wishes. That, however, was only part of the general contrariness of things, to which for some months past she had grown accustomed. So she only allowed herself a gentle sigh of resignation to the inevitable—the inevitable being another name for the lord and master of the house, the autocratic Tom.

"I suppose we could not put your brother off, Enid? Could not we telephone to him or something?" said Tom, irritably.

"I don't quite see how we could defer Harry's visit, Tom," replied Enid. "I remember his saying that he has to go to Wimbledon, I think it was, to see a client during the afternoon and that he would come to us afterwards. I am afraid that no message could reach him in time. Besides, it would be foolish to begin our negotiation by putting off our own choice of a negotiator, don't you think so?"

Tom was perplexed. For some reason he had decided to stay at home and see no one, otherwise he could have gone to his club and left a message with the necessary apologies. Now, however, there seemed to be no loophole for escape, and that made him persuade himself that it was Enid's fault and a fresh proof of the incompati-

bility of their tempers. "I don't quite understand, Enid, why you are so anxious about this separation affair. It is a damned nuisance, at the best, and at the worst a disaster."

Enid smiled. "I am not anxious, Tom, I only want you to be able to do what you wish. Only I suggest that it is rather too late to reopen the old question now."

Tom looked up and, instead of tracing patterns with his stick on the floor, lifted his eyes to Enid's face. "What precisely do you mean by 'the old question'?"

"Oh, Tom, you know what I mean! I mean all our disagreements and worries and bad tempers and gloominess and the bitter things we say and the bitter things we do! Because this attitude of hostility," Tom winced at the word hostility, "yes, hostility seemed likely to endure, or perhaps to grow worse, we came to the conclusion that it was better to end it, and relieve ourselves from a burden too difficult to endure. When we don't see one another, the situation is easier. Enid in absence is quite a tolerable proposition. Tom away on his holidays, or staying with friends in the country, is surrounded with a charm." Enid could not help a smile. As for her husband, he gave a grim laugh, which probably meant dissent, but might serve as encouragement.

"Don't be too flattering, Enid, or make the picture too romantic!"

"No, Tom, I am not exaggerating. When you like, you can be quite charming, but you generally reserve your charm for someone else, not your wife. That is my grievance, you know."

"Yes," said Tom, "we must now allow an occasional gleam of sunshine to alter the general gloom of the landscape. The sad truth is that we don't get on well, that we make each other worse, and that unfortunate connubial differences tend to increase. Is not that about the size of it?" Enid was silent and looked unhappy. There was a silence which lasted for several minutes, the husband humming to himself, the wife covering her face with her hands. Suddenly she began to talk.

"Tom," she said, "did you ever love me?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't start on that racket, Enid? You know quite well that I was very fond of you."

"Fond of me! Yes, but did you ever love me? There's a difference, you know."

"I can't go in for your analysis of moods. The metaphysics of love, or whatever the particular jargon is called, never appealed to me. Fondness, affection, love—they come to much the same thing, I think—and are equally transitory. We love, we marry, we get tired, we separate, we divorce—that is the dreary catalogue of emotional events which supply barristers with opportunities for rhetoric and the public with appetising morsels from the private life of unhappy litigants."

"Dear Tom, I do not wish to reopen old wounds. I only wish to ask you a question. Don't get angry with me, or threaten to go to the club. You know that being a woman I am naturally inquisitive, but I don't think that I have more of that unenviable commodity than

the majority of my sex. And I never search in your pockets or read your letters."

"Good God, I should think not! I never supposed you to be such a cad!"

"Still I am inquisitive, you know."

"Well, what is your question?"

"I want to know—oh, it is difficult to ask! Turn away your face, I cannot speak with your eyes on my face. These women you consort with, are they very charming? Do you love them, or are you very fond of them? Do you find them fascinating, or only clever companions, or——"

But this was too much for Tom's equilibrium. He got up with an angry gesture, upsetting his chair in his agitation. "Really, Enid, this is too much. I said just now that I never regarded you as a cad. Still, you must know that other people's secrets are sacred—else life would be intolerable! What right have you to want to be informed about matters which do not concern you?"

"What right? The right of your wife," said Enid, who was now losing her temper. "Am I to sit at home, waiting for you to come back, sometimes waiting for a considerable time, until it pleases his lordship to return, waiting for lunch, waiting for dinner, waiting till the small hours——"

"I never asked you to sit up waiting for me," interrupted Tom.

"No, it was my folly to give myself such unnecessary pains! Little you cared whether I sat up or went to bed. You had had your fun and that was all that mattered. You had been with your chosen favourite, whoever she might be, the woman, I suppose, whose name must not be revealed to me, and everything else might go hang. I am considered of no importance, though I am your wife and she is——"

"Stop," cried Tom, "I have had enough. I don't want to hear to what lengths jealousy will drive you, and I don't permit you to call names."

There was a sharp edge on the wife's tone which augured a storm.

"You seem to think of me merely as a chattel," said Enid. "I assure you that you and your views are completely out of date and that the modern woman is going to achieve for herself, whether single or married, a very different social position from what she has held in the past. The Married Woman's Property Act"—Tom sniffed impatiently—"is only the beginning of legislation which will establish the woman as an economic unit, independent, or rather self-dependent."

Tom looked at his wife as though he saw her for the first time. "What on earth are you talking about? Whom have you been listening to in those feminine clubs which I understand are playing the deuce with our domestic hearths?"

"One must protect oneself," answered Enid. "I know very little about it as I am not a very active member. But I assure you that you will be startled when you are face to face with the full course of development. At our weekly reunions—the Uplift——"

"The what?"

"The Uplift is the happy name for all the energy and hard work which are being devoted to the woman's cause. What do you say to the idea of the wife requiring regular wages as housekeeper? Marriage is a contract, and the contracting parties meet as equals, freely entering into an arrangement to give so much service for so much pay."

"Good God!" said Tom.

Alas! by this time both were thoroughly roused and the scene which followed was worse—if that was possible—than any of its predecessors. Tom was ugly in his wrath; he did not swear, but there was a wicked flash in his eyes, and his hands were trembling. Enid, usually calm, seemed to have lost all control over herself; all her quick wits were sharpened for passionate attacks, and for once she got the best of the fray. A consciousness of this fact made Tom worse, for it revealed to him his wife's superiority in argument; and when a man has failed in the conduct of his words, he is only too apt to remind himself that he can always fall back on his physical strength.

These two faced each other like bitter enemies, both pale as death and seeking for fresh words of insult with which to lash the adversary. It was a scene at once tragic and repulsive and barbarous, stirring up the depths of personality and revealing strange phases and aspects of character. For a moment or two the decent veil which hides the inner nature was torn aside, and passions stalked the stage, naked and unashamed, like those which stirred the breasts of our savage forefathers. And then came the climax. Stung by some taunt from Enid's lips, Tom started up and took his wife in his arms. He held her in a vice for a moment and raised his hand. Enid never blenched; indeed, a smile seemed to play on her face as though she was daring him to do his worst. But by a strong reaction Tom was conquered now; he threw himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands. He had seen the portrait of himself framed in the glass behind him, and he was shocked at what he saw. "Good God," he said, "am I such an unutterable blackguard . . ."

There was silence, neither of the two moving from the seats they had taken, neither of them caring to face each other's eyes. The silence was like the subsidence of a storm. One might hear the rapid beat of the pulses or the quick in-drawn breath. At last Tom broke the silence. In a voice hardly above a whisper, and with his hands clasping his forehead, he seemed to be struggling with some emotion he was powerless to conquer. "Enid," he said pitifully, "Enid"—no other words could frame themselves on his lips except her name.

"Yes," said Enid. "Yes, Tom"—and again silence fell on a situation which utterly transcended the possibility of speech. And then Enid did a remarkable thing. She deliberately took up a book lying on the table near her, and opening its pages she began to read. Was this callousness or a superior instinct? At all events, it had an immediate effect on Tom. "Yes, I know," he said, "I know that I do not deserve to be spoken to, or even to be considered in any way. I have transgressed a law held very sacred by the average man—"

"For the man who lifts his hand against a woman," quoted Enid, and she actually smiled.

"Do not laugh at me," said Tom in a miserable little voice, which only just managed to reach her ears.

"Oh, I am not laughing at you," returned Enid; "I am laughing at the idea that two sensible persons—are they sensible, Tom?—should waste their energies and play havoc with their nerves just because one is inclined to be irritable and the other takes offence too readily."

"It is not your fault—it is exclusively mine. I am a beast, and I don't know what to say to atone for my—my brutality."

"Do not let us try to atone—I am just as much a sinner as you. Let us try only to forget."

"But can you ever forgive me?" Enid only smiled. "Can you forgive?" Tom urged. She held out her hand, and Tom reverentially put it to his lips.

The scene had gone undoubtedly in favour of the wife. The husband was playing a bad hand and losing every trick. He was uneasily aware of this, and felt that a situation over which he had no control was going to end in a complete victory for Enid. He was out-manceuvred, out-generalled at every point, and he was not particularly proud of the character he had assumed throughout. She seemed completely at her ease, while he was still breathing heavily. She could even appear interested in a book, while his restless eyes roamed over the room, as though they were looking for something which could not be found. It was high time that he (Tom) said or did something to finish the affair. Enid, however, anticipated him.

"Tom," she said, "have you no questions to ask me?"

"What do you mean?" said Tom.

"Well," said Enid, "you might think that I had a secret life which had never been revealed. You might suppose that, just as you reserve to yourself the possibility of a different atmosphere in some house not your own, your wife has *her* little episodes which she enjoys, while you are gallivanting (is that too harsh a word?) after some new-found beauty. Have you never wondered how your wife spends the time during her long solitudes when you are occupied elsewhere?"

Tom gave a gruff laugh. "No, Enid, I don't think I have ever wondered. I have always assumed—now I come to think of it—that you are quite contented to sit in your drawing-room, seeing an occasional visitor, and reading an occasional novel. It did not occur to me that you might be bored, or even tired of your own companionship, or that you were envying the women who take their domestic problems so easily and amuse themselves in not wholly reputable ways. It was stupid of me, but there it was."

"A little lack of imagination, was it not?"

"I suppose so," said Tom. "But there was something more than that. It was my confidence in you—my absolute faith in your integrity. I could not imagine my Enid entering so lightly on a dangerous flirtation or being reckless or careless of her good name!"

"Thank you," said Enid, "I am proud of your faith. But don't

trust me too far. There may come a moment when I am tempted, and because you are somewhere else and not there to strengthen me, may yield to the temptation. Would you mind very much?" Enid had a roguish smile, and Tom, a little alarmed at the turn the conversation was taking, said, with the utmost earnestness, that he would mind very much.

"Tom," said Enid suddenly, "do you get much pleasure out of your philandering? Do you really feel that it adds much to your enjoyment? Is it really the fact that your conception of the *joie de vivre* must necessarily include flirtations galore, and one or two perilous acquaintances?" Tom remained silent, and Enid went on: "Endless repetition of the same flirtatious business—the interest in the new face—the excitement of a novel *amitié amoureuse*; and then, after the same kind of infatuation, the discovery that the more it changes the more it is the same thing. Life has no new experience to give you. If you needs must ask for occasional fits of emotion you probably find that they are decreasingly satisfying, until at last come satiety and boredom and even a measure of disgust—and more than a suspicion of dead sea fruit. Isn't it so, Tom?"

Enid was looking adorably pretty as she uttered her little sermon; there was a flush on her cheeks, a very becoming and natural flush which no artificial devices could ever have secured, and her eyes looked tender and endlessly attractive. Who was Tom that he could resist such fascination? And what sort of an angel was this wife of his, of whose charms he had so often been neglectful?

"Look here," said he, "you asked me just now about the lady with whom I was going to have lunch—and I refused to tell you."

"You refused rather roughly," suggested Enid.

"Yes, I know I did, and I am very sorry. But if you really want to have her name, I do not mind——"

"No, no," said Enid. "I am not going to make you break one of the unwritten laws of masculine behaviour. Besides, I really don't care twopence about her name. She shall be Madame la Chose, or anything you like. What I do want is an answer to my question."

"What question?"

"Well, I asked whether you found a real pleasure in running after women? Forgive me if I put the matter too crudely, but it is what it comes to, isn't it? I might call it by any amount of romantic names, but that is what it is in essence. You like to pose as 'Ami des Femmes,' and women, and especially those who are called 'little women,' encourage you in your amatory attitude. 'Little women' are so appealing and affectionate, and—and so brittle!"

"I suppose I must confess that sometimes they bore me to death," said Tom in a burst of candour.

"Bravo; that's better. And it is true, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I repeat it. Sometimes they bore me to extinction. And then I wonder why I should care for so profitless a game which has ceased even to amuse me."

"Why go on with it?" asked Enid.

"I don't know. Habit, I suppose."

"Then do you ever think of me, Tom, or do I bore you even worse than the others? What is your real opinion of me? I often wonder what place I hold in your imagination, or how I have so sadly deteriorated from what I was when you married me."

"We have both deteriorated, I fear," said Tom, "but it is not wholly our faults. It is a very difficult transition from love to affection, and we have not managed it very successfully. You see, love is an emotional state, while affection is a calm, reasonable, temperate condition. Married people have to pass from one state to the other without disturbance, and they do not find it easy. Frictions, misunderstandings, little bursts of temper accompany the transition, and sometimes there is an explosion."

"It is absurd," said Enid. There is a ring at the bell. "Oh, that must be Harry," said Enid.

"Damn Harry!" said Tom.

"Ditto," said Enid.

Harry, Enid's brother, was a very practical, business-like gentleman, whose views on matrimony and the estrangement of married couples were strictly limited to their legal aspect. After a few general remarks, he cleared his throat and began to expound the question in the most magisterial fashion. "In seeking a release from the bonds of matrimony, two possible courses are open. Divorce may mean the complete abrogation of the marriage relation, known as a divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*, which carries with it a power on the part of both parties to remarry other persons or each other. I understand that you are not seeking for a divorce on such complete conditions, is that so?" Tom looked at Enid; Enid looked at Tom; then both bowed assent, and Harry went on: "There is another severance, an incomplete severance, not involving powers to remarry, known as divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and in England termed a *judicial separation*. These are the strict definitions, but the term divorce has been used to cover judicial declarations of nullity of marriage, which practically terminate the marriage relations and proceed on the basis of the marriage never having been legally established."

"I don't think we need concern ourselves with nullity of marriage," said Tom with admirable gravity, and Enid, with equal solemnity, gave her assent.

"You will observe," went on Harry, "that the main difference in the two cases, divorce proper and judicial separation, is that in the first instance the parties can re-marry other persons; in the second case they cannot. Excuse me for asking a pertinent question. Is there any co-respondent in this case?"

Enid shook her head. "Not that I know of," she answered. Then with a roguish smile, "You had better ask Tom; he may have someone up his sleeve."

"No, no," said Tom.

"Oh, then, I presume that all you are contemplating is a loose form of separation, based on the idea that marriage is a contract, dissoluble

at the will of the husband, or by agreement between husband and wife?"

"Can we re-marry," asked Enid, "if we want to? I mean, marry again with the original parties?"

"Hardly a probable contingency," said Harry, who looked a little offended.

"Oh, but it is better to explore every avenue!" said Enid, who had been studying the Prime Minister's speeches. "And it is quite possible that I may want to marry Tom all over again. Of course, I can't answer for Tom," she remarked.

Harry looked at his sister after wiping with some care his spectacles. "It seems to me," he said, "that you are looking at a grave matter with remarkable frivolity."

"Oh, but isn't that the right way to look at it?" said Enid. "Don't you think that a sense of humour affords the most valuable point of view in cases of this kind?"

"You can't dissolve a marriage contract by a sense of humour, if that is what you are thinking of; but, indeed, I hardly understand what you do mean. You are on the brink of a serious step, largely affecting both your lives; you have come to the conclusion that you cannot live together any longer. And yet here is Enid proposing a separation which she seems to regard as ludicrous and Tom acquiescing in a solution of the problem which he must know to be absurd. I do not profess to understand the position—I presume because I have no sense of humour!"

"Harry," said Tom, "do you ever drink champagne in the afternoon?" Harry got up with an indignant snort. "Because, if you do, now is your opportunity," continued Tom. "I believe there is a glass left in the bottle; at all events, we can easily get some more. Come, come, old man, don't be shirty! I want you to drink to a happy pair, not merely husband and wife, but genuine lovers." Tom's grim features relaxed into a smile.

"I heartily congratulate you both," said Harry. "Here's to Darby and Joan!"

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

DECADENCE. By Maxim Gorki. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)

The restlessness of Gorki's characters is proverbial. From Chelkash to Foma Gordeev they have always reacted against the slavery of tranquillity. For this reason the peasant in Gorki's work, unlike the representative of the proletariat, has been an object of contempt. None the less, the Artamanovs in *Decadence* are a peasant family which their creator tracks through the different generations almost as scrupulously, if not with the same dynamic power, as Dostoevsky has tracked the Karamazovs. Father, sons, grandchildren are all well differentiated. Piotr Artamanov, for instance, though he dwindles into type in the end, is no mere duplicate of Ilya, his father. Peasant customs, ways, habits of thought, gradually stripped away through the influence of newly-acquired wealth, the reactions of boredom, the patter of the new generation's wisdom, the resignation of old age—all these things Maxim Gorki has interpreted with his customary power and insight.

Only the result is different, not merely from the result of such a study as *The Brothers Karamazov*, but from that of comparatively inferior writers. Deep down Gorki, one feels, is not absorbed in the Artamanovs but, on the contrary, is preoccupied by something else. One gets the illusion, indeed, in reading this book of listening for something to come, something so significant that it swamps one petty individuality after the other. It only comes at the very end, the chaos of modern Russia which crunches up, with careless, absent-minded malevolence, this peasant family that has failed to find happiness in finding wealth. Certainly, no one of the Artamanovs could react against such catastrophe; yet it is an historic truth that the Russian peasantry has proved itself the one outstanding obstacle to the megalomania of the little group of bandits who have mastered Russia. Such a significant fact might well have been indicated in a novel which is, for the rest, only too well named.

THE JOY OF LIFE. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

There are many exquisite things in this anthology, drawn for the most part from the lyrics of living writers. It is divided into several sections, devoted to such topics as birds, gardens, games, travels, children, one's native land, and that other country, "the land of heart's desire." We have such widely different poems of action as Rudyard Kipling's *The Feet of the Young Men* and H. H. Knibbs' *Out There Somewhere*, G. K. Chesterton's *The Road to Roundabout*, and John Masefield's *Captain Stratton's Fancy*. We have such opposites as Arthur Quiller-Couch's familiar *Know You Her Secret None Can Utter?* and the poignantly sensitive *If you came to Heaven* of Rose Fyleman. We

have the *Ecstasy* of Emily Dickenson and the drowsy dreamland of Walter de la Mare's *Nod* :—

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog. Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

From Francis Thompson Mr. Lucas has chosen *Daisy*, the motif of which is so close to Malherbe's lament :—

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

The closeness of the parallel and the abyss between the two poets emerge alike in a single stanza :—

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close :
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose.

Robert Louis Stevenson's *Requiem* finds its fitting place in the section entitled " Farewell," and Mr. Lucas has been wide-minded enough to include in " The Joy of Life " Adam Lindsay Gordon's grim *Sunlight on the Sea*. It is, in short, an anthology of infinite variety and charm.

* * * *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. DCCXXXVII. NEW SERIES. MAY 1, 1928

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: LETTERS TO MISS ALICE BOYD¹

CHOSEN AND ARRANGED BY JOHN PURVES

THE following letters are a selection from those written by Dante Gabriel Rossetti to Miss Alice Boyd, of Penkill Castle, Ayrshire, between 1868 and 1880. This lady, who was a descendant of the ancient Scottish family of the Boyds of Penkill and Trochrague, and a talented amateur artist, made the acquaintance in 1859 of W. Bell Scott, the painter and poet, who introduced her (probably in 1862) to Rossetti. In December of that year Rossetti made a drawing of Miss Boyd, from which Scott afterwards made an etching (see the latter's *Autobiographical Notes*, I, 56). From 1865, the year in which her brother, the last male representative of the younger branch of the Boyds, died, Miss Boyd exercised a most generous hospitality in her beautiful Ayrshire home, and between that time and her death in 1897 a long succession of eminent painters, poets, and men of letters were her guests at Penkill. In particular the friends of Bell Scott became her friends also. In winter she generally lived for some months in London with Scott and his wife (the "Scotus" and "Scota" of the following correspondence), while each year during the summer and autumn the painter and one or other of his numerous circle of artistic associates were made welcome in the North. In this way both Christina Rossetti and D. G. Rossetti came to know a corner of Scotland which had already evoked the admiration of Keats, Christina in 1866 and the summer of 1869 and Gabriel in the autumn of 1868 and 1869.

(1) The editor of these letters desires to express his thanks to Miss Boyd's niece, Miss E. M. Courtney Boyd of Penkill, who has most kindly assented to their publication, and to Mr. G. A. Rossetti.

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When the present correspondence opens in 1868, Rossetti was already threatened with failing eyesight and the grim shadow of insomnia and depression which was to darken the remaining fourteen years of his existence. Yet these things do not bulk unduly in the letters, nor are they allowed to interfere with the writer's habitual cheerfulness of manner. Rossetti owed much to Miss Boyd's friendly solicitude, and he responds by striving to entertain her with gossip of the studio and their common acquaintances rather than by any morbid discussion of his own ailments. "La Pia," referred to in the first of these letters and elsewhere, is the painting from Dante's *Purgatorio*, Canto V, which, begun in 1867, was only finished in 1881. The interesting fact is revealed in one of the letters that Rossetti contemplated making studies for the background of this picture during the long-proposed visit to Italy, which he never accomplished. As Mr. Marillier has pointed out, the fine landscape in "La Pia" was ultimately "painted mostly from sketches of Maremma scenery." Holman Hunt's "Isabella," first exhibited in April, 1868, and afterwards engraved by Blanchard, was still the subject of lively discussion. Although at first the general opinion was not unfavourable, a writer in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for June, 1868, speaks of it as "a miracle of disappointment."

16, Cheyne Walk,
CHELSEA.
7 July, 1868.

Dear Miss Boyd,

I received Scotus's note with your extremely kind codicil. Of course my mind has been racked ever since with the agonies of weak will as to going or staying, but I believe I must come to the conclusion that it is not practicable just now. Go somewhere I must soon, but it will be such a short trip that I must make it a near one. Moreover I should not want at present to be taking up the picture of "La Pia" before the rest in hand, as it happens to be the only one which has not yet found a destination. I suppose people don't like such tragic subjects, though indeed it seems £2,500 has been given by Gambart¹ for Hunt's "Isabella," in which the very way the paint is laid on is certainly a tragedy in itself, to say nothing of the mere sentiment. I was there² the other day and found our Scotch friend who does the honours in open rebellion to all appearance. He asked aloud (and indeed, appealed to me by name most

(1) The picture-dealer.

(2) At Gambart's, i.e.

appallingly) whether *that* could be called a work of colour, and gave the public repeatedly the valuable information that no one subscribed to the engraving. One man, however, was rash enough not to be deterred even by this from asking particulars as to the subscription; whereupon the man in office waved his hand towards a distant corner and said almost in Gaelic: "Ye'll find a book there that's got it a' in; there's columns for the pounds, and columns for the shillings and columns for the pence. Ye'll find it a' there!" His state of mind appeared to be inexorable. A gentleman making his appearance was introduced to me (instantaneously) as Stanfield's son. He then went up to the picture to examine it with a very pretty lady who was with him, and I asked in a whisper if this was Mrs. Stanfield. The answer in a loud tone was "It strikes me, Mr. Rossetti, that he's far too attentive for it to be a wife." After this I fled, leaving the punching of his head to whom it might concern. Whether Stanfield did it on the spot, or whether Gambart has done it since, or whether it is left for Hunt to do on his return from the Holy Sepulchre, I cannot say.

You may see that news is not very rife with me by the space I have devoted to this hero. However, last Tuesday Brown¹ gave a monster party to 120 friends and foes. It went off very well, however, people managing to amuse each other exactly according as they happened to be packed, making the most of the person next to them, like pick-pockets at a hanging, till they got shoved on to someone else. One rather missed the malefactor certainly, particularly as in so big a company everyone could no doubt have picked out his favorite performer for the part—the artists especially.

Pardon this somewhat grisly rubbish, and remember me very kindly to Scotus, and believe me, dear Miss Boyd,

Your still expectant guest in the future,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S. William is just back. You heard no doubt of his being robbed of all his money at Verona.

The next letter refers to Swinburne's sudden fit of illness in the British Museum Reading-room (July 9th, 1868), which has been described so vividly by Sir Edmund Gosse (*Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, 1917, pp. 177-8).

16, Cheyne Walk,
CHELSEA.
24 July, 1868.

Dear Miss Boyd,

Though with nothing to say in particular, I have been intending ever since I got your kind letter to write a line in reply because of the anxiety you express about Swinburne. I felt the same myself, of course, when I saw the paragraph one evening in the *Pall Mall*, and being unable to get so far next morning, I sent to enquire how he was and whether I could see him if I went that evening. The reply was that he was per-

(1) Ford Madox Brown.

fectly well, and so in fact I found him. He attributed the he called it, to the heat, and said he was perfectly well by the reached home.

Certainly the heat since then has been enough to floor any one. I have not yet got away, and indeed could not have done so to any purpose in that murderous weather, as I could only have lain on my back wherever I was. The sudden change yesterday was a return to life, and one felt more than I ever remember doing before how much serious good or evil may come of weather even without risking oneself on the waves.

If I am able to visit you in Autumn, I shall promise myself, and I doubt not realize, a great deal of pleasure, only I never know more than the plans for the day I wake to.

I have been working at Mrs. Morris's portrait¹ and have nearly finished it. I think it is better perhaps than the run of my doings. I was greatly pleased with Scotus's poem² in the *FORTNIGHTLY* which I had never seen before. It is full of the real thing, only seems to me a little abrupt in its transitions and a little lacking in basic faith. One can't help seeing Scotus's *grin* all through Antony's terror. Everyone seems to admire the poem greatly, and I hope it may induce its author to resume the pen.

Believe me, dear Miss Boyd,

Ever yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Between this letter and the next Rossetti had paid his first visit to Penkill, returning to London on November 3rd after a stay of nearly five weeks. His general health and spirits had revived under Miss Boyd's care; he had recovered something of his lost power of sleep; but his eyesight still continued to give cause for alarm. Bell Scott was a guest at the castle during the whole of Rossetti's visit, and accompanied him back to London. There was also in the house-party at Penkill an elderly cousin of Miss Boyd's, Miss Losh, of Ravenside, near Carlisle, a lady who formed a great regard for Rossetti, and whom he visited next year both before and after his second visit to Scotland.

16, Cheyne Walk,
CHELSEA.

9 Nov., 1868.

Dear Miss Boyd,

I have been deferring writing to you since I came home in the intention of telling you some medical or working experiences, but as I

(1) This is the portrait (No. 270 in Mr. Marillier's list) inscribed: "Jane Morris, A.D. 1868. D. G. Rossetti pinxit. Coniuge clara poetâ, et praeclarissima vultu, Denique picturâ clara sit illa meâ."

(2) William Bell Scott's poem "Anthony," with the motto from Job ii, 6, which appeared in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for July, 1868.

- have hitherto not plucked up energy enough either to go to any doctors or to set to work, I will not defer writing now, but will write again ere long.

I called on Scotus on Saturday evening and saw the little pictures improved by various last touches. The rainy one looks very fine, and old Brown says it is as fine as any David Cox. I really think it is the best of the three. Mrs. Scott was very racy, and had I been a Saturday reviewer, would have afforded me material for a whole article on the Ritualistic Lady. Talking of parties in Lent, she at first expressed horror of them, but after reconsideration said in her gravest manner that she should not object to attending one or two *as a penance*. Old Brown was here on Friday night and sat up talking till 5 a.m. . . . I am looking up the big sketch-book of Sibson's¹ and some photos. which I shall expedite to-morrow to Penkill by passenger train. I suppose I shall find myself permitted to pay for their carriage beforehand, but if this may not be, I shall have to leave it to you and pay when I see you.

Ever yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

In the next letter, Topsy and "the Topsaic tapestries" are, of course, William Morris, and the fabrics (embroideries, not tapestries, at this date) dealt in by Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co. The episode at the Greek party may be regarded as a singular instance of that "spontaneity of behaviour in society" which, we have been told, "was encouraged by the pre-Raphaelites," or rather, perhaps, as an unusual instance of complaisance on the part of one with whom it was not usual to take liberties. On Swinburne's escape from drowning at Etretat, see Sir Edmund Gosse's *Life of Swinburne*, pp. 178-9.

16, Cheyne Walk,
17 Novr., 1868.

Dear Miss Boyd,

I got your kind letter yesterday, and am very sorry to hear how unwell Miss Losh has been. Depend upon it, she ought to come up with you to London, and get some amusement. We would have some more rubbers and readings, and make ourselves happy with the assistance of the Poll parrot who is at this moment providing a monologue entertainment of the most striking order. Do persuade her to visit London.

I believe I am going to dine with Scotus to-morrow and meet Morley the editor of the *FORTNIGHTLY*. I have just written W. B. a note and mentioned incidentally that Sibson's sketch-book has now afforded

(1) Thomas Sibson (1817-1844), an early friend of Bell Scott's and a remarkable draughtsman, died of consumption at Malta. A large portfolio of his studies and sketches passed after Scott's death into the possession of the British Museum.

you an insight into the intimate meaning of his early career. By the bye it was unfortunate (was it not?) that another of the *fraternity* should have met him at the Ayr Station and not have observed in relation to the wine of the country that "honor among"—members of the craft—which the proverb inculcates. I bemoaned my special pocket-pistol soon after leaving. By the bye I forgot to tell you of the reception I met with under the hospitable roof of Scotus a few days after my return to town. The Demon Olaf first greeted me with a selection from some opera of his own, probably "Scotus le Diable"—and when, after an hour or so, he had subsided and appeared at rest, he suddenly sprang up from the hearth and produced an indented pattern in the style of Morris & Co. round the toe of my boot—the different ornaments composing it being varied in the fanciful style of that firm so as to avoid monotony—some mere depressions of the surface and others complete perforations. I directed W. B.'s attention to this instance of Olaf's adding decorative art to his musical studies; and the remark I received in reply (uttered with slow complacency) was "Ah! then he has some teeth yet, you see!" I may mention in conclusion that I am *not* lamed for life, and that is all I can say.

I met Topsy the other night at a large party of Greeks. He seemed depressed and complained of deafness, but on a large plug of string being taken out of his ear, he revived a good deal and even scratched himself in places apparently inaccessible. When I left, he was being prepared for departure. The whisky cork had already been got out of his nose, and Janey had nearly succeeded in fishing the paper-knife up from the base of his spine. He was offering to stand on his head that it might drop out, but this was thought unnecessary.

... I have somehow got spell-bound as to work by the long interval of idleness, and have not yet set about anything. Nor can I feel sure as to the result of any such attempt, but am daily intending to try it and shall soon. I have seen no Doctors either, but old Mrs. Whistler and others have again been at me to go to Coblenz.¹ On the other hand other people say the man is a quack.

Quacking reminds me of Quasi and his love, who I hope still waddle and gurgle in the dining-room on occasion. I wonder has Scotus's peppermint-and-mud tint been applied yet to the wall surrounding the Topsaic tapestries. I saw it standing in tempting profusion ready for use.

I saw Swinburne once since my return. I think he saw me twice, but simultaneously. He was really almost drowned while swimming—poor fellow—at Etretat, having got apparently beyond that semi-sea-trip which is habitual to him.

With kindest remembrances to Miss Losh,
I am ever yours sincerely,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S. Christina is a good deal better—indeed very well for her.

The next group of letters belongs to the summer of 1869, when Christina Rossetti was paying her second visit to Penkill.

(1) To visit some German oculist, *i.e.* See Diary of W. M. Rossetti, September 12th, 1868 (*Rossetti Papers*, p. 327).

16, Cheyne Walk,
CHELSEA.

16 June, 1869.

My dear Miss Boyd,

... I have been at work and have got the drapery of my Sibyl¹ actually done at last. Hope to get lots done now in a little while, and in due time to turn up at Penkill. To-day the weather has taken a sharp turn round a very nasty corner, but perhaps it may improve again. My tent has been up some time and proves pleasurable at intervals.

I was glad to hear at home that Christina is enjoying herself with you, and I inferred a suppressed groan from the creaking joints of Scotus made to walk. I suppose some "small deer" must have turned up to make Christina so happy. Perhaps even a hedgehog may have taught her that all tears are not born of sorrow. She will regret to hear that my fawn has pulled every feather out of my peacock's tail.

With love to all at Penkill (a group which does not I suppose yet include Miss Losh).

I am ever yours most truly,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

16, Cheyne Walk,
CHELSEA.

22 June, 1869.

Dear Miss Boyd,

I am sending you to-day a complete chaos of rubbish in the shape of wood carvings. On reviewing them I am not sure that they will serve any more dignified purpose than to make a barbaric retreat for W. B. in some inaccessible corner of the glen, where he can meditate at his ease on the current errors in German pronunciation, or any other topic which he finds too abstruse and complicated for the social circle.

I got your kind note which crossed my own. You may be sure I shall be only too glad to come to Penkill as soon as practicable; but just at this moment I am kept by various things which must be done. I have been really getting on with the Sibyl picture which is now near completion, and have accepted a distasteful but temptingly lucrative offer to make a replica in oil the same size. I think this is the work which I shall probably bring to Penkill—that is the picture which I must finish for the purpose, and the replica traced in to work up there,—a very lazy leisurely job which can be done at odd times. I have also sold the "La Pia" to advantage now, and may possibly think of bringing the canvas for its background; but the truth is I have been so long on the point of visiting Italy, that it seems almost a pity to do this landscape before I am certain I might not actually have an opportunity of sketching the Maremma itself.

My Janey pictures² are in abeyance, owing, I deeply grieve to say, to the continued weakness of the original. She and Top stayed here for some days lately, but she was not strong enough to sit. She is better however than some little time back, and I trust all will be well.

I saw the Leatharts last night at Brown's. L. hangs fire as to his

(1) The "Sibylla Palmifera," begun in 1866 and finished in December, 1870.

(2) The "Pandora" and other studies, for which Mrs. Morris was sitting as a model.

proposed commission to B., and having everything offered him, fixes on nothing.

I am greatly concerned at what you tell me of Miss Losh's ill health and isolation. It would be a great disappointment not to see her again in full force as last year and undergo her searching duplicity at the Whist table. Will you give her my love when you write and will all accept the same at Penkill from

Yours ever sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S. My Scotch servant, who comes from the Girvan neighbourhood (!), has just been telling me, while looking up the wood-carvings, of some place about 16 miles from Girvan called Dundrennan Abbey which it seems is a great show place as a ruin and which might perhaps be worth looking up if not too distant. . . .

The next letter may be dated with approximate accuracy from a passage in Matthew Arnold's *Letters*. Writing to his mother from Harrow on June 26th, 1869, Arnold says: "On Thursday I dined with Fanny du Quaire and met Browning, Gabriel Rossetti, the artist, and Lady Llanover's daughter, Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth: it was rather pleasant." (Eversley Ed., Vol. II, p. 17.)

16, Cheyne Walk,
CHELSEA.
Sunday.

Dear Miss Boyd,

I hope the package has reached you ere this; but in case not, had better enclose the receipt I got for it from the station, where as you will see the carriage was paid. Brass was the man whom I employed to take it down.

I am extremely sorry to hear of your sudden lameness, but cannot suppose it will prove other than transitory. Still it is most provoking and I shall be very anxious to hear that you are getting over it.

I went to the R.A.' the other day. Scotus's "Greased Lightning"

(1) In the 1869 Academy, Millais' exhibits were "The Gambler's Wife" (104), "Nina, daughter of Frederick Lehmann, Esq." (127), "John Fowler, Esq., C.E." (225), "Vanessa" (357), "The End of the Chapter" (595), and "A Dream of Hope" (597). Watts's pictures included "Orpheus and Eurydice" (700) and "The Red Cross Knight and Una" (125). Fred Walker's single canvas was "The Old Gate" (485). George Leslie's two pieces were "Celia's Arbour" (133) and "Cupid's Curse" (281). John W. North, a delightful painter, was represented by four pictures: "The Orphans" (528), "A Sunny Day in the Field" (536), "The Quantocks" (540), and "The Wood Gatherers" (549). Frederick Sandys' two exhibits were the "Medea" (99) and the portrait of "Mrs. Barstow" (714). Albert Moore—was Albert Moore; and Bell Scott's "Greased Lightning" was the painting (525) bearing the motto "And, behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent," Matt. xxvii.

looks well though perhaps rather American. Millais' pictures are I think most glorious. Then there is Mason's "Girls Dancing" which is a truly lovely piece of poetic painting, but rather queer in execution. Watts is not well represented. Walker's is extremely fine in mechanism but wanting in true imagination, though with an artful counterfeit of the same. George Leslie pleased me, as always, and a man named North has some charming water-colours. Sandys' pictures both look very well, and Moore has his great merits with a good deal of silly conceit and woeful shortcoming. As Millais is the best, so is Hunt the very worst. His horrible daub representing apparently a half-crazed charwoman removing the chimney ornaments before a hard scrub, is appalling to every inner and outer sense. How grimy and sweaty is the poor thing's face, and how she must yearn for her beer.

I met Matthew Arnold the other day at dinner. Poor man! What do you think? He admires Scotus as a bard!

Love to all from

Yours always,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S. Janey is getting better.

"Pyrrhic Dance" and Norwegian picture of "Jealousy" are wonderfully perfect.

Rossetti's second visit to Penkill Castle was paid in the autumn of 1869. He arrived there on August 18th, and was back in London on September 20th, having broken his journey at Carlisle, as he had also done on his way North. He was now deep in the preparation of his poems for the press, not, however, at first with a view to immediate publication. While at Penkill (where Bell Scott as before was a fellow-guest) he was kept busy with proofs and with the discussion in letters to W. M. Rossetti of numerous textual improvements in those pieces which were already in type (*V. Family Letters*, II, 204-219). But he also wrote during his month's stay the first part of "The Stream's Secret" (a poem which will always be connected in a special sense with Penkill) as well as the whole of "Troy Town" in its first draft; besides planning and working out in imagination the theme of "Eden Bower." The following letter, the first paragraph of which has already been printed in William Sharp's *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: a Record and a Study*, p. 363, was written on the day after Rossetti's return to Chelsea, i.e., Tuesday, September 21st, 1869. It was not, however, addressed to Scott, as Sharp states, but to Miss Boyd.

Tuesday.

My dear Miss Boyd,

Here I am since 9.30 last night after a very dragging journey. On Saturday there was a stay of an hour and a half at Ayr, and I reached Carlisle about 7.30. Thence made my way to Miss Losh's, after finding that it was impracticable to start for London on Sunday, the trains being diabolical. So Sunday I spent at Ravenside and there wrote some 14 stanzas of my Lilith poem which I think will be a good one. If not falling so easily into shape as *Troy Town*, and turning out necessarily rather longer, I nevertheless found it yield ample suggestions for a central representative treatment of its splendid subject. I call it "Eden Bower," and will send you a copy if finished soon, as I dare say it will be in a day or two. I suppose I shall put it in print at once.

. . . I have not yet seen anyone but Dunn¹ and the Wombat. The former is meritorious and the latter "a joy, a triumph, a delight, a madness!" You will love him at first sight. He is a babe at present and rougher in his coat than he will turn out. His habits are of the School of "Contemplative Absorption," so that W. B. might add a passage on him to the *Year of the World*.² However his affections are of the sweetest kind and he follows one about like a dog, and if his leader hastens on, so does the Wombat. I am told he gallops round the garden, but have not seen him do so yet.

I will write again before long, but to-day have various things to see about. Moreover I will look up blue pots. Thanks for Wm.'s letter sent on no doubt just after I left you.

With love to W. B. I am

Most sincerely yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S. I was actually nearly omitting to tell you that I found Miss Losh much better. Wm. Septimus returned at the same moment as myself. I had a narrow escape from a dreadful Mr. Cholmondely Pennell (a nephew of the Admiral) whose name has been a terror to me for years in flashy advertisements of some base production called "Puck on Pegasus." If I had gone on Friday I should have had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner at Ravenside, and if I had stayed over Monday, I should have incurred him at Wreay.

The next group of letters belongs to the spring of 1870, when Rossetti was staying at Robertsbridge, in Sussex, with his American friend, W. J. Stillman. The publication of his poems had been decided upon some months previously, arrangements had been made for the volume with F. S. Ellis, and he was now seeing the contents finally through the press. Rossetti had gone down to Scalands, Mme. Bodichon's house, about the beginning of March,

(1) H. T. Dunn, Rossetti's factotum and assistant at Cheyne Walk.

(2) Bell Scott's poem (pub. 1846), which had been one of the means originally of bringing Rossetti and Bell Scott together.

and the next and the three following letters were probably all written between March 22nd and the first days of April. (See *Family Letters*, II, 223, and *Rossetti Papers*, pp. 501 *et seq.*)

Scalands,
Robertsbridge,
HAWKHURST.

Dear Miss Boyd,

I should have written you before this, but wanted to give a pretty good account of myself—but could not—and cannot. So much for that. However, surroundings are at any rate pleasant now, though the snow made them rather dreary just at first, and the rain seems a little threatening to-day. Stillman is a most excellent and even lovable companion, and as he strides moodily to and fro reminds me sometimes of the Scotus of earlier days—indeed, considerably in various respects. He is a complete Don Quixote in every way, and with such a Sancho as myself to back him, we ought not to lack for adventures. None, however, have turned up as yet, except the meeting with a tolerably pretty model, from whom I have begun a chalk drawing to pay expenses with. However, I find myself not much in trim for work of this kind. Poetry suits me better, and I have done just a sheet to add to my book since coming here. It consists chiefly of the "Stream's Secret" which I began at Penkill last Autumn, sitting on that dear little slope of steps by the bed of the stream before the cave became an institution. This now makes about a dozen pages, and a few sonnets complete the new sheet. There are besides 3 new Sonnets in the last set of proofs which I think you haven't seen and accordingly enclose. The new things are now at the printer's. I fancy the Stream's Secret is one of my best. Perhaps I may yet do the proposed Lancelot and Guenevere poem, but time runs short, as I *must* be out before end of April. The binding is in hand, and the woodcut flyleaf—which is all I have seen of it yet—looks very pretty.

I am delighted to hear to-day from Christina that you are to do most of the woodcuts for her. I am sure the book will be the gainer in its bestial features especially. She has sent me a prose tale, which with others already done will make a volume very shortly, I believe. It seems by a mere first glance very good, I think. It is called "Commonplace," and is the most everyday affair possible.

Love to Scotus and Scota, the latter of whom is, I hope, all right again. Is the Roman picture gone to Bond St.?

Affectionately yours,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

I hope you have pretty good news of Miss Losh. Send her my love if you write.

Wednesday.

Dear Miss Boyd,

I meant to have asked you in my note yesterday whether you could bring to mind any feature or incident particularly characteristic of the

Penkill glen at nightfall. In my poem ¹ I have made the speaker towards the close suddenly perceive that the night is coming on, and have had to give a descriptive touch or two.

I expect a first proof in all probability to-morrow morning (Thursday), so if I get a hint of any kind from you by next day (Friday) it would be in time to insert before I send back the proof with revisions and possible additions.²

Ever yours,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

I yesterday read a prose tale Christina has been writing called "Commonplace," rather in the Miss Austen vein I judge, and quite worthy of its title, but very good and far from uninteresting.

Scalands,
Robertsbridge,
HAWKHURST.

Friday.

Dear Miss Boyd,

Thanks for reminding me of the glen's leading characteristic, which I ought to have remembered. I have remodelled from it the only descriptive stanza which I find this part of the poem will bear; and find it greatly the gainer.

Now let me declare that I view the Scotian view of my sonnets as rather a random one. The "Life-in-Love" refers to an actual love with a reminiscence of a former one; the "Day of Love" to a meeting between lovers who have much to remember, and the "One Hope" to the longing for accomplishment of individual desire after death. Surely there is nothing in any one of these subjects so limitedly personal as to present an obstacle to any reader who cares for writing that has an abstract side at all.

No doubt Graham³ wd. feel much more pleased and flattered than anything else by an invitation to see Eve. His address is—

W. G., Esq., M.P.,

44 Grosvenor Place.

I feel sure he wd. like it and wd. come if not quite prevented.

It is most provoking that I shall not have Scotus as my reviewer in the North British. I wonder who it is to be. Is Simcox a contributor?

I saw a poor dear little mole lying dead by the roadside yesterday, and was so touched by his appearance (I actually never saw one before) that I am trying to get a man here to find me a pair for my garden.

I should like to have joined you at Burges's who is always funny and amusing. What dreadful people these —'s must be. I know them not.

I shall probably see you again after next week—i.e. as much of you

(1) i.e., "The Stream's Secret."

(2) Quoted in Sharp's *Rossetti*, pp. 334-5.

(3) Mr. William Graham, M.P. for Glasgow, one of the principal patrons of Rossetti's work.

as I see of anything now. I am much worried and must consult Bowman¹ again.

With love to all,
Your affec.
D. Gabriel R.

Scalands,
Robertsbridge,
HAWKHURST.

Dear Miss Boyd,

I send you up the new matter for my book, which will be the last. All is now finally going through the press and will be out on 21st April. The things I send them are still rather in the rough and not yet inserted in their places.

In haste
(This being one of several letters to write),
Yours affectionately,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

Of the undated letters in the correspondence, the majority apparently belong to the seventies. Not all of these are of general interest. An exception, however, is to be found in a long letter which bears Bell Scott's endorsement, and which at one time he seems to have thought of incorporating in his reminiscences. This is of some value as a record of Rossetti's state of mind on returning to painting after the great success which had attended the publication of the *Poems* of 1870, more especially since there is a break in the sequence of his *Family Letters* between May of that year and January, 1871.

16, Cheyne Walk.

Tuesday.

(Endorsed in pencil, "Nov. 3, 1870.")

Dear Miss Boyd,

I suppose you must be actually on the backward move to London now again and all this year since the Spring I have not only failed in getting to Penkill but anywhere else either. Every year of my life I promise myself that the best season shall not pass again without my enjoying it in the best way,—every year indeed I quite smile at myself for long neglect to do so as I look out of my bedroom window at the Spring leaves beginning to tell against the black London tree-bark; and every year the result is the same,—here I stay either till the leaves are getting brown or till they are gone altogether, as is now pretty well the case here. However I had lost the greater part of 2 years with illnesses before this summer, so perhaps this one might be put aside for work as out of the ordinary pale, and I may still hope to put the next to more summery use!

(1) Sir William Bowman, the oculist.

I suppose I certainly shall not get away at all now, as the season becomes less and less tempting, and my picture¹ more and more captivating now that I approach the final enjoyment of working up the effect all together. I have not shown it to anyone as yet, and so it has all the more hold on me. No one has had the chance of breaking to me delicately as a painful necessity all the needs I most meant to supply in it, or of smiling when I tell them so and still saying with an incredulous air: "Ah, yes, that *must* be done." However, I'm quite willing to admit that a picture often gains by being shown in progress, only one loves it so much better as long as one keeps it to oneself, and is so much likelier to go straight on with it than when A. has patronized it, B. stood silent before it, and C. fancied you *must* have got so much further forward.

I hope it is rather better than my other doings hitherto, and that is really all I do hope, for to suppose one is producing a masterpiece as the next work following what one perceives to have been so far otherwise, is a thing one does not do after 40. However I cannot at all get rid of my absorbing interest in what I do as mere occupation. I believe this wd. outlast even a final conviction of its hopeless nonentity. I got Penkill news from Brown some time ago, who was no less charmed I believe than myself—charmed and astonished indeed with its beauty. He told me you had painted an excellent picture which no doubt I shall see. I have seen less of Scotus than I could have wished since his return, but now that he is so soon to be a near neighbour one feels lazy as to seeking him in the deserts of stucco which he still inhabits, particularly at present when there is no chance of a rubber. His book on French pictures is excellent.² I went with him over Bellevue House³ which is really a most splendid old place—only much bigger than his needs. He has already begun his nefarious career there by selling a marble mantelpiece as you may have heard—at least I do not see why he should not have told you so mild a fact, after the never-to-be-forgotten revelations made to us one dinner-time at Penkill.

I believe you must ere this have heard from W. B. of a piece of trouble I propose giving you—that is to procure me a Scotch lassie's equipment for a picture I am proposing to paint to be called "Michael Scott's Wooing"—need I say with the laudable view of displaying the characteristic habits of a mutual friend's worthy ancestry? However I only wish to give you this trouble if it gives you no trouble at all,—for I don't exactly know whether the things would quite suit my purpose if I did get them! Only I should much like to have them if not putting you to inconvenience.

William is here this evening and joins in kindest regards. He is just back from Germany—chiefly Nuremberg and Munich—where he has seen a good many enjoyable things. He called on Kaulbach and found him a kindly old fellow with a sly touch of satire about him. Having heard

(1) The large painting of "Dante's Dream," for which he had already made some preliminary studies.

(2) *Gems of French Art* (London, 1871).

(3) In 1870 Bell Scott purchased Bellevue House, Chelsea, which became his London home for the rest of his working days.

from William that his former pupil Miss Howitt¹ had married and was *not* blessed with a family, he sent her by W.'s hands the appropriate present of a photograph from his picture of the Happy Mother!

I have seen unusually little of friends lately, having been much at work and even improved my hours of bed time and rising to some appreciable extent. My picture got on incredibly fast for some time at first; but as such things happen, it began to hang fire just as I thought everything was getting secured and has dragged on slower ever since. However it does still progress for all that, and if I go on steadily at it I can't well fail to get it pretty nearly done within the year.

New bards are rife. Nine of them—reckoning old Brown and Nolly² as two—supped together at Fitzroy Square the other night as you may have heard from W. B. He viewed his rising brethren from afar with a sardonic eye, but might perhaps have softened its ray if he had heard their reverential views on his poetry as I walked home in their company. The youths in question are two—O'Shaughnessy and Payne—both clever artistic poets, the former especially, and showing a decided advance in the practice of the art *as* an art in our day—that is I mean they *contribute* to the result which I think is becoming apparent in poetic craftsmanship.

I suppose you have not had Miss Losh at Penkill, and am anxious to know how she is. I presume she must have uncomfortable news (if any) of her Paris circle of friends. I must write her shortly and send her a batch of my reviews which have been preserved by my mother and other true believers,—that is all but the abusive ones.

I was rejoiced to hear that you were none the worse for past casual ailments, though hooping cough sounded portentous! I am pretty well and

Affectionately yours,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

Two other long letters are dated respectively August 24th and November 3rd, 1875. These were summarised in Bell Scott's *Autobiographical Notes*, Vol. II, pp. 213-216, but were there wrongly represented as forming a single letter under the second date. There are also minor inaccuracies in some of the passages quoted, and the order of the summary does not represent the sequence of either letter correctly. This is not the place, however, to correct these errors in detail; but two sentences may be quoted from the letter of August 24th, both for their inherent interest and because they significantly recall the advice which Leigh Hunt had given Rossetti in 1848 (*Family Letters* I, 122-3): "As for poetry, it seems to have

(1) Anna Mary Howitt, author of *An Art-Student in Munich* (2 vols., 1853), married (1859) Alaric Alfred Watts, son of Alaric Watts, and settled down near Rossetti, in Cheyne Walk.

(2) Oliver Madox Brown, son of Ford Madox Brown.

fled afar from me; and, indeed, it has no such nourishing savour about it as painting can boast, but is rather a hungry affair to follow. Nevertheless, I mean to write some more poems yet, and good ones too."

Another (undated) letter, possibly earlier than these last, apparently refers to a gift of the set of poets edited, none too carefully, with biographies, by the Rev. George Gilfillan (1813-1878). The "Tacit One," I take it, guided by a reference of Bell Scott's to "our classical friend Quartus Tacitus" (*Autobiographical Notes* II, 168), means the "dummy" hand at whist. Rossetti (says Sir John Skelton, *Table Talk of Shirley*, p. 77) "liked a rubber, though he was a poor player, and rather addicted to abstruse speculations on the reasons which had induced him to play the wrong card."

Thursday.
(n.d.)

My dear Miss Boyd,

How extremely good of you to remember me as to the British Poets. The thought is as welcome as the gift. I have placed on a shelf ready to hand many volumes into which I shall not long delay to look—some I have been specially wishing for lately. I think there can hardly be another edition so well suited to gas-blinking eyes like mine. The type is most excellent, and the editing evidently careful. I suppose poor Chaucer was rather too much here and there for the Revd. George, but I am glad to perceive that the edition is certainly not in other respects "familiarised." I see that, though a Scotchman, the editor sits a little upon Burns as a moral being.

I hope soon we may have another evening with the Tacit One, but am a little uncertain to-day as to fixing or rather suggesting.

With love to W. B.,

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

The last letter in the correspondence to bear a date of Rossetti's own is a somewhat lengthy one of November 18th, 1879, discussing Scott's proposed candidature for the Edinburgh Chair of Fine Art, from which his friends, Rossetti included, were then seeking to dissuade him. "Fancy 100 lectures in a Session to be given by a man with an aversion to spouting and subject to uncertain health as we must remember he is!" The same letter goes on to tell of the work on which he is now engaged, and of his new friend Bates, who "is not in the least like

a dealer, but a good simple soul and a wild enthusiast. He lately sent me 2 portraits supposed to be Blake and wife, but which have no certainty attached, though the Blake is assuredly wonderfully like him, and Mrs. Palmer (Linnell's sister), who had known him, recognized it at once without anything to lead to recognition."

Later than this, and probably the last letter of the series, is a pleasant note dealing with a family gathering at Penkill, and with the painting of "The Daydream" (the lady in the sycamore tree), which was finished in 1880.

28 May.

(Endorsed in pencil "1880.")

My dear Miss Boyd,

I very much regret that you did not look in on Monday. It happens that for a few days I have the framed picture—replica with predella subjects. It is true, you have seen it before, but a frame is a nimbus. I have often wished lately that I could have shown you what I am chiefly about—the lady in the Sycamore tree—but have had more than usual disappointments with it, and am now on the immediate point of re-doing half what I had done. It will come right at last no doubt, but all this has prevented my having anything fit to show.

Who ever heard of such a goodly muster of cousins out of a Norse Saga? Surely either embracing, or fighting, or both, would have come of it in the original Icelandic! I trust one at least has clung to your skirts to keep you company at Penkill. Really one wonders at your undertaking such a spell of solitude before Scotus is free to move. But after all I suppose there is much to do . . .

Yesterday I got a blessed Grand Jury summons, and have set Watts to work to elude it. I don't know [how] it will turn up.

I saw my mother and Christina the other evening. Both seemed well and spoke of having seen you lately.

With truest remembrances,

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Among the Penkill papers are also a number of short letters from Christina Rossetti. From these three passages may be quoted by way of epilogue: all subsequent to Gabriel's death in 1882.

30, Torrington Square,
LONDON, W.C.
October 23, 1882.

My dear Alice,

I think you will read my letter with both pleasure and pain. My dearest Mother sends love to you, and hopes it will please you to accept from her a trifling remembrance of your dear friend who so truly admired

you, our own Gabriel. Among a few things yesterday divided between herself and William is the brass plate of a sundial—perhaps the very one in the old Cheyne Walk garden—about $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches square. . . . May we send it you down to Penkill?—and think of it as marking time somewhere in the beautiful place where you and Miss Losh cared for himself and for his health so kindly. . . .

30, Torrington Square, London, W.C.
Monday morning
(n.d.).

My dear Alice,

. . . To-day we start the dial on its travels: and could we—but truly we cannot!—accompany it, we should then behold a spot my Mother loves by intuition and I by experience. . . .

And finally this, which is undated but bears the postmark December 19th, 1882, and has reference to the projected memorial exhibition of Rossetti's works at the Burlington Club, following that at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy (January, 1883).

30, Torrington Square, W.C.
Monday morning.

My dear Alice,

My Mother and I join in such love and thanks as respond to the truly kind thoughtfulness of your gift. Though I cannot wish to revisit the pretty old place now that it is no longer its real self to me, I value in proportion the record of what it was. How beautiful all used to be! . . .

We have not yet heard direct from the Burlington Club. . . . I hope this additional exhibition is not a mistaken outcome of good will: I could not bear my dear Gabriel's name and fame to pall upon a glutted public,—but very likely this is a mere morbid apprehension.

Always your affectionate
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: A CENTENARY CRITICISM

BY EVELYN WAUGH

CENTENARIES have been crowding in upon us with rather embarrassing profusion during the last few years, each with its little crop of reprints and biographies, but, wearisome as no doubt they tend to become, they serve the very useful purpose of providing the occasion for reconsidering one by one and reassessing the great bulk of exalted reputations that was the legacy of the Victorian age. In no case is this more salutary than in that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. His pictures hang in the public galleries, his poems are in the anthologies, his name is familiar to the least erudite, but there is, notwithstanding, a peculiar vagueness about his fame; he seems to stand in his period like some Dantesque figure in one of his own canvases, dominant but singularly ill-defined. His contemporaries are as much to blame for this as we are. During his lifetime a golden haze had already begun to accumulate about his melancholy and secluded genius, which Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Aylwyn* did little to dissipate. "What a supreme man is Rossetti!" wrote Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet. "Why is he not some great exiled king that we might give our lives in trying to restore him to his kingdom?" "You must not say anything about Rossetti," said Whistler on his deathbed, "Rossetti was a king." When this species of admiration begins to fail its place is too often taken by ridicule or neglect. At the present time, a hundred years after Rossetti's birth, his fame seems in real danger of extinction. How far can we reconcile his contemporary eminence with modern critical standards, and how far, in surveying the course of his life, can we recapture a glimpse of that intangible vesture of romance which he wore so easily?

The circumstances of his childhood are significant. He was born on May 12th, 1828, at No. 38, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, the second of four highly gifted and receptive children born in successive years. His father,

Professor Gabriele Rossetti, of King's College, had had an exciting youth in Italy. Born of illiterate peasant stock, he had risen to prominence under the Napoleonic *régime*, and had filled the posts of secretary to the Department of Instruction at Rome and curator of the bronzes at the Museo Borbonico at Naples. When "Bomba" came back in 1815 he had become a liberal and an inflammatory poet. In 1820 he was among the organisers of a highly successful little revolution, and in 1821 was in hiding under sentence of death. Sir Graham More, an English admiral, rescued him and took him to Malta, from where he travelled to Bloomsbury. From then onwards his adventures were purely studious. He married Frances Polidori, a governess, half Italian by birth, and devoted himself to scholarship: a scholarship which had for its chief concern the detection of concealed messages in the works of the Italian poets.

This side of their father's life had little interest for the Rossetti children, and the delight which later they all took in Dante was entirely of their own discovering and quite independent of any cyphers or anagrams his poems might contain. Nor were they interested in the political questions that were feverishly debated in their father's dining-room. It is impossible to suppose, however, that they were not deeply influenced by the atmosphere of the household. It was an atmosphere of exile, lamentation, and intrigue. Almost every Italian who came to London, from the humblest organ-grinder to the liberal aristocrat of the Risorgimento, found himself at some time or another receiving the modest but ungrudged hospitality of the Rossettis; homeless and hunted people surrounded Rossetti from the first, and one can only surmise how much the character of the dark declivity of his later years may have been determined at his father's table in Bloomsbury.

From the first it was recognised that Rossetti was to be a poet or a painter, or both. Disturbing as it may have been in other ways, the Rossetti family was one in which artistic ability had every chance of development. They regarded art as a serious business of life, not as a fad or a hobby; and never even when their finances were most

seriously embarrassed and Rossetti's output at its lowest did they ever question his ability or attempt to deflect him from following his vocation. In 1846 he entered the Academy Antique School of Drawing.

II

It is not possible in this essay to recount in detail the story of Rossetti's life and work, but it may be suggested very conveniently by considering five pictures painted at different stages in the development of his art and in widely different circumstances.

First, "Ecce Ancilla Domini," or "The Annunciation" as it was renamed to clear it as far as possible from the taint of Popery. The original hangs in the National Gallery, and reproductions may be seen in night nurseries all over England. It represents the Virgin Mary and the Angel Gabriel; both are clothed in white, and there are pale flames round the angel's feet. Mary newly awakened shrinks back on her low bed in startled awe; the embroidered lily at which she has been working hangs by her feet; Christina Rossetti was the model from whom he worked. It is the second picture he ever painted, and after his name appear the initials P. R. B.

"Pre-Raphaelitism" is a phrase which has entered into the language with rather confused connotations. It may be taken loosely to mean the whole æsthetic-mediæval movement from the publication of Ruskin's famous chapter, "On the Nature of Gothic," to the foundation of the Grosvenor Gallery, including in its too ample embrace the Museums at Oxford and Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*. In this movement Rossetti is gloriously eminent. But if we restrict pre-Raphaelitism to mean the ideals of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, we find it to be totally foreign and intolerably oppressive to Rossetti's real inclination. Pre-Raphaelitism in this sense, as Holman Hunt understood it, was in essence a revolution against the *baroque*, or more positively a "return to Nature." Italian painting in the sixteenth century aimed at achieving an organised vitality of form in which each part of the

composition was subordinate to the central scheme. The objects to be represented were more or less predetermined by the subject, but in painting the picture they were treated with negligence or emphasis according as they contributed to the structure of the whole. The tone values of light and shade were similarly regarded as qualities of the picture, decided by the intellect, not as the qualities of the scene perceived directly by the eye. After three centuries of unintelligent imitation these admirable principles had become debased into a code of rules whose inadequacy became the more painfully apparent as generation of mediocrities succeeded generation. In 1849 Landseer was the favourite of the public; Dyce of the connoisseur. Year by year the Academy was filled from ceiling to floor with characterless paintings, all of which observed the academic rules and sought to attract attention by prettiness or pathos of subject. Clearly it was time either to revert to the source or to try something new. The pre-Raphaelites attempted to do the one and very nearly did the other. Photographic reproduction was in its infancy, and as Millais and Holman Hunt were too poor and too busy to travel they cannot be blamed for their ignorance of primitive Italian painting. They had never seen any of the works of Orcagna and Cimabué, nor, probably, had they even heard their names. The period before Raphael became in their minds a golden age in which artists had done what they themselves wished to do. Lured by the ancient fallacy of the noble savage, who lives by the light of Nature, they assumed that pre-Renaissance painting was less stylised than that of its successors, and taking the name of pre-Raphaelites they set themselves the task of the conscientious transcription of Nature—a task, needless to say, that no real pre-Raphaelite had ever attempted.

Rossetti, eager to paint before he could draw, attached himself to Holman Hunt as a pupil, and his first finished picture, "The Girlhood of the Virgin Mary," constituted the whole of his training. "The Annunciation" was his second exhibition painting begun in accordance with Holman Hunt's precepts, and the last he ever finished. It deliberately eschews any rhythm. It was Holman Hunt's

aim that his pictures should be "like windows" opening from the walls of the gallery; the interest was to be diffused all over the canvas, each part of the composition being of equal importance as the reverent study of some natural object. The repose of "The Annunciation" is due to its instinctive balance. Rossetti has, unconsciously, echoed and repeated the lines of the frame, the horizontal and the perpendicular, dividing up his canvas into a diaper of agreeably disposed rectangles. It is the last time that the initials P.R.B. appear after Rossetti's name. It is also the last time Christina Rossetti sat to him for an important painting. His spirit was soon to break out in search of other types of beauty and other types of love. There is a tenderness and virginal simplicity in the conception that he was never to recapture; an austerity in its execution that he was never again to seek.

III

The fresco of "Launcelot and Guinever" in the library of the Union Society at Oxford has almost wholly vanished. One can just discern a vague discoloration of the plaster between the round windows; the other frescoes are as bad: that is all that is left of the band of brilliant colour which Coventry Patmore compared to the border of an illuminated missal.

Rossetti was now thirty years old; a boisterous, assertive young man at the forefront of "the movement," with a reputation growing on all sides. The pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood had for many years been a thing of the past. Millais was now accepted by the Academy, and was advancing steadily on the easy path that led to the Presidency and to civil honours; Stephens had given up painting and taken to criticism; the pendulum of Collinson's religious vacillations had come to a standstill, leaving him in an artistic coma from which he rarely stirred; Deverell was dead; Holman Hunt and Woolner still pressed on imperturbably, but a personal quarrel separated them from Rossetti. In their places Rossetti had collected a circle of friends of whom he was the unquestioned leader,

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most of them considerably his juniors in age. "Topsy" Morris and Edward Burne-Jones had gone up to Oxford with the intention of taking Holy Orders; here they had assembled a little coterie about them, mostly composed of theological students from Pembroke, whom Burne-Jones had known in Liverpool. At one time it was decided to devote "Topsy's" considerable fortune to the endowment of a monastery from which they should wage "a crusade of Holy War against the Spirit of the Age," but gradually they found that the architecture and the illuminated manuscripts usurped a more and more prominent place in their discussions, until the monastery became wholly secularised and devoted to the crusade against machine-made taste, which Ruskin was already prosecuting in his lecture tours all over the country. In this mood they met Rossetti, who, in his exuberance, his glowing incisiveness of speech, and his exquisite mediæval water colours, seemed the very embodiment of all they had been seeking. Morris and Burne-Jones settled near him in London at Red Lion Square. Morris had already begun on a career as an architect and as a poet, but Rossetti, at this stage, would not allow that anything was worth doing except painting. "If any man has poetry in him, let him paint," he said, "for it has all been written already, and people are only just beginning to paint it." Not only was Burne-Jones to become a painter, but Morris too. Two years followed of slangy good fellowship and gaiety. Rossetti was emancipating himself from the fastidious patronage of Ruskin, and building up a connection among the *bourgeois* picture buyers of the northern industrial towns. He was generally regarded as the founder of the pre-Raphaelite Movement, a misconception of Ruskin's which he did nothing to contradict. Then in the Long Vacation of 1858 he was taken by Woodward, the arch-fiend of Oxford architecture, to see the new Union Society buildings. The debating hall, now the library, fired his imagination, and he offered to recruit a party of artists to decorate the provocative strip of bare wall between the gallery and the roof. He himself would do two, or possibly three, of the frescoes. The building committee agreed too readily, and in a few weeks Morris

was at work, painting feverishly with small water-colour brushes upon the damp plaster. Rossetti, Val Prinsep, Spencer Stanhope, Hungerford Pollen, came down later, and for a time the work progressed pleasantly. The Union paid for their expenses, and when term began the artists found themselves in a delightful position. They dined at High Table and drank with Algernon Swinburne at Balliol, and lived very comfortably in the High; but the work never got finished. None of them knew anything of the very special technique required for mural decoration. While they were still at work damp began in places to absorb the colours, while in others the paint flaked off as soon as it was dry. Morris was cured of being a painter; the band of young artists disappeared, and a Mr. Rivière was hired to finish the pictures off as best he could. Some sketches of Rossetti's composition have survived. The central figure is of a young girl of rich, almost exotic, beauty, whose abundant black hair and brooding eyes were to appear again and again in Rossetti's painting. She is Jane Burdon, who in 1860 became Mrs. William Morris.

IV

"Beata Beatrix" and "Monna Vanna" hang within a few yards of each other in the Tate Gallery. Each is the half-length portrait of a singularly beautiful woman, the one of Elizabeth Siddal, the other of Fanny Cornforth. "Beata Beatrix" was painted after Elizabeth Siddal's death, the culmination of a long series of exquisitely tender studies. It was consciously designed as a memorial of Rossetti's tragic marriage. Walter Deverell originally discovered Miss Siddal working in a bonnet shop off Leicester Square, and until Rossetti finally engrossed her to himself she was the favourite model of the pre-Raphaelite circle. Rossetti was probably engaged to her as early as 1851, but a peculiar secretiveness in the girl forbade any announcement even to their most intimate friends. He painted and drew from her continually, filling every drawer in his little rooms at Chatham Place with

inspired studies. Ruskin remarked how it seemed to cure him of all his worst faults merely to look at her, but it was an incalculably distressing period, and one which overshadowed and embittered his entire life. Like the young lover in the *Heptameron*, he suddenly found himself confronted with mortality and corruption in the thing dearest to him, for from the time of their first acquaintance Elizabeth Siddal was a dying woman; her very beauty was symptomatic of underlying disease, and the time of their engagement was rendered wretched by her successive breakdowns. Ruskin did all he could to help. He sent her abroad, supplied her with money, and tended her like some precious work of art. In 1860, while she was still convalescent from a terrible and nearly fatal attack of illness, Rossetti married her. In 1862 she died in London from an overdose of laudanum, which the coroner's jury charitably attributed to "misadventure." "Beata Beatrix" is Rossetti's *amende*. It represents Elizabeth Siddal as Dante's Beatrice dehumanised and exalted in a death-like trance, while on the frame he has inscribed "*Quomodo sedet sola civitas*."

Fanny Cornforth represents the "Profane Love" of Rossetti's dichotomy. He found her eating nuts in the street in 1854, and from then until a few months before his death she remained his ideal type of physical beauty and physical love. She was by nature coarse and soulless, and no doubt rumours of his prolonged connection with her gave colour to the attacks levelled against him by Robert Buchanan in 1871. "Monna Vanna," the most impassioned portrait of her, was painted in the prosperous and apparently happy years at Cheyne Row which succeeded the death of his wife. Rossetti was now earning an income of about three thousand a year; he entertained largely, collected china, *bric-à-brac* and animals, and was to all outward appearance a thoroughly enviable man. With the help of an assistant he turned out a regular succession of replicas of his early work and new studies of female beauty, variously adorned, with an almost effortless profusion. "Monna Vanna," in its opulence and facility, is typical of the series. He has forsaken the

restraint of the pre-Raphaelites, the fading romanticism of the æsthetes, the delicacy of his own early love, and is frankly enjoying commercial success and the physically good things of life.

V

"Proserpine" was painted at Kelmscott in 1874. Rossetti was now a very different man from the expansive Hedonist of "Monna Vanna." In 1870 he had published his collected poems, which had been received on all sides with a chatter of praise and admiration, most of the reviews being written by his personal friends. But there was one critic, Robert Buchanan, now almost forgotten, but well enough known in his time as poet, playwright and journalist, who for personal reasons had for some time been awaiting the opportunity for a direct attack upon the morals and taste of the Rossetti circle. The attack appeared pseudonymously in the *Contemporary Review* eighteen months after the publication of Rossetti's poems, and was printed as a pamphlet under his own name in the ensuing spring. This coarse and obviously ill-intentioned article, "The Fleshly School," had an effect wholly out of proportion with its real significance or its author's intentions. Only Rossetti's intimate friends knew that the apparently robust and self-confident artist was actually on the verge of a serious breakdown. For some years he had been a victim to the grossest immoderation in the use of chloral, a newly discovered drug, which he had begun to use as a sleeping draught under the impression that it was comparatively innocuous. Buchanan's attack, coming upon him at a time when he was incapable of resistance, brought to the surface all the lurking morbidity of his temperament. He became temporarily insane, attempted suicide, and never afterwards fully recovered his reason from the persecution mania which now beset him. In 1872 he took up his residence at Kelmscott, William Morris's home, a tragically incongruous figure in the sunny little Cotswold Manor. "Proserpine" is his most important work in this period. It is a portrait of Jane Morris, standing in brooding

melancholy in the subterranean light, torn from the clipt yews and water meadows to the netherworld of the ancients. All Rossetti's sense of exile and frustration have gone to the painting.

From the time that he left Kelmscott until the time of his death Rossetti lived a life of almost complete seclusion at Cheyne Row, rarely leaving his own garden except for an occasional midnight walk in Regent's Park. One might add one more picture to the list—"La Pia," a distressing work of prematurely faltering hand and brain, ill drawn and inhuman. It represents the wife of Italian romance imprisoned by her husband in a tower overlooking the poisonous Maremma marshes, slowly dying of their exhalations: a melancholy and symbolic conclusion to a life's work which began with the sweet girlhood of Mary the Virgin.

It is easy to see what it was in Rossetti's life and personality which captivated the imaginations of his contemporaries. His value to us is a different matter. All his art, poetry as well as painting, is essentially human and personal, two qualities which modern criticism does not regard with sympathy. While he was at work on "Proserpine" Cezanne, unrecognised and unrequited, was painfully discovering new principles which were to make Rossetti's work seem singularly pretentious and immature to the next generation; but sooner or later his discoveries will have become commonplace. It is safe to say that anything which has ever given genuine pleasure to cultured people will do so again. Rossetti, in painting and poetry, gave melodious expression to the regrets and aspirations of baffled humanity, and cannot ever for very long suffer complete neglect, though it hardly seems conceivable that the full praises of his contemporaries will ever be re-echoed.

TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

BY J. H. HARLEY

HISTORY appears to observe the law of the Hegelian dialectic—it progresses through pain and trouble to its destined goal. In 1926 and 1927 the atmosphere was heavy with the portents of storm. The Coal Commission showed a rooted antithesis of opinion between masters and men—the masters accusing the men of slacking, the men accusing the masters of withholding the truth. The Food Council was publishing damaging revelations about the retail trades. In presence of agents of the great railway magnates Mr. J. H. Thomas was asking the National Railway Board whether it was just and proper that a family of six with 48s. a week should suffer a reduction of 4s. in their total income. Fitters and turners and shipwrights were crying out in tribulation of spirit that they, the highly skilled mechanics of the Labour army, were compelled to work at lower wages than the parcel porter, the municipal employee and the dock labourer. The Government of Mr. Baldwin, deeply stung to some appearance of animation, flung a subsidy to the miners much as a casual stranger might throw a bone to a stray dog. There was no one to take the helm and steer by the stars. The country drifted helplessly on to the General Strike and the long-drawn and devastating miners' strike that followed. But even these were not all. A punitive Act was passed designed to fetter the unions, and keep the boldest of their members in their place. Certain proposals which designed to reform the House of Lords appeared to menace the approach of Revolution. The whole social life was tending to a hopeless climax.

Yet the *Zeitgeist* can never be daunted. When the storm is over the darkest of the clouds clears away. Only a very few months of 1928 have yet run their course but already that very General Council of the T.U.C., which was the scapegoat of the General Strike, has held a meet-

ing with a group of big business employers, of which Sir Alfred Mond is chairman. The meeting had large ideals and hopes. It sought to explore some of the fundamental problems of Industrial Democracy. It was to discuss "without prejudice the industrial problems facing the country," and among others "the future status of the workers in relation to management, and the demand for a voice in deciding economic and financial policy as well as workshop conditions and methods."

No one can deny the courage which the Council of the T.U.C. has shown in entertaining this wide-ranging invitation from the employers. That they did shows conclusively that organised Labour is out for a step by step development and for frank and free discussion of all the outstanding points of difference. The results and findings of the Conference are yet to be disclosed, but, even whilst we have barely passed the threshold, it may be permissible to enquire in what direction the two parties are moving? That question, it may be replied, it is impossible to answer. But just as we are disposed to pass it by, we remember that two books have appeared, one *Industry and Politics*, by Sir Alfred Mond himself, the other, *Britain's Industrial Future*, the report of the Liberal Industrial Enquiry.

These two books are important because they show the paths of movements, not of individuals. Therefore they may enable us to foretell in what direction the meeting at Burlington House may be invited to take a step towards Industrial Democracy. Sir Alfred's book may be taken as the view of big business. He is all for the rationalisation of industry. He is international in scope, and recommends mergers, combines and cartels. He would, by joining concern to concern in vertical and horizontal combinations, reduce costs of production and systematically adjust supply to demand. On that account he is inclined to be somewhat contemptuous of mere "nationalisation of industry," because his net is cast with a very much wider throw. On the other hand the Liberal Report may be termed the manifesto of the smaller trader. In its pages we hear the strident voice of the manufacturer who claims the unfettered right to manage his own business in his own autocratic way. The Liberal partner in an old

family business never ceases to eulogise competition, that sweetly reasonable method of "trial and error," which gives victory to the deserving and sends the thriftless to the wall. The compilers of this interesting volume, indeed, put unblushingly at the forefront of its enquiry the dictum that "as regards ordinary small scale business, operated by partnership, private firms and individuals, we have nothing to say and see no occasion for any change."

However, if we read the Liberal Report attentively, and endeavour to piece together its many recommendations of this and that new organisation as parts of a well-considered whole, we find that, like many other ancient documents, it appears to show the hands of two sets of redactors. Redactors Number One inspired the sections dealing with public concerns and corporations, joint stock companies and municipal enterprises. This set of redactors inclines to go a good way in the direction of Burlington House, though they are continually held back by consideration for their compeers. Redactors Number Two have no enthusiasm for the movement towards industrial Rationalisation. They are even inclined to think that whatever concessions you may make to him, the workman must ultimately be kept in his place. Their spirit pervades the sections of the book dealing with "Industrial Relations," with their somewhat grudging concession of powers to the Works Councils, and their illuminating and summary statement that "the terms on which new capital shall be raised, the best way of meeting the shock of bad trade, the possibility and probable effects of expansion, the problem of marketing, the prices of material, the conclusion of working agreements with other concerns, are questions on which the workman *qua* workman has no special knowledge and no contribution of value to make unless he happens to be the sort of man who ought to be in a managerial position. During discussions on such points a workman director would be apt to sit dumb and dubious, only half understanding what was going on."

Redactors Number Two would evidently not feel particularly happy on the day that Burlington House may propose to discuss the workers' "demand for a voice in dealing with economic and financial policy as well as work-

shop conditions and methods." They remind us of Pluto's semi-playful suggestion that, to support the supremacy of his philosophic rulers over the other sections of his Republic, these others should be informed that men were constructed of different materials, the rulers of gold, the warriors of silver, and the others of a baser metal. Do the Redactors Number Two imagine that though the enterprising capitalist *entrepreneur* is constructed of silver, the worker is only built up of ordinary clay? If they do they have in some way got out of vital contact with the spirit of the workers, and they are unaware of the strength of the movement that is working in the direction of complete Industrial Democracy. The late Mark Pattison was once asked in the leisurely Victorian days what was the most significant feature of the Britain of his time. He replied unhesitatingly that it was the fact that 5,000,000 of the people possessed nothing but their weekly wage.

The answer was pregnant with fate. Few at that time were at all concerned with the fact, and were, therefore, not at all inclined to anticipate a future demand for complete Industrial Democracy. Those were the days when nobody, or almost nobody, would be found to dispute the conclusion of the Liberal Report that "as regards ordinary small scale business operated by partnerships, private firms and individuals, we have nothing to say and see no occasion for any change." George Eliot in one of her *Essays* introduces the Felix Holt of her novel haranguing his fellow-workers and telling them that if they only educated themselves at their Workers' College they would be securely inoculated against any revolutionary tendencies. Mr. Gladstone, in one of his Midlothian speeches, took occasion to compare Capital and Labour to oarsmen in the same boat, and warned the two rowers that, if they did not pull together, they would overturn their common craft. It was only Mark Pattison who saw that so long as so many of the workers were at the mercy of the whim of their employer with nothing to stand between them and the workhouse, so long there was being sown the seeds of many future troubles.

It was in the autocracy of the small industries, too, where

the Liberal compilers "see no occasion for change" that the iron entered into the soul of the men who were foremost among the workers in the fight for Industrial Democracy. Mr. Hardie tells us, for example, that it was when a callow and sorely harassed youngster he was sent to run errands for a high-class baker in Glasgow to the tune of three shillings and sixpence a week, that he had the experience which made him a rebel against the established industrial order all his days. His father was unemployed. His mother was in delicate health. He was the only bread-winner, and one particular wet morning he arrived at the shop drenched to the skin and bare-footed and hungry. He was fifteen minutes late, and he was at once told that he was wanted upstairs by the master. He gives us a vivid tale of how he was detained for some time outside the dining-room because the master had not finished his prayers. He was then told he was summarily dismissed. "To make you more careful in future," the master added, "I have decided to fine you a week's wages." No opportunity was given him for an explanation, and the disheartened boy wandered about the street most of the day because he knew his mother was waiting for his wages. In face of testimonies like this, and of the fact that at this very time a Food Council with inadequate powers is throwing a lurid light on the arbitrary action of many sections of the small dealers, it is incomprehensible that the Liberal Report should conclude in such a light-hearted way that there is no recommendation to make.

The fact is that it is not from the small dealer or the smaller private company that there comes this demand which raises some of the root questions of Industrial Democracy. As the Liberal Report quite conclusively shows, the industrial *entrepreneur* still claims to be constructed of other and more valuable material than the men under his charge. Karl Marx in the Manifesto of 1848 predicted that the events would be otherwise. The small trader would be ruined by the big combines and he would then join the ranks of the workers. In this he was wrong; but in another respect he was undoubtedly right. It is the big combines that are going to point the way to a new

democratisation of industry. The Liberal Report may be suggestive and almost indispensable to every student of economic tendencies, but it could hardly draw the Trade Union leaders to the neighbourhood of Burlington House. On the other hand, the big business movement is not confined to any one nation. It is international and is apparent not only in Germany, Britain, and the United States, but even in the case of such a young Democracy as that of Australia. Addressing the Sydney Constitutional Club on February 6th Mr. Bruce, the Commonwealth's Prime Minister, said that the Labour position had now reached that final stage where mutual action must be achieved or "the dreadful alternative of the destruction of our present civilisation must be faced." To save civilisation and to point the way forward to better things, he asks that an effort should be made to bring the two sides together on "key" industries. He thinks that to start with such a conference will succeed better than if employers and employees were appealed to as a whole.

Sir Alfred Mond, as we see plainly from his book, agrees with Mr. Bruce. Big business is convinced that it has the industrial world before it to win, but it well knows that it can only go on and prosper if it carries along with it the willing assent and hearty co-operation of the workers that it employs. Sir Alfred tells us again and again that he is out to create a "new industrial psychology" or to improve "the economic condition and status of those engaged in industry," or to foster "an atmosphere of greater confidence and comradeship between co-partners in industry." It would be too much to say that he commits himself to any recognition of the most advanced claims of industrial democracy. But he does not, like the Liberal Report, bar discussion of them at the outset. In relation to the status of the worker the Liberals make recommendations as to workshop conditions and methods. Sir Alfred and his colleagues of the big combines are willing to go farther and put down on their agenda the discussion of "the future status of the workers in relation to management and the demand for a voice in deciding economic and financial policy."

In this attitude big business is undoubtedly right. It is certain that the workers will never willingly co-operate in building up the fortunes of industry if they are informed at the outset that they are built of other materials than those who are the masters and that, because of this inferior status, they can never hope to have any appreciable influence on the larger questions of business administration and policy. In dealing with the Labour scheme of managing the big coal industry of the future, the Liberal Redactors, or shall we say the Liberal Redactors Number Two, show the inadequacy of their grasp of the administrative problems of big-scale business. They object to the Labour demand for unification, which is also the demand of the big business groups, that "no attempt is being made to unify all the coal mines of Germany into a single trust." In this they went a little beyond the facts of the case, for it was stated authoritatively in the House of Commons on February 10th that, though the German coal industry might seem to be divided into three or four combines, yet they had taken care that there should be one authority to speak and negotiate in their name.

So much for the inadequacy of the Liberal information as to the administrative methods of big business; but it is when the Redactors come to the consideration of the democratic government of the Labour Coal and Power Production Council that they excite most surprise. They admit that this is not bureaucratic but democratic, but they argue that there can be no wide extension of the principle of popular government in industry, because the people cannot really be trusted to elect efficient representatives. It is the old argument which was employed at every step against political democracy, and which was continually being disproved by the irresistible logic of events. As civilisation advances economic plausibility must continually give place to democratic necessity. It is not the first time that business interests have discovered that they must yield ground to other considerations. In the territorial arrangements which followed the Great War it was more than once found necessary to subordinate economic demands to the political principle of "self-determination."

In relation to this continuous progress in an economic direction the policy of the Labour Party was explained by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald just before he accepted the seal of office as one of step-by-step evolution or, in the phrase of Mr. Sidney Webb, as the "evolution of gradualness." Only Mr. MacDonald made one important preliminary proviso that no step should be final but should lead insensibly outward to a step further in advance. Now, it is remarkable that, in relation to Industrial Democracy, both big business as exemplified by Sir Alfred Mond and smaller business as represented in the Liberal Report make such considerable, even if sometimes such revolutionary, assumptions that we cannot doubt that we are being carried in a direction which shall enable the worker to make his voice more conspicuously heard in the general organisation of industry. Sir Alfred Mond, for example, does not at the present time go so far as to assert that he is prepared to admit workers on equal terms to the governing bodies of any of his great Boards. At times he speaks as if democratic claims can be most easily satisfied by a bonus on production. This bonus is intended to have a stimulative effect on the all-important increase of output, just as under the profit-sharing scheme of his own chemical industries that particular worker has the biggest wage who succeeds in eliminating the largest amount of loss in ammonia.

It is obvious, if such a scheme is to satisfy the worker, that it should be absolutely fair, and the worker can only be sure that it is absolutely fair if he has access to all the relative data on which has been based the fixation of all its details. This, however, Sir Alfred does not, at any rate at the outset, appear to be willing to conceive. In the Mond-Nickel scheme, which is one of these profit-sharing plans, it is rather autocratically set forth that "the Board of Directors shall by resolution vary the Standard Cost in such manner as it shall, in its absolute and uncontrolled discretion, determine, having regard to such change, modification, or improvement, and the Standard Cost as so varied shall be the Standard Cost for all the purposes of the scheme until again varied in accordance with the

rule." Such a provision could only be defended if the worker had an adequate amount of representation on the Directorate which had been endowed with such autocratic powers; but Sir Alfred, having made his workers capitalists by giving them shares in the business concern, imagines, at least it looks like it, that the fact of this endowment will exercise an appreciable check on their desire to get into the inner arcana of a great business enterprise. But this is not all. Giving shares to the worker cannot mean very much, so far as effective influence on the business is concerned, unless you and your comrades possess between you some appreciable amount of the whole total of shares. Now, in the case of Brunner, Mond and Co., Ltd., the facts are these. This big concern is owned as a whole by 32,000 shareholders, of whom only 1,300 are employees of the company itself. What really effective influence in a democratic direction could be exerted by such a small fraction of a very numerous body? Rather we are obliged to conclude that the influence of such a small proportion of the shareholders would be very inappreciable indeed, although it would be difficult to reduce so many intelligent working men to that state of puzzled and uninstructed acquiescence which is assumed in the Liberal Report to be a fair description of the workers' attitude of mind when brought in contact with large and intricate commercial affairs. At any rate, Sir Alfred is clearly here also not of the same opinion as the Liberals. He tells us that "consideration should be given to the problem of the advice the worker can contribute in the direction and management of the concern. The essential factors in the present position must be recognised. The great growth of education from the elementary schools to the university has produced a new type of worker. Throughout there is a greater intelligence and a greater understanding of industry."

What has the Liberal Report to say about these concessions to the democratic spirit in industry which big business is so certainly prepared to consider? Obviously, as representing a different constituency, the Liberals have to manifest a more critical spirit. In dealing with public

joint stock companies they divide off big business into a special class called Public Corporations. The qualifications for being entitled a Public Corporation are two: first, that the company has balance-sheet assets exceeding a million pounds; and, secondly, that it controls, directly or indirectly, more than fifty per cent. of the output or the marketing of some specific product within Great Britain. These Public Corporations are to be subject to periodical inspection at the discretion of the Board of Trade, "with power to the latter to investigate and to publish a report on their rate of profit placed to reserve, the remuneration of their higher officials, the extent of their monopoly, and the terms of any agreements as to prices or rates of output with kindred concerns." These reservations are all to the good, and show us the way along which progress can be made from the rationalisation to the socialisation of industry. But when we go further and ask how far the Liberals—even Redactors Number One—are prepared to go in the direction of profit-sharing or other democratic devices, we discover that smaller business is not inclined to advance nearly so far as Sir Alfred Mond. These Public Corporations may be obliged to work out schemes of profit-sharing for their workers, but only "at the discretion of the Board of Trade." If the further objection is made that some of these Liberal restrictions ignore the fact that, as these big businesses have international agreements, it is difficult to deal with them on simply national lines, the reply is quickly made that a scheme of international control of industrial problems is still very much in the air.

These attempts to arrest the democratic advance, so far as the powers and influence of the workers are concerned, simply will not do. Progress, it is true, may be made by step-by-step advances, but you deprive yourself of the willing assent and co-operation of the majority of your co-operators if you attempt to say to them brusquely, "Thus far and no farther." And when we pass to Public Companies, the genus of which Public Corporations are the species, we have distinct evidence of the hands of Redactors Number One. There is a certain amount of

suppressed contentment at the multiplication of public and semi-public bodies, and the capital of these is set down at the high sum of £4,000,000,000. There is a quiet joy, too, in the reference to what has been termed Municipal Socialism, though not at all the exuberant enthusiasm of the Progressives on the London County Council. Occasionally, too, Redactors Number Two insist on some sentences of reservation. Thus we are reminded that Private Companies number 90,000 to the 10,000 of the Public Companies with more than fifty shareholders. It is only in the case of the less numerous class of Public Companies that Redactors Number One are given anything like a free hand. So far as Private Companies are concerned, the more democratic Redactors are warned off the ground.

In the case of Public Companies, with their diffused ownership, Redactors Number One get in a few very useful pleas for a step forward in democratic advance. The three constituent agents are Capital, Management, and Labour, and the democratic question is asked how each of these agents may be given equal opportunity of representation in the supreme direction of the whole industrial concern. Redactors Number One point out that Capital in the big Joint Stock Company is entitled to no more than a fair and limited amount of interest, and they suggest, with a certain amount of hesitation, that there shall be a strict limitation of profits. These withheld profits, however, are not to benefit the workers or the management, but are simply to be applied in the further development of the business. As for the supreme government, they incline to make the Board of Directors of the future a body of departmental experts, along with a few outside persons with special qualifications. In order, however, to mitigate the bureaucracy of this suggestion, which puts management first and the rest nowhere, they add a Supervisory Council consisting of members representing Capital, and, *in some cases*—this to placate Redactors Number Two—the employees, though not necessarily with an equal voting power. This final reservation is not, however, the only sin of this part of the

Report against democracy. They do not like men who are only constructed of clay to sit side by side with their approved *entrepreneurs* round the table of the Central Board. "We conclude," say they, somewhat tartly, "that the appointment of workers as Directors, though it sounds well, is really an illusory device more likely to cause trouble than to do any good to anybody."

The set-back in this Liberal reproduction of any further advance in Industrial Democracy is, however, more apparent than real. The important consideration is this: that whatever there is of positive in the Liberal recommendations coincides, as the Redactors themselves admit, with the system now commonly adopted in Germany, and which owes its conception to the influence of the German Majority Socialists. Mr. Boothby, a young Conservative member of the present Government, who has just returned from Germany, described the German system in the House of Commons, to quote from *The Times* report, as follows:—"The basic principles in Germany for running the basic industries," he said, "were the scientific concentration of all firms within one industry, for the execution of common functions, by means of a central, independent executive, and the creation—in the case of the coal industry by Act of Parliament—of central advisory industrial councils, representing both masters and men, to take decisions on certain matters of vital importance to the industry concerned." There is nothing here of the somewhat grudging recognition of the workers that we find in most parts of the Liberal Industrial Report, and to show that he meant his suggestions to be thoroughly practical Mr. Boothby added that "the creation of these councils was a matter to which the Government here might well, he thought, direct their close attention." No doubt this will be one of the developments discussed by the conference at Burlington House.

Here, then, are the most unmistakable traces of a widespread development of big scale industry which must lead it further and further in the direction of Industrial Democracy. Its appearances have already been noted in Germany, Australia, the United States. There we see

an immense variety of schemes which are actually at work and certainly point the way to a new democratic orientation of industry. Some of these schemes are so developed in their working that they make provision for an Upper House, in which the workers' representatives are all foremen, to provide against hasty legislation. This may seem rather fantastic, but there is also the Plum proposal for the reorganisation of the American railway industry. That industry is operated under this scheme by a Board of fifteen directors, five named by the President, to represent the public; five elected by the Management; and five by the classified employees. After operating expenses are paid and fixed charges are met, including the interest on outstanding Government securities, the surplus is divided equally between the Government and the combined management and men, the managers receiving double the amount received by the employees. Take a step further beyond the plan and suppose Capital's quatum limited to a fixed rate of interest, and the profits divided equally between management and men and you have a perfectly possible orientation of developed Industrial Democracy.

That these developments are not now frankly faced is due to a distrust of certain imputed opinions which are labelled by the name of Socialism. The Liberal Report refers to the "servile society of a comprehensive State Socialism." Sir Alfred Mond, however, speaks of nationalisation of industry as an "entirely dead subject." Sir Alfred is right. Whatever may have been the case a few years ago, there is surely no thinking student of industry who imagines to-day that you can solve all the problems of the future by turning industry entirely over into the hands of a Government Department. The miners are not now possessed of any such illusion, as anyone can see who studies their successive plans for reorganising and reforming their industry. But the advance of democracy, though it may be arrested for a time, can never be absolutely stayed; and the fact that Big Industry is pointing the way to a new democratic development is full of the most hopeful possibilities for the whole course of the future.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICA

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

IN Europe since the end of the war there has existed toward America an attitude of dislike based upon our financial and moral obligations to the United States. We like those whom we benefit and hate those who benefit us. Owing to the Lafayette tradition France loved America until America was able to repay that debt. Then French sentiment changed because the sense of obligation was galling.

The dislike of America which has grown up in England is due to the fact that world empire has now passed from Lombard Street to Wall Street. The British Navy, it is true, is still nominally ours, but we dare not employ it in any way displeasing to Washington. Nothing can alter this situation unless Great Britain should become self-supporting in the matter of food, which seems scarcely possible. Neither the English nor the French, therefore, view America impartially; both tend to emphasise defects and minimise merits.

For my part, while I am conscious of the defects, I think the merits are more interesting, more novel and more important. America is achieving certain things of great moment which have never been achieved before, and is developing a philosophy of life which, whether we like it or not, is obviously more suited to the modern world than that of most Europeans.

Western civilisation is derived from three sources—the Bible, the Greeks and machinery. The reconciliation between the Bible and the Greeks was a slow business achieved in the course of centuries by the Catholic Church. The Renaissance and the Reformation undid the synthesis and left the two elements again at war, as in antiquity. On the whole, Protestantism represented the Bible and free thought represented the Greeks. But pre-industrial America was Biblical rather than Hellenic. For reasons which I have not now space to set forth the Judaic and

Protestant outlook has been found far easier to adapt to modern industrialism than the outlook of either Catholicism or free thought.

In America transplantation gradually weakened even those elements of mediæval culture which the Pilgrim Fathers had been most anxious to preserve. The new outlook appropriate to machinery was thus enabled to become more nearly completely dominant than in the Old World. Whether we like this new outlook or not is a question of little importance. What is important is that the new outlook is increasingly displacing the old, not only in Europe and America but also in the greater part of Asia. In formulating this new outlook and in creating a community living in accordance with it, America takes the lead.

The dominating belief of what may be called the industrial philosophy is the belief that man is the master of his fate, and need not submit tamely to the evils which the niggardliness of inanimate nature or the follies of human nature have hitherto inflicted. Man, since he became capable of forethought, has been dominated by fears—fear of starvation, fear of pestilence, fear of defeat in war, fear of murder by private enemies. Elaborate systems, partly rational, partly magical, have been built up to minimise these dangers. In the early ages of agriculture men dealt with the fear of starvation by means of human sacrifice, which was supposed to invigorate the Corn Spirit. It is only very gradually that scientific agriculture has displaced this attitude.

Pestilence also was viewed superstitiously down to our day, and is still so viewed in India. The fear of war has only just begun to be treated rationally, and those who so treat it still labour under the suspicion of being cranks. The fear of murder by private enemies is supposed to be dealt with by the criminal law, but this also was in its origin superstitious, being based upon the notion of blood pollution, and even now the retributory element prevents it from being as effective an engine of prevention as it could easily be made.

I think it could be maintained that, in regard to the

elimination of three, at any rate, of these major evils, the United States leads the way. Not only starvation but even poverty is practically non-existent among white men born in America. The problem of making labour sufficiently productive to provide material comfort for all has been solved for the first time in the world's history. As regards pestilence, American scientific medicine is, I believe, second to none, and the general level of sanitation and hygiene is extraordinarily high in most parts of the United States. With regard to war, America is certainly the least bellicose of the Great Powers, and the League of Nations was founded by an American, although for various reasons his countrymen refused to follow him.

To the philosopher the outlook on life which accompanies these achievements is quite as interesting as the achievements themselves. To my mind the best work that has been done anywhere in philosophy and psychology during the present century has been done in America. Its merit is due not so much to the individual ability of the men concerned as to their freedom from certain hampering traditions which the European man of learning inherits from the Middle Ages.

Perhaps these traditions can be summed up in the one word contemplation. European universities were originally places for the training of monks, and monks, though they tilled the soil, existed primarily for the sake of the contemplative life. A modern European professor does not till the soil, but he continues to believe in contemplation. In him this belief takes the form of admiration for pure learning, regardless of its practical applications. I am myself sufficiently European to feel this admiration in a far higher degree than it is felt by the typical American. Nevertheless, I perceive that it is psychologically connected with an attitude of reverence toward the universe which is hardly compatible with the belief in man's omnipotence through the machine. We do not contemplate the flea, we catch it. The modern point of view is in its infancy, but we may foresee a time when it will lead men to regard the non-human world with as little reverence as we now feel toward the poor flea.

American philosophy is sweeping away the static conception of knowledge which dominated both mediæval and modern philosophy, and has substituted what it calls the Instrumental Theory, the very name of which is suggested by machinery. In the Instrumental Theory there is not a single state of mind which consists of knowing a truth; there is a way of acting, a manner of handling the environment which is appropriate, and whose appropriateness constitutes what alone can be called knowledge as these philosophers understand it. One might sum up this theory by a definition: to know something is to be able to change it as we wish. There is no place in this outlook for the beatific vision nor for any notion of final excellence.

What applies to our non-human environment applies also to man himself. In old days there was something called "human nature" which was supposed to be an unchangeable datum. Probably even in America mediæval influences are still sufficiently strong to lead uneducated people to assert that human nature cannot be changed, at any rate when they are arguing with Socialists; but for this view they will find no support in their leading psychologists and educators.

Professor Watson has discovered that human nature contains only three ingredients, which are as follows:—Babies cry when they hear a loud noise and when their cot gives way; they are angry if you hold their limbs; and they are pleased if you stroke them. The rest of what we call human nature in an adult is the result of education, intentional or unintentional. It is difficult to set limits to what could be done by carefully devised education in the way of producing freaks. Possibly education might even produce people better than ourselves, though this hypothesis is, of course, painful to our self-esteem.

MAN ACHIEVES MASTERY

Belief in the omnipotence of man is, of course, not wholly true. We must all die, though medical men may postpone the moment. The human race itself will presumably perish when the sun grows cold, if not before.

But in spite of these limitations the new view has become during the last hundred years far more nearly true than the older views which were inherited from the long period of man's bondage to nature. We may say that at last man is achieving mastery and becoming able to realise his purposes without intolerably arduous labour.

Both in the practice and the theory of this emancipation America leads the way. It involves a change in our values, religious, moral and æsthetic. Traditional art is impregnated with emotions which men's new powers are rendering antiquated. In a situation of danger it is possible to feel fear or rage or heroic courage; it is possible also to feel nothing, but to take the steps which are necessary to avert the danger. This last is useless for literary purposes, whereas the other three attitudes lend themselves to blank verse. We must suppose, therefore, that the older art forms will lose their vitality as the newer attitude to life acquires strength.

There is no reason to suppose that art will die out, though it must change. Skyscrapers and railway bridges are already beginning to develop æsthetic forms appropriate to the pride of scientific men. But the other arts lag behind because they have no immediate economic motive for adaptation to industrialism. Wells's *Outline of History* might perhaps be turned into an epic or exhibited in the movies; there is no reason in the nature of things why the result should be æsthetically inferior to the first chapter of Genesis. But good æsthetic results will not be achieved until men with the requisite artistic capacity have lived from early infancy in a modern atmosphere. For it may be said broadly that an artist can only express the attitude which he learned during the first few years of life.

Probably poetry as an art has too strong a tradition to acquire a vigorous modern life. With few exceptions nothing can be mentioned in poetry that was not known in the time of Shakespeare.

One may sing the praises of wine, but not of tea. It is probable that the art forms will change completely and that during the transition period art will be too experimental to achieve much positive success. America's

artistic barrenness is often made a reproach, but I think it is only due to the fact that America has entered upon this experimental period sooner than the Old World. We may expect, therefore, that America will also emerge sooner, and will be the first to create the new art forms appropriate to modern life.

There is one aspect of scientific civilisation which I personally find painful, and that is the diminution in the value and independence of the individual. Great enterprises tend more and more to be collective, and in an industrialised world their interference of the community with the individual must be more intense than it need be in a commercial or agricultural régime. Although machinery makes man collectively more lordly in his attitude toward nature, it tends to make the individual man more submissive to his group. I do not know whether this has anything to do with the fact that herd instinct is much more insistent in America than in England, and that individual liberty is less respected both politically and socially. Although I cannot but think this regrettable, I do not see how it is to be avoided, and I hold that the mastery over nature is so great a boon that it is worth while to pay even a high price in order to achieve it.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MACEDONIA

BY HENRY BAERLEIN

"My dear sir," said a prominent official of the Bulgarian Foreign Office a short time ago, "I should be overjoyed to talk to you about the Macedonian troubles which have broken out again; but I am, unfortunately, very pressed for time. It will therefore not be possible for me to detain you for more than a few moments. And let me assure you," he remarked, "of my profound conviction that the truth must prevail."

It was about half-past four in the afternoon when this patriotic gentleman began to address me. It was about six o'clock when he was, apparently, nearing his peroration. My one regret had been that only I and not an audience of ten thousand had been listening to his wonderful eloquence in the English language, which had swept him along so irresistibly. What could one do but gaze in admiration while the torrent of his phrases went its way and while he cunningly united all the gestures of a Balkan tribune to the modulations of a voice more varied far than is the range of bagpipe or of guslar, or of any other Balkan instrument?

Some years ago, and in this very room, I had conversed with Stambuliski, the Agrarian Prime Minister who suffered such a tragic fate. Outside of politics he was a master at a school; his education had, however, been neglected. One talked with him through an interpreter, and the big, bull-necked, curly-headed Premier, in the intervals of his expectorations, gave a series of curt answers. His eloquence was not in words, but in the varied manner of expectoration. If the bullets of the men who killed him had not been more accurate than his performance in that room he certainly would have escaped.

Stambuliski had endeavoured to settle the ancient Macedonian problem between the Serbs and the Bulgars. He went the right way about it by refusing to be browbeaten by the famous I.M.R.O.—the Internal Macedonian

Revolutionary Organisation. The members of this organisation are not at all content with the course that history has taken. The province of Macedonia, which for centuries was one of the most neglected portions of the Turkish Empire, has now, since the War, been for the most part lost to Bulgaria, having been added to Greece or to Yugoslavia, which later, as Europe is beginning to apprehend, is the considerable country—about as large as Italy—into which pre-war Serbia has expanded. In Greek Macedonia there are now few Bulgars, owing to the exchange of populations. But in Yugoslav Macedonia the people remain practically unaltered, that is to say, a Slav majority dwells amid a mixture of Albanians, Turks and Kutzo-Vlachs. Most of the Slavs do not know themselves whether their blood is more Bulgarian or Serbian. An enormous number of treatises have been written to prove that they are Serbs, an equally large number have set out to demonstrate that they are Bulgars. If you ask the average Macedonian Slav he will tell you what he thinks you would like to hear. He is a kindly person. And after all the turmoil that has raged around him he is satisfied to be a citizen of Yugoslavia. This is gall and wormwood to the I.M.R.O. How can they continue agitating if their clients do not wish to be agitated for, and how are they to obtain their funds if these Macedonian Slavs will no longer subscribe? And funds they absolutely must have, because they have always been agitators; they have learned no useful trade and—so they say—they have to live.

In the old days, under the Turk, it was quite a good idea for the father of a family to bring up one of his sons to this profession. The *Komitadji*, as they were called, had a pleasant time of it. They were popular heroes after the Robin Hood fashion; a great many songs were written in their honour, and the life was by no means arduous. They descended, when they saw fit, from the wooded mountains, they were shielded by their Christian brethren and they harried the Turk. One of their celebrated leaders was in the habit of taking an annual holiday in Paris. This, he said, was due to him after his months of strenuous

life in Macedonia. And no doubt many humbler *Komitadji* enjoyed an annual "cure" at some Balkan resort. Then the profession began to fall upon evil days, and at present it is almost a precarious one. The Macedonian villagers in Yugoslavia have so little inclination to support the *Komitadji* that they actually defend themselves against them with rifles. These, to the number of thirty thousand, have been distributed by the Yugoslav authorities, and in not one case has it happened that a rifle has been misused.

The *Komitadji*, however, insist that the Macedonian peasants are groaning under an abominable yoke. And even well-informed officials in Bulgaria repeat the old, old stories. They say that if the Macedonians could have their own church and schools and deputies they would be reconciled to living in Yugoslavia. But there is really no difference between the Serbian and the Bulgarian Church—in each of them the old Slavonic language takes the part of Latin in the Roman Catholic Church. And a number of priests who were in Macedonia under the Bulgars have continued to minister to their flocks under the Serbs. As regards the schools, there are even among the Serbs some who would like to agree to the proposal to have dialect schools, but they are faced with the difficulty that there are no dialect books; and be it noted that when the Bulgars held Macedonia during the War they taught the pure Bulgarian language and had no truck with what they now demand, the dialect which is a kind of half-way house between Serb and Bulgar. It would be pleasant if Yugoslavia could preserve the characteristics of her various provinces and prevent herself from being standardised, as, for example, are the United States from New York to San Francisco. But even if the dialect schools were established it is probable that far more pupils would attend the ordinary Serb schools, since an education in dialect would scarcely be a good foundation for a lad's career. As regards the deputies, there are far fewer carpet-baggers in Macedonia than in Great Britain—out of forty-one members all but seven are natives of the province, and these seven have all been living there from the time of the War.

Thus it is clear that the Bulgars who lament the state of the Macedonians are not on very firm ground. It is the traditional lament, and they find it hard to free themselves from it. The authorities in Sofia are also, one may think, rather lenient with such an organisation as the I.M.R.O. It happens that Macedonians who come to Bulgaria continue to call themselves Macedonians, while in Serbia they are absorbed into the general population. But in Bulgaria, whether they are descended from a Macedonian who travelled eastward in 1878, when Bulgaria achieved her freedom, or whether they are quite recent emigrants, they call themselves Macedonians—and the Government, appearing to believe that they all hang together, is full of tenderness towards them. A considerable number of Macedonians in Bulgaria are only too glad to believe that things are so much better in the province of their origin. The extremists, on the other hand, make so much noise, with speeches and bombs, that the Government too often gives way to them. Thus when a deputy was murdered in 1925 outside the officers' club in Sofia, and the criminal was brought on the next day before a judge, he was at once liberated at the request of the I.M.R.O., of which he was a member.

The I.M.R.O. proclaim far and wide that the Macedonian Slavs are in a miserable plight, and that the recent disturbances were a despairing insurrection against the tyrannical *régime*. A proof that everything is engineered from outside is in an "Open Order," made out for a certain Lazar Christoff, on whose body it was found after he had fled across the Greek frontier and been killed by the gendarmerie. Christoff was chief of the group of the Ghevgheli revolutionary district—so says the Order—and members of the organisation and others are requested to obey him. The signature is that of the notorious ex-General Protogeroff, who is one of the "Big Three" of the I.M.R.O. He is also a war-criminal who has not yet been handed over and, although his family lives in Sofia and he occasionally stays with them, the authorities cannot—at any rate do not—lay hands upon him. Another document given by the I.M.R.O. to one Ampo Shareni has

fallen into alien hands. Shareni is ordered to go to Macedonia and conduct the business of the organisation. The words inside the circle of the stamp upon this Order have a fine, heroic ring—"Liberty or Death." Does this mean that if the Macedonian peasant refuses to battle for more liberty—being, as he well may be, content with what he has got—he is to be put to death?

Another interesting document came through the post from Italy in July, 1926. It was signed by George Pop Christoff, another of the "Big Three." He commanded the assassination of a well-known editor at Bitolj (Monastir), as well as the prefect and his deputy—"and later on," adds the obliging Christoff, "we will think of others." But for the moment he is more concerned with exhortations. He is very, very anxious. Three emissaries have been sent into Macedonia among the refugees whom the Yugoslavs have allowed to return—and one may here mention that all such refugees are allowed to return except a few who are "wanted" on account of their lurid past; these latter, if they return, will have to stand their trial. Well, the aforementioned trio had been for some time in Bitolj, where they did not notice that the population had any particular grievances. But Christoff, away at Bari in Italy, was not going to let things peter out like this if he could help it. "Why does one hear nothing from them?" he writes. "There must not be more delay. See to it that you alone or else with Lipitka [another agent] do the business as arranged. Crikovitch, the Deputy, must also fall. I await your news feverishly. Traiko is awaiting you in Albania. He will help you—but you must act in a manly way." There is a postscript: "My regards to Lipitka. Tell him that he must remember the oath he has taken, and nothing must hinder him from fulfilling it. The business as arranged must be carried through immediately. I do not want to have to wait for months. Let me repeat that the business has to be carried through. I love you. I await your news." He signs himself "George," and once more says: "I await your news." This communication shows that even the agents whom the I.M.R.O. smuggle into Macedonia are apt to succumb to

the prevailing atmosphere of contentment and to be unwilling to perform their murderous tasks. Yet George's correspondent did, as a matter of fact, bestir himself. The editor was slain a few days before the above letter arrived. Consequently the latter was seized in the post. It was written with invisible ink, but the addressee told the authorities how to treat the paper.

The life of a Balkan editor, by the way, is not always a pleasant one; but it is a great deal better than it was some years ago. In the dark days at the beginning of this century, when King Alexander of the House of Obrenovitch misgoverned Serbia, it was the custom to imprison editors and leader-writers on the smallest provocation. They were not given any privileges whatsoever, but shared the cells of ordinary miscreants. No coverings were provided for the night, and it was therefore usual for them to go forth with a rug or eiderdown under their arms. Equipped in this way, even in the torrid heat of summer, they would sit in *cafés* and restaurants. It happened that the well-known politician Stoyan Protitch had written a severe article on the day before Alexander was murdered. Protitch was roused in the middle of the night and, emerging from his bedroom with his eiderdown in his arms, he was told that this time it was not a question of going to prison but of forming a Ministry—and off he went to make up his Cabinet.

Talking of the trials of editors in those parts reminds one of a certain Bulgarian Minister of the Interior who participated in a conspiracy to do away with King (at that time Prince) Ferdinand. M. Petkoff, the Minister, wrote a number of papers which very ably planned the whole affair, allotting to various comrades their obligations. These documents came by some means into Ferdinand's hands. Did he denounce his Home Secretary? Not at all. He simply sold the papers to an editor. And every afternoon one of them was printed, as if it was a serial tale, while, of course, the Prince and the Minister were continually meeting one another. M. Petkoff survived this torture and was murdered after a few years.

We have alluded to the "Big Three" of the I.M.R.O.

And there are others in the same boat. For example, at a place called Kustendil, in Bulgaria, not far from the frontier, there dwells a certain Kurtev, who is a professor at the High School. He is thus a civil servant, and yet he finds himself able to act as local representative of the I.M.R.O. It was he who gave the final instructions and advice as to where to cross the frontier when those three men, not long ago, went to Shtip in Macedonia and killed the Serbian General Kovatchevitch. It is interesting to note that Kovatchevitch had worked very hard to improve Serbo-Bulgarian relations, which, of course, does not suit the I.M.R.O. What these pernicious people want is a state of hostility between the two sister nations. As soon as the Serbian and the Bulgarian Governments unite to stamp out these pests they will undoubtedly be able to do so. At present, as we have shown, the Bulgarian Government does not feel itself quite powerful enough. I believe—though perhaps they know their own strength better than I do—that they are overestimating the formidableness of their opponents. The I.M.R.O. finds it so hard to obtain subscriptions that they have had to turn to the wealthy Bulgarian Jews. If these decline they are occasionally murdered. One of the assassins of Kovatchevitch had previously killed two such Jews in Sofia, a man called Askanazi and his son.

The I.M.R.O. requires money so that its members may live. They also have the expense of an office in Vienna, which is presided over by one Nicholas Velez. It was he who was at the bottom of the recent affair in which it was said that twenty Macedonian students were misled. The Yugoslav Government was charged by its critics with having dragged from the universities of Belgrade, Zagreb and Ljubljana (the three capitals of Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia, which together compose the kingdom of Yugoslavia) a number of peaceful young men and tortured them on account of being engaged in subversive activities. . . . What really had happened was that Velez encountered two Macedonians in Vienna. He gave them a supply of money and persuaded them to go to Macedonia, there to establish a system of espionage. They

were to collect other young men who would send information as to the Yugoslav frontier-guards, the police, the barracks, the economic and political life of the province, the state of popular feeling, and so forth. Velez's two young men were students, but some of the others were merchants and some were artisans. They set about ascertaining what they could. And the reports were sent to Vienna, although all of them did not reach that place. For example, a youth of Ghevgheli, Yovan Shopovitch, a carpenter's apprentice, sent a report which would not have gratified Velez if it had come into his possession. "The behaviour of the police," says Shopovitch, "is good. The population is satisfied. It only suffers from the *Komitadji*." Poor Shopovitch is evidently not a man of imagination. He states but what he sees. Another report—this time from a real student, one Yuselovitch—says that it is necessary to protect the Bulgarian minority in Macedonia. As a matter of fact, the *Komitadji* have killed about 400 of these people since 1920. Save me from my protectors! . . . With regard to the torture said to have been applied to the students, etc., this was quite unnecessary, because they confessed with the utmost willingness. It is true that prisoners in the Balkans have, before now, been induced to speak by the introduction of needles between their finger-nails and the flesh. So little was this done in the case under review that the prisoners, while awaiting their trial at the prison in Skoplje, regaled themselves all day with songs and instrumental music, while their friends and relatives were allowed to visit them to their hearts' content.

It is very likely that there will be a few more assassinations in Macedonia, because the I.M.R.O. is making a despairing effort. But in the end—not very far distant, one hopes—it will itself be swept away. And then Macedonia will be vastly relieved. The population is a sympathetic one, says my friend the Bishop of Ochrida. The prisons are practically empty. By the way, it was at Ochrida that the Bulgars used to have an archbishopric, and so great an amount of effort was put into their work in that part of Macedonia that we can well understand their

regret that they should have lost it. But the money they spent and the results they achieved do not prove that even the Ōchrida district was inhabited by a Bulgar population.

Many persons in other parts of Yugoslavia are being attracted to Macedonia, owing to the fertility of the soil. It is becoming increasingly fashionable to buy a few hundred acres down there. Until recent years large parts of Macedonia were very unhealthy, but since the War a campaign has been waged against malaria by Russian and Yugoslav doctors, and now the land is coming into its own.

No article on Macedonia would be complete, I suppose, without a statement that officially there is no such name on the map. The Yugoslavs have given to that province the name of "Southern Serbia." It is not to be denied that the Serbian administration in the interval between the Balkan War and the Great War was far from perfect. The glorious Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian army which fought its way back to its native land over the terrific mountains of the south, this commander, Marshal Mishitch, told a friend of mine, a lady of the Scottish Women's Hospital, that it was not surprising that the Macedonian population received the victorious army in a lukewarm fashion, because they remembered the Serbian prefects and other officials. With some exceptions it had not been found possible to persuade very competent people to exile themselves to the new province; they preferred the amenities of Belgrade. But now, fortunately, this has been altogether changed. The prefects of Southern Serbia are excellent and patriotic men, while in order to induce officials to go to that part of the country each year of service counts as two. It is sometimes rather a wrench for the officials to tear themselves away from their habitual surroundings. At Tetovo, for example, the Prefect had with him his wife, a French lady whom he had married at Nice during the War, when Serbia was occupied by the Central Powers. It was not so bad for the Prefect to be at Tetovo, since he was fully occupied all day and he could converse with the inhabitants in their own languages—Albanian, Turkish and Serbian. But for the lady it was different. In other parts of Yugoslavia she would

have found people enough with whom she could have talked French—not so at Tetovo. And on a certain afternoon two American ladies of the Red Cross, one of them a doctor and the other a sister, came to tea. Neither of them spoke French and our hostess had no English. So it became my privilege to convey to her some technical advice with regard to the arrival of her first child, which was imminent. Modestly I looked neither to the right nor to the left while engaged upon this unwonted translation. Anyhow, I was glad to hear, several months later, that Macedonia had been enriched by a healthy boy.

In conclusion I would beg the reader to withhold his subscription from the I.M.R.O. Do not let them obscure your judgment with their cries that the Serbs are a brutal race who will not even allow Macedonia to retain its name. But many people prefer to live in Southern Belgravia rather than in Pimlico, and Macedonia had collected round it a good deal of evil reputation. Besides, there would be the confusion with that neighbouring part which belongs to Greece. Do not let the I.M.R.O. persuade you that the Serbs are wildly, savagely wading through blood in their dealings with the people of this province. As a matter of fact, the Serbs do not seem to have much knowledge of wildness. In their Parliament at Belgrade before the War they spent a whole week in debating as to whether a hare is or is not a wild animal.

PLAYS OF A PRISONER

ERNST TOLLER, PACIFIST-REVOLUTIONARY

BY BERNARD CAUSTON

THE appearance in book form and on the stage of the Piscatorbühne in Berlin of Ernst Toller's latest play, *Hoppla, wir leben!* can almost be said to round off the revolutionary epoch that followed upon the Great War. Already we find ourselves, perhaps, a little out of sympathy with that period. And yet, if only out of regard for our own sense of fitness as critics, we cannot view with mere bland amusement the shouts and cries that issued from those most unhappy people.

For, to seek an analogy, an admirer of the technique of social evaluation (as portrayed by Marcel Proust) who despises as too doctrinaire the self-questionings of Tolstoi's characters shows no appreciation of the real relationship in spirit between such apparently diverse novelists. Tolstoi has in places depicted, and evidently from experience, the tactics of the drawing-room, and Proust, if he never made formal renunciation of society for the life of a peasant, sought, as a martyr to asthma, in the seclusion of a cork-lined chamber, to satisfy his cravings for some sense of more permanent values by depicting the desolation which, in his own heart, he had experienced among the scenes of his social triumphs.

Not that Toller can be compared with Tolstoi even if Proust expressed the post-War generation while writing before its advent. The more frenzied characterisation of Dostoevsky would be a better standard by which to judge the post-War revolutionary idealists, and even of this standard it must be conceded that Toller falls short. Take, for example, the principal character in *Hoppla, wir leben!*

Karl Thomas emerges from an asylum in which he has been recovering from the shock of being reprieved from the death penalty to which as a revolutionary he had been sentenced. He finds (inevitable paradox) a world which

seems to him far madder than anything within the asylum. His girl, reprieved about the same time, has in the meantime thrown off as impracticable in a matter-of-fact, work-a-day world the idealistic romanticism that had cloaked them during the glamour of the insurrectionary period. Not that it is revolution that he now seeks, but still dreams that she should travel with him to lands where "people live just and only as children, and . . . know nothing of politics, nor need always to struggle."

She reminds him that her life is now sunk in the work into which she has been absorbed during the years of his convalescence, and that he, too, must work to live.

Karl Thomas finds that another of his former companions in prison, one who had shown the most reluctance to join the others in trying to escape and who had not been reprieved, at least when they were, has now mysteriously won his way into the position of Minister of the Interior. This man, Wilhelm Kilman, has absorbed the outlook of a State official and is behaving in this manner both towards organised labour in his official capacity and also in his individual contacts with his former comrades. He is, however, shot down by a Nationalist student.

Karl Thomas, suspect as a former associate of the assassinated Minister, is arrested for the crime, and after a fruitless cross-examination by Professor Ludin, the psychiatrist at the asylum which had sheltered him before, is placed in prison. Here he takes his own life before the news of his release and of the discovery of the real murderer can reach him.

The play is interspersed with cinematographic effects designed to convey the sense of the passage of contemporary events, as, for instance, where the Nationalist nobleman who had privately prompted the student to assassinate Wilhelm Kilman is shown publicly unveiling the memorial to the lamented Minister.

Particularly symptomatic for our purpose is the conversation between Karl Thomas and the psychiatrist, who comments upon Thomas's answers as to their being normal or otherwise. This prompts Thomas to ask whether the actions of men deemed successful in the outside world,

however purposeless and anti-social in their eventual aim, were normal. The psychiatrist replies that life is a struggle, and the capacity to fight and not to dream about happiness denotes normality. It is quite evident that Thomas is one of that psychological type dubbed by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in an illuminating phrase as "the revolutionary simpleton." It is, however, still more significant that the character of the psychiatrist is seen throughout essentially through the spectacles of Karl Thomas, and hence the remarks of Professor Ludin serve only as a positive corollary to the negative "defeatism" of his patient's attitude towards life.

Prison may be said to have been in more senses than one the making of Ernst Toller, for while he has evidently, by the constraint of solitude, been forced to focus and fuse into creative form the ideas gathered as a soldier and revolutionary, it left him on release five years behind the mental development of the rest of the world. There is something akin in the tenor of his ideas to the election poster which declares, with perfect truth, that the "heroes" of the War have not been given the homes they were promised. It is surely the part of the dramatist not so much to explain (or denounce) the reasons for this state of affairs, but to be able to understand and depict the change of mind that has brought, if not tolerance, at least sufferance of such conditions.

The expressionist mode of depicting characters without personal guise, actuated by comparatively simple motives of, say, self-protection under the stress of some elemental constraint such as the fear of death or starvation, was eminently suited for Toller's purpose.

When these menaces are removed other and more complex motives into which self-interest and idealism also enter come into play. These Toller seems unable to fathom, except very much as seen from the exterior.

An autobiographical sketch he has contributed to Fritz Droop's *Toller und seine Buhnenwerke*, a brochure that does otherwise little more than summarise his more considerable plays, furnishes us with some details of the background from which he sprang. He was born in Samotschin

in the district of Bromberg, the son of a merchant, and after having begun his course of education at the *Volkschule*, or primary school, came later to a Prussian *Realgymnasium*, corresponding more closely to an English public school of the day-school type, and studied subsequently at the University of Grenoble. The night of August 1st, 1914, found him at Lyons, where a friendly Consul who seems to have been something of a kindred spirit apprised him of the urgent news that Germany had declared war on Russia, whereupon he left for Germany by the next train. Twice arrested and as many times released *en route*, he reached the Fatherland a few minutes before the French frontier was closed, and offered himself as a war volunteer at Munich. After thirteen months' service in the field he was released as a "war cripple," and studied for a term at Munich, afterwards to be the scene of more ambitious activities on his part.

It was, however, at Heidelberg, while he was staying with the late Max Weber, the well-known economist, that his career seems to have taken its turning point. With students of similar sympathies he founded a "cultural political league of German youth," to ally itself "with the phalanx of enemy youth" and end war. Toller next went to Berlin, where he first came into contact with the ill-fated Kurt Eisner, afterwards to be his own chief as head of the Bavarian Socialist Government, and also discovered for the first time, as he says himself, "the underground political writings of that time," and came to what was for him the staggering conclusion that the German Government was not innocent either as regards the outbreak or the continuation of the war, and that the German people were deceived.

In January, 1918, he comes to Munich and takes part in a munition workers' strike, and is elected to the strike committee on Eisner's arrest, until he suffers the same fate. It was during this first brief imprisonment that *Die Wandlung*, his earliest cycle of plays, took its final shape.

The November revolution brought him once more to Munich, where he was elected President of the Workers,

Peasants and Soldiers' Council. Although a Soviet Republican in the sense of believing in a consultative composition of the Republic as the word "rätereublikaner" implies, he opposed the summoning of the Bavarian Soviet Republic, convinced that the political conditions were not at this moment propitious; but when it came he entered it, becoming Chairman of the Central Committee in the First Republic and a Red guardsman in the Second.

While commanding the forces defending Munich he opposed the shooting of "White" prisoners, and so foreshadowed the similar decision of one of his characters, The Woman in *Masses and Man*. That is perhaps the most expressionistic of all his plays, and one I propose to pass over, in view of the fact that two translations of it have already appeared in this country.

The concluding words of Toller's autobiographical sketch tersely recount the decline of all their hopes: "On the head of the writer a price of 10,000 marks was placed; arrested July 6th; sentenced to five years imprisonment"—and even this was an amelioration due to the appeal made on his behalf by many disinterested *littérateurs* anxious that he should not suffer the supreme penalty as did so many of his comrades.

In a series of articles entitled "Dokumente bayrische Justiz," and edited by Toller, that appeared in the issues of *Die Weltbühne* at the end of 1924, after his emergence from prison, is recounted some of the severities suffered in the Niederschönenfeld fortress. Here he dilates upon the fashion in which the correspondence of the political prisoners was censored. "When a prisoner is released," he adds, "he does not get returned to him what has been impounded save when it is a piece of literary work or is concerned with some important article."

It is, therefore, all the more remarkable that Toller should have been permitted to write and transmit to the outside world for publication and theatrical presentation those plays of his which bear most unmistakably the stamp of "propagandist matter." For that was specified by the prison authorities as the ground on which correspondence of an insurrectionary character would be confis-

cated. Unfeeling, then, though the staff of Niederschönenfeld would seem to have been in many other and more serious respects, this is yet another tribute to the reverence—at times almost subservience—towards anything that savours of a literary undertaking that is so characteristic of the German nation.

Die Wandlung (*Das Ringen eines Menschen*)—*The Transformation* (*The Struggles of a Human Soul*)—is chiefly of interest to us because it was clearly written before the shades of the prison house had had time to take their effect upon him, and we might add before he had had the opportunity of putting his dreams to the test. "The action is played in Europe before the outbreak of the New Birth," the foreword announces. The piece is divided into "stations" and sub-divided into "pictures," some of them to be imagined and some to be acted.

In the first station we find Friedrich quarrelling with his mother on account of the constraint of bourgeois environment that hinders his freedom of action—though it is clear that he does not yet recognise the issue as such, and consequently "joins up" for a colonial campaign "against the savages" in order to escape what he imagines irks him, the tedium of home life. By the time we have come to the fifth picture Friedrich is in a military hospital, where the doctors are pluming themselves with professional pride on the artificial limbs with which they can replace the ravages of war. The cripples, however, beg only for such a sleeping draught as will release them from the necessity of facing life in such a mockery of health.

In the seventh picture Friedrich is found working at a more than life-size statue symbolic of the victorious Fatherland. But the pitiable state of a war-comrade who is brought in to see him, but can scarce articulate his answers, so shattered are his nerves, prompts Friedrich to exclaim: "God! Can a Fatherland demand this?" and he sets to work forthwith to shatter his own handiwork with a hammer.

The whole cycle of what are little more than expressionist tableaux begins to achieve its climax in the eleventh picture, where at the people's assembly, after the supporters of the existing order of things have urged contentment with

the Fatherland's militaristic prosperity, an agitator urges the masses to march. Friedrich opposes his voice to such insensate action, and appeals for a spiritual revolution against those habits of mind that have produced the existing injustices. Friedrich is meantime disowned by his family as a traitor to his own people, and with his boats now burned behind him addresses the masses and seeks to invoke in them the spirit of humanity that counsels the beating of swords into ploughshares, and in this spirit to make revolution.

Throughout *Die Wandlung* it is a constantly recurring and significant phenomenon to find among stage directions that the chief character in a scene with purely sociological import (having little concern with the plot) would bear the face of Friedrich as though to link up his personal destiny without intruding his individual characteristics at such moments when he is clearly acting from mass-psychology.

Die Maschinenstürmer (*The Machine Wreckers: A Drama of the Time of the Luddite Movement in England*) is particularly interesting to the English reader, not merely because its action takes place in England, but also because the individual plot guiding the destinies of the characters, who once again represent economic interests, is more carefully developed than in his more expressionistic plays.

The first scene is the House of Lords and the Second Reading of the Framework Bill of 1812. In the original production this prologue was staged in the arena before the stage proper, which at the Grosses Schauspielhaus, Berlin, is a rather shallow affair, an outcome of the circular proportions of the circus house that this theatre was in its original form. Around radiate tier upon tier of stalactite-like decoration.

I well remember a performance of *Die Maschinenstürmer* I witnessed there in July of 1922. Suddenly darkness fell on the crowded theatre, and the lights went up on a group of little grey-wigged figures perched on stools about the Lord Chancellor, who rang his bell and called upon Lord Byron. There followed a reproduction with tolerable exactness of Byron's famous maiden speech against the

Bill, but this was countered by a long Malthusian rejoinder from Lord Castlereagh, which terminated in a division in which Byron was the solitary and derided dissident. It may be convenient at this juncture to recollect that in the original debate Lord Holland and the Earls of Lauderdale, Grosvenor and Grenville spoke in opposition to this Bill for making any damage done to the newly introduced machines by the weavers so thrown out of work punishable with death. It is true that the speeches of some of these noblemen are not without some trace of party animus indicating in certain cases the real gravamen of their objection to this Government measure. Still, the sober columns of Hansard remind us that, though the Second Reading was carried by a majority of fifteen, seventeen votes were recorded against this Bill, which Grenville stigmatised as a "bloody warrant," and, in addition, totally fail to reveal the existence of any speech by Lord Castlereagh whatever.

No doubt when the dramatist designed that the actor playing Jimmy in the play proper should wear the mask of Byron in this prologue he was anxious to enforce a simplifying synthesis of English social conditions by imposing the mask of Castlereagh as representative of reaction upon the artist portraying Ure, the capitalist manufacturer, throughout the rest of the piece. It does, however, seem a pity that in this simplification the most significant feature of this period should have been missed, the tendency of the paternalist type of landowner to denounce the upstart manufacturer's exploitation of his workpeople, while the latter turned the tables by exposing the injustices suffered by the former's tenants.

The plot centres about Jimmy Cobbett, a gentleman agitator and brother of Ure's manager, who urges upon the weavers of Nottingham the view that the newly introduced machines are tools to be conquered by the workers rather than obstacles to be smashed, and by his eloquence weans them from their allegiance to John Wible, an envenomed but genuine proletarian who is bent on wrecking the machines.

It cannot be said that Jimmy's advice, though con-
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forming to the best economic canons, was in any way helpful to the weavers in their existing plight, from which, as Byron seems to have had in mind, a small part of the sum devoted to relieving Portuguese misfortune during the Peninsular War would have tided them over until the demand for labour had once again adapted itself to the supply.

To lose his following to this newcomer naturally excites John Wible's ire, and he resolves to play a double game. He is shown into Ure's office, of which the scenery is mainly composed of two mammoth bookshelves painted on the backcloth, which tower above these two most unusual confederates conspiring over a desk in the foreground. Wible represents Jimmy to Ure as an agitator advocating machine wrecking. The manufacturer, however, assures his informant that such an outrage would be rather, if anything, an advantage, as furnishing the Government with tangible provocation for a much-needed policy of repression.

Wible receives, at any rate, money for the "information" he has tendered, but remains faithful to the cause of machine wrecking, to which he is determined to sacrifice Jimmy Cobbett. This miscreant's plans are fulfilled almost more completely than he could have foreseen, as was to be revealed in the second scene of the fifth act.

While the theatre lay in darkness the air began to throb and purr with a sense of scarcely restrained and violently pulsating mechanism, and then the lights went up on the interior of the factory, with its gigantic windows, whose framework outlined against the moonlight playing on the steel-blue metalwork of the dominating looms seemed like great bars shackling the sky.

The machines have been stocked with children from an orphans' home now that the "strike" is in progress; one of them, complaining of his sleeplessness, is whipped into his place by the overseer's strap. Ure and his guest make a tour of the factory; the overseer fines a small boy a penny off his wages for singing "Rule, Britannia!" (sublime Teutonic notion!) to keep up his spirits, and then the machine wreckers come.

Up the long flight of steps and across the arena they flood, dirty, unkempt, gesticulating, inarticulate in their very threats of destruction.

With the crude light of the oil lamps flickering over his features and red uniform the engineer on the bridge over the looms addresses the strikers. Daunted and nonplussed though they are at first by the vast Juggernaut which confronts them, the weavers wreak their vengeance on the unwilling cause of their misfortunes and all-unknowing master of their destinies.

Their blood is up now, and when Jimmy arrives, too late to check the outbreak of violence, Wible hints at a sinister connection between him and his managerial brother, and the true leader of the weavers' search for emancipation falls a victim to his comrades' savagery.

In *Die Rache des verhöhnten Liebhabers* (*The Mocked Lover's Revenge*) Toller broke away from his usual sociological theme to treat a narrative of Bandello, the mediæval Cardinal, in appropriate fashion, but returned with *Eugen Hinkemann*, as the detractors of social drama would say, "to his wallow."

I have ventured to quote from an English translation by Mr. J. Malcolm Campbell that appeared in the second issue of *Germinal*. It might perhaps have been better called "The Cruelty of Laughter."

The first act opens with an incident which is faintly reminiscent of a fairly common feature in fairy stories, Eugen Hinkemann's indignation against his mother-in-law because she blinded a finch in order, as she supposed, to make it sing better, and his consequent failure to secure the fuel he was sent to beg from her. "I threw the coals back at her and the ten shillings she gave," he told his wife, "I—Greta . . . punished your mother the way you'd punish a child that had been teasing an animal. . . . But then I let her go. . . . I thought of something horrible that slashed me inside. I'd done the same thing before, and without thinking about it, hadn't I? When I was healthy it seemed to me as if that sort of thing had to be. Now that I'm a cripple I know what it is: it's a frightful thing to do! It's like cutting your own flesh. No, it's worse

than that—torturing a living body. . . . But before—a healthy man looks at things as if he were blind!”

Then one becomes conscious of Eugen Hinkemann's personal tragedy that has enabled him to sympathise so vividly with the blinded finch, the fact that through a chance wound in the War he has lost for ever his powers of generation. We seem here to find a connecting link with those crippled soldiers in *Die Wandlung* who simply cannot face life because they feel they have lost their dignity as human creatures through their mutilation. And so now Hinkemann: “Look here, Greta, I feel as though it were pricked into my skin. You're a mangy dog in your wife's eyes. . . . And then all of a sudden I see you. . . . You stand alone in a room while I go by on the street. . . . You hide behind the curtain . . . you are doubled up with laughter . . . (after a while) Gretchen, tell me, you couldn't laugh at me, you couldn't do that to me.”

After finding employment at a circus, ironically enough, as a strong man who eats rats and mice, Hinkemann goes to the alehouse for relaxation and finds there a proletarian orator holding forth on the new order that is to be. Hinkemann begins to question him as to what panacea will avail for those crippled in past wars when in comes Paul Rooster, an old friend of his who has as a matter of fact stolen his wife's affections in his absence. He proceeds to relate to the company how he witnessed the eating of mice and rats by a human monster at the local circus, and is on the point of hinting what his physical disabilities for the rôle of “strong man” might be when Hinkemann springs up and openly acknowledges his identity as such and challenges those present to laugh at him if they will:—

You fools, what do you know what's going on inside a man? And you want to build a new society. Each of you hates the other because he belongs to a different party. You've got nice, pretty words about eternal happiness, words that are good for healthy men, but you never see where they don't apply. . . . There are some men that no state and no society, no family and no friends, can make happy.

Where your words stop, our misery starts.

A man stands alone there.

There yawns a crevasse that's called: inconsolable.

There arches a sky that's called: no happiness.

There grows a forest that's called: jeers and mockery.

There rolls a sea that's called: ridiculous.

There strides a smothering darkness that's called: without love.

Who can help there?

In a collection of verse written by Toller in prison that has appeared in a translated form by Mr. Ashley Dukes from the Oxford University Press as *The Swallow Book* there is one poem that seems to suggest that the author is willing to “make common cause against humanity” with birds and beasts because of the sheer unimaginative insensitive cruelty of his fellow creatures towards dumb animals. This passionate outburst is really only an expression of his indignant sympathy for all victims whether human or animal of that mechanical justice that is founded upon blind force of habit. It is just this that makes the pacifist in him inimical to his devotion to the cause of revolutionary socialism, which declares like any other uncompromising evangel that it is not come to bring peace, but a sword until its own spiritual kingdom has been won at the cost of schisms to every other human tie. That human creatures should always be sacrificed to this ideal, noble though it may be as any other unflinching patriotism, I do not believe Toller will ever bring himself to concede, and in these conflicting sympathies of his we seem to find both of the sentiments that are common to all humanity, that while it is a sweet and glorious thing to be willing to give up everything for the cause that one holds dear, there are times when we are not willing to sacrifice a single precious life for an abstract ideal that seems to be only a barren and inhuman dogma.

ITALY, FRANCE AND SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE

By C. F. MELVILLE

Preliminary conversations for the regulation of Franco-Italian and Italo-Jugoslav differences are now taking place. Success would mean the healing of a dangerous international wound. Failure would leave the wound open—with grave possibilities for the peace of Europe. In the following article our contributor, who is a British diplomatic journalist with experience of the problems of Central and South-Eastern Europe, gives an objective survey of the situation.

THE complicated problem of Franco-Italian and Italo-Jugoslav differences—a problem of a wheel within a wheel—has created a very delicate international situation. Throughout last year this situation became increasingly difficult, so difficult, in fact, that about December last the countries concerned realised that a determined attempt at an amicable and equitable settlement must be made.

The initiative was French, although it must be said that the inspiration was British. M. Briand offered the olive branch and Signor Mussolini accepted it. M. de Beaumarchais, a high official of the Quai d'Orsay and a great expert on Mediterranean and African affairs, was appointed as the new French Ambassador at Rome, and charged with the special mission of incepting negotiations with the Palazzo Chigi. Simultaneously, early this year Dr. Marinkovitch, the then Jugoslav Foreign Minister, opened preliminary conversations with General Bordrero, the Italian Minister at Belgrade. There was also a preliminary canter at Geneva when Sir Austen Chamberlain conferred with Sir Ronald Graham, the British Ambassador at Rome, and took certain informal steps which facilitated the opening of the Italo-French conversations.

At the time of writing yet another important development has taken place. Sir Austen Chamberlain, in pursuance of his policy of the pacification and stabilisation of Europe through regional agreements, is very anxious that these conversations should have a successful issue, and in this connection the appointment of Sir William Tyrrell as

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Lord Crewe's successor at the Paris Embassy is a significant move. Sir William Tyrrell will, it is believed, make a valuable if unobtrusive contribution in his new capacity to the work of pacification to which Sir Austen has set his hand.

The problem to be dealt with is a formidable one. Taken in logical sequence the "Italian question" presents itself as follows:—

Italy's need for expansion—the twin motives for which are a re-awakened sense of national prestige and the ever-growing pressure of excess population.

The geographical position of Italy which results in her desire for expansion seeking outlets in the Mediterranean and the Near and Middle East.

The fact that Italian expansion in any of these directions means a clash between potential Italian interests and existing French interests.

The fact that although sane statesmanship throughout Europe recognises the existence of a legitimate "Italian Question," it is nevertheless confronted with the problem of how to solve this complication without creating a number of fresh complications by so doing. In short, the meeting of Italy's claims involves changes in the *status quo*, and thus becomes an international question.

Italy's demands may be summarised as follows: She claims participation in the Tangier International Administration, a permanent Italian nationality status for the Italian population of Tunis, a redistribution of colonial mandates so that she may herself become a mandatory Power, economic participation in any economic confederation which may be set up by the Danubian States, and the holding of a predominant position in the Balkan sphere, including a privileged position in Albania.

This is Italy's full programme. France is prepared to meet Italy on some of these demands—to find some *modus vivendi*—but cannot meet her on all of them. Italy on her part knows that the full programme cannot be accepted, but puts forward the maximum demands in the hope of securing the acceptable minimum. In the nature of things Signor Mussolini is obliged to pursue opportunist methods to gain his ends. It depends largely on the direction in which the diplomatic wind is blowing at the moment. To-day it may be the Tunisian question. To-morrow it may be Albania and the Balkans.

It is not difficult to see how the Franco-Italian and Italo-Jugoslav questions dovetail. In fact, they are all of a piece. France, Italy, Jugoslavia, and, indeed, Europe as a whole, participate in general obligations one towards the other. There can be no real solution of the Italian problem which does not take into account the obligations and interests of all the members of the European comity of nations concerned. The task confronting European statesmen is not just the solution of Italy's particular problem without regard to the interests of other States, but the solution of this problem in the light of all the mutual obligations and interests involved.

This brings me to an examination of the Italo-Jugoslav dispute. This is a problem which requires investigation in some detail as the French, in the words of "Pertinax," regard it as "more than half" the Franco-Italian question. (To the French the renunciation by Italy of any penetrative Balkan policy is a *sine qua non* of any general Franco-Italian settlement.)

The Italo-Jugoslav problem may be stated, briefly, as the history of Italy's attempts to obtain a foothold on the Balkan Peninsula and Jugoslavia's attempts to prevent her from so doing. The first indications were in 1921 when Italy secured under the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference the right to act as the "policeman" for the League of Nations in Albania in the event of disturbances breaking out in that country. This arrangement, made in pre-Fascist days, was considered to be too vague by the Fascist Government, and on November 27th, 1926, Signor Mussolini tightened things up with the Italo-Albanian Pact, or first Treaty of Tirana, whereby Italy undertook to maintain the Albanian *status quo* "political, juridical, and territorial." This meant in effect two specific things: (1) that Italy secured the right to intervene in Albania not only to preserve the territorial integrity of the Albanian State, but also to maintain in power the actual *régime* against either external attack or internal revolt, and (2) that the instructions of the League Council, implied in the 1921 Agreement, were no longer necessary. The next, and so far the last development, came on November 25th,

1927, with the second Treaty of Tirana, an instrument which reinforced the previous treaty with a definite military alliance between Italy and Albania.

Parallel with these diplomatic developments there has taken place an equally marked economic development. Italy established the Albanian National Bank, with headquarters at Rome, and with the controlling interest actually if not formally in Italian hands. In association with the Bank there was set up the Society for the Economic Development of Albania, for the purpose of public works in Albania to be carried out under Italian supervision and largely by Italian labour. In the case of strategic arterial road construction the supervision and the cartographical work is in the hands of Italian Engineer officers, and the skilled workmen are Italian reservist soldiers. These Italian military are additional to the Italian officers attached to the Albanian army in the capacity of instructors, depot commanders, army group commanders, and so on. Through the Society for the Economic Development of Albania, Italy floated a loan for Albania to be expended on the above-mentioned public works. Albania is not able to collect sufficient revenue to pay off the interest on the loan. This being so Italy granted her relief by the Decree Law of March 3rd, 1927, whereby the Italian Finance Minister advanced the money to the Society which the Albanian Government was unable to pay. In this way the indebtedness of the Albanian Government to the Italian Government was transferred to the Italian taxpayer, and Albania virtually became mortgaged to Italy, thus giving Italy the technical right to foreclose on the Albanian Customs in the event of an ultimate Albanian default.

The Italian case in respect of this policy is that as Albania is not capable of standing on her own feet either politically or economically, Italy—as the Great Power in the Adriatic sphere—is principally interested in the maintenance of the political stability and the advancement of the economic development of her little Adriatic neighbour. Italian diplomacy argues that left to her own devices Albania would be swallowed up by her powerful

Jugoslav neighbour, and instances in this connection the Yugoslav advance into Albania in 1921 and the Yugoslav assistance said to have been given to Ahmed Beg Zogu when he brought off his *coup* in Albania in 1925. Italian naval and military circles have an additional case: they argue that in the event of an Italian war with France Yugoslavia, as the ally of France, would occupy Albania, and thus enable the French to use the Albanian coast as a base for naval operations against Italy. The case of Britain and the command of the Channel ports is instanced as a parallel.

The Albanian position is simply one of submitting to the force of circumstances. When I met Ahmed Beg Zogu when he was in exile in 1924—just before the *coup* which brought him back to power in Albania and finally wafted him to the Presidency—he told me quite sincerely that he hoped to pursue a policy of neutrality towards both his Italian and his Yugoslav neighbours. But circumstances proved too much for him. Lack of resources and money, lack of political experience in the broader sense: these things, together with the desire to maintain his *régime* at all costs, forced him to come to terms with Italy. Italy was the stronger and the richer of the two neighbours, although it was Yugoslav friendship which had enabled Zogu to depose his Italophile predecessor Mgr. Fan Noli. The only stand he was able to make was when—on the advice of a distinguished Englishman—he rejected the Italian Minister's proposal for an open Italian protectorate in Albania. He was unable to resist the Treaty of Tirana, the virtual if not actual protectorate which followed soon afterwards.

The Yugoslav view, which is shared largely by the French, is as follows:—

Balkan peace, argues Yugoslavia, depends on the Balkans being left exclusively to the Balkan peoples without any intervention of any kind by any outside Power. The history of the unofficial Yugoslav assistance rendered to Ahmed Beg Zogu in 1925 was the history of Yugoslavia's attempt to prevent Albania falling under the influence of an outside Power. Mgr. Fan Noli was the Italian

nominee, so they helped Zogu to get back to power in order to avoid having on their border an Albania under Italian influence. As events turned out Zogu came even more completely under Italian influence than Fan Noli had ever been.

After the Zogu *coup* Signor Mussolini and Dr. Nintchitch, the then Yugoslav Foreign Minister, met in Rome and agreed to accept the situation as it stood. Earlier, in 1924, Yugoslavia had rejected an Italian overture for the carving up of Albania into Italian and Yugoslav spheres of influence. In 1925 Signor Mussolini and Dr. Nintchitch—Dr. Nintchitch was the leading exponent of the Italophile school of thought in Yugoslavia—entered into a "gentleman's agreement" whereby their respective countries agreed to abstain from interference in the internal affairs of Albania, and whereby neither Government would undertake any new policy with respect to Albania without first informing the other. The Treaty of Tirana, which contravened this agreement, took Belgrade by surprise, and Dr. Nintchitch resigned. This incident opened the period of Italo-Yugoslav hostility.

Since then Yugoslavia has felt herself to be the object of an encirclement policy on the part of Italy. Her negotiations with Greece for the resumption of the Græco Yugoslav Alliance and the settlement of the Salonika railway question were held up by the Greeks owing to the fact that Italian pressure had been brought to bear at Athens coupled with the good offices of Rome in connection with the Greek loan. Her hopes of a *rapprochement* with Bulgaria—a project which had received the blessing of M. Briand at Geneva—had been frustrated by the expression of Italian sympathies for Bulgaria over the Macedonian incidents. Her friendly *détente* with Hungary and the offer of a free zone to that country at one of the Yugoslav Adriatic ports was countered by the Italo-Hungarian Pact and the Italian offer to Hungary of a free zone at Fiume. Finally, when she was accused by Italy of preparing a counter-revolution in Albania and massing troops for a war—groundlessly accused as it happened—and she wanted the League to take action

in the matter, international diplomacy, with its hands tied by the 1921 Agreement, advised her not to take the dispute to Geneva. These events, together with the political and economic Italian predominance in Albania, presented themselves to the Yugoslav mind as a nightmare of Italian penetration. In Yugoslav eyes the shadow of a new *drang nach osten* had fallen across the Balkan peninsula.

In the foregoing I have presented the different sides to the question as seen by the disputants concerned. In attempting to sum up a number of points present themselves to the impartial observer.

It has been suggested by critics of Yugoslavia, for instance, that the Yugoslav outcry against the Italian predominance in Albania is a matter of sour grapes on the part of the Belgrade politicians—a case of the “biter bit.” This view merits consideration, but likewise equal consideration must be given to the self-evident answer, particularly as this answer constitutes the actual problem which is facing international diplomacy, to wit: that the position at the moment is not what Yugoslavia may or may not want to do in Albania but what Italy is actually doing there at the moment. That Italy is, in fact, “the man in possession.”

Italian apologists have also asserted that the Treaty of Tirana is in conformity with Italy's obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations. Against this view must be recorded what may perhaps be termed the strictly “League of Nations view”—that as Albania is a member of the League no further individual guarantees of her independence are needed. In this connection it is pointed out that when in 1921 the Serbian Army overstepped the mark and penetrated into actual Albanian territory, the moral authority of the League Council alone was sufficient to arrest the advance. Therefore it is argued that instruments such as the Tirana Treaty were not needed to reinforce the authority of the League in respect of Albanian independence; and, indeed, that such instruments tended to weaken the authority of the League.

At the height of the trouble last year the possibility

suggested itself that there was more behind the Tirana Treaty than met the eye. British diplomacy therefore suggested as a way out that Yugoslavia on her part should sign the Netunno Conventions (left over from the Pact of Rome of 1924), and that Signor Mussolini on his part should give Yugoslavia official assurances that the Treaty of Tirana was not what the Yugoslavs feared it to be, that it was not, that is to say, a veiled instrument of intervention. Signor Mussolini did not act upon this advice, and British diplomacy, beginning to see that the situation was not so clear as it had at first appeared to be, began to leave the question to be thrashed out between Rome and Belgrade.

It may be safely presumed that neither Italy nor Yugoslavia want war. Signor Mussolini has his hands full with the transformation of Italy into the corporative State. Yugoslavia wants a long period of peace in which to develop her economic resources and consolidate the internal structure of the Serb, Croat, Slovene kingdom. At the moment it may be safely stated that Yugoslavia has no designs upon Albania. Whatever her mistakes in the past, she now realises that an independent Albania—if only as an Adriatic buffer State—is in her own best interests.

The question, then, has been frequently asked: Why is Italy pursuing her present Albanian policy? The arguments for and against the official Italian plea that Italy is maintaining political stability in Albania I have already given. Is it economic development? But there is a far greater volume of reciprocal trade to be done between Italy and Yugoslavia.

I think it may be fairly said, after full consideration of all the arguments and counter-arguments, that for Italy the Balkans have appealed as the immediate sphere, or the line of least resistance. This has created an atmosphere of nerves which is manifest not only in the Balkans and Central Europe but also in the larger sphere of Italo-French relations. It has led, amongst other things, to “groupings” and the playing off of smaller States in the interests of larger ones. It has led, amongst other things,

to France's endeavours to bring about a Balkan Locarno—to keep Italy out of the Balkans. And it has led equally to Italy's endeavours to frustrate the French plan, to prevent the formation of a Central European or Balkan *bloc* which might oppose a barrier to Italian expansionist policy.

Here, then, is a situation which, although the principal disputants are opposed to war, contains all the elements of potential conflict. History has taught us the lesson that when in the past Great Powers have resorted to the Balkan Peninsula as a safety valve they have discovered there instead a powder magazine. It is surely inconceivable that Signor Mussolini who, above all things, is a realist, would push his Albanian policy to the logical extreme of intervention. For intervention would be resisted by Yugoslavia on the principle of "the Balkans to the Balkan peoples," and that would result in a conflagration which would undoubtedly spread to an extent impossible at the moment to forecast.

It is the realisation of these dangerous elements which moved M. Briand and Signor Mussolini to agree to open conversations. General talks are proceeding at Rome through the instrumentality of M. de Beaumarchais. Not much progress so far has been made with the Belgrade talks, although one may note with satisfaction that Signor Mussolini has agreed to the Yugoslav view that it would be better to postpone for six months the question of the renewal or otherwise of the Italo-Yugoslav Pact of 1924, in order to give the present *pourparlers* a chance of coming to fruition.

Put in a nutshell, the Italo-Yugoslav position at the moment amounts to this: (1) Yugoslavia has expressed the wish that Italy should clear up the ambiguity of the situation created by the Tirana Treaty; (2) Italy claims that the Yugoslav fears are groundless and that the Tirana Treaty is a harmless instrument; (3) impartial observers take the view, therefore, that it is hardly to be conceived that Italy will not consent to clarify the position, as by so doing she would be able to put her intentions beyond suspicion and end the long period of tension and misunderstanding. This, in effect, was the line taken by the

British Government at the height of the tension last year, when the Foreign Office—having no reason at the time to doubt the intentions of the Italian Government—advocated a clearing up of the situation in the form of a clear-cut assurance. Such an assurance was half promised by Signor Mussolini, but to date has not been forthcoming. Now, however, that the Italo-Yugoslav question enters into the larger orbit of the Franco-Italian conversations, the hope is expressed that Signor Mussolini will not delay further in entering into a general discussion calculated to lead to a settlement of this difficult problem and thus publicly demonstrate the veracity of the belief that Italy's motives behind the Treaty of Tirana are not of the nature ascribed to her by adverse critics. Failure to seize this opportunity would be calculated to deepen rather than remove the suspicions which created the nervous tension both on the other side of the Adriatic and in Paris.

Both Italy and Yugoslavia have more to gain mutually by a policy of amity and co-operation than from an attitude of mutual hostility. The natural and legitimate Italian desire that Italy should be the Great Power with a special position in the South-Eastern European sphere could be better realised by an Italy in the *rôle* of the champion of Balkan independence than by an Italy pursuing the policy of *divide et impera*. Italy might do worse than agree to a mutual Italo-Yugoslav treaty guaranteeing Albanian independence.

So much for the Balkan aspect—perhaps the most difficult aspect—of the "Italian Question." There remain the problems of the Mediterranean and the question of Colonial outlets. One of the Mediterranean problems, that of the participation of Italy in the International Administration of Tangier, bids fair to be composed in the near future. France and Spain having adjusted their mutual differences on the Tangier question, Italy and Britain have joined with them in the Tangier conversations. Italy's participation at Tangier may therefore be taken as a foregone conclusion. The Tunisian population question is likely to prove a more difficult one. Italy has long-

standing claims here. She is naturally averse to the predominantly Italian population of Tunis losing their Italianity. The great difficulty is how to find ways and means of meeting Italy's wishes on this score without upsetting the present French position in Tunis. Likewise the question of Colonial outlets and Colonial mandates is a very difficult one. There is a growing movement in the French Left in favour of France giving up the Syrian mandate. At the same time there is equally a strong feeling of reluctance in France to give up Syria in favour of Italy. And yet—at the moment at least—Syria is the only sphere which suggests itself in this connection. None of these problems is so acute as the Balkan problem, but it would be a mistake to consider them as being too simple.

The only real solution—and the most likely one if there is to be any solution at all—appears to be one based upon broad international considerations, a view which it would not be fantastic to assert appeals to Sir Austen Chamberlain. Such a broadly based solution would imply that system of regional agreements which is now the keystone of Britain's policy in regard to security and the League of Nations. A series of regional agreements within the framework of a general European understanding would appear best to meet the case. Hitherto matters have been drifting from bad to worse in the form of local disputes. As to the exact form such a solution would take it is impossible to forecast. At the moment international diplomacy is engaged in the painful but necessary task of groping its way towards such a solution. Success or failure is largely on the lap of the gods—and Signor Mussolini.

RAILWAYS AND ROAD POWERS

By J. A. DUNNAGE, F.S.S., F.C.I., A.M.INST.T.

(Editor "*Transport Management*")

MUCH has been happening in the transport world during and since the war of which the layman has seen only small, unconnected and perhaps sometimes unintelligible manifestations. War conditions, at home as well as in the principal theatres of operations, forced us to study all phases of transport more closely than ever before, and the progress then made, plus the intensified commercial competition of post-war years, the hand-to-mouth buying which has become habitual, the difficulties of the housing situation, and many other aspects of the general sociological problem, have combined to place efficient transport in the front rank of the factors vital to proper national development. The founding in 1919 of an Institute of Transport, which a year ago received the Royal Charter and was honoured by the patronage of His Majesty, indicates the official support now given to this viewpoint.

From a mass of considerations of technical interest there emerge several leading points which ought to be seized and appreciated by the general reader. Transport problems, like all others, do not stand still. It is useless to sigh for a return to the position existing before 1914. Even if desirable—and the writer utterly denies its desirability—it is quite impossible. Discoveries have been made, forces have been let loose, amalgamations and re-organisations have been planned and started which cannot be countermanded. We are bound to go on. We are, indeed, rushing on—literally as well as figuratively. Where are we going? Is there any directing policy designed to take care of the nation's interests? One contends that there is no such policy, and that until an all-embracing transport policy is hammered out changes in the law are likely to be dangerous, since they will be effected at the instance of the most clamorous and powerful contestants rather than those having the best case.

Railways found themselves in 1919 without funds and suffering serious arrears of maintenance and development. Their undertakings having been controlled throughout the war, it was unfair that they should be merely handed back to their owners without thought for their financial future. The Ministry of Transport Act, 1919, though a severely emasculated version of the all-embracing measure originally planned by Sir Eric Geddes, was the first formal recognition of the vital need for a national transport policy. Pursuant to its powers there was set up an Inquiry which led to the passage of the Railways Act, 1921, under which the principal railways of the country were combined into four groups. An entire revision of the charging powers, the classification of goods, and the standard conditions of carriage was called for, so that the railways might be enabled to earn what was termed the "standard revenue," that is, a revenue comparable with that earned in 1913 (the last "normal" year), with certain adjustments in respect of capital since invested in new works or in works which, though completed in 1913, had only since become productive.

RAILWAY REORGANISATION

The Railway Rates Tribunal, set up under the Railways Act, 1921, to conduct the complex enquiry and decide upon the new charges and conditions, has, after lengthy consideration and greatly aided by bodies representative of trade and commerce, reached decisions which are about to be tested in practice. The "Appointed Day" (January 1st, 1928) has seen the inception of a new state of affairs, and while it is not yet possible to say what results will follow the revolution in charging and in rate-making, there is no doubt that transport officials on each side have worked hard, and are to be congratulated upon their handling of an immense mass of detail during more than five years. They have not yet finished. What will be the actual financial results, and whether they will satisfy the railways, cannot be known for many months yet.

Meantime railways, which for years have enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the long-distance carrying trade, both

in passengers and goods, are finding themselves (on their own showing) seriously embarrassed by the rise of competitors who use the public roads and, aided by modern vehicles and unencumbered by a complicated charging mechanism, appear to be diverting from the rails an important share of their best traffic. Opinions differ about the actual extent of this competition. Some senior railway officials scornfully minimise it, while others are seriously perturbed. Yet that the situation gives the railways cause for alarm is proved by their action in appealing to Parliament for unrestricted powers to enable them also to run vehicles on the roads, and (presumably) to fight competitors on their own ground. Some say, indeed, that the powers claimed will, if secured, be exercised not by the straightforward method of initiating road services to compete with those of the existing road transport concerns, but by way of making agreements with the larger of those concerns for co-ordinated working: such agreements being either secured willingly or reached under subtle pressure by threats of remorseless competition for recalcitrants. This is as it may be, and until the powers are within reach it is premature to give too much thought to the manner of their use when gained. What is abundantly clear is that the railways are settling down to the pursuit of some deep-laid plans leading to a definite end—and since the road interests, too, are very actively led, a really big fight is brewing.

NATION'S INTERESTS SHOULD BE PARAMOUNT

How far is such a fight in the national interests? Do the contestants care two straws about the national interests, one wonders? If they do not, is it not time the facts of the case were broadcast and the public were given a chance to form an intelligent opinion on the merits of the situation? The writer suggests that, at whatever sectional cost, the national interests must be paramount. Is it, then, in the national interests that the railways should be given the powers they seek?

The search for the right answer involves us in many

twists and turns of the problem. Both railways and road transport concerns represent a very considerable investment of capital. Each provides employment for many thousands of useful citizens, and at a standard of remuneration above the average level of the industrial workers. Apart from the direct services they render these thousands of transport workers form a useful body of consumers, and should not be unduly impoverished if it can be avoided by wise statesmanship. Indeed, a few moments' thought makes it evident that neither railways nor road transport could be entirely dispensed with unless the whole community were to be dislocated. A very large proportion of the total tonnage moved by the railways consists of heavy, low-class mineral traffic, moving between points equipped with private siding facilities and in a vast number of privately owned trucks. To transfer this essential traffic to road transport would not, at any rate at the present stage, be possible or desirable. At the other extreme is the large total of fast passenger movement between distant towns, for which excellent railway services with sleeping and feeding facilities have been provided that could not easily be dispensed with. As a side issue the fast newspaper services provided by the railways are not easily replaceable. It would, indeed, be a grave national fault were the millions locked up in first-rate permanent way, signalling plant, locomotives, coaching stock and storage buildings by our railways to be wasted by any ill-considered movement from other interests.

Yet equally vital is it that no smashing blow should be permitted at the newer systems. The railways themselves depend upon road transport for collection and delivery services. Indeed, it is contended that they are already the largest individual owners of road vehicles in the country, and any legislative measures aimed at road vehicles cannot in common justice exempt railway-owned road vehicles. Obviously, despite the problems of road damage which must be faced if the transfer to road continues, a solution which seriously reduced the number of road vehicles by throwing a lot of their owners into liquidation would leave the remainder, plus the pleasure motorists and the general

ratepayers, to face a crushing burden for highway repairs, and thus seriously upset the balance of equity. Road transport enables new areas to be opened up economically: it widens the productive hinterland, and enables the amenities of modern civilised life to be available to an ever-increasing circle. It is essential to the decentralisation policy beloved of town-planners. The War Office, too, would be very disturbed by any serious blow at the road industry, since their subsidy scheme, their recent development of the six-wheeler, and, indeed, their whole mobilisation plans are based upon the existence of well-found fleets of mechanical road vehicles and a plentiful reserve of competent drivers.

Thus we are forced to realise that any ill-judged laws which led to the crushing of either means of transport would seriously prejudice us all, and until labour conditions are so settled that strikes of transport workers are practically impossible, the ready availability of alternative methods is obviously important. Indeed, the factor that stands out remarkably clearly is that not railway interests, nor road interests, but national interests should control us in facing the situation, and that these are the last to receive attention from most of the experts. The Ministry of Transport, the only body that might have any pretensions to a national viewpoint, is under sentence of death. It may possibly gain a respite, but for the time its activities, apart from mere routine, appear to have been frozen.

MAKE THE FACTS PUBLIC

How, then, can public opinion be focussed upon this vital issue in time for effective action to be taken? A vast amount of discussion has taken place at meetings of the Institute of Transport, at the World Motor Transport Congress, at the Chambers of Commerce, etc., which never meets the ears of anybody except experts whose minds, for better or worse, are already made up by the exigencies of their employment. These discussions must be brought into the open and the facts made clear to the average man, and not by way of inspired paragraphs from biased sources. The Press is serving its highest purpose by

devoting space to the formation and enlightenment of public opinion hereon, and its first task is to sift and put forward the evidence so vehemently produced on either side.

The railways, to support their demand for unlimited road powers, complain of many things. They point, primarily, to the inequitable basis of taxation, arguing that, as the most heavily rated interests in many of the parishes their lines pass through, they are virtually subsidising their competitors by paying nearly £8,000,000 annually towards the maintenance of highways. They next urge that while they, as "common carriers," are under statutory obligation to carry any and everything that is tendered to them (subject to certain obvious safeguards), their competitors are under no such legal control, and can pick and choose their loads, taking the "cream" of the traffic at remunerative rates, and leaving all the awkward goods to the poor railways. Comparisons are next drawn between the guaranteed eight-hour day of the railwayman, with his sick leave, annual leave and superannuation rights, and the unrestricted, incessant labour of the road motor driver. A shrewd blow this, for it enlists on the side of the railway shareholders the rank and file of the N.U.R. They further point out that they have to pay for their own permanent way, signalling, etc., whereas (presumably) their competitors get their permanent way and their signalling service provided free of charge by the local and national authorities. One might interject here that if the railway method of transport entails the sole occupation of huge tracts of land and the road transport methods entails the sole use of but small tracts of land, that is a reason for developing road transport as a newer and cheaper method. Railways of necessity require absolute possession and exclusive use of their tracks. Roads built out of money raised from the tax borne by motor users can be, and are, used by all, and become public possessions.

As to the general admissibility of any ground for complaint by the railways, the Transport and General Workers Union point out very soundly "when skilled manual

workers complain of the competition of other forms of manufacture they are told of the inevitability of progress." Though railways complain that their rivals do not pay their fair share of the rates, it is patent that they not only pay rates but a special tax to maintain the roads that are used not merely by themselves but by passengers and goods going to and from railway stations and depots. Railway people say that they pay more rates than their competitors. Actually they get preferential rating treatment, for in their assessment deductions are made from the value to cover cost of maintenance, renewal of permanent way, cost of repairs to all stations and depots, fire insurance, overhead expenditure. Another deduction is the seventy-five per cent. exemption in respect of sanitary rates.

ROAD GRIEVANCES

Road transport interests, although not the aggressors in the present fight, are not backward in expressing their own grievances. They complain of congested streets and totally inadequate roads, and retort to the answer that *they* are causing the congestion by urging that when they, after an honourable understanding, agreed to a basis of special taxation for the purpose of road improvements, the Chancellor calmly filched from the Road Fund many millions that should have been spent on better roads. They further prove, with the support for this purpose of prominent county surveyors, that whereas the cost of road repairing, averaged over the whole country, equals 0.12d. per ton-mile, the contribution of the road vehicle, on a comparable basis, equals 0.18d. per ton-mile. Thus they argue that the users of mechanical road vehicles are more than making good the entire cost of the upkeep of British roads: indeed, they are paying, by indirect and illicit means, a tax, not originally contemplated, of .06d. per ton-mile, and by piling up funds at the mercy of the Chancellor are paying a kind of luxury tax which they can ill afford to meet, and for which there is no fiscal argument.

Complaint is made next of the weak and awkward

bridges, with their low weight limits, which in many parts of the country hamper the free movement of road vehicles between factory and destination. Many factory locations, readily accessible to the railways by private siding, are only reached by road lorries after a costly and lengthy detour, and in cases where railways are concerned in the ownership of such bridges obstructive tactics are suspected. The Minister of Transport has admitted the importance of this question, but nothing has yet been done on general lines to put things right.

A good deal is said about restrictive legislation, although here there seems less basis for genuine complaint, for the standards of efficiency of vehicle, track and staff demanded of railways are far more rigid than anything so far required of their competitors, due, one agrees, to the different conditions of working. Again, there is now a tendency to legislate in the matter of axle weights and overall dimensions after consultation with the industry itself.

Greater truth appears to lie in the complaint of inequitable treatment from licensing authorities, police and magistrates. In respect of the first-named the quarrel lies rather between private and municipally owned transport than between both and the railways, but as regards the attitude of police and justices there certainly have been isolated incidents that give rise to the feeling that, to put it mildly, there is no intention to stretch a point in favour of the modern system of which all speak so highly when there is a railway strike!

When road transport tries to deal with shipment traffic it finds itself involved in difficulties which are very serious and little understood. At several ports—London is an excellent example—there exist old-standing arrangements with the railway companies by means of which traffic carried by rail from the provinces at C. and D. rates is conveyed straight alongside ship at the bare C. and D. rate, escaping payment of the usual dock charges. This arrangement, excellent enough when first concluded, cannot in the nature of things be extended to road transport, since its justification lies in the fact that the railways pay to the dock authority the part of their rate which is assumed

to cover "delivery" not performed, which portion is accepted by the dock people in lieu of the normal dock charge. This agreement, logical enough when the only possible means of long-distance internal haulage was the railway, needs reconsideration to-day if it is to escape the charge being lodged by the road experts of constituting an "undue preference" to the grave detriment of road transport.

As to the complaint that, while the railways are common carriers, their competitors can "pick and choose their loads," the road experts retort that in common-sense business *nobody* can "pick and choose." It is the customer who picks and chooses as between varied offers of service, and average business men—road hauliers among them—are very glad to take any and every kind of business offered. Prominent industrial transport managers appear to confirm this view, stating very bluntly that any road haulier who made difficulties over accepting their "smalls" would not be given a chance to take the larger and better paying loads.

A NATIONAL ENQUIRY

It being agreed that both road and rail transport are essential to the successful running of this country, and it being very apparent that each at present labours under an acute sense of grievances unremedied, is there not a clear case for a painstaking and impartial enquiry to be followed by intervention on a national scale? There has, indeed, been much talk for many months about the possibilities of co-operation or co-ordination between road and rail, but the most zealous protagonists of such an ideal fail entirely to make clear any practical basis upon which it may be tested. Abandonment by railways to road transport of unremunerative branch lines, with consequent release of staff and equipment, have been talked of, but in practice the railways appear reluctant to take the decisive step, perhaps for reasons of prestige. There is general acceptance of the theory—as a theory—that road transport should act as a feeder to the railways, and learned discussions take place, inconclusive through limited data, as

to the economic radius of operation of road transport, which is placed variously at between fifty and one hundred and fifty miles. Each figure is correct—for certain goods in given quantities. Lip service is generally rendered to the idea of co-operation, though sometimes even polite pretence is missing, as witness Mr. F. C. A. Coventry, the Great Western Railway's motor transport superintendent, at the World's Motor Transport Congress. This gentleman affirmed a readiness to co-operate with road transport, but pleaded that there was in fact *nobody to negotiate with*, and went on to stipulate that the co-operation of road concerns with his railway company clearly meant the subordinating of their services to those of the railway companies. Major Paterson countered that co-operation ought to indicate a union of *minds* as well as services, minds working together with a common interest, and clearly inferred that no such union of minds had ever been contemplated or was to be expected from the railway officials.

IMMEDIATE ACTION NECESSARY

"Scrapping" of this sort is all very well, but it takes matters no further. Business interests, and the interests of the average citizen, lie in securing such arrangements as will ensure a transport system of the greatest possible flexibility and convenience at the lowest possible cost. The situation to-day is such that the nation must intervene promptly and decisively to settle the quarrels of the rivals. Recognition of this fact is evident in the recent utterance of Colonel Wilfred Ashley, the Minister of Transport:—

In my opinion, there should be no antagonism between rail and road transportation. Both are necessary to the carrying of passengers and goods in any well-ordered country, and I am quite clear that, at no distant date, in this country, whatever Government is in power, it will be obliged to tackle that problem with no uncertain hand. Co-ordination will eliminate the wasteful competition which now exists, and both these industries will be enabled to carry on successfully, and financially successfully, if the Government of the day, *when it has explored the problem*, will pass some law to prevent the overlapping and waste.

I submit that the time for such exploration is now, before the present "wasteful competition" is further intensified

by the railway companies being given additional facilities to flood our roads with hundreds of unwanted vehicles, thus adding to the congestion and the cost of road repairs, beside upsetting the delicate balance of their own rates and leaving the Rates Tribunal the new and unpleasant task of forcing, at the end of the next financial year, a fresh increase of rates upon the trading public, and further delaying the time when something approaching stability in transport costs can be looked for. A small, highly qualified commission of enquiry, attacking the problem promptly, might well elicit sufficient statistical and other evidence to enable the true situation to be summed up. The relation to the central problem of the projected motorways, and of efforts tending toward better canal development, would also need to be studied, but the resultant report should form a very sound basis for the adoption of a national transport policy and for future legislation. At the worst it would enable alleged grievances to be ventilated, so that in the "shake up" that followed any recommended legislation all concerned would settle to their new tasks with much less bitterness than to-day appears to be brewing in transport circles. Let business men, then, press for the immediate appointment of a suitable commission before which all concerned in the internal transport of goods and passengers can state their case.

MISREPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL SETON CHURCHILL

WE Englishmen in the past have hitherto been proud of our great national institution, the House of Commons, and have pointed with pride to the Mother of Parliaments, in which, in theory at all events, each individual voter feels that he has a share in the government of his country. When outvoted we yield to each other in a sporting spirit and with a good grace, because we recognise the fact that, though we may now be in a minority, our turn will come when we shall be in a majority. Alas! those happy days have apparently passed away, and nothing so strikes the intelligent, thoughtful student of the political life of his country as the existing grotesque misrepresentation of the voters in this present House of Commons. The old system of which we were so justly proud was introduced when only two political parties existed, known as Tory and Whig, or, in later days, Conservative and Liberal. The latter party, which was always more or less of a progressive nature, has now divided up into two distinct sections by no means very friendly to each other, so we now have three schools of political thought, viz., Conservative, Liberal, and Labour.

The present Government was elected towards the end of 1924, so that under the five year Act their term of office will soon be coming to an end, and this, of course, may be sooner than some think, as the last few months always contain an element of uncertainty. Many were hoping that the King's Speech delivered at the opening of Parliament in February, 1928, would allude to the subject, so as to avoid the danger of misrepresenting the public in Parliament again. But though the Government failed on that occasion to introduce such a desirable change, the debate on March 28th showed that a large number of private members felt very strongly on the subject. The truth is that the Conservative Party has always shown itself

to be slow in picking up a new idea. Consequently there has been no official recognition of the evils of the old-fashioned form of voting, which originated when only two great schools of thought existed throughout the country. Each election has now become a kind of gamble, and so each party hopes to be successful. If such an antiquated method continues, the country is very seriously in danger of a terrible catastrophe. It must be obvious to all thoughtful persons that we are making for a possible appalling disaster, and we shall be most fortunate if there is not a frightful awakening in store for us, in the form of a revolution, in the near future. The sooner the nation awakes to the fact, the better for all lovers of constitutional government, whatever their political views may be.

ANTICIPATING THE FUTURE

If the authorities in France had only recognised in time that the conditions had changed, that country might have been spared the French Revolution of 1789, the execution of a King, and the death of an enormous number of citizens. But it is unnecessary to go so far back in history for an example, for it is equally true of modern Russia. If only the late Czar had been a little more far-sighted and yielding, so as to meet the legitimate demands of his countrymen, he might not only have saved his own life but that of over two million of his subjects who have since been cruelly murdered. In England we have so far been spared these political horrors by allowing the aggrieved leaders to blow off steam in the House of Commons, but if by a want of foresight we are to fail to make use of that safety valve we shall only have ourselves to blame if the Socialists, the Communists, and the Anarchists resort to non-constitutional methods in their attempt to rectify the existing injustice. Already some of the extremists have threatened violent methods of opposition in the House of Commons. We who can remember how that institution was turned into a regular pandemonium by a mere handful of members before Irish Home Rule was

passed do not want to see a revival of those disgraceful scenes at Westminster. Outside the House of Commons also Trades Unionists have threatened to bring our commercial life to a standstill by means of strikes on a larger scale than have ever yet taken place, so as to stop our supply of food, coal, water, gas, electricity, and transport by train, bus, or tram. These extremists are attributing the violent reaction of the last election to the Capitalist system which enables a few rich men to buy up the bulk of the Press and thus to influence public opinion by misrepresenting facts.

THE RED PERIL PANIC

Owing to the unwise action of the Labour Party the nation has been seized with a panic, and in the election of 1924 violently oscillated to the opposite extreme, quite overlooking the fact that the opposite of wrong is not right, but often only wrong in another direction! The truth in politics, as in other things, generally lies between the extremes. It is true that Mr. Baldwin has promised that he will not tax our food without another election, but, though an honest man, he is not a strong one, and it is obvious that he is very much under the influence of his own party extremists, as was the case with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the late Cabinet that preceded him, which went out at the end of 1924. Nothing is so bad for the trade of a country as to be exposed to a zigzag policy in which violent extremists have unlimited power committed into their hands for a few years. What the trade of England really requires is a moderate policy, which is always slightly progressive, leaning sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, so as to avoid all violent reactions, which disturb all calculations, thus turning legitimate commerce into gambling transactions.

GROTESQUE MISREPRESENTATION

But though the nation undoubtedly rushed in a panic to the opposite extreme to avoid the Red Peril in 1924, it has not done so in such a way as to justify the existing

ludicrous misrepresentation of Members of Parliament. This is obviously due to our defective plan of adhering to an antiquated system of representing, or rather misrepresenting the voters. To give a single example we will take Dorsetshire, one of the smallest of our counties, which has four single constituencies, thus returning four members. The total of voters in that county who went to the poll in 1924 was 87,673, divided up as follows: Conservatives, 52,624; Liberals, 19,259; Labour, 15,790. A fair representation in the House would therefore be two Conservatives, one Liberal, and one Labour, but, as a matter of fact, all the four members are Conservatives! Practically, therefore, all the 35,049 Liberal and Labour voters fail to find themselves represented in Parliament! Such a so-called representation of public opinion would be comic were it not so serious and likely to entail terrible disasters and violent reactions in the future.

TRIANGULAR CONTESTS

But what is true of Dorsetshire on a small scale is equally true of the nation at large. Owing to the numerous triangular contests which have taken place, a minority has been able to seize the reins of office. Thus we find that in more than 140 three-cornered conflicts a minority has gained the day and the majority is absolutely unrepresented. To those who have not yet grasped the situation, the following figures may help them to understand it. Say in a large single constituency only 75,000 actually vote, and the results are as follows: Conservatives, 30,000; Liberals, 25,000; Labour, 20,000—a Conservative gets in, though he is only backed by 30,000, whereas 45,000 are against him, so that the majority are practically unrepresented! As this can so easily be obviated by one of the existing systems of proportional representation, or the alternative vote, methods for the representation of minorities which are being much used throughout the world as well as in various local elections in England, the sooner it is recognised the better that our existing parliamentary system is out of date and needs a slight reform to adapt

it to the new conditions so that it may fairly represent the public opinion of the constituencies. Out of an electorate throughout Great Britain of nearly 20,000,000, the total votes recorded in the last General Election of 1924 was 16,633,146, as not all the seats were contested. If we deduct a few votes for places which cannot be strictly classified under any one of the three headings below, we find approximately the following results :—

Conservatives	..	..	..	..	..	7,931,267
Liberals	..	..	..	..	..	3,095,481
Labour	..	..	..	..	..	5,564,287
Total	..	..	..	..	..	16,591,035

It is generally supposed that a very large number of Liberals sacrificed themselves in 1924 and voted with the Conservatives in order to make sure that Labour should be defeated. There was at that time no hope of carrying a large Liberal majority, and they were determined to resist the Red Peril at all costs. It is estimated that over 1,000,000 did this, which accounts for the great and sudden diminution of the Liberal total, as at the previous election they polled 4,251,573, and are even stronger than those figures represent. But, in spite of this considerable addition to their strength, the Conservatives throughout the country secured only 7,931,267, as opposed to 8,659,768 Liberals and Labour combined. Under any fair system of representation the Conservative members of the House should preponderate, but they ought to be slightly fewer than the united forces of these other two parties. Instead of that they are larger than the other two combined!

PUBLIC OPINION NOT REPRESENTED

But when we turn to the actual results we find that, under the old-fashioned system on which we are still trying to run our Parliament, the results were as follows: Conservatives, 415; Liberals, 43; Labour, 152; others, 5; total, 615. It is obvious, therefore, that, though the Conservatives only secured 7,931,267 votes throughout the country, while the combined forces of Liberal and Labour were

supported by 8,659,768, yet in the House the 415 Conservative members are able to outvote the combined 195 Liberals and Labour! In other words, the larger number of voters throughout the country, consisting of 8,659,768, returned to power only 195, whereas the smaller number of 7,931,267 are represented by 415 M.P.s! Could anything be more ludicrous?

COURTING DISASTER

Are we not inviting trouble if we continue on this antiquated system, which was never devised for the existing state of affairs? The British public is a long-suffering one, but there are limits even to its powers of endurance. In an educated age like this, and in a democratic country, it is impossible practically to disenfranchise such an enormous number of our countrymen without running serious risks. If people cannot obtain justice in a legitimate way and by constitutional methods they will sooner or later resort to unconstitutional measures. In Italy we find Mussolini seizing the power by illegal methods, and it remains to be seen how this dangerous experiment will yet work out in that country. His Minister for the Interior has already made a proud boast to his own party of the fact that during a single week he has closed down ninety-five suspicious clubs and disbanded twenty-five organisations, besides breaking up 150 public meetings. In addition to this he has searched 655 Opposition politicians and made many arrests of men for no other crime than that of being political opponents! Will a country celebrated for its love of freedom continue long to tolerate such an interference with their liberty?

We must not, of course, take too seriously that movement in England called British Fascisti, which had its first dinner at the Lyceum Club on February 24th, 1925, and drank the toast of "The Ideals of Italy." It was addressed by Brigadier-General Blakeney, and among its supporters were present Lord Ernest Hamilton, Sir Burton and Lady Chadwick, Sir Ormonde Winter, Lady Huntington, and others. It

was stated that if the ideals and spirit of Fascism were accepted in England there would be an end of all our industrial disputes! It did not, however, mention that there would probably also be a revolution! In Russia we have already seen the results of Lenin and Trotsky raising a revolution and seizing the reins of office. These unconstitutional methods of rectifying injustice are, however, most undesirable, even when no evil is done, as they are open to possible abuse.

A REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE

It cannot be emphasised too strongly that the old system of election, to which we are attached by custom and by sentiment, was splendid so long as the conditions continued which gave it existence. But once the conditions of political life were changed, it is obvious that the sooner the nation changed its system the better. It shows a want of intelligence on our part that we should not at once recognise the change by adapting the machinery to the new conditions, so that we may once more regain the benefits of the old system, which stood for fair representation. The old Conservative Party should stand for a fair representation of public opinion in Parliament and for the continuation of a constitutional form of government. Now is the opportunity of showing true statesmanship, combined with chivalry, by utilising their power to obtain for the country a fairer plan of representation. Let there be appointed a representative Committee of all three parties to examine the various methods of representing minorities and decide which one is best to adopt for the new conditions of political life in the British Parliament. This will not only avoid the risk of violence and even possible bloodshed in the future, but also the inconvenience and disturbance caused by these violent oscillations due to panic-stricken voters, which are very bad for our trade and which must tend to the increase of unemployment by driving business and capital out of the country.

ALBRECHT DÜRER

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON

THE fourth centenary of Dürer's death fell on April 6th, and was the occasion of special celebrations, especially in his native city of Nuremberg, where an important exhibition of his work, to which foreign countries have contributed, was inaugurated on April 11th. The works of Dürer at Berlin were exhibited for a month, before that date, at the Academy in the Pariserplatz. At the British Museum there was opened, on April 18th, a large exhibition of Dürer's drawings, engravings and woodcuts belonging to what is unquestionably the third collection in the world of his graphic art, after those at Vienna and Berlin. Of his paintings that were in England almost all have left the country during the last thirty years or so for Germany or America, and none remain of undisputed authenticity except the portrait of his father in the National Gallery and the beautiful little portrait, dated 1506, at Hampton Court, of Burcardus de Burcardis of Speyer, a member of the German community at Venice at the time of Dürer's visit. In the Cook collection at Doughty House, Richmond, is an interesting group of pictures related to Dürer, but none of them, except perhaps the *grisaille* painting of "Christ Bearing His Cross," dated 1527, is now accepted as being by the master's hand.

Dürer's drawings are now almost all accessible to students in the fine reproductions published by the firm of Grote at Berlin, edited originally by Lippmann and continued by Meder and Winkler. Five volumes, spread over many years, have recently been followed by a sixth containing early drawings, previously uncollected, down to the year 1505, and the publication will be concluded by a seventh volume in the course of 1928. No such monumental edition of any artist's drawings exists, except those of Holbein, nearly completed, and of Raphael, still in progress. At least 900 drawings by Dürer are known, of which about 150 are in the Albertina at Vienna, over 100 at

Berlin, and about 100 in the British Museum. Not only in numbers but in quality the Albertina stands foremost. The adequate publication of Dürer's drawings only became possible through the perfecting of modern photographic processes. It has added immensely to his fame, which in past centuries has been chiefly due to the wide diffusion of engravings and woodcuts bearing his monogram, his pictures being more talked about than seen.

The painter and engraver who died on April 6th, 1528, was certainly one of the great artists of the world, and one who in his own age, for the universality of his interests and attainments, had but one rival, Leonardo da Vinci. Born in 1471, his lifetime falls almost in equal halves between two centuries which witnessed a great transition, accomplished later and less perfectly in Germany than on the south side of the Alps, from Gothic art and a narrow monastic and scholastic education to the conquest of a new world of motives and ideas that was opened up by the revival of learning and the discovery of buried treasures of antique sculpture. None of them had more influence on artists, and especially on Dürer, than the Apollo Belvedere, found in 1490 at Antium. Dürer, as we see by his writings, and as we are directly informed by Camerarius, had hardly received a good enough education to appreciate all those discoveries unaided; but aided he was by his intercourse with men like Schedel, Celtes and Pirkheimer at home, and the Italian scholars and painters whom he met at Venice. He extended more than any German artist of his day the range of the traditional *répertoire* in the way of subjects, just as he extended by his technical researches the variety of modes in which they could be treated. His sturdy northern nature never condescended, as did that of many German and Netherlandish artists of the next generation, to mere imitation of Italian art. He studied and copied, in his youth, Italian drawings and engravings; he took hints, if not actually lessons, in the theory of proportion from Jacopo de Barbari, perhaps from Luca Pacioli, perhaps from Leonardo; he introduced into his backgrounds round arches and renaissance columns in the place of late Gothic architectural forms—

it is instructive to watch this transition especially about 1504 in the *Life of the Virgin* and its contemporary, the *Green Passion* at Vienna—but he persisted to the end in his own ideas of composition and in a realistic representation of natural objects, of furniture, and every product of human workmanship, in which he was excelled by his predecessors, the Flemish primitives, but not approached by any artist of the Italian school. Even in his own lifetime his prints were widely diffused and copied both at home and abroad, and Italian engravers borrowed from him much more than he from them.

In treating religious subjects he had no lack of precedents in the North, and here he follows tradition, though he elaborates and enriches with conscientious finish and love of detail stories from the Bible and the lives of the Saints which had hitherto more often been presented simply. It is in his mythological and allegorical subjects that he was more of an innovator, and it is just here that those who come fresh to Dürer from the study of Italian art will be conscious of a certain queerness and quaintness, while some of the subjects are insoluble puzzles even to those who have made a close study of German art. To many, indeed, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* may yield a clue, as the *Golden Legend* almost always does to subjects of Christian mythology, but the forms in which Ovid's stories, if his they be, are presented are so remote from what the modern mind expects, that the veil sometimes remains impenetrable. Dürer derived, no doubt, from his learned friend, Willibald Pirkheimer, who had studied at Padua and Pavia, the ideas for some of these prints, such as the "Meerwunder" or "Sea Monster," sometimes called the "Rape of Amymone," or the two compositions, a woodcut, and an engraving, which Dürer himself calls "Hercules," but modern commentators are unable to agree upon any certain interpretation of them. It is rarely that contemporary titles, even so vague as these, are known for the prints. We cannot doubt that some of Dürer's most unusual and apparently original inventions, such as those already mentioned, and the *Nemesis* or *Great Fortune*, which has

been definitely explained by a passage in the *Manto* of Politian, illustrated definite passages in classical, mediæval, or humanistic literature which can hardly have been matters of ordinary knowledge, but must have been brought to his notice by the learned circle of scholars with whom he associated. Dürer had no precedents to guide him; he presented these stories in forms that were all his own creation, and his Teutonic mind invented something very different from the more elegant classical compositions of the Florentines.

Others of Dürer's prints illustrate stories or sayings current in his own day but since forgotten. A curious case is the engraving, till lately supposed to be a simple *genre* subject and called "The Cook and His Wife." The bird perched on the stout man's shoulder seemed to call for some further explanation. It is now known that the print illustrates a story in *Der Ritter von Turn*, published at Basle in 1924, with woodcut illustrations (not including this subject) by the youthful Dürer himself. It is the story of a man who was keeping a fine eel in his fish tank, in case an unexpected guest should arrive. In his absence his wife took a fancy to the eel and conspired with a gossip to cook and eat it, telling the husband that it had been taken by an otter. The woman had a magpie that could talk, and when the husband returned the bird told tales. The wife was ready with her excuse, but the husband believed the bird. To revenge herself, the woman caught the bird and plucked every feather from its head. Thereafter, whenever the magpie saw a man with a bald head, it would say, "So you have been telling about the eel!"

Another explanation, recently proposed by Dr. Flechsig, for one of Dürer's earliest engravings, the "Five Soldiers and a Mounted Turk," is new but very probable. It is that this group is but a fragment of a large design for a Crucifixion, a subject in which, at the end of the fifteenth century, a Turk on horseback was often introduced. The soldiers, four of whom have nothing to do with the Turk, and whose presence with him is difficult to explain, would be standing at the foot

of the hill of Calvary and talking over the event of the Crucifixion. There are many subjects, such as the woodcut of a man chastising himself before a reliquary, which demand some more definite explanation than has ever yet been found for them.

It is indispensable, in any account of Dürer, to relate some outline of his life. About this we are rather exceptionally well informed, though there are great gaps in our knowledge. Dürer was a methodical man, who liked to keep records and make notes. Besides dates and signatures, which he placed with unusual frequency on his works, many documents written by himself are extant; autobiographical fragments and notes on family history, letters to friends, and, most precious of all, the detailed journal that he kept in 1520-21 when he travelled to the Netherlands. The study of these first-hand documents is indispensable for the knowledge of Dürer as a man.

He was born at Nuremberg on May 21st, 1471, the third son of Albrecht Dürer, a goldsmith born and bred in Hungary, who, after travelling in the Netherlands, settled in Nuremberg in 1455, served Hieronymus Holper for many years as his apprentice, and in 1467 married his daughter Barbara, aged fifteen. They had eighteen children, nearly all of whom died in infancy or early life; the only other survivors in 1524, when Dürer wrote his memorandum, were the fourteenth child, Andrew, a goldsmith, and the seventeenth, Hans (third son of that name), a painter. The leading printer at Nuremberg, Anton Koberger, was the young Albrecht's godfather. Of the mother, a hard-working and devout woman, whom Dürer took into his own house when she fell into poverty after her husband's death in 1502, and who would not let her Hans go with his elder brother to Venice, because she was afraid the sky would fall upon his head we have many touching details written by Albrecht in his account of the last illness and death of the thin old woman, worn out by toil and child-bearing, whose portrait he drew in 1514 (now at Berlin).

After his schooling the lad was brought up according to family custom as a goldsmith, but expressed so strong a wish to be a painter that he overcame his father's reluctance

and was apprenticed in 1486 to Wolgemut, who lived in the same street and in whose workshop he remained for three years. His own account of this time is laconic: "God granted me diligence, that I learned well. But I had to suffer much from his lads." Wolgemut, not a very great artist, was at the head of a prosperous concern for turning out religious pictures, painted with the best materials, to order. It was doubtless a good school for a pupil to learn his trade in. Then for four years Dürer travelled. He baffles our curiosity, saying only that he went away after Easter in 1490 (he had painted his father's portrait first) and returned after Whitsuntide in 1494. From other sources we learn that he travelled much in Germany; that he intended to study under Schongauer at Colmar, but did not arrive there before the master's death (in 1491), and that he visited Basle and Strassburg. We know that he worked as an illustrator at Basle. The wood block is preserved of a "St. Jerome," published there in 1492, with Dürer's autograph signature on the back, and there are good reasons for ascribing to him several long sets of book illustrations published at Basle. Many drawings of his "Wanderjahre" are extant, including a wonderful pen-and-ink drawing of his own features, dated 1493, which was discovered only last year by an English traveller, with some five-and-twenty other genuine drawings by Dürer, in the Lubomirski Museum at Lwow (Lemberg), which had remained entirely unknown to all the keen and learned students of Dürer at Vienna while Galicia was subject to Austrian rule.

Another beautiful portrait of himself, dated 1493, is the picture now in the Louvre, in which he is holding a sprig of eryngium or sea-holly ("Mannstreue" in German), which is supposed to be an emblem of courtship. In Otto Brunfels' *Kräuterbuch* (Strassburg, 1531) it is said that men wore the plant to make themselves acceptable to women, and so early a precedent is quoted as Phaon when in love with Sappho. But this can have had nothing to do with any wooing of Agnes Frey, for it is evident that this marriage was arranged for him by his father in a businesslike way after his return home in 1494.

There is evidence, convincing though indirect, that in the same year he went off to Venice and remained there till some time in 1495. It is the only explanation of his words written in a letter from Venice in 1506: "The thing that pleased me eleven years ago pleases me no more," and we have, in addition, a number of copies, dated 1495, from Mantegna and Pollaiuolo, a drawing of a lobster, dated 1495, a miniature painting of the Lion of St. Mark, and studies of Venetian costume of this date, while other reminiscences of Venice are seen in a gondola which skims over the water in the background of one of his earliest engravings, "The Holy Family with a Butterfly," and the piece of Renaissance architecture which appears so early as 1498 in the first woodcut of the Apocalypse, accompanied by a dragon on the top of a column, very Venetian in character. A most interesting explanation of this sudden departure from Nuremberg just after his marriage has recently been given by Dr. Flechsig, who points out that the plague was raging at Nuremberg in that summer and autumn, and shows that the same thing happened in the years of Dürer's other important journeys, for he went to Venice again in the plague year 1505, and to the Netherlands in the plague year 1520. It has not occurred to previous biographers of Dürer, who has nowhere mentioned the plague himself, except in his letters of 1506, to look up the old chronicles of Nuremberg in which these three bad outbreaks of pestilence are recorded.

To this journey to Venice, on which he passed through Innsbruck, Trent, and Arco, belong several wonderful water-colour drawings of towns and mountain scenery which had interested him on the way. Either to this time or to that following his return may belong the lovely water-colour study in the British Museum of pines, dead stems, clouds, and a deep blue pool lined with sedges. Another exquisite water-colour, with a study of clouds almost in the manner of Turner, is at Oxford. Dürer was one of the pioneers of pure landscape.

It was not till after his return from Venice, in all probability, that he began to engrave. In this art he had some excellent predecessors in Germany, notably the three

nameless engravers known as the Master of the Playing Cards (ca. 1440-50), the Master E S (ca. 1450-67), and the Master of the Hausbuch (ca. 1480-1500), and the celebrated Martin Schongauer, who died in 1491. Engraving in the fifteenth century was connected much more with the goldsmiths than with the painters, and the practice under his father, which the latter thought was wasted, served Dürer in good stead when he turned engraver. The plates, about 104 in number, which he engraved in thirty years, from 1496 to 1526, include some masterpieces which have never been surpassed. They witness to a wonderful capacity for taking pains and carrying out conscientiously every detail of a whole minutely planned. One is sometimes tempted to accuse them of being a little too complete, to put it politely, and to discern, for instance, in the "Conversion of St. Eustace," compiled rather than composed out of an excessive quantity of lovely details, evidence of a *horror vacui* to which other German artists besides Dürer were prone.

From about 1495 date also the earliest, apart from the book illustrations of his "Wanderjahre," of Dürer's very numerous woodcuts. In this branch of art he made a great innovation; disciples of William Morris might not allow me to call it a reform. The fifteenth century woodcutters had for the most part confined themselves to simple outlines with very moderate use of hatching, and it was usual to complete their prints with colouring applied by hand; a whole class of craftsmen called "Briefmaler" earned their living by doing this. Dürer put an end to this practice by making his drawings on the block so detailed and elaborate that no such addition could be required. I say advisedly drawings on the block. It has been disputed whether Dürer ever cut the blocks himself. There is no evidence that he did, and some that he did not. It is much more probable that he conformed to the usual practice among painters of making a careful drawing on the block and leaving it to a second artist, a professional woodcutter, to cut away all portions not intended to print, so that the artist's drawing stood exactly preserved upon the block, ready to yield, when inked and pressed, what was prac-

tically a facsimile of the original drawing. In "The Trinity," one of the masterpieces of 1511, that *annus mirabilis* of the woodcut, he set his woodcutter a task of unexampled difficulty, owing to the complexity of the cross-hatching in fine lines, every one of which had to be kept quite sharp and clear by cutting away the interstices with a knife.

The "Apocalypse" of 1498, and the self-portrait of the same year now in the Prado (the picture of a consummate dandy with long hair in a costume of white with violet stripes), the "Life of the Virgin," and the picture of the "Adoration of the Magi" (1504), now in the Uffizi, are a few of the important works that preceded Dürer's second visit to Venice (1505-1507), one of the outstanding events of his life. He was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for the church of the German community in Venice, San Bartolommeo. This is the "Feast of the Rose Garlands," now in the monastery of Strahow on the outskirts of Prague, painted between January and September, 1506. Dürer relates in one of his letters to Pirkheimer how the Doge and the Patriarch had been to see it in his studio, and how he had stopped the mouths of the jealous Italian painters who used to say that he was good at engraving but did not know how to handle colours. His letters are much concerned with Nuremberg jokes and his friend's commissions to buy books and sapphire rings, olive wood, glass, paper and carpets. But flashes of vivid light are thrown on life at Venice, as he describes the swaggering Italian soldiers with their poisoned weapons or the expensive dancing master. "You must know that I set to work to learn dancing and went twice to the school, for which I had to pay the master a ducat. No one could get me to go there again." Dürer has a good deal of Mr. Punch's Scotchman about him. He says that he was warned not to eat or drink with the Italian painters, but has words of high praise for Giovanni Bellini, and the appreciation was mutual.

Dürer's intercourse with cultivated judges of art, literature and music, the visits that he received from nobles and high dignitaries, had made a gentleman of him, as he writes

himself, at Venice, and when he returned to the narrower environment of Nuremberg he was ripened for conversing with the patricians and with the intellectual aristocracy of the humanists with whom he discussed problems of art and science, but whose approval he did not earn for his own efforts in German verse, of which he published three specimens in 1510 with a woodcut at the beginning of each poem and his monogram at the end. His greatest works in painting after his return from Venice were the Heller altar-piece of 1509 (burnt in 1674), and the fine "Adoration of the Holy Trinity," of 1511, now at Vienna, which, in its grand design, is more comparable than any other picture by Dürer to the masterpieces of Italian painting. From 1512 to 1515 he was much engaged in carrying out commissions for the Emperor Maximilian, who had conceived extensive schemes, employing many artists, for the glorification of his Habsburg ancestry and his own achievements in long series of woodcuts, many of which remained unfinished. Dürer's main contributions were the design of the enormous "Triumphal Arch" and of the "Triumphal Car," in which Maximilian, preceded by an immense procession with other allegorical cars, was supposed to approach it.

But these commissions left him time to engrave, during the years 1513-14, the three wonderful engravings on which his fame chiefly rests, "The Knight, Death and the Devil," the "St. Jerome in His Cell," and the "Melancholia," which has inspired more writing—not all worthy of the name of literature—than any other engraving that exists. Recent attempts to explain it by an examination of the mediæval and Renaissance doctrine of the Temperaments have led to results which it is impossible to state briefly.

Among events in Dürer's life, apart from the creation of his numerous works, the most important were his attendance at the Diet of Augsburg in 1518, which gave him an opportunity to draw many fine portraits, and then, in 1520, the year after Maximilian's death, his journey to the Netherlands to obtain from the new Emperor confirmation of the grant of a yearly pension which the Town Council of Nuremberg declined to pay without ratification. With

his wife and their maid Susanna, Dürer set out on his travels on July 12th, spending more of their time at Antwerp than elsewhere. His journal is a fascinating document, and throws much light on the manners of that time. It describes minutely his visits to Cologne, Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Aachen, etc., his intercourse with princes, such as the exiled King of Denmark and the Archduchess Margaret, Regent of the Netherlands; his visits to churches and the tips that he gave to get the pictures shown to him; his meetings with the painters of his own day, Bernard van Orley, Lucas van Leyden and others, and the entertainments that they gave in his honour. He describes one day the wonderful pageant at the entry of Charles V into Antwerp and on another a collection of curiosities from Mexico. If Roderigo the Portuguese gives Dürer's wife a small green parrot and she consequently has to buy a parrot cage, down it goes in the diary, along with every stiver spent on baths and meals. Presents are given lavishly on every side, Dürer's own often taking the form of gifts of his own prints. The Council of Antwerp, like the Venetian Senate many years before, offered Dürer a house, a handsome salary and exemption from taxes, but again he would not be tempted to settle abroad, and he returned home in the summer of 1521, with health impaired but almost unabated industry.

The choice of some of his latest subjects for engraving, especially the portraits of Frederick the Wise and Melanchthon, was connected with Dürer's sympathy with the progress of the Reformation. He says in a letter to Frederick's chaplain Spalatin that he hopes some day to draw and engrave Luther's portrait, but this hope was not realised. I can merely allude to the scientific works which occupied much of his time in his latter years. He finished and published his work on "Instruction in Measurement with Rule and Compass," and another on "Fortification," but his four books on "Human Proportion," summing up studies on which he had been engaged for nearly thirty years, were not quite finished when he died, and were seen through the press by Pirkheimer. They were subsequently translated into Latin by Camerarius, who wrote

a most interesting preface on Dürer's character and attainments.

Dürer, whose death was mourned by Luther, Melancthon and Erasmus, as well as his close friends and fellow-townsmen, taken as a painter only, was hardly the first, despite contemporary panegyrics of "the German Apelles," even of his own country. He could not rival such a supreme achievement in colour as Grünewald's "Isenheim Altar," or the idyllic charm of Cranach in the best of his early pictures. As a portrait painter he had at least an equal in Holbein, while the somewhat academic accuracy of the Nuremberg style of painting appeals less to modern taste than Altdorfer's fantastic and poetical caprices with their lovely woodland setting of dark moss-grown firs and the lighter green of forest trees. Look at Dürer painting his long-robed angels, and you will see how his imagination flags as compared with that of a Cranach painting the "Repose on the Flight into Egypt" or Altdorfer painting that lovely garland of angels flying in a great circle round the pillars of the church which is the scene of the "Birth of Mary."

But when we look at the totality of his achievement as painter, draughtsman, engraver, designer of scores of splendid woodcuts; when we think of his long-sustained industry and rarely flagging imagination, the enormous range of his studies and interests, his readiness to make experiments and industry in working out their results, we are bound to recognise in Dürer an excellence, both in art and science, which has rarely been equalled. And all that we learn of his character from his letters and journals, and the testimony of those who knew him, completes the picture of an earnest, upright, God-fearing man, worthy of the honour shown to him by princes, painters and scholars in his own day and the tributes paid to him by succeeding generations.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT OF 1926

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

THE PUBLIC HEALTH (SMOKE ABATEMENT) ACT, which came into force in January of the present year, is the result of prolonged discussion of and enquiry into the black smoke problem. The fact that this was one of the few Bills of lesser importance which escaped the customary slaughter of the innocents at the end of the last Session of Parliament was due to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's interest in the subject, and to his keen desire to pass legislation upon it during his period of office as Minister of Health. The new Act is based upon the Report and recommendations of a Departmental Committee appointed so long ago as 1914. The outbreak of War occurred almost immediately it had started its labours, and, as the work of taking evidence was suspended for four and a half years, the final Report did not appear until 1921. Only a few of the recommendations of the Committee have been incorporated in the new Act, and many of those who have been working, like the writer, for over twenty years in the cause of smoke abatement, are disappointed that it contains no provision for dealing with the domestic smoke problem. Readers of this REVIEW may be reminded that the authorities of New York adopted by-laws in 1906, which prohibited the use of bituminous fuel within the precincts of that city; and it is for this reason that the atmosphere of New York is so much cleaner and purer than that of any English city.¹ The new Public Health Act of 1926 might have contained a time limit within which householders should be obliged to change from the use of bituminous to smokeless fuel in this country, and it could then have been left to the discretion of the local authority concerned as to the date when this clause should come into operation. The new Act, however, contains no provision of this kind, and is limited

(1) THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, December, 1925, page 839.

solely to the prevention of factory smoke. The chief amendment made by it in the existing law relates to Sub-section 8 of Clause 91 of the Public Health Act of 1875, and the term "smoke" is now defined so as to cover soot, ash, grit, and gritty particles; while the term "black," which has always been a subject of controversy in legal proceedings under the 1875 Act, is deleted altogether. Increased penalties for repeated offences under the Act can now be imposed, and the appointment of County Councils as the acting authority in prosecutions, when the District Councils neglect their duty in proceeding against the offenders, is another step in the right direction. The Public Health Act of 1926, therefore, in those districts where the powers put into the hands of local authorities by it are made use of, may effect some reduction in the amount of pollution caused by factory smoke.

In view of this strengthening of the law against factory smoke emission, it is interesting to study the information and comparative data relating to the soot and dust fall in those cities and localities where exact records have been kept for a considerable period of time. One of the most valuable of the results of the International Smoke Abatement Conference held in London in the year 1912, was the appointment of a Committee for the Study of Atmospheric Pollution. Although many scientific workers up to that year had been devoting attention to this subject, and had measured the amount and character of the impurity of the atmosphere in different places and at different times, their results were not strictly comparable, for each observer had been using apparatus of different principle and design, and the methods of observation had varied greatly. The first work of the voluntary committee, appointed in 1912, for the investigation of atmospheric pollution, therefore, was to design a standard type of gauge, and to standardise the methods employed for the use of this gauge and for the examination of the collected deposit. The constitution of the committee and the organisation of the work have undergone considerable change since the work was first started in 1913, but the apparatus employed and the

methods of recording and tabulating the results have been modified only slightly. Figures, therefore, representing the results of the latest observations are quite comparable with those obtained twelve years ago. As already stated, the original voluntary committee has been considerably enlarged since the end of the War, and it is now attached as an Advisory Committee to the Meteorological Branch of the Air Ministry. In London, Glasgow, and in one or two other cities, the measurements of atmospheric pollution have been carried on without a break since they were first started in 1913, but in the majority of places they suffered considerable interruption during the later stages of the War, and were only resumed upon an extended scale in 1921.

In order that readers of this REVIEW may have some clear idea of the methods followed in obtaining these records, it may be explained that the amount of dirt and other impurity carried down by the rain can be regarded as a measure of the atmospheric pollution in any locality. The air, it may be admitted, is never washed by the rain entirely free from impurity—and the rainfall also varies considerably in different localities, being much heavier in those mountainous areas of the country where the atmospheric impurity is at a minimum. The rainfall in the majority of cities and manufacturing towns of this country only varies, however, within comparatively small limits, and when making use of this method of measuring atmospheric pollution, the variations in the rainfall for practical purposes can be neglected.

The method of observation adopted by the Committee, therefore, was the collection of the rainfall of a locality for one whole month in a large type of rain-gauge, having a collecting area of two square feet or more, and provided with a large storage vessel for the collected rainwater. The original gauges were of enamelled cast iron, and had a collecting area of four square feet, and many of these are still in use. Owing to difficulties in obtaining an enamel that will not crack on exposure to bad weather, over long periods of time, glazed stoneware gauges of half

the size are now being substituted for the enamelled iron ones, and it is hoped in time that all stations will be equipped with the new type of gauge. On the last day of each month all the solid impurities which have adhered to the inner sides of the collecting funnel of the gauges are washed down into the bottles with the aid of some of the collected water, and the bottles are then removed to the official testing stations for examination of their contents.

According to the thirteenth Report, which will be published this year, there are now seventy-nine of these gauges in use, and thirty-three public authorities are co-operating in the work of collecting soot and dust fall records. This is an increase of eighteen gauges and of four public authorities over the previous year's figures. The Annual Reports of the Committee may be regarded, therefore, as a veritable mine of information on the subject of air pollution in this country; for not only is the total amount of solid matter collected in each gauge recorded month by month, but figures for the tar, carbonaceous matter other than tar, soluble ash, insoluble ash, sulphates, chlorides and ammonia, will all be found tabulated in these Reports.

Limits of space will only permit the writer of this article to deal with the figures for the deposit of solid matter in some of our leading towns and cities, and those who are specially interested in the subject may be referred to the journal named below¹ for a more extended discussion of the 1927 figures. The returns discussed in this article have been expressed in terms of tons of deposit per square mile since this is a figure much more easily grasped by the mind of the average person than that of metric tons per hundred square kilometres, which is the form employed in the official reports. (See Table I on page 691.)

Considering first the *London* returns, which cover the results obtained from eight gauges, located at points so far apart in the Metropolitan area as Ravenscourt Park and Wandsworth Common on the south-west, and Finsbury and Victoria Parks on the north-east, we find that,

(1) *The Engineer*, February 10th, 1928.

whereas in 1915-16 the London soot and dust fall amounted to 451 tons per square mile, this total has been falling year by year, until in 1925-26 it attained its lowest point of 262 tons per square mile. The figures for the succeeding year, ending March 31st, 1927, unfortunately show an increase, the total being 297 tons per square mile, but this was probably due to the burning of large amounts

TABLE I.

The Total Fall of Solid Matter in London, Glasgow and Birmingham expressed as Tons per Square Mile since the Observations were first started in 1914-15.

Year.	London 8 Gauges.	Glasgow 9 Gauges.	Birmingham Central Gauge.
1914-15	1393	—	713
1915-16	451	409	—
1916-17	427	368	—
1917-18	431	438	—
Average for years 1914-18	425	405	—
1920-21	304	323	650
1921-22	284	254	—
1922-23	300	254	428
1923-24	286	321	440
Average for years 1920-24	293	288	506
1924-25	297	285	421
1925-26	262	275	348
1926-27	297	286	405
Average for years 1924-27	285	282	391

¹ In London in the year 1914-15 only 6 months' records were made at some of the 8 observation stations, and this, no doubt, explains the low total for the whole year.

of foreign and unsuitable coal towards the end of the mining strike of 1926, and it may be expected that the figures for the twelve months ending March 31st, 1928, will show a considerable improvement.

Glasgow, where nine gauges have been installed, can show a very similar progressive improvement in the purity of its atmosphere, for whereas in 1915-16 the average annual deposit in these nine gauges was equivalent to

409 tons per square mile, in 1925-26 this had been reduced to 275 tons per square mile. The figure for the following year, ending March 31st, 1927, was rather higher and amounted to 286 tons, and this increase was probably due to the same cause that had operated to produce an upward movement of the London figure.

Birmingham is another large city in which soot and dust fall observations have been carried on for a long period of time, and here the improvement of the atmosphere in the *centre of the city* is even more striking than that which has occurred in London or Glasgow. In 1914-15, when the gauge was first erected in Central Birmingham, the amount of dirt brought down by the rainfall was equivalent to 713 tons per square mile. In 1925-26 this total had been reduced to 348 tons, or by over 50 per cent. In Birmingham the coal-mining strike caused an increase in the atmospheric pollution exactly as it had done in London and Glasgow, and the soot and dust fall for the twelve months' period ending March 31st, 1927, was at the rate of 405 tons per square mile.

It may be accepted as proved, therefore, that there has been great improvement since these observations were first commenced in the cleanliness of the atmospheres of London, Glasgow and Birmingham, and had it not been for the check caused by the disastrous coal-mining strike of the year 1926, this improvement would have been continuous.

Considering now the causes that have operated to produce this reduction in atmospheric pollution, the chief one, no doubt, is the rapidly extending use of gas and of electricity for heating purposes by all classes of the population. The second contributory cause is the greater attention now being given by the Public Health Authorities in the cities named above to the prevention of air pollution, both by factory smoke and in other ways. A third contributory cause is the more general recognition by medical men of the value of sunlight as a preventive of disease: for this has helped to direct attention to the great importance of smoke abatement in its relation to the health of the community, and has assisted in producing a much

better-educated public opinion on the subject of air pollution. Table II, given below, is a list of sixteen towns and cities in this country arranged in the order of their atmospheric cleanliness for the year ending March 31st, 1927. The remarkably good position which the cities of Birmingham, Glasgow, London and Salford occupy in this table indicates the value of possessing Public Health Authorities

TABLE II.

Comparative Figures for the Total Soot and Dust Fall in Sixteen Towns and Cities of the United Kingdom for the year 1926-27.

Town or City.	Soot and Dust Fall in Tons per Sq. Mile per Annum.				
GROUP 1.					
Rothamsted	..	..	..	..	109
Southport	..	..	..	..	112
Kingston-on-Thames	..	..	..	..	125
Marple	..	..	..	..	137
GROUP 2.					
Glasgow	..	..	..	..	286
London	..	..	..	..	297
Birmingham	..	..	..	..	304
Salford	..	..	..	..	328
GROUP 3.					
Huddersfield	..	..	..	..	427
Kingston-upon-Hull	..	..	..	..	437
GROUP 4.					
Newcastle-on-Tyne	..	..	..	..	523
Wakefield	..	..	..	..	534
Rochdale	..	..	..	..	546
Liverpool	..	..	..	..	560
St. Helens	..	..	..	..	572
Burnley	..	..	..	..	866

which are alive to the importance of the subject, and are intent upon making the best possible use of the existing laws. The figures given in the earlier part of this article have indicated how greatly the cities named above have improved their position since the soot and dust fall observations were first commenced in 1913, but that there is still great opportunity for further improvement is revealed when the figures for 1926-27 for London and Glasgow are

compared with those for Rothamsted, Southport and Kingston-on-Thames.

Having now discussed in some detail the comparative position as regards atmospheric cleanliness of many of our towns and cities it is of interest to consider the prospects and possibilities of further improvement, and to enquire how far the new Public Health Act of 1926 will assist in the suppression of smoke and in the production of a cleaner atmosphere in some of our dirtier towns and cities.

A quotation from an article which the present writer contributed two years ago to the monthly journal known as *World Power* may be given here, since it still represents the writer's opinion upon this subject:—

The amendment of the law on the lines indicated in the Report of Lord Newton's Committee will no doubt help to accelerate an improvement in the atmosphere of some of the dirtier industrial towns, and will increase the number which can be classed with those gathered together in Group 2. The writer, however, has never concealed his opinion that it is by educational work among fuel users, rather than by infliction of fines and penalties, that the greatest progress will be achieved. In support of this opinion, he can point to the fact that the four towns in Group 2 of the Table occupy their high position owing to the fact that they have created a public opinion by educational work, which supports their efforts towards obtaining a cleaner atmosphere—whereas in the towns which are gathered together in the last group of the Table, such an educated public opinion is lacking.

The improvement of the atmosphere of the towns and of the cities grouped in Classes 3 and 4, however, is most likely to be dependent upon the use of gas or of one of the solid, smokeless fuels which are now being placed upon the market for domestic heating purposes by all classes of the population. *It has been proved by actual observation that in nearly all thickly populated towns and cities the domestic chimney is the cause of from one-half to two-thirds of their smoke, and that factory smoke is quite secondary in its effects.*

The Medical Officer of Health for Salford (Dr. H. Osborne), who has taken great interest in the subject of smoke abatement in that city, and has now four soot and dust gauges installed, in fact has gone so far as to assert in his 1926 Report that the problem of factory smoke may

be considered as solved, and that it is only the domestic smoke problem which requires to be attacked and overcome. The following extract from Dr. Osborne's last Report is of special interest, since it shows the special difficulties of the domestic smoke problem in the Lancashire cotton towns. In many of these the whole of the family are out working during the day, either in the cotton mills or, as regards the younger ones, attending school, and the problem of keeping the home fire burning during their absence is solved by banking it up with slack of the cheapest kind.

The great group of towns and urban districts of which Manchester forms the centre constitutes a very densely populated area containing several millions of inhabitants, largely working class, and whose hundreds of thousands of dwellings are largely provided with ordinary open fires and kitchen ranges consuming a vast amount of soft bituminous coal. Our soft Lancashire coal, when burned in the ordinary open grate, gives off big volumes of unconsumed distillation products, in the form of tarry smoke. This domestic smoke contains an exceedingly high proportion of unconsumed tar and fine impalpable fume, which at times may not be obvious to the eye, but which is all pervading, remaining in suspension in the atmosphere for long periods in calm weather. It is this domestic tarry smoke which puts the "bloom" upon the pavement and upon buildings, and which is so distressing to our architects, and so detrimental to our respiratory organs.

Compared with domestic smoke, factory smoke contains hardly any tar at all, owing to the much higher temperature obtaining in the factory furnace. We may take it that the lower the temperature of the fire the more injurious the substances which are given off in the coal smoke, and thus the worst nuisance arises when domestic fires are banked up with slack, a custom that is common in these parts (of Lancashire).

This system of "banking up" house fires with slack is certainly a most filthy and inefficient method of burning bituminous coal, for practically the whole of the hydrocarbon gases are discharged unburned into the atmosphere in the form of a brown smoke charged with finely divided particles of tar, which sticks to everything with which it comes into contact. The general use of this system of keeping the domestic fire alight in Lancashire cotton towns and in other industrial centres quite accounts for their grimy buildings and for their depressing absence of sunlight. The very serious effects of this type of atmospheric pollution is clearly revealed by the figures given in Dr.

Osborne's Report for the death-rate per million from bronchitis and other chest diseases in the Lancashire group of towns. These figures are gathered together in Table III, and should be studied by all who are not yet convinced of the close relationship between smoke abatement and the health of our industrial classes.

The solution of the black smoke problem in our cities and towns depends chiefly, therefore, upon the substitution of some form of smokeless for bituminous fuel in the homes of our working classes, since it is certainly hopeless to expect that the open type of fire-grate and kitchen fire will be discarded for any other method of domestic heating. Our annual consumption of fuel for domestic purposes

TABLE III.

Mean Annual Death Rate per Million from Bronchitis in Some of the Manufacturing Towns of the United Kingdom.

Oldham	1,688	Leeds	1,144
Wigan	1,651	Liverpool	1,139
Burnley	1,598	Hull	1,114
Manchester	1,534	Sheffield	984
Bury	1,503	Birmingham ..	947
Salford	1,472	Newcastle	943
Rochdale	1,454	Leicester	882
Stockport	1,436	Bristol	847
Bolton	1,308	Bournemouth ..	644
Blackburn	1,263	Eastbourne	612
Preston	1,202		
England and Wales, average			939
Greater London, average			889

now amounts to over forty million tons, and even were gas coke consumed entirely for domestic heating a deficiency of thirty-two million tons of fuel per annum would still exist. Gas coke, however, is not suitable for the ordinary domestic grate when produced in horizontal retorts, for it is so thoroughly quenched with water on discharging from these that it is never really dry, and therefore does not ignite readily. In many districts, also, it is delivered in sizes quite unsuitable for use in the ordinary kitchen grate or household fireplace, and the breaking down of large lumps of coke is work which no ordinary maid-servant will undertake.

The only other smokeless fuel which is now available

in large amounts is anthracite, and as this is produced chiefly in South Wales its price in most districts of the country is prohibitive. The output of anthracite at the present time only amounts to between four and five million tons per annum, so that here again there is a tremendous deficiency between our annual requirements of domestic fuel and the available supplies of this form of a natural smokeless fuel. It may be remarked here that anthracite is the fuel which has enabled the residents of New York to banish smoke from their atmosphere, and that when supplies of thoroughly washed and well-graded anthracite can be placed on the market here at a reasonable price it should form a very valuable addition to our supplies of smokeless fuel, since it can be burned satisfactorily in open grates of the Devon type.

The chief hope for the solution of the domestic smoke problem lies, however, with the low-temperature carbonisation processes, since these produce a form of coke which is absolutely smokeless, but can be easily ignited, owing to the small percentage of volatile matter which is left in it after carbonising. There are at least half a dozen of these processes now working upon an industrial scale in this country, and in the course of the next two or three years the supplies of this form of smokeless fuel ought to be able to more than cover the demand. At Glasgow the Corporation have installed a large plant for operating one of these processes known as the Maclaurin process, and this has now been producing a smokeless fuel upon an industrial scale for nearly two years. In London the Gas Light and Coke Company are about to start a plant which has been erected in accordance with the plans and designs of the engineers and chemists of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and this plant will be producing smokeless fuel on a large scale in the course of the present summer. In addition to these two official undertakings there are other plants which have been erected by private enterprise in operation at Barugh, at Nottingham, at Leigh, at Pontypridd, and other places, and within the next twelve months very considerable supplies of smokeless fuel will be available at a reasonable

price in nearly all districts of the country. All who wish to try the new fuel, therefore, should have no difficulty in obtaining it, and if the experimental plant which is being erected by the Gas Light and Coke Company at the Richmond Gas Works proves a commercial success it is highly probable that within the next few years every large municipal gas plant in the country will be equipped with retorts for the production of smokeless fuel.

The writer of this article therefore believes that the problem of banishing smoke from the atmosphere of our cities and industrial towns will be solved within the next decade, and that London, Glasgow, Manchester and Birmingham will soon be able to rival Paris and New York in the clearness of their atmosphere and the brilliancy of their colour effects.

• SPAIN AND THE TANGIER QUESTION

BY KENNETH LEDWARD, F.R.G.S.

THE recent recrudescence of activity in Morocco brings up anew the problem of the future status of Tangier. It has long been apparent, even to those who did not favour a Spanish solution of the question, that the present situation of Tangier left a great deal to be desired. For Spain it was simply a rankling sore, which affected the healthy condition of her whole tenure in Northern Morocco, and threatened at any moment to produce a political abscess; and therefore she pushed forward her claims persistently, even to the extent of withdrawing from the League of Nations, and losing her seat on the Council, which proved that her attitude was not one of injured pride, but was dictated by vital necessity.

We may criticise the policy pursued by former Spanish Governments with regard to the Transatlantic colonies, a policy which resulted in the revolt of the American possessions and the Philippines; but, when criticising Spain's past, we must not lose sight of the fact that similar tactics on the part of "Farmer George" lost *us* our thirteen North American colonies: and the present administration in Morocco shows that Spain has learnt her lesson.

A brief historical survey of the relations between Spain and the Moors will perhaps help to explain the reasons which forced the former to intervene in that inhospitable land. As far back as A.D. 711 the treason of Count Julian, who held Ceuta and Tangier for the Vizigothic King Roderick, opened the way to the conquest of the peninsula by the soldiers of Tarik and Musa; and henceforward the possession of these twin keys to the Straits was the necessary prelude to a successful invasion of the country. Yussuf bin Tachfin, the Almoravide, had first to subject the Riff and the Straits, before he could answer the despairing appeal of the Andalusian Emirs, which led to the Christian defeat at Zallaca and the enslavement of the Emirs themselves. In their turn the Almoravides gave

place to the Almohades, who made no serious attempts to invade Spain until the whole of Morocco, after the bloody conquest of Marrakesh in 1147, lay under their heels. It was not till the third Almohade Emir, the able Yacub al Mansour, had succeeded, that the new dynasty showed its mettle on the field of Alarcos, where the Castilian chivalry bit the dust. Seventeen years later the vanquished Alfonso VIII turned the tables on the son of his conqueror at Las Navas de Tolosa, and the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, with the cities of Cordoba, Sevilla, and Jaen, were recovered to Christendom. But the danger was by no means over; the Nasrides of Granada still held Algeciras and Gibraltar, the European keys, and over the water the Almohades had given place to the Beni Merines, another Atlas tribe. The latter, in response to appeals from their co-religionists, made two very dangerous invasions, the first, under Yacub abu Yussuf, during the joint reigns of Alfonso X of Leon and Mahomet II of Granada, and the second, under Ali abul Hassan, to help the Nasride Yussuf I, when Alfonso XI routed the confederates on the Salado. After this failure the Beni Merines were engaged in anarchy, fifteen princes ruling in sixty years; and their successors, the "Wattassi" Merines, were equally feeble. The opportunity was not lost by the Spanish and Portuguese sovereigns, who occupied all the ports of the coast. But after 1578, when the ill-fated and gallant Dom Sebastian led the chivalry of Portugal to ruin on the fatal field of Alcazar, the tide turned. The Saadi and Filali Sheriffs, who next ruled in Morocco, were, in the main, able rulers. Ahmed V, of the first dynasty, Rashid and the terrible Ismail of the second, who reigned from 1670 to 1727, expelled the Christians from their footholds in Morocco; and even Tangier, the price of British support for Portuguese independence, succumbed to his arms. Ismail vowed perpetual war on the Iberian kingdoms, and menaced constant invasions. This state of affairs lasted throughout the reigns of his son Abdallah V, his grandson Mahomet, and the latter's bloodthirsty son, Yazeed.

French pressure from the east in the nineteenth century

changed the situation, but as an instance of the turbulent nature of the Riffian tribes, it may be recorded that four-fifths of the many expeditions fitted out by Muley Hassan, grandfather of the present Sultan, were directed against this region. Spanish action in Morocco may be said to date only from the time of Isabella II, when General O'Donnell, brilliantly seconded by General Prim, made a victorious campaign to Ceuta and Tetuan.

One reason thus has been found for Spain's desire to occupy the northern littoral of Morocco, the necessity of holding the southern keys to the Straits. Gibraltar has been lost to her, and I do not suppose that one Spaniard in a thousand seriously expects to regain it. But she cannot afford to see both sides of the Straits dominated by foreign Powers, even when that occupation be thinly disguised by a camouflage of internationalism. If she intends to hold the Riff securely she must have control in the Tangier enclave, as well as at Ceuta and Tetuan. For Tangier at the present serves as a residence of adventurers, who endeavour to make fortunes by selling arms and ammunition to rebels in the interior: and Spain is helpless under the present arrangement to prevent this. It is well known to the Spanish authorities that several of these adventurers (their names are withheld from publication for obvious reasons) lurk within the protection of the international régime, and one may remind the French authorities that these gentry are equally ready to supply offensive weapons to rebels against the authority of His Shereefian Majesty at Fez or Marrakesh.

It would not be indiscreet to assert that France does not endorse the Spanish claims to Tangier. Yet she already holds four-fifths of the country, the largest cities, and the most fertile plains. The Riff district is no paradise for its possessor, no land flowing with milk and honey, peopled by timid husbandmen or ravishing damsels. The successful tenure by Spain of the Riff must enormously facilitate France's civilising task in Central Morocco. If the country could be independent, and revert to the happy days of Muley Ahmed or Muley Suleiman, no one would advocate "hands off Morocco" more than the writer; but

this seems impossible now. Even if Morocco has lost her independence, she is enjoying for the first time for many years security from oppression, and a just and enlightened government. In the French zone roads and railways are springing up, and the health of the inhabitants is assured by more modern drainage. Spain, with more limited opportunities, is doing her best to achieve like results in her own sphere.

Spanish rule in Morocco for the last fifty years was limited in area, and was more apparent than real. The vicious system of "rotativism," by which Liberals and Conservatives succeeded each other with suspicious regularity every two years or so, precluded an effective policy. No government dared face the Cortez with an inflated war budget. An attempt to push matters through by the honest Conservative Premier Señor Maura led to a formidable rising in Catalonia, and the shooting of Ferrer caused Maura's political extinction. His successor, the Liberal Señor Canalejas, used to say that Spain must either exert every effort to conquer Morocco or withdraw altogether. No ministry dared face the loss of prestige that must follow such a step; and so things went on in a vicious circle, though the Spanish generals, by winning over the redoubtable Raisuli, achieved the pacification of the Andjera tribes. Then came disaster complete and unexpected. Abd el Krim, the new Berber leader, had, like King Alfred of old, been in the enemies' camp; he had gauged the rottenness of the political system and the "caciquism" (bossism) under which Spain was lying languid and paralysed. He had collected arms through his agents in Tangier from Spain's neighbours, and he struck shrewdly at the weakest point. The result was the disaster of Anual, where the gallant General Silvestre lost his life, and many thousands of Spaniards passed into a barbarous captivity, with abundant materials of war. He next turned on Spain's ally, Raisuli, defeated him and took him prisoner; and the Andjera tribe was forced to follow the wilder Jebala into insurrection.

Unfortunately for his ambitious hopes, Abd el Krim made one miscalculation and one mistake. He miscalcu-

lated the effects of the Anual disaster on Spanish public opinion. Instead of anarchy and the possible substitution of a chaotic republic on the lines of Spain's western neighbour, one man rose up and staked his life, leisure, and fortune on rescuing the country from shame. General Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, in September, 1923, made a *pronunciamento* and, like Mussolini, marched on the capital. King Alfonso, wearied of the ineptitude of the politicians, gave him his wholehearted support, and the tyranny of the bosses was ended in an hour. Martial law was imposed, the constitutional guarantees suspended, and the Cortez dissolved. The Dictator, for so we must style him, was faced by the urgent need for reform at home, and revenge for the late disaster in Morocco. With his internal reforms we have no concern in this article, except that he showed, on more than one occasion, that though his revolution was of military origin, he would not allow discontented elements in the Army to dictate to him. In a former article on the Dictatorate in Spain the writer did not anticipate so rapid a recovery in Morocco. It seemed far too great a task for any government, however willing. The Dictator's only assets were the loyal help of the King, and the anxiety of the Spanish legions to avenge Silvestre and their comrades tormented in Riffian dungeons. He had, however, one advantage that the politicians had lacked: he was not responsible to the Cortez for permission to ship reinforcements overseas, or buy munitions of war. He had *carte blanche*, and he staked his head on the success of his venture.

At the time of the revolution the victorious tribesmen had surrounded the Spanish posts in the interior and were investing Sheshuan (Xauen). It was necessary to relieve them. The Dictator sailed off to Morocco, and with surprisingly few casualties for so difficult an operation evacuated the place and brought away his beleaguered comrades. The efforts to ransom the captives were less successful, as Abd el Krim used the language of a conqueror, and declined to release his prisoners, unless Spain paid a large indemnity and withdrew entirely from Morocco. Further operations were not feasible without the co-opera-

tion of France; and here the Riffi chief made the mistake referred to above. Whether his late success had overcome his prudence, and he aimed at supplanting the Filali Sheriffs at Fez, or whether his subordinates exceeded their instructions, cannot be said. Be that as it may, he turned France from a friendly neutral into an active enemy by attacking the French posts south of the Riff, and gave Primo de Rivera his chance. The result was a hasty exchange of notes between Paris and Madrid, and a plan of military co-operation was decided upon. The actual campaign lasted only three months, and the allied armies pushed victoriously forward until the haughty Riffian was totally overthrown. It is true that Abd el Krim, who feared the vengeance of Spain owing to his ill-treatment of his captives, surrendered to the French commander; but to Spain was vouchsafed the crowning glory of the reduction of his capital, Adjir, after a brilliant landing expedition on a most inhospitable coast, and the restoration to freedom, after nearly three years' captivity, of many hundreds of unfortunate prisoners.

Attempts have been made, on the part of the less respectable Paris papers, to magnify some recent incidents in Morocco into a serious Spanish reverse. The facts are that the rebellion was made by the Sanhaja Berbers, who centuries ago showed their martial valour on the fields of Zallaca and Alarcos, and a few of the Jebala tribes, whose inaccessibility had saved them from being overrun in 1926 before the bad season set in. It was the intention of the Directorate to deal with this corner last summer, but the military stores accumulated at Alhucemas and elsewhere for that purpose had been seriously damaged by an unexpected storm. Although the rebels were well furnished with arms won by surprising various French posts, the devotion of Ostariz and the successful advance of Colonel Molas' column speedily restored the situation, and within a few weeks the campaign against the Sanhajas was brought to a victorious conclusion.

One can only advise pessimists in the condition and future of Spain to visit the Peninsula, or, still better, Spanish Morocco, and they will be agreeably surprised.

There is no second Cuba in the Protectorate. The Spanish officials, military and civil, really make an effort to win the confidence and affection of the natives, and the relations between the Spaniards and the Andjera tribe in particular are excellent. As an instance of the affection with which the Spaniards are held by the natives, the majority of the troops, which were engaged in the operations against Abd el Krim and the Sanhajas were native levies, and there are many native non-commissioned officers in their army. The cities of Ceuta, Tetuan, and Melilla have many fine buildings, and compare favourably with the French or Italian colonial cities. Railways and roads have been constructed, despite the difficulty of the terrain, even in the wildest corners of the Riff.

Especial efforts have been made to improve the health of the natives. Every city in the Spanish zone now contains a fine hospital, equipped with all the latest scientific appliances, which has already materially lessened the mortality. The drainage of the modern parts of Ceuta, Tetuan, etc., compares favourably with the peninsula itself. In the field of education every care has been taken for the intellectual development of the Moors. Schools have sprung up all over the country, and the pupils approach their work with such zeal that it is clear that they appreciate the maternal solicitude of Spain on their behalf. Attention is being paid to afforestation and agriculture, and by means of irrigation this so long neglected corner of Africa may one day rival in fertility the rich valleys of Andalusia, so that Christian Spain is at last discharging her debt to the descendants of those Moors who introduced so much art and wealth to the peninsula. The recent visit of King Alfonso and his Queen show that the natives are not hankering after the old days of Abd el Krim or Raisuli.

One cannot yet grasp the significance of the meeting of Sir Austen Chamberlain and the Marquis de Estella in the Balears. The wildest reports have been spread about it, most of them obviously impossible: more especially the canard that Spain was prepared to evacuate Morocco, for which she had made such sacrifices. One can only hope that Anglo-Spanish friendship, born at the time of the

Royal wedding, may be cemented by the discovery of a *modus vivendi* on the Tangier problem, which is so vital for Spain's work across the Straits and her whole future.

In the peninsula itself matters are steadily on an upward grade. As one who has returned from a journey in the Spanish dominions, under the happiest circumstances, the writer can bear unprejudiced witness to the vast improvements made since 1914, when the caciques pursued their baleful paralysing policy. Even the Spanish trains, which used to be the bugbear of the tourist, distinguished themselves by unfailing punctuality. That one would meet with courtesy everywhere was only to be expected. But our customs officials might profit by a visit to Portbou or Irun, to learn that all incomers are not necessarily contrabandists or Bolsheviks. Mendicity, which used to make Granada or Cordoba a place of torment for the traveller, is being put down steadily; though one cannot help feeling that Toledo has escaped notice in this respect. The courageous attempt made by the Dictator to lessen the sanguinary nature of bullfights by providing the horses with leather corselets, must surely commend itself to English people; and the fact that the spectators watched the experiment in a sympathetic manner, shows that the Spanish lust for blood, if it ever really existed, is on the wane. The peseta has appreciated, partly owing to confidence in the *régime*, and also to the extensive investment in Spain of Latin-American money. Relations with the lost colonies have never been warmer, and splendid buildings for the great Ibero-American Exhibition, that is being held this year at Sevilla, are being erected in that city; while Barcelona enjoyed a motor exhibition last year at the Montjuich.

After many weary weeks of diplomatic bargaining, in which agreement seemed impossible without either side making sacrifices entailing a vital loss of prestige to the yielding Government, the Spanish and French negotiators finally arrived at an understanding on the Tangier question. Great Britain and Italy, who for some reason regards herself as nearly interested in the question as the two Powers directly concerned, are now considering

whether they will give their approval to the settlement, but there is little doubt that the International Zone will be settled on the basis agreed upon.

The agreement of March, 1928, respects the sovereignty of the Sultan of Morocco in Tangier, and the 1923 Statute will undergo no legislative or administrative changes; but the Articles of the Statute, as regards the penal code, are to be modified for the suppression of contraband in arms, and in questions of public order. A Spanish officer is to be appointed Inspector General of Police, with a French assistant. He is not to interfere in the administration, but may advise the authorities on questions of patrolling and the security of the neutral zone, and establishment of police forces provided by the 1923 Statute, which are to be temporarily strengthened.

It will be seen that this falls far short of extreme Spanish claims; but even although Spain has had to make vital concessions, the settlement of the vexed question and the consequent improvement of relations with France will be an unmixed benefit for her. France will, of course, retain her predominance in Tangier, together with port control and the railway terminus, in view of her special relations with the Shereefian Government, but Spanish interest will, it is hoped, be adequately safeguarded by the new police regulations against contraband.

Provided that the Sovereign and his courageous President of the Council are spared to continue their work of progress, we may yet live to see Spain an arbitress of Latin-American disputes, taking her seat again on the Council of the League of Nations, helping to make Tangier a flourishing *entrepôt* between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, instead of a city of refuge for undesirables, and once more a world power in loyal comradeship with Great Britain and her ally across the Channel, in the interests of progress and enlightened civilisation.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IF we follow the advice given by Mr. H. G. Wells in his book of collected papers (now called *The Way the World is Going*) we shall describe him as a Journalist. (The capital is his own choice.) He means that he writes for the swiftly passing present in a world of whose mutability he is specially aware; but he certainly does not abandon pretensions to look ahead. Still, there is not much good in trying to discern the future unless you perceive clearly what is under your nose, and Mr. Wells is good at that. He sees, for instance, that we are killing off a great number of invaluable air pilots in "hazardous flying," which is hazardous because its aim is destruction; and that we are making very little progress with the use of the air as a safe, cheap and delightful means of transport. The journalist who points this out does a service, for he emphasises that, after the "war to end war," war and not peace is still the chief preoccupation of our managing persons ("rulers" is too big a word). "Germany, lucky land," says Mr. Wells, "does not appear in this massacre. She is forbidden to kill her young aviators, in spite of all patriotic cravings to do so; she is devoting them, therefore, to an air transport service that, in spite of many handicaps, is already the best in Europe."

Which of the two lines of development seems likely to produce more efficient use of the air for military purposes at the end of ten years is a question worth asking; but Mr. Wells does not go into that. He is convinced, broadly, that British military thought is concentrating its efforts on tanks—that is to say, on the use of the ground for an offensive by mechanically protected machine gunners on very mobile motors; and he is also convinced (scientifically) that here again military science is a day behind the fair. The tank advance, according to him, can be stopped before

it reaches trenches with a completeness that military thinkers have not realised, just as before 1914 they did not realise the possibilities of barbed wire. Future offensives must, in the judgment of this civilian, come from the air. These are matters on which Mr. Wells, the civilian, considers himself just as well able to decide as any trained soldier—in fact, better, because he has never been mesmerised by the parade ground.

Mr. Wells has in so many ways annoyed so many people that his mere advocacy of an idea sets an appreciable section of the public against it; and this is a pity, for a great deal that he writes in this book cuts to the root of things. If war is to go on there is no use in trying to rule out certain weapons as inhumane. He says our Army "muffed" the tanks—that is, they were slow in adopting the idea, and, though less slow than others, they introduced it tentatively, and not on a scale to be decisive. But why does he omit to say that the Germans "muffed" gas? They got all the discredit for adopting a forbidden means, and they did not employ it on so wide a front as would have settled the matter out of hand. This mistake will scarcely be repeated; any other ghastly innovation will be applied in sweeping force. But, anyhow, already there are enough horrors in weapons which no Power thinks of prohibiting to make any fresh war a worse thing than the last; and how is it to be stopped? The only possible way is, as Mr. Wells sees, that each nation shall consent to sacrifice something of its own sovereignty.

We ought never to cease asking ourselves what the feudal baron felt when he was desired or commanded to give up his right of private war. He and his vassals had their pride of inheritance; and it takes little imagination to reconstruct the baron's objection to a proposal that his differences with a neighbour (above all with a weaker neighbour) should be regulated by a court in which he had not the deciding voice. Doubtless his local bard wrote impassioned verse calling on him to face death a thousand times rather than submit to this indignity. What was to become of his fighting men? (In point of fact the disposal of this class was a great difficulty everywhere in the tran-

sition period.) The answer to all these questions in the past was given by a superior power, which came down and banged the feudal baron about the ears, a process greatly facilitated by the introduction of artillery, not so easily procured by the local chiefs. But the end of this process was to leave the central powers scowling at each other across frontiers. Who is going to impose *pax mundi*? For, as Mr. Wells sees, there must be somebody to impose it. A sanction is needed.

It would not be like Mr. Wells to shirk the task of offering a suggestion, and we have accordingly his proposal that the British Empire, the United States, Holland, and Switzerland—possibly with Belgium added to them—should combine to stop war wherever it breaks out, by denying finance and the supply of essential raw materials. If France and Germany were in accord, the proposition might in a sense be feasible. It is not always realised that there was at one period a probability that the United States might decide the European War without a breach of neutrality, simply by prohibiting the export of munitions to any belligerent. In practice this would have favoured Germany, which had made enormous provision for supplying herself and her allies; and part of the reason why the step was not taken was that American opinion on the whole thought Germany a culpable aggressor. This sentiment was powerfully reinforced by the firms and the workmen who did the supplying, and also by the sense that America would have victorious Germany to deal with at some not distant day.

However, assuming that a League to enforce peace were formed and contained this group of Powers which Mr. Wells postulates, it could certainly ensure that no war should last so long as that of 1914. But would that end war? And does not this argument, from the possible results of withholding supplies, recall other reasoning which before 1914 had convinced many of us that European war would be impossible, namely, the argument from certain bankruptcy? Mr. Wells may be legitimately anxious to get rid of the soldier tradition and the cult of uniform: he is certainly quite right that a few chemists in laboratory

overalls can be a deal more formidable than a decorated general at the head of a brigade of cavalry; but in the last resort it is not clear that war can be prevented except by the knowledge that more formidable war will be made on the war-maker. After a century or so of that conviction, impressed by examples, we may have a world in which nationalities will be no more belligerent than a modern baron: but the central authority must be there. Indeed, according to Mr. Wells, it will be obliged, in the interests of *pax mundi*, to impose a uniform currency and to regulate the distribution of raw materials throughout the world; so that its work will be cut out for it. Yet, after all, this development of its functions from what exists to-day at Geneva would not be a more surprising advance than that from, say, William the First's Government to that of so mild a man as Mr. Baldwin—which interferes to a degree and with an authority that would have left the Conqueror gasping. Imagine William of Normandy asked to put his hand to a general prohibition of homicide. Yet nowadays Mr. Baldwin does not even think it necessary to mention the matter. Use and wont is incomparably the strongest of sanctions, and after many imperfectly successful attempts to "outlaw war," we may—that is, our race may—make war as unnatural an occurrence as murder, and as widely condemned. But it will be a different world in which that comes to pass, as undoubtedly our world is different from that of the eleventh century.

Mr. Wells would say with truth that unless we move quicker than in the past there will be little left of the species; and it is true that the mind of soldiers and sailors works slowly in regard to generalities. These people dwell in the details of their own business, and are bound by its traditions. That is necessary, and that is noble. But if the main problem for the modern world is how to get rid of this incubus of armament, we cannot seriously expect much help from soldiers or from sailors. It is against nature for them to apply their minds to scrapping the machinery which it was their pride and their duty to perfect. They have a conservatism like the conservatism of the churches, stiffened by an amazing ritual; and just how

conservative the navy can be recent events have shown us. The public mind has been grievously and righteously exercised about the courts-martial on the officers of the *Royal Oak*.

Twelve years ago it might have been possible to persuade the public that this was a matter on which the public could not form a competent judgment; but since 1914 Great Britain has come nearer to the ordinary European standard, and most of us who are over thirty know the essentials of discipline. These are the same in all ages; but as education spreads, discipline needs to keep more closely in touch with the usages of courtesy. Violent language is not necessary to the enforcement of authority; on the contrary, it is often a mark of incompetence in command. So far as the navy must be a law to itself, the standard of self-restraint imposed should be stricter, especially in superiors. We have been made to feel how formidable are the difficulties for subordinates at sea. In the army, if such a problem as faced Captain Dewar arose, two or three officers could retire to one man's quarters and if necessary concert their action while off duty; but on board ship no man is off duty, and any departure from usage risks a whole career. The probable results of this advertisement will be to discourage candidates for the service; in the army there is already a grave shortage, though for other reasons. The seriousness of this miserably petty affair is enough to head off a whole generation.

"To swing for murder is a common evil,
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil."

When one considers what has been the service of the two sentenced officers, and then what was the occasion of their sentence, inevitably one's gorge rises. If the traditions of the naval service do not exact courtesy between officers on parade—and courtesy is compatible with great severity—then the tradition is in great need of overhauling.

For once in a way it looks as if Parliamentary discussion might be useful in a matter that is generally outside of Parliament's sphere. The civilian heads of the army and navy cannot usefully touch the detail of discipline,

but public opinion does from time to time need to mitigate that conservatism of the services which holds that a thing is right because it has always been done. Flogging was not abolished by the services, but by the public. The real matter at issue between Admiral Collard and his two subordinates was that he behaved like a seaman of a hundred years ago, and they disapproved the effect of such behaviour on a ship's company in the world of to-day.

A very much larger issue was raised last month in the debate on unity of control for the fighting services—and here Parliament was strictly within its own sphere. Each of the services has its own professional head, responsible for its efficiency: and that is clearly necessary. But is it well that there should be also three civilian heads over the professional chiefs of navy, army and air force? Mr. Baldwin detailed to a House which must have found his statement very hard to follow, the bewildering multiplicity of committees and sub-committees that exist to introduce co-ordination; and he was for leaving things as they are. Mr. Lloyd George, with greater experience as a War Minister than any man living, declared in favour of the simplification which he never introduced while power was his: the single Ministry of Defence, whose occupant should be responsible for allotting among the three services a bulk sum laid down by Parliament. One of his reasons was interesting. Every Cabinet contains a small number of outstanding men—he had known as many as six in one Cabinet, but two or three was what he would appear to count on. One of these super-administrators could be spared for a Ministry of Defence, but not three of them. Indeed, one may surmise that three Mr. Churchills, for instance, each fighting the battle of his own arm, would make existence intolerable for any Cabinet. Presumably there is always this conflict, though between less earth-shaking combatants; and not any one of the three Ministers is in a position to plan for the whole field of defence. Until we get a man so placed, Mr. Lloyd George thinks that there can be no drastic economy, and we can all of us see that drastic economy is the first condition of efficiency.

As things stand, defence in general, and not in respect of any particular branch, must be regulated either by the Prime Minister or by the Cabinet as a whole—if, indeed, it is regulated at all!

America has sent us two books for which to be grateful—Miss Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, and Mr. Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Gratitude here means something quite different from the feelings aroused by Mr. Sinclair Lewis, to whom many of us are thankful for making us realise our privileges; he shows us the Middle West in a manner to convey conviction that what he describes is real; and if anybody described jail life as convincingly the number of criminals would be sensibly lessened. But these other novelists show us beauty, and for their treasure-house they draw on the America which is Spanish and Catholic in the framework of its existence. Yet Spain scarcely comes into Miss Cather's picture; her book is a study of two French missionaries moving among the Christianised Indians of New Mexico—reviving the work first done by Spain. "Americans" of the English-speaking breed figure, for good and for evil, but Spain had passed away from the scene generations before the period in which the tale is staged—the period when revolvers were still a new invention.

Yet among these grouped sketches, loosely strung like incidents in a film, one chapter throws back (after the film's usage) to the much earlier age when Spanish priests "lived for the people or upon the people, each according to his nature." This is a story of tyranny, yet of a despotism that did something to civilise. Fray Baltasar, for his own indulgence no doubt, yet not without profit of example, made gardens and made Indians carry soil and water, that peach and vine should yield on the red rock. Miss Cather shows, too, that these were no common missionaries who could exert authority without armed backing among the savage peoples. But this study of tyranny, and of revolt against tyranny, only sets off the picture which she wishes to convey of a newer authority based on self-sacrifice and operating through the trenchancy of

intelligent will. Yet the material side of the civilisation which her Frenchmen bring is the same as the Spaniards'—art of the gardener and fruit grower and wine maker, art of the builder in noble stone. It would not be easy to name another book in which so much is discerningly said by a foreigner to the special honour of France, and the flashes of description which recall the home memories of these exiled *Auvergnats* are so true as well as vivid that they give confidence in the accuracy of all her presentment. The scene passes in a debatable land, where English-speaking America floods up against the Spanish culture; and we are shown how this remote and enormous bishopric of undefined frontiers becomes still wider and more difficult when the gold rush brings every kind of European in pell-mell.

The book is too well known to need detailed description. It is a study of Catholic religion in some of the queerest conditions to which its uniformity must be applied, and of the tact by which a great missionary bridges the transition. In a secondary sense it is a novel and exquisite picture of tender, lifelong friendship between two priests, totally unlike in nature, yet each fine enough to discern all his comrade's fineness. Also, one must say something of the writing. Miss Cather builds up her effects very quietly, very solidly, touch after touch, as if she were making one of those adobe houses so expressive of the country.

The thick clay walls (she is describing the bishop's study) had been finished on the inside by the deft palms of Indian women and had that irregular and intimate quality of things made entirely by the human hand.

That is not only an example of Miss Cather's style but a description of it; each sentence seems, as it were, homely and hand-made. Take this again:

The air and the earth interpenetrated in the warm gusts of Spring—the soil was full of sunlight and the sunlight full of red dust. The air one breathed was saturated with earthy smells and the grass under foot had a reflection of blue sky in it.

There is in this second passage a suggestion of that lift and thrill which Miss Cather can give to her writing but uses sparingly. It comes oftenest, toward the close, after the bishop's lifelong helper has gone away, the priest who

was no scholar but everybody's friend, a natural complement to the bishop's austerer refinement. Now there is less to tell; incidents are fewer to carry forward the tale by their own variety, and the sense of imminent completion, as when water draws to a fall, is everywhere conveyed; and so is the magic which binds the old Frenchman, after his life's work is completed, to the place of his pilgrimage. France was his home, and he might return to it, but he missed the "light, dry wind" of new untamed countries.

The moisture of ploughed land, the heaviness of labour and growth of grain-bearing utterly destroyed it; one could breathe that only on the bright edges of the world, on the great grass plains or in the sage-brush desert.

There are perhaps in the whole book not more than a score of such phrases as this about "the bright edges of the world," where a note breaks in that transcends the ordinary gait of prose; for a moment the sober march goes to dance music. But the effect of this recurrence with its quickening frequency at the close is decisive in the book's quality.

Mr. Thornton Wilder has all the gifts of a writer except just this of simplicity. Unluckily, it is cardinal for the winning of belief in a tale—from Defoe's time onwards, or Bunyan's. Yet, after all, it does not matter greatly whether there ever did exist such a society in Brazil as that which is suggested by Mr. Wilder's intricate and ingenious composition. These five people, confounded in one sudden catastrophe when the old bridge broke and threw them into the abyss, were types of the widest divergence; yet each of the five existences which he retraces had somehow crossed in some of its phases that of some other among the five; and in this way a picture of Lima two hundred years ago grows up, lightly constructed as the bridge which had been woven of osiers by the Incas, and which for all its lightness carried thousands across the gorge for more than a hundred years. Mr. Wilder's dream city has that temporary strength; it is like some well-cohering dream.

People have been trying to stampede British sentimentality into a demonstration like that which the older

among us saw when Mr. Barnum acquired the elephant Jumbo. A certain collector of such objects bought the original manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland* for something over fifteen thousand guineas, and now the cry goes up that *Alice* is being torn away from the England of her birth. Why, not all the King's horses and aeroplanes and Dreadnoughts and many expletived admirals could expatriate *Alice*. There is no reason why private individuals should not collect authors' manuscripts for their own amusement; it is a degree better than the dismal filling of a stamp album. But to pretend that these things have an artistic value, or a literary value (except in a most secondary sense for critical purposes—and do we want to revise the text of *Alice*?) is to make fools of ourselves and of others; it is worse, for it denies the prerogative of literature which alone among the arts can offer the full enjoyment of its best to everybody at the same price, in all places at all times. It would be a barbarous misuse of public bounty to expend anything like fifteen thousand guineas on a curiosity while all the galleries are crying out for funds to buy modern work, which, heaven knows, its makers are anxious enough to sell—for the other arts need patrons. Literature can dispense with them. If to-morrow some donor accepted Dr. Rosenbach's offer to let the British Museum have *Alice* for what he gave, literature would not be a penny the better. The object of a book is to be read, not to be looked at. Let us leave the buying of manuscripts to the people who do not want to read, but to collect—of whom the extreme example are the buyers who actually like to get an unpublished manuscript so that they can lock it safely away and prevent anyone else from reading it, using it, above all, from publishing it. Nobody can lock up *Alice*.

CURRENT LITERATURE

"LEAVES FROM MY LIFE"

(A Comment by W. Lew. Williams)

THE publication of this volume—delayed by the author's absence from England, and illness—is an event of no little importance to a very large community. Sir Herbert Barker's patients number many thousands. They cherish for him a singular affection. They will have eagerly welcomed the book, and will have read it with keen interest. Beyond this circle, however, is a wider community which for a long period has regarded Sir Herbert as a pioneer who left the beaten paths and blazed a trail in what W. T. Stead termed the "hinterland of surgery." The first circle will peruse the volume with the desire to learn as much of their friend's career as he felt free to disclose, whilst those whose sympathies were aroused by the author's pursuit of truth under extreme disabilities will find in the story of Sir Herbert's fight of the right of research, of independent investigation without let or hindrance on the part of any layman who had original ideas and theories which cut clean across orthodox ideas and methods. The rebel always attaches to himself a vast amount of sympathy, and Sir Herbert, quite unwillingly on his part, was regarded as a rebel—going his own way, and never yielding one inch of territory conquered by exhaustive conflict. I am sure the larger circle will find ample satisfaction in these *Leaves From My Life* by their hero. I am afraid, however, that any who expected an autobiography of the strictly usual character will be disappointed. Some twenty pages cover the first twenty years of the author's life—birth, domestic joys and sorrows, education, culminating in his association with his cousin, the well-known bonesetter John Atkinson, from whom he learnt the principles and practice of his art. The chapter is exasperatingly brief—deliberately so for reasons set forth in the Preface—affording the reader the minimum of material to construct any adequate picture of the youth—little more than a boy—who went to Manchester to begin a career which, for dogged courage, for determination to succeed in face of all handicaps and opposition, can hardly be equalled in modern times. The chapter describing Sir Herbert's Manchester days are the most self-revealing in the book—at least, they are to one who met him, as I did, in those early days. The few who were privileged to have known him then will be able to read between the lines meanings hidden from the mass of readers; will see in words and phrases a significance undetected by them.

I have but scant space at my disposal. There are two things I want to say based on an acquaintance—ripening into friendship—which began thirty-five years ago. First, from the earliest days I was impressed by his absolute confidence in the soundness of the methods he employed. He never faltered in

that confidence, and though I have known him in seasons of deepest depression and gloom, not a shadow of doubt ever crossed his mind as to the scientific value of manipulative methods as practised by him. Their ultimate triumph he never questioned. Once I said jestingly: "It's a case of Barker *contra mundum*." "Yes," he replied with intense feeling, "it is true, I am up against the whole medical world; I accept the position." So I am not surprised to read (p. 33): "To-day, when I possess a lifetime's experience of the practical worth of manipulative methods, my faith in the soundness of the principles upon which my art was based is not stronger than it was when I saw Manchester for the first time, and saw it as the place where I was to justify by actual demonstration that confident belief."

Secondly, I want to underline one fact rarely noticed by either friends or critics. Both assume too readily that Sir Herbert's extraordinary mastery of the technique is based upon some vague heredity gift. "He is gifted in this way," said a well-known journalist, and left it at that. That is sheer nonsense. It is true to say that Sir Herbert from his earliest days displayed a curiously perfect manipulative skill. It amazed John Atkinson. But it is not the secret of his surprising success. It is nothing of the sort. That mastery is based upon life-long study and constant practice. Yet I rarely heard him refer to this. He seldom referred to any book he had read. I never saw a text-book in his hand. When not actually working he would lounge, willing to talk, and never fobbed one off with the excuse "I am busy." Yet I knew he was a diligent student of all literature bearing on his work, and possessed the valuable knack of getting out of any book its very pith and core in the shortest possible time. I should say he has few rivals in the extent of his anatomical knowledge gained by deliberate and prolonged study. "By a kind of instinct," he says (p. 34), "I discovered that only by a wider knowledge, and a superior technique, could I find a place among recognised healers." It is a picture worth dwelling on—a lonely lad in lodgings pursuing his studies amid every kind of discouragement to the point where health was permanently affected. Sir Herbert Barker may be and is undiplomæd, but he is as fully qualified *for his work* as any licensed practitioner whose name appears on the roll of the Faculty.

I pass over the controversial section of Sir Herbert's book. It amply vindicates the man and his methods. No fair-minded practitioner calmly reading that story can feel proud of the part played by the B.M.C., its officials, and by the medical Press. But the past is past. This book, I hope, is not Sir Herbert's last—but it is his latest appeal to the Faculty. Hitherto he has pleaded in vain for recognition, for an opportunity of teaching in the Schools. Will this plea fail? *Leaves From My Life* asks that the same recognition be given to the methods as was given by His Majesty to the man who developed them successfully, thereby lessening vastly the sum of human suffering.

CORRESPONDENCE

SADLER'S WELLS FUND

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—On April 23rd our greatest poet and dramatist was born and died. On "Shakespeare Day," therefore, we feel that we have an especial claim to plead through your REVIEW for a cause that could hardly be more aptly fitted to the occasion. We plead for completion by the public of the admirable scheme represented by the Sadler's Wells Fund.

The Old Vic is our one importantly large and eminently successful People's Theatre. It is not too much to say that it is also London's only worthy tribute to Shakespeare; and Great Britain will have no other until the Memorial Theatre at Stratford has been rebuilt. The Old Vic presents Shakespeare and opera to vast numbers of poor people at prices that they can afford; and no one who has seen that great auditorium crowded to capacity, as it commonly is, can doubt the eagerness with which the provision is received or fail to realise that it fulfils a public need.

The Sadler's Wells Fund is designed not merely to save Sadler's Wells, an historic theatre in North London with a Shakespearean tradition second only to that of the Old Vic itself (where alone the whole of Shakespeare's plays have been performed), but to turn it to the best possible use by adding it as a second theatre to the Old Vic. This expansion is much needed by the Old Vic, and would increase the efficiency as well as double the extent of its work.

But Sadler's Wells must be *given*, or the low prices that must be charged would be impracticable. Once given, it can, like the Old Vic, be made to pay its way. It will be added to the Old Vic as a twin Charity Foundation, which means that any profit must go back into the work.

We ask everyone who reads these lines to send a gift for the honour of Shakespeare to a cause that, especially on this day, all should wish to help.

The sum already raised is £35,000, and approximately as much again is required for the reconstruction of the theatre, which has been bought freehold. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sadler's Wells Fund, 119, Piccadilly, London. Cheques should be made payable to the Sadler's Wells Fund, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Yours faithfully,

DEVONSHIRE (Chairman Sadler's Wells Fund).
STANLEY BALDWIN.

BALFOUR.

D. LLOYD GEORGE.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

April 23rd, 1928.

*** 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.

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GERMAN REPARATIONS

By "AUGUR"

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for the payment of German Reparations, came to London on one of his periodical visits to see his friends at the Treasury and at the Bank of England. The occasion was seized upon by organs of the Press to inform the public of Mr. Gilbert's scheme for the revision of the famous Dawes Plan, of which now for the fifth year he is the vigilant guardian. The figures published were incorrect, and, in any case, it was premature to speak about a scheme prepared by the Agent-General. Yet those who read attentively his quarterly and annual reports have occasion to know that Mr. Gilbert does not look upon the Plan as final and to be carried out without a readjustment of the burden imposed upon Germany.

When the Dawes Plan was drawn up and accepted by Germany in 1924 it was hailed as a way out of the blind alley in which Europe had found itself, after having tried to exact Reparations from Germany strictly according to the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Indeed, it has not been proved until now that the sums which the Allies demand according to the Plan, and which the German Government agreed to pay, are above Germany's capacity to furnish. The full sum of yearly payments is coming into force only in the current financial year, and there is reason to expect that the German Government will be able to produce it, or, at least, will try loyally to carry out its freely accepted obligations. So that if there are doubts of the future capacity of Germany to pay, this cannot be the immediate reason for the view, which undoubtedly is spreading, about the necessity of a revision of the Dawes Plan. To understand what

is happening we must look deeper into things, below the surface of daily affairs.

The Versailles Treaty, for better or for worse, has been for the last ten years the foundation of European reconstruction. But this historical document consists of three parts, each having its own particular object to perform. In the first place the Treaty provides for the liquidation of the Great War, secondly it contains clauses which establish for Germany a period of probation during which she is kept under control and is not fully mistress of her own house, and thirdly there is the Covenant of the League of Nations—an integral part of the Treaty—which creates in Europe a family (to use Mr. Kellogg's happy expression) of nations living together on terms of absolute parity. For, however much people may discuss the meaning of the articles of the Covenant, one thing is clear: that there is only one class of members—equals among equals. On several occasions¹ we have said, and cannot say it again sufficiently strongly, that Germany's entry into the League of Nations can have only one meaning: her period of probation has come to an end, and the Allies have received her into their family on terms of an absolute parity. When a principle of such importance is at stake it is useless to quibble over legal details, which in the letter may seem to contradict it. There cannot be two codes of moral rules running concurrently in the life of individuals, and there cannot be two laws of comity applied simultaneously in international relations. And in this sense, because it contains the Covenant of the League, the Treaty of Versailles is the charter of Germany's final liberation from the shackles imposed upon her after her defeat in the War. We have to make up our mind definitely on this point, whether we like it or not.

The Dawes Plan, in addition to settling the method of the payment of Reparations to the Allies by Germany, imposed upon the latter a system of supervision incompatible with the idea of a sovereign State. The Agent-General is at the apex of an elaborate machinery of control. People are apt to forget that working with him or concurrently there are (1) a

(1) "Augur," *Peace in Europe*, Selwyn and Blount, London, 1927

Committee of Transfers, (2) an American member of the Commission for Reparations, (3) a foreign Commissioner and members of the Council of the Reichsbank, (4) a foreign Commissioner and members in the Council of the German Railways Co., (5) a foreign Trustee for the railway bonds, (6) foreign members in the Council of the Bank for the Industrial Bonds, (7) a foreign Trustee for the Industrial Bonds, (8) an Index Committee, (9) a Committee for the Arbitration on Gold Values, (10) an Advisory Committee for Mortgaged Assets, (11) an Arbiter for the same, (12) an Arbitration Committee of Interpretation (to judge between the German Government and the Commission for Reparations), (13) an Arbitration Committee for Deliveries in Kind, and a Special Committee for the Same, (14) an Arbiter for Private Property in Germany, (15) an Arbiter for Concerted Financial Measures, (16) an Arbitration Tribunal for Appeals from Decisions of the Committee of Transfers, (17) A Technical Committee for the Dawes Plan, (18) an Arbitration Commission for Defaults, (19) a Special Tribunal of Arbitration for the Railways, (20) an Arbiter for the Railways, (21) an Arbiter for the Industrial Bonds.¹ All these posts and bodies are created by the Dawes Plan Agreement, and the protocols corollary to it. The Allies, who see how the money comes in, may not feel the weight of this system of control which enmeshes Germany and deprives her of the right of freely disposing of herself to which she now lays claim as a Sovereign State, an equal member among equals in the family of the nations united by the League Covenant. It may be convenient to meet this claim in silence, so as to delay the issue for a time, but, when obliged to speak, who in equity and justice can deny it?

The financial experts, commissioned to draw up the Report, which prepared the acceptance of the Dawes Plan by the Governments, were aware that Germany would never be in a position to pay the colossal sums which politicians had accustomed the public to expect. On the other hand, they were not prepared to say at the time exactly what would be the

(1) This list is taken from Furst, *De Versailles Aux Experts*, Paris, 1927.

amount which could be obtained from the Germans without killing the goose, for the mark currency had gone under in the mad inflation of the Ruhr period and the export of German capital abroad had drained the last visible resources of the country. The experts preferred to temporise, and as a result they produced a plan, the monetary value of which can be gauged to-day only approximately. Not only that, but the safeguards provided are of such a nature that there is no encouragement to the debtor to apply himself to a swifter paying off of his obligations. It has been rightly said that even if the sixty millions of Germans decided to work seven hours a week longer to help to pay the Allies, their action would not set them free earlier or decrease the total sum of their payments. This is disheartening, and, from the point of view of a purely commercial transaction, unpractical. We need not be surprised if the Agent-General and other financial experts hold the view that by the provision of an exact time limit and of a premium for swifter repayment, Germany should be given an incentive to get rid of the Dawes Plan and of Reparations as quickly as possible.

Until now we have said nothing about the sums which the Dawes Plan exacts from Germany and which may or may not be above her capacity to pay. We are not discussing this point at present, because figures would only obscure the question at issue, which is one of principle. We feel that we are right in doing so all the more because the Dawes Plan, whilst imposing severe financial obligations upon Germany, at the same time has furnished her with an excellent means of protection in the form of the Committee of Transfers, the duty of which it is to see that out of the sums in marks received for the account of Reparations no more is transferred into foreign currencies than is compatible with the stability of the German financial system. This means that in reality, however large the payment in marks obtained, the Allies cannot make use of it to an extent which would be harmful to German finance or trade. The Transfer Committee is of great advantage to Germany, and we are certain that in the coming revision of the Dawes Plan Berlin will either

ask for its continuation or offer a very small sum indeed in total payment of Reparations.

The plea for a revision of the financial clauses of the Dawes Plan is based on the consideration that to-day a capitalisation of Germany's obligations would materially help the economic reconstruction of Europe. Bankers and financiers know that annuities "in perpetuity" or for a very large number of years have a present capital value not much greater than similar obligations for a shorter period. For example, if an annuity of £100 to go on for ever is capitalised at 5 per cent. it is worth £2,000. The same yearly payments for sixty-two years would be worth about £1,900, and for thirty-seven years about £1,700. When, therefore, dealing with payments which are to last for an indefinitely long period or for a very long number of years, they are not afraid of substituting for them a smaller number of annuities, because they know that in the process of capitalisation the loss incurred will be comparatively small and probably well worth accepting in view of the advantages of a swift liquidation. We have good reason to believe that it is this consideration which is at the bottom of the calculations already being tentatively made in view of a revision of the payment of German Reparations.

The situation, unfortunately, is complicated by several circumstances, of which the most important is the fact that the Allies are heavily in debt to the United States. And this debt has been made a constant element in the equation of a financial settlement in Europe, because Great Britain by the Baldwin Agreement crystallised her obligations under that count and obliged other Governments to do the same. Before the conclusion of the Baldwin Agreement, and of similar treaties by other countries, something could have been obtained from the American Treasury in the same way as Germany has been protected from excessive payment by the Transfer Clause in the Dawes Plan. But now there is nothing to prevent the United States from insisting to be paid in full without any consideration for Europe's miseries and troubles. Until now we see no sign of a softening of the American attitude, and political circumstances make it doubtful that such a softening, even if eventually inevitable, can take effect within the next

eighteen months. So if the Dawes Plan is to be revised soon, ways and means have to be devised to do this without connecting the revision in a direct fashion with negotiations for a reduction of the Allied war debts to the United States. This places Great Britain in a particularly unfortunate position, because whilst France gets more than 50 per cent. of reparations, the British share is only twenty-five per cent. Much has been said about the famous Balfour Note, in which Great Britain has laid down the policy she intends to follow in the question of the debts to her of other European Governments. The Balfour Note establishes the fact that the British Government does not wish to demand from its debtors in Europe more than the sum it is obliged to pay to America under the Baldwin Agreement. At present, as Mr. Churchill mentioned in his speech on this year's Budget, the payments received from the Allies and from German Reparations approximately balance with the sums paid to the Treasury in Washington. But if the payments from Germany should be diminished, this fine balance immediately would be upset. It is, therefore, directly to the advantage of London to wait and do nothing for some time yet, in the hope that Germany will be able to effect not only the first full payment for Reparations, which she has already inscribed in the Budget of the Reich, but to go on paying as much in the following years. If this hope is not realised there would always be time to speak of a revision.

France is in a different position. Apart from the fact that, whatever the arrangement arrived at, she wants to have a surplus remaining from her quota in the Reparations payments after the debt to the United States has been covered (this because of her colossal expenditure on reconstruction of the devastated areas), it is to her advantage to have a swift settlement. M. Poincaré, who, after the General Election of a month ago, seems to be firmly in the saddle for a considerable time, must carry on the work of the stabilisation of the franc to its logical conclusion. The position of the French Treasury is flourishing, but it is not yet secure. To-day's prosperity has not been translated yet into terms of the Rente. To do this it is necessary to return to the gold standard, and this is not practical

as long as the debt to America hangs like a stormcloud on the financial horizon.

The case of Belgium presents a special difficulty, for the reason that under the present arrangement the annual payment to the United States absorbs only about one-sixth of the Belgian share of Reparations. The remaining five-sixths are affected to the so-called Extraordinary Budget which has been established for a score of years ahead, and contains the expenditure not only for reconstruction of devastated territories but also for large productive works, which Belgium needs if she is to keep her place in modern industrial conditions. There is also the question of the several thousands of millions of marks left in Belgium by the Germans during the fifty-two months of their unlawful occupation, and which the Belgian Government has taken over from its citizens at the rate of 1.35 francs per mark. Until now, in spite of two conventions signed between the two Governments (but not ratified by or even presented to the Reichstag), Germany has done nothing to redeem this particularly onerous war debt. The Belgians are active partners in the occupation of the Rhineland, and certainly will not allow this chance of obtaining an advantageous settlement—perhaps the last one they will ever have—to slip.

It is inexpedient yet to go into details and to discuss the conversations which have been carried on already in a tentative fashion for the preparation of the ground for a revision of the Dawes Plan. Our desire at present is only to warn our readers of the imminence of the question to be discussed in one form or another in the course of the coming twelvemonth. In fact, we consider that it will be the most important problem in Europe in the near future. The need is certain, the methods to satisfy it are less clear, but a way out can and will be found if, before indulging in petty bargaining, the Governments interested make up their minds on the essential principles involved and act accordingly. In any case the greater the courage and the directness with which the problem is approached the greater are the chances of a swift success and of a tremendous improvement in the whole economic situation of Europe.

THE FOURTH BUDGET

BY JAMES CORBETT

JUST before the Chancellor presented his fourth Budget to the nation I reflected upon the meteoric career of that individual. I remembered he had been a public figure since his nineteenth birthday, and although I am reminded he was born in 1874 I must still regard Winston Churchill as a young man. He is the same youngster who went through the Spanish campaign in Cuba with zest; was with the British force during the Indian frontier troubles of 1897-1898, and in the Soudan campaign; the same individual who had dramatic adventures in the Boer War and wrote astounding letters to the papers. And what superb courage he manifested in the Great War! He is the same young man who worked for the Conservatives until Chamberlain brought out his fiscal proposals, which he denounced in the sternest manner, joining the Liberal ranks. He is the same cherub whom Campbell-Bannerman appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1905, when he became an outstanding speaker for the Liberal Government and when he won the Presidency of the Board of Trade in 1908. Then came his appointment as Home Secretary in succession to Lord Gladstone, afterwards his promotion to First Lord of the Admiralty in 1911. Then the fury of the European catastrophe, with Churchill riding his storm, the definite break with the Liberal Party, and his present distinctive position in a Conservative Government.

So, before he made his fourth Budget speech I still wondered what the clock of destiny was going to do for Winston. Would the gods regard him as the victim of their caprice, or was the hour coming for the clock to strike, and would Churchill be the next Prime Minister? I have heard it whispered that Winston never leaves that golden apple out of his calculations. So I pondered on

what would happen on April 24th. I had no qualms about Winston in the least. I know he is never disturbed by the hostility of the Opposition, because he has a super-range of mental qualities, and he can present his facts like an expert demonstrating the glittering facets of a diamond. To me his Budget speech reads like a mighty march in human annals, breaking down all the barriers of prejudice, and his trenchant survey of every item leaves his critics breathless. Politicians forget Antwerp and Gallipoli when Churchill rises to his feet. The man's blunders are forgotten in the unstinted tribute to his genius, and in the cold light of historical perspective people ask if Winston really committed the sins laid to his account. Was he not to be pitied through lack of support in a critical phase, and was his concept of reality not more than an imaginative dream? Some experts say that Churchill would have been a genius had his plans carried. They happened to fail to a certain extent, but was the situation not too complex even for a Churchill? I know his *Memoirs* have vindicated him to a remarkable degree, and Liberals do not forget his fight for the Irish Free State. I have heard it rumoured he drafted the Irish Peace Treaty, but doubtless he had the collaboration of Birkenhead in that respect. For that matter Winston could have drafted the Treaty of Versailles, but it is stated on good authority he was painting pictures on that occasion. I am not sure whether they were landscape paintings or merely etchings!

So, as the hands of the clock passed nearer to Budget Day, I recalled why Churchill was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. That was the finest move Mr. Baldwin ever made. He knew that Churchill represents the bulwark of stability in the Government, and he has never regretted the impulse which gave Winston charge of the national cash box. Many people have wondered why Churchill left the ranks of the Liberals, but I should say it was entirely a question of psychology. To Churchill the World War was a stupendous eye-opener. It convinced him what an earthquake had occurred within the

boundaries of the world. He saw what the repercussion of that cataclysm meant, he could trace the tide of revolution, chaos, and anarchy in many lands, and he realised, with the instinctive certainty of Fate, that no milk-and-water Liberalism would solve England's post-war difficulties. Winston did not undergo the transition of reaction. He returned deliberately to the Conservative group, but he has never been called a political die-hard. In a flash he saw that stability and equipoise lay along the path of Conservatism—that was his mental reading of the situation—but it meant more to him in the real progressive sense. He could never become archaic and fossilised. Like his famous parent, Lord Randolph, his temperamental trait will still get him into hot water—he will still chase those revolutionary geese even in his quiet moments—but he can always be relied on to fight his own corner. He did that a few months ago with the Civil Service Estimates.

But let me get on to the Budget. We all approached that particular Tuesday with mingled feelings. Anything in the nature of a dramatic surprise might be expected, yet there was a conviction that the real climax would be next year. The fourth Budget was merely to lay the foundation for the greatest general election ever held in the country.

The odds seemed in favour of the Chancellor. He could begin with a prestige on account of his luck in securing a surplus, as he was four millions to the good on the financial year ending March 31st. The revenue came out at £842,824,000, and the expenditure at £838,585,000. That meant a balance of £4,239,000 on the right side. But there was nothing to crow about. That balance was not earned on any basis that entitled his administration to credit. He had three half-yearly charges in twelve months from income-tax payers assessed under Schedule A, and that luck does not occur every spring. This meant nearly an extra £15,000,000, and the Chancellor had £10,000,000 more than he estimated from death duties. What then would happen?

Everyone knew that the supply services—which include

Army, Navy, Air Force, health, housing, education, revenue and Post Office departments—were estimated to cost £407,495,000. The Chancellor would have to reveal the figure of the debt service and other consolidated fund charges, and last year the total of these consolidated fund services ran to £423,000,000. If one could make the same assumption for the coming year the total expenditure would be something like £830,000,000. But one point deserved close attention. In the last Budget Churchill provided £65,000,000 for the Sinking Fund, and speculation ran rife as to what would happen this time. Lord Colwyn's Committee recommended that the sum should be £75,000,000, but the Chancellor had leaned to £50,000,000 as the standard rate for the Sinking Fund. As the object of raising it to £65,000,000 was to make up previous shortages, it was thought Churchill would decide on £50,000,000 this year, in order to obtain £15,000,000 to finance his rating scheme, a daring project which was to be the greatest feature of the Budget. Financial experts were doubtful on some points. They stated that the Chancellor could only rely on an extra £10,000,000 of revenue, despite anticipated decreases in death duties and super-tax. It was therefore thought that no costly scheme for the relief of rates could be launched without at the same time creating some fresh source of revenue.

Everyone knew in what direction the Chancellor was moving. Reduction of the costs of production would be one aim of the proposed relief. Agriculture, iron and steel, mines and quarries, railways, shipbuilding, and blast furnaces—these would be the chief beneficiaries. It was the Government view that if production costs could be appreciably reduced, by easing the burden of rates on these and similar industries, then trade would be stimulated and employment increased, and even taxation and the rates would ultimately benefit. It was also anticipated that there would be a revenue duty on petrol, a slight reduction of the duty on raw sugar, and perhaps a safeguarding duty of thirty-three and a third per cent. on imported buttons, in accordance with the Board of Trade recommendation. The Chancellor had already declared that he did not

intend to reduce the income-tax, or the spirit duty, or the entertainment tax, or the betting tax, and that he could not afford to restore the penny post.

We all knew that the passage of time had not lessened the problem of Budget-making. The enormous cost of the Great War has not added to the joys of the modern Chancellor, but then the War cannot be blamed for everything. The War does not account for the fact that over twenty per cent. of the estimated national income—between £860,000,000 and £900,000,000, if local taxation is included, which amounts to about £180,000,000—is appropriated by the State for national and local purposes. Then, in addition to incurring a debt ten times the pre-War amount, which in interest alone costs over £300,000,000, we have run into increased social expenditure since 1914. Thought naturally turned therefore on the exposition of a scheme which would substantially lower the burden of local rates, particularly those which fall upon the sources of production, namely, agriculture and industry. We are aware these burdens cannot be lifted altogether, but surely an effort would be made to change their incidence? Our industrial troubles of 1926 caused a heavy increase in local rates, and certain districts suffered more acutely than others. But, as everyone realised, a mere change of incidence does not diminish the sum-total of the burden.

We also seem to be faced with a yearly Budget of £800,000,000. But £50,000,000, the standard amount of the Baldwin Sinking Fund, is applied to the redemption of debt, so that our actual expenditure is about £750,000,000. But even this figure suffers from inflation. That is caused by including on both sides of the balance-sheet the receipts and expenditure of the Post Office and the payments debited and credited by the Road Fund, so that really the total net expenditure could be reduced to about £680,000,000. That figure can hardly be reduced over a long period. Experts inform us that savings in debt interest must depend upon the conversion, as opportunity offers, of the high interest-bearing debt issued during the War into new loans bearing a lower rate of interest. Very

little has been done in this direction recently. But we are reaching the end of short-term maturities, for next April the last of the National War Bonds fall due, and Government credit is already beginning to improve. That tendency has been stimulated by the foreign capital market in New York. For instance, a British Government sterling obligation, the four per cent. Funding Loan, was recently introduced in New York, and already it has raised the price of the stock appreciably.

With regard to the Sinking Fund, the Government, in June next year, has the right to repay the £2,000,000,000 five per cent. War Loan, and this millstone may be removed if the rise in British funds continues. It was hoped that the Sinking Fund figure would not be reduced below £65,000,000, for the larger the Sinking Fund appropriations the more favourably will Government credit be affected.

When Budget day arrived Mr. Churchill did not falsify many of these predictions. The following were the principal points in his speech:—

A Customs duty on mechanical lighters of 6d., with a corresponding Excise duty on home-made lighters.

The duty on British wine to be raised from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a gallon.

An adjustment in the Customs duty on cinematograph films in order to place British Empire films on the same basis as other films.

A duty of 33½ on imported buttons.

A tax of 4d. per gallon on certain kinds of light oil, including petrol and kerosene. British shale oil and liquid fuel manufactured in this country to be exempt.

The new oil revenue, with other moneys, will supply a means of rate relief.

A reduction of the duty on sugar by the equivalent of ¼d. in the retail price.

A series of reductions in the licence duties on lighter goods vehicles and hackneys on the roads, and 20 per cent. reduction for heavy vehicles with pneumatic tyres instead of solid tyres.

No reduction in the standard rate of income tax, but the allowance in respect of children to be increased to £60 for the first child and £50 for the second.

As he has personally acknowledged, Mr. Churchill is satisfied with the way his Budget has been received. Whatever reactions to it occurred have all been anticipated. Local authorities have expressed their doubts, the

City has made criticisms in detail, and the motor transport business has delivered dark forebodings, but it has accommodated itself with wonderful swiftness to the change in the price of petrol. Apparently no one has underrated the magnitude of the Government operation, and there seems to be a disposition to recognise the Budget as a constructive piece of statesmanship, apart entirely from the immediate gains and losses of the individual taxpayer.

The debate that followed was fairly illuminative. Naturally Mr. Snowden suffered from a degree of financial Puritanism, and he took care to launch a general attack on all the sins of the Chancellor. But there was an air of artificiality about his speech that was clearly marked, although it certainly contained a few shrewd and justifiable criticisms. Mr. Snowden was on firm ground when he stated, however, that the promise of a steady annual reduction of £10,000,000 in supply expenditure has not been fulfilled, and the failure to effect economies, combined with two raids on the Sinking Fund, has certainly helped to place Government credit in a less favourable position. But these past delinquencies are irrelevant at the moment, and it is feared that the Snowden attack on the Budget was less effective than usual. The only real objections which he launched were the inadequacy of the provisions for debt redemption, which depend upon a gamble on the lowering of the interest charges for the floating debt—never a promising outlook at any time—and the daring raid on last year's small surplus. His criticism of the petrol tax and the rating scheme was very feeble, and it is not yet understood why he dragged in the red herring of land values.

Mr. Lloyd George proved a little more dangerous. He described the rating proposals as robbing not merely Peter but all the twelve Apostles to pay Paul. He also pointed out that industries in depressed areas would have three-quarters of their rates paid, while the rest of the community would either get no relief or else exact their pound of flesh from their neighbours. In other words, he objected to the proposals because they relieved both prosperous and depressed industries alike. Necessitous areas would get

no larger contributions than those which did not suffer from the imposition. What the Churchill plan meant was to give relief to prosperous concerns in prosperous districts, and to add to the heavy burdens on the less prosperous. Obviously that was a vicious state of affairs. Mr. Lloyd George also pleaded that the remission of agricultural rates would merely put money in the pockets of the landowners. This last wail reminded the House that the Welsh Wizard is not partial to the landowning community.

But much of this criticism has already been considered premature. Until the Chancellor clarifies the air, or until he makes clear the principles upon which he will distribute the new grants to the various local authorities it is futile to talk of the additional burdens imposed on certain sections of the community. Further, such arguments ignore the main object of the scheme, which is intended not so much to lighten the load of local taxation as to lift part of the burden from the shoulders least fitted to bear it. True, the ratepayer will not get much immediate relief, as the local authorities will only receive something like £3,000,000, but that is beside the point. The chief merit of the Churchill plan lies in the fact that it relieves industry from a vicious taxation which has handicapped production, especially in the depressed exporting trades. It will also allot the new block grants more in relation to the ability to pay than the present chaotic allocation of Government subventions. Additional measures may be essential to deal with poor relief, but that hardly affects the soundness of the Chancellor's proposals. It is important to remember that the execution of the full scheme is still doubtful, and considerable modifications may be necessary before these measures take their final form.

Mr. Snowden, of course, described the rating scheme as "a fantastic, half-baked monstrosity." He maintained that it postponed the hope of relief indefinitely; that it financed in advance contrary to the orthodox principles of taxation; that it was dependent upon an impossible distinction between productive and other industry; that it did not differentiate between the prosperous and the depressed and that it was destined to benefit landlords and not work

men. He also declared that the Sinking Fund for three years was £25,000,000 short of the statutory minimum, that the scheme of a Fixed Debt charge would not survive to the point of the extinction of the Debt, and that the conversion operations had presented the holders of maturing securities with amazingly generous bonuses, so that this procedure merely increased instead of lessened the ultimate burden. It was left to Sir Alfred Mond to prick this bubble. He declared that the last argument was false, and that the Snowden gibes could not destroy the profound effect of the rating scheme. The psychological effect of the step would be enormous, because it meant the first helping hand out of the slough of despond. The principles of producing our own fuel supplies, and of relieving productive industry, were unquestionably sound, and they might even be supplemented by extending to first-class industrial securities the right to be reckoned as gold. But Sir Alfred Mond warned industry that exemption from rates should not mean exemption from setting its own financial house in order.

Doubtless the most effective opposition came from Mr. Lloyd George. His criticism was directed against the method and not the principle of rating relief. He maintained that the equalisation of rates within larger areas would mean an actual rating increase in prosperous areas. He also described the compensation of local authorities for loss of revenue by an invariable block grant as unsound, and stated that the extra compensation of £3,000,000 for hard cases was most inadequate. He even stated that the loss in revenue from railway rates alone would nearly absorb it. He deplored the fact that the relief would be selective, in the evil sense of being accorded to special industries instead of being allocated to necessitous cases. In other phraseology, he declared that the new Moses would lead into the promised land not the shopkeeper nor the workman, but the capitalist, the landlord, and the Federation of British Industries. All these complications to him were unnecessary. As an alternative he suggested that a direct subsidy, such as the taking over of the cost of supporting paupers and roads, could have been granted

at once, until the new assessments under the Act of 1925 were complete. Such assessments, according with the actual letting value of property, would automatically have apportioned rating relief. The new scheme appeared to cancel the Act, because no Assessment Committee would be foolish enough to lower assessments when it knew the Government would pay.

Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, who for years has clamoured for a direct stimulus to productive industry, lost all patience with Mr. Lloyd George at this stage. He pointed out that the only cost of the scheme was to raise petrol to its price of a year ago, with the probability that it would fall again. If at that time the Government had promised to carry out the whole scheme for nothing, would not acceptance have been prompt? As to its method, if the principle of relieving productive industry was right it must be of general application. As to its results, it gave an immediate stimulating promise to the actual producer, not the landlord, of a £20,000,000 a year drop in the costs of production, beginning eighteen months hence. The direct relief on steel would be 3s. per ton, and the indirect freight relief, to be granted on raw materials and not on the finished product, 1s. per ton. The average direct relief on coal would approximate 3d. per ton, and the freight relief 4d. per ton, a total relief amounting to more than the royalty charge. The plan of differential railway rates had proved practicable since the decontrol of coal.

But I think the man who can afford to smile is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not merely has he produced a rating scheme which will benefit productive industry, but his Budget proposals throughout have not suffered in the test of constructive statesmanship. Mr. Winston Churchill is something more than a politician.

ST. HELENA UNDER THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

BY LIEUT.-COL. O. L. MATHIAS, O.B.E.

IF a "general knowledge" paper contained the question "What do you know of St. Helena?" it is probable that the majority of replies would be to the effect that it is the island upon which Napoleon was kept as a prisoner, while a few more enterprising spirits might add that it was visited not long ago by the Prince of Wales.

But it is probably safe to say that no answer would vouchsafe the information that from 1673 to 1834, a period of 161 years, the island was under the control of the East India Company.

Like many other parts of the world, the island was discovered by one of the old Portuguese navigators, João da Nova, and derives its name from its discovery on St. Helena's Day, 1502. The uninhabited island apparently did not invite occupation, nor did it appeal to the first English visitor, the notorious adventurer Thomas Cavendish, in 1588. Nearly half a century later, in 1633, the island was taken by Jacques Specx in the name of the States General, but the Dutch settlement was removed to the Cape within twenty years, and in 1652 the abandoned station was occupied by the East India Company. The fortifications then erected were later expanded into Fort James, named after the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and perpetuated in Jamestown, the present seat of government.

In 1673, however, the handful of settlers and soldiers were overwhelmed by the return of the Dutch, and fled by sea to South America, a voyage of some eighteen hundred miles, the track of which was followed by the *Repulse*. A sloop was sent to warn English ships of the loss of the island, and fortunately fell in with a small squadron under Captain Richard Munden conveying homeward-bound East Indiamen. He reached the Island in May and landed seamen under a Lieutenant Keigwin, who attacked the Dutch in the rear while the

squadron bombarded their front. The Dutch thereupon surrendered, and Munden also captured three of their ships which approached the island unaware of its change of hands.

Keigwin was left in charge with a garrison of one hundred and sixty men, and Munden proceeded with his prizes to England, where he was given a knighthood and a grant of £2,500. Keigwin's subsequent career was curious. Ten years later he was serving at Bombay when a revolt occurred, and he was elected Governor by popular vote. He issued a proclamation "in the King's name" claiming to rule under the direct authority of the Crown, and citing "the intolerable extortions, oppressions and exactions" of the East India Company. His rule was distinctly successful, and when, on receiving written commands from the King, he handed over his authority to the Company he was granted a full pardon and given command of a frigate. He was killed while gallantly leading the assault on the island of St. Christopher on June 21st, 1690.

The position of the Company at St. Helena was now somewhat curious. The charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1600 gave the sole right of trading with countries "beyond the Cape of Good Hope"—a condition the island did not fulfil—while in any case its abandonment by the Company's garrison and recapture by the Crown forces deprived the former of any prescriptive rights that may have existed. The difficulty was overcome by the issue, on December 16th, 1673, of Letters Patent granting the lease of the island to the Company "to be held of the Royal Manor of Greenwich," but without rent.

The Company took immediate steps to consolidate its position on the island. Two companies of infantry were stationed there, one of which was commanded by Captain Richard Field, who was appointed Governor. His pay for this double duty was fixed at £50 per annum, with a gratuity at the same rate.

The second company was under Captain Anthony Beale, who was appointed also "Husband of the Stores." For this he received £50 per annum, and for the first two

years was to be accommodated, with his family, in a wooden storehouse sent out from England "so (long) as he kepe no fire therein." Fortunately St. Helena is in the tropics. The planters were to form a sort of Militia trained with the regular companies, while the soldiers were encouraged to learn planting and might assist planters when off duty.

The original instructions to the Governor and Council were comprehensive: "You are to take into your possession all the cattle that can possibly be attained, that a distribution may be made to the several Inhabitants according to the rules hereafter mentioned. The Three Boats left by Sir Richard Munden to be kept in repair and permit the inhabitants to goe a-fishing therein. All fish to be distributed equally among the inhabitants." In addition, no female cattle were to be killed for a period of three years, while everything growing on the island, as well as any minerals or precious stones that might be discovered, was the property of the local Government as representing the Company. Evidently the policy of our Labour Party is not new!

Spiritual no less than material needs were provided for: "We have entertained Mr. William Swindle a Minister of the Gospel of whom we have received a very good character to preach once and catechise every Lord's Day." The bearer of this somewhat unfortunate name received £50 per annum, with a further £25 for acting as schoolmaster, and £25 gratuity, "and to have his dyett at the Governor's table," so that he was considerably better off than many of his present-day brethren.

Mr. Francis Moore was appointed surgeon at the rate—shades of Harley Street!—of £25 per annum with "dyett," and was granted land and cattle equally with the planters and a gratuity of £5. These various offices passed through many vicissitudes during the Company's tenancy of the island. Governors were changed frequently, and the official mess does not appear to have been at all times the happy family so essential in such a restricted area.

The Reverend Swindle did not long survive, and subsequently, in spite of frequent appointments, the island

was "without benefit of clergy" for considerable periods. Even when this was not the case, things do not seem to have gone smoothly, and in 1717 we are told that "of late our parson has been more troublesome than usual, and has several new notions. Last Sunday there was a great omission of several parts of the Liturgy, the Nicene Creed, prayer for the Company and Shipping, and there was only a collect and the Lord's Prayer before the sermon." This gentleman would evidently have been in his element at some of our modern Convocations, but he was informed that "the Governor and Council are resolved to have no more of these Fopperies nor alterations in the established forms of the Church prayers, and if you go on in these whimsical methods of altering the established prayers, of halving them, you will render yourself incapable of acting as a Minister of the Church of England here and must expect to be sent home"—sentiments which will find a hearty echo among many Churchmen to-day.

During these clerical *interregna* the duties, within limits, appear to have devolved upon the Surgeon. The class of the latter official was evidently not maintained at its original level, for in 1693 we read of Surgeon Manning being promoted from "common sentinell," to which rank he was again reduced for drunkenness. Shortly before the announcement of his death we are told that he was "very sottish," but he was allowed to continue reading prayers in chapel and to conduct funerals, for which duty he received two shillings per month, but whether there was any connection between this melancholy function and his previous medical experiments it is, perhaps, kinder not to enquire. His place as Surgeon was filled by another private soldier on the strength of "having served part of an apprenticeship with a London apothecary," his pay being fixed at thirty shillings *per annum*, so that, had Manning survived, there was every prospect of his continuing to draw his two shillings per month!

The lack of harmony did not stop short of even the highest officials, and when, in 1697, Governor Kelinge died, "his widow at her departure from the fort took all the Plate, etc., insomuch as hardly the present Governor could have pewter spoons enough to serve ye Company's

table," while some ten years later the Governor informed the Council that "he observes the Engineer to be useless, running headlong, rather a Pioneer than an Engineer, and no gentleman. Idle, ignorant and lazy and to be dismissed." On hearing his fate, the Engineer prayed that his salary might be continued, to enable him to pay his debts, and "to carry him off the island like a gentleman," whereupon the Council made the caustic retort that "if he carried nothing off with him he would in that respect go off as much like a gentleman as he came on"! But official amenities were not always thus, and on August 15th, 1710, it is recorded that the Governor showed the Council a sample of St. Helena sugar, when it was resolved: "That a pound or two be sent to our Honourable Masters, and that they be acquainted that we we have found the following articles since Governor Roberts came here, viz.: Lime, Tyles, Bricks, Cut stones for building, Rum, Minerals of several sorts, upon which we are now resolved to fire nine guns and drink our Honourable Masters' good health and success to the Island."

As a matter of fact, drinking, whether of healths or otherwise, was the cause of much of the trouble which continued almost throughout the Company's rule. In 1678 the Directors wrote: "We understand that arrack is acceptable upon ye Island, *and in case you should be attacked would be very serviceable for encouraging your men.* We send 2 Butts." Unfortunately, among the very mixed races constituting the population, arrack proved only too acceptable, while spirit was also distilled from the ample crops of potatoes. Among the "best people" rum punch seems to have been the common beverage, and was sold by the bowl, with the not surprising result, in a tropical climate, that the death rate rose at one time as high as ten per cent. Indeed, so serious did the situation become by 1701 that the Directors drew special attention to the disastrous effects of local distilling, whereupon the Governor issued a proclamation against drunkenness embodying a kind of eighteenth-century "Dora," which discouraged conviviality by ordering everyone to be in their own homes by 10 p.m., and forbidding meetings of any kind after that hour.

But while the Company was solicitous for the welfare of its subjects, it kept a sharp eye on its own affairs.

A year after reoccupying the island a reduction of the garrison was ordered, "only the oldest, civillest and best soldiers" being retained, and the Governor received high commendation for cutting down the force to fifty men. The remainder were given the option of returning to England or becoming planters on the island.

Shortly afterwards the Directors write: "You advise us of the death of the Gunner by a disaster in firing a gun, for which we are sorry, *but much blame you to spend our powder so vainly* and as we are informed your gun had a double charge by carelessness."

In 1687 we read that Capt. Gregory Field,¹ who had been an Ensign in the garrison and was a member of the Council, "is a mere useless burden to us and therefore we do hereby dismiss him from our service. Give him leave to come home *at his own charge*, and we shall admit him into our almshouse here which he petitioned for." At most times, in fact, the island must have been a source of considerable anxiety to the Company. Ten years after receiving their charter the directors write that the settlement had cost £40,000 "without one penny profit." In 1713 they complain that the Governor's salary has grown to £200 per annum, and two years later they record that "the Company has expended above £26,000 in three years on this place." Times were very bad about this period. In 1707 the current prices of food were not unreasonable, as the following list shows:—

	s.	d.
Yams	6	0 per cwt.
Beef	25	0 ,, "
Potatoes	4	0 ,, bushel
Beans	9	0 ,, "
Butter	0	10 ,, lb.
Pork	0	4 ,, "
Fowls	1	4 each
Turkeys and geese	5	0 ,,
Goats	8	0 ,,
Roasting pigs	3	0 ,,
Sheep	20	0 ,,
Milk	0	6 gallon

(1) It is not clear what relation, if any, this officer was to the first Governor.

But in 1713 no rain fell for ten months. Crops failed, cattle died, and meat became very scarce. It became necessary to allow the inhabitants to fish under regulations from the Company's boats, and supplies had to be refused to ships. This last necessity was a very serious matter, for in those days of sailing vessels the island was on the direct route to the Cape, and was relied upon for fresh supplies of meat, vegetables, and drinking water for a voyage which might occupy in all some six months. This was, in fact, the real *raison d'être* of the Company's settlement, as the East Indiamen had, of course, to go *via* the Cape. However, matters improved under the rule of Governor Pyke (1713-19), who appears to have been one of the most successful and popular of the long line of rulers.

Shortly before his period of office, in 1706, his predecessor incurred the grave displeasure of the Directors owing to the loss of the two ships *Queen* and *Dover*. These vessels were anchored some distance out and failed to comply with orders to come nearer in. The following day two ships flying Dutch colours approached and were duly saluted, when, to the dismay of the garrison, they were seen to haul down their flags and run alongside the two English vessels, of which the *Queen* promptly discharged a broadside. Taken unawares, however, they were quickly made captives, whereupon the strangers hoisted the French flag and stood out to sea with their prizes. The shore batteries fired furiously, but all their shots fell short.

The Governor was severely censured for this incident, but protested that it was the fault of the ships for not coming closer in, as ordered, and also due, in part, to information given him by the captain of a merchantman that no French ships were at sea outside Indian waters, but his defence does not read very convincingly.

Indeed, in the early days of the settlement things seem to have been carried on in a somewhat haphazard way. In 1678, therefore, the Council was ordered to meet every fourteen days. For absence from a meeting a member was fined half a dollar for the first offence, one dollar for the second, and one and a half dollars for the third, after which he was suspended.

In 1683 the Directors complained that the time of the Council was being occupied with trivial matters, and a code of laws founded on those of the Bombay settlement was forwarded, while later the laws of Barbados were sent out for guidance in dealing with the black population. In 1714 the various edicts in the new possession were brought together and described as:—

Being a collection of such Priviledges and Charters as have been granted by ye Kings and Queenes of Great Brittain to ye Rt. Honble. East India Company. And the Rt. Honble. Company's Constitutions and Instructions from time to time thereon for ye Good Government and Administration of Justice to ye Inhabitants of the Sd. Island of St. Hellena.

Unfortunately the justice mentioned often took the form of the utmost brutality, while the black workers on the plantations were discriminated against openly in a mistaken policy of repression.

Thus in 1679 "two runaway blacks" belonging to a member of the Council were hidden by an inhabitant, who was "committed to prison 24 hours—afterwards he have one and twenty lashes on his naked body at the Flag-staffe and pay 8 dollars."

Later in the same year a black named Sattoe, after great provocation, wounded his master with a knife given him by another black called Rowland, when it was "ordered that Sattoe be hanged—that the hand with which he wounded his master be first cut off. His head to be severed from his body and placed upon the top of the Market House. That Rowland be imprisoned and brought to the place of Execution with a rope round his neck and there have forty stripes save one on his naked body and have an Iron pair of Pot Hooks rivetted about his neck."

Sattoe's death sentence was commuted, but the remainder of the sentences were carried out.

Women were not immune. In 1684 Elizabeth Starling "assaulted and abused" the captain of a ship and was sentenced "to receive 15 lashes on her naked body and to be ducked 3 times."

But for fiendish cruelty the sentence on several blacks who attempted to run away with one of the Company's boats is unsurpassed. The ringleader received seventy-

five lashes and *five drops of burning sealing-wax* on his naked body, and the others in proportion.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that mutinies among blacks, planters and soldiers were of frequent occurrence. Four risings took place during the first twelve years of the Company's *régime*, after which a Royal Commission was sent to try mutineers by martial law. Fourteen planters were condemned to death, of whom five were duly hanged, while at various times soldiers were banished to Barbados and to Borneo. In spite of these drastic measures, Governor Johnson was shot by a mutineer in 1693, and outbreaks continued until the final serious mutiny in 1783, when sharp fighting took place which resulted in over a hundred soldiers being made prisoners in addition to actual casualties. All were sentenced to death, but this was commuted to decimation, while the ringleader, a Sergt. Tooley, was sent to England for trial, but his ship was lost with all hands off the Scilly Isles.

But in spite of all there was no lack of patriotism and fighting spirit. During the rule of Governor Brooke (1787-1800) the island became the training centre for the Company's forces in the East, and turned out in all no less than 12,000 men. At the capture of the Cape of Good Hope in 1795, and in the disastrous expedition to Buenos Ayres in 1807, the St. Helena Regiment fought side by side with the Crown forces—the only occasions when the Company's troops did so outside India. But perhaps the most pathetic evidence of the spirit of Empire is to be found in a letter from the Governor to the Directors dated 1714 in which he writes: If your Honour would please to send English farthings and halfe pence, they would certainly do much better than the Pice¹ and have been more agreeable to the English people, for all the St. Helenians account themselves so, though three-quarters of them never saw England.

(1) A very small Indian copper coin

CLOSER UNION IN EAST AFRICA

BY FRANK MELLAND ("AFRICANUS")

It is difficult for the ordinary person in England to understand not only the issues at stake that prompted the despatch of the Hilton-Young Commission, which has just returned from studying on the spot the future development of East Africa and the possibilities of closer union, but also the cross-currents affecting these issues and the extremely divergent views *pro* and *con* that have appeared recently in the Press: very much more *con* than *pro* from spokesmen of all colours, as will appear later.

The real issue is, however, of such great importance to Africa and to the British Empire generally that an effort will be made to explain the main reasons for sending this Commission to investigate the possibilities of an idea which on the face of it seems to have very few adherents in Africa. Some say, "We will have no form of federation unless . . ."; others, "We do not want federation if . . ." Some insist that they see no point in it; others that the difficulties at present are too great. It is desirable that before the Commission issues its report, the questions at stake should be understood in England as well as in Africa.

For behind everything there is undoubtedly a feeling that some change is necessary in the governance of our huge East African Empire, which spreads at its greatest from the Nile to the Limpopo, from the Indian Ocean to the Belgian Congo and Portuguese Angola.

While the War still lasted, but when German East Africa was in our hands except for von Lettow's roving band, the idea occurred to some that a Confederation of East African States would be desirable after the War; and the present writer advocated it in the Press and elsewhere from 1916 to 1920. After the Treaty of Versailles his original ideas were necessarily modified, partly because the new idea of mandated territory intruded and partly because of the allocation of Ruanda to Belgium. Subsequently

Lord Islington and others raised the question once more, but it attracted little notice except for some opposition from spokesmen of the Kenya settlers.

Later Lord Delamere, the leader of those settlers, himself sponsored the idea somewhat to the surprise of his colleagues, and it was discussed at the unofficial East African Conferences held at Tukuyu, Livingstone, and Nairobi. (Conferences representing unofficial interests in Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika Territory, Zanzibar, Nyasaland, and Northern Rhodesia—with support, or “watching briefs” from the Sudan and Southern Rhodesia.) True, these conferences decided that the time for federation had not yet arrived, a conclusion also arrived at by the Ormsby-Gore Commission: yet, despite this, federation or closer union suddenly became practical politics and a live issue, and the Hilton-Young Commission was appointed and sent out to consider and report upon it. Why?

The first reason for this remarkable change is political and lies in Tanganyika Territory, the region which probably provides the greatest reason for federation and the greatest obstacle to it. The reason is the fear among many living or interested in East Africa (*a*) that some day some British Government might use the territory as a pawn in the game of European diplomacy and restore it to Germany; or (*b*) that, owing to the rapid increase of “enemy” settlers in the former German protectorate, the day may come when German nationals might, through an elected majority on the Legislative Council of the Mandatory State, control its future: both of which possibilities seem naturally enough most undesirable from the British point of view. The obstacle referred to lies in the terms of the mandate and in the regulations laid down in the Convention of St. Germain en Laye as regards Customs dues (no preferential tariffs) and immigration laws.

This question of Tanganyika Territory seems to provide the chief reason for federation becoming practical politics so suddenly; but behind this lies undoubtedly a bigger and deeper reason. East Africa has, since the War, entered upon a new stage in her evolution: the pioneer stage has been left behind, and she is suffering from growing-pains

and chafing very considerably at the particular bit that she has to wear. Evidence is cumulatively clear that the present forms of government do not always meet the present circumstances. Of the component parts Kenya has been and is the most in the public eye, but this prominence is only a matter of degree, and the somewhat violent partisan statements about all East Africa that are made in Parliament, in the Press, and in books show that something is wrong. Recrimination is to be deplored, but it serves a purpose, and the student, after sifting the grain from the chaff, must admit that all is not well, and if it is not well, wherein lies the fault?

The question is not a simple one, and approaching it in a violent polemical spirit will not help. Trying to avoid this spirit it may be said that many have come to the conclusion that the forms of government and control at present existing are not adequate to-day; and that whereas some may cry for self-government by the European element, others seek rather the repression of that element and the rigorous divorce of native affairs and control and some other items from their hands. But in reality neither a pro-settler nor a pro-native settlement is needed. The problem must be solved in the interests of all East Africa, and must be based on justice, fairness, and security, and equal opportunities for development on sound lines for the European settlers, the natives, and the Asiatics.

The Hilton-Young Commission, besides considering the extremely important factor of finance, has to weigh these conflicting views and interests: to weigh our Imperial duty to all parties, and to try to find a suitable form of government for the next stage in the evolution of the territories concerned. The way suggested in the terms of reference is via closer union.

Let us sum up at first, as briefly as possible, the different opinions that have been voiced since the Commission was first foreshadowed—only a few months ago. European opinion in Kenya was first heard, but not representatively. Then came a notable Memorandum from the Kabaka, or King, of Buganda displaying some qualms as to the safeguards to be provided for native States. The next important voice to be audible was that of the Execu-

tive of the Convention of Associations of Kenya (European), which issued a lengthy Memorandum on the subject and expressed the view, *inter alia*, that "it must be a postulate that of any Federal Constitution Nairobi must be the capital," and—subject to the acquiescence of the other territories—that, for a start, the High Commissioner should be also Governor of Kenya. The Convention stated that the ultimate aim was a British Dominion from the Nile to the Limpopo, but that federation of a part should be the first step, and that the object of this step was "the permanent entrenchment of British civilisation in Eastern Africa," in contradistinction to the "west coast policy," and the securing of Tanganyika for all time as an integral part of the Empire.

Further, it was stated that "it is an indispensable condition of any acceptable proposal for the attainment of this object that Kenya must have her constitutional future finally and definitely secured by means of an effectual control of her destinies, free from any risk of outflanking by neighbours still controlled from outside"; and as a corollary, in order that "the native African be given a fair share in future development," it is laid down that "the veto on purely East African affairs shall be transferred from London to East Africa and be exercised by the High Commissioner, advised as he should be by a Federal Council."

The objects of federation were defined as co-operation on such matters as Customs, Posts, Telegraphs, Communications; pooling of interests common to all; simplification of and economy in administration. A suggested Federal Council to consist of two official and four unofficial members for Kenya, one and one for Uganda, and two and two for Tanganyika; but two alternative Councils were also suggested (*a*) comprising six official, thirteen elected, four nominated European members, four nominated Europeans for natives, five Indian members communally elected or nominated, and two Arab members (one official, one communally elected); or (*b*) six official members, seventeen elected, two nominated Europeans for natives, five Indian, two Arab.

It was suggested "that the wisest course for future governments to follow is to maintain and support what is best in (native) traditional institutions while sternly repressing what is bad" (an admirable ideal when agreement is reached on definitions), but a note was added that "No place should be found in native representation for native political associations . . . which can only work to the prejudice of native interests."

Although it was emphasised that the above views (which are necessarily much condensed here) were put forward "merely in the hope of clarifying by means of an example the issues involved in the terms of reference" it inevitably followed that they were considered in some quarters to be provocative, and considerable disagreement was speedily heard.

Sir William Gowers, Governor of Uganda, compared the proposals with the position of an Oriental potentate having one official wife (Tanganyika) and a handmaiden (Uganda); while Sir Donald Cameron, Governor of Tanganyika, said that the kindest thought about the Memorandum was to regard it as a hoax, and added that it were well to remember that we need not all live in a village that voted the earth was flat.

The Kikuyu Central Association (native) contended that "natives should be allowed self-expression, and that no European could have true sympathy towards the native." The Association "learned with great sorrow of the proposals to place the affairs of the Colony in the hands of a minority," and protested against the suggestion of self-government for Kenya. The Kavirondo Taxpayers' Association opposed an elected European majority in the Legislature, but "welcomed federation unless it were only in the interests of the Whites, accepted communal representation" and asked for "nine representatives of the natives in the Legislature, including three Africans, but that none of these representatives should be settlers."

Further south, Nyasaland, which is in many ways a border State between South and East Africa, seems divided on the whole question, and particularly so on certain points involved, such as coinage; while Northern Rhodesia

is still more divided. None there seems to favour federation unless possibly Southern Rhodesia (a self-governing colony outside the terms of reference) should elect to come in too: some favour amalgamation with Southern Rhodesia as an alternative, while others, holding that this would be absorption rather than amalgamation, wish the territory to remain as it is.

The above fairly sums up the confused position towards the end of 1927, but on January 1st a special session of the Convention of Associations of Kenya was held, of which the following cabled summary appeared in *The Times* on January 2nd:—

The Convention of Associations has held a special session to consider the question of federation. The opinion generally held was that from the point of view of Kenya's particular interests federation, probably, would offer few, if any, advantages; but the settlers were anxious to take into account broad Imperial considerations, such as safeguarding the future of Tanganyika Territory (held under Mandate) by binding it firmly to federation and the creation of another British Dominion. Mindful of those considerations, the Convention passed a resolution declaring willingness to consider any proposals of the Hilton-Young Commission which were of advantage to the Colony and to East Africa generally, with the proviso that federation or closer union could be rejected if responsible opinion in any of the territories opposed the recommendations of the Commission. The question of safeguards caused considerable discussion, one party holding the view that the negotiators should have the freest hand; but it was unanimously resolved that the programme of the Elected Members' manifesto of December, 1926, plus a European elected majority over all other parties on the Legislature and a satisfactory classification of reserved and transferred subjects, were essential safeguards in any scheme. The meeting refrained from dealing with details of the Constitution, being conscious of the harm unwittingly caused by the recent memorandum of the Executive of the Convention, a memorandum which has been adversely criticised in Tanganyika and Uganda, although it was only meant to provoke thought. Emphasis was laid in the discussions on the point that Kenya was chiefly concerned in the preservation of white civilisation, not domination by Kenya. The Executive was empowered to collaborate with the elected members to prepare a case to lay before the Royal Commission. Following an appeal in the *East African Standard* for efforts to bridge the gulf between the various communities, the Convention guardedly indicated willingness to collaborate with "other parties concerned" in the preparation of Kenya's case, thus offering a faint hope of a better understanding with the Indians.

At the same time local African papers came to hand giving in full the debate on the question in the Northern

Rhodesia Legislative Council, where the subject was deliberately raised in a thoughtful, non-partisan speech by the Governor (Sir James Crawford Maxwell). Mr. Moore, M.L.C. for Livingstone, failed to see "what is going to be achieved by federation that could not be achieved without it." He also vigorously opposed amalgamation with Southern Rhodesia, but this only emphasised his rooted objection to federation, for he said he "would agree to amalgamate if there were no other way of avoiding federation." He considered Northern Rhodesia able to look after itself—stating that "the people of this country do not want anybody to interfere with them, even in their own interests." (A public meeting in Livingstone on December 8th endorsed the Member's views by a large majority, and passed a resolution to the effect that "at the present time neither amalgamation with Southern Rhodesia nor federation with the East African States would be advantageous to Northern Rhodesia.")

Two of the other elected Members, speaking in the Council, ruled out federation on account of the lack of communications at the present time, but Captain T. H. Murray, M.L.C. for the Southern Area, while not favouring federation unless Southern Rhodesia came in, struck a broader note in saying:

"To my mind it (federation) is a problem we cannot consider purely from the point of view of Northern Rhodesia. We are all citizens of the British Empire and we owe a duty to it. I, personally, am in favour of exploring every avenue that will lead to securing and strengthening the British African Empire. It is a fact, I think, that all young countries are cursed with parochialism, and possibly in this country we have our share, but we must endeavour to suppress it and think on broad lines."

It must be added that the elected members all voted for a motion expressing thanks for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the possibilities of federation; but it is to be hoped that everywhere more of the attitude shown by the last-quoted speaker has since become apparent than has formerly been the case.

Since then (in March) the members for the Southern and Midlands Areas (Captain Murray and Mr. Stirke) went to Salisbury, where the Premier of Southern Rhodesia

explained the terms on which that colony would agree to amalgamation. These members then returned to Northern Rhodesia and held meetings of their constituents. The meeting at Mazabuka voted for amalgamation with one dissentient vote, and that at Lusaka gave a similar vote unanimously; whereas, as has been recorded above, Livingstone voted against amalgamation. The industrial centre, Broken Hill, on April 5th sided with Mazabuka and Lusaka, and so did Choma, whilst Chisamba, though voting against federation, remained neutral as regards amalgamation. These events occurred just before the Commission arrived in Northern Rhodesia, and what may have happened when the Commissioners discussed matters with the residents is not known to the writer at the moment.

The Commission, after making full inquiry in all the territories, has now to report if any kind of closer union is practicable and advisable: which aspects will now be considered; and the writer, though ignorant of the evidence accumulated by the Commission, is fairly well acquainted with the views of officials, settlers, and missionaries.

As regards practicability, the financial side looms as largely as does the political; the latter complicated not only by the terms of the Mandate in Tanganyika Territory, but also by the different state of development achieved and by the different lines of future development in each territory. It should be clearly grasped that whereas Uganda is almost entirely native, Kenya highlands are chiefly European, while Tanganyika, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia vary between the two. Some have Asiatics and some have not.

The financial side and the question of communications (quoted so largely as an argument against federation) will be referred to when enumerating the arguments in its favour. The fact that the railways are State-owned in the East, but privately owned in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, is a minor complication, and there are many other obstacles, such as land, coinage, law, etc., etc., which need not be considered here.

Coming to the more vital issues the chief factor probably

is this: who is to rule and whose interests are really to predominate? To most impartial critics it would appear that in the present state of evolution, while giving every credit to the fine body of settlers who do in the great majority of cases play, and wish to play, the game, it is impossible in some cases for them to be impartial, and had they the final word laws might be passed by them in haste or emergency which would be prejudicial to natives and others. The settlers are a body of men who have risked and are risking a great deal in a new country, whose future prosperity or failure depends on certain eventualities. No one in such a position can be an impartial judge where his vital interests are at stake. An independent judge with sound local knowledge and good advice could, on the other hand, help the settler in such cases without inflicting injury on others. The settlers want security; so do the natives, and they, too, have a stake in their land, and have by their loyal help in the War placed us under a distinct obligation to them.

The system of separate protectorates (preceded in two cases by Chartered Company rule), first under the Foreign Office and then under the Colonial Office, has served its term: to-day it is out of date. At times the heavy hand of the Colonial Office is felt and resented; at times even a quietly restraining hand is unexpectedly withheld. Government, legislative and executive alike, is uneven, the worst thing that could happen in such countries, and the position of Governors is at times invidious. East Africa needs a very sound, steady, and purposeful policy. Sir Frederick Lugard (as he then was) rightly wrote in *The Dual Mandate* that the greatest need of all in Africa was continuity of policy. East Africa is not getting continuity now, nor is she likely to get it under the present régime with its constant alarums and excursions: noise without and within. Again, sub-policies need seeing in their true perspective, and those of us who believe that the greatest essential in a firm foundation for East African progress (white progress emphatically included) is a sound native policy without which our building, however carefully planned, will be built upon the sands, endorse the

words of Sir John Maffey, Governor-General of the Sudan, in his latest Annual Report (Cmd. 2991), that the greatest need is the "placing on a more clearly defined basis our policy in regard to native administration." Whilst there are many "pious aspirations" we lack that clearly defined basis throughout East Africa, and it is at least to be doubted if European self-government could give it, even if it could yet be brought to admit the paramount importance of the need for such basis.

The next point to consider, and that on which most speakers and writers have been regretfully silent, is what have the different territories and conflicting factions to gain by federation, and the following are submitted by way of a partial reply:—

1. The start of a Central Government on sound, broad lines will lead, ultimately, to some kind of East African "Dominion" which the Convention of Associations described as "the ultimate aim."
2. Each section (European areas and native states alike) would progress more surely by federation to local self-government than by attempting any short cut through the entanglements of racial difficulties. The present political boundaries are in many cases arbitrary, and could be more easily modified under federal rule, thus further hastening local self-government, while the broader issues could remain for the time in the hands of a strong Central Government (Governor-General and Council). Smaller racial divisions, such as the Indians and Arabs, would also stand to gain in similar though not identical ways. There would be a continual move in the Federal Government towards the lessening of the autocratic and the growth of the constitutional; but in view of the mixed nature of the component parts a somewhat autocratic Central Government would be necessary at the start.
3. The Governor-General being resident in East Africa (but not, for choice, at an existing headquarters) would be in much closer touch with local feeling of all colours than is the Colonial Office; and since much more of Downing Street's authority could be delegated to him than is possible with the present separate Governors this would be a distinct advantage to all.

4. Far more highly qualified men for the higher posts, especially in research and technical work, could be obtained and retained than is possible under the present low scale of salaries. Africa needs the best men and must pay for them, which an individual colony or protectorate cannot afford to do.
5. Much waste would be avoided and the pooling of ideas and experience made more practicable.
6. Federation would do more to speed up communications (the lack of which is urged as an argument against it) than anything else. The past two years have seen great strides made in this direction; under federation rapid intercommunication would soon be a reality. The Prince of Wales at Kofue in 1925 promised to return to Northern Rhodesia if he could. It is now announced that he is coming through from Kenya by car—a sure proof of the improvement in the roads.
7. Improved communication would facilitate all work, but especially would it effect economies and efficiency in defence, in the dissemination of technical help in agriculture, etc., in medical work, and in inspections of all kinds, besides keeping the Central Government in touch with all parts of the Federated States, and thereby helping it to deal efficiently with the many problems that exist, both "white" and "black."
8. Financially at first the establishment of a Federal Government would involve considerable extra expenditure and effect little saving. If so the Imperial Government (if, after getting the Commission's report, it decides on federation) must pay its fair share. Ultimately, and before long, the gains by saving on administration, and by resulting increase in efficiency, would effect a change and prove to be economy in its truest form, *i.e.*, it would help the country to produce more and consume more and be a benefit generally to East Africa and to the Empire. Other financial problems, such as loans, would be assisted greatly by being floated by a federation rather than by a small individual government; an efficient land bank, so badly needed but impracticable in a small protectorate, would be feasible; capital would be tempted into the country owing to greater stability and continuity of purpose.

These seem to be substantial gains worthy of consideration when added to the security that would accrue to the retention of Tanganyika Territory within the orbit of the British Empire—no small consideration in itself. All these should be weighed against purely local dislocations or objections, some of which, while genuine enough, are only ephemeral. Other obstacles, such as the Customs difficulty in Tanganyika, can surely be overcome by some such device as granting rebates (in lieu of preference) in the non-mandatory states, and the Convention of St. Germain en Laye is due for revision this year. Also once federation has come into existence Southern Rhodesia would lie between the Union of South Africa and the British Federated States of the North. She might choose to remain aloof from both, in which case she would probably be of great value as a buffer State between the two groups, but she might join the North, and then, with Kenya at one end and the two Rhodesias (or even only with Northern Rhodesia, now rapidly advancing) at the other the British settler element, with its high traditions and outlook, would be more secure than it could be by any other means; while the Central Federal Government would give the needed security to all natives and Asiatics, and would be able to foster the growth of native kingdoms and states and the advancement of all native areas and reserves.

One remaining idea needs mention, namely, the possibility suggested in the terms of reference, and also undoubtedly considered with some favour by the two leading European communities of Kenya and Northern Rhodesia, that is, making a start with a Northern group and a Southern group. On the face of it this seems easier to accomplish than an attempt to form a confederation of the whole, but it might prove a distinctly retarding step in the achievement of the ultimate (and inevitable) object. It is quite likely that the two groups would in time sway in opposite directions, and so erect a barrier between each other that might prove hard to bridge, and it would certainly duplicate expenditure while lessening many of the advantages. In support of the more courageous policy of an all-embracing confederation it may be added that its

creation would take time, and everyone connected with East Africa realises how quickly things move and conditions change out there, so that even in a year or two some of to-day's fears and objections may prove baseless. The very presence of the Commission bringing fresh and trained minds to bear on the subject should, indeed, have dispelled already many half-considered objections. Elasticity will certainly be an essential in any proposition that may emerge from the Commission's labours, so that adjustments can readily be made as experience proves their necessity.

The Commission must have had a hard task, but it has had a great opportunity. The local "witnesses" of all colours who have given evidence before it have also had a great chance. We may be sure that they were not asked to give up any rights, only to think of the greatest good of the whole, and to look beyond their own immediate horizon and the present generation, to prove themselves foreseeing statesmen, in fact, not mere opportunists. It has been a chance, indeed, to leave behind them a wonderful heritage, and it is to be hoped that no one, through selfishness or over-devotion to class or local interests, through narrow-mindedness or blindness, marred this chance.

NOTE.—The quotations in this article are from *The Times*, *East Africa*, *The Bulawayo Chronicle*, *The Livingstone Mail*, and every effort has been made in condensing not to divorce them from their context.

THE DARDANELLES—IN HISTORY, RETROSPECT AND FACT.

BY H. CHARLES WOODS

Two recently published volumes¹ have thrust into the limelight the Dardanelles and the events of thirteen years ago. But before considering various aspects of the campaign in retrospect and in the light of the new information provided by these books, it seems advisable to remind my readers that, prior to 1914, the question of the Straits was an international one, possessed of special importance to Turkey and Russia. Constantinople, the long-time Ottoman capital, was and is situated on the very banks of this channel which formed, and still forms, the means of communication between European and Asiatic Turkey. From the broader standpoint the Balkan Peninsula and Anatolia, bordering as they do upon the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, provide the natural highway from Europe to Asia, these waterways themselves constituting the only maritime access to and from the Black Sea. Consequently, in pre-war days, whilst it was the object of Turkey to enjoy the undisputed control of the Straits and to keep them closed to ships of war of all nations, Russia always aimed at the opening of the Dardanelles to her own and preferably to no other fleet.

These conditions were directly and indirectly responsible for the international status and the ever increasing military strength of the Straits. Russia definitely became a Black Sea Power in 1774, but whereas various earlier arrangements were made, it was the Treaty of the Dardanelles, signed in 1809, which actually laid down that ships of war of all nations were to be forbidden to enter the channel of Constantinople. There were various minor modifications in this arrangement, but it practically re-

(1) *Five Years in Turkey*, by General Liman von Sanders, Ballière, Tindal and Co., 16s.

The Uncensored Dardanelles, by E. Ashmead-Bartlett. Hutchinson, 21s. net.

mained in force up to the outbreak of the War, and this in spite of the fact that, for forty years, Russia, whose Black Sea Fleet was constantly increasing in strength, had lost no opportunity of endeavouring to secure a free passage to and from the Mediterranean. Consequently, as nothing had mitigated the obligation of Turkey to exclude foreign warships, other than those required for special and defined purposes, it is clear that in permitting the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* to enter the Straits in August, 1914, she had committed a breach of her international undertakings, which should have been forcibly challenged by the Allies at once. Indeed, if any further contradiction of the Turkish contention of that time is required, it may be found in various statements made by General Liman von Sanders, who proves very clearly that the so-called purchase of these vessels by the Ottoman Government was a mere farce.

Owing to the great importance of Constantinople and to the conditions referred to above, the city and its approaches have always been strongly defended, and in the past Turkish activity, especially upon the Bosphorus, was governed largely by the ability or inability of Russia to protest against precautions obviously taken for the most part against her. Thus, whereas a good deal had been done to fortify the north-eastern and the south-western approaches to the Sea of Marmora prior to the opening of the present century, the Russo-Japanese war, the Kaiser's ever-increasing influence in Turkey, and the coming into being of the Anglo-French and the Anglo-Russian Ententes were undoubtedly responsible for the inauguration of a new era so far as the defences of the Straits were concerned. These events, coupled with the Teutonic training of the Ottoman Army, led to the carrying out of a vast amount of German work and to the re-armament of the forts with modern Krupp guns. Moreover, whilst the advent to power of the Young Turks accentuated this policy, the Turco-Italian and the Balkan Wars gave added importance to the defences of the Straits—defences to which further and close attention was devoted during the

Græco-Ottoman crisis of the summer of 1914, during the neutrality of Turkey at the beginning of the World War and before, and particularly after, the Allied bombardment which began in February, 1915.¹

Having briefly referred to the pre-war importance and status of the Dardanelles, it is now possible to consider in retrospect events which could not be reviewed in their true proportions at the time. These developments, upon which Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and General Liman von Sanders throw a great deal of new light, may well be examined from three standpoints—namely, the reasons for and the justification of the campaign, the responsibility for its conception, and the faults in its general and local execution. Without entering into details, it was, and it is, indisputable that the opening of the Straits and the capture of Constantinople were destined to have possessed consequences the strategical, political and economic value of which it is impossible to exaggerate. The presence of an Allied Fleet in the Sea of Marmora, together with the capture of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus forts, could not have failed to place Turkey at our mercy and to lead to peace overtures either from her existing Government or from some other Party placed in power as a result of a revolution. Equally well the occupation of the Straits would have separated European from Asiatic Turkey, and it must have prevented the sending of Turco-German reinforcements and supplies to Palestine, Iraq and Eastern Anatolia. Moreover, Bulgaria would either have maintained her neutrality or joined the Allied Powers, Roumania would hardly have postponed the decision until 1916, and M. Venizelos would inevitably have been able to carry out his policy of bringing Greece into the War on the Allied side. Such successes must have saved Serbia

(1) For accounts of "The Defences of Constantinople," "The Operations at the Dardanelles," and "The Situations in the Near East," see articles by H. Charles Woods contained in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for April, June and September, 1915. These articles explain the importance and difficulties of the campaign and forecast many of the events which occurred subsequent to their publication.

from her later disaster, the dangers of which Lord Oxford¹ now shows were recognised early in 1915, and they must either have liberated large Western Armies for operations in France or left them available for an Eastern attack upon the Central Powers in circumstances quite different from those existing during the Salonica Campaign. Lastly, the defeat of Russia and the subsequent changes would probably not have taken place at that time had a southern means of entry into and exit from that country been opened up. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett correctly thinks that a revolution was bound to come, but an adequate supply of arms and munitions, the maintenance of closer touch between the Western and Eastern Allies, and a facility for the export of Russian produce would probably have postponed that event until the end of the War, when the more moderate and constitutional elements might well have been able to hold their own against extremists whose success was furthered by disaster, and whose continuing power is favoured by unavoidable international opposition.

Had adequate preparations been made, and had the campaign as a whole been properly conducted and fully supported, it was certainly worth the risks entailed, and it might well have been a success. The responsibility for failure falls under two categories, namely, conception and execution. With regard to the first of these, the fatal plan of undertaking a preliminary naval bombardment constituted an error the importance of which it is difficult to exaggerate, and the magnitude of which it was impossible to retrieve. That bombardment may have caused, and in fact caused, alarm in Constantinople, but General Liman von Sanders states that a decisive success could only have been won either by a combined naval and military attack upon the Dardanelles or by the disembarkation of Russian forces in the neighbourhood of the Bosphorus. Thus, even had our fleet forced its way into the Sea of Marmora,

(1) See "The War from Downing Street," by the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith, published as a series of articles by *The Daily Telegraph* in April and May, 1928.

without the occupation of Gallipoli its position would have been one of extreme danger. Indeed, weakened by the passage of the Straits, it would have been exposed to the attack of the powerful *Goeben* and a regular supply of coal and food would have been out of the question. Alternatively, as things turned out, and it should have been anticipated they would turn out, the earlier naval bombardments directed Turkish attention more and more towards the Dardanelles, and gave the enemy the opportunity to form a separate army for the defence of the Straits, and to make other far-reaching preparations. Indeed, after the arrival of General Liman von Sanders as the Commander-in-Chief of that army at Gallipoli on March 26th, a further four weeks elapsed before the first great landing. This period was used to get the troops into their new positions, to make them mobile by marches and exercises, and to accomplish all sorts of work such as the improvement of the field fortifications, the provision of barbed wire entanglements, and the construction of roads which heretofore had been non-existent on the Peninsula of Gallipoli.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett correctly says that "in world events those who guide the helm must bear the responsibility for failure or success," that "it is now conceded that Mr. Winston Churchill, then first Lord of the Admiralty, was responsible for bringing the idea within the sphere of practical realisation," and that "those ill-advised preliminary attacks by the fleet, which disclosed our plans, without obtaining any results, were due to his impetuosity." On the other hand, this famous war correspondent and author accurately points out that "Mr. Churchill's responsibility really ends with the pressure he brought to bear on the Cabinet to land an army on Gallipoli and with the failure of the naval attack on March 18th. Yet he has been most undeservedly blamed for every check suffered by the navy and for every reverse our army met with in the field subsequent to that date. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. The active operations of the navy, acting as an independent force, ended with the repulse of

March 18th. From that hour the control of the Expedition passed into the hands of Sir Ian Hamilton and his staff. Henceforth Mr. Churchill's rôle was confined to using his influence to obtain reinforcements, munitions and guns from a sometimes sympathetic, sometimes sceptical, or unwilling, Cabinet." In the opinion of the present writer, who knows the ground and who has studied the problems involved for over twenty years, these words appear to contain a fair and impartial appreciation of the situation.

A discussion of the execution stage of the military operations falls under two headings—that is to say, the broader question of the most suitable locality, or localities, for disembarkation and the meaning of the more important incidents connected with the campaign. General Liman von Sanders, who must surely have known the weakness of his own position, explains that landings were to be expected in four places—one on the Asiatic coast and three on the Peninsula of Gallipoli. That German authority further suggests that had an Allied force been put on the Asiatic shore, just to the south of the entrance to the Straits, it would have had excellent chances of success against the rear of the Asiatic forts, which, he says, were more important than those on Gallipoli. This may or may not be a correct valuation of the situation, but it must always be remembered that a relatively small French contingent was in fact landed on April 25th and almost immediately withdrawn from this area, that the distance to be covered on foot was much greater than on the Peninsula of Gallipoli, and that, even if the Asiatic forts were stronger than those on the opposite side, the European heights in fact dominate the Straits.

Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, the greatest controversy will probably continue to range around the problem of the best place or places for a military attack upon Gallipoli. The coast to the south and north of Gaba Tepe, the latter stretch forming Brighton Beach and Anzac Cove, was the closest practical point to the high ground commanding the Narrows; the valleys run from here for the most part across, and not up and down, the Peninsula, and the advance towards Maidos and Kilid

Bahr was certainly not more difficult, and it was probably easier, than from elsewhere. And then there was the southern point of the Peninsula, best known as the Cape Helles area. Here the attacking forces enjoyed the great advantage of better protection from the fleet, since it was possible for the Turkish positions to be enfiladed from the sea. On the other hand, the Achi-Baba position lay in the way of an attacking army's advance, and the distance to be covered amounted to about twelve instead of to less than five miles from Gaba Tepe. Lastly, and perhaps most disputatious of all, there was the isthmus of Bulair, where the Peninsula narrows to a width of only about three miles.

General Liman von Sanders considered the Bulair area as a specially probable line of attack, and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett throws heavy blame upon the British authorities for not adopting it. In this case, however, the question was largely one of strategy as against tactics, for a landing at or near Bulair would have been aimed at the Turkish communications rather than directly at the defences of the Straits. Thus with the narrowest part of the Peninsula situated at a distance thirty miles to the north-east of the principal forts, which would therefore have remained out of dangerous range of any Allied guns installed there, the whole question of the advisability, or inadvisability, of the inauguration of British operations near Bulair must be valued by the probable effect of such operations upon the defender's supplies. Our occupation and straddling of the Isthmus would have severed all land communications between the Peninsula and the remainder of Turkey, and, once big guns had been placed in position, it would have been possible practically to prevent the passage of enemy shipping across and up and down the here narrow Sea of Marmora. But such an army would have been at a greater distance from its base at Lemnos, and it would naturally have been open to attack from the front and rear. The question, therefore, really depended upon how much or how little of the food and munitions required by the garrison was actually supplied by land or by long sea, and upon how much or how little was or could have been transported from Asia to Europe across the narrow and lower

part of the Straits which could not have been controlled even from Bulair. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett contends that it would have been impossible for the Turks to provision their troops from Anatolia, and Mr. Asquith told him, in the summer of 1915, that a landing near Bulair seemed the only natural thing to do. On the other hand, Lord Kitchener believed that the enemy drew his supplies largely from Asia Minor, and that we could not prevent the arrival of those supplies, in his opinion so often shipped from Chanak to Maidos or Kilid Bahr in sailing boats and small vessels very difficult of attack by our submarines, especially at night.

The more active part of the military operations took place in what amounted to two stages, the first of which lasted from the original landings on April 25th up to the repulse before Krithia and Achi-Baba on May 8th. During this phase the Army was acting as an auxiliary to the Navy, since it is evident that the troops under Sir Ian Hamilton were intended to overcome the initial difficulties on shore and thus enable the fleet to pass the Straits. The plan failed because of the warnings given to the Turks by the original bombardment, because the difficulties of the ground were under-estimated, and because of the dispersion of the troops available. The real objective was the forts on the Narrows—forts largely commanded by the hills lying at the back of them. This objective might have been attainable either from the south-western toe or more directly from the western coast of the Peninsula, and, unless the Bulair plan had been adopted, the all-important effort should have been directed along one or other of these lines. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who had every opportunity to form a reliable opinion, contends that the fatal error was the sending of the Dominion troops to Anzac. But for reasons already given above, and in spite of the more effective support available from the fleet at the tip of the Peninsula, many observers and critics, including the present writer, will continue to believe that the greatest mistake lay in disembarking the 29th Division at Cape Helles instead of employing it in direct conjunction with Overseas forces landed higher up the coast.

The initial difficulties, lack of knowledge and failures,

transformed the campaign from a secondary operation of war into a military undertaking of all-preponderating importance. There was a period of relative or semi-cessation at Gallipoli, there was no harmony in the Cabinet at home, and when Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was in London in June the Government seemed determined to carry the expedition through, though it had no idea how this should be done. Mr. Winston Churchill, no longer First Lord of the Admiralty, was strongly in favour of sending out the necessary reinforcements, Mr. Balfour said he often found the greatest difficulty in securing the information which he required, and Lord Kitchener does not seem to have had a very clear conception of the existing situation, for he was not aware that the Turkish fort at Gaba Tepe had never been attacked or taken by the Anzac troops. In the end, however, this confusion was more or less overcome, and the second all-important phase in the land operations began with the arrival of large reinforcements and with the landing at Suvla Bay on the night of August 6th-7th. The offensive which followed from that direction and from Anzac constituted our final failure at Gallipoli—a failure the reasons for which Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett says lay “in the complicated, faulty, almost fantastic scheme of operations as planned by the General Staff. Success was made to depend upon the troops performing impossible feats, in murderous frontal attacks, and, even if there had been no mistakes in execution, the plan could never have succeeded. The blame for this, probably the greatest reverse ever suffered by a British Army in the field, must primarily rest with Sir Ian Hamilton and his staff. They were responsible for the adoption of plans, even if the latter were first suggested or approved by the Corps Commanders.” These words contain the gist of the latest condemnation of the second or final attempt to conquer Gallipoli. From the first the Staff realised that the success of the operations at Suvla depended upon surprise and speed, since it was essential to drive away the feeble forces holding this district and to occupy the hills before the Turkish reserves could be brought up. But instead of originally transferring seasoned troops from other parts of the Penin-

sula, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett says that the Commander-in-Chief employed units which had never “heard the whistle of a bullet or the bursting of a shell. There was not a man in the force who had ever set eyes on the Gallipoli Peninsula except at a distance of twelve miles, and there was hardly a commanding officer—corps, divisional or brigade—who had enjoyed any previous experience of warfare in the Eastern Mediterranean.” Whilst General Liman von Sanders enumerates several reasons for which a British success should have been possible, and whilst Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett contends that a great deal of fiction has been written about our nearness to victory, almost the only result of these operations was the linking up of Anzac and Suvla. On the other hand, the fighting which took place between August 6th and September 21st cost us over 45,000 in casualties.

The three bright spots in the Campaign are the decision to withdraw, the gallantry of the British troops, and the effect of the prolonged fighting and heavy losses upon Turkey's subsequent power of resistance. Sir Ian Hamilton feared the sacrifices and results of evacuation, and believed in continued attempts to force the Straits. But immediately after his replacement by Sir Charles Monro, that distinguished General reported that the army must be embarked—a report confirmed by Lord Kitchener after his personal visit to Gallipoli. At the same time, that is in October and November, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who had returned to England with the fixed determination to press for the recall of the Expedition before it was too late, rapidly secured very able and important support for that object. Sir William and Sir Gomer Berry, the present proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph*, who had then recently purchased *The Sunday Times*, were prepared to run, and did in fact run, risks to explain the truth to the British public, and Lord Northcliffe brought every sort of pressure to bear upon the Government. In the end the Cabinet decided upon a withdrawal, which was much less costly than had been predicted, and which was, in fact, one of the most fortunate and brilliant operations ever performed in war. The bravery and sufferings of the British

Army were unique, landings had to be made on a difficult coast in the face of the enemy, and the ruse of the *River Clyde* may well be compared with that of the wooden horse which led to the fall of Troy. We never occupied more than coastal fringes dominated by positions held by the Turks, our troops could not be withdrawn for rest, as in other theatres of war, and they were baked by the sun or frozen to death by the winter climate. But, if the Campaign was a complete failure from the larger standpoint, and if it was accompanied by mistakes, probably unequalled in military history, the operations actually immobilised the larger part of the Ottoman Army at a time when its presence would have been extremely inconvenient elsewhere. There is no doubt, too, that the losses and casualties, given by General Liman von Sanders at 66,000 killed and 152,000 wounded, seriously depleted the Turkish Army and had a material and lasting effect upon the enemy's power of subsequent resistance in Palestine and in Mesopotamia.

It now only remains to consider the post-war position of the Straits. At the time of the Armistice Turkey had been utterly defeated elsewhere, and she would then have been prepared, or could have been compelled, to accept practically any terms submitted or dictated to her. The situation was, however, complicated and upset by the facts that the Bolsheviks had already repudiated certain agreements made with Russia as to the future of Constantinople and the neighbouring areas, and that the Allies, occupied with other aspects of the peace problem, failed to recognise the necessity for an early settlement of the Turkish Question. Moreover, instead of taking the matter directly into their own hands, the Western Powers allowed or encouraged the Greek campaign in Asia Minor, which campaign was largely answerable for the success of the Angora movement and for the consequent failure of Great Britain, France and Italy to realise many of their objectives. Thus, unfavourable to Turkey and too generous to Greece, the special arrangements then proposed for the Straits would not have inflicted an unfair burden upon the former country

and they would probably have assured the full autonomy of those channels. Navigation was to be free at all times to every vessel of commerce and of war, but no belligerent right or act was to be exercised or committed except in pursuance of a decision of the League of Nations. Furthermore—and in this lay the real safeguard—the then intended Commission of the Straits had authority not only over the waterways, but in two special territorial zones and in certain islands which were not to be used for military purposes otherwise than by Great Britain, France and Italy acting in concert.

Such terms would naturally in themselves have been unpopular in Turkey, but the real opposition to this part of the Sèvres Treaty depended very largely upon the establishment of Greek sovereignty over territory running to the very gates of Constantinople and actually bordering upon the European shores of the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles. After the defeat of the Hellenic Army in 1922 it is not surprising, therefore, that the whole question came up for revision, and that Turkey, in addition to securing the possession of Eastern Thrace, obtained much better conditions so far as the Straits are concerned. Under the Straits Convention,¹ in peace time ships of commerce now have absolute freedom of movement, the number and size of war vessels passing through the Dardanelles being limited by certain detailed provisions. During hostilities, whilst the rights of commerce practically depend upon the rules of international law, those of naval vessels vary according to the position of Turkey. If that country is neutral all restrictions of passage disappear, the sole proviso being that no act of war shall take place within the Straits. When Turkey is a belligerent, neutral ships go and come under the same conditions as in peace, but she may take measures to prevent the entry of enemy warships. On the other hand, although the shores of the Bosphorus and of the Dardanelles are demilitarised, and although there is still a Commission of the Straits, that body now has a Turkish President, and its activities and powers are

(1) For the text see *Treaty Peace with Turkey*, Treaty Series No. 16 (1923) Cmd. 1929. Price 8/- net.

practically, if not absolutely, confined to the control of the waterways. This modification, coupled with the fact that large parts of the Marmora Coast now fall under no military limitations, are changes of which the Angora Government may well feel proud.

From the British standpoint the problems of the present and of the future are three. Firstly, time alone will prove whether Turkey proposes to observe her obligations under the new agreement, and in the negative whether the League of Nations or any other Body will be willing or able to compel her to do so. Again, whereas since the war Bolshevik Russia has reversed her pre-war policy and favoured the closing of the Straits, there seems little doubt that, sooner or later, she must once more turn her attention towards the question of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and that, in such a case, whatever Government may be in authority, it will again favour the unfettered passage of all war vessels. Lastly, although there were arguments in favour of the complete freedom of the Straits or of a return to the pre-war situation, the conditions now applicable are, on the whole, advantageous to us. Thus, should we be at war with Russia, Turkey being neutral or our Ally, the whole British Fleet would have a right to enter the Black Sea either because the limitations of naval movement, imposed in peace, would have disappeared owing to Turkey's not being a belligerent, or because that country was actually on our side. On the other hand, were Russia and Turkey to be allied, the new conditions would be no worse than those of former days. In short, if we have not yet heard the last of the problem of the Straits, the present situation can hardly prejudice our future position either in the arena of war or in the field of diplomacy.

GENERAL HERTZOG: POLITICAL CRUSADER

By L. E. NEAME

"GENERAL BOTHA Resigns," shrieked the newspaper placards all over South Africa one sultry day in mid-December, 1912. A somewhat bored public paused in an engrossing discussion of the prospects of the Springbok football team in England to discover that the first Government of the Union had collapsed after only thirty months of office. It was thoughtless of these politicians to interrupt sport and the preparations for Christmas; but fortunately the crisis lasted only a few days. The Prime Minister had resigned, it seemed, merely to eject from the Cabinet one James Barry Munnik Hertzog, Minister of Justice and Native Affairs, who had most annoyingly declined to leave the Government he had disturbed. The ultimate eviction was rapid. The Governor-General, recalled from a tour formally to bury the first Union Ministry, promptly invited Botha to form a second, which he did with equal expedition, omitting the obnoxious J. M. B. Hertzog. The pro-English papers applauded the firmness of Botha, which they held had greatly strengthened a shaky and divided Cabinet. The towns were satisfied. What the back-veld thought nobody cared. The whole thing was over before Christmas. The holiday weather was the most brilliant for years, the Springboks beat Wales, and the usual war somewhere in Eastern Europe was plainly on its last legs. So nothing had happened. All the sensible men agreed on that.

But it was an occasion very much resembling one which Lord Melbourne described: "All the sensible men were on one side and all the d——d fools on the other. And, egad, Sir, the d——d fools were right." For everything had happened. The hour had produced the man. In the space of less than twelve years the evicted Minister gave his name to a new political faith, defeated his enemies, and himself became Prime Minister of the Union.

There are few stories in politics more dramatic than that of the almost unknown man who rose to rule South Africa and, incidentally, changed the complexion of the British Empire.

Before 1912 Hertzog had been an occasionally notorious rather than a notable figure in South African life. Born on April 3rd, 1866, under the British flag, in the Wellington district of the Cape, and educated at Stellenbosch and in Holland, he knew in his youth nothing of the Republics with which he became associated. When the studious lad returned from Europe he joined the rush to the North and became a barrister in Pretoria. At the age of twenty-nine he was made a Judge in the Free State. The closing years of the nineteenth century saw him happy with his books and his garden, and apparently destined for an uneventful legal life at Bloemfontein.

The Anglo-Boer War tore him from these peaceful surroundings. He entered it as a legal adviser, and ended it as a General with a reputation for rapid marches and for maintaining discipline with a sjambok. He could have been the Premier of the Orange Free State when responsible government was granted in 1907, but chose to serve as Minister of Education under Abraham Fischer. These were days of racial conciliation and co-operation, when the flag issue was said to be settled for ever, and Botha and Smuts were preaching their "one stream" policy. Politicians treated their foes as though they might soon be their friends, and the first soft cooings of Union reached the attentive ear.

But Hertzog fell out of step. In the years of Raid and war the ex-bookworm of Bloemfontein had evolved a fixed idea. There was no sudden conversion such as befell Saul on his way to Damascus. Nor does he seem to have drawn his inspiration from without. It was as though he too had the message: "Let the counsel of thine own heart stand. . . . For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower."

Gradually there emerged the faith of Hertzogism. The grain of mustard seed was sown in the form of an Educa-

tion Act in the Free State, which made Dutch obligatory on all children, and compelled English children to learn half their school subjects through the medium of that language. A loud cry went up from English South Africa, and it rose to a shriek when Hertzog, in one of his fits of angry obstinacy, sacked three English school inspectors who applied his law to the letter and, incidentally, made it ridiculous. All the sensible people denounced the Free State Minister as a racial fanatic, and as they owned all the newspapers the noise was deafening. But behind the din there was the rustle of the first faint stirring of re-awakened Afrikanerdom.

In 1910 the good ship Union was launched down a slipway well greased by organised propaganda. Hertzog had helped with the shipbuilding, and secured the laying down of the principle of language equality. The Convention spirit perfumed the air, and the future secessionist and champion of Republican independence took his little son to see the historic document signed.

Dreams fade quickly in South Africa. Before many months of the Union the first Prime Minister, easy-going Botha, was complaining to Lord Buxton: "I object strongly to Ministers going about with resignations in their pockets and using them as a means of enforcing their views."

He had taken Hertzog into his Cabinet as Minister of Justice, after trying in vain to side-track him with an Appeal Court Judgeship. Botha's premonition was right. When Rosebery entered a Liberal Government Harcourt said to him: "Without you the Government would be ridiculous; with you it is only impossible." Botha had saddled himself with a man with all Rosebery's capacity for objection and with ten times his determination and strength of will.

Gradually there crystallised within Hertzog's mind the conviction that he was the new Moses destined to take his people out of the house of bondage. True there were other leaders of his own race who denied that there was the spirit of Pharaoh in the new South Africa, and who insisted that by co-operation there could be built a pleasant

dwelling-place for all. Hertzog perceived them to be false prophets. His was a narrower faith. He spoke of and to The People. He meant Our People. Botha, who had the support of British Natalian and British Labour votes, strove to damp down racial feeling. "The ties with the Mother Country must be strengthened," he said. At the Imperial Conference of 1911 he pleased London with his friendliness and his Court dress. He toyed with the idea of State-aided immigration and a contribution to the Navy. His may have been the wider-visioned statesmanship; it was not astute South African politics less than ten years after the Peace of Vereeniging was signed. It took fifty years to dull the edge of anti-Britishism in the victorious United States; to expect the Dutch to be pro-British eight years after a lost war was to strain human nature too far.

Hertzog was temperamentally antagonistic to Bothaism. He marched against it in the spirit of a Crusader. He called State-aided immigration a crime, and a naval contribution a folly. Imperialism, he said, was "only important to him when it was useful to South Africa." Prominent English South Africans became in his eyes "foreign adventurers" and "cosmopolitan capitalists." Thus the new Government spoke with two voices. An astonished public became restless. Colonel Leuchars, a Natal member of the Cabinet, resigned "because he could not endure the anti-Imperial and anti-British sentiments and speeches of General Hertzog." Despite a personal visit by Botha, the Albany by-election was lost to the Government.

The split in the Cabinet became gross and palpable, but Hertzog declined to resign on the ground that he had said nothing offensive to Botha's real sentiments. Explanations were attempted. The agile Smuts drafted a letter which Hertzog declined to sign. At last, as Hertzog refused to go, the entire Government went. In the new one he was missing.

Hertzog marched out into the wilderness—alone. Even Abraham Fischer, his old Free State chief, and now a Union Minister, decided not to accompany him. His posi-

tion seemed hopeless. He had sacrificed his portfolio and his political future. The entire South African Party organisation was against him—and Rosebery once wrote that the party machine, "however futile in other directions, is now so developed that no individual, however gifted, can fight against it." The party funds were not his. Practically the whole newspaper Press denounced him as a dangerous fanatic. Five Free State members only in a House of 121 were revealed on his side. Mahomed at the Flight was not in a worse position than Hertzog in 1912.

But Hertzog also was a man with a fixed idea. Not for nothing did a follower acclaim him as "the man with a backbone of steel." He, too, persisted. And many began to listen. He spoke to "a people scattered and peeled . . . a nation meted out and trodden under foot." As Disraeli's gibes were balm to the disillusioned Peelite landowners, and F. E. Smith's contemptuous invective a delight to the broken ranks of English Conservatism, so Hertzog's recitals of racial rights and wrongs became a beacon light to a large section of the Boer population. His defects became virtues; his difficulties the stepping stones to triumph. The more racial he waxed, the more the race stirred. The more the English papers showered abuse upon him, the more the Dutch turned to defend him. Blood is thicker than water. The spare, lithe figure, with the deep-set black eyes, the high shoulders, and the square jaw, became a hero on the veld. The rambling, impassioned speeches, full of repetition and hair-splitting, yet containing a kind of slow-burning fire, sank into the hearts of a long-memoried and politically-minded people. Families travelled a hundred miles on slow-moving ox-wagons to hear him, and the women cried and became his fiercest disciples. He was not long alone in the cave of Adullam. "Everyone that was discontented gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them."

Then black clouds gathered over South Africa, and in the gloom the small figure of the Apostle of Afrikanerdom was scarcely visible. Industrial war broke out in the north, and Imperial troops fought a battle in the centre of Johannesburg. The settlement lasted only a few months,

and then clattering burgher commandoes and field guns overawed the strikers. Nine leaders were summarily deported, and the dispute made its way into one of the stormiest sessions of the Union Parliament.

Close upon the heels of industrial warfare came Armageddon. The world flew to arms, and nations were locked in a death struggle. In South Africa there was a war within a war. Old hopes, prejudices, hatreds, ambitions raised their heads, and the Rebellion deepened the criss-cross of racial and political division. In the maelstrom one caught occasional glimpses of Hertzogism, and there could be no doubt about its growth. The final split had come in the closing weeks of 1913. The congress of the Ministerial Party at Capetown failed to end the schism, and Hertzog and his supporters rose in silence and left the hall. At the door General de Wet, the old Boer War hero, turned for a moment and waved his hand and cried "Adieu." Thence onward Hertzog organised his supporters in the National Party, in opposition to the South African Party led by Botha and Smuts. The Boer people were divided. Father grew bitter against son, and brother quarrelled with brother; but every election showed that the Ministerial Dutch were stealing away to the ranks of the Hertzogites. Through the bitterness of the Rebellion and its aftermath, and the anger aroused by the demand for secession, and the excitement of a deputation to Europe to demand the re-establishment of the old Republics, the new leader pursued his course. He had the faith of the fanatic and the strong will of a Cromwell. Time, too, was on his side. His appeal was twofold, and the tendencies of the period strengthened both sides of it. It was the hour of nationalism and small nations; and his racial appeal drew the Dutch to him and away from his opponents, who were compelled to rely more and more upon British votes, which in turn tended to antagonise the remnant of the Dutch. Also, his appeal was narrowly South African, and it satisfied the growing sentiment of nationalism in South Africa, and also the marked dislike of oversea interference which has characterised its people from the days when the Dutch settlers at the Cape quarrelled

with their own Dutch rulers abroad. Economic and financial depression drove thousands of people to the Hertzog side, and finally broke the Smuts Government—Botha had died in 1919, worn out by disappointments and worries. The Hertzogite Five in the Parliament of 1912 had become twenty-seven in 1915. In 1921 they were forty-seven. In June, 1924, they were 63, and by a working alliance with Labour gained a majority in Parliament for the Pact. Hertzog, now a man of fifty-eight, became Prime Minister. The impossible of 1912 was the fact of 1924. Thus twelve years after Hertzog was ejected from the first Ministry of the Union he himself formed the sixth. A notable journey for a man not a great speaker, not really a party politician by temperament or ambition, and not a leader who finds pleasure in power.

Henry Labouchere's advice to Lord Randolph Churchill at the time of his resignation was: "Sacrifice everything to becoming a fetish; then and only then can you do as you like." Hertzog sacrificed position, friends, colleagues, and, as far as one could see, his whole career, in 1912. He became a fetish to the Dutch. He has done as he liked ever since.

As a politician he owes much of his success to his limitations. He neither claims nor desires to be a world statesman. One cannot even say with certainty that his crusade was necessary. The point South Africa has reached to-day could have been attained without the years of blood and tears. But his vision was not wide enough to perceive such a possibility. He saw very clearly the claims of his own people, and, in order to strengthen and entrench them, the need for an independent and self-governing country. This dual objective has always been his fixed idea, and personally he has departed very little from it. He was not from the first enamoured of the secessionist republican propaganda, or the demand for the re-establishment of the old Boer Republics, but was thrust into temporary acquiescence by less level-headed colleagues. He still preaches his early faith. If he says less about independence it is because he holds it has been achieved. If he does not now advocate secession from the Empire it is

because he believes that the old Empire he disliked has seceded from South Africa. He has the tenacity of purpose which one would expect in a man who used to make Frederick the Great of Prussia his hero, and the sometimes self-deceiving mind which is not unusual in an ardent admirer of William Ewart Gladstone. Even to-day this curious combination becomes visible sometimes in an obstinacy which nothing can move, but for which the reason is lost in a long and obscure speech. Some of Hertzog's speeches on republicanism bear a close resemblance to Gladstone's first Home Rule pronouncement in the Commons, which left his hearers unable to decide whether he favoured Home Rule or not.

The narrowness which made Hertzogism a successful policy within South Africa tends to make it a failure without. The Union has retired within itself like a tortoise. The racial side of Hertzogism has frightened Rhodesia away, perhaps for ever. Even the protected native territories on the borders of the Union would protest against inclusion in it. Thus the vision of a great United States of South Africa has faded since Hertzogism triumphed. His is a faith which arouses no enthusiasm beyond the borders of the Union. A Hertzogite looks so fixedly at the wood that he cannot see the trees. He is so anxious that South African independence should be admitted that he will reject advantages and aids of real national value merely because their acceptance might give the impression of limiting freedom. This tendency to national isolation in a thinly peopled and remote country may ultimately be the cause of weakness.

Hertzog has said some hard things about Great Britain, yet he is not really anti-British. He has a fine appreciation of English literature, and he and his children speak English perfectly. He is only anti-British to the extent that Britain has over-ruled, or might over-rule, or weaken, South Africanism. He is, and always has been, anti-Imperial. He was, and is, anti-outside control or interference. His hostility would be equally directed against any other country which he imagined might wish to interfere with Africa's destiny. His quarrel with some

of the British in South Africa is not that they are British, but that they do not place South Africa first and Britain second. He is so intensely pro-South African that there are times when he seems to be anti every other country. But in many things he has a distinct admiration for England. What irritates him is any suggestion of overlordship, overruling, or racial superiority. With the individual Englishman he gets on famously.

One of his strongest British opponents once said, "General Hertzog is one of the most charming personalities a man could meet." Upon that point everyone agrees. Widely read and cultured, courteous, gentle in manner and fond of simplicity, he makes friends everywhere. He is transparently honest, and his bitterest foe would trust his word. Neither ambitious nor avaricious, he prefers the quiet pleasures of life, and is always happiest with his books or in his garden. He, like President Harding of America, is "just folks."

His mind works slowly and rather in a groove. He strives to see and to be absolutely fair to those who differ with him, and the very care he takes in trying to put their point of view, and answer it, makes both his speeches and his writings long and involved. Sometimes it is difficult to follow his reasoning, but when he arrives at a conclusion he stands to it and all its logical consequences with complete fearlessness and an unshakable faith. Slow to anger, when moved he is capable of passionate feeling, and then it is that sometimes he goes further than he meant to go. Upon those rare occasions no one is more sorry at an injustice done. He interferes as little as possible with his Cabinet colleagues, but he has the moral courage to make a decision alone, and when he insists all opposition dies away. With his own party and people his strength lies in personal affection and admiration and the prestige which follows victory in a prolonged contest against apparently hopeless odds. His backveld followers still think, as did the Israelites of Ahithophel, that his counsel is as if a man had inquired of the oracles of God.

By May 31st, 1928, General Hertzog will enjoy the suc-

cessful termination of his third political crusade. His first was brought to a triumphant conclusion in June, 1924, when a victory at the polls placed in power a Government pledged to the gospel of a rather narrow nationalism which he had preached in the wilderness for twelve years. His second crusade ended with the 1926 Imperial Conference pronouncement in favour of Dominion independent status. His third will close victoriously on May 31st, when the new national flag of the Union of South Africa is formally hoisted with suitable ceremony and oratory.

And now he sets out to lead yet a fourth crusade. By his first he re-established his people in an independent and self-governing country. The aim of his last is to arrive at a lasting solution of the native problem, based on the idea of separation or segregation. He adopted the principle back in his days in the Botha Cabinet, and ever since he has been striving to mould it into a workable policy. It is a tremendously difficult and complicated problem, and whether he has the breadth of vision necessary to secure a permanent result remains to be seen. Of one thing one may be certain. General Hertzog will establish his main principle, or he will leave the problem unsolved. It is a way political Crusaders have.

THE COTTON TRADE

By A. H. S. HINCHLIFFE

At recent assemblies to discuss the troubles of the cotton trade many theories and proposals have been advanced. No section has been backward in allocating the blame for present difficulties, but it may be said that the sentiments expressed have been in every sense too petty. As read by the outside public they can only be misleading. They contain the implications that the troubles are due to the temporary feeble-mindedness of those who direct certain sections of the industry, whereas they are really due to the inevitable march of economic forces; these have been in operation throughout the last hundred years, but their effect has been greatly accelerated by the War.

It has become a regular habit for people taking stock of their position to draw comparisons with pre-War figures and conditions. Theoretically there has never been much reason to suppose that pre-War conditions would ever return, but subconsciously there has always lurked a feeling that anything which was possible prior to 1914 might become possible again. The theoretical reasoning is, however, proving more correct than the subconscious, and economic causes are operating in such a way as to preclude any possibility of returning to pre-War conditions in the industrial or commercial world of Great Britain.

COAL CUSTOMERS AND MACHINERY

First of these conditions is the decline in the importance of coal as a power producer. During the growth of British industry supplies of cheap coal were of primary importance, hence the concentration of factories and a dense population in coal districts of the North of England. Great Britain thus became specially well situated for the production and export of manufactured goods. Moreover, during the greater part of this period other countries, especially outside Europe, were content to be producers of raw materials and food. In the undeveloped and newly

discovered lands all energy was concentrated upon producing the natural resources and selling them to Great Britain; sufficient wealth for the sparse population of these countries was obtainable without resort to the drudgery of factory life and the consequent pollution of the countryside. The exports of raw materials enabled them to pay for such British manufactured goods as they required.

Both the above conditions have now altered. A supply of power is less dependent upon coal, and our customers are no longer satisfied to be the producers of raw materials. The increase of population and the arrival of the city-dwelling immigrant has changed their outlook. Industrialism brought wealth and luxury to Great Britain and they, too, must have it.

Another factor of primary importance in building up the British cotton industry was the possession of machinery. The inventions of Watt, Arkwright, Crompton, and others gave Lancashire a tremendous lead over the rest of the world in the matter of quantity and cheapness of production. Constant mechanical development and improvement by capitalistic enterprise enabled the lead to be maintained for a century or so. Simultaneously the operatives were enabled to develop a lead over the rest of the world in technical skill. Economic law, however, acted in such a way as to prevent the enjoyment of the mechanical advantage for an indefinite period. The reputation which British machinery came to enjoy afforded an opportunity for making it and exporting it for profit. Large firms of machinery makers sprang into existence and supplied the most up-to-date inventions to foreigners who wished to compete for our textile trade. This has been done on a large scale, the result being that of late years foreign mills have had an advantage over many of our mills on account of possessing newer British-made machinery. A factor from which we once derived a great advantage has thus been permanently eliminated.

A CHANGE OF OUTLOOK

With coal of less importance than it was, with all nations anxious to manufacture their own goods, and with equal opportunities for all in the matter of machinery, what are

the prospects of the future? It is obvious that the easy supremacy of our cotton industry is a thing of the past, it will have to be struggled for. Can it possibly be maintained, and, if so, how? It can only be maintained by utilising to the utmost the advantages which we still possess. Our existing advantages are possibly threefold—the skill of our operatives, our merchanting organisations, and the sources for raw material under our control. To utilise the first it will be necessary to concentrate on manufacturing finer and more elaborate fabrics. Similarly in the case of coloured and printed goods, efforts should be directed towards attracting customers with better designs, rather than to competing for the trade in the commonest sorts. It is already apparent that we have too many producers of the old-fashioned low-quality staples, which are now being made satisfactorily by foreigners. Though a few makers of these styles may be able to prolong their existence and occasionally do well when a periodical shortage of supplies takes place, many of them must either turn on to better-class products or be eliminated. Demand for finer goods is growing steadily, and as the wealth of the buying countries increases it should continue to do so. The development of artificial silk and its use as a decorative material in conjunction with cotton has opened up new possibilities for offering attractive fabrics of the finer sorts at reasonable prices. Some Lancashire manufacturers cannot be said to have been slow in availing themselves of this novelty, and a growing trade is already established.

In the matter of merchanting organisations no country is nearly so favourably placed as Great Britain. For centuries the British people has possessed a *flair* for merchant enterprise, and our merchant adventurers have long since established themselves in nearly every trading centre of importance. Anyone taking a business trip round the world to-day cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that in most of the ports the trading merchant houses are British. These houses, especially throughout the East, handle a great proportion of the natural exports as well as controlling many of the most successful industrial concerns: it is only natural and economical for them, with

their expensive staffs and knowledge of markets, to handle imports as well as exports, and British goods will naturally be imported in preference to others.

As for the growing of cotton, the possibilities of the Empire in this respect are only just beginning to be realised. All our competitors, with the exception of the United States and India, are likely to continue dependent upon foreign cotton. We can, if we persevere, provide ourselves with supplies of cotton grown in Empire territory with our own capital. It will be many years before the amount so grown can supply a large proportion of our needs; but the steady development of it cannot fail to be a source of power, especially for tariff bargaining; moreover, the cheaper the price of cotton the better the quality of the goods which consumers can afford to buy, a matter of great importance to Lancashire.

NECESSARY REFORMS

The future is therefore probably not as black as it is sometimes being painted. That something in the nature of a reformation of the trade must take place is, however, apparent. The mills and machinery of Lancashire have been the outcome of a steady process of expansion throughout the Victorian Era and until 1914. They had accumulated until they were sufficient to cater for the greatest volume of demand for cotton goods ever known, most of which had to come to this country. Unfortunately a great number of the mills were equipped to produce the common goods which can now be made elsewhere. If an individual of first-class business ability were given autocratic powers to put our cotton spinning and manufacturing industry in order, can anyone doubt what he would do? He would immediately close a number of the mills producing the coarser yarns and cloths, and concentrate on full-time running of the most efficient and up-to-date concerns. He would give attention to the development of the finer and more attractive fabrics. Seeing that no such drastic revolution can be forced on the trade, it has to come about by gradual processes, but it is none the less inevitable. Unfor-

tunately the contraction of an industry cannot be accomplished with the same facility as its expansion. Out-of-date firms do not voluntarily exterminate themselves and make way for others. Their elimination is a long-drawn-out process in which serious losses are caused to others besides themselves.

The necessity for new methods will, however, not be confined to producers. An equally progressive and enterprising policy on the part of export shippers will be called for. So long as the greater portion of the world had to buy their cotton cloths from Lancashire, the exporters enjoyed an easy task. Satisfactory results could be obtained by buying the requirements of their overseas customers as, and when, these were sent to them, on a commission basis. Samples were sent out and orders awaited. With a few exceptions the shippers were little more than buying agents. But whereas a trade which is something of a monopoly can yield a ready profit for all who handle it, a keenly competitive trade yields profits only to the most enterprising and efficient. It seems probable, therefore, that successful exporting in the future will depend upon energetic salesmanship and clever merchanting. It is recognised by those who have to sell competitive articles in European markets that it is useless to hope for success without keen salesmen to bring the wares to the notice of their customers. In the Eastern markets, whither the bulk of our cotton goods are exported, salesmanship has hitherto been little perfected, but if we are to retain the trade against the new foreign competition it will have to be seriously studied. Trade, too, will gravitate to those who can offer the best facilities to their customers by way of anticipating customers' requirements, and ensuring that supplies of suitable goods shall be available at the right season of the year. This will call for greater financial resources on the part of exporting houses than the old commission business. In future merchants' profits will depend more than anything else upon clever buying.

A WILTSHIRE LADY

BY LORD OLIVIER

MAURICE HEWLETT, in *Lore of Proserpine*, tells a story of Oreads, seen on a Wiltshire down. Going up the Ebbles Valley again last summer, and passing the cottage where I had visited Hewlett not long before he left us, I remembered that story, and was reminded also of something I had myself seen years before in another part of the county, on Roundway Down.

That was near my home—it buttresses the salient south-western corner of the Marlborough tableland; and when I was walking in that direction I usually climbed up over Roundway. A low rampart of earthwork crowns the precipitous bastion. Just within the crest of the bank a lean, ill-nourished grove of twisted and ravelled fir trees endures against the gales.

Southwards from the castle you look out high over the beeches of Roundway Park and the towers of Devizes, across the tumbled escarpment of the western end of the shelf of Pewsey Vale. Six miles away the grey-green wall of the downs that uphold Salisbury Plain runs east and west in sinuous flattened waves, lifting up out of the Urchfont and Lavington woodlands and sheering off south-westerly to the long headland of Bratton Castle. The delta of the lower vale, opening out from between these sister heights, shows like a forest—so continuously massed are the hedgerow elms. “Nice ’n’ blew arl about among the trees: I d’love to see it!” Will’m Pearce, my father’s cowman down there, used to say, tears brimming his wide grey and yellow eyes, when it promised fine weather.

Many times, after clambering up the slippery glacis above the lynchets, I have rested here, in the sunshine or screened from the wind, on the outer or inner slant of the bank: or, returning, watched the sunset, stretched out across an immense purple gulf, towards Dorset and Somerset, before plunging into the thicker twilight homewards.

A few paces’ distance outside the western angle of the entrenchment, close to the brow of the hill, there was, fifty years ago, a low, round turf-covered barrow, rising gently, a few feet only, above the level. The summit was slightly hollowed: the grave had long ago been opened and searched by the Wilts archæologists. After heavy rains a little water collected there in a shallow flash. In fine weather the dry black soil of its bed was strewn with bleached, decaying fir-needles and speckled with grains of chert and small fragile white discs, the empty shells of grass-snails. One long, flat-sided white flintstone lay like a bench near the middle of the tiny arena. One hot afternoon in July or early August (the swifts were still with us), as I approached the barrow, there leapt up off the stone a largish butterfly, which darted impetuously towards my head, swerving suddenly aside close to my face, like a dog that rushes angrily, and baulks, at a stranger. It circled with a scurrying zig-zag flight round about me, beating up with a sort of insolent violence close to my eyes, as if it recognised them as the most significant part of me. I stood still. Presently it returned to its bench of flint, and after a few short, uneasy flights and fidgetings, settled down with its back towards me, fronting the sun and the wind. I approached gently and watched it, bending over till I could see its minute features quite clearly. Absurdly described as a “butter-fly,” it was one of the species which, still more absurdly it seemed to me as I watched it, is called “Painted Lady.” So manifestly it was no fragile cosmeticked female, but a brilliantly dashing and spirited masculine creature, a wiry, high-bred fighter in daintily splendid accoutrements too cleanly and significantly exquisite in every touch of their style to be even foppish. It sat there, watchfully poised on sharply flexed, slender spring-heels of steely silver. Its vigorous shoulders tapered, like an uplifted prow, into a saucy, up-pointing beak—a silver helmet-visor—with short, clubbed, forward-curving horns alertly receptive to every aerial influence. The eyes, tiny faceted silver beads viewed from the side, glowed inwardly, as I edged round to confront them, with concentrated refractions of burning rose. As we looked at

each other the insect disclosed a surprising and unmistakable aspect of intelligence and vigilant purpose. The arrogance of its pose, the superb flyaway streamline of the upper edge of its wings, the concentrated determination and utter fearlessness of its whole formal expression exhaled in every detail a conscious, indomitable, and quite individual personality. After resting a little while with wings upright, the upper surfaces pressed close together (their profile reminded me of the sail of a Carib dory close-hauled to the wind)—the self-possessed, deliberate, watching creature, ignoring me as negligible or harmless, began to slowly open and close them, leisurely spreading and sunning their surfaces, and slewing its body's axis half-way round this way and that till the combing wind had resettled and smoothed any ruffled plumes displaced in the scurrying rush of his recent sally against me. Their colouring was that of a leopard, dark spotted on an orange-tawny ground, flushed near the shoulders with rose, and broken towards the outer forward edges with swan-white flakes and dottings on deep warm black. Underneath the rosy flush on a paler tan was deepened to vivid carmine, the blacks softened to greys, the hinder surface was silvery, and its scalloped, shadowed selvage was lined with a straggling chaplet of mimic eyes, pale blue with silver rims.

So at least I remember. It is many years since I saw him, or have seen closely any other one of his kind. Very exquisite and appropriate armour-smith's ornament, according to an ancient art and fashion, for such a dashing and vigilant air-fighter. Vigilant and aggressive and dashing fearlessness he was. I watched him for a long time that afternoon and again later—for he remained always there till the autumn gales had driven him into secret shelter.

Any other butterfly that approached—and there must have been scores of them, though I saw no other one of his own kind—he would instantly attack, buffet, rout, and pursue till he had taught him to keep his distance; any blundering bumble-bee, shambling ichneumon or buzzing blow-fly, he would harry and hustle with the same implacable vigour. These exercises seemed to make up his whole

occupation or interest. To swallow a little honey from yarrow or yellow cinquefoil, a little dew, or peaty water, perhaps, from the pool, to warm and smooth himself in the sun, to sit meditatively and motionlessly poised—ever ready to spring, searching all the neighbourhood, whether with his eyes or with the aerials of his antennæ, for intimation of any approach to his tumulus-throne, to leap up and fight on any possible pretext—these seemed to be his only pre-occupations—and all subserved the fighting. He did not fly or soar for the sake of pleasure or exercise, or to search for food, or travel on love-adventures. Many butterflies do seem to travel so, interminably, mindlessly, tiresomelessly—a desultory, unstable and homeless people. He remained at his post; and the one predominant fact apparent in all his demeanour was—that the barrow was his, and his first and only care to defend its precincts against all comers. What was it he could think he was guarding?—for think he did. He was arrogant, supercilious, gracefully proud; he showed no self-indulgences or human weaknesses. He did not dally with flowers—he sat on his flint, or, for warmth and better shelter, crouched sometimes on the dry peaty floor of the little hollow beside it. Assuredly he would have been a gallant and courtly lover; but I got no glimpse of his love-life or indication that he was interested in anything but himself and whatever it might be that this mound that he haunted profoundly meant to him.

Late in autumn—I had seen him until quite late—he disappeared, but he was there again next year in the early summer; I saw him several times. His spirit and his temper remained unaltered. His flinten throne, too, was there in its old place, and again he watched on it. But autumn storms, driving him helpless through the brambles and fir boughs, or else the buffets and wounds of desperate conflicts, had torn and shredded his wings and defaced and dimmed their lovely enamellings. His vigour was unabated. What mode of atomic disengagement of energy operates in the muscular feats of insects and all manner of other such minute creatures is unimaginable. What kind of sinews would a man have to have to be able to

spring suddenly into the air and rapidly flicker a pair of wings, each of which, comparing his calibre with that of a butterfly, would be, in proportion, about the size of a barn-door? This butterfly's wings were now chipped and ravelled to little more than half their original surfaces. Their springy, curving ribs stood stiffly out from their upper margins in naked spines, whose aspect and hue matched that of the bleached, stripped outer twigs of the wind-harried fir trees. But his flying was as sudden and swift as ever; though with a shorter, more hurried wing-beat. And he was less at the wind's mercy, and travelled, I thought, more directly. He recognised, or quickly again got to know me, and soon was as indifferent to my vagrant presence as he had been the previous season.

One afternoon, about midsummer, I came back over the downs from Shepherd's Shore from the north-east, and entered the camp from the back. The sky was cloudless, the sun burnt hotly, but there was a breeze on the uplands. I felt lazy, and, coming out to the southern rampart, lay down as I had so frequently done before, on the inner slope of the bank, with my body out of the wind, looking over the crest towards the Devizes escarpment and across the vale to the lines of the opposite downs. The breeze came hissing quietly through the grass-bents, and with a fuller, more musical sound through the fir-tops. Very lulling. Delicate thoughts, to be scribbled down in pencil, had often come to me there, but mine, that afternoon, had no special content. Just the sound of the wind, and the warmth and scent of the banks (one's fingers after touching them had the smell of very ripe plums), and the woods and the vale and the downs, and the downs and the vale and the plain, and the solid blue of the plain, and the distant Somerset hills, and north-westward Bowood and the greensand ridge of Spy Park running back behind the shoulder beyond the castle, and the barrow and the castle rampart again, and the wind along the face of it and its hushing sound in the bents and the fir-tops. I fell asleep, and slept dreamlessly.

I had slept, I should suppose, the better part of an hour, when I heard my own name spoken, it seemed, behind me. That roused me. The sound of it came to my ears, from

a little way off, behind my right shoulder. That, at least, was where I judged it to come from; but one can hardly ever be sure whether a simple sound comes from behind or in front of one. I recognised it for my own name that was spoken, and yet it was not the name I was christened with and am known by. It was intimate and familiar, and quietly, unstressingly uttered. Just my name, in a voice I was not acquainted with. I was considering, half awake, when I heard these further words in like manner spoken:

Are you sure you live?

Their significance then was (and it seems now) quite plain to me, and yet in a moment my awakened critical understanding was questioning what they meant, and noticing their not quite usual form. I glanced over my shoulder, and seeing no one stood up and turned round to look in that direction again. Then I supposed it must have been an illusion that the words had, in fact, been spoken by someone near me, for no one was there; and I accepted that supposition and turned away and faced towards the bank on which I had been lying. Beyond the crest of it, on the further side of the ditch, where there stretches a little breadth of turf, as it might be a drive-away, between the ditch and the slope, there was standing a woman. She seemed to have been just mounting up from the hillside on to the brow. Her balance, as she climbed, had set her leaning a little forward, but as she stepped to the level she drew herself upright, looking towards me, with her head upraised, for I was standing a little above her on the inner rise of the bank. It was in the motion of just that moment that I saw her. There could be no question that I was seeing her with my outward eyes any more than there was then for me of my having heard those words just previously with my outward ears. Hers was not an aspect that I had or have ever imagined. It was presented to me. In dreams unimagined and uninvited forms are thus presented; but I was fully awake. The expression of her face did not seem to me, as I noticed it, to have any special significance addressed towards myself; nor did she smile greetingly. Only something in the lift of her arms, whose hands were rising towards me,

seemed to indicate consciousness of me. She was, I felt, no doubt aware of me, but her impressionability was deliberate. If I was there, I was there, and the circumstance did not startle her or react on her bearing. But all this I must have recalled and thought of later. The things I actually saw most clearly then were just the mass of her hair and the shining contours of her shoulders. And then her arms and her hands. The outer webs of her hair were dazzlingly lit by the sun shining behind her, while about her temples and neck it was of a dark wheat-colour.

All her figure was luminous with the gathered brilliance which the unclad body emits in the open sunlight. She did not look tall—not above the middle height of a well-nurtured woman, but her shoulders and all her body impressed me as broad and sturdy and their lines as powerful. Her forehead and face and chin, too, were broad, and glowed beneath the shade of her hair. The orbits of her brows were arched rather than straight, and the nose was neither sharp nor aquiline. Her eyes were clear and observing. I did not notice their colour. I remember very well and can even now almost visualise the silhouette of her figure and the contours of her neck and shoulders and upper arms. The hue of their polished surfaces was a warm golden tan, with tints of rosy flushing. The rounded muscles threw little drifts of shadow on either side above the breadth of her gleaming bosom, solidly framing it. So much of her as was, in that first glance, less distinctly seen by me produced an undetailed effect of more brilliant fairness, as though the sun shone through it, as it did through her hair, but more whitely. Indeed, I scarcely discerned it except as an outlined brightness.

More, or what trappings, if any, were slung about her I had not time to observe; for in that same moment the butterfly, rushing instantly on my upstanding headlong down the wind from the grave-mound, dashed so furiously against my forehead and buffeted my eyeballs so stingingly with its bristly pinions that I was blinded, and drew my head away sharply; and when I saw again there was nothing in my eyes but the sun and the wind and the dazzle of yellow turf, and on all my horizon only the walls of the Plain, and where the woman had stood, only the

butterfly, beating up against the wind along the drive-way in short straight pushes, and casting back now and again to make little scurrying circuits—like a dog rounding up sheep and harrying some straggler back into fold.

He flitted nervously around the crest of the tumulus, pitched, rose up and planed more quietly once or twice in diminishing circles, then dropped and settled, as I could guess, on his white flint watch-stone again.

I followed and approached cautiously till I was close to him. He sat facing me with breastplate and helmet uplifted—a little battered feather of tarnished filigree—still refinedly arrogant. Implacable and triumphant defiance glowed steadfastly in the crimson depths of his eyes. I saluted him and quietly withdrew. He ignored my gesture. He knew that I had no more existence now for him and his than he and his had for me.

* * * * *

I never saw that shining lady again. Such encounters, even in those enchanted residues of her kinsfolk's adopted uplands which our otherwise very efficient War Office still permits to retain some undesecrated characteristics, do not come with observation. But I can quite understand how Hewlett, on Whitesheet Hill, may casually have met what he spoke of as Oreads. And I have seen, in the Devizes Museum, a row of discoloured beads that were once turquoise, and a gold drop-pendant and brooch-pin, taken out of a grave-mound; and with them flakes of the blade and hilt, and their mouldered rivets, of a short bronze dagger sword, very handy for swift in-fighting.

As for *Pyrameis Cardui* (whom they used then to call *Cynthia*), that lepidopter's characteristic habits are, of course, familiar to naturalists. Why it should keep such a widespread, persistent watch on barrows and the summits of upland earthworks and other high places known to have been frequented by folk of ancient times, and why its more rigorous males seem to be solely wedded to so very austere and barren a manner of life, and to take so little delight in the softer and more conventional pleasures of modern butterflies, I had never before been able to frame a conjecture.

SCOTT AND THE BALLANTYNES: AN
UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE

BY W. FORBES GRAY

THERE is in the possession of the Society of Writers to His Majesty's Signet a collection of sixty-five letters written by Sir Walter Scott to James and John Ballantyne, the partners of his commercial undertakings. Though the brothers brought tribulation to Scott as well as to themselves, there can be no doubt that the author of *Waverley* had more than an ordinary liking for "Aldiborontiphoscophornio" and "Rigdumfunnidos," the nicknames which he bestowed on pedantic James and crazy John. The correspondence, which until a few years ago was in private hands, has never been published. It covers the period 1808-1831, from the year in which Scott set up John Ballantyne as a bookseller and publisher to the time when the Great Magician departed for Italy in vain search of health.

While the letters treat for the most part of Scott's literary projects and financial transactions, a considerable proportion discourse pleasantly upon general topics, and occasionally furnish a running commentary on contemporary persons and events. As regards Scott's relations with the Ballantynes, the correspondence rather disproves Lockhart's contention that the writer was "too much occupied with his own romantic creations to have time for minute scrutiny of his commercial affairs." However much Scott was infected with "the proverbial rashness of mere mercantile adventure," the letters make clear that he kept a vigilant eye on the affairs of the printing house, and found occasion now and then to administer gentle reproof to his slothful and incompetent partners.

The correspondence opens with a letter to John Ballantyne, in which we are afforded a glimpse of Scott in the throes of composing *Marmion*. The epistle is undated, but as the writer encloses the introduction to the first canto of the poem, and promises to "send the

canto itself on Monday," it may be confidently assumed that it was written early in the year 1808. By this time Scott had entered into partnership with James Ballantyne as a printer, and appears to have entertained the hope that the poem would meet with success sufficient to enable him to embark on ambitious commercial enterprises. "What I should wish would be to see the concern, which is in so flourishing a state, proceed from blossom to fruit, or, without a metaphor, I would like to advance as much as may secure us (in general at least) from the necessity of temporary expedients, and admit of my drawing my proportion of the profits." As the "payment of the copy money of *Marmion*" will achieve this end, Scott urges that the poem "be set up with speed."

Scott's enthusiasm for the drama led him to identify himself closely with the Edinburgh theatre, in which he was not only a shareholder but an acting trustee for the general body of proprietors. The patent for the local playhouse had expired in 1808, and Scott was anxious that it should be secured by Mrs. Siddons. To bring this about he made strenuous efforts, as we gather from a letter to James Ballantyne written from Ashestiel on April 22nd. Having informed his correspondent that he had written the great actress, "your friend and mine," and was "anxiously expecting a reply," he proceeds:—

All that I wish is that Mrs. Siddons would let me know whether she has any thoughts of the management or not. In the former event she need bind herself to nothing till we see what sort of terms can be offered. But by simply stating her wishes she will enable me to put an effectual stop to the present system of intrigue and cabal which may otherwise foreclose their being complied with. And if (which I should think a great disappointment) Mrs. S. has no thought on the subject, Mr. Henry Mackenzie and I think of looking out for some other candidate. . . . One thing you will understand better than I can express, namely, how completely Mrs. Siddons' plan may be foiled if it should appear to come through the hands of a certain bustling political party. . . . I fear D's active kindness in this matter and, if possible, would have Mrs. Siddons stand upon her own ground without the most distant shadow of party bustles. . . . It is the last calling of the banns.

Edinburgh society at this time was fiercely political. The party of reform, led by Jeffrey and the Edinburgh

Reviewers, was beginning to make headway, but the old vanguard, of which Scott was a leader, was determined that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it. Even the affairs of the playhouse, as the quotation emphasises, were not immune from political influence. The reference to Henry Mackenzie, who was none other than the author of the *Man of Feeling*, recalls the interesting fact that he was Scott's chief colleague in inaugurating in Edinburgh a more reputable and wholesome form of dramatic representation. It was mainly through the efforts of those two men of letters that Joanna Baillie's *Family Legend* was brought out on the Edinburgh stage in November, 1809. For this play Scott wrote a prologue and Mackenzie an epilogue.

Another letter, written to "Mr. Ballantyne" in 1808, unfolds a literary scheme which Scott thinks "might be conducted with great success if under the management of our friend in Albemarle Street," and which would provide occupation for his (Scott's) "idle time."

I intend to write no more poetry for two years, and I have turned my thoughts to making a classical collection of our English tales and Romances of wonder, with notes and critical prefaces. I understand something of the kind has been lately attempted, but I have no doubt of being able in a department which I understand but too well to bear down all competition. I have several translations by myself and others from the German and other languages with which such a collection might be enriched. The best Eastern tales ought, of course, to be included, as the Persian, Arabian, and so forth, with notes on the manners and some enquiry into the authenticity of each collection.

But nothing seems to have come of the project.

The embarrassments of the firm of John Ballantyne and Co. forced Scott in 1813 to open negotiations with Archibald Constable, the publisher, in the hope of relief. In a letter to James Ballantyne he expresses his intention of supporting the firm "with the last penny of my own money," but he will "not borrow from others without the rational prospect of being able to pay them punctually." And if the worst comes to the worst he is resolved to accept his fate with resignation. In words of high courage Scott hints at beginning life afresh on a foreign shore.

As to myself, my dear James, I must take my fate as I best can. Constable need not suppose that I will go mendicating from the booksellers a contract for a new poem. I would no more do so than you would sing ballads in the street for your relief. Scotland and I must part, as old friends have done before, for I will not live where I must be necessarily looked down upon by those who once looked up to me. But Scotland is not all the world, though to me the dearest corner of it. I will see justice done to every one to the last penny and will neither withdraw my person nor screen my property until all are satisfied. But then I will endeavour to exchange my ample appointments for a moderate provision abroad, which will be no matter of difficulty. Or perhaps my brethren may discharge my duty for a twelvemonth until I have fitted myself for my new state in society by absence and philosophy. As for poetry, it is quite out of the question. My facility in composition arose from buoyant spirits and a light heart which must now be exchanged for decent and firm composure under adversity.

In 1815 Scott visited France and Belgium, an account of the trip being recorded in *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. On August 30th he wrote to James Ballantyne a lively description of his experiences in Paris, from which I quote a passage:—

There is a tumult in this town from morning till night beyond what it is possible for you to imagine. . . . Imagine all the soldiers of all the nations of Europe holding a carnival (*sic*) in so large a metropolis—and yet the police is wonderfully maintained by these superb fellows, the *gens d'armes*. The national guard are precisely our blue Volunteers, and every now and then you meet Ro. Miller in complete uniform. I suppose about 500 are on guard every day besides the immense corps on guard maintained by the Allies. Walking home at night I have been challenged by a dozen centinels (*sic*) in half the languages of Europe. The French are tiring surely for the return of their cousins to Tipperary, but their cousins seem as yet in no hurry to leave them. The works of art are vanishing fast from the Louvre. Yesterday I observed that they had begun to loosen with wedges the Venus de Medici and the Dying Gladiator, which, I suppose, is symptomatic of their removal. They have also begun to work on the celebrated bronze horses which were brought from Venice, but this excited such a mob that they were forced to turn out the Guards. The scaffolding remains around each (pedestal) on which these horses are placed, and I have no doubt that they will descend one of these fine mornings.¹

There is a perpetual whirlwind and tempest of gaiety going on

(1) Sir Walter prophesied correctly. The "celebrated bronze horses," which for centuries had been displayed over the principal doorway of the Church of St. Mark at Venice, were in 1797 removed by Napoleon to Paris, where they afterwards adorned the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. In 1815 (the year of Scott's visit to Paris) they were restored to their former position in Venice.

amongst the strangers—that is amongst *us*. On Sunday there was an immense to-do at Versailles and all Louis XIVth's waterworks were set a-playing to amuse a set of folks whom I believe Le Grand Monarque would have thought very indifferent company. To-night Lady Castle-reagh gives a great ball to the Emperors, King of Prussia, etc., etc. Were the French half so devoted as they pretend to be, they might make a Saint Bartholomew of these things.

Our next letter shows Scott hard at work on *Guy Mannering*, and finding difficulty in supplying mottoes for the various chapters. In sending James Ballantyne "more *Guy*," he remarks that "it is hard to think of mottoes." Then he quotes in full the extracts which stand at the top of the first and second chapters. As regards the third, he informs Ballantyne that "there is a good mottoe (*sic*) for this in Byron's poems," and requests that he may be given a "sight of this volume"; but if Scott actually saw the work he must have thought the quotation from Byron unsuitable, since the third chapter is headed with some lines from Butler's *Hudibras*.

James Ballantyne's editorship of the *Weekly Journal* forms the subject of a letter, in which Scott takes his partner to task for expressing what he deems rash opinions on Neapolitan affairs. "I never doubted," Scott writes, "your good intentions, but I own I think they have been much misdirected, and I see the strongest symptoms of political feeling becoming very keen. . . . If you will take my advice, I think I could show you how to write one of the best papers in Edinburgh without offending any party, but then it must be all of the same, not pried like a harlequin's coat." Scott deplores the interference of Austria, "not on general principle so much as that they are very bad managers of their Italian dominions." "If," he tells Ballantyne, "you go to precedent for a nation meddling with another's affairs, I take it it was thirty thousand Dutchmen, a people with whom England was at profound peace, who brought about the Revolution of 1688."

To pass to another topic. Lockhart has made us familiar with the view that had James Ballantyne been more diligent the printing business in the Canongate of Edinburgh would have been a much sounder investment. This judgment is confirmed by the following letter, written

from Abbotsford but undated, in which Scott mildly rebukes his negligent partner:—

• My dear James, I was far from charging you with lack of industry. I believe few men work more conscientiously, and I sometimes think you might read less than you do and take more exercise. And I think country quarters or sea bathing quarters are admirable means of making you attend to relaxation. But too frequent excursions, withdrawing you altogether from the inspection of the office in person, are like to be very prejudicial, and it ought not to be from want of a friendly word on my side that you (fall) into the old heresy you formerly entertained, that you could manage the business better at Carfrae¹ than at home, which always reminded me of the wench in the *Clandestine Marriage* who always shut her eyes when she went to watch. Even twenty-eight days of total absence is 12 per cent., or nearly so, on the whole time employed, and I had rather you took three times the actual relaxation under circumstances when the men were not entirely relieved from the possibility of your occasional pressure. The labourer is worthy of his hire but the hire is also not unworthy of the labourer.

Nor was frequent abstention from business Ballantyne's only fault. When he did attend at the printing house he conceived it his duty to engage in the work of a press-reader instead of supervising the concern as a whole. His most congenial task was to sit in judgment on Scott's manuscripts, of which he was invariably a candid and generally a shrewd critic. Scott himself acknowledges the helpfulness of his partner's criticisms, though he frequently, sometimes profoundly, differed. For example, Ballantyne was dissatisfied with the handling of the character of George Robertson in *The Heart of Midlothian*, and in the following letter, written during the composition of the romance, Scott defends his treatment of Wilson's accomplice:—

I would be sorry the difference you complain of did not exist. You are to consider R. writes his letter in the strong hope of escaping himself, in the resolution of at least dying game. In short, like a blackguard as he is. The circumstances of his friend's death, his own escape, and the affair of Porteous stir up these latent energies which give him a very different and more striking character. If he had been a man of a regularly dignified cast of mind he could not have been in the scrape. He is a Poins by nature and habit, by strong circumstance a Moor or a Bertram.

In a postscript Scott says: "The whole story must be mournful. There is no way of changing the tune that I can

(1) Ballantyne's country house.

discover, for it is a mournful story. In fact, it will thrive the better, for novelty is half the battle."

Ballantyne's stupid emendations retarded the composition of *Ivanhoe*, and Scott was driven to protest. Writing from Abbotsford on August 25th, 1819, the author thus reproves the printer: "Your correctors might save much trouble by observing how proper names, etc., are corrected on the return proofs; it is very hard to send me the same blunders again and again. Always Brian-de-Bois Guilbert for Brian de Bois-Guilbert. Athelston for Athelstane, etc., I have corrected about twenty or thirty times."

Apparently Ballantyne's literary faculty was not always to be trusted, but, in Scott's opinion, his political judgment was sometimes outrageous. In August, 1819, occurred the incident known as the "Peterloo massacre," when a crowd assembled on St. Peter's Field, Manchester, to agitate for Parliamentary reform was charged by Yeomanry, which killed a dozen persons and seriously injured hundreds. In the *Weekly Journal* Ballantyne denounced the magistrates for sanctioning an attack by the military. As an ultra-Tory Scott was indignant, and, in a letter to Ballantyne dated September 12th, he threatened to sever his connection with the journal, in which he had a pecuniary interest:—

I cannot continue a partner where such mistaken views are inculcated at a crisis of peculiar danger, and, in relation to any profit which might accrue from the paper conducted on such principles, it would be absolute contradiction to every sentiment and action of my whole life to participate in it. Your opinion, I doubt not, was founded on the strongest diametrically the contrary) in supposing that the Manchester magistrates, placed in a dreadful situation of danger, acted prematurely, were you called upon as a friend of good order to pronounce against them so loudly, and to give these banditti the encouragement which they will derive from the countenance of any one decent and well-disposed editor? Especially, were you called on to do this before you were master of the facts or before any evidence had been adduced? It never can be right of an editor to argue *against* his own conviction, but it may be often highly advisable that he should suppress an opinion formed even on good grounds, because the publishing of it may lead to evil consequences. It is an obvious thing that 50,000 men are not a deliberate body—they cannot be assembled for any proper or useful purpose, and they are in the case in hand avowedly assembled for the overthrow of the Constitution. It is the plan (I speak from certain information) to hold these meetings in different places on the same day so as to divide the military force and

render it impossible to assemble everywhere in a sufficient force, and then in some one point or other thus to acquire an irresistible and predominating power of numbers. And are you really soft enough to think they will not act as soon as they obtain such a superiority? Be assured that it is their purpose, almost their avowed purpose, to carry their point by force. What therefore follows?—either that magistrates must exercise the discretionary and responsible powers lodged in them for dispersing these assemblies before they are habituated to facing soldiery, or that we shall have an Irish rebellion with all its horrors.

After contending that "a little intimidation at the first saves an ocean of blood in the long run," Scott concludes:—

I do not think my ideas are those of a party man—in fact, I care very little about parties, and have other things to think of. But this seems to involve the great question of whether we shall have peace in our time or a bloody and remorseless struggle between property and the populace. And I cannot in any way lucidly or avowedly countenance opinions which seem to me to lead to the latter catastrophe. As a magistrate I should have acted, and will, in the same circumstances, act upon the peril of life and fortune and fame precisely like those of Manchester.

It is quite evident that Scott was intensely annoyed at the line taken by the *Weekly Journal* regarding the Peterloo affair. But he did not resign his partnership as he had threatened to do; at the earnest solicitation of Ballantyne he agreed to remain. As much may be learned from a letter in which Scott further expounds journalistic ethics:—

A moderate paper will always be more useful than a violent one, but, on the other hand, there are times when one ought to withhold opinions unfavourable to the conduct of magistrates placed in a highly responsible situation and acting to the best of their judgment in a moment of personal risque (*sic*), universal apprehension and irritation of every kind. . . . Nobody, thinking as you think, can doubt that on the one hand the intentions of the magistrates were good and the ultimate designs of the mob and their leaders as bad as possible, and it ought to be a very strong case that should authorise a hasty condemnation of the one or ready sympathy with the other.

In July, 1821, Scott was in London, and was an eyewitness of some of the incidents connected with the trial and discomfiture of Queen Caroline, the consort of George IV. In spite of the fact that popular feeling was strongly in favour of the Queen, Scott's sympathies were entirely with the King. Indeed, he seems to have worked himself into a high state of excitement, and to have been wholly blind to the actual facts of the situation. Anyhow, it is

but a jaundiced view that is conveyed by the following extract, which bears upon what occurred on July 19th, when the Queen was turned away from the door of Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the coronation of George IV. Scott writes:—

The great fatigue of Thursday was succeeded by a busy day yesterday: the Bedlam b - - - h of a Queen threatens to mar our length. You cannot imagine the contempt she is held in here. She retired amid groans and cries of Shame! Shame! Home! Home!, and the still more disgraceful acclamations of her own blackguards, who exclaimed: "That's it, Caroline! Go it, my girl!" I really believe she is mad.

From what has been already said, it is demonstrably clear that Scott took an eager, if not always an enlightened, interest in public happenings. None the less he reserved most of his acumen for his own literary and commercial enterprises. It is a great mistake to suppose, as Lockhart bids us do, that Scott was unmindful of his personal interests, that in his business concerns he adopted the policy of *laissez faire*. On the contrary, he kept in close touch with them, and showed an amount of astuteness which would have done credit to a man whose whole time was bestowed on commercial pursuits. Here is a portion of a letter to Ballantyne, written in July, 1819, which testifies that Scott was anything but a sleeping partner:—

Your letter contained no state of funds, neither what is expended nor what is in hand, so I have a very general and probably imperfect idea of the state of provision, since various things prevent the plan from precisely applying to the actual expenditure. I wish to have this as soon as possible, also state of bills, and so on. I do not see that it is at all necessary that you should be put about for your own living. This, and other mistakes, will be rectified if you will send me a state in figures as usual on Mondays. I have not had one since I came here. I would have you use your bills with caution and one by one, so as to place an interval between them. When you have occasion to communicate with bankers always do it in person if possible. It is easy to show them how much is paid off.

A proposal to introduce new and up-to-date machinery at the printing establishment afforded Scott an opportunity of declaring to Ballantyne his whole mind regarding this "weighty concern":—

I am, generally speaking, no friend to these improvements of mechanism which go to deprive the poor of their bread. It is plain they must be fed in one way or other, and their honest and industrious labour is the

best way for all parties. On the other hand, individuals cannot control the progress of improved mechanism in inventing new modes of abridged labour, and certainly are entitled to take the full benefit of them, since they would otherwise be bound to do it in the course of time. We may start first and make something till others follow our steps, and should we want to be the last we would be impelled to the same course when others had received the preliminary benefit. The final effect must be sooner or later a downfall in the price of printing, for your calculation gives too great and assured profit to be allowed to subsist very long in your hands without rivalry. The estimate seems to me low, and that is what makes it the more probable that you will not long possess the monopoly. . . . I think you may with safety embark in the concern, though, I own, I feel some regret at turning so many men adrift, and am somewhat afraid you may get your premises burned down if you do not use double precaution.

Curiously enough, Lockhart makes no mention of the fact that a scheme for an annotated edition of Shakespeare in twelve or fourteen volumes, with a memoir of the dramatist, engaged Scott's attention for several years. The proposal, which was made by Archibald Constable in 1822, was favourably entertained. In an undated letter, now before me, Scott writes: "In the event of Shakespeare going on I could have Lockhart's powerful assistance in the philological department . . . the undertaking would not interrupt other work." The edition, of which there were to be 1,500 copies, was begun in 1823, the remuneration being fixed at £2,500. Three volumes were printed by Ballantyne, but the commercial crash of 1826 stopped the work, and the sheets were sold for waste paper.

The frequent and sharp disagreements between Archibald Constable and his later partner, Robert Cadell, reached a climax towards the end of 1825. Each wished to separate from the other, a contingency which Scott did his best to avert. Several references to this matter occur in his correspondence with James Ballantyne. A visit of Constable to Abbotsford in 1825 resulted in a long letter, in which Scott presents an interesting word-portrait of the famous publisher.

I had an unexpected visit from Constable, which I have been rather pleased with than otherwise, because it enabled me to judge personally of the state of his mind, which is terribly exasperated against his partner. Now his complaints seemed quite vague except in one particular, which may require explanation and, I doubt not, can receive it. With respect to myself and all our concerns, he expresses anxious good wishes and

cordiality. . . . I pointed out to him the extreme hazard of hurting both us and (himself) by giving way to the extravagance of his present feelings, and put any decisive quarrel between him and his partner in a point of view which I have no doubt he felt to be a real one. So that I trust there will be no absolute break, though friendship and confidence seem to be gone. Yet it is obvious that, hating Cadell, he also fears him. I am very sorry for my old friend, who is, I think, unnecessarily embittering his life with causeless suspicions, for such I hope and trust they are.

In the same letter Scott informs Ballantyne of certain complaints made by Constable regarding the haphazard way in which the publisher's orders to the printing house were being executed. These Scott uses as a pretext for exhorting Ballantyne to closer attention to business. At this time the printer was residing with his father-in-law at Skermerston, in Berwickshire, for the benefit of his health, and Scott deprecates his partner being "totally out of the reach" of the affairs of the printing establishment. He writes:—

I remember your residing at your father-in-law's formerly was attended with great loss, and I own myself very anxious on the present occasion, especially as I do think the symptoms you feel would be rather relieved than aggravated by moderate application. If, however, this should be otherwise, we really must provide some more respectable superintendent than has hitherto been thought necessary, though I need not add that this would be a measure I would resort to with much pain and anxiety. I really think that country quarters at Portobello or Newhaven¹ would do all that Berwickshire can do for you. You have your medical people at hand, and if you were never to visit the office, still you are so near that your vicinity would keep some order.

Scott was also apprehensive of the consequences of a breach between Constable and his partner, Robert Cadell. He continues:—

If such a thing should happen, your being within reach would do much good. I cannot help thinking the experiment of total absence from business has been pretty fairly tried, and that your health as well as your most pressing interests require some moderate share of it. You may believe I write this with great pain, but I only recommend what I did myself, for I wrought like a lion in the midst of a most painful disease. . . . If you are where you have little to do but to brood over your health, you will assuredly make it worse rather than better. Pray lay all this exertion of mind keeps off illness more than resignation to feelings of despondency.

(1) Seaside suburbs of Edinburgh.

Not only is all that Scott says unanswerable, in fact, the plainest of common sense; but, as he indicates, he was asking Ballantyne to do no more than he had done himself in similar circumstances. The truth is, Ballantyne had become a hypochondriac. Scott saw this clearly, and his insistence on a "moderate application" to business as the best cure was the shrewdest of advice. In any case, it was palpably absurd to suppose that, in the pre-railway age, a large business in Edinburgh could be properly supervised by a person living more than fifty miles distant. While it would be extravagant to say that had Ballantyne been more attentive to business Scott would not have been involved in financial ruin, there can be no doubt that had he been efficiently supported in the commercial undertakings with which he deemed it advisable to be identified, his losses would have been substantially less.

This correspondence, so far as it has elucidated the relations of Scott and James Ballantyne, has proved that of the two men Scott exhibited the sounder business capacity. It is amazing to think that, while engaged in literary enterprises which might have provided work for half a dozen writers, Scott should have grappled (and with a fair measure of success) with intricate business problems which ought to have been the peculiar care of his partner, James Ballantyne. Scott carried two loads instead of one.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMEN IN RUSSIA

By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

I

THE first official record of the appearance of Englishmen in Russia dates from the arrival of Richard Chancellor and his suite in Moscow in the year 1553. It seems strange that no Englishman should have visited Russia before the middle of the sixteenth century, and it would be perhaps rash to assert positively that Chancellor was the first Englishman to set foot on Russian soil. For, although the Russia of those days was just emerging from the Dark Ages, the country was not entirely unknown to the rest of Europe. Travellers from Germany, from Scandinavia, and from Greece and Italy had already visited Moscow before 1500, and the princes of Muscovy, although discouraging as a rule all relations with Western Europe, had from time to time sent embassies to such capitals as Rome, Venice, Milan, and Copenhagen. Russian wares, too, especially furs, were well known in Western Europe, and in 1510, the first year of the reign of Henry VIII, the Earl of Stafford and the Earl of Sussex appeared at a masquerade at Westminster in Russian costume "in two long gounes of yelowe satin traversed with white satin and in every bend of whyte was a bend of cremson satin after the fashion of Russia or Russlande with furred hattes of greye on their hedes, either of them having an hatchet in their handes and bootes with pykes turned up." There is also Russian evidence to show that a Scotsman had visited Russia as early as 1495, and in Dr. Hamel's *Englishmen in Russia during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* one Master David, a herald in the service of the King of Denmark, is described as the first Scot to set foot in Moscow. While, therefore, it is possible that individual Englishmen either through Poland or Lithuania had crossed the Russian frontier, to Chancellor belongs the credit of being the first Englishman to discover the north-

east route to the White Sea and to establish direct relations between England and Russia. He was not only the English discoverer of Russia, but he was the pioneer of Anglo-Russian trade.

The circumstances which attended Chancellor's discovery form one of the greatest romances in our history as a seafaring people. It was the age of exploration and discovery, and the new learning, spread by the Renaissance, had fired the imagination of educated men in all civilised countries with the spirit of adventure. In the ensuing race for wealth and new possessions the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama soon left England outstripped by both Portugal and Spain. The Spanish argosies which returned to Europe laden with the riches of the New World offered serious competition to England's foreign trade. This dislocation of their markets caused considerable perturbation amongst the English merchants, "who perceived the wares of England to be in small request with the countries and people about us and near us and that those merchandises which strangers in the time and memory of our ancestors did earnestly seek and desire were now neglected and all foreign merchandises in great account." In the year 1553, therefore, "certain grave citizens of London, and men of great wisdom and careful for the good of their country, began to think with themselves how this mischief might be remedied." Very wisely they determined to emulate the example of the Portuguese and the Spaniards and to seek out new lands and new sources of wealth for themselves. In this manner "the Mysterie and Companie of Merchant Adventurers for the discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands and Places unknown" was formed under the leadership of John Gresham, the grandfather of the founder of the Royal Exchange. The first act of the new company was to organise an expedition to discover the north-eastern route to Cathay and "to open a way and passage to our men for travel to new and unknown kingdoms."

The possibility of a north-eastern passage to the Far East was not a fresh idea in men's minds. As far back as 1525 Sebastian Cabot had requested the Venetians to send him to discover this passage, while in 1527 one of the

last acts of Robert Thorne, the Bristol geographer, was to submit a letter with a map to Henry the Eighth exhorting him to take in hand an expedition to the Indies *via* Norway and what are now known as the Behring Straits. Sebastian Cabot, as the Governor and initiator of the *Mysterie and Companie of Merchant Adventurers*, was entrusted with the fitting out of the expedition. The son of a Venetian, he himself was born in Bristol. At the time of Chancellor's expedition he was already seventy-nine years of age, and was the most famous and the most learned of the early English explorers and map-makers. During 1552 and the winter of 1553 the most careful preparations for the expedition were made under the expert supervision of Cabot, and on May 11th, 1553, the three ships *Bona Esperanza*, *Bona Confidentia*, and *Edward Bonaventure* drew anchor at Deptford and set sail for their unknown destination. The whole expedition, which was under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, a knight who had won his spurs at the battle of Pinkie in the war against the Scots, consisted of only one hundred and sixteen souls. Willoughby himself was in the *Esperanza*, a vessel of 120 tons, Cornelius Durfoorth was in command of the *Bona Confidentia*, a small ship of only 90 tons, while Richard Chancellor, who was second in command and who owed his selection to the protection of the father of Sir Philip Sidney, sailed in the *Bonaventure*, whose 160 tons made her easily the largest vessel in the expedition. Strangely enough, neither Willoughby nor Chancellor had any great experience as sailors. Chancellor had already taken part in an expedition to the Levant, where he nearly fell into the hands of the Turks, but Willoughby's experiences of the sea were confined to single voyages to Scotland and France, and were rather those of a soldier than of a sailor.

The departure of the ships was witnessed by an enthusiastic multitude. As the ships passed Greenwich, where the Court then lay, "the courtiers came running out and the common people flocked together, standing very thick upon the shore. The Privy Council, they looked out at the windows of the Court, and the rest ran up to the tops of the towers." Only the young King Edward, who

had taken the greatest interest in the expedition, was unable to be present on account of his serious illness. The daring nature of the venture seems to have stirred the imagination of the English people. Never before had an English ship rounded the northern coast of Norway, and, although it had been known for many years to Russian sailors as Cape Murmansk, the North Cape was first discovered and given its present name by Chancellor. Unfortunately, the ships encountered very bad weather almost from the beginning, and in a violent storm off the Norwegian coast on July 30th Chancellor was separated from the two ships of Willoughby. The two leaders had agreed to meet at Cape Vardohus in the event of separation, and, after the storm had abated somewhat, Chancellor made his way thither safely and lost a week in waiting for Willoughby. In the meantime the latter, who had steered a more northerly course, first sighted land, probably the south coast of Nova Zemlya, on August 23rd, 1553, more than three months after leaving Deptford. On the same day he landed on the coast of Lapland to the west of the Island of Nokueff, intending to follow the coast in a south-easterly direction. If he had continued his route in this direction he could hardly have failed to reach the mouth of the Dvina and the site of what was to be later the city of Archangel. To his misfortune, however, he ran into bad weather off the treacherous Sviatoi Nos, or Holy Cape, and, being unable to make the entrance into the White Sea, was forced to turn back and take shelter in Nokueff Bay, a lonely spot on that Murmansk coast which was later to prove so inhospitable to our expeditionary force in 1917. He arrived here on September 18th, intending to remain until the contrary winds had changed. That year, however, the cruel Arctic winter settled in early. The night of September 24th brought a change of the moon, and with it a sudden snap of severe frost. Unable to use his ships, Willoughby, after sending three search parties on a fruitless quest for local inhabitants, had no other recourse than to winter where he was. In those days no one in England had any idea of the severity of the Russian winter.

Unaccustomed to such cold and with no proper equip-

ment to shield them from its onslaught, the unfortunate crew of sixty-five were in a desperate plight, and, as the coast was treeless and exposed, their doom was sealed. Many of them died during the period of eternal night from November 25th to Christmas Day, but Willoughby himself, according to the entries in his diary, was alive until the end of January, 1554. He therefore had the consolation of seeing the sun again before his death. It must have shone upon a grim sight: the two ice-bound ships, the frozen bodies of the unburied dead, and the hopeless scurvy-stricken faces of the scarcely living. As the one clergyman of the expedition was on board the *Bonaventure*, Willoughby and his companions had not even the comfort of religion to prepare them for their inevitable end, and they were therefore the most unfortunate, as they were the first, of the many British victims whom the Arctic has claimed for its own. It is pleasant to be able to record that the Tsar, when he learnt of the disaster which had overtaken Willoughby, gave orders to his Dvina Viceroy to give burial to the Englishmen and to bring back their effects under seal to Nenoksa, where they were subsequently handed over to the English agent.

In the meantime Chancellor with his sturdy *Bonaventure* had met with better fortune, and, after passing safely into the White Sea, he landed at Nenoksa at the mouth of the Dvina on August 24th, 1553. With him was a crew of forty-nine souls, of whom Stephen Buckland and John Buckland were later to make the journey to Russia several times. At Nenoksa there was a monastery, dedicated to St. Nicholas, the worker of miracles, and it was from the hands of its friendly but startled monks that the bread and salt—the Russian symbol of welcome and hospitality—was first offered to an Englishman on Russian soil.

Although he was still ignorant of the fate of Willoughby, Chancellor had now to assume the character of an ambassador. He seemed to have made a very favourable impression on the local population, who soon spread the report "of the arrival of a strange nation of a singular gentleness and courtesy." He was unable, however, to do any trade, as the Russians were not allowed "to buy any foreign commodities without the knowledge and con-

sent of the king." After choosing suitable winter quarters for his ship in the Unskaia Bay, where Peter the Great was nearly wrecked one hundred and forty years later, Chancellor, with several of his companions, made his way down the Dvina to Kholmogory. Although the local Prefect reported the arrival of the English to the Tsar Ivan the Terrible, Chancellor preferred not to wait for any invitation or permission from the Emperor, and, setting out on sledges for Moscow, arrived at the Russian capital on December 8th, 1553, seven months all but three days since the departure of the expedition from Deptford.

II

Chancellor's arrival in Moscow coincided with one of the most important periods in Russian history. A great Empire was just beginning to emerge out of the small principality of Muscovy, and for the first time the ruling Moscow Prince had assumed the title of Tsar. This monarch, the famous Ivan the Terrible, who was then at the height of his glory, had only recently returned from Kazan, where he had won a victory which was to free Russia for ever from the Tartar yoke. Although Astrakhan had not yet fallen, the whole of the Volga, from its source to the gates of the Caspian, had been thrown open to Russian trade, while the half-savage tribes of Siberia had already begun to pay an annual tribute of sables and ermine as a sign of their fealty to the fierce despot of the Kremlin.

Twelve days after the English leader's arrival in Moscow, Viskovaty, the Tsar's Foreign Minister, who was later executed for treachery by his suspicious master, informed Chancellor that Ivan the Terrible would see him the same evening. Chancellor, who was anxious to begin the negotiations for a trading charter, which was the main object of his mission, and who had begun to chafe at the long delays, was delighted. He took with him to the audience two English merchants of his suite called Bortor and Edwards, while the Tsar was attended by his favourite Adasheff. Chancellor delivered to the Tsar the open letter which had been given to all three ships of the expedition by King Edward VI, and explained the nature

of his mission, which was destined solely to promote trade between the two countries.

Strangely enough, Ivan the Terrible turned a favourable ear to the Englishman's proposals, and after the audience Chancellor and his companions had the honour of dining with the Tsar. At this banquet Chancellor's cause was further advanced by the Persian Ambassador, who, "apparalled all in scarlet, spoke much to the Duke in behalf of our men, of whose kingdom and trade he was not ignorant."

So interested was the Tsar in the strangers that he at once set to work with his advisers to draw up a formal trade agreement, and on February 6th, 1554, he handed to Chancellor a reply to King Edward's letter, in which he agreed to grant English merchants free access to Russia, and to extend to them the great boon of free trade. The original of this famous letter, the first document ever received in England from Russia, has been lost, but there are several English translations, including one in Hakluyt. With this last translation Hakluyt has obviously taken liberties, as the Tsar is entitled King of Astrakhan, whereas Astrakhan was not conquered until two years later. However, all the translations agree that the English merchants might, "with all kinde of wares and where they will, make ther market in our dominions and ther to have their free market with all free liberties throughe my whole dominions with all kinde of wares, and of all kinds of wares to come and goe at ther pleasure without any of ther lett, damage or impediment. Written in our dominion in our Towne and our Pallace in the castell of Moscovie in the yere seven thousande and sixtie the second month, februarye."

Chancellor had now fulfilled his mission, and, armed with his precious document, he left Moscow at the beginning of March. After waiting a few weeks for favourable weather at the mouth of the Dvina, he set sail for England. On the way he fell into the hands of the Dutch, who robbed his ship. The English leader, however, succeeded in saving the Tsar's letter to Edward VI, which, as the King had previously died, he presented to Queen Mary.

Chancellor's account of his favourable reception by the Russian Tsar was received in England with extraordinary enthusiasm. The intrepid mariner was hailed on all sides as a national hero, whose exploit ranked in importance with the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama. Even in 1598 Hakluyt could still write: "Wil it not in all posteritie be as great a renowne unto our English nation to have been the first discoverers of a Sea beyond the North Cape (never certainly knowen before) and of a convenient passage into the huge Empire of Russia by the Bay of St. Nicholas and the river of Dvina; as for the Portingales to have found a sea beyond the Cape of Buona Esperanza and so consequently a passage by Sea into the East Indies; or for the Italians and Spaniards to have discovered unknown lands so many hundred leagues westward and southwestward of the streets of Gibraltar?" Chancellor's own views of his discovery are set forth at length in Hakluyt, both in his own words and in the words of Clement Adams, the Master of the Royal Pages, who wrote an account of the voyage in Latin from Chancellor's narrative. That Chancellor, who was a practical and eminently straightforward man, was genuinely impressed with the importance of his discovery there is conclusive evidence. He had accompanied Henry VIII to France to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, but this magnificence had paled before the Oriental splendour of the Kremlin and the size of Moscow, which, according to his estimate, was then a city "greater than London with the suburbs." "The Duke's pavilion is covered either with cloth of gold or silver, and so set with stones that it is wonderful to see it. I have seen the Kings Majesties of England and the French Kings' pavilions, which are fayre, yet not like unto his."

He had little difficulty in communicating his enthusiasm to the London merchants, and the first practical result of Chancellor's voyage was the formation of the famous Russia Company, which exists even to this day. This company was founded on February 26th, 1555, and was granted a special charter by Philip and Mary. Sebastian Cabot was made President for life, and, as Chancellor had already besought the Tsar for special protection for the

English, the company was granted the sole privilege of trading with Russia. In addition to Cabot many other famous Englishmen, including Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord Admiral of the Fleet, Henry Sidney, William Cecil, and, of the Russian experts, Chancellor himself, John Buckland, Stephen Burrough, Arthur Edwards and George Borton were original members of the company.

In April, 1555, Chancellor again set out for Russia, this time as the servant of the new company. He sailed once more in the *Edward Bonaventure*, and took with him a particularly gracious letter to the Tsar from Philip and Mary, which was written in Polish, Greek and Italian, and in which the English monarchs thanked him for his reception of Chancellor and his suite, and begged him to extend further his gracious protection to the English trade. On this occasion Chancellor took with him one of his sons, and also two English merchants, George Killingworth and Richard Grey, who had been appointed by the company as the first British commercial agents to Russia. Killingworth was a cloth merchant, cloth being then, as later, one of the chief British exports to Russia, and was in charge of British commercial interests at Moscow, while Grey was stationed at Kholmogory. In 1557 Grey constructed there the first of the many English cloth factories in Russia, special foremen being sent out for the purpose from England. Besides Killingworth and Grey there were a number of young Englishmen on board who were being sent out by the company to study the language and trading customs of the country. Some of these young men were destined later to play a leading part in Anglo-Russian affairs, and several of them, notably Lane and Best, who was afterwards interpreter to the first English ambassadors, have left valuable records of their adventures.

Chancellor arrived at the mouth of the Dvina on June 23rd, and, after transporting his cargo to Kholmogory, he set out with Killingworth, Lane, Best and Edwards for Moscow, where he arrived on October 4th. Once again he was received with every favour by the Tsar, although the presents from Queen Mary did not arrive in time, and when they did the barrels of hollands were smashed *en*

route! Chancellor and his suite were again invited to dinner. On this occasion they sat opposite the Tsar, who called each man by his Christian name. He was specially interested in Killingworth's long, smooth, flaxen beard, which was two feet two inches long, and showed it to the Metropolitan Makary, who pronounced it "a gift from God." The Tsar showed his favour in a more concrete form by requesting Chancellor and Killingworth to prepare a plan for the consolidation of Anglo-Russian trade, and to think out measures, together with his favourite Adasheff and his Foreign Minister Viskovaty, how best to attain this object. As a result of these conferences the original privileges granted by the Tsar to Chancellor were confirmed and extended to the new company, and English trading centres were established at Kholmogory, Vologda and Moscow.

III.

Although full credit must be given to Chancellor personally for the good impression which he made on the Tsar, there is no doubt that the early English traders were greatly favoured by Ivan the Terrible's curious predilection for Englishmen and all things English. Certainly, in all the long history of Anglo-Russian relations there was no Russian Emperor who showed more favour to England than the fierce autocrat, half-madman, half-genius, who fondled Killingworth's beard and beat to death his own son. In spite, however, of the inconsistencies of Ivan's character, his treatment of his seven wives and his cruelties to his own subjects, he never withdrew his protection from the Russian Company. There were moments when his patience was sorely tried by the rapacity of the English merchants. There were times too, when he vented his displeasure on the head of some unfortunate Ambassador. On one occasion he ordered Sir Jerome Bowes to return home, and informed him that "were he not an ambassador he would throw him out of the doors." These, however, were merely moods of a moment. Even in Bowes's case Hakluyt tells us that no

sooner was the Ambassador out of the room, "and the Emperor's choler somewhat settled," than he began to praise him to his council and to wish that he himself had such a servant. He was a great admirer of Queen Elizabeth, to whom he offered his hand in marriage. It is frequently stated that the Tsar's attachment to England was due to his anxiety to secure for himself a safe residence in the event of his being deposed, but the traditional picture of Ivan the Terrible does not do justice to the genius and far-sightedness of his statesmanship.

He was the real founder of the Russian Empire, and by his efforts to curb the power of the boyars and to bring Russia into touch with the outside world, he was the initiator of the policy for which a century later Peter the Great was to reap the full credit. He spared no efforts to establish Anglo-Russian trade on a solid and permanent basis, and allowed the English merchants to penetrate into the farthest corners of his Empire with a freedom which was never granted again by his successors. Doubtless the early English ambassadors went out of their way to flatter and cajole the somewhat capricious monarch, and to provide him with gifts to please his varying and extravagant fancies. Sometimes these gifts assumed strange forms—on one occasion Queen Mary sent him a pair of live bears!—but on the whole his tastes were both sound and practical, and complaints against the company were generally silenced by a judicious present of English armourers and architects to help him build new guns and palaces. Nor should it be forgotten that without Ivan's never-failing protection the venture so successfully launched by Chancellor would probably have been wrecked on the rocks of Russian jealousy. Even on their own showing the early English merchants made enormous profits—profits, too, which roused the wrath of the Russian boyars, and brought many complaints to the Tsar himself. On one occasion Hudson, the British agent at Moscow, reported to the Company that he had sold goods valued at £6,608 for £13,644! Indeed, Michael Kovalenski, the Russian historian, states that "the Russian merchants had no proper knowledge of the price

of foreign goods, and the English were able to charge two and three times the normal value. There were many people in Moscow who saw in this a great damage to Russian interests. They were displeased at the privileges given to the English by Tsar Ivan, and called him "the English Tsar."

Chancellor himself did not live to see the full development of the valuable trade which his discovery was to bring to his countrymen. He had remained in Moscow throughout the winter of 1555-1556, his ship, the *Bonaventure*, having returned to England in the summer of 1555 under the command of John Buckland. In 1556, however, the Tsar determined to send an Embassy to England. His choice for the first Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James fell on Osip Nepea, a Vologda nobleman, who left Moscow together with Chancellor on the 25th March. On this occasion they were met at the mouth of the Dvina by a large fleet of four ships which, in addition to the *Bonaventure* and the *Philip and Mary*, included Willoughby's two ships, the ill-fated *Bona Esperanza* and *Bona Confidentia*, which had been refitted with new crews brought out from England. The ships sailed for England on the 2nd of August. The Russian Ambassador's suite consisted of sixteen Russians, including two Russian merchants with Russian goods to the value of £26,000. The first voyage of the Russians to England was as disastrous as Willoughby's fatal journey to Russia in 1553. In the North Sea the *Esperanza*, the *Confidentia* and the *Philip and Mary* were driven by a storm on to the Norwegian coast. The *Confidentia* ran on the rocks near Trondhjem, and went down with all hands. Willoughby's former flag-ship, the *Esperanza*, with the two Russian merchants on board, suffered a collision in coming out of the Trondhjem fiord and sank with all her crew. The *Philip and Mary* was more fortunate. The crew were able to land at Trondhjem, where they spent the winter. They did not reach London, where their arrival created a sensation, till the spring of 1557. The *Edward Bonaventure*, after being buffeted for days by cruel winds, was driven on to the Aberdeen-

shire coast, and on the night of the 10th November, 1556, dropped anchor off Pitsligo. The unfortunate ship's troubles, however, were not yet ended. In the night the anchor cables snapped, and the vessel was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Amongst the numerous victims of this catastrophe were Chancellor himself, and his son, and seven Russians of the Ambassador Nepea's suite. By some miracle the Ambassador himself was saved. Buckland, the Captain of the ship, and Best, Nepea's interpreter, also succeeded in saving their lives. Almost the whole cargo, including the Tsar's presents to Mary and Philip (a hunting falcon with mounted fittings, live sables, and valuable furs), was lost or stolen by the Scots after the shipwreck. A still more serious loss was the record of their Russian impressions which Chancellor and his companions had compiled during their stay in Moscow. In this manner perished all the three ships which had made the first voyage to Russia in the summer of 1553. The *Bona Esperanza* and the *Bona Confidentia* had lost two full complements of crews; the first on the icy plains of the Murmansk coast, and the second in the depths of the cruel North Sea. All three ships had suffered undoubtedly from insufficient protection against the ice. Previous to this second disastrous voyage they had been coated with lead at Cabot's suggestion. Although this practice had been adopted some years before by the Spanish mariners, it is interesting to note that these were the first English ships to be protected in this manner.

Many Englishmen were to win fame and fortune in Russia in the years to come. Of these the most important is Anthony Jenkinson, who was the first Englishman to penetrate into Central Asia, and whose exploits deserve a monograph to themselves. None, however, can ever fill the same place in the history of Anglo-Russian relations as the intrepid sailor and able diplomatist whose daring and sound common sense laid the first foundations of a trade from which the future generations of his countrymen were to reap the greatest benefits.

Of Chancellor's personality, history, unfortunately, has left only the scantiest records. All that is known of him, however, goes to show that he was a man of outstanding

character and unimpeachable honesty. In the speech in which he recommended Chancellor to the "Company of Merchant Adventurers," Sir Henry Sidney described him as a man whom he knew well from daily intercourse, and who was in the highest degree suited for this enterprise (*Quotidiano convictu hominis ingenium penitus habeo perspectum et exploratum*). Another friend, Dr. John Dee, whose own son became later the Court doctor of Michael Feodorovitch, the first Romanoff Tsar, described Chancellor as "the worthy of aeternall good fame and gratefull memory my dearly beloved Richard Chancellor." Russian evidence, too, shows that the Englishman was a man of great piety and singular virtue, who checked all irregularities of his own countrymen with a firm hand. Of his intellectual attainments little definite is known. Obviously he had not the education or the many-sided knowledge of a man like Jenkinson. He was, however, skilled in mechanics, and constructed a quadrant of his own invention. At the time of his voyage to Russia he was a widower with two sons, one of whom went down with him in the *Edward Bonaventure*. The second son, Nicholas, who was left an orphan, was educated by the Russia Company, and became later one of its most trusted servants, visiting frequently the scene of his father's famous exploits. Chancellor is one of the great names in English history, and deserves more attention than he has yet received. He belonged, too, to the best type of English traveller, and the fact that he was able to gain and to retain the confidence of so suspicious an individual as Ivan the Terrible, a monarch who not always without reason confounded cleverness with treachery, is a better testimony to the uprightness of his character than any written record.

His success in Moscow, indeed, was achieved, not by diplomatic fencing or by the elaboration of intricate commercial treaties, but by his splendid example of absolute honesty and rugged straightforwardness, which, emulated by his successors in the years to come, was to make the word of an Englishman among every class of the Russian population as good as a written bond.

THE CHINESE DISORDER: A PROBLEM OF FINANCE

By W. E. LEVESON

ALTHOUGH the abdication of the Emperor Hsüan T'ung actually took place on February 12th, 1912, the foundation of the Chinese Republic is dated, both officially and colloquially, 1911. Thus the fourth year of Hsüan T'ung, which by the Chinese lunar calendar would have ended on February 17th, 1912, became the first year of the Republic, and the present year of Our Lord 1928 is designated, using the Western calendar, the seventeenth year of Chung-hua Min-kuo. New China does well to commemorate 1911, not only for this but for another reason; it marks her great break with the past; it also stands for the death of her faithful servant, Robert Hart.

The Inspector-General's appointment was made in 1861, and during his half century of unfettered control of the Chinese Maritime Customs Service he created a revenue, a preventive service, a system of harbour regulation and coastal lighting, and a postal organisation, all of which would bear comparison with similar services in any part of the world. This feat, pursued with relentless austerity through good and evil report, in an alien country where the maxims and morals, the policies and ideas, differed so widely from those of his own, justifies the claim made on Hart's behalf that in ability and power of organisation he may be compared, in one aspect or another, with John Lawrence or Alexander Hamilton. These various services and organisations, which owe their origin to Hart's patient strength of purpose, suffered no derangement at his death; they survive to-day, in spite of the troubled political waters on which the Republican ship of state floats, with increased efficiency of working, and, where so much of what else was good under the Imperial *régime* has fallen into decay, they continue to enjoy unabated public confidence.

The history of the birth and development of the Chinese Customs Service has been well and amply told in Morse's

Trade and Administration of China. It is a story, as he points out, of ever-widening scope, of expansion from an original mere surveillance of the payment and collection of foreign Customs dues to the eventual four major departments—Revenue, Marine, Educational and Postal, and including numerous miscellaneous functions, official and unofficial, to a point where a Commissioner finds himself of necessity an actual "Jack-of-all-trades." As time went on, so great was the reliance placed by the Government on the one hand and the foreign merchants on the other in the Inspector-General and his Commissioners that the history of the Customs becomes virtually a history of the foreign relations of China for a period of forty years.

It must be understood that during these years, and, indeed, up to the Revolution, the Inspector-General had no direct control of the revenue after collection. It was the business of the Commissioners in the Treaty Ports to ensure payment of the correct amounts of duty under the tariff, and to accept bankers' receipts for them. Their Chinese colleagues, with the title of Superintendent or Taotai, were responsible to the Government for the funds and for their remittance or disposal under the directions of the Central Government in Peking. The system may not have been perfect, but it worked well. The Chinese Government had the benefit of Western probity in the collection of their revenue while remaining in form and in substance masters in their own house.

The first apparent change in this respect took place after the Japanese War of 1894, when three foreign loans were raised for payment of the £40,000,000 war indemnity, and the Customs revenue was made security for the payment of interest and repayment of principal. The loan agreements are clear in stating that the debt is guaranteed by the duty levied by the Maritime Customs of China, and, in face of the common understanding that the Customs were under foreign supervision, it cannot be doubted that the lenders, stockbrokers, dealers and others concerned, looked definitely to Sir Robert Hart for their interest. Nevertheless, it does not appear that the Inspector-General assumed any such actual authority. The Customs

revenue remained as much under the control of the Imperial Government as that derived from land tax or salt. Provincial quotas of all these receipts were remitted to Peking to defray the costs of the administration, or to Shanghai for payment of the service of the foreign loans, by arrangement with, or under orders from, the Board of Revenue. There is no evidence that separate accounts were kept to ensure that obligations charged under agreement on the Customs revenue were met solely from that revenue; the indications are rather to the contrary. In actual fact, without foreign interference the loan service money was always available at due date. The loans achieved something approaching "gilt-edged" status, and the trite saying was banded about in Lombard Street that "a Chinaman's word is as good as his bond."

These honourable relations were strained at the Revolution, and entirely broken when the South declared its independence. In the administrative turmoil which shook the country from end to end in 1911 it was clearly necessary for someone to assume responsibility for the service of the foreign loans, and, for better or for worse, Sir Francis Aglen, the new Inspector-General of Customs, seized the helm. It would serve no purpose to recount the steps which led to this solution of the problem, the formation of the International Commission of Bankers, the agreement between the Waiwupu and the Diplomatic Body, and the subsequent modifications. The fact remains that from then till now the Inspector-General has exercised complete control over the disposal of the Customs revenue. There is no doubt that the arrangement gave entire satisfaction at the time it was made. In the interests of the bondholders it was almost a necessity; in the interests of Yuan Shi-kai's new Government it made the flotation of the Reorganisation Loan possible; but we have now reached a point in perspective from which the change appears less commendable. The protection of the bondholders might have been attained provisionally, or, as used to be said in 1917, "for the duration." The Reorganisation Loan, that squandering of two hundred millions of taels with no national benefit, from this same point of perspective,

appears almost the blackest blot in the record of modern Chinese administration. Be this as it may, in a review of the events of the past seventeen years, and considering each step in the light only of the position of affairs when it was taken, who shall say that Hart would have done better, or even done otherwise?

It is to the credit of Sir Francis Aglen that during the whole period of his custodianship every obligation for which the revenue is liable has been met. From the surplus remaining grants have been made for a variety of public purposes—conservancy, plague prevention, famine relief, and so following, to none of which has any exception been taken. And when, upon the earnest representations of Sun Yat-sen, a definite proportion of this surplus was allocated to Canton, the Powers recognised that a wise and statesmanlike step was being taken. That the arrangement ceased was the fault not of the Inspector-General nor of the Diplomatic Body, but of Canton itself, for in the provincial party strife of 1920 there was no single Government authority in Canton to whom the remittance could justly be sent. The Canton appropriation accumulated in Shanghai for a time, then ceased, and has not since been renewed.

A third purpose to which the Customs surplus has been devoted, the payment of the service of the domestic silver loans, is of another character and is perhaps more open to criticism. It has constituted the Customs revenue as the revenue of the Government of the North alone, and brought to an end any hope of any surplus whatever, for the whole available balance has proved insufficient to prevent some of these loans from falling into arrear. The loans were for the most part raised in Peking, for Peking's warlike purposes, and the hypothecation of Customs funds as their security has deeply antagonised the South, and fatally embittered the relations between the Peking Government and the provinces which claim autonomy.

We have it from Sir Francis Aglen's own pen that the conflict between the provincial exchequers and the national Treasury is at the root of Chinese disorder. He saw this conflict develop under Yuan's centralising policy, spread-

ing from the Customs revenue to include that from salt, wine and tobacco, and stamp duty. In the case of the revenue from salt, in particular, the conflict has assumed the proportions of actual warfare. For the provinces, deprived in 1914 of this mainstay of their budget, have, one after another, taken the law into their own hands, seizing the revenue at its source and defying alike the remonstrances of the Central Salt Organisation and the protests of the Diplomatic Body.

In 1924 Sir Francis Aglen offered a wrinkle to the Special Tariff Conference then about to assemble. The "terms of reference" of the British representatives at the conference indicated that they were to address themselves to the question of the abolition of *likin*, that hated impost on goods in transit in the interior, and Sir Francis Aglen proposed means by which this highly desirable result could be attained. He advocated the development of the system of Transit Passes, making goods for which they were issued *likin*-free, and the definite allocation to the provincial exchequers of the entire transit dues collection. His aim was to make some partial restitution to the provinces for the revenues which they had lost, and to render it to the interest of the provincial authorities to abolish *likin* barriers. "The word will go forth," he wrote, "to expedite the passage of transit-pass goods, and the bottom will fall out of the *likin* bucket."

Herein lay the seed of better things, but it fell on stony ground, and now, four years afterwards, more is required. Provincial autonomy is in the air and the cost of provincial government is advancing with provincial development. The centralising policy, persistently pursued since 1911, the year commemorating the foundation of the Republic and the death of Sir Robert Hart, must be reversed, and those responsible for the government of provinces, in many cases larger than European countries, must have funds wherewith to govern.

Sir Frederick Whyte's *Historical Review of the Relations between China and the Foreign Powers*, together with his other writings and addresses, pregnant as they are with insight and courage, have had one salient theme—

namely, that China's recent recoil from Bolshevist blandishments and Communistic tenets has left the field open for wiser counsels, and his inference is that this country should assume the lead in offering to China the benefit of her ripe economic and political experience. On him, therefore, and upon others who think with him, it cannot too strongly be urged that peace and order in China can only be based on a programme of internal financial readjustment, and that no programme has any prospect of success which does not hold in view (a) the fair distribution of revenue from all sources, after foreign obligations have been met, between Peking and the Provinces, and (b) the resumption hereafter by the Government or Governments of China of full control of their own exchequer.

EDGAR ALLAN POE¹

By J. A. T. LLOYD

Writing in 1884, one of Poe's biographers, R. H. Stoddard, observes with a certain finality of complacency: "Nearly thirty-five years have elapsed since the death of Edgar Allan Poe, and his life may now be said to be written. If he was misunderstood while alive (of which there is no evidence), he is not misunderstood to-day, for what with Dr. Rufus W. Griswold on the one hand, and Mr. John H. Ingram on the other, a consensus of conclusions has been reached which is not likely to be disturbed." And, rather in the manner of a schoolmaster examining the products of the fourth form, the same writer approaches the *Lenores*, *Annabel Lees*, *Ulalumes* of the stricken poet. So many marks to the "jingling melodies" of one, so many to the dark strangled gloom of another; so many marks to the recaptured Greek spirit of *To Helen*, so many to *Israfel* and *The Sleeper*. The same system, in its tenacity of self-assurance, can be only too easily applied to the prose; it can, unfortunately, go even further and can be adapted to the good conduct marks that may, or may not, be assigned to this unfortunate man of genius.

It is from this standpoint that Miss Phillips' spirited and infinitely sympathetic appreciation of the poet is particularly valuable. If the theory of good conduct marks is to be applied to men of genius, at all events let the application be intelligent and not from the standpoint of the fourth form mentality, or even from the lonely altitudes of the sixth form mind. One may say at once that, among the innumerable lessons of this book, perhaps the most significant is that translators, in the world of letters, are by no means the only traitors. Biographers have their full share of this gloomy responsibility, and Poe would seem, in some instances, to have been strangely victimised.

For one biographer at least, Dr. Griswold, has not only handed on to posterity an unfair tradition, but has been

(1) *Edgar Allan Poe—the Man*. By Mary E. Phillips. (Philadelphia. Winston. 2 vols. \$10.)

himself associated with the very machinery that was responsible for the misery which clouded the whole life of the poet. Now human machinery, as Balzac was never tired of indicating, is just as ruthless as any other. It may be said to have closed in on Edgar Allan Poe from the days of his early manhood when he found himself suddenly cast off by his foster father, John Allan, at whose death in 1834 he received literally nothing. It was necessary for him from instinct to write; it was also necessary for him to write for bread. Volumes have been printed about his manner of writing and his manner of life. The two are tragically interconnected, and in two sentences of his own he has most surely indicated the triumph of the one and the failure of the other: "With me poetry has not been a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensation, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind." Such was the instinctive ideal of Poe, and in this same preface to the *Poems* he has annotated, in another sentence, the effect of mechanism on genius: "Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice."

These two large volumes, stamped on every page by the impress of sympathy and comprehension, show in minute detail Edgar Allan Poe labouring in fields of others' choosing. And the tragic confusion of destiny is still further emphasised by the fact of the American poet's precocious maturity. As a very young man he could write like this:—

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

That seems unanswerable. On the surface it would appear that mediocrity, however organised, however consolidated, would find it hard to batter down those strong young wings. And, indeed, Miss Phillips' long and faithful record proves that mediocrity would have been powerless against the poet only for a certain weakness in himself.

But her book refutes the old charge that he gambled away large sums at the expense of his foster father; the book refutes the old charge that he was an habitual drunkard; the book refutes the more or less popular delusion that he was an opium-taker. Step by step Miss Phillips takes us over the stages of that brief, persecuted life, showing again and again how a little intelligent comprehension on the part of the human machine might have changed the whole destiny of Poe, not only for the benefit of the man, but for the benefit of the world's literature. It is true that he was technically intolerant of alcohol, that a single glass of wine reduced him to incoherence; it is true that as a boy at Virginia University he gambled with others of the same set. But it is also true that, as soon as he happened upon some quiet anchorage, he would work arduously for long periods utterly undisturbed by any abnormal craving for excitement. It is also abundantly proved in these pages that, when the literary wiseacres of his day assigned to this man of genius this or that paltry task, it was always not only faithfully, but willingly, performed. For Poe, even in the hack work to which he was forced to sell himself, was curiously conscientious. He was, then, in no sense of the word a rebel against the trammels of the machine in which he was enmeshed from the dawn of manhood to his death, at the age of forty. G. R. Graham, the owner of *Graham's Magazine*, which Poe's contributions enormously benefited, has given the following sketch of the poet:—

Literature with him was religion, and he, its high priest, with a whip of scorpions scourged the money-changers from the temple. In all else he had the docility and kind-heartedness of a child. No man was more quickly touched by kindness, none more prompt to atone for an injury. For three or four years I knew him intimately; and for eighteen months saw him almost daily; much of the time writing or conversing at the same desk; knowing all his hopes, his fears and little annoyances of

life, as well as his high-hearted struggle with adverse fate; yet he was always the same polished gentleman, the quiet, unobtrusive, thoughtful scholar, the devoted husband, frugal in his personal expenses, punctual and unwearied in his industry, and the soul of honour in all his transactions.

This testimony is again and again corroborated in the course of this biography of nearly seventeen hundred pages. And when what Graham calls the poet's "habits" changed—"growing nerve exhaustion" is the insistent correction of Miss Phillips—Poe's employer continues: "There was no literary man to whom I would more readily advance money for labour to be done. He kept his accounts, small as they were, with the accuracy of a banker." That is all very well, but why were the accounts so small? How is it that Graham grew rich while the creative energy that enriched him remained, by his own showing, so meanly rewarded? Miss Phillips' biography sheds many and many an ironical searchlight on this, to Edgar Allan Poe, all-important topic. The following, however, will suffice as absolutely typical of editorial relations with one of the most brilliant writers, not only in America, but in the world. In the spring of 1842 this same G. R. Graham, who had all along ignored his "verbal agreement" with the poet that Poe should have a financial interest in the magazine, calmly offered the editorship to Dr. R. W. Griswold at a salary of a thousand dollars a year. Small as this salary was, it was two hundred dollars more than had been paid to the man who, beyond question, had established Graham's magazine as a valuable property.

Obviously, the machine was becoming very difficult for the poet, and the pressure had been increased not merely through poverty. It had been Poe's duty to write signed articles on various writers, and it was almost physically impossible for him to appreciate second-rate work. Inevitably, he made enemies of these strong-willed, pushing people who found it so natural to claim the rewards of literature without its sacrifices. As Miss Phillips says: "His peerless, able, truthful and incorruptible criticisms made him enemies. 'He was poor because he did ten times as much work as he was paid for,' not because he was 'an irregular profligate and sot'—as recorded by some of

his adversely touched critics." In a letter of June, 1844, to Dr. Anthon, Poe, who, besides being a creative poet, had originated a new school of prose that was soon to show its influence all over Europe, sums up his pitiable plight:—

Thus I have written no books, and have been so far essentially a Magazinish . . . bearing, not only willingly but cheerfully, sad poverty and . . . other ills which the condition of the mere Magazinish entails upon him in America, where . . . to be poor is to be despised. . . . He loses, too, . . . on the score of versatility—a point which can only be estimated by collection of his various articles in volume form and all together.

And all this time Professor Longfellow, trotting along his particular patch of "the sands of time," was leaving dim but comfortable footprints. He was to receive, for instance, a hundred and fifty dollars for *The Spanish Student*, while Poe at long last was to receive for *The Raven* the sum of ten dollars. "Dr. von Spielhagen," says Miss Phillips, "noted Poe as 'hungry for fame' and having a hatred for his successful rival, Longfellow. Poe was then, alas! *hungry for food* and rest, as well as fame, but cherished no 'hatred' in his heart for anyone."

Poe, indeed, seems to have been incapable of hatred, certainly incapable of sustained resentment. He was like a child among enemies who understood his weakness, without comprehending his strength. Longfellow, it must be added in justice, had no share in the general animosity against Poe. There was coolness on his side during the real poet's lifetime, but after his death he was to write: "The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but irritation of a sensitive nature, chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong." That "the sense of wrong" was not at all indefinite, but, on the contrary, based on innumerable concrete facts, Miss Phillips proves in page after page of this documented book. In the meantime, while Poe was denied the consolation of publication, all sorts of versifiers were pouring out their little books to an admiring public.

In that admirable and intimate study, *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, one notes that M. Roux is punished neither by a bullet from M. Bergeret nor by the sustained compari-

ship of Mme. Bergeret. None the less, he is punished; his verses are quoted. And, with something of that indirect irony of Anatole France, Miss Phillips has reprinted, here and there, many of the verses of Edgar Allan Poe's contemporaries. This man of genius was living, in spite of the miserable realities of his external life, in an ecstasy of inner vision, living and at the same time interpreting like this:—

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

While Poe was dreaming in this or that haunted palace Mrs. S. S. Osgood, among so many others, was giving *her* inner thoughts to the world. Here is a typical glimpse into her soul, as revealed directly to Edgar Allan Poe:—

Perhaps you think it right and just,
Since you are bound by nearer ties,
To greet me with that careless tone,
With those serene and silent eyes.

The fair, fond girl, who at your side
Within your soul's dear light doth live,
Could hardly have the heart to chide
The ray that Friendship well might give.

Well, one thinks of that *œil fatal* which lured Musset and Chopin alike through ecstasy to disillusion, and one wonders if Poe was not almost as unfortunate in the banality of his associations with women as he was in the banality of his associations with the world of letters. But it was precisely this same Mrs. S. S. Osgood who stirred to the very depths the soul of Dr. R. W. Griswold, transforming him in the words of R. H. Stoddard, "for the moment, into an impassionate poet." This is the moment:—

Would I were anything that thou dost love,
A flower, a bird, a wavelet or a gem.

Certainly, the machine was becoming more and more difficult for Edgar Allan Poe as the years passed, but a time

was approaching when he had to cope with something worse than the machine itself. For in the year 1846 the so-called Literati of New York began, with considerable animus, to deepen the pressure that was already threatening to crush the poet to their own level. This year saw him, in his little Fordham cottage, at the very lowest ebb of his sad fortunes. Virginia, his wife, the Annabel Lee of that poem in which R. H. Stoddard can detect only "jingling melodies" was dying; he himself was on a sick bed. This was the time that his enemies found propitious to concentrate on the man who, while breath was in his body, never failed to rebuke their truculent mediocrity. Insults splashed out in all the dull industry of venom. One of them, at least, was so infamous that it wrung from his future biographer, Dr. Griswold himself, a sanctimonious reproof:—

Speaking of Poe reminds me of the brutal article in the *Mirror*, which it is impossible on any grounds whatever to justify in the slightest degree. I, who have as much cause as any man to quarrel with Poe, would sooner have cut off my hand than used it to write such an ungentlemanly card, though every word were true. But my indignation of this treatment even of an enemy exceeds my power of expression.

That, too, is all very well, but, as Miss Phillips pointedly observes, "*just this treatment of Poe's character was duplicated in his after-death, 1850 Memoir by R. W. Griswold.*"

But this was not all; that nothing might be lacking to the cup of bitterness an appeal was made to the New York editors—of all people in the world—for charity to Edgar Allan Poe. In a long letter to N. P. Willis, the poet alludes to the paragraph in circulation about the distress of himself and his family:—

Of the facts, that I myself have been long and dangerously ill, . . . has been a well understood thing among my brethren of the press, the best evidence is afforded by the innumerable paragraphs of personal and of literary abuse with which I have been latterly assailed. This matter . . . will remedy itself. At the very first blush of my new prosperity the gentlemen who toadied me in the old will . . . toady me again. You, who know me, will comprehend that I speak of these things only as having served . . . to lighten the gloom of unhappiness by a . . . not unpleasant sentiment of mingled pity, merriment and contempt.

And, in the same letter, he adds these words of deathless resistance: "I am getting better, and may add—if it be

any comfort to my enemies—that I have little fear of getting worse. The truth is, I have a great deal to do; and I have made up my mind not to die 'til it is done."

The "prosperity" was little but a gallant boast, but there had been, at all events, at Fordham Cottage a comparatively long interlude of tranquillity in this ingeniously harassed life. It was not to be renewed. The following year Virginia died, and in the poem which has conveyed to R. H. Stoddard—so loyally appreciative of the aching mediocrity of his brother biographer—only "jingling melodies," Poe has given in microcosm his bewildered married life:—

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

The faithful Mrs. Clemm, Virginia's mother and the poet's aunt, did what she could to console him, continuing from time to time her sad rôle of accepting charity on his behalf from the very people whom he had enriched. The publication of *The Raven*, though it brought him practically no money, brought him in April, 1846, a letter from Elizabeth Barrett Barrett which gave him a gleam of pleasure. "Your *Raven*," wrote the future Mrs. Browning, "has produced a sensation, a 'fit of horror,' here in England. Some . . . are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted by the 'Nevermore,' and one acquaintance . . . who has . . . a 'bust of Pallas' never can bear to look at it in the twilight." And she adds that Browning "was struck much by the rhythm of that poem."

The Raven certainly brought its author recognition at home and abroad. Poe, who had been with his back to the wall almost all his life, found himself modestly lionised; but the Literati were still against him and consequently poverty still pursued him. They interfered with the machine itself, manipulating it, as it were, to hasten the doom of their enemy. The problem works itself out

during the last few years of that clouded life as in a novel of Balzac. Poe played into his enemies' hands, yielded to loneliness and despair, became, on the outer surface, what they wished him to become. At this stage, as at so many other earlier stages, a little comprehension, a little sympathy—the sort of sympathy and comprehension, for instance, that was so abundantly lavished on La Fontaine—might easily have saved him. As it was, this infinitely gifted and curiously harmless man became the mock of his foes and the despair of his friends. Still, genius is a difficult thing to obliterate, even under the consolidated attacks of such people as the Literati.

Heaven knows we have had their brothers in England. At the beginning of the nineteenth century they wished to drive Keats back to his gallipots; at the end of the century they hailed a minor poet as an English Dante. Between these two expressions of arrogant stupidity they silenced the greatest of our novelists at the age of forty-five, while they hailed one of the most natural singers that our island has ever produced as "Swine-born."

But it must be conceded that the Literati of New York in the 'forties had little to learn from any country on earth in the industry of spleen. Neither Longfellow, nor Lowell, nor Hawthorne belonged to their ranks, but, on the contrary, were almost ignored by them when not attacked. Nor did Richard Henry Stoddard belong to them, though he shows a genuine kinship with their mentality when he writes of Edgar Allan Poe: "He had no reverence for the great names of antiquity, and he was unjust to most of his contemporaries. What Poe was to the victims of the Dunsiad, he was to the poor Literati of America. *Vae victis!*"

Stoddard had been treated curtly enough by Edgar Allan Poe the only time he ever visited him. He was to have just a glimpse of the poet before his death that is utterly typical of his whole life:

The last time . . . was in the afternoon of a dreary autumn day. A heavy shower had come up suddenly, and he was standing under an awning. I had an umbrella and my impulse was to share it with him on his way home, but something—certainly not unkindness—withheld

me. I went on and left him there in the rain, pale, shivering, miserable. . . . There I see him, and always shall, poor, penniless, but proud, reliant (*sic*), dominant. May the gods forgive me! I never can forgive myself.

But the whole tone of his after-criticism of the poet is thoroughly in keeping with the standards of those "poor literati."

In actual fact, as this biography abundantly proves, Poe was the first to welcome any work that he believed to be good. He was again and again too generous in praise of what he tried to believe to be good. It was not the least of his sad tasks to edit for money the second-rate effusions of a would-be poet. But he was unawed by the glamour of acclaimed names. He was impervious, for example, to the echoed Teutonic thunders of *Sartor Resartus*. His criticism in this instance was well remembered on our side of the Atlantic: "Carlyle, when addressed on a criticism of Poe's poetry—in connection with that of Burns, by a mutual friend of Hon. R. M. Hogg, of Irvine, Scotland, and Professor Masson, of Edinburgh—got into a furious rage and said: 'Burns was both a great man and a great poet, but Poe was neither.' Mr. Hogg adds: 'Of course, I do not agree with him.'"

On the surface the American poet had failed in life; he was to extend the failure beyond the confines of death. As though literally driven to self-destruction, he appointed Dr. Griswold his literary executor. How that task was carried out is shown carefully in Miss Phillips' pages; the task itself prolonged the tragedy not only to the defamation of the poet's memory but to the endless misery of poor Mrs. Clemm, who once more was to be thrust back upon charity.

Scandal fastened upon the poet's death after so long hovering over his life. The vituperations of his enemies beat themselves out upon his very corpse. One would have expected a wave of generosity in his favour, the utterance of something resembling the eloquent commiseration wrung from Taine by the death of Musset. But it was Dr. Griswold who was to speak for Edgar Allan Poe. In an article signed "Ludwig," written only the day after

the poet's death, his future biographer presented a picture of Edgar Allan Poe that horrified those who had known him best. The misstatements were impudent and obvious, but none the less they were "*perpetuated* in his 'Memoir' of the poet, which began the 'Literati' volume of *Poe's Works*, as edited by Dr. Griswold." Speaking of the poet's death, Mrs. Weiss, author of *Home Life of Poe*, says: "Poe had made himself popular in Richmond. People had become interested in him, and his death cast a universal gloom over the city. His old friends and even those more recently formed . . . deeply regretted him . . . and in the picture presented us by Dr. Griswold—half maniac, half demon—I confess, I cannot recognise a trait of the gentle, grateful, warm-hearted man whom I saw amid his friends—his care-worn face all aglow with generous feeling in the kindness and appreciation to which he was so little accustomed."

But the storm continued to rage, puzzling the philosophic Browning both as to its origin and its scope. Others of far lesser gifts had been forgiven so much more; why should this man, tortured in life, be calumniated to this extent after death? There was a reason for this, and what the poet philosopher, Robert Browning, failed to comprehend was perfectly explicable to poor Mrs. Clemm. Meeting a friend by accident on Broadway soon after Poe's death, Annabel Lee's mother exclaimed: "You will take care of his fame; you will not let them lie about him. Tell the truth of my Eddie. Oh, tell the truth—tell the world how great and good he was. They will defame him—I know they will. They are wicked and envious."

And now, at last, nearly a century later, as though in answer to that despairing appeal, comes this resolute defence of Edgar Allan Poe carried out with attention to all those minute, personal details of ordinary everyday life which Mrs. Clemm herself would have understood so well. One cannot be too grateful for such a record, and one can only regret that it has not appeared long before. For, though the greatest voices in his own country and in Europe have acclaimed the poet, it is the note of Dr. Griswold that has been too long permitted to belittle the man. His

centenary celebration showed him to be "the one American known, studied and honoured in Moscow, Spain, Paris, London and Berlin." But in his lifetime his genius was like an orchid overshadowed by dandelions; the man himself was like a starved racer hemmed in by plump, pirouetting cart-horses. Yet it might so easily have been otherwise, for his appeal, as is agreeably shown by Dr. Roger G. Lewis, is world-wide. This stout devotee of the poet seems to have made a regular Odyssey on his behalf. "The Germans," he writes, "very quickly showed me that they thought, *only by birth*, Poe belonged to America. In France, I grew to believe 'The Bells' to be a purely French poem, a much better one in that language than in ours." In China, in Japan, in Siberia this enthusiast has tested the effect of Poe's tales, which, one need hardly add, are charged with poetry in Signor Croce's sense. "In many parts of China," he continues, "as the summer shades of night approached, old men of the village seat themselves by the highway and tell stories to the people. I listened with intense interest. Finally I tried Poe in several gatherings, and he always made me popular. No one contradicted me or seemed to doubt. To them he was perfectly natural. But they called me an 'honourable, beautiful liar' when I described the high buildings in New York City."

Yet, quite recently, Edgar Allan Poe has been airily dismissed as "a blackguard of genius impossible to whitewash." This is the man described by Victor Hugo as "the prince of American literature," while Swinburne said of him: "The fame of Poe grows wider and strikes deeper as time advances." The homage of Baudelaire has swept round the world; Alfred Tennyson maintained that the only thing he wished to see in the United States was the grave of Edgar Allan Poe. Bernard Shaw himself, little given to over-praise, either of the living or of the dead, has asked with an irony for once charged with emotion: "How did he live there, this finest of finest artists; this born aristocrat of letters? Alas, he did not live there; he died there and was duly explained away as a drunkard!" To this diabolically systematized "explaining

away" of a creative genius, Miss Phillips' outspoken and intrepid book is a powerful and much-needed antidote. All lovers of literature in general, and of the works of Edgar Allan Poe in particular, cannot be too grateful to her. She has courageously defended the one figure in American literature saluted by the English poet who came nearest to understanding him: "Once only, was there sounded out of it all one pure note of original song . . . the short, exquisite music, subtle and simple and sombre and sweet of Edgar Poe." There has indeed been no lack of homage to this nightingale, who was too long the mock of sparrows, but he himself has pronounced what must be accepted as the final verdict: "I do believe God gave me a spark of genius, but He quenched it in misery."

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. KELLOGG is a persistent man, and his parleys with France concerning the outlawing of war by publicly exchanged notes continue. Meantime, Germany has assented, through Herr Stresemann, to Mr. Kellogg's position. There is probably a minority in Germany which would not endorse the renunciation of war as an instrument of policy; but is it not amazingly significant of the change in the world that a man who speaks for Germany should formulate this doctrine? In the meantime, what is happening between China and Japan offers an illustration of the possible complications. Here are two nations, both of them members of the League, and there is something very like the beginnings of war at least between Japanese and Chinese. All Japan is involved, for Japan is a disciplined State; but who speaks for China? In China, who can give orders to China that will be obeyed? Suppose Japan is willing to let the questions at issue go to arbitration, against whom is her representative to be heard? In short, if Japan had renounced war as an instrument of policy, what should Japan do now?

Americans might answer that while the European War raged America had to face a similar problem. Mexico was in such a condition that no Government of Mexico was recognised either by the United States or by Great Britain, both of which powers had many subjects and large interests in the country. An Englishman was killed by Villa, one of the war lords who contended for control of the finances of the Mexican Treasury. England protested. Not long after, the same leader raided across the American border, attacked the American town of Columbus and killed several Americans. President Wilson despatched a punitive expedition which entered

Mexican territory, but found no enemy to strike at. The wrong was done by Mexicans, but Mexico, as a State, could not be held responsible. Villa was in revolt, but there was no actual Government to be in revolt against. President Wilson, in these circumstances, remained inactive. The Japanese, however, have never been too proud to fight, and they have struck back—not against China as a whole, but against the military forces which control the territory where the offence was given. It was foreseen in Mexico that a serious American invasion might unite the warring sections against the invaders. No doubt the Japanese have foreseen the same possibility in China, and have disregarded it. At all events, they have to meet it.

Assuming that Chang-tso-lin's Northern forces would like to see Japan break up the Southern armies, could the Northerners stand aside? Chinese nationalism would cast them out if they did. But, assuming that Japan is able to seize and hold territory which commands the approach to Peking, what will other powers do? The two other powers which have most fear of Japan's growth in the East are outside the League of Nations. But Russia and America are barely on speaking terms. They cannot well interfere jointly, and it would seem an inauspicious moment for America to threaten war unless she is attacked. China may probably want help from the League of Nations. But, unless China unites, can the League of Nations recognise a representative of China? And if the League wishes to interfere, what can it do?

One of the facts to be faced is that the danger of foreign invasion keeps nations from falling into the state which Mexico had reached by 1915. It is not at all clear that Wilson's determination to avoid war was of service to Mexico or to civilisation. Roosevelt, had he been at the White House, would certainly have produced the big stick. Is it of benefit to China that the Japanese should be prevented from getting a sphere on the mainland? If Great Britain was in Japan's position, there is no doubt what Britain's answer would be. Quite probably the Japanese could confer on China benefits as great as those which

are the monument of British rule in India; it is more than probable that they feel a vocation to try. If they make the attempt, what should the European Powers do about it? They bar Japanese from settling in North America or in Australia, though this energetic race is dangerously cramped up within its islands. The old diplomacy would have scarcely pretended to consider anything but the conflicting claims of European Powers. The League of Nations will act on high, moral ground. Yet is there not a case for allowing the "white man's burden" to be taken up in China by a race which, though commanding the resources of European civilisation, has for this purpose the great advantage of not being white? If Japan acquires Chinese territory by conquest, at least in the conquered country there will be no colour ban.

Mr. Churchill's career is one of the most tidal phenomena in a fluctuating world. His fortunes are at the flood again, for the Budget has stirred imagination. Most of all, it has stirred Mr. Churchill's own imagination; one could almost hear him saying to himself, "At last I have my chance."

Yet the chance did not come ready made. There is no sign of flood-tide in the Exchequer. But a bold man, habitually gifted with large and comprehensive vision, always able to stand away from detail and see a problem in broad masses, has taken his courage in his hands and decided—according to his nature—for drastic action.

The facts were, roughly, these: England saddled with over a million workers unable to find work, for whom provision must be made at the public cost; coal, the key to England's prosperity in the past, almost a drug in the market for export, yet for home consumption still costly; manufacturers discouraged by the burden of taxation and by the feeling that England is for all time and eternity fated to carry this monstrous load of debt. In reality, the problem was moral no less than material. England thirty years ago was self-confident to the point of arrogance; twenty years ago she was a little worried by Germany's industrial advance, but still complacent; in the

last ten years she has had to fall back on doggedness, a fine quality; but the doggedest fighter needs some lifting of the strain and some quickening of the spirits.

One of the Budget's best features has been almost altogether a moral stimulus. Mr. Churchill simplifies the whole machinery of debt and interest, tells the country in one round figure what it has to pay yearly for the service of the debt, then adds that payment at this rate will free England of this incubus in fifty years. Dealing with a courageous and capable people, he pays the community the tribute of frankness by letting it know where it stands.

Then, having stated the burden, he sets himself to shift its incidence. All producers are to be largely relieved of rates. All agriculture is to be entirely relieved. Of course, he is accused of subsidising the capitalists. What he is really doing is to enable those who employ labour in production to give more employment and better wages. He is accused of wastefulness because he applies a remedy where none is needed, for the industries which are prospering will profit exactly in the same measure as those which are depressed. Such critics can only think in terms of a dole. Encouragement to industry should be general, and it is more than likely that those who are already succeeding will make better use of the new advantage than those who are not. The more they succeed, the better for employment.

Of course, the implications are tremendous. The State, through the mouth of Mr. Churchill, proposes to entrust to the captains of industry a very large annual sum for the promotion of industry. If the captains of industry try to put more than a fair share of the money saved on rates into the pockets of themselves (or of the companies which they represent), there will be a revolution, and the State will assume control of industry at large. This plan of Mr. Churchill's is not a revolution; those who are on top remain on top. But it is an upheaval. It is an attempt to make, without a revolution, some of the changes which a revolution might make. The whole machinery of local taxation, that very antique patchwork, is to be recast, and apparently Mr. Neville Chamberlain, another of the

forcible persons in Mr. Baldwin's team, has combined his abilities with Mr. Churchill's to deal with this need. All we know so far is that the old machinery is to be scrapped.

But one thing is already plain. If the burden is to come off the producer, it must go on to the non-producer. Now the Conservative Party has always been accounted sympathetic to this respectable class. Non-producers, of course, include the huge class of distributors, whether they pay wages or earn them; but it includes also lawyers, doctors, parsons, soldiers and sailors, stockbrokers, and the very numerous and appealing persons with gentle breeding and small fixed incomes. These are going to be more heavily taxed in order that manufacturers, many of whom have been notoriously Liberals and even Radicals, may get off paying rates.

As yet, this non-producing half of the community does not know what extra burdens are to be imposed on it; being the less organised half, it is not likely to find out in advance. But some day there will be lamentation and bitter weeping in places like Clifton and Cheltenham, and the retired colonel will be more convinced than ever that "Winston" should be hanged. So far, however, the only new impost of importance, that on petrol, is in part a luxury tax, in part a charge on distribution, and in part a levy on the competition against railroads. Working men as a rule will escape it. If there was to be a luxury tax, this is the proper choice, for all observers agree that people nowadays economise not only on books, pictures, and such accessories, but even on house rent and food in order to spend more freely on what is increasingly the supreme indulgence.

Also, by a bold stroke, Mr. Churchill uses his new engine to give a hand to the depressed coal trade, if coal chooses to profit. Petrol can be got from coal, and the tax is only on imports. English oil will have an advantage of fourpence a gallon—about twenty-five per cent.

However, this is not the place for detail. But considering politics as a spectacle, it is always good to watch Mr. Churchill. Wherever he is, things keep happening. He has never been lucky; he has always been accused of ambition; but Lord Beaverbrook has, I think justly, been

testifying that Mr. Churchill's real preoccupation was not with the glory but with the joy of doing. Still, he is a spectacular athlete, and the wrestle in which he has now engaged himself is formidable enough. But if his policy succeeds it will restore to England the thing of all others most needed—Englishmen's belief in themselves.

Incidentally, the vast change which Mr. Churchill proposes is likely to produce sharp reactions in Ireland, even though the Budget does not touch the Free State. In Ireland agriculture is not only the main industry, but is the industry of peasants who work their own land. In the Six Counties all this class is going to be freed from one of the heaviest of their burdens. Across an imaginary border line other cottiers and small farmers will still be paying rates. As things are, Mr. de Valera and his party, almost equal in numbers to Mr. Cosgrave's, have been demanding that farmers in the Free State should be relieved from the annuities of land purchase which Government collects to pass on to England's Exchequer, whence the purchase-money was advanced. Hitherto the answer has been that Free State farmers were under the same obligation as those of the rest of Ireland. But if the rates go off in the North, there will be no comparison between the two lots; and the Labour Party, if it does not join Mr. de Valera in a demand for repudiation of rent charges, will surely press for following Mr. Churchill's example. That will involve, in Ireland as in England, a recasting of the whole rating system, and it will deeply embarrass Irish finance.

The moral is that the unity of this island group is asserting itself, and can do so without compromise of Ireland's independence. An odd intervention has pushed in the same direction. Mr. Ford has a factory at Cork and another at Manchester. Neither is on the grand scale, and the Free State has always hoped to see the Cork concern develop. Very largely to encourage it, an import duty was put on all motors, which, of course, the Irish-made Fords escaped. But the other day Mr. Ford came on a regal progress to Europe, and to Ireland's surprise and disappointment said that he would not come to Cork, because of the annoying restrictions on the motor industry. He went into detail and let the world see that even

Mr. Ford may be extremely inaccurate; but the upshot was that he wanted the Free State to abolish its import duties on motors from England, and arrange reciprocal free trade in this article with Great Britain. In that case, he would manufacture the new model Ford for Europe at Cork—and employ about 6,000 men. The matter is said to be seriously under consideration—none the less because Cork is Mr. Cosgrave's own constituency. One result would be that any Irish or English made cars could cross the Irish border freely.

Ireland, which is still a rather pessimistic country, picked up a touch of exultation from the partnership of an Irish army pilot with the two German aviators who flew from Dublin across the Atlantic in April. Major Fitzmaurice is something more like a national hero than we have seen this good while. What an extraordinary story it was! the ocean safely crossed, and then long flying over Labrador forests in search for a possible landing place, and only the narrowest margin of fuel saving them from disaster, and possibly from an unknown end—with the feat accomplished but unrecorded. Curious also and characteristic of the age it is to contemplate the idea of these heroes landing and bursting to tell their story to the crowd of reporters, but muzzled because their speech was precious, and they could not waste syllables worth so many dollars apiece. Yet that is how the general public must exercise its general patronage and endow adventure and the arts. Some of the narratives made very good reading. It is time to begin an anthology of the air—in prose and verse. It would be largely poetical; after the War there was a whole crop of poems written by young aviators: the adventure had gone to their heads (no wonder), and came out in jubilant verse: the only jubilant sounds, indeed, that came from the fighting line. It will be a decade or two yet before we begin to have anything like the innumerable chorus of narrative masterpieces which deal with seacraft. But that source grows yearly less, in these days of steam and oil.

M. Henri Béraud, one of the writers whose fame reaches to these islands (perhaps because a great part of humanity

responded to his book on *The Agony of Being Fat*) has been meditating on the changes which he has seen in a lifetime of forty years—a little over forty, to be quite accurate; he can remember his father coming back to Lyons in 1889 from a pilgrimage to the newly opened Tour Eiffel. M. Béraud was then four years old. But he is quite clear that he is much more nearly the contemporary of his own great-grandfather than of anybody born since 1900. He belongs to the nineteenth century, and “the nineteenth century ended on August 2nd, 1914.” The old-fashioned world in which he grew up thought itself surprisingly modern: it “whinnied like a mare” at the word “progress.” It even was advanced enough to think itself decadent and *fin de siècle*. It had seen the Tour Eiffel built and believed everything possible. It had got “push-bicycles, water-proofs, telephones, monster shops, anthropometry, lifts, stylographs, and vaccines.” But since then the new generation and the new order has come along, “and never before did the world change so fast.” M. Béraud amuses himself, and us, with stringing together a list of what has vanished in his experience of forty years. It includes five-franc pieces, sovereign-purses, barrel-organs, musical boxes, red trousers, black stockings, slow-time waltzes, waxed moustaches, four-wheelers, and veils. The parallel list, many times larger, includes “all that warms, lodges, clothes, amuses, cures or kills the modern man”; it has in it moving stairways, dynamite, submarines, petrol lighters, cubism, typists, bolshevism, one-way streets, inflation, safety-razors, golf, central heating, frozen meat, the Charleston, motors, aeroplanes, and the movies. This is only a selection; but M. Béraud winds up with the cinema, because one of the memories of his youth is the first public moving picture show ever given in France. For, as should have been said earlier, M. Béraud indulges this vein of meditation in a kind of autobiography. *La Gerbe d'Or*, the name of his book, was also the name of the baker's shop in Lyons where he was born and brought up; and apart from speculations, he has given us one of the most intimate and suggestive pictures of a French boy's education. It does not tell us how M. Béraud happened to become an eminent

writer instead of succeeding his father (as his mother would have wished) in a prosperous bakery, but it does tell us the attitude of his father and mother to the education of a rather unruly son. Madame Béraud is slightly indicated, yet the indications say a great deal; but the study of Joseph Béraud, master baker, and of his shop is appetising as one of the *brioche*s for which the Gerbe d'Or was famous.

This year's Royal Academy differs from others by the tragic interest attaching to Mr. Sims's pictures. There is no mistake about their merit; anybody who has the luck to get space to look round in that room will find that they stand out from everything else in it chiefly by their vitality, but also because of their exquisite texture and colour. The whole surface of the paint seems to have a palpitating bloom on it, and the same delicacy and grace informs the little human figures which are set among strange whirls of elementals. Only, as in certain paintings of Van Gogh's, one has the sense of watching a brain-storm. The whole thing seems to be feverishly flung on at a furious speed. Yet here are none of the violent brush marks with which Van Gogh slashes his canvas. If one has a criticism to make, it is that the colours suggest hothouse flowers rather than elementals: any one of the pictures might furnish an admirable scheme for a dress or a hat. M. Poiret might have had such a brain-storm. Or, if such a thing were thinkable, so might Boucher or Greuze.

How great an advantage has the artist who gets into the first room and meets the unjaded eye! Sir George Clausen's heavy trees in the picture of “Allotments” would elsewhere hardly have been able to create the sense that they are breathing things, with their own mystery and their own emanation. Mr. Henry Bishop's little picture of Rabat might easily have passed unnoticed further on. As it is, one is caught at once by the magic of this white Oriental town, with colour cooled by Atlantic airs beside a sea and under a sky not unlike those of Cornwall.

There were as usual scores and scores of portraits. A genial old clergyman painted by Mr. Greiffenhagen in the most rubicund colours has all the suggestion of scholar-

ship as well as shrewd humour in the face. Sir John Lavery shows studies of two very charming ladies. His handsome Irish-American cardinal does not make so memorable a picture as did the wizened little old Cardinal Logue a few years ago. Then there was Sir William Orpen's Dame Madge Kendal, much praised for its satisfying colour and for its presentment of a clever face with shrewd considering eyes. There were also at least three portraits of men by this painter which had the rare quality of suggesting a living presence, perhaps this was less true of the admiral in white tropical uniform, but then what a fine figure of an admiral and what a chance for a painter who can paint like any Dutchman! After all these we came on a representation of Mr. Lloyd George sitting for his picture as a village photographer might have fixed him. Did Sir William Orpen tell his sitter to look up and smile pleasantly? It is an odd talent that finds inspiration, or at least stimulus, in Mr. Gordon Selfridge rather than Mr. Lloyd George.

But of course the real quintessential Orpen is not a portrait painter at all: there must be room for puckish imagination to play, and you get this Orpen in "The Hanging Judge." Nobody since Hogarth could have given so well the contrast between the two lusty lackeys, each showing a lusty leg, as one precedes and the other follows the little, bent, decrepit and gorgeously robed figure from whose hand there dangles the black cap—a treasure delicately carried. Some lawyers have not liked this picture, and it is not calculated to create a belief that heavenly justice speaks through those old gums; rather that decrepitude takes a sadic joy in snuffing out lustiness. But if I had to choose from the show (and had space to hang it), Mr. Algernon Newton's "Dorset Landscape" would be my prize: all in sober livery, with the yellow ochre of a cliff lit by faint sun for its brightest tone; but the tranquil landlocked water is set in the exquisite and intricate framework of low surrounding hills. It recalls Wilson, perhaps—at his best. But if a writer of to-day recalled Goldsmith, should we mind?

VIE À DEUX¹

BY ALEC WAUGH

(*Twentieth Century*)

"AND I trump the Knave, the nine's the highest, and the clubs are good. Which is five diamonds, and the game and rubber."

And with a triumphant laugh Bruce Rogerson tossed his hand upon the table. For a moment his opponents scrutinised the cards, then shrugged their shoulders.

"Nothing to be done about that," they said, "except cut in for another rubber." And with a broad sweep of the hand one of them spreadeagled the spare pack across the table.

Bruce Rogerson did not, however, stretch out towards the row of cards. "I'm afraid," he said, and pointed towards the clock.

There was an instant outburst of disapproval. Except for the one table the card room of the Granville Club was empty, and if Rogerson were to leave, there would be no one to take his place.

"My dear fellow," they said, "you can't. Not after a couple of hands like that. It would be outrageous. We've not been playing for an hour, either."

Rogerson hesitated. It was a quarter past six. His house was not ten minutes from the club. He had no engagement for the evening. He would not be dining until eight. There was no real reason why he should not cut in. At the same time, a rubber might well last an hour. And Daphne would be back from Ranelagh by seven, and she liked to have someone there to welcome her when she came home. She might be angry if he were out. And five years of marriage had taught him that a wife's anger was not a process to be lightly set in motion.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I'd love to. But I must get back."

As he turned his latchkey in the door the telephone bell began to ring.

"It's all right, Davis," he called out. "I'll answer it."

A languid, high-pitched, but masculine voice answered him.

"Is Mrs. Rogerson in?" it asked.

"I'm afraid she's out."

"Then I will ring up later."

"Can I take any message for her?"

"I will ring up later."

And the line was disconnected. Bruce Rogerson shrugged his shoulders. "I wonder who that was?" he thought.

(1) In the April number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW appeared a sketch entitled *Vie à Deux*, dealing with the relations of the two sexes as understood by the nineteenth century. The present sketch treats of the same situation as illustrated in the twentieth. The contrast is significant.

Not that there was any particular point in wondering. Daphne had so many friends, and he knew so few of them. They existed for him as Christian names: vague shapes afloat in the river of her conversation; vague silk-hatted figures waiting in drawing-rooms while she finished dressing. They had no individual existence. They were the people that she went out with, to theatres and dances and to Ranelagh and on the river. He made no attempt to keep any count of them. The pad at the side of the telephone was covered with messages: would Mrs. Rogerson ring up Garrick 2520 between six and seven? Mr. Hastings had rung up to say he would ring up later. Mr. Coatfair would be in London over the week-end. During the next half hour there were two more calls, and in neither case would the caller leave a message or a name. And when Daphne arrived, a hurricane of flying scarf and dishevelled hair ("Darling, I've been simply blown to bits in Jimmy's ridiculous open car,"), it was to the telephone that she rushed first.

"Let me see now, who's rung me up," she murmured. "Johnny; he can wait. Garrick 2520; that'd be Frank. I don't suppose that's anything important. These others, though. I wonder . . ." and she paused, her finger rested pensively against her lips. "You don't know if Bobby rang up, do you?"

Rogerson shook his head.

"A number of people have rung you up during the last half hour, but whether one of them was Bobby . . ."

"You might have bothered to find out."

"They said they hadn't any message to leave; they said they'd ring up later."

Impatiently Daphne Rogerson stamped her foot.

"Of course, that's just what they would say. Because you frighten them. You're abrupt with them, as you are with all my friends. You make them feel that they aren't welcome. So, of course, they won't leave any message when they hear it's you answering them. And now here I am not knowing whether Bobby's calling for me here or I'm meeting him at the Embassy."

But that was more than Bruce Rogerson was prepared to stand. He had left his club an hour before he need have done: he had listened courteously and patiently to other men's enquiries about his wife: he had ruined his own evening to please her, and now he was being blamed because . . . because of what . . .

"I had not realised," he remarked acidly, "that it was part of my duty as a husband to arrange your dancing engagements with other men."

She turned slowly round from the telephone to fix him with a puzzled, enquiring look.

"What am I to take that to mean?" she asked.

He did not answer her directly.

"Do you realise," he said, "that we haven't dined together for ten days?"

She raised her eyebrows.

"My dear," she said, "why should we?"

"It's usual for married people," he began.

She laughed him into silence.

"In this year of grace," she quoted, "we're a modern couple. We don't want to live in each other's pockets. We've got to lead our own lives."

"Which means," he retorted, "your going out every night of the week with some other man."

He was unable to ruffle her composure, however.

"I don't go out every night of the week. And if I were to I don't see why you should make objections. I'm young and gay. I like theatres, and restaurants, and night clubs. You ought to want me to be happy."

"I don't know that I want you to be made happy by other men."

She shook her head wearily. "Bruce, don't be ridiculous. You know quite well that it would bore you terribly to take me out evening after evening."

"I don't know that it would."

"But I know very well it would. Don't you remember when we were first married how tired you used to get of going out every evening? You kept on suggesting that we should stay at home. You couldn't work at the office, you said, if you had been up till one o'clock the night before. That's why I started going out with other men. I didn't want to be a nuisance to you. I didn't want to spoil your career."

It was challengingly that she looked at him. And grudgingly he had to admit that she was right. That was the way that things had started.

"If you wanted to start going out again," she went on, "why, of course, I'd love to go with you. But you wouldn't like it. In a fortnight you'd be bored to death. One cabaret show is fearfully like another."

"You seem to find them amusing."

"Because I'm taken out by different people. That makes each evening seem a little different. I wouldn't, for anything in the world, go out with the same person every evening. That's why I have a lot of 'beaux.' So that I can have variety. And, besides, think how much money I'm saving you. You ought to be very grateful to me."

And she laughed gaily, and, perching herself on the side of his chair, kissed him lightly and affectionately on the forehead. She was an impossible person to argue with. He had long known it. But he felt some retort was needed.

"There are some men," he said, "who would feel jealous."

At that for the first time in their conversation her composure left her. Her eyes blazed, and her lips were pressed close upon her teeth.

"You don't trust me, you mean. You don't trust your own wife."

"Of course I trust you, implicitly."

"Then what's all this nonsense about jealousy?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Jealousy's not a question of trusting. It's . . ." he hesitated. "Do you remember the ridiculous fuss you made when you found me dancing with Gladys Stokesbury?"

"Ridiculous? It wasn't ridiculous at all. I'm not going to have my husband going about alone with other women."

"You go about alone with other men."

"That's different."

"I don't see how."

"My dear. Of course it is. You can trust me. You've just said you can."

"And you can't trust me, you mean."

"How can one trust any man? Men are polygamous. Every book on sex that's ever been written has said as much. You'd be certain to get into mischief if you weren't looked after."

"So I'm out to sit at home while you gad around London with a succession of different men?"

"If that's what you find most amusing."

"I don't see that there's anything else for me to do."

"There's your club."

"My club!"

"Or you can go to watch boxing, or billiards, and you can go to a theatre or a cinema. You're perfectly free."

"Free. Is that your idea of freedom?"

"Well, what more do you want? You can do anything you like."

"Except the things I want to."

"I don't know what you mean by that. I'm not going to have you going out with other women if that's what you mean. And, anyhow, why do you want to go out with them? Aren't I enough for you?"

He looked at her helplessly. It was an issue that they had contested once, and that he had not the courage to thrash out again. He shuddered as he remembered the miserable week that had followed her discovery of the completely innocent evening he had spent with Gladys Stokesbury. He had argued, he had pleaded, he had cajoled. "Be reasonable," he had said. "You're always going out with some man or other. Night after night you leave me here at home to amuse myself. Why shouldn't I go out with Gladys Stokesbury now and again? I'm not in the least in love with her. I'm not even attracted to her. She's just a companion, that, and no more than that. Why shouldn't I go out with her?"

But Daphne had refused to discuss the question. She had retreated behind a barrier of obstinate reserve.

"It is no use arguing," she said. "I am not going to have my husband going about with other women."

"And I," he retorted, "am going to do exactly as I choose."

"In which case," she announced, "I shall cease to regard you as my husband."

And for a whole week she had observed towards him an attitude of frigid and unapproachable politeness that had reduced him to a

state of nervous irritability in which it was impossible to sleep or work or play. That cold hostility had pursued him everywhere. In the end he had capitulated unconditionally.

"I'll promise anything you like," he cried, "if only you'll come out from behind that barrier."

And the moment he had given that promise she had become again the sweet, affectionate companion with whom he had fallen and still was more than half in love. As long as she had her way she was charming and agreeable; the moment that she was thwarted she became hard and hostile and impossible. There was only one way of maintaining peace, of leading any sort of life, and that was to let her do exactly as she chose. It was no use trying to reason with her. She was not interested in reason. She was concerned only with her own will, and the getting of it. She knew, too, the way to get it. She had only to retreat behind that barrier to make his own capitulation inevitable. She held all the cards. As everywhere women were holding all the cards to-day.

And with a sigh Bruce Rogerson looked up at the portrait of his great grandfather that hung about the mantelpiece. A genial four-bottle fellow he must have been. You could tell that from the flushed face, the thickened nostrils, the friendly wrinkles about the eyes and mouth. A genial autocrat who had ruled his family of thirteen children as a colonel does a regiment. He had not bothered about getting home in time for dinner. He had stayed in the card-room of the Granville as long as his money lasted, as long as his legs supported him. And he had told his wife that the nursery, the drawing-room, and the kitchen were her province. And he had given supper parties for the ladies of the chorus, and had excused himself with the reflection that with men these things were different, and that, anyhow, men were polygamous, as though, Bruce Rogerson reflected, to keep track of one woman's fancies was not job enough for any man. And in the whole course of her married life his wife had not received a single letter that had not been read by her husband first. A genial autocrat.

And there was the telephone ringing, and Daphne was lifting up the receiver, and, "Oh, yes, Bobby darling," she was saying, "and you're calling for me here; that'll be splendid. And, angel, whatever you do don't forget . . ."

Bruce Rogerson shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing to be said. One could not argue with her. One had to let her be. But it was reprovably that he looked up at his great grandfather's portrait.

"If only you had been less of an autocrat," he thought, "life would have been a very great deal easier for me."

CURRENT LITERATURE

LORD CURZON

By S. M. ELLIS

It is perhaps unfortunate that Lord Curzon's biography is to be published in three sections, with some considerable interval of time between the appearance of each volume, for such a method prevents a comprehensive and complete view of the subject when considering the earlier portions of the work. The first volume of this important biography,¹ just issued, and very ably written by Lord Ronaldshay, covers the years 1859-1898, leaving George Curzon for awhile, at the age of thirty-nine, at the moment when he sets forth on his supreme adventure as Viceroy of India. To attain to that high office at such an early age predicates talent and personality of no mean order, and there never has been any question or doubt that Lord Curzon was peculiarly and pre-eminently suited by his gifts and temperament for the great position that the Fates (prompted by his own ambition and will) bestowed upon him in the East.

It is of particular interest to trace the beginnings of such a rich personality as this, and I am glad that Lord Ronaldshay points out how much Curzon ever responded to the aristocratic influences of his heredity, and how, at the outset of life, he was keenly sensitive to the beauty of his surroundings in childhood at Kedleston Hall, the spot where his ancestors had lived for over seven centuries in the lovely county of Derbyshire. For here is an early trait that remained prominent to the end of life; throughout, historical and beautiful buildings provided, perhaps, Curzon's greatest pleasure. One of his last acts was the preservation of Bodiam Castle, in Sussex; his posthumous book concerned Walmer Castle. As a young man his emotions were overwhelmed at the first sight of the Taj at Agra. He wrote:—

"The pure swelling dome and spear-like minarets of the pearl of fabrics, the gem of man's handiwork, the most devotional of temples, the most solemn of sepulchres, the peerless and incomparable Taj . . . I stood there and gazed long upon the entrancing spectacle, the singular loveliness of it pouring in waves over my soul and flooding my inner consciousness till the cup of satiety was full, and I had to shut my eyes . . ."

George Curzon was not very fortunate in his early instructors. At the age of seven he came under the domination of a strange governess, Miss Mary Paraman, who, although she taught him well and inculcated all the virtues esteemed necessary for a child in the Victorian 'sixties, frequently treated her little pupil "with all the savagery of a brutal and vindictive tyrant." To her ferocious discipline and cruel punishments Lord Ronaldshay attributes much of the cause of the

(1) *The Life of Lord Curzon*. Being the Authorised Biography of George Nathaniel Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, K.G. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Ronaldshay (Ernest Benn, 21s. net).

rebellious spirit which characterised George Curzon in his later life. I can add a note to the family history of this Mary Paraman. She was the daughter of a former Governor of Norwich Prison; and she had a sister, Eliza Paraman, who excelled her in cruelty as a governess in a small school for boys kept by a Mr. Priest at St. Giles's, Norwich, sixty years ago. This woman, a far inferior person in learning to Mary, was guilty of the most savage floggings upon the persons of the unfortunate little boys who were her charges, or rather victims, and she caused them to suffer far worse mental tortures. Some of her lesser iniquities are depicted in that vivid story of Norwich in the 'sixties, *The Memories of Ronald Love*, by Mary E. Mann, where Eliza Paraman figures as Eliza Pergaman. The sister, Mary Paraman, is said to have had some charm of manner and wit in her saner moments. In her own strange, sadist way she seems to have loved the Curzon children who had been her pupils; she left to the eldest girl what little money she possessed; and at her funeral, in 1892, George Curzon was a conspicuous figure.

Curzon's first schoolmaster, at Wixenford, was also a dominating, violent-tempered man, often savage and cruel to his pupils. Perhaps these unhappy experiences account for George Curzon's attitude to his masters at Eton, rebellious and an "impertinent brat" in the choice language of his tutor. Like all clever and self-sufficient boys at school, he was impatient of the dreary routine of the pedagogic system; its petty but all-powerful tyranny; its fell privilege of cheap sarcasm without retort from the victim; its generally unsympathetic regard for the unusual boy who refuses to turn out a plaster cast upon the lines of the approved scholastic moulding of the clay shaped to classics plus athletics. The only schoolmaster liked by Curzon at Eton—though he was not his pupil—was Oscar Browning. Browning, of course, understood unusual boys and their mental and human need for something beyond school routine and games, for which heterodoxy he lost his mastership at Eton. Lord Ronaldshay does not lay any stress on the undoubted influence Oscar Browning had in the development of Curzon's character, and he does not appear to quote the estimate of Curzon which can be found in Oscar Browning's *Memories of Sixty Years*, so I give it here:—

He [George Curzon] had been a friend although not a pupil of mine at Eton, and his friendship, I am happy to say, has continued to the present day. His great qualities, which have since been fully recognised by the world, were not then duly appreciated by either boys or masters at Eton. I, however, wrote to my mother about him at this time: "Whatever I have previously thought of his character has only been strengthened and intensified by further knowledge. A purer, brighter, or more simple spirit does not exist, and his cleverness, vivacity, and good temper make him the most charming of companions."

And it may not be amiss to remember that Lord Curzon said to his wife when Oscar Browning was visiting them in India and they were discussing the Viceroy's rapidly successful career: "Whatever I am in life I owe it all to Mr. Oscar Browning." The assertion erred, of course, on the side of polite hyperbole, but has some bearing on the matter in question.

Despite his want of sympathy with the masters, George Curzon did brilliantly at Eton, and his school life was a happy and glorious time. The same pleasant condition waited upon his years at Balliol: even if he did not reach the supreme pinnacle of academic success, he left an indelible impress of his vivid personality upon his old college as one of its most distinguished *alumni*. Yet with his vast ambitions and prescient knowledge of his own capabilities he had regarded his education merely as the stepping-stone to his ultimate destiny which already he had planned on a grandiose and imperialistic plane; his thoughts ever turned to the glamorous East. He said at the age of nineteen:—

I do not know that I build many castles in the air for Oxford specially. My castles come later on in life and perhaps have dim chances of realisation; but I recognise, at any rate, that they cannot have any unless this Oxford time is spent in laying the foundations and preparing for the superstructure.

And when he came of age:—

I am fully conscious of the fact that should I ever do anything worthy of the humblest mention, it must be looked for not in the boyhood which has now closed behind me, but in the manhood which from to-day opens before me.

It was with these thoughts that many of the ensuing years were devoted to foreign travel, interspersed with his initiation into politics and his first periods of ministerial work as Under-Secretary respectively for India and Foreign Affairs. His appointment at the age of thirty-two to the India Office affronted people who did not appreciate his self-assurance, his omniscience, his cold hauteur, and his "superior" manner towards those who were not of the number of his intimate friends. This point of view was vitriolically expressed by Henry Labouchere in *Truth*: "When I say that Mr. Curzon is about one-tenth as clever as he thinks himself I am paying him a very high compliment indeed. He should realise that he is not a divinity addressing black beetles when he has to explain the Indian policy of the Government."

Labouchere and the world in general never knew that George Curzon was a dual personality: so it has often been in the case of other emotional and acutely sensitive natures. The arrogance, the disdainful manner, the boisterous self-assertion, formed a mask to hide the reactions Curzon suffered after his moods of exaltation and his sometimes excessive apprehension of his own abilities. He could be severely self-analytical and condemnatory during his fits of depression. He wrote:

I have, and always have had, no opinion of my abilities and accomplishments—such as they are. I am never in the society of able men without recognising their intellectual superiority. I have no opinion at all of what are sometimes alleged to be my powers of speech. When I "carry away" a big meeting no one is more astonished than myself . . . To say that I have a high estimate of myself makes me, who know the reality, smile.

Who knows what an effort, and often a pain to me, is public appearance of any kind? I am supposed to seek the footlights. Little do they know what a business it is to get me on to the stage! How many of them, I wonder, have any idea of the long hours spent in bed, of the aching back, of the incessant

nerve pain in the leg, of the fearful steel cage in which I have to be encased when I undergo any strain in which standing up is involved. They think me strong and arrogant and self-sufficient. Little do they reck that it is an invalid addressing them, who has only been driven to the duty because it is a duty, who has to be mechanically supported in order to stand upright for an hour, and who probably goes back to his bed to writhe in agony as an expiation for his foolishness.

And this was the same man who could humorously confirm in impromptu verse of his own at the Crabbet symposia that particular tag of "superior" which had attached to his name:

Charms and a man I sing, to wit, a most superior person,
Myself, who bears the fitting name of George Nathaniel Curzon.
From which 'tis clear than even when in swaddling bands I lay low,
There floated round my head a sort of apostolic halo.

So, too, there was the antithet in his physical equipment. He suffered through life from an incurable curvature of the spine, which involved the wearing of a medical appliance, yet his external aspect was that of a strong, tall man, of cherubic countenance and rosy cheeks. When thirty-four years of age he was described as having "the complexion of a milkmaid, the stature of an Apollo, and the activity of an Under-Secretary."

Perhaps the most curious trait in the nature of this remarkable and gifted man was his devotion to detail. He was very artistic, but he had none of the carelessness and untidiness alleged to be the concomitant of the artistic temperament: he was methodical to excess. He was extremely emotional and quick-tempered, yet he could coolly devote a large portion of his time to the management of his household affairs. On the eve of his departure for India he superintended the packing of the Viceregal plate amid the thousand calls upon his time; and in India the Viceroy carried on a protracted correspondence in his own hand concerning the engagement of a cook from England and the subsequent dismissal of that functionary owing to a discrepancy of 306 chickens in the monthly budget for the Viceregal larder—"Result was that he left here at twelve hours' notice." To the end of his life Lord Curzon preferred to write with his own hand, and made the least possible use of dictation and secretaries. Long official minutes were penned in his own large, flowing characters, as were his extensive correspondence and the literary work on which he was constantly engaged. Also he often wrote down on odd sheets of paper autobiographical notes and personal thoughts which have been utilised by Lord Ronaldshay in this biography.

The biographer is taking his work very seriously, and remains ever on the high path of the Official Life: rarely does he descend to relate a humorous incident, and such smiles as come to one in the reading arise from some boisterous or sardonic observation in a quoted fragment of Curzon's letters. So we leave the youthful Viceroy as he sets sail in his golden argosy for India, the land of romance and mystic splendour, the goal he had resolved to reach from his early days, a dream come true.

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

MARCO MILLIONS. By Eugene O'Neill. (Cape. 5s. net.)

The hero of this play, in three acts, is not at all the Venetian Herodotus of the thirteenth century, but rather a Babbitt of to-day, a standardised figure, but, as such, admirably suited to expound the wisdom of the West to the ageless East. Marco arrives, indeed, with this official task at the court of Kublai, the Great Kaan. That potentate had demanded a hundred wise men, but accepts Marco as their substitute. He regards this Western merchant as the apotheosis of a jocose civilisation, studies him, and allows him, with his father and uncle, to batten upon the kingdom. Only, unfortunately, the Kaan's granddaughter, Princess Kukachin, views Marco quite differently. And when the time comes for her to go to Persia, as a royal bride, it is Marco who is chosen to escort her. Furthermore, to deepen the complications of the journey, Marco has been enjoined to gaze daily into the eyes of the Princess in his charge. On the last day Kukachin herself reminds him of his task: "There is nothing in life I would not give—nothing I would not give—even now it is not too late! See my eyes as those of a Prince and a Princess! Look deeply! I will die if you do not see what is there." For a few seconds Marco is hypnotised into humanity, but he shakes it off and returns to standard. His official account of the Princess's eyes runs as follows:

I have never noted any unnatural change in them except toward the termination of our trip, particularly on the last day, when I noticed a rather strained expression, but I took to be fever due to her Highness's spleen being sluggish after the long confinement on shipboard.

In the epilogue Marco shows himself dressed as a Venetian merchant of the thirteenth century in the act of leaving the theatre, in front of which his limousine is waiting. He gives a "satisfied sigh at the sheer comfort of it all," and then and there, with the shadow of Pirandello hovering over him perhaps for the first time in the whole play, returns to his normal Babbitt existence. Satire can go no further, but the vigorous art of Mr. O'Neill has made of Marco something far deeper than the puppet of satire; has made him, indeed, a veritable colossus standing for business principles and efficiency against the timeless servitude of thought.

* * * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.*
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The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.