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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXXXIX. NEW SERIES. JULY 2, 1928.

LAW AND LIBERTY

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

RECENT events have again riveted public attention upon the problem of personal liberty.¹ Most people who gave any thought to the matter may well have supposed that in England this problem had been solved long ago to the fullest satisfaction of the individual citizen. But it is a truism that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance, and if a truism can stand in need of proof, the proof is to be found in the fact that the problem, apparently solved, is constantly presenting itself in new forms and under different aspects. Englishmen have boasted for long centuries that the personal liberty of the individual was nowhere so amply secured as in their own country. Claimed as a birthright, it was confirmed by a long series of Charters, Statutes and Declarations of Rights, which in turn have been reinforced by leading decisions in the Courts of Law. From Magna Carta to the *Petition of Right*, from the *Habeas Corpus* Act to the series of judgments obtained in the Courts by John Wilkes, the law of England has with increasing emphasis declared itself in favour of the right of the private citizen to the enjoyment of liberty of person and property, even when that liberty was threatened by the Crown itself or by the servants of the Crown claiming to act by virtue of the Royal prerogative. Poets have apostrophised this cherished privilege:

'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.

So Cowper sang, and the note has been re-echoed by innumerable voices. The philosophers have hardly been

(1) It may be well to warn the reader that this article is not concerned with certain notorious cases which are still *sub judice*.

behind the poets in their rhapsodies; jurists have analysed the implications of the right; politicians have made it the theme of uncounted perorations.

It is true that unanimity is less conspicuous when it comes to the point of defining "liberty." To Lord Acton as to John Stuart Mill the protection of minorities seemed to be an inseparable adjunct if not the essence of "liberty." Answering the question "what is meant by liberty," Lord Acton said: "I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion." "It is bad," he said elsewhere, "to be oppressed by a minority, but it is worse to be oppressed by a majority." It was the same idea which led Mill to insist so strongly on the importance of the representation of minorities. Aristotle held the comfortable belief that liberty was the special characteristic of a "democracy" as virtue was of an "aristocracy." Aristotle's "democracy" was, of course, something very different from that which obtains in the modern world; but whether the progress of democracy makes for the freedom of the individual is a point which must for the moment be postponed.

Meanwhile it is worthy of note that the critical period which decided the fate of representative democracy in England was decisive also as to the claims of the individual to liberty. The Petition of Right was the essential prelude to the Great Rebellion. Nothing indeed did so much to exasperate the subjects of Charles I as the denial of what even then was regarded as the elementary right of every English citizen. The denial of *Habeas Corpus* to certain knights who had been committed to prison by order of the Privy Council for refusal to contribute to the forced loan of 1626 was the immediate cause which provoked Parliament to insist upon the *Petition of Right*. That famous document, after a recital of the familiar clause in Magna Carta and of subsequent statutes, declared that "against the tenor of the said statutes . . . divers of your subjects have of late been imprisoned without any cause shown," and demanded that

"no free man . . . be imprisoned or detained." But though the principle was theoretically accepted it was in practice ineffectually safeguarded. It was left to the *Habeas Corpus* Act of 1679 to provide the machinery.

Yet, however adequate the letter of the law may be, a great deal must evidently depend upon the position of the judges by whom the law has to be administered. "Were [the judicial power]," said Blackstone, "joined with the legislative, the life, liberty and property of the subject would be in the hands of arbitrary judges, whose decisions would then be regulated only by their opinions, and not by any fundamental principles of law." Blackstone's teaching conformed with the best juristic opinion. But in the seventeenth century the more immediate danger was not the confusion of the legislative and the judicial functions, but the dependence of the Judiciary upon the Executive. Encouraged by the great authority of Bacon the first two Stuart Kings endeavoured to subordinate the Judiciary to the Executive. "Encroach not," said James I to the judges, "upon the prerogative of the Crown; if there falls out a question that concerns my prerogative or mystery of State deal not with it till you consult with the King or his Council or both, for they are transcendent matters. That which concerns the mystery of the King's power is not lawful to be disputed." (Speech in the Star Chamber, June 20th, 1616.) Bacon's language in his *Essay of Judicature* is almost an echo of the King's: "It is a happy thing in a State when Kings and States do often consult with judges; and again when judges do often consult with the King and State: the one when there is matter of law intervenient in business of State; the other when there is some consideration of State intervenient in matter of law. . . . Let judges also remember that Solomon's throne was supported by lions on both sides; let there be lions, but yet lions under the throne, being circumspect that they do not check or oppose any points of Sovereignty." Bacon's meaning is not to be mistaken: in technical paraphrase it amounts to this: the judges should be the handmaids of the Executive; the principle which is to-day well established in many coun-

tries that administrative acts are to be judged by administrative law was to be imported into English jurisprudence. If there was one thing more than another which the first French Revolution set out to secure it was the right of the citizen to personal liberty. Yet Article 75 of the Constitution of the year viii of the Republic ran as follows: "All the agents of the Government below the rank of ministers can only be prosecuted for offences relating to their several functions by virtue of a decree of the Conseil d'Etat, in which case the prosecution takes place before the ordinary tribunals." This principle has survived the many changes effected in the constitution of France during the last one hundred and thirty years. Bacon attempted to anticipate it, and by his famous writ, *De non procedendo rege inconsulto*, to prevent English judges from proceeding with any case in which the interests of the Crown were involved. Justice must await the good pleasure of the Crown. Had this principle become established in England the whole course of English constitutional development would have been changed. France has always adhered to the tradition of a strong executive. If Bacon and Strafford had had their way the same tradition might have established itself in England. But the Long Parliament made a clean sweep both of the men and the machinery associated with the rule of "Thorough." Ministers, ecclesiastics and judges who had shown themselves too tender of the Royal prerogative were impeached; acts were passed to abolish the Star Chamber and other "extraordinary" courts, and to declare the illegality of ship-money; and in the *Grand Remonstrance* of 1641 a definite attempt was made to bring the Executive into subordination to the Legislature.

Yet all this, even the *Habeas Corpus* Act itself, might not have availed to secure the liberty of the subject against the Executive had not the Judiciary been placed in a position of complete independence. So long as the judges are "lions under the throne" there can be no effective guarantee for personal liberty. Under the first two Stuarts the judges had been repeatedly reminded that they held office at the good pleasure of the Crown. Sir Edward

Coke, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and a stout opponent of Bacon, was dismissed by James I for his refusal to assent to the King's wishes in the case of *Commendams*. Charles I dismissed Crew (C.J.) in 1626 for his refusal to admit the legality of forced loans, and Heath (C.J.) incurred a similar penalty in 1634 for his opposition to the collection of Ship Money. The later Stuarts dealt not less drastically with the judges. Charles II dismissed for political reasons three Lord Chancellors, three Chief Justices, and six judges. James II went even further and, besides purging the judicial bench, struck off the Commission of the Peace local justices who showed themselves disinclined to abet his tyranny.

In view of the attitude of the Stuarts towards the Judicial Bench, the highest importance must, then, be attached to the change effected after the Revolution of 1688. By altering the conditions on which the judges held office, the Act of Settlement struck out of the King's hands an exceedingly dangerous weapon. It enacted that the judges should henceforth hold office *quamdiu se bene gesserit* (during good behaviour), that their salaries should be "ascertained and established," and that they should be removable only on a joint address from both Houses of Parliament. Thus was the independence of the Judiciary definitely secured. The salaries of the judges are now charged upon the Consolidated Fund, and they are virtually irremovable. By way of contrast it may be mentioned that the administration of justice in the State (not the Federal) Courts of the United States has become a byword for inefficiency (to use no harsher word) in consequence of the fact that judges are not merely elected, but in some cases are subject to the principle of the Recall. In other words, an unpopular judgment may result in dismissal. Even Stuart tyranny is preferable to the tyranny of the mob.

But to return to England. The beneficent effect of the Act of Settlement was clearly illustrated by the success in the Law Courts of that notorious reprobate, John Wilkes. It was in his case that Chief Justice Pratt gave

a decision against the competence of a Secretary of State to issue a warrant for the arrest of a citizen, declaring that such a power "may affect the person and property of every man in this kingdom, and is totally subversive of the liberty of the subject." Wilkes consequently recovered £1,000 damages against Mr. Wood, the Under-Secretary, who had personally superintended the execution of the warrant, and eventually got £4,000 damages from the Secretary of State himself, Lord Halifax.

Thus was the liberty of Englishmen vindicated by our forefathers against the encroachments of the Executive, Regal or Parliamentary. In view of the issue of the contest between the Stuart kings and the judges, it is the more startling to read the language which certain eminent judges have recently been constrained to use in reference to the inroads made by the Administration upon the rights of the private citizen. The debates which have taken place in the House of Lords during the last few weeks upon the Rating and Valuation Bill afford an admirable illustration of the danger which lurks, often unsuspected and too often undetected, in obscure clauses of Bills which, being regarded as uncontroversial, frequently become law after the most perfunctory examination at the hands of the Legislature. Fortunately, we still possess a Second Chamber, which includes among its members some of the most acute and virile intellects this country can boast. Given reasonable time for the discussion of Bills, the House of Lords may be trusted to detect and expose these dangers, especially if they be of a technical or legal character. The pity of it is that adequate time rarely is given to it, and opportunities for revision—increasingly necessary in these days of incessant legislation—are consequently denied to it. How well they are used when opportunity is given the history of the Rating and Valuation Bill proves.

Clause 4 of that Bill, as originally drafted (and as passed, I am ashamed to admit, with wholly inadequate discussion by the House of Commons), empowered the Minister of Health to submit to the High Court a doubtful

point of law in relation to the valuation of hereditaments for the purposes of rating, in order to obtain from the Court an authoritative opinion and thus secure equality and uniformity in valuation.

What, on the face of it, could be more innocent or sensible, more conducive to simplification and economy? Evidently it is desirable to get "equality and uniformity" in valuation; evidently it is important to save time, trouble, and expense alike to ratepayers and rating authorities; why not, therefore, obtain a decision on the general question beforehand from an authoritative tribunal, instead of compelling a Local Authority or an aggrieved ratepayer to go to the trouble and expense of litigation carried up, it might be, to the House of Lords? But not thus did the matter present itself to the great lawyers who adorn the benches of the Second Chamber. Lord Hewart went so far as to say that Clause 4 was, "without exception, the worst clause of its kind which has ever appeared. . . . This was a proposal to convert his Majesty's judges into departmental solicitors." Lord Hanworth, the Master of the Rolls, referred to the clause in these emphatic terms: "This power given to the Minister to take the opinion of the High Court without a sufficient investigation of the facts and without opportunity being given to all those who desire to be heard, and ought to be heard, to come before the Court, is, to my mind, a piece of mischievous legislation." The President of the Probate and Divorce Division, Lord Merrivale, also expressed his conviction that it was a "mischievous clause," and added: "What it would effect, whether it is designed or not, would be to make the Judiciary act in an ancillary and advisory capacity to the Executive, and confound the working of the judicial system with Executive administration. Every student of politics who has considered the matter during the whole of our political history has seen that that is the road to mischief. It was the kind of proposal, the kind of intention, which led to the removal of Lord Coke from his high office, and to his going into opposition against the then Government (which, of course, had an autocratic flavour about it but which he had honestly as an English-

man supported), because, as he said, it established a species of auricular relation between His Majesty's Administration and the judges, who had to be impartial in all questions affecting the subject . . . a system which puts a public Department in a position to take charge of the question with which it deems itself administratively concerned, to organise the argument of it, to provide payment according to its views for some of the argument, to obtain a decision and then to promulgate or to retain it to regulate its relations with His Majesty's subjects is unheard of. I believe such a system is very unhealthy." There then follow words which are, I think, among the gravest which have fallen from a Constitutional jurist in England since the seventeenth century: "It is no part of the business of His Majesty's judges, and never has been part of their business, at any rate since the Act of Settlement, to have any advisory concern in the acts of the Administration or to take any part in advising the Administration. The natural effect of associating them with the Administration and attaching to them the responsibility for conclusions which are put forward by the Administration will be to weaken the authority of the Judiciary. It can have no other effect."¹ I make no apology for quoting at some length from this particularly weighty speech by one who is not only an eminent lawyer, but has himself held high administrative office. Lord Haldane's opinion coincided with that of Lord Merrivale. "The clause," he said, "is an attempt to introduce something quite novel, so far as the law of England is concerned, into our procedure—to introduce the plan of enabling an abstract question, a question not necessarily relating to any concrete case but purely general, to be put before the judges, and the judges are to be compelled, the word is 'shall'—to give an opinion upon that question. That plan is unknown to our law." Despite a courageous attempt at a defence of the clause made by Lord Birkenhead, the Government wisely bent before the storm and allowed the objectionable clause to be deleted from the Bill. In announcing their decision the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, in

(1) Lords Debates, Vol. 70, No. 23, pp. 759-762.

referring to "that independence of the Judiciary which is the palladium of the liberty of the subject," used words which it may be well to put on record: "Not only is it important that the Judiciary should be independent of the Executive, but it is also of vital importance that the public should be satisfied that the Judiciary and Executive are independent."

That is profoundly true, and for that reason, if for no other, the Government may be cordially congratulated on having executed a wise if not too dignified retreat.

The matter goes, however, much beyond a particular clause in a particular Act of Parliament. In the special case under review we may perhaps stretch charity so far as to assume that the Ministry of Health were guilty of nothing worse than a singularly inept attempt to short-circuit legal procedure and to save time and money both to the ratepayer and the Local Authorities. But evidence accumulates that there is on the part of Public Departments a deliberate attempt to introduce into England the principles and practice of "Administrative Law." Lord Merrivale referred, in another of his illuminating speeches, to the existence of "a coterie of persons who are at present steadily engaged in the effort to remove questions of conflict between citizens out of the jurisdiction of the Courts in order to transfer them to the decision of administrative authorities."

Nor has this tendency failed to find apologists even among scientific students of jurisprudence. These writers commonly dwell upon the cheapness and speed of administrative law; upon the advantage of technical knowledge and specialist experience in the discharge of quasi-judicial functions; upon the inevitable application of new standards for the carrying out of social reform. It is indeed the increase in the functions of the State, the acceptance by the State of fresh social responsibilities, and the multiplication of public officials which has stimulated the development of administrative law. Confronted with perpetual demands for legislation of a quasi-Socialistic character, Parliament has acquiesced, very often more than

half unconsciously, in the delegation both of legislative and judicial powers to administrative bodies. In former days, Englishmen were said to be distinguished from their Continental neighbours by their "instinctive scepticism about bureaucratic wisdom." As a consequence Parliament, when making laws, attempted to provide beforehand by precise statutory enactment for every contingency which could reasonably be anticipated. Hence the form of English statutes was exceptionally elaborate and detailed. Of late years this tradition has been, in marked degree, abandoned by Parliament. We have moved towards Continental methods. Many modern statutes are mere *cadres*, and afford no adequate indication of their ultimate scope. They lay down general rules and leave it to the appropriate Government Departments to give substance to the legislative skeleton by the issue of administrative orders. This tendency has been noted any time during the last twenty years both by English publicists and by more detached critics of English institutions like President Lowell, of Harvard. The latter, after referring to the "growing practice of delegating legislative power," added: "We hear much talk about the need for the devolution of the power of Parliament on subordinate representative bodies, but the tendency is not mainly in that direction. . . . The real delegation has been in favour of the administrative departments of the Central Government." Those words were written just twenty years ago. True at that period, they are even more significant to-day. But the tendency is not merely as a particularly shrewd critic has observed, "part of the *damnosa hereditas* of the War; the bureaucratic tendency was developing long before the War, but five years of emergency government have brought it to a pitch which is fast becoming intolerable. It is idle to boast of the glories of our Constitution when the fountain of justice is polluted by the owner of the soil."

I think that Mr. Allen is right. Out of 102 Public Acts passed in the year 1919, no fewer than 60 delegated legislative power to some subordinate authority. A con-

(1) C. K. Allen *Ap. Quarterly Review* for 1923; cf. also C. T. Carr, *Delegated Legislation* (1921).

spicuous illustration is to be found in the *Aliens Restriction Amendment Act* of that year. Under the powers conferred by that Act, an Order-in-Council was subsequently issued which in form, length and elaboration is not distinguishable from an Act of Parliament. Such delegation constitutes, as Mr. C. T. Carr has observed, a "remarkable surrender on the part of Parliament."

The more Parliament is inclined to yield to the temptation of abdicating its legislative function, the more is the responsibility of the courts increased. A warning recently issued by Lord Shaw of Dunfermline is in this connection particularly pertinent: "The increasing crush of legislative efforts and the convenience to the executive of a refuge to the device of Orders-in-Council would increase that danger (of a transition to arbitrary Government) tenfold were the judiciary to approach any action of the Government in a spirit of compliance rather than of independent scrutiny." More and more, therefore, is the private citizen compelled to look to the Courts for the preservation of his liberty. But it must be observed that the powers of the judiciary are strictly limited to the *interpretation* of the law. If the legislature is careless or if it deliberately grants certain prerogatives to subordinate authorities the judges are powerless. If public officials exceed the powers conferred upon them by statute the judges can check the excess; but many statutes, it must be remembered, emanate from the departments which will ultimately be charged with their administration. It is expecting too much of human nature to suppose that an administrative official will not so draft the statute as to allow him the widest possible latitude in administration. The House of Commons is by no means well equipped for the detection of these insidious ambiguities. The number of trained lawyers is now relatively small, and very few of them are to be found on the Opposition benches from which criticism of Government Bills would naturally come.

Increasingly responsible, therefore, is the revising function of the House of Lords, and increasingly important is it that adequate time should be given to the Second Chamber for revision. The fate of Clause 4 of the

Rating and Valuation Bill conspicuously illustrates this truth. Once more we may "thank God for a House of Lords."

Nor is it mere coincidence that among those who in their legislative capacity have been quickest to detect flaws in the legislative projects sent up from the Commons to the Lords were eminent judges who, in a judicial capacity, have been compelled to constitute themselves champions of the rights of the private citizen. One of the stoutest of those champions enlarged on the topic now under review in his address to the American Bar Association at Buffalo last autumn. Speaking on law and democracy, Lord Hewart said: "It is a commonplace to say that the Rule of Law involves at least two things. One is the absence of arbitrary power on the part of the Government. The other is equality before the law. . . . That is our system. . . . The other and opposite system which is familiar on the Continent of Europe implies and requires what is called *droit administratif*. Pleasantly enough we have not even a name for it. . . . But is it certain that this system of ours—the Rule of Law, equality before the law, and the exclusion of arbitrary power—is quite free from risks of invasion and diminution? . . . Has there not been during recent years and is there not now a marked and increasing development of bureaucratic pretensions, the essence and aim of which are to withdraw more and more matters and topics from the jurisdiction of the Courts and to set them apart for purely official determination?" Answering his own question, the Lord Chief Justice declared with emphasis that this "mischievous purpose" exhibits itself in at least three ways. One is to "provide in express terms by statute that the decision of certain questions belongs to this or that Government Department, that the departmental decision is to be final and binding upon all parties, and that that decision is not to be questioned in a Court of Law." Another way is to "confer upon a Government Department power to make rules and regulations" having the force of law, and a third way is "by statute to empower a Government Department to make orders

for the removal of difficulties, as it is pleasantly called, and actually for that purpose even to modify the provisions of the statute itself."

It would not be possible to indicate more succinctly or more forcibly the danger to which I desire in this paper to draw the attention of all those who are interested either in the science of politics or the art of legislation. I intend no disrespect to my colleagues in the House of Commons if I say that they have little time (however great the inclination) to scrutinise closely the *form* of legislation. I have myself been taken to task by outside critics for my old-fashioned insistence upon the oft-quoted aphorism of Montesquieu: "There can be no liberty if the Judicial Power be not separated from the Legislature and the Executive." I have been accused of recalling a "*legendary* separation." I am wholly impenitent. Nobody imagines that the separation can in these days be absolute, complete or rigid. But every scientific student of politics is aware that the wise architects of the American Constitution did apply this principle most rigidly, and that it has in practice been maintained with all possible jealousy. Even in the United States, however, the separation of powers is not absolute: elsewhere, I admit, the differentiation tends to be increasingly blurred.

Let us, however, confine ourselves to our own country. It is my profound conviction that the prevailing and increasing disposition on the part of the British Parliament to confer upon the Executive quasi-judicial and quasi-legislative functions is wholly mischievous and ought to be resisted. "The power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." So ran Dunning's famous resolution. Most of us would be startled if such a resolution were carried or even proposed in the House of Commons to-day. Yet if for "Crown" we substitute "Executive," there is at least as much ground for proposing that resolution to-day as there was in the third decade of the reign of George III.

THE AMERICAN PEACE PROPOSALS

BY LIEUT.-COM. THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

ON April 13th, 1928, Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador in London, addressed a letter to Sir Austen Chamberlain with a number of enclosures, including a draft treaty for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy which it was proposed should be signed by the Governments of the United States, France, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and Italy. The covering letter explained the circumstances.

With the exception of the Washington Conference of 1921, which dealt with the comparatively narrow issues of armaments, and particularly naval armaments, and of certain outstanding questions in the Pacific, this is the first definite step taken by Washington to re-enter the comity of nations since the American Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations with it.

Speaking from his place in the House of Lords on May 15th the Archbishop of Canterbury described this latest proposal for ensuring the peace of the world in the following words¹:—

I believe [this proposal] will stand out in history as one of the most remarkable that has been made in the story of civilisation and the world.

On the same occasion the Marquis of Reading, who, it must be remembered, has served at Washington as His Majesty's Ambassador, had moved a resolution cordially welcoming the proposals and calling for prompt and favourable consideration and acceptance of them by His Majesty's Government. After a debate in which, but for the cautious shuffling of Lord Cushendun, every speaker had spoken in similar terms, the resolution was adopted unanimously by the House of Lords. In the House of Commons on May 10th Sir Austen Chamberlain used language which was interpreted everywhere as implying

(1) *Hansard*, Vol. 71, No. 33, May 15th, 1928, cols. 28-29.

whole-hearted support and acceptance, provided the engagements already entered into were not affected adversely and that the British Dominions agreed. Referring to the initiative taken by the Government of the United States Sir Austen Chamberlain said¹:—

I will go further to-day, and I will say that not only have we warmly welcomed it, but we are hopeful that it will be successfully concluded, and that it will make a real contribution to the peace of the world.

Both Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George had welcomed the Kellogg proposal and called for whole-hearted acceptance; while Lord Grey of Fallodon, that hundred-per-cent. Leaguer, at a private meeting of Members of Parliament of all parties on April 25th, described his own attitude as "one of cordial and unqualified welcome to the United States initiative." It may fairly be claimed that the country accepted the Kellogg proposals whole-heartedly in the beginning.

In a debate last year the Foreign Secretary had been pressed to propose a Treaty with the United States outlawing war as between the two peoples at a time when there was no inkling of Mr. Secretary Kellogg's action. Sir Austen Chamberlain replied that no such Treaty was necessary as "war between England and America is outlawed in our hearts."

It would be as well, before considering the British reply and certain implications and reactions that may be expected, if we glance back at the history of this historic American proposal. In reality the ball was set rolling by Monsieur Briand in an interview with the Associated Press on April 6th, 1927, when, with true Gallic eloquence, the Foreign Minister of France declared the willingness of his Government to sign a Treaty with the American Government outlawing war as between the two peoples. Apparently Monsieur Briand was only paying compliments. But the effect of his words was far-reaching. It was as if a child had strayed into a great sleeping power station and innocently turned a small switch starting the ponderous dynamos. The use of the very words "war

(1) *Hansard*, Vol. 217, No. 61, May 10th, 1928, col. 458.

outlawry" generated electricity in every town in America. For there is in that country a virile active movement of some fourteen years' standing for the outlawry of war. Like certain Eastern religions it probably started simultaneously in widely separated centres and amongst independent groups of thinking Americans. But its two recognised parents were Mr. Levinson, a well-known Chicago lawyer and active peace-worker, and Charles Clayton Morrison, Editor of the *Christian Century*.

Though the vast majority of thinking Americans supported the action of the Senate in rejecting the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant, they have had an uneasy feeling that the people of the United States have a mission to fulfil in the cause of peace, and that mere isolation plus insistence on the Monroe Doctrine is not sufficient. One of the causes of the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles was general disgust with the European reaction following on the Armistice. But revulsion against war itself was stronger than ever. The greatest War in which mankind ever engaged had ended apparently with nothing settled, and leaving Europe worse off and with more seeds of future war sprouting than before. The Outlawists therefore found fertile ground to till. Their public was receptive. The religious leaders, the women, the innumerable "uplift" societies, the active peace movements, all seized on the idea of disestablishing war as an institution with alacrity. Its simplicity as well as the revolutionary character of the proposal made a wide appeal.

The Outlawists made little progress in American official and political circles until they won over the redoubtable Senator Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. This hundred-per-cent. American, isolationist, and alleged former Anglophobe, has an immense public following. He has a reputation of honesty and singleness of purpose, and is recognised as speaking for the ordinary man-in-the-street. Once converted, the Senator lost little time before acting, and in February, 1923, he tabled his famous motion in the Senate resolving that war between nations should be outlawed as an institution by making it a public crime under the law of nations.

Since then the movement has grown in the United States, the propaganda in its favour has been continuous, and war outlawry has become a slogan which no politician of any party and no public man in America can ignore.

It is necessary to appreciate the way popular movements start in the United States, gather momentum, and finally sweep all before them. The public seizes on some simple sentence and makes it a political war cry. "No Slavery," "No Saloons," "No More War," or "War Outlawry," are examples. Public opinion having forced the idea on the politicians, the politicians in their turn have to work out a policy to fit it. The reasons for this American procedure are to be found in the vast area of the country, the mixed races inhabiting the sub-continent, and the underlying idealism of a people descended from pioneers and emigrants, and liable to great emotional waves despite an apparent materialistic outlook.

In this mental atmosphere Monsieur Briand's message was received. The ordinary busy American citizen thought the Outlawists had made a further capture in the French Foreign Minister. Senator Capper, indeed, brought forward a special resolution in the Senate to give effect to the Briand offer. But Mr. Capper not only persisted in his resolution that a Treaty should be drawn up and signed between America and France, but that "other like-minded nations" should be invited to sign also. And from the Capper resolution we can trace directly the response of Mr. Secretary Kellogg to the Briand statement of April 6th.

At first the French Cabinet was delighted. There had been some coolness between the two Republics over the matter of the French War debt. In any case the French Government could not draw back, and in June of last year Monsieur Briand sent his Note to Washington proposing a Pact of perpetual friendship between France and the United States. This proposed Pact condemned recourse to war, renounced it as an instrument of national policy as between France and America, and bound the high contracting parties only to seek the settlement of disputes between them by pacific means. The next events have

been vividly described in caricature in the *New York Herald*. In the first picture Monsieur Briand is shown penning a Note on behalf of his wife, Madame France, and himself to Mr. Secretary Kellogg inviting him and Madame Columbia to a little private tea-party—tea for four, in fact, *en famille*. The second picture shows Mr. Kellogg arriving at the household of Briand and Madame France accompanied by the German, Italian, Japanese, and British *paterfamilias* and their wives, while in the distance follow the other nations of the world in continuous procession, and the horror of Briand and his partner at the invasion.

Mr. Kellogg's reply, proposing to extend the Treaty to include the six principal Powers, and thereafter to extend it to other like-minded nations, caused consternation in Paris. The French Government has wriggled ever since. Matters were made no easier by the prompt acceptance of the invitation by the German Government and the whole-hearted but only slightly belated acceptance of Japan. Violent efforts were made to win over the British Foreign Secretary to the French viewpoint, and a no less violent effort was made to show that the proposed Treaties were aimed at undermining the Covenant of the League of Nations. The former effort, especially in its first result of a proposal by the British Government for a Conference of Jurists to discuss the details of the proposed Pact, was countered by private remonstrances from Washington. The second effort was countered by Secretary Kellogg himself before the American Society of International Law on April 28th last, when he declared that the proposals were not made with any intention of interfering with the machinery and the obligations of the Covenant and the Treaty of Locarno. The stage was thus set for the British reply.

To make the picture complete I will anticipate events by a few days. On May 30th President Coolidge delivered his May Day address at Gettysburg. A Presidential address on this battlefield has a peculiar sanctity, comparable to a British Coronation Oath. In his speech America's First Citizen endorsed the Kellogg proposals

for the outlawry of war in terms which graft them on to the American political fabric. Attempts have been made to suggest that the whole Kellogg proposal was tactics before the Presidential Election in November in order that the Republicans might have a counter programme to the pacifism of the Democrats. Little is gained by looking too closely into any motives of any politicians of any country in the world. But when a proposal such as this is endorsed by the President under such circumstances it passes, like the Monroe Doctrine itself, outside the purview of party bickerings.

Anglo-American friendship received a set-back in Geneva last autumn. The failure of the tripartite Naval Conference—which failure rested on disagreement between the English and American delegates, for no one blamed the Japanese—brought the two peoples face to face for the first time for a hundred years in naked rivalry for maritime supremacy. Despite all the talk of the unthinkability of war between England and America, the rival delegations were exposed counting ships and guns and strategical factors against each other just as Britain and Germany did between the years 1904-1914. And a peculiar combination of circumstances had guided the hand of Secretary Kellogg into snatching an opportunity to make good the damage once and for all.

The best friends of England in America had hoped that, like the German and Japanese replies, the British reply would have been a simple and whole-hearted acceptance. The speeches and declarations of party leaders, including the Foreign Secretary himself referred to above, had led the world to expect some such reply. But there was Paris to be considered. In the event, the Chamberlain Note of May 19th was too long and discursive, even allowing for the difficulties of reconciling our obligations to France with our desire for the friendship of America. But the tenth and eleventh clauses included reservations of the most far-reaching character. In the tenth clause it was declared that "there are certain regions of the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety," and complete

freedom of action was claimed with regard to these unspecified territories *outside the British Empire*. The Note was accepted with caution in the American newspapers and with polite cordiality by Mr. Kellogg. For, the next move was with France, and if possible the French Government must be induced to swim with the tide. But the *Washington Post*, in an outburst of candour, described this reservation as taking the heart out of the Treaty; while the inspired French newspapers declared that the British had gone further even than the French had proposed to do. The reserved territories are generally taken to be Afghanistan, Egypt, and possibly Persia. But, be it noted, once certain territories outside the British Empire are declared reserved areas about which we refuse to settle disputes by arbitration, France will be at liberty to claim similar rights where Poland, Yugo-Slavia, and her other satellite States are concerned; Italy can claim Albania, possibly the whole of the Balkan Peninsula, and a good deal of North Africa and Anatolia. And except for its psychological effects—and these are important and will be referred to later—there will be not much left of the Treaty for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. As for the eleventh clause, which has received far less attention than the tenth, it obviously aims at the non-conclusion of any Treaty for the renunciation of war where Russia is concerned. For it declares “there are some States whose Governments have not been universally recognised, and some which are scarcely in a position to ensure the maintenance of good order and security within their territories.” This latter does not refer to Russia, who rules her own territories with an iron hand, but probably means China. It is difficult to exaggerate the seriousness of this reservation. It means either: (a) that we anticipate a war with Russia in the future, or (b) that we fear she will break her engagements and attack her neighbours, or even ourselves. If the former, we dis-close ourselves guilty of tortuous and dishonest policy. If the latter, that is, that we fear Russian aggression, surely from even the narrow military point of view, having once signed a Treaty for the renunciation of war we should

then be in the position of a nation whose quarrel is just. We could pose as the injured party with the enemy the aggressor. We should thus have all the advantages from the propaganda point of view with our own people, the neutrals, and the enemy. As for the plea that Clause 10 is complementary to the American Monroe Doctrine, it has become the fashion to overlook the origin of this Doctrine. Far from establishing a United States Imperialism over both the Americas, it was first adumbrated as a defensive measure against an active Holy Alliance which was contemplating a Franco-Spanish military and naval expedition to South America to reconquer the recently liberated Spanish colonies. It was furthermore a declaration of defence of the institution of republicanism as against the, at that time, militant and resurgent European institution of monarchy. To pretend that Clause 10 of the Chamberlain reply constitutes a British Monroe Doctrine is diplomatic sleight of hand and thoroughly dishonest.

Yet the American peace proposals can and should have great value, despite these reservations. They might have been a long step forward towards the abolition of the institution of war. As it is, though they will be a shorter step, that step will be considerable and important.

I referred above to the psychological effects. Take ourselves and America. In the draft of the suggested Treaty, and it should be noted that no departure from this Treaty is being suggested in America but only an alteration in the preamble, Article II declares that the High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes and conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be which may arise between them shall never be sought except by pacific means. Despite reservations, expansions, British, French and Italian Monroe Doctrines, talk about self-defence and third parties, here we have war outlawed as between England and America by solemn Treaty. There should be no excuse now for the breakdown of the next conference on naval armaments which must be held before 1931, when the Washington Treaty of 1921 can expire. The next step should be the calling of the proposed conference of the Great Powers,

which might be preceded by conversations between England and America, as proposed by Senator Borah, for the discussion of outstanding questions of international law at sea. It is common knowledge that the American demand for naval parity with Britain is the fear of the institution of a private blockade in a private war instituted by the British Navy. But with a multilateral Treaty outlawing war there will be no private blockade. We are forced back, indeed, to the second of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, namely, that the seas shall not be closed in whole or in part except for the enforcement of international action. If this step can be taken successfully we shall remove a possible danger of a world war.

England and Japan signing such a Treaty should remove the necessity of proceeding further with the proposed great naval arsenal and dockyard at Singapore.

With regard to third party reservations insisted on by France, these need not be so dangerous to peace as they sound. A, B, C and D are four Powers who have signed the Treaty. C attacks D. That relieves A and B of their obligations under the Treaty not to go to war with C; but it does not relieve them of their obligations not to go to war with each other.

As for the right of nations to fight in their own self-defence, no paper treaties could ever prevent a people from "fighting back" when attacked. Duelling and the vendetta have been disestablished and outlawed. Yet a man attacked by a miscreant in the street can defend himself to the death, and can shoot a burglar breaking into his house. This is the common law of all nations. But the difference between fighting in self-defence and waging a war for the furtherance of national policy is that, after the fighting is over and the attacker beaten off, the peace terms will be dictated by an international tribunal and not by the victor. Just as having wounded the burglar breaking into my premises I must hand him over to the police to be tried before the Courts, and it would not be legal for me to proceed to his house to recompense myself from his goods or to seek vengeance from his family. Yet this latter proceeding has been the practice in previous wars.

The victorious have dictated peace terms, taking what compensations they could, and slaking their thirst for vengeance to the extent their public opinion and, to a lesser degree, the opinion of neutrals, would permit. With war outlawed there will be no victors and no vanquished, only law-keepers and law-breakers; and the penalty for the latter will be judicially awarded. When these things are realised by the "common people," as President Wilson called them, the cause of peace will certainly be advantaged. War is an anachronism to-day, and the perverted and exaggerated nationalism which leads to it is a psychological disease. The cure must be psychological, and the psychological effects of the Kellogg proposals remain of great value. As to the fears of the signatories not keeping faith, why is it to-day that we accept a national pledge to go to war, but not a national pledge *not* to go to war? The much vaunted Treaty of Locarno depends on faith. If France attacks Germany and Germany calls on England and Italy under the Pact to go to her aid with their armies and navies, how does she know that they will respond, and who is going to force them to fight on Germany's side? She relies only on their good faith to go to war in her defence, and France relies on the same good faith if she is attacked by Germany. Then why can we not rely on the good faith of nations to keep their pledged word not to go to war? If the majority of civilised nations can so rely on the sanctity of treaties to keep the peace, war is fairly on the way to be outlawed and disestablished as an institution or as an instrument of national policy. The six nations originally invited to sign the Kellogg Draft Treaty are the wealthiest, the most powerful, and the most heavily armed, actually or potentially, in the world. If they can keep the peace amongst themselves they should certainly be able to keep it in the rest of the world.

THE BUDGET AND CURRENT POLITICS

By "CURIO"

THE Budget certainly caused a stir of excitement in our chronic state of political boredom. The debate on the Financial Resolutions and Mr. Chamberlain's clever introduction of the Rating and Valuation Act have also produced a freshet of wind in the doldrums of Westminster. Nor can it be denied that in the House of Commons the Government have had far the best of the debating argument. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain have proved more than a match for Mr. Snowden and Sir John Simon. Mr. Snowden would have made a splendid Liberal Chancellor, but he gives the impression of not believing one word of Socialist finance. Sir John Simon is feeble and dull when off his own expert subjects, and finance is not one of those subjects. Mr. Lloyd George alone has given shot for shot.

However, the real battle on the Churchill rating proposals has been put off by common consent to the autumn, and this gives a certain air of futility to the long-range fire Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George pour into each other.

It would be hard to find a recent parallel to the absolute inertia which has fallen on the political world since the end of the General Strike. The Oppositions are divided, and their tactics are futile to the last degree. The Government is somnolently all-powerful. Such a period certainly intervened between the great Tory victory of 1874 and the Eastern crisis of 1878, or, again, between the Khaki Election of 1900 and the raising of the tariff issue in 1903. This intense dullness in the House and lack of interest in the constituencies are not healthy symptoms in the national life. The price of democratic constitutional government is perpetual electoral excitement. If the average politician and his voters go to sleep on sentry-go they are certain to wake up to find themselves in the hands of some extremely unpleasant enemy, either a Civil Servant or a Communist.

THE BUDGET

25

The reactionary pessimists say that this sense of boredom with public affairs has come to stay with the vast increase in the electorate. There is something in this view, but it is very easy to overstate it.

The most intense political interest will certainly be manifested in a community where most people know each other personally, or at least by sight. Such was the case in the Greek city of the fifth century B.C., where the oligarchs and the democrats frequently indulged in alternate "progroms" against each other. And undergraduate politics at Oxford and Cambridge are also inspired by this personal zest of hatred or affection. The old local borough with its contending magnates, its handful of voters and its small population could also show at election time a scene of tremendous if not very edifying enthusiasm. The pessimists of 1867 and 1886 said at the time that it was impossible to expect the ignorant masses of new electors to understand or interest themselves with the real issues of politics. Yet they were wrong. The character of exciting issues did undoubtedly change somewhat with the extension of the franchise. But anyone who went through the General Elections of 1906 and 1910 in a great industrial town must confess that political excitement often reached fever heat. In a word, the enfranchised of thirty or twenty years before had been blooded to the game.

The trouble of the present moment would appear to be twofold. (1) The body politic has not yet absorbed into itself the vast increase of voters injected into it in 1918. (2) We are still suffering from war-weariness and war cynicism. From the younger middle-aged upwards many of us feel a little inclined to say "Who shall show us any good?" And this atmosphere is infectious.

Neither of these causes are permanent. (1) Electioneering will adapt itself in time to the new size of the constituency and catch the fancy even of the enfranchised "flapper" of 1928. The popular Press will help a great deal here, as it has done throughout the twentieth century. (2) The war-weary and even the war babies, if they too suffer from the parental cause, will die off in the course of nature. We shall return to the healthy British desire

to shatter each other's arguments, or even each other's heads, in the true historic spirit of election time.

There is more truth, if not complete truth, in the alternative fear expressed by the Conservative pessimist that a spoliatory Socialist Government would arouse such political passions in its victims and opponents as to drive them to the guns.

However, these reflections are concerned with the developments of decades not of months. The immediate question is whether the battle over rating reform and State relief to industrial and agricultural rates under the Churchill scheme is going to assume the proportions of a great electoral issue, decide the fate of the Government, and purge us of political boredom.

I find on this subject several quite different schools of thought among the elect of politics and journalism. There are those who say that Mr. Churchill has landed himself and the Tory Party at another Antwerp or Gallipoli. Mr. Lloyd George clearly agrees, and thinks that he can play Limehouse over again with the big industries taking the place of the old dukes as cockshies. Others, again, maintain that the Government scheme has put new life into Toryism, given it a constructive policy suitable to the age, and supplied it with a battle-cry, "Help the British Export Trade," against the next General Election.

According to these ideas the country will be in an intense state of excitement over this issue between October, 1928, and the early summer of 1929, and a good ding-dong battle of the Home Rule or Tariff Reform type will ensue. The Government, say some of its supporters, will promise its apple of restored prosperity to the basic industries, to be realised only when it has been given a renewed lease of power, and will win the election. Or, on the other hand, its critics declare that it will be ruined by the defects and unpopularity of its scheme.

I belong to the school of thought which believes that, important as the influence of Mr. Churchill's 1928 Budget may be on electoral opinion, people are not going to fly into some natural and inevitable passion about the plan. Rating is a dull and complicated subject. The depths of

the political world are not to be stirred over the expenditure of thirty-nine millions on the relief of rates unless some vital principle is involved. This is especially true when payment is to be deferred for a considerable time, and the whole scheme will only come into effect when it has been definitely approved at the General Election. The critics who say to Mr. Churchill: "Ah, this is another case of jam to-morrow; the agriculturists want jam to-day," under-estimate Mr. Churchill's shrewdness. He is going to depend in the electoral battle not on gratitude for past favours—an uncertain support—but on a lively expectation of something good to come.

The Opposition also will find it very hard to stir people into a state of violent anger against a Ministry which puts its principal measure before the nation practically to be decided by referendum.

Therefore, my view is that popular opinion on rating relief for industry at the expense of the motorist and others will be decided roughly on the merits of the plan itself, and will not engender the kind of tempestuous passion which marked the Khaki Election of 1900, the Chinese Labour Election of 1906, or the Zinovieff Election of 1924.

It is exactly because Mr. Churchill's scheme will be subjected to a very cool analysis by the independent voter who decides the issue that the friends of the Government ought to feel anxious. Mr. Churchill is an adept at writing a book ten years after the event to prove that he foresaw everything, and that his foresight was only frustrated by the foolish obstruction of other people. This may be very comforting to Mr. Churchill. It will hardly console his party if his Budget proposals prove to be half-baked and discredit the Government sufficiently to prevent it getting a clear majority next year, and a comfortable tenure of power for another four years. It is just here that the words Antwerp and Gallipoli arouse disturbing memories. Will the Government plan stand fire? Already it is clear that the Rating and Valuation Act is badly drafted, and will have to be amended at once in certain important particulars in relation to small business. Mr. Neville Chamberlain indicated, indeed, in introducing the Bill, that time for its

preparation had been short, and that he was prepared to accept drastic amendments.

There is a further and broader difficulty behind. Everyone has admitted for years that the rating system of England and the organisation of local government wants reforming. There is no greater living authority on the subject than Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and his heart is manifestly given to the cause of reform. If he thought less of this and more of his personal prospects he would be Mr. Baldwin's destined successor. But such reform must in itself stir up the resistance of local vested interests, largely Conservative in character, such as the Boards of Guardians and other small authorities. To balance this opposition a genuine and thoroughgoing scheme of reform of local government and local taxation in England is needed. Such a scheme produced by Mr. Chamberlain would, because of its innate logic, sense and soundness, get the support, however critical, of all the advanced men in local government, including Liberals and Socialists. In other words, a Chamberlain Bill dealing with this vast problem as a whole would be one thing. A Churchill Budget just hitting municipal reform off as a side issue, and chiefly devoted to special relief to industry, is quite another question. These two horses are likely to go badly in harness together. Industry would benefit from a reform of a rating system to some extent. But to approach the whole question of the reform of local government as if it were a kind of side issue in an attempt to help the export trade is obviously an illogical and unsound proceeding. It is so illogical that it may land the Government in considerable difficulties. It suggests the naval bombardment of the forts without having the army ready to land.

The Government must hope that it will have passionate electioneering of the Lloyd George or Maxton type to pitch the tone of the argument against it and be spared the remorseless analysis of less biased critics. I wonder Mr. Snowden does not see this. His criticism of the Churchill scheme will not be effective until he does.

I will put the major difficulty at once. The whole system of block grants is a reversion of the methods of

1890, since universally condemned and amended by the universal consent of all parties. The block grant once given passes at once from the control of the central authority. The new method has been that of granting *pro rata* contributions from the Treasury to local authorities in return for a certain amount of control. Municipal expenditure all over the country can thus be kept in a certain common level and universality of conditions enforced.

Mr. Churchill was so sketchy in describing the effects that his rate-in-relief aid would have on the existing system of Treasury subventions to the local authorities that it was very hard to follow his magnificent theories home to their practical applications. He has left Mr. Neville Chamberlain to handle the dirty end of the stick. It is possible that the block grant may be justified in this particular instance. But the general argument in this matter is against the Government, and they will have to prove their case. There are all kinds of other difficulties. I take one at random. Is rating relief in farming to be based on rental paid? If so the worst farm which pays no rent will get no relief.

If the Government is wise it will free Mr. Neville Chamberlain of all other duties, present him with a towel and a basin of cold water, and set him to disentangle the knots his more impetuous colleague at the Treasury may have left in the electoral fishing line. The Government has got to make a good case, not a mere debating case, in this matter, and no man is more likely to make it than the Minister of Health. Mr. Churchill has promised to find the money and is clearly prepared to find the rhetoric. He has wiped the floor with Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Snowden, and Sir John Simon in the House of Commons, but the nation has an uneasy feeling that he would be capable of doing this even if his plan was quite wrong. And his task was made the easier by the obvious insincerity of the critics who took up the line that whatever the Government proposed must of necessity be wrong.

The basis of all this purely partisan criticism appears to be that you are going to give money to concerns which are prosperous as well as to those which are not. As a matter

of fact it is quite clear that necessitous areas and necessitous industries will tend to get a larger proportionate share of relief by reduction in rates than more prosperous neighbourhoods or concerns. But even if this were not so it would not effect in the slightest degree the principle which apparently divides the Conservatives from the Socialists and Liberals.

The Oppositions would justify a grant of relief from rates only to areas and industries which were not solvent. In other words, they would be prepared to give a dole or a subsidy to the unsuccessful concern and withhold the grant from the prosperous one.

Mr. Churchill was able to make fine play in the House with this "unorthodox" piece of Liberal economics. And, indeed, one might imagine that everything which had been written on the subject of the subsidy before and since the Coal Strike had been ink spent in vain. Is it not, or was it not universally admitted that State aid to unsuccessful industry is unfair to other classes in the community? That it prostitutes the industry itself by placing a premium on inefficiency? That it absolutely discourages the management from looking for better methods of organisation or waste-saving machinery in order to restore the market?

Yet half the people who denounced the coal subsidy of 1925-26 as a wicked weakness of Mr. Baldwin's—as it was—would now like to apply exactly the same expedient to the whole field of British industry. Is our industry doing badly?—then let the Exchequer pay its rates. Is industry doing well?—let it pay its own rates—just as a lesson to it not to be prosperous. Is this the ringing cry with which Mr. Lloyd George is going to stir the electorate to the very depth of its emotions?

Of course, the principle of rating relief has no relation to profit at all, although Mr. Churchill has allowed himself to be rather side-tracked on to this line of argument by Mr. Snowden. The object of a relief in rates is to lessen the cost of production and so to increase the total volume of sale, especially abroad. If the policy succeeds it may increase profits, but it will certainly decrease unemployment and enhance national prosperity as a whole.

Whether this increase in prosperity takes place in an industry which is paying its shareholders 1 per cent. or 10 per cent. or nothing per cent. is a matter of absolute indifference from the point of view of the nation. Just as it does not concern the State in the least whether the industry gaining the relief employs one man, or a hundred men, or a thousand men. So long as the cost of production is lowered, so long as trade increases, so long as more men are employed, more wages earned and spent, the scheme has justified itself whether Courtaulds earn an increased dividend or some Welsh coal mine is just saved from going out of business—whether Morris Works employ a thousand men more or some small engineering firm takes on another ten men.

Mr. Snowden said that the Chancellor's bounty would fall on the just and the unjust alike. What he meant was that a bankrupt concern was just and should be relieved of rates; but a well-managed paying concern was unjust, and should be penalised in the race against its less efficient competitors. If this is going to be the system of finance under which Britain is going to be governed; if this is the ideal which the public is going to put before industry, we may as well put the shutters up at once. None the less it is the system advocated by Mr. Lloyd George, the idea proposed by Mr. Snowden.

Mr. Lloyd George is, of course, practically in control of his own party. There is a dissident group in Devonshire and Cornwall, where the Liberal farmer loathes his land policy. And there is a lofty set of intellectuals headed by Lord Grey, and by no means devoid of backing in the House of Commons, who lean against the leader by favouring the Whig rather than the Radical interpretation of Liberalism. These Whigs would rather get disgruntled Tory votes than try to capture Radical votes from the Labour Party. Probably the Whig view is right, but those who hold it are practically helpless in face of Mr. Lloyd George's complete control of the funds and the machinery of the party. In a fairly short run Mr. Lloyd George must crush out those who persistently vote in the lobby in defiance of his opinions.

Now, Mr. Lloyd George sees the Budget as a "crusade." He does not want weak-kneed Tories, who are tired of the commonplace inefficiencies of the Baldwin administration, to rally to his cause. He sees the brewers or big industry as the enemies of the human race in these islands. He will stoop down on the roadside and pick up any missile which comes in handy to throw at his opponents. Mr. Churchill has pointed out that he does not disdain to revivify the memories of Limehouse.

Now, this may be a very wise or, as I think it, a very foolish policy. But it must, at any rate, be a deliberate one. However much Mr. Lloyd George may on occasion act on impulse or instinct, he has a wide view over the field of political strategy. What, then, can his motive be in deliberately alienating the potential Whig Conservative vote in the constituencies? It must be based on some calculation as to what the political position will be after the next election.

As far as I know there are three sets of calculations as to the results of the election of 1929:—(1) The first is based on a purely actuarial calculation derived from by-election figures and gives the Socialists a clear majority. Nobody really believes in this return. When pressed by the *Daily News* on this point Mr. Arthur Henderson took refuge in a statement that the Socialists would be the strongest individual party in the next House of Commons. (2) The second calculation, to which Mr. Wyatt Tilby, of *The Outlook*, adheres, is that unless the two Oppositions combine the Tories will be returned with the working majority of Bonar Law—that is from fifty to seventy. The *Sunday Times* gives what is probably the official forecast of the Conservative Central Office—a majority of sixty. (3) So far the two Oppositions refuse to enter into any combination. But there remains a third guess. This is that the conditions of 1924 will be reproduced. The Socialists will only be able to hold permanent office by an alliance with the Liberals.

My own opinion is that this third guess is the most likely to prove right. The Government will be just beaten but no more. To carry on the administration a union

between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George will then be essential. It can only be in view of such a prospect that Mr. Lloyd George is casting aside with such apparent recklessness the moderate anti-Conservative vote. What he loses at the polls he must hope to regain in the Commons or in the Cabinet.

Liberalism certainly is not dead. The only question is what form its revival will assume. It may become the Right Wing of Labour or the Left Wing of Conservatism.

The main features of the electoral prospect are so clear that it is impossible to make an error in describing them. The Tories tend to lose seats to the Socialists in the industrial areas, and this movement appears to be a blind force incapable of correction. The Liberals and the Labour Party utterly fail to make any impression on the Conservative majorities in the agricultural areas of England. Here the Opposition cries are encountered by an irresistible force—instinct and experience. Everyone in the country knows that the Liberal and Socialist policies for dealing with agriculture are bunkum. But if Lord Milner could be restored to life and put in charge of a Liberal-Socialist campaign he could sweep the whole of the country constituencies by a simple expedient. He would merely promise fixed wages, fixed prices, and a subsidy. The old Lloyd George-Milner policy of 1920 will get the vote of the farmer and the agricultural labourer every time. It is curious that the man with the early upbringing of Mr. Lloyd George cannot understand the simplest elements of the countryside mentality.

If the Socialists cannot penetrate into the country districts they cannot have a clear majority. If the Socialists cannot persuade a reasonable man that they are not out to ruin the country at a stroke they cannot have a clear majority. The Socialists are making no progress in the agricultural areas. They are not convincing the ordinary man that they can be trusted with the destinies of the Empire. We all know that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Graham, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Clynes, and perhaps half-a-dozen ex-Ministers and ex-under-secretaries are responsible people who would follow out and develop

the ordinary traditions of British Government. But nothing which has happened since the Campbell case or the Zinovieff letter has persuaded any careful observer that a new Socialist Government would be any more free from the dominance of the "wild man" than its predecessor. I should say that the evidence on the whole pointed in the contrary direction. For while Trade Unionism seems to be fighting hard and manfully against Moscow and the minority movement, political Socialists seem to be succumbing more and more to the influence of the extreme Left. Mr. MacDonald's health is not all that could be desired. Mr. Snowden is a man of steely courage, but he is essentially a Whig—and therefore suspect.

So long as this state of affairs exists the country will only return a weakened Conservative Ministry or a Ramsay MacDonald and Lloyd George Coalition. The Clydesiders say they will never agree to a coalition with the Liberals. I doubt this. When the prizes of office are once more dangled before the noses of the Socialists they will probably be ready to do business with Mr. Lloyd George. In that case the Conservative Whigs and Moderates will take their depleted ranks over to Toryism. If Mr. Lloyd George is not playing up for some such situation his tactics have no meaning.

But in all these calculations the Rating proposals of the Budget are but a small part in the game. These proposals are not being treated seriously and on their merits either by their authors or by their critics. They are considered as counters in the coming General Election, and precisely because they are regarded in this light by the politicians they will not arouse any deep interest or violent passion in the electorate. We still retain in this country a residue of common sense. We know that Mr. Churchill is not conspiring of set purpose to endow Courtaulds or the Imperial Tobacco Company, or the brewers, at the expense, of the impoverished ratepayer. We also know that a relief of thirty-nine millions a year in rates is not going to save the British export trade if it were doomed for other causes.

INDIA IN 1928

By J. T. GWYNN

THE Indian situation has seldom seemed more confused and uncertain than it does to-day, but while following the Simon Commission through India in the spring the writer had good opportunities of making observations and learning what was in men's minds. The following notes are intended to help the reader to estimate probabilities for himself. Though it is unsafe to forecast the immediate future, one cannot compare the India of to-day with the India of 1905, or even with the India of 1922 without acquiring the conviction that India is moving towards self-government with an irresistible and steadily increasing momentum. What counts is not the detailed provisions of the Constitution, the number of subjects transferred to the control of Ministers, or the definition of the extraordinary powers vested in Governors or Viceroys. Far more important are the Indianisation of the services, the occupation of the highest executive posts by Indians, the assertion of social equality, the ground won in the world of commerce, and the power of Indian opinion to make itself respected by Indian Governments and even by the Anglo-Indian Press.

It would be tedious to go into details. It is sufficient to say that in 1905 not a single Indian had ever secured a place in the Executive Council of any of the provincial Governments. Now the Indian element preponderates in all the provincial Executives, and three of the seven members of the Viceroy's Council are Indians. In 1905 the Indian on a P. and O. steamer was a rare, a shy, and often an unhappy bird. On a mail boat which sailed from Bombay this April the first class was dominated by an Indian Maharajah, an Indian member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, and an Indian scientist of European reputation, travelling with their families. A group of Indian students travelling second class evidently felt themselves very much at home.

Perhaps the most important result of the Montagu reforms has been to assist the Indian in asserting his equal social status. Viceroys and Governors have to conciliate the legislatures, and social intercourse is the natural and proper means for mitigating the antagonisms that arise from ignorance and suspicion. The social equality conceded at headquarters is asserted in the districts. Besides, the Indianisation of the services and the appointment of Indians to the highest posts has compelled our countrymen to accept and return Indian hospitality. Again, in the large cities the Indian lady is beginning to appear upon the scene, and one old excuse for racial segregation is invalidated by her appearance. The leopard, of course, does not change his spots. The Englishman remains just as exclusive as he can afford to be, and a few colonies of railway employees and commercial men still judge it safe to fortify their clubs against the Indian invasion. But in the great majority of stations the inevitable has been recognised. Here and there a stout old anachronism still growls out his protest against the Indian's right of entry into a first-class railway compartment, but such a survival feels as much out of place as a hairy mammoth in the present Indian climate. On the railway, in the drawing-room, on P. and O. boats, in public offices and in Government Houses, the educated Indian has no longer anything to fear from the European's social or official insolence.

The social conquests of the Indian are in the main the result of his political advance, but they in their turn render further political progress inevitable. The Indian who associates on equal terms with Europeans can no longer admit, as his father was often willing to admit, that Europeans have political instincts which are lacking in Indians. Some Indian thinkers are pessimistic enough to believe that the Hindu-Moslem cleavage will make it necessary to retain a foreign element in the Indian Government for an indefinite period. But even these gentlemen are prepared to assert their political equality, since they regard the Hindu-Moslem quarrel as a curse imposed from without, not as a symptom of weakness within.

But the claim to political equality is still new enough and questionable enough to make Indians very sensitive about it. Hence the widespread anger roused when the British Government appointed an exclusively British Commission to enquire into Indian affairs. Men felt that this was a flat denial of the claim to equality, and Indians of all classes, officials and non-officials, Brahmins and Non-Brahmins, Mahomedans, Sikhs, Parsees and Indian Christians, were alike indignant. The only question is, whether India's political leaders were wise in taking advantage of this feeling of indignation to proclaim a boycott. The Congress politicians are still non-co-operators at heart. So it was natural enough that they should snatch at the opportunity to endeavour to unite the country in a new popular agitation. It is, however, surprising that the leaders of the Liberals or Moderates, who stand for co-operation, should have thought proper to countenance the surely childish suggestion that giving evidence before the Simon Commission would impair India's self-respect. When the Moderate leaders, headed by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, pronounced for boycott, it became dangerous for any Nationalist politician to show himself more moderate than the Moderates. Hence the great majority of the politicians of All-India reputation and the Indian Press are to-day committed to the boycott. But from the first it was apparent that grave doubts were entertained as to the wisdom of the leaders' decision to encourage the country in indulging the feeling of irritation. Though the example of Egypt was freely quoted, men admitted that it would be impossible to enforce the boycott with Egyptian thoroughness. The Mahomedans of the Punjab and the depressed classes were certain to insist upon going before the Commission, and the same was true of many minor communities which had their own interests to protect. There were also considerable numbers of Government men who could not easily be intimidated. The Mahomedans outside the Punjab and the Non-Brahmins of Madras were irresolute and divided in counsel. Worst of all, the political leaders were unable

to tell their followers what they expected to gain by the boycott beyond tickling India's "sense of self-respect." Even before the Simon Commission agitation the Indian rank and file had come to realise that they were very badly led, and there was a growing demand for a practical policy instead of a mere succession of stunts. It is therefore conceivable that the All-India leaders may find that they have for once presumed too much on their power of appealing to the emotional or sentimental patriotism by which the Indian's political conduct is so often directed. Many may unostentatiously break away from them and give their support to the less known provincial politicians who are ready to make a case before the Simon Commission. This is perhaps the best thing that can be hoped for, since it does not appear possible to do business with the present leaders whose dislike of the Secretary of State's interference has made them forget that it is a symptom and not the cause of India's weakness. They have shown themselves intransigent over a mere preliminary point, the composition of the Commission. Is it likely that they will prove more ready to recognise facts when they come to consider what concrete proposals the British Parliament can be expected to accept? So far as can be ascertained, the men who stand for boycott are prepared to turn up their noses at any measure of self-government granted to the provinces unless it is accompanied by the introduction of diarchy into the Central Government, yet it is fairly certain that it will be impossible to persuade the British Parliament to introduce the principle of responsibility into the Central Government until it has been seen to give satisfactory results in the provinces. The advice which the I.C.S. is likely to tender on this issue will be far too pointed to be ignored. On the other hand, it does not seem impossible that Parliament might be induced to make some, at least, of the provincial Governments fully responsible to the provincial legislatures. If Indian politicians pressed this proposal skilfully, the official opposition would be half-hearted. The average Indian civil servant regards the position under diarchy as theoretically untenable and

practically uncomfortable. He sees that there can be no going backwards. He is acutely aware of the weaknesses of the provincial legislature, and is therefore unwilling to take responsibility for proposing any increase in its power. But if he were faced with a proposal for setting up a strong unitary executive responsible to the legislature, but possessing a certain measure of independence, his attitude would probably be critical but not unfriendly.

Possibly the All-India leaders are calculating that self-government will be established in the provinces whether they go before the Commission or not, and that they have therefore nothing to lose by staying away and talking about responsibility in the Central Government. If so they are taking a big risk. The weaknesses of provincial legislatures and provincial ministries have been very clearly exposed since 1921. The greatest of these are communalism, the excessive jealousy with which the legislature regards the whole Executive, including the Ministers, and the lack of any tradition of party or group loyalty capable of ensuring the Ministry support in resisting unconscionable demands from its own followers or in carrying out unpopular measures. There is certainly ground for hoping that the abolition of diarchy would tend gradually to remove these weaknesses, but it is merely absurd to suppose that they would disappear in a year or two. The men in the services, Indians quite as much as Europeans, look forward to provincial autonomy with very real anxiety. There has been no time for the formation of the habit of self-government. No traditional prestige protects the legislature or the ministry responsible to the legislature. In the first few years of responsible government a provincial cabinet deriving its authority from the provincial legislature might easily find its authority challenged by open violence or paralysed by internal faction. To reduce these risks to a minimum a very carefully planned scheme of provincial self-government will be necessary. With the I.C.S. unwilling to take responsibility for working out such a scheme it will be for Indian politicians to show how the dangers can be provided for.

The All-India leaders are prone to take the line that the

establishment of provincial self-government can profit nothing if the Secretary of State continues to control the Government of India's policy. With their eyes fixed on Delhi or Simla, dreaming of All-India congresses, world politics, pan-Asiatic federations, imperial conferences, and conventions of the League of Nations, they think small beer of the provincial governments or provincial politicians who concern themselves with such petty matters as police and land revenue, agriculture, education, forestry, irrigation, the drink traffic, and the like. Yet it is certain that the men who successfully direct the activities of the provincial governments will soon find themselves strong enough to take the upper hand with the Central Government. One concludes, therefore, that the true strategy for India's politicians is to seize every opportunity of strengthening their hold on the provincial governments instead of aiming at crippling the executive machinery which must soon pass into their hands.

But the Indian politicians think otherwise. Presumably they understand their own business, and a British observer is bound to distrust his judgment when he finds it at variance with theirs. There are, however, certain arguments which suggest that Indian politicians may at this moment be particularly liable to error. The elder generation received their political education in the days when the policy of opposing the executive and undermining the prestige of the bureaucracy was the only practicable policy open to Indians. It is not easy for professional politicians to get their minds out of the old rut and to adjust their ideas to the new situation. There is the less chance of their doing so because till the day when Montagu introduced the beginnings of responsible self-government, oratorical ability was the chief qualification for eminence in Indian politics. As to the new men, they have learnt one, and perhaps only one, lesson from Gandhi's career: it taught them to base their power on appeals to the emotion of the masses, and they judge of policies entirely by a consideration of their electioneering value. There remain a dozen experienced men like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. C. Y. Chintamani who have held office

under the reforms, and one is left wondering whether men of this stamp can have allowed their emotions to get the mastery over their intellect. Perhaps it is partly that even these men succumb to the temptation of thinking too much of grand gestures made in the limelight of Delhi and at the All-India National Congress and too little of the spadework that has to be done in the obscurity of the provincial legislature.

But, of course, the future of India depends neither on the Simon Commission nor on the attitude taken up by the Indian politicians, but rather on the economic condition of the villagers and the ideas which education has been implanting in the minds of the townspeople. As to the villagers, the evidence given before the Royal Agricultural Commission suggests that in spite of the appearance of the motor 'bus on the country roads and other superficial changes the economic conditions which govern their lives remain essentially the same as they were at the beginning of the century. This conclusion I have heard confirmed by an English missionary with fifty years' experience of the Punjab and by an Indian lawyer landholder whose estate is not far from Cape Comorin. The base of India's economic structure is still a mass of peasants cultivating small and inconveniently fragmented holdings with insufficient manure, underfed cattle, and inferior implements, with no capital for improvements, and with their credit already exhausted by misfortunes or improvidence. It is plain that this basis will not support any very ambitious superstructure, and that decades of patient and intelligently directed effort will be necessary to strengthen the foundations. There are still those who defend the old policy of the lowest possible taxation and the least possible Government interference, the assumption being that the strongest of the villagers will thus be enabled to accumulate savings and work out their own salvation. But the general opinion now favours the opposite policy. The educated classes, official or non-official, are to take the ryot by the throat, shake him out of his hopeless apathy and show him what he must do to be saved. Anyone who wishes to understand how this policy

can be applied in practice has only to read the little book in which Mr. Brayne describes the work which he and his wife have done in their seven years in Gurgaon (*Village Uplift in India*, by F. L. Brayne, I.C.S., The Pioneer Press, Allahabad). The special interest in the book lies in the fact that Mr. Brayne's method of authoritative interference in the private life of the villager, though it runs counter to English tradition, is quite in keeping with Indian ideas of propriety, and it seems probable that the Indian element in the I.C.S. may be willing and able to achieve results on Mr. Brayne's lines.

That is important, for the process of Indianisation has gone so far that the Indian element is beginning to predominate in the services, and the success of any new policy will depend upon Indian agency. It is only since 1915 that Indians have been admitted in large numbers to the higher branches of the services, so that it is still early to judge of their average quality. But on the whole the general report is that the new men show good promise, much better than might have been expected in view of the nature of the education imparted in Indian secondary schools and colleges. This is still everywhere condemned. The root of the trouble is the bad Indian habit of expecting to get higher education cheap. The schools and colleges have therefore to be run on cheap and nasty lines, and discipline and individual attention are impossible because the classes are overcrowded, the environment unsuitable, and the staff trained in inferior schools, while too large a percentage of the boys are drawn from inferior homes. Hence the common belief that the educated Indian will never make a soldier. The English public school system has its own defects, but it is peculiarly fitted to benefit the Indian boy, who is rarely subjected to discipline at home. This fact is beginning to be recognised in India. Indian boys educated in English schools are seen to have gained by their schooling. Accordingly you will often find the most careful and intelligent Indian parents anxious to place their children in England. Evidently there are objections to this expedient. More hopeful is the fact that an Indian member of the Viceroy's Council has planned and raised money for the establishment of a school

to be run on English public school lines in India. There are grounds for expecting success for this venture and similar institutions. For various reasons the few women's colleges that are found in India approximate much more closely than the men's to the British model. Discipline and individual attention are secured and yield good results. Again, the military school at Dehra, which is run on English public school lines to prepare Indian boys for Sandhurst, has already done much to disabuse the Army authorities of the notion that none but the "martial races" can produce men fit to hold the King's commission. The idea of India having need of something like the English public school system will be shocking to the Orientalist. It has, however, become pretty plain that India is not going to seek salvation in Orientalism or mysticism, but in applied common sense. Still, we need not suppose that the English public school system is a panacea, or that all would have been well if it had only been introduced earlier. Sir Thomas Monro long ago pointed out that the prospect of honourable employment is the keystone to the educational structure. The refusal to Indianise the services was a fatal handicap to the Indian universities. It helped enormously to give the Indian mind a critical instead of a constructive bias. If you read any Indian-owned newspaper to-day you can get some measure of the damage that has resulted. The current of thought cannot be diverted all at once, but we may hope that it will now begin to alter its direction. This year I called on an old Indian friend and asked after his family. He told me with pride that his eldest son was in the I.M.S., his second in the I.C.S., and as to the third—here his voice failed him from the swelling of his heart, and he turned and took down from the shelf a brand new Army List, which opened readily at the appropriate page. His youngest son held the King's commission in an honourable regiment, and I suspect the proud father would support a new General Dyer through a dozen Amritsars. At least it is clear that his view of the administration would be very different from that of the lawyer of 1905 whose sons had to seek promotion from a British Deputy Commissioner.

THE CHINESE PROBLEM

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

At the time of this writing the situation in China is still very obscure and uncertain, but two facts of cardinal importance emerge: one is the defeat of the North by the South, and the other is the firm attitude taken by Japan. The details of much that has occurred since the Southern or Nationalist leaders began early in April their concerted offensive against Chang Tso-lin and the North are unknown or so confused and conflicting as to be untrustworthy. The real position of the three Southern leaders—Chiang Kai-shek of Nanking, Feng Yu-hsiang of Honan, and Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi—to each other and to Chinese Nationalism, with its various interpretations, has yet to be made clear. Peking has changed hands; it has done so often before, and, if its past is a safe guide, will do so again. It is being said that Nanking will become the capital of China, as it was some centuries ago, but it is a poor place compared with Peking. Since the death in 1916 of Yuan Shih-kai, the great Chinese who held the country together for four or five years after the Revolution in 1911, that fortress city of palaces and huge walls has been the theatre on whose stage the main figures, not actors but men playing for an Empire, in China have had their hour or their day; they have appeared, disappeared, sometimes reappeared, and disappeared once more. Tuan, Chang, Wu, Chang, Feng, Wu, Chang have come and gone. More than twenty Governments or Cabinets have functioned well or ill and swiftly vanished from Peking. Not infrequent has been the clash of arms in its streets, numberless the plots and intrigues of its rival factions. To the West it has all seemed a strange, fantastic drama, not without interest or meaning, but terribly hard to understand. And sympathetic understanding has not been made easier by the palpable result of it all in the disorder and even anarchy of China, with the consequent and ever-

increasing loss to western trade and commerce. However, to the Chinese mind, that is, to the small number of literate Chinese (perhaps about two per cent. of the whole population), Peking and its struggling Tuchuns and parties stood for the essential in Chinese politics—the gate, the road, and the will to political power. In the eyes of the South, no less than of the North, Peking represented and no doubt still represents supreme political power, this idea being supported unquestionably by the presence of the Legations there. In this connection, too, it is well to note that Peking and the North are every whit as Nationalist as the South. For years the effort of the North was to unify the Chinese nation—under the North, to be sure, but it was none the less a genuinely Nationalist movement. When Sun Yat-sen, the leader of the South, went to Peking in 1925, he recognised the Nationalism of the North. It is, in fact, ridiculous to talk of the South as if it had a monopoly of Nationalism. The North has been far freer than the South from the plague and pestilence of Bolshevism, which Chang Tso-lin said, and said truly, he had fought against successfully. The Nationalism of the North was far more in consonance with the history, the traditions, and the abiding character of the Chinese people than was the Nationalism of the South, which under the later teaching of Sun Yat-sen had borrowed features from the Soviet and its ideology that are foreign, if not absolutely alien, to Chinese life. Yet the North has been beaten by the South. The Chinese problem is the unification of China. Has it been solved by the victory of the South?

To answer this question it is necessary to look carefully into the story of the last four or five years in China. Considerations of space forbid anything more than a summary in this REVIEW. Passing over the earlier struggles of the various Tuchunates of the North, as well as the opening and rather barren years of the Kuomintang, or National Republican Revolutionary Party, organised by Sun Yat-sen at Canton, we may start with 1924. That was the year in which Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian" General, betrayed his commander, Wu Pei-fu, and joining forces

with Chang Tso-lin occupied Peking. Feng was more than suspected of association with Moscow; Chang was resolute in his opposition to Bolshevism, of which he had had considerable experience in Manchuria. The alliance of Feng and Chang was unnatural, and could not last long. In the South little of military importance occurred during that year, which, however, was marked by the holding of the "First Congress of the National Representatives" in Canton to "hasten the realisation of the Three Principles" laid down by Sun Yat-sen—Sun's gospel for China, sometimes called the "Three Peoplism," as being based on the well-known formula of Lincoln, "government of the people, by the people, for the people," or more definitely for the Chinese on Nationalism, Democracy and Social Welfare, the last being a loose equivalent for Socialism. In theory Sun was more of a Communist than a Socialist; in practice he could be and often was as Imperialist as any Tuchun he denounced. Sun died in Peking on March 12th, 1925, and the trend of his mind was shown significantly when almost his last request was that his body should be encased in a coffin of glass, as had been the body of his "friend Lenin," a request it was impossible to fulfil. The chief feature of the story up to the spring of 1925 is the spread of Bolshevism, especially in the South, the fruit of which was seen not only in speeches violently attacking the "Imperialist Powers" and demanding the abrogation of the "Unequal Treaties" and extra-territoriality, but in the savage and sanguinary riots which took place early in the summer at Shanghai, Hankow, Hong Kong, and particularly at Canton, where a climax was reached on June 23rd, 1925, in an attack, organised by the Reds, on Shameen, the foreign settlement there. The weak action, or rather the inaction, despite great provocation, of the British Government, of which Sir Austen Chamberlain was then, as now, Foreign Secretary, had the unfortunate effect of severely damaging British prestige throughout all China, and of vastly encouraging the clamorous anti-foreign agitation, then directed almost entirely against the British. Another untoward consequence of the British Government's lack of firmness was

that Bolshevism increased apace in influence and power, the Reds governing Canton, directing the boycott of Hong Kong, and officering, drilling, and equipping the troops of the South. Soviet agents in the South asserted that Great Britain was a "spent Power," and declared the fact to be patent from her immobility under assault.

Meanwhile, Feng Yu-hsiang, then the dominant figure in the North, had been doing all he could to Bolshevise Peking and the neighbouring territories, much to the disgust of Chang Tso-lin. In 1926 Chang and Wu Pei-fu, who had come to the front again, became friends—of a sort, it may be supposed; at any rate, they combined and drove Feng out of Peking; he retired from the scene for a time, having found a congenial refuge in Moscow. Chang and Wu were supported by Sun Chuan-fang, a Tuchun having Shanghai as the centre of his Government of five of the seaboard provinces of China. Together Chang, Wu, and Sun made a formidable trio, with all China north of the Yangtse and some of it south of that great river in their hands. To the ordinary observer the Nationalism of the South, which then meant Canton, seemed to be doomed. Wu was so confident that he dispatched some of his troops on an expedition across the mountains to subdue a recalcitrant Tuchun. Wu had completely misread the situation. Not only was the expedition a failure, but he had seriously underestimated the strength of the South, whose troops at Canton and elsewhere soon showed the effect in leadership and general efficiency of the training received from the Reds. In July, 1926, Wu lost Changsha, the capital of Hunan, to the Cantonese, who, pushing northward, took within the next three months Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang, the three cities grouped together on the middle Yangtse and compendiously called Wuhan, which form the greatest centre of China. From this overwhelming defeat Wu, generally considered the most able of Chinese commanders, has never recovered; the result was his virtual elimination from the side of the North. Recent reports represented him as going over to the South with 50,000 men. A new and imposing figure had now come into view—Chiang Kai-shek, the Generalissimo of the

South, formerly Sun Yat-sen's secretary and aide-de-camp at Canton. Whether he is anything of a great soldier is in doubt; he seems to be more of a politician; what is certain is that his victories were really gained by Red initiative and direction in 1926-27. It was the Reds who in October, 1926, made Hankow the capital of the South instead of Canton, which afterwards took a quite secondary position, though remaining a focus of Communism. It was Borodin, the Soviet agent, who was the chief adviser of the Hankow "Government," and stood behind Eugene Chen, its Foreign Minister. In November Chiang Kai-shek laid siege to Nanking—the high-water mark of the Southern advance in 1926. Chiang announced that Feng Yu-hsiang would co-operate with him, and as the Southerners were in Foochow in December, with a distinct threat to Shanghai, the star of the Kuomintang was evidently in the ascendant in China. In October of that year the Kuomintang set forth its principles, which were based on the "Three Peoplist" of Sun Yat-sen; part of its programme was the "annulment of the unequal treaties, the abolition of extra-territoriality and consular jurisdiction, and the conclusion of new treaties guaranteeing the independence of China." And, of course, the struggle with the North was to be continued.

British readers will not have forgotten how 1927 opened with the invasion of the British concession at Hankow and the hauling down of the British flag by mobs of Southern soldiers; the similar incident at Kiukiang lower down the Yangtse occurred a little later. It will also be recalled that the British Government, a week or two before these disgraceful incidents, had published a Memorandum, which had been previously presented to the Treaty Powers, and which contained an offer to revise the Treaties with China and generally to place the relations between Great Britain and China on a new and most generous basis. The overrunning of Hankow and Kiukiang concessions was the response of the Kuomintang, a not unnatural consequence of the lack of firmness of the British Government concerning the attack on Shameen, Canton, eighteen months before. Fearing that what had taken place at

Hankow might happen on a much larger scale at Shanghai, which was menaced by the South, the British Government despatched the Shanghai Defence Force, and other Governments afterwards followed suit, none too soon. In February, 1927, Chiang Kai-shek advanced on Shanghai, Sun Chuan-fang was described as eliminated on March 2nd, and the city itself was occupied by the Southern troops on March 21st with comparatively little trouble, the presence of the Shanghai Defence Force and other international forces having an excellent influence in the preservation of life and property. The capture of Shanghai was a very great success for the Kuomintang all the same, and this was intensified when Nanking was taken on March 23rd. It was about this time that Yen Hsi-shan, the "model" Tuchun of Shansi, and hitherto neutral, definitely took sides with the South against the North; he was said to be contemplating an attack on Peking. The upshot of the various movements of the Kuomintang armies, together with the fresh combinations of Tuchuns, was that the forces of the North were driven to the north-east corner of China—the provinces of Kiangsu, Shantung, Chihli, and Manchuria—in the spring of 1927. It now looked as if the North was doomed. But more than a year was to pass before Chang Tso-lin and the other Northern Tuchuns were beaten. The delay was occasioned mainly by dissensions within the Kuomintang and partly by a check in the field. All through these campaigns there had not been a great deal of actual fighting, the victories of the South being gained very usually by defections, "bought and paid for," of Northern generals and troops at critical moments. Another contributory cause was skilful propaganda under Red instruction. Behind all were the Soviet advisers. Yet many in the South resented the influence and direction of the Reds, though it was to them that the Kuomintang was indebted for its success.

Within the Kuomintang there now appeared two elements in conflict—the moderates and the radicals, the latter being virtually Communists of the Red pattern, the former a far more genuinely Chinese body. Hankow stood for the extremists, Nanking for the moderates, with whom

was the Generalissimo of the South, Chiang Kai-shek, Borodin being on the opposite side. The issue was "Nationalism" or Communism. Signs of trouble between Chiang and the Hankow "Government," which was still precariously in being, became evident early in April, 1927. On April 15th the "Central Executive Committee" at Nanking moved to purge the Kuomintang of Red influence and associations, ordered the arrest of Borodin and the leading members of the Hankow Government, and apparently prepared for war on Hankow in the event of non-compliance with its demands. Hankow replied by dismissing Chiang Kai-shek from his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Southern armies, and appointed Feng Yu-hsiang in his place. The split between Hankow and Nanking apparently was complete. Chiang made some approach to Chang Tso-lin, who responded by stating that he had no quarrel with Nationalism, but was the determined enemy of Bolshevism. Nothing came of their talk. Chiang's forces marched, not against Hankow, but to the Yellow River, driving the Northern troops towards Peking; there was a temporary cessation of the feud between Hankow and Nanking. As May closed Chiang was in Shantung, whose Tuchun, Chang Tsung-chang, retreated without making a fight. Again it looked as if the fate of Peking was sealed, but the advance of the Southern armies into Shantung had alarmed Japan, who landed 4,000 men at Tsingtao in defence of her interests, including the Shantung railway. The Chinese Foreign Office protested, and Japanese goods were boycotted at Shanghai, but the Japanese Government held on its course. So after a pause did Chiang in his advance on Peking, but with unexpectedly disastrous results for the South, as he was defeated by Sun Chuan-fang, who had bobbed up again—to some purpose. Chiang was thrown back well into Central Kiangsu, and this encouraged the Hankow faction to attempt his overthrow; on August 8th he resigned, in company with some leading men on the Executive Committee; the Nanking "Government" tottered. Then came a surprising turn in the field. Sun Chuan-fang pushed his success too far by crossing the

Yangtse, and was repulsed with heavy losses. In October Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan combined in a drive on Peking, but were held up not far from that city. There was inconclusive fighting at other points; Chang Tso-lin and Peking were alike safe for the winter.

Two events of great significance occurred as 1927 was closing—Chiang returned to power at Nanking, and his Government definitely broke with Soviet Russia, the excuse for the termination of relations being found in a Communist rising in Canton, attended by looting and burning and many deaths in a hideous succession of massacres, which Chicherin, Foreign Commissar in Moscow, had the hardihood to lay at the door of "English Imperialist reaction"! Sun Yat-sen's widow telegraphed to Chiang Kai-shek, who had married her sister in the autumn, that the Kuomintang had betrayed its founder, but Chiang had made up his mind. Feng Yu-hsiang scarcely dissimulated his dissatisfaction, for he depended on the Soviet for money and munitions. Yen Hsi-shan kept in with both parties, and all through the winter of 1927-28 Chiang, Feng, and Yen, with Peking as their solitary common aim, held more or less together, talking and planning war on Chang Tso-lin in the spring. On the other hand, the Kuomintang had almost been disintegrated by the strife between Nanking and Hankow and Canton, the bonds uniting them being hardly more than nominal. Nationalism in the South had largely lost its meaning. Such was the situation in mid-April this year, with its perfectly clear indications that if Chiang, Feng, and Yen succeeded in overthrowing Chang Tso-lin and capturing Peking the unification of China would in all probability still be to seek. Hostilities were resumed in April by Chiang and his allies; with the news came a report of the arrival in Feng's camp of a large number of Soviet advisers and propaganda experts. Chiang at least was well supplied with money; he had wrung millions of dollars out of the merchants of Shanghai, and it was with these dollars that most of his fighting was done. On April 19th he stated that his operations had resulted in captures of thousands of Northern soldiers, the truth being

millions sterling. Both North and South raised an outcry which did not abate till August-September, when Japan withdrew her forces on the defeat and retirement of Chiang Kai-shek. That all China resented the appearance of the Japanese in Shantung at all was made very plain when an attempt by Japan to raise a loan in New York last winter for the South Manchurian Railway was brought to naught by Chinese opposition. In Japan a General Election was held in the spring of the present year, and Tanaka's policy was confirmed by a considerable increase in the voting strength of the Seiyukai or Government Party. When this spring Chiang again marched into Shantung Japan immediately despatched troops to Tsingtao and Tsinan for the protection of her nationals. Early in May came the serious affair at Tsinan between the Japanese and the Southerners, of which accounts in much detail were sent to the League of Nations, first by Nanking and then by Tokyo, the Japanese Note giving what was probably the whole truth of the matter with respect to the incidents, and presenting a convincing statement of the reasons for the strong action that was taken. As in the previous year, both Peking and Nanking vehemently protested against the Japanese invasion of Shantung as a violation of the rights of China, particularly as a breach of the Washington Treaties, 1921-22. The expectation in Peking and Nanking alike was that the United States would intervene, at any rate diplomatically, but nothing of the sort happened. Even when Japan announced that if necessary she would unhesitatingly take adequate measures in defence of her interests in Manchuria was there much objection expressed in America, her Press for the most part contenting itself with pointing out that Manchuria belonged to China, not to Japan, and that the policy of the Open Door was still in force. The usual attitude of suspicion of Japan was significantly absent, the inference being that American opinion in the bulk, which had hitherto supported the "Nationalists" of the South, had undergone a change with fuller understanding of the true state of things in China in the light of recent events. In brief, the Americans, like others, misled by Western phrases and

shibboleths that have very little relevance, if any, to the essential China, have been disillusioned. This is not to say that the United States would acquiesce in the annexation of Manchuria by Japan—and Japan knows this very thoroughly, and will shape her policy accordingly. Soviet Russia, whose intrigues in Japan were uncovered in April last, tries, but in vain, to arouse American apprehension of Japanese "Imperialist" designs on China. What Japan wants is what Great Britain and America want—a sane and stable Government in China, a Government with which she and they can deal with due regard to the interests involved. Her action shows that she has no intention of sacrificing her interests for sentimental or altruistic considerations. At least the Chinese, whatever they may say, will understand and respect her attitude perfectly. It is an attitude that may be commended to our own Government. For the rest, it will be well, keeping in mind the story of the last few years in China, to wait and see.

that they had been transferred like herds of cattle by their generals, to him "for consideration received" in cash. Feng also reported the taking of many prisoners, and in their case money doubtless played a part, but his successful assault on the exposed flank of Sun Chuan-fang in Shantung accounted for some of them. Chiang advanced on Tsinan, the capital of that province, and occupied it without opposition on May 1st, but here he came up against a formidable obstacle in the shape of Japan, whose strong action, discussed farther on in this article, made all his plans and schemes go awry. When Peking was entered by the troops of Yen Hsi-shan on June 8th Chiang was back in Nanking with most of his army, the rest of it being in the neighbourhood of Tientsin. In the meantime Chang Tso-lin had been eliminated—a priceless word in this story. After ordering a cessation of fighting on his front, in consequence of the Tsinan affair, he had changed his mind, and the struggle was resumed, but evidently without much heart on the part of his commanders, for Feng and Yen easily drove them back to Peking. Seeing that the game was up, Chang left the capital on June 3rd for Mukden by a special train, which was bombed *en route*, himself being among the victims. The North had been beaten by the South. But this can scarcely be the end of the story, so far as the unification of hapless China is concerned. Considering the intense personal jealousies and antagonisms of Chiang, Feng, and Yen, not to speak of the other lesser war lords, the Communist infection, and the serious divisions in the Kuomintang which will not readily be resolved, it is far more likely that, this occupation of Peking notwithstanding, the story will continue to unfold itself in much the same sinister and sombre fashion as before. There may be a temporary truce, with a certain allocation of the spoils, but unfortunately it is almost sure that the civil war will break out again. Unhappy China! Yet her friends cannot but believe that some day, as in other periods of her long and often splendid history, she will find herself and take her proper place among the nations.

A genuinely nationalised China is not only her own

THE CHINESE PROBLEM

chief interest but is also the interest of the whole world. Of all the nations it is natural and, indeed, inevitable for Japan to be most deeply concerned about China, to which her territories are contiguous, and in which she has made large investments, principally in Manchuria and to a much less extent in Shantung. After pursuing a predatory policy towards her big weak neighbour which was typified by the famous XXI Demands, she faced right about and adopted a policy of conciliation, which, however, has been sorely tried, it must be admitted, by the wars of the North and South and the ensuing disorders. In April, 1927, Baron Tanaka, head of the Seiyukai, the predominant political party in Japan, and a member of the Choshu clan, became Prime Minister at Tokyo in succession to Baron Shidehara, who had shown himself very friendly to China. Tanaka has twice been Minister of War, and held the post when Korea was conquered and annexed. In a speech announcing his policy he said:—

The disturbances in China threaten to penetrate the zone of Japanese interests. Events in the South have damaged this country's prestige. Our national flag has been trampled on and our nationals have undergone the utmost humiliation. The red waves are encroaching on China. This is not the time to regard the troubles there as far on the other side of the river. The disturbances in China have gone beyond the limits of domestic disputes. They are endangering the Far East and threatening the peace of the world. Japan should take the initiative, if necessary, in co-operating with other Powers for effective steps to cope with the situation. We believe such steps inevitable. If we continue to remain indifferent, professing non-intervention, it will mean that Japan will throw away her influence in the Orient. Japan should adopt improved policies for the protection of her interests and prestige.

At that time Great Britain had the Defence Force in Shanghai, with Japan and other Powers co-operating. Japanese nationals had suffered during the riots in 1925 and again on the taking of Nanking by the South on April 23rd-24th, 1927. Therefore when Chiang Kai-shek advanced into Shantung during May, 1927, Japan, knowing how her nationals had fared at Nanking, protected her people by sending troops, in the end to the number of 4,000 men, to Tsingtao, the port of the province and the terminus of the railway, some 250 miles in length, from Tsinan a line over which she holds a mortgage for about four

FRENCH AND GERMAN ELECTIONS

BY JOHN BELL

WHEN the Versailles Treaty was signed and the nations began to make valiant attempts to repair the ravages of the War, no one dreamt that another struggle was in preparation—a clash not of weapons, but of political theories, a battle of parties; one striving for the maintenance of existing institutions, the other working for a revolution.

Wherever one looks in Europe to-day this conflict—still in its skirmishing stage, it is true—is being waged. It is a battle in which the offensive mostly comes from one side. The other hardly takes the trouble to see to its defences, which it believes are invulnerable; if it does not smile cynically at its opponent it pretends to treat him with indifference, and is confident that though he may shout and bluster he cannot in the long run reach the goal he has in view.

Such is the attitude adopted to-day by every country in which the virus of Communism has penetrated. When Russia decided to drop out of the War and, encouraged by Germany, made the shameful peace of Brest Litovsk, and subsequently instituted the Communist *régime*, it was never imagined that she, having her hands full with the Revolution, would concern herself with other countries. As we know, the Revolution was effected by a small minority, and it has never to be forgotten that the frightful situation in Russia to-day is largely due to the assistance which Germany rendered to Lenin and Trotsky, for she facilitated their return to Russia in the hope that the fall of the Empire would further her chances of victory.

But Germany was woefully deceived in this as in other things. As soon as the Soviets established themselves they formulated two programmes, one for Russia and another for abroad. They saw soon enough that there was no hope for a Communist State surrounded by countries antagonistic

to its mad dreams. Therefore intensive propaganda had to be resorted to, and it had to be exercised by the Third International, which was started in opposition to the existing international organisation of workmen, the Second or Amsterdam International. There had to be revolutions in every country, and the Moscow dictators argued that upheavals could only be brought about by the formation of strong Communist parties, who would be given the mission of wiping out all the other parties and seizing power at the proper moment.

The Communist *régime* in Russia has lasted over ten years, and though the dream of establishing the dictatorship by the proletariat has not been realised in any other country, it must be admitted that the gospel of negation taught by Moscow has penetrated the leading nations of Europe to an extent that even Mr. Lloyd George never imagined when, during the year of the Peace Conference, he made a dramatic *volte face* and gave up the struggle against the Bolshevik usurpers. For at that time the Soviets had to put up a desperate fight for their existence. The Russian people were struggling against the ruffians who had seized power and were seeking to establish their authority by wholesale massacre. Admiral Deniken and General Wrangel were assisted by the Allies, but help was withdrawn from the anti-Bolshevik troops, and the Soviets were permitted to act as they liked. The argument advanced in favour of this policy was that it was not for other countries to interfere with Russia, who had to institute what form of government pleased her, even though a minority in possession of the means of action imposed its will on the country as a whole. This argument meant that the vast majority of Russians who were fighting against what they did not want had to be abandoned to the Bolshevik masters.

What has happened since the Russian Revolution? Communism has proved a bad thing for Russia. The idealist Lenin speedily discovered the futility of his dream of running Russia on Marxist lines, and Stalin, his successor, has not been able to transform his failure into a

success. Faced with anarchy and ruin, the Bolshevik leaders argued that for Communism to be successful it had to be applied everywhere. The face of the world had to be changed. The example of Russia had to be followed by other nations. There was, therefore, only one thing to do: to prosecute an intensive propaganda in Western countries. No matter if the Russian economic machine was practically at a standstill, no matter if hundreds of thousands of Russians were starving, money had to be found for the prosecution of this propaganda. And it has been found in plenty. The Bolsheviks, repudiating the pre-War debts of Russia, have poured money into France, Germany, England and other countries for the dissemination of Communist doctrines, and at the same time they have had the colossal temerity to ask these countries for credits for the purpose of assisting them to develop their industries. It was a case of asking these countries to facilitate their own downfall.

In the light of the French and German election results it is extremely interesting to note the headway made by Communist propaganda in France and Germany, particularly since these countries decided to recognise the Government of the Soviets. France was the country selected by the Third International for the introduction of its plan for undermining the Labour movement, first of all by taking possession of the propaganda machinery which was in the hands of the Socialists. Zinovieff, who then and for several years afterwards, directed the Third International, had an idea that as France had had one great Revolution she could, by sedulous propaganda, be prepared for another in the interest of Communism. So France was the first country to which the Bolsheviks furnished sinews of war.

The French Communists had their first significant success in 1920, when they captured the Socialist Congress at Tours and seized the means of political action, transforming the daily Socialist organ *Humanité* into a fighting Communist sheet. It was in France that the famous "cells of enterprise" (the formation of Communist groups) were

introduced into the factories and workshops. The activity of the Bolsheviks was not confined to the trade unions. In time cells were established in the army, marine, and the public administrations. Propaganda among the peasants was prosecuted under a special form. The peasants are at bottom Conservative, and the "beauties" of Communism had to be presented in an alluring guise. What was considered to be impossible had been achieved. A large number of peasants have become Communists.

As their strength increased the French Bolsheviks became more daring. Papers were started with one object in view: to induce soldiers to commit acts of insubordination. Officers and soldiers were insulted and attacked in the streets and in trains. These attacks became so frequent that the War Minister issued orders by which men in uniform were given power to arrest their Communist assailants, and from time to time the military chiefs thank officers and men who take action after having been insulted. As a result of the violent campaign against the Army there are in the Santé prison in Paris a number of Communist leaders serving terms of imprisonment for having incited soldiers to commit acts of disobedience. They are treated as political prisoners, and such is the state of French law that they can carry on their propaganda in prison by contributing to the Bolshevik organ articles in which the Government and French institutions are violently attacked.

There were twenty-eight Communist Deputies in the last Chamber. In the new Chamber there are only fourteen. The Communists were supposed to have been routed at the last election, which was proclaimed as a victory for M. Poincaré and his Government of National Union. But the fact has not to be ignored that but for the quarrel between them and the Socialists who refused to give way at the second ballot in constituencies where Communists were at the top of the poll after the first vote, they would have been returned in stronger force. As it is they polled 1,060,334 votes out of a total of 8,000,000, and if the election had been based on proportional representation pure and simple they would have returned

seventy-seven members. The lesson of the French election is that, in spite of the majority in favour of M. Poincaré, the revolutionary element in the country is growing. The Communists and Socialists between them polled nearly 3,000,000 votes. This fact is not forgotten by Frenchmen who belong to the Right side of politics. Looking ahead they are wondering what will happen if nothing is done between now and the next election to stem the revolutionary tide. The Socialists and the Communists are apparently at daggers drawn now, but if these two revolutionary parties united their forces at the next election—and efforts will certainly be made to this end—it is conceivable that they would form the majority party in the Chamber and that the government of the country would pass into their hands.

It would be foolish to make light of unpleasant portents. The revolutionary spirit, as manifested at the polls, has inspired alarm. The Government authorities are upholding the law, punishing Communists who infringe it, but as far as can be seen there is no concerted action in France, or, indeed, in any other country, against Communist propaganda, and the pity of it is that when private citizens, solicitous of their protection and of the security of the country, desire to combine for the purpose of combating Communist activity they are treated as Fascists and are regarded as dangerous as the Bolsheviks themselves.

When we turn to Germany we find that the elections have revealed a situation that is even worse than that which exists in France. As the neighbour of Russia Germany was more vulnerable to the onslaughts of the Third International. The Communist agitators were favoured by the fact that they had to deal with a new Republican *régime* that was never solid from the first. The financial, economic and political position, the clash of parties striving for predominance, favoured Communist agitation. In time no fewer than fifteen Bolshevik organisations were formed, of which the principal is the Communist Party, which had its origin in the Spartakist movement founded by Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. The Spartakists attempted to seize power in 1919, an adventure

which cost the lives of their two leaders. After that Communism seemed to be on the downgrade in Germany. In 1920 only two Communists were returned to the Reichstag. Something had to be done, and as usual the Third International did it. Zinovieff turned up at the Communist Congress at Halle in the autumn of that year, and from that moment there was an orientation of Communist propaganda in Germany as there was in France. The Third International poured money into Germany, the army of agitators was increased, and in 1921 there was another unsuccessful attempt to foment an armed insurrection.

The troubles through which the German Government was passing during the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923—troubles which it had created by its foolish policy of passive resistance—the fall of the mark, which brought in its train widespread starvation, contributed to the growth of the Communist movement. At one time it looked as if the Communists would be masters of the Ruhr; they took possession of Gelsenkirchen, burnt the police archives, and caused disturbances at Dusseldorf, Bochum, Dortmund, and other Ruhr towns, but they had another setback when the mark was stabilised and the Dawes Plan for the payment of reparations was applied.

Then Moscow changed its tactics. Orders were given to the Communists to effect an understanding with the Social Democrats, and the result was a gain of twenty-two Communist seats at the Berlin municipal elections of 1925. From that moment they never looked behind. In eight years they have increased their representatives in the Reichstag from two to fifty-four. At the last election they polled more than three million votes. As a party they come next to the Socialists, who have 152 representatives and are simply advanced Radicals, and the Catholic Centre with sixty-two. That is to say, they are the third largest party in the Reichstag.

Thus, also, the lesson of the German elections has in it an element of disquietude, for it shows the tremendous success of Bolshevik propaganda among people who were supposed to be the most disciplined in Europe. The French Communists boast of their perfect organisation.

They have their "Jeunesses Communistes" and their "Pionniers Rouge," as have the Germans, but the latter have organisations which have not yet been started in France, namely, the "Roter Frontkämpferbund" and the "Rote Jungfront" with a strength of 100,000 men divided into 2,000 local groups which are directed by the general staff of the Red Army at Moscow. There is also a Red league of women and girls which has 400 local groups.

As in France so in Germany, Moscow supplied funds for fighting the elections. Germany is the only country which has furnished the Soviets with huge credits. Big loans were obtained from America in order to set her on her economic legs again, and Germany in turn accorded credits to the Soviets in the hope that she would capture the great Russian market. The Soviet Government has pretended that it could not pay for the raw material and the machinery ordered in other countries unless it obtained credits from them. But it has no difficulty in finding money for the prosecution of Communist propaganda in these countries, and it might well be asked if the return of fifty-four Communists to the Reichstag had been facilitated by money received from Germany for developing Russian industrial enterprises.

Will the Communist facts concerning France and Germany have their repercussion in England at the elections next year? As recent revelations show, Moscow money is speaking rather eloquently. Up to now the trade unions are resisting Bolshevisation, but those in the minority movement are tenacious; they are not discouraged by successive defeats. These only serve to intensify their agitation, which was given new life when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in a moment of mental aberration, decided to recognise the Government of the Soviets *de jure*. The immediate effect of diplomatic recognition in all those countries which consented to it was a large increase in the number of Bolshevik agents who were supplied with unlimited funds. Experience has shown that it was an evil day for those Governments when they decided to resume diplomatic relations with a country governed by assassins and hypocrites. The Soviets gave promises not to

interfere in the internal affairs of the countries which had recognised them in the interest of trade and commerce and the prosperity of nations, but in every instance they have broken their word.

What has to be done with a country whose present existence is based on a lie? The dictatorship of the proletariat forsooth! What has really happened is a dictatorship imposed on the proletariat which is powerless to react and is compelled to accept a *régime* of misery and despair. It is difficult to see what the Governments of western countries can do with Russia. Obviously they cannot trade with her and at the same time allow her agents to undermine them. But what have they done to resist Communist propaganda? What efforts have they made to destroy the Bolshevik mirage and present the real truth to discontented workmen who, nourished on pamphlets containing statements which they have no means of verifying, have conceived a blind faith in the reality of the Russian elysium? The Governments have been supine on this matter. They have upheld the law and have arrested propagandists who have sought to deflect soldiers and sailors from their duty, but there has been nothing in the way of a counter propaganda, no combined action to dissipate Communist untruths. That has been left to private individuals who, when they act from purely patriotic motives, and are anxious to save their countries from the application of the Communist doctrines of despair, are labelled Fascists.

To many people Fascism has become an opprobrious term. Even those in authority, whose duty it is to combat Communism, speak slightly or critically of what Signor Mussolini and his Fascists have done in saving their country from Communist anarchy. Compare the Italian workmen under the rule of Signor Mussolini with the Russian workmen slaving and starving under a pseudo-proletarian dictatorship. There had been disagreeable rumours concerning the lot of Italian workmen. M. Albert Thomas, director of the International Bureau of Labour at Geneva, and a Socialist, went to Italy and made a personal investigation. Let the discontented workmen of England,

France and Germany weigh well his words. He found order and activity and a corporate organisation which works admirably. "The International Bureau of Labour would," he said, "fail in its duty if it did not seek to observe and judge the efficacy of all your principles and methods, and if it did not seek to know how they are applied. It is with a passionate attention that we observe objectively your developments." M. Albert Thomas examined the legislative texts and found nothing to criticise in them.

Let it be remembered by those who believe that the best method of fighting Bolshevist agitation is to remove discontent from the workmen's ranks that Fascist Italy proclaimed a Charter of Labour two years ago. It is being applied progressively, and is consolidating the internal situation of the country and the work of appeasement and national unity. How different is the position in other countries where the Moscow dictators have their agents, where the trade unions are run to serve political ends which are generally hostile to the State, and never in the interest of national unity.

It is obvious that Communist agitation must increase if nothing is done to check it. What is wanted are a few more books, if they could be written, like *Moscou sans Voiles*, of which the author is M. Joseph Douillet, who was Belgian Consul at Rostoff on the Don, and lived twenty-six years in Tsarist Russia and nine under the Soviets. His book is a scathing exposure of Communism as it is practised in Russia, and he shows therein how the Soviets are exercising a tyranny that was unknown under the Empire. Trade union leaders who visit the country never get at the truth because it is carefully concealed from them. Every visitor is subjected to the surveillance of the Government, and is only shown what the Bolsheviks consider he ought to see. It is therefore a false Russia that is shown to visitors. Last year when a delegation from Scandinavia expressed a wish to see things for itself without being shepherded, it was asked to leave the country in forty-eight hours.

In spite of the efforts of the Commissaries of the People to conceal the truth, unpleasant facts reach the outside

world. No country's finances were ever in such a hopeless mess as those of Russia. The report drawn up by the Commissary of the People of Finance is an eye-opener. In this he admits that the recent loans issued were a failure despite the methods of coercion employed to make people subscribe to them. The workmen refused to subscribe to the "Industrialisation Loan," and the peasants would not take up the agricultural issue. This attitude led to the depreciation of those bonds that were sold. Persons who bought them and wanted to sell out stood in queues at the banks. The banks would only buy the bonds at half their original cost. The tax collectors find it increasingly difficult to collect money, and force has to be employed against recalcitrant taxpayers. The confiscation of crops is resorted to, and corporal punishment is inflicted. At the last meeting of the Moscow section of the Communist Party, Stalin, while admitting that the Sovietic dream had not been realised, and that the peasants and the Socialist parties of the whole world were against the Soviets, declared that it was too late to yield, and that the Russian Communists must keep a stiff upper lip and march to the goal that Lenin had indicated.

When we take stock of the situation in Europe to-day, of the alarming increase of Communists as revealed by the French and German elections, it would seem that two things should be done if western civilisation has to be saved. First, the Governments should come to an understanding as to the action to be taken against Bolshevik agents; and secondly, in the interests of their safety, insist on an international inquiry into the situation in Russia, so that the real truth shall be made known to the ignorant masses who have permitted themselves to be fooled by visions of an earthly paradise which is in reality a terrestrial inferno.

IN PRAISE OF THE POET LAUREATE

BY EDWARD DAVISON

ROBERT BRIDGES succeeded Alfred Austin as Poet Laureate of England in 1913. He was then in his seventieth year, having been born in 1844, four years after Thomas Hardy and six years before Robert Louis Stevenson. Only two years ago, when he was eighty-one, he published a book of new poems breathing such warmth and power that it is hard to think of him as an octogenarian who won his first laurels only a little later than Meredith, Rossetti, and Swinburne. Mr. Bridges' first book was published in 1873, and followed at not very frequent intervals during the next two decades by various small volumes of sonnets and lyrics and at least one sustained piece, the narrative *Eros and Psyche*, a poem which has not been surpassed in its kind since Keats wrote *Lamia*. By 1898 these books had been collected with some other pieces to form his "Poetical Works," but this edition was superseded in 1912 by an even larger collection when Mr. Bridges took his place in the series of "Oxford Poets" (most of whom, by the way, are really Cambridge poets) published by the Clarendon Press. This volume remains the standard edition of his work, although it is not complete. It comprises the poet's two "masks in the Greek manner," *Eros and Psyche*, the not very sequential sequence of sonnets called *The Growth of Love*, some experimental pieces in quantitative verse, and the shorter lyrics that contain his finest work. Then, in 1919, after a virtual silence of fifteen years, his first laureate volume appeared, *October and Other Poems*. It included a group of official verses (war poems and others) which would not have discredited even the greatest of his predecessors in a not very enviable office. Thus the quantity of his work is not large for an authorship of more than fifty years. The rate of his production has been as leisurely as the mood of the production itself. What matters is the quality; and this Mr. Bridges has nursed with fewer lapses from virtual perfection than any living

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poet, excepting, perhaps, Mr. A. E. Housman, who, quantitatively speaking, is one of the most meagre poets in English history.

Half a century, of course, has been time enough to break the crust of indifference and neglect which inevitably forms at first over poetry so unobtrusive as that of Mr. Bridges. To-day the quality of his audience could scarcely be bettered, for it is known to include nearly all his distinguished English contemporaries in literature, especially the poets, both old and young. But his achievement has yet to be realised by the ordinary reader of poetry in England, not to mention America, where, so far, his work is not well known outside the pages of the anthologies. (This is perhaps because the revival of American interest in poetry began since Mr. Bridges wrote the greater part of his work, though that is not the best of reasons.) It may be that the English critics are to blame. Mr. Bridges has never been one of those hardy-annual poets whose new titles occur in the publishers' advertisements like fixed feasts in the Church Calendar. Thus, more than most modern poets, he has needed critical advertisement by way of introduction to the public at large. During the past fifteen years, however, the critics have allowed him to rest on his past laurels. With the exception of a small book by the English poet and novelist, Mr. Francis Brett Young, and a long and tender appreciation by Mr. J. C. Squire, I know of very little that has been written concerning Mr. Bridges' work. Other critics have tended to ignore his achievement in print even when they admired it in private. This essay will perhaps help to explain why. It is not easy to write about poetry like that of Mr. Bridges without making both it and your comments look a little insubstantial. In the presence of pure poetry, criticism dwindles (or expands, according to the way you look at it) into plain appreciation. Thus there has been little or no criticism of sheer song. You cannot argue about a tune; you like it or you don't.

In a harbour grene asleep whereas I lay
The byrdes sang swete in the middes of the day,
I dreamed fast of mirth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

This is the type from which Mr. Bridges' poetry mostly springs:

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

But critics, in general, prefer to argue; hence they have had very little to say about Mr. Bridges, and many people who habitually read poetry have not yet been led to his work. It cannot now be long before they find their own way.

It also seems not unlikely that many are a little suspicious of a poet who bears the laureate title. Even those who have never personally acquainted themselves with the

Birthday torrents from Parnassus
And New Year's spring-tide of molasses,

written by laureates like Pye and Tate, are traditionally suspicious of an official poet. A glance at Mr. Bridges' book should be enough to set them right. Not more than a score of official pieces appear in the two small volumes which he has published during the fifteen years of his laureateship. Even then the poet, not the laureate, is in the ascendant for the most part; witness the poetic quality of his sonnet written for the opening of the Theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art:

England will keep her dearest jewel bright,
And see her sons like to their sires renown'd:
Whose Shakespeare is with deathless Homer crown'd,
Her freedom the world's hope throned in the height.
All gifts of spirit are of such airy flight
That if their fire be spent they fall to ground:
Their virtue must with newborn life abound
And by young birth renew their old birthright.

We workers therefore in this troublous age
Would keep our beauty of language from misfeature,
Presenting manners noble and mirth unblamed:
So Truth shall walk majestic on our stage,
And when we hold the mirror up to Nature,
She, seeing her face therein, shall not be ashamed.

Not many laureates have achieved so much in parallel circumstances.

And lastly, because of the poet's secondary interest in the old controversy concerning the problems of an Anglo-classic prosody, as well as his curious experiments in quantitative and accentual verse, others believe him to be an eccentric litterateur, one who is interested less in the spirit than the mechanics of poetry. There is scarcely a shred of real justification for such a mistake. Mr. Bridges himself has always taken pains to distinguish the experimental part of his work from the rest. But even in his confessed exercises the poet frequently disguises the prosodist. Parts of his line for line paraphrase of a famous passage from the *Æneid*, for instance, are not only fine translation; they also exist in their own right as poetry:

There miserably fellowed in death's indignity saw he
Leucaspis with his old Lycian seachieftan Orontes,
Whom together from Troy in homecoming over the waters
Wild weather o'er-mastered, engulfing both shipping & men.
And lo! his helmsman, Palinurus, in eager emotion,
Who on the Afric course, in bright starlight, with a fair wind
Fell by slumber oppress unheedfully into the wide sea.

No mere prosodist could have risen to the climax of that concluding line. Even here, however, the poet is not so well at ease as when he is singing his own song, even though it be in Neo-Miltonic Syllabics (his latest invention, still peculiar to himself, which, he says in the preface to *New Verse*, "pretends to offer their true desideratum to the advocates of Free Verse"), or in accentual measure. In the sestet of the "accentual" sonnet to Francis Jammes there is nothing to show where the prosodist ends and the poet begins:

You are here in spirit, dear poet, and bring a motley group,
Your friends afore you sat stitching your heavenly trousseau—
The courteous old road-mender, the queer Jean Jacques Rousseau,
Columbus, Confucius, all to my English garden they troop,
Under his goatskin umbrella the provident Robinson Crusoe,
And the ancestor dead long ago in Domingo or Guadalupe.

Much of this experimental work, of course, will appeal chiefly to the student of prosody. But it bulks very little in Mr. Bridges' canon and need not detain us here except

while we insist that the ordinary reader must look to the shorter lyrical poems to find this poet's feeling moving in complete accord with his skill.

The impulses that conspire to make a poet, especially a lyric poet, seem most often to originate in some kind of spiritual dissatisfaction. Whatever moods may result in his writing, psychological criticism can usually trace them to this source. "We think caged birds sing when indeed they cry," says Flamineo in Webster's tragedy: and the thought fits most of the great lyric poets from Sappho to the author of *A Shropshire Lad*. In our own time, at least, very few English poets have inclined to look at life without a wry face. There are a few possible exceptions, like Mr. Ralph Hodgson, though even his half-dozen great poems have an undercurrent of sadness. Both Mr. James Stephens and Mr. W. H. Davies sing with a certain Celtic gaiety in places: but the joy of the one is more faery than human, while the other in his happiness too frequently recalls the famous cow in the corn. Mr. Bridges is the exception *par excellence*. The peculiar originality of his work is its dominating mood of eager delight, a mood that sparkles with implications of a genuine spiritual fulfilment, the outcome of a faith repeatedly expressed, that

in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life and sweet is breath.

The basis of this mood is contentment . . .

. . . every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.

One rejoicing lyric after another etches the character of a happy life, until, in his old age, the poet epitomises his philosophy in the quiet valedictory lyric *Fortunatus Nimium*, beginning:

I have lain in the sun,
I have toiled as I might,
I have thought as I would
And now it is night.

My bed full of sleep,
My heart of content
For mirth that I met
The way that I went.

And ending

For a happier lot
Than God giveth me,
It never hath been,
Nor ever shall be.

The greater part of his lyric poetry, like this, is the exquisitely simple expression of a positive joy: that is, it stands in complete opposition to that negative "poetry of escape" of which Mr. De la Mare's lovely work (especially its later phases) is the best modern example.

A series of lyric affirmations, compounding reason, worship, and joy in serene and urbane verse, is strangely alien to the spirit of our age, though not to what Mr. Bridges himself has called the spirit of man. Very few English poets, living or dead, have caught such accents of sheer delight as make the pulsating music of

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And

Love on my heart from heaven fell,
Soft as the dew on flowers of spring,
Sweet as the hidden drops that swell
Their honey-throated chalice.

And

Among the meadows
lightly going
With worship and joy
my heart o'erflowing,
Far from town
and toil of living
To a holy day
my spirit giving . . .

His finest sonnet touches the edge of rapture:

I would be a bird, and straight on wings I arise,
And carry purpose up to the ends of the air:
In calm and storm my sails I feather, and where
By freezing cliffs the unransom'd wreck lies:

Or, strutting on hot meridian banks, surprise
The silence: over plains in the moonlight bare
I chase my shadow, and perch where no bird dare
In treetops torn by the fiercest winds of the skies.

Poor simple birds, foolish birds! then I cry,
Ye pretty pictures of delight, unstir'd
By the only joy of knowing that ye fly
Ye are not what ye are, but rather, sum'd in a word,
The alphabet of a god's idea, and I
Who master it, I am the only bird.

The mood is not always so explicit as this. Delight is
no less the current of feeling in such "descriptive" poems
as the one beginning

Flame throated robin on the topmost bough
Of the leafless oak, what singest thou?

And in *A Passer By*—

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?

The very music implies it.

Thus Mr. Bridges has written poetry in one of her very
rarest moods, a *L'Allegro* cool and refreshing after the
continual *Il Penseroso* of most modern verse. He seldom
dwells for long on the darker realities. His characteristic
cry is "Think not that I can stain my heaven with dis-
content . . ."

. . . while Reason lives
To mark me from the beast,
I'll teach her serve at least
To heal the wound she gives.

Even a poem called *Dejection*, beginning with deep
pessimism, revolving thoughts of distress and death, he
suddenly interrupts with

O soul be patient: thou shalt find
A little matter mend all this;
Some strain of music to thy mind,
Some praise for skill not spent amiss.
Again shall pleasure overflow
Thy cup with sweetness; thou shalt taste
Nothing but sweetness, and shalt grow
Half sad for sweetness run to waste.

Again, in his *Elegy Among the Tombs*, he even attempts
to reconcile joy with death. Could we see beyond death,
he says, and so

With brightest visions our fond hopes repair,
Or crown our melancholy with despair;

From death, still death, still would a comfort come;
Since of this world the essential joy must fall
In all distributed, in each thing some,
In nothing all, and all complete in all;
Till pleasure, ageing to her full increase,
Puts on perfection and is throned in peace.

Thus he speculates that joy may be apotheosised in death,
only to break into the apostrophe:

Thou art sweet peace, and thee I cannot fear.
Nay, were my last hope quenched, I here would sit
And praise the annihilation of the pit.

But this is not all to suggest that Mr. Bridges is merely
one more easy optimist who supports a comfortable
philosophy by refusing to recognise uncomfortable facts.
On the contrary, some of his most impressive poems face
the darkest reality, the most catastrophic of all facts, not
with a useless, blustering challenge, for

Only men incredulous of despair,
Half taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach . . .

But with the resigned serenity that ennobles similar
passages in poets as great as Milton, Sophocles, and
Shakespeare. Death, age, and pain are the rarest words
in Mr. Bridges' vocabulary, and even rarer subjects of
his verse. Once or twice he refers to

The body, and the thing which perisheth;
The soil, the smutch, the toil and ache and wear,
The grinding enginry of blood and breath,
Pain's random darts, the heartless spade of death.

His vocation as a physician must have given him more
than a mere literary acquaintance with these. Yet, when
he definitely approaches the horizons of existence in his

poetry it is not to abandon the courageous philosophy of *Fortunatus Nimirum*, which culminates in:

Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark peace
Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-bye;
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight to be found fighting: nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come
And the day will be to-day.

This, I believe, is the only occasion when he premeditates his own death. It sustains the mood of the dying man in *Winter Nightfall*.

He thinks of his morn of life,
His hale, strong years;
And braves as he may the night
Of darkness and tears.

But in the poem *On a Dead Child* the imaginative realisation of death is intensified to a point where the soliloquising poet reaches the end of his philosophy and all his tenderness for life gathers to help him utter his last word about Death:

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death, whither hath he taken thee?

To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
The vision of which I miss

Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark

And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of, fail us.

Confronted by the perennial theme of mortality, the trial by fire which, sooner or later, every poet must pass or fail to take a permanent place in literature, Mr. Bridges excels himself. We can compare his utterance with the greatest and it loses nothing. The joyful moods of a poet who can realise disaster in these terms do not spring from any complacent optimism. These elegies, and poems like *Pater Filio*, reveal the poet in those rare

moments when he betrays his realisation of "the worm, the canker, and the grief," saddening over—

Sense with keenest edge unused,
Yet unsteeded with scathing fire;
Lovely feet as yet unbruised
On the ways of dark desire;
Sweetest hope that lookest smiling
O'er the wilderness defiling!

Why such beauty to be blighted
By the swarm of foul destruction?
Why such innocence delighted,
When sin stalks to thy seduction?
All the litanies e'er chanted
Shall not keep thy faith undaunted.

But Mr. Bridges' faith, though sometimes daunted, is never shaken to its roots, and the result is a poetry that, while it can weep without whining, more often rejoices without beating a drum.

I have already suggested that the undercurrents of Mr. Bridges' happier mood can be traced through some of his descriptive lyrics. It is no less interesting to notice the similar undercurrents of his melancholy in certain others. At the outset, of course, we must remember that there is no such thing as a purely "descriptive" poetry. Pictorial verse, like that in which Mr. Bridges, among other and greater poets, has reflected the English landscape, rises into poetry by virtue of the author's colouring mood or not at all. Minute observation and skilful word painting, however finely wrought, are not enough in themselves to raise it. The absence of any direct emotional statement must somehow be counterbalanced, and this can only be done by means of implication, musical or metaphorical. It is not enough merely to record appearances in the manner of *Wind and Silver*, by that very much over-rated poet, Miss Amy Lowell.

Greatly shining,
The Autumn moon floats in the thin sky;
And the fish ponds shake their backs and flash their dragon scales
As she passes over them.

In this there is neither direct emotional statement nor implication. The words may be meticulously chosen and

carefully brushed on the canvas, but they have no reference. Was the poet glad or sorry, moved by delight or disgust? The reader can only speculate. Even an interested and observant fish seeing the autumn moon from those same ponds could scarcely look up with such cold-blooded neutrality. The fault is not infrequently found in the work of the English "landscape" poets, like John Clare and Mr. Edmund Blunden, but never in Mr. Bridges' parallel verse. Even when he indulges his full genius for descriptive work, the verse he writes is rife with implications. These are never "metaphorical" (like the implications made, for instance, by many of the poems of Mr. Robert Frost and Mr. De la Mare, to name no more); they are always musical. For Mr. Bridges writes verse in as many different keys as Schubert used in song. You cannot doubt the delight of the observer who sings in such an obvious major as:

Wanton with long delay the gay spring leaping cometh;
The blackthorn starreth now his bough on the eve of May;
All day in the sweet box-tree the bee for pleasure hummeth;
The cuckoo sends afloat his note in the air all day.

It leaps in the concealed rhymes and the eager rhythm, but the poem contains no direct statement of this joyful mood. It is all implied in the tones of verse. Nor, on the other hand, is the poet's darker mood less immediately apparent in the perfect stanzas on the felling of the oak.

The hill pines were sighing
O'ercast and chill was the day:
A mist in the valley lying
Blotted the pleasant May.

But deep in the glen's bosom
Summer slept in the fire
Of the odorous gorse blossom
And the hot scent of the brier.

A ribald cuckoo clamoured,
And far in the copse the stroke
Of the iron axe that hammered
The iron heart of the oak.

Anon a sound appalling
As a hundred years of pride
Crashed, in the silence falling;
And the shadowy pine trees sighed.

This is the minor key. His descriptive verse ranges variously between these two extremes, and the mood of each poem is definitely recognisable by its key no less than if it were one of those other lyrics of direct statement.

These, then, are the outstanding characteristics of Mr. Bridges' poetry. Its easy and conventional appearance only superficially disguises what is really a remarkable originality. There is nothing very novel, of course, in the poet's attitude, which has already been described by another critic as the philosophy of the average man. The originality lies rather in the way that philosophy is reflected in his poetry. Mr. Bridges has given us what every poet must try to give—something "common in experience, but uncommon in expression," to borrow the phrase in which Mr. Robert Frost improves on Pope's famous "What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." He has never looked far afield for the material of his poetry. It lay ready around him—the English landscape, the felling of a tree, the sailing of a ship, the return of spring, the delight of love, the death of a dear friend, or the sight of a dead child, the bare joy of being alive on an "idle June day on the sunny Thames":

I would have life—thou saidst—all as this day,
Simple enjoyment calm in its excess,
With not a grief to cloud, and not a ray
Of passion overhot my peace to oppress;
With no ambition to reproach delay,
Nor rapture to disturb its happiness.

and a thousand memories of rare moments captured, like that lovely poem in *New Verse* where the poet remembers himself, a schoolboy, lying awake on a summer night listening to the rustle of rain in the trees and the murmur of voices passing his window, so that even to-day

Into the maze of my delight
Those blind intruders walk;
And ever I wonder who they be
And of what things they talk.

All these are things so common in experience that every poetaster has attempted some of them. But they are transformed by the variety and delicacy of a verbal and

metrical command which is one of the richest in the whole range of English literature. For this reason Mr. Bridges has deserved his reputation as "a poets' poet." Surrounded as we are by so much that is slipshod in literature, we may count not least among his virtues the delight the Poet Laureate takes in his art. Even his consistent eccentricities have their value. His archaic verb and pronoun forms probably appear musty to people with fixed ideas concerning "poetic diction." More subtle ears will not fail to recognise the value of the old mode, because it not only subserves the delicacy of his verbal music, but also ministers to that urbanity of tone which is the most noticeable characteristic of his poetic style.

In this last word, "style," we come to the culminating point of the Poet Laureate's achievement. There are many living poets whose work suggests a larger area of human experience than that of Mr. Bridges; many, too, are more ambitiously intellectual, and others, again, more apparently "up-to-date" than he, though, by the way, the author of these quiet country pieces and love lyrics is one of the very few living poets whose education and bread-and-butter experience have been on the scientific side of knowledge, and it has still to be demonstrated that "up-to-date" poets are better than other kinds. But how many of these poets, like Mr. Bridges, have style enough to betray their authorship to the right reader, given an unsigned manuscript? Mr. Hardy, Mr. Housman, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Frost, Mr. De la Mare—are there any others? A few, like Mr. Kipling or Mr. Masfield, might be recognised by characteristic allusions, mannerisms, peculiarities of argument or language, but not, I think, by this, the most durable of all identification marks in literature. The type of Mr. Bridges' poetry is not new in English—whose is?—and certain strains of his music have been heard before, not only in Spenser and Campion, but even in Milton himself. But these and all the derivations of his verse are merged by a style that cannot be mistaken for another's. It has many of the rarest attributes, clarity almost approaching perfection, great simplicity even when it is ex-

pressing subtle shades of meaning, a continual glow from the core, and, everywhere, exceptional economy.

It seem'd the hour had gather'd up
For every sense a bliss
To crown the faith of all desire
With one assuaging kiss.

The resulting poetry, like this, is of the kind easiest to read and hardest to write, a poetry that reinforms the old familiar themes with new feeling and original significance, that triumphs over the prosaic, trembling responsively to the minutest chiaroscuro of human emotion as well as to its great flushes of colour and light; a poetry that, whether delighted or dejected, is still quiet and self-sufficient, always beginning with a deep plunge into music and a straight, clean swim to the banks of silence. All these qualities have been sufficiently illustrated in the previous quotations. The poet utterly justifies the only lines resembling a boast that can be found in his work.

Me whom thou sawest of late strive with the pains
Of one who spends his strength to rule his nerve,
—Even as a painter breathlessly who strains
His scarcely moving hand lest it should swerve—
Behold me, now that I have cast my chains,
Master of the art which for thy sake I serve.

It is beyond dispute that the Poet Laureate is master of his art. We may look back down the list of his great predecessors, to Tennyson, Wordsworth, Dryden, further back still to the times when Ben Jonson and even Spenser wore—perhaps not officially, but no less bravely for that—the laurels which have never been more fresh and green than they are to-day; but not even among these older and greater poets shall we find one who can truthfully be called more a master of his art than Robert Bridges.

ROUMANIA—YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

By H. CHARLES WOODS

IN many ways the external and the internal positions of Roumania were changed as much by the War as those of almost any State in Central or Near Eastern Europe. Territorially the country has been more than doubled in size, and, with its present population of roughly 17,000,000 souls, thus converted from a status of semi-Balkan and semi-European standing into one of almost first-class importance. Equally well the home situation has been completely modified by the necessity of administering a large and diverse instead of a relatively small and unified country, by the development of the party political struggle along quite different lines to those of former days and by the existence of large and important minorities, many of whom are more advanced in civilisation than the Roumanes themselves. Such changes are amply sufficient to justify an examination of some of the problems which may be said to have been accentuated by the deaths of King Ferdinand and of M. Bratiano last year—an examination of necessity to be preceded by references to events which occurred during and soon after the War.

Between 1914 and 1927 Roumania was practically ruled and dominated by King Ferdinand and M. Jonel Bratiano, whose relations were in some ways the same as those existing between the former Sovereign and the late Premier's father. With M. Bratiano in power from before the outbreak of the World War until early in 1918 the new King, who ascended the throne in October, 1914, soon made it clear that he was strongly opposed to the entry of Roumania on the side of the enemy. Nevertheless there were heated discussions with the representatives of the Central Powers at Bucharest, and it was not until August, 1916, that the Russian objections were overcome and that Roumania threw in her lot with the Allies. During the more than two ensuing years the King and his all-impor-

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tant statesman gained material prestige, for whereas they shared the privations of their people, His Majesty actually refused to sign, and M. Bratiano retired rather than be responsible for the independent peace, necessary of conclusion early in 1918. But Roumania took up arms again during the closing hours of the War, Bratiano returned to the Premiership in December, 1918, and in the end he and the King secured nearly all the advantages promised by the Treaty of 1916, besides the Province of Bessarabia, formerly belonging to Russia. Thenceforward as heretofore, His Majesty and his principal adviser usually marched side by side in home as well as in foreign affairs. Indeed, whether the Liberals were in or temporarily out of office, the late leader of that party was always in close touch with the Court. Thus, whereas for some years Bratiano had favoured a new Agrarian Law, based upon the expropriation of the large owners, the King promised during the War that the great estates should be split up and handed to the peasants, declaring at the same time that these changes were to be applicable to the royal domains. There was some delay in the introduction of this overdue reform,¹ which was actually passed during the Premiership of General Averescu in 1921, and subsequently modified by the Liberals. But Ferdinand set an early example by giving up his property for distribution amongst the demobilised population, and any credit for the laws now in force is largely due to him and to M. Bratiano.

Over and above the Agrarian Reforms, the working and results of which still leave a great deal to be desired, the post-War history of Roumania is principally noteworthy for the various constitutional measures introduced, for the shortcomings in the administration of the old and particularly of the new provinces, and for the development of and the ever increasing struggle between the different political parties. M. Bratiano resigned in September, 1919, as a protest against the minority clauses of the Treaty of Trianon and because he contended that the whole of the

(1) For full details see *The Agrarian Revolution in Roumania*, by J. L. Evans (Cambridge University Press, 1924).

Banat should have been allotted to Roumania, instead of this district being divided with Jugo-Slavia. By that time, however, measures to provide the Jews with equality of treatment and of rights had already been sanctioned, and, if we pass over the Governments of Dr. Vaida Voevod, of General Averescu, and of several temporary Premiers, it still remained to M. Bratiano, who returned to office in January, 1922, to consummate the results of the War. Thus, although that event had been prepared for by its predecessors, the Liberal Party staged the Coronation of the King and Queen at Alba Julia in the following October, when the unpopularity of the Roumanian *régime* in the newly annexed provinces was clearly proved by the mistaken though perhaps natural boycott of that ceremony by almost the entire Transylvanian population. A few months later (March, 1923) the new Constitution was passed. Among other things it confirmed the system of election by universal suffrage and recognised the new position of the Jews.

In view of their *rôles* in the past, the present, and the probable future, it seems convenient here to try to trace the growth and to describe in a very general way some of the more important political parties. Prior to the War, whilst the masses, and particularly the peasants, had little voice in the administration, the so-called Conservatives and Liberals held practically everything in their hands. The former party nominally represented the large landlords and the latter voiced the industrial and commercial classes. But there was little real divergence between the programmes of the two groups, and their principal difference usually lay in the personalities of their leadership. Indeed, with the Crown as the paramount factor the two parties practically alternated in power. M. Take Jonsco, the famous authority on international affairs and the pro-Ententist statesman, split away from the Conservatives, in 1909 M. Bratiano succeeded Dr. Sturza as leader of the Liberals, and in 1914 the late M. Marghiloman, who was one of the richest and the most attractive men in the country, took the place of M. Carp as the Conservative Chief.

A variety of reasons caused the War to change all this. The Conservative Party has practically disappeared, partly because of the introduction of universal suffrage and Agrarian Reform and partly because, as the group primarily opposed to the entry of Roumania into the War and responsible for the actual signature of the independent peace in the spring of 1918, its prestige and popularity suffered a heavy decline. The Liberals on their part have become more powerful because of the big calibre of Bratiano and because he shared with the King and Queen the principal credit for the enormous post-War aggrandisement. Since the Armistice, therefore, it has really been a struggle between that party and a series of groups which have made their appearance or increased their strength during the last ten years. Of these latter the People's Party, in office from 1920 until 1922 and again in 1926 and 1927, enjoyed an at one time strength largely because General Averescu, its chief, was personally popular, especially in the Army. Moreover, whereas that leader was supposed to be in strong opposition to the Liberals, it is well known that M. Bratiano was not averse to leaving his nominal enemy in control at times when any Government was likely to become discredited. Professor Jorga, the distinguished man of letters and leader of the once called Nationalist-Democratic Party, threw in his lot with the more moderate wing of the National (Transylvania) Party over three years ago. Ignoring the Hungarians, who are unable to play any *rôle*, and various small contingents, there remain the Tsaranists or National-Peasants, now by far the strongest Opposition section in the entire country.

After years of effort and negotiation, and although tentative arrangements were made earlier, it was in September, 1926, that this party actually sprung from the fusion of the Nationalists, largely recruited from Transylvania and the neighbouring new provinces, and of the peasants, principally drawn from Old Roumania and Bessarabia. Whilst the former body was the successor or counterpart of the group which existed in Austro-Hungarian times, the latter had its origin towards the end of the War, when M. John Mihalaki, a politically minded

village teacher, gained great popularity by a programme so close to the heart of every conscript. At the free, or more or less free, elections held in the autumn of 1919, these two then separate contingents secured a majority, with the result that a Government, led by Dr. Vaida Voievod, the Transylvanian leader, remained in office for a few months, at the end of which it was practically dismissed by the King. The two wings regained their independence once more, and it was only after a delay of over six years that the above-mentioned amalgamation took place under the leadership of Dr. Julius Maniu, the President of the National or Transylvanian Party. Professor Jorga, the co-President of that group, and Dr. Lupu, one of the leaders of the Peasants, voted against the union, the latter subsequently withdrawing from the party and becoming a member of M. Bratiano's Cabinet in June, 1927.

There are three present major problems for discussion. Although they originated several years before the deaths of the King and of the Liberal Dictator, it is advisable to consider first the questions directly and indirectly raised by the renunciation of his rights by the Crown Prince at the end of 1925. Until about eleven years ago Carol, who was born in 1893, had attracted no international attention, but towards the end of the War (in 1917) he married a Moldavian lady, Miss Zigi Lambrino, at Odessa. They had a son, and in August, 1919, the Prince, who had wished to retire into private life at the time of this wedding, again tried to renounce his Royal position. But he was persuaded against this course by the King and Queen, the marriage being annulled on the grounds that the proper formalities had not been complied with. In 1921, after his return from a mission to Japan, Carol married Princess Helen, the daughter of King Constantine, who had just gone back to Greece.¹ Prince Michael, now the youthful King, was born in that year.

(1) Early in last month it was announced that Princess Helen was instituting divorce proceedings against Prince Carol. Such proceedings may well have been first postponed by the illness of the late King and then hastened on by recent events. But in any case they seem to indicate that the Princess has no further wish to secure the return of her husband, and that her advisers are desirous of consummating the existing dynastic situation.

Shortly after coming to London for the funeral of Queen Alexandra, and in the closing days of December, 1925, the Prince, then in Venice, again abdicated, under circumstances which even now have not been fully cleared up. There seems to have been a serious disagreement between his Royal Highness and the Liberal Government, particularly as to the training of and supplies for the Army. But it soon became known that the Prince was involved in a further love affair with a Roumanian lady, Madame Lupescu. This time the King, no doubt angry at the discredit brought upon his family, and probably encouraged by M. Bratiano, immediately summoned a Crown Council, insisting that his eldest son had renounced his rights, and that the child Michael was the heir to the throne. A few days later this decision received Parliamentary sanction, General Averescu supporting the Government, and the Nationalist-Peasant Opposition practically refraining from voting. A future Regency, to consist of Prince Nicholas (the King's second son and a former Eton boy), the Patriarch and the President of the Supreme Court of Appeal, was created at the same period.

King Ferdinand is believed soon to have regretted this course, and he and the Queen met the Prince during their visit to France in the summer of 1926, when the nature of His Majesty's illness was becoming known, and Queen Marie saw Carol again on the eve of her departure for America that year. But M. Bratiano and General Averescu, the once-more Premier, were strongly opposed to the attempt of the National-Peasants to secure the revision of the Act dealing with the Prince's renunciation, and when the subject was brought forward in the Chamber in February, 1927, the Prime Minister declared that the question had been definitely settled. Dr. Maniu was known to continue to favour a compromise, but after the death of the King he agreed that the matter was not open for discussion. For some months, therefore, although the succession had been officially banished from the political arena, there is no doubt that a number of Roumanians would have welcomed a compromise, and that the advent to power of the National-Peasants might have been favourable to such a course. But the ill-conceived and badly

staged adventure in this country in May, and particularly the statement made in Carol's name that he would be prepared to liquidate all unsolved problems with Roumania's ex-enemies by common consent, can only have had one result. Indeed, coupled with the Prince's rightful expulsion, by the British Authorities, it seems to have put an end, at least temporarily, to any popularity he enjoyed in Roumania, and to have alienated the sympathies of the National-Peasants, who held their great congress at Alba Julia on May 6th, and who now appear to be more interested in the possibility of a Republic than in any details concerning the dynasty.

In a country where the administration is practically run by a limited number of educated people, and where the head of the State has the right to nominate and dismiss Governments, constitutionalism or semi-constitutionalism depends largely upon the determination of the moment when the public has had enough of any particular Cabinet and upon the choice of its successors, who usually have no difficulty in securing an electoral majority. But the adaptation of these circumstances by a ruler requires two conditions for its success, namely, the prestige necessary to secure authority, and the strength and fairness essential to maintain respect. On the whole, Kings Carol and Ferdinand had advantages and qualifications difficult of possession or acquisition by a Regency, unless its identity and composition are entirely exceptional. In the present instance the difficulties are particularly acute, because King Michael cannot come of age at least until 1939, when he will be only eighteen, because a triumvirate is bound to be weak and subject to political influence and attack, and because of the now very acute political situation. Whilst, therefore, it is always unwise to forecast the future of events in the Near East, the advent of three contingencies seem possible. The life of the existing body may be prolonged, as M. Bratiano would certainly have endeavoured to prolong it, but in that case the Regency will either refrain from the adoption of any definite policy or it will fall under the control of whoever happens to be the strongest politician or personality in the country for the

time being. Alternatively, and by effacing himself for the moment, Carol might once more come to the fore as the sovereign's representative, if not as the actual sovereign, or Queen Marie may yet be called upon and agree to become the sponsor for her grandson. Lastly, whereas a Republic would seem to be unsuitable for Roumania, at any rate at the present time, actual and possible future complications might lead to a fundamental change in the governmental system.

The past and present internal situation depends largely upon the efforts and the difficulties bound up with the incorporation of the new districts and upon the struggle so long and so keenly in progress between Conservative forces on the one side and the Radical, if not the revolutionary, elements on the other. There is a wide contrast between the culture and advancement of the people of the post-War provinces and of the old kingdom, and the attitude of mind of the latter and the faulty administration of the now annexed territory and particularly of Transylvania have caused a great deal of avoidable resentment and discontent. This state of things, marked from the beginning, has become aggravated with a passage of time sufficient for its improvement. Although such a definition may not be true to the letter, generally speaking the Liberals voice the old Roumania and its policy, and the National-Peasants express or typify the viewpoint of the new areas. The former Party, which represents the banks and kindred interests, believes in preventing the free and unhampered use of the franchise, and in a fiscal system which has many disadvantages to a population which is predominantly agricultural. Thus in recent years M. Vintila Bratiano, who succeeded his brother as Premier last November, and who is probably the leading Roumanian authority upon finance, has become known for what may be described as the "isolation" or "nationalism" of his conduct of affairs, for his taxation of both imports and exports, and for bolstering up home industries by these methods and through the local banks. This means that the officials are underpaid, that the public works have been starved, and that trade has been stifled. The National-Peasants,

who once they are firmly in office are likely to display many, even if different, shortcomings, are opposed to all these principles, to the widespread existing corruption and to the bad administration. In particular they resent the manner in which various recent Governments (notably that of the late M. Bratiano formed in June, 1927) have come to power, the complete control of the elections (especially of the one held last July), and the widespread demoralisation in the public services. For the moment, therefore, it only remains to see if the present Opposition (the National-Peasants) has really arrived or can arrive at a united decision as to its programme, and, in such an event, whether that decision and the giant Congress held at Alba Julia on May 6th will influence the Council of Regency to favour a political change before the malcontents have resorted to violent or revolutionary methods in the hope of enforcing such a change.

The foreign relations of Roumania are in one way too well known to require, and in the other too complicated to allow of, any far-reaching comment here. She is an important member of the Little Entente, which allies her to Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. This agreement, coupled with the Treaties between France and Roumania and between France and other Central European States, is intended as a local, an Allied, and particularly a French bulwark against any ex-enemy, and especially against any Hungarian attempts to upset the Peace Treaties. Furthermore, in September, 1926, during the second Government of General Averescu, Roumania and Italy signed a Treaty of Friendship and Arbitration—a Treaty in a way set off by the Pact of Amity arrived at by Italy and Hungary in April, 1927, which Pact was the first agreement to be made between the latter country and a victorious Power since the War. Notwithstanding other signs of Italian friendship for Roumania, this last-mentioned arrangement had the effect of consolidating the Little Entente at a time when Jugo-Slavia was in serious difficulties concerning the Adriatic Question, and this consolidation has, no doubt, been accentuated by M. Mussolini's declared and supposed attitude towards the possible revision of certain of the Peace Treaties. On the other

or Eastern side of the picture there is still the question of Bessarabia and of the present and possible Russian attitude towards the Roumanian Sovereignty over that province. That sovereignty was recognised by the British Empire, France, Italy and Japan in a treaty¹ signed with Roumania in October, 1920. Already confirmed by the two first-mentioned Parties, this arrangement secured the ratification of Italy in March, 1927—a ratification which is now only outstanding by Japan. The formal consent of that country and the consequent coming into force of a document which commits, or might commit, the Principal Allied Powers to an effort to prevent Russia or the League of Nations from questioning the frontiers or the Roumanian ownership of Bessarabia appears to be a matter of wide international importance. Coupled with the arrangements existing between Roumania and Poland, it should give Roumania material security against Bolshevik aggression along her north-eastern frontier.

Whilst there are certain outstanding questions about the Bulgarian ownership of land in the Dobrudja and the Bulgarian properties sequestered in Roumania during the War, the relations between the Governments of Bucharest and of Sofia are normal and correct. With regard to Hungary and the Hungarian Optants the position is quite different and much more serious. Depending largely upon certain discrepancies between the Treaty of Trianon and the provisions of the Roumanian Agrarian Laws and various regulations, the matter was first brought before the League of Nations in the spring of 1923, since which time it has occupied a great deal of the Council's attention. To the mind of the layman it would seem that Hungary has the legal rights upon her side, but that it may hardly be wise or practical for that country to insist upon standing by the letter of the law, and that Roumania would be well advised to provide such financial compensation as could scarcely be refused with wisdom by the Budapest Government and its clients.

• (1) Treaty Series No. 15 (1922) Cmd. 1747. Price 3d. net.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

BY MADAME DE LAGARENNE

THE name of Alexandre Dumas Père will be known to popular fame long after many authors, celebrated in their day, have passed into oblivion. Successive generations have been, and will remain, under the spell of *Monte Cristo* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. The spirit of romance inherent in youth will be heightened by the exploits of heroes who were not entirely creatures of the great romancier's imagination, for many had really lived and performed the prowesses which have stirred our admiration. The man as well as the author cannot fail to rouse interest in all those who have been charmed by his works, for his was a specially remarkable personality. Great by the heart as well as by the intellect, he shed benefits as a fountain scatters its sparkling waters around. When he spoke the most eloquent paused to listen. Michelet said of him, "He was a force of nature."

Numerous memoirs of Alexandre Dumas have been written, but only those of his contemporaries who came into personal contact with him can show the public the very special character of this favourite author. To do so it was necessary to live in his atmosphere, sharing at times the mobility of his existence, and thus being a participator in it, not merely an onlooker.

My father, though belonging to a younger generation, had the privilege of this intimacy, and from incidents he used to relate to us, as well as from notes gleaned among his papers, the following account of Alexandre Dumas' life has been taken, and shows him in different phases and at different periods.

It was in the spring of 1864 that my father first met the great author who was to become a very constant friend.

Alexandre Dumas had returned to France after several years' residence in Italy, and settled at Enghien in the Villa Cattinat overlooking the lake.

He was still at the height of his fame and popularity, so much so that a leading American paper of the day, in compiling a list of the greatest men of the nineteenth century, placed Dumas next to Napoleon. His novels were eagerly awaited all over the globe, from Chander-nager to Tobolsk. Mery had said of Dumas: "If somewhere there exists a Robinson Crusoe in a desolate island you may be certain that this hermit is now occupied reading the *Three Musketeers* as he sits under his parasol made of cockatoos' feathers." At Enghien Dumas was surrounded by a group of worshippers who spread in all directions the fame of his wit and hospitality; the Press of the day was constantly filled with paragraphs vaunting his novels and plays, and relating anecdotes—sometimes apocryphal—of his sayings and doings. His vitality, in spite of advancing years, was still unimpaired; he journeyed daily from Enghien to Paris to superintend the rehearsals of *Les Mohicains de Paris*, a drama lately adapted from his novel of the same name, and which was to be performed at the Théâtre de la Gaité.

It was the first detective drama which had been offered to the Parisian public.

In this play the celebrated phrase "Cherchez la Femme" is put in the mouth of the detective Jackal.

This drama, of which the scene is laid in the reign of Charless the Tenth, was judged too advanced in its views for 1864, the Censor prohibiting the play before the first public performance.

Dumas was not a man to accept this rebuff in silence, and wrote to Napoleon the Third a most sensational letter attacking the Censor and the want of liberty accorded to talent in France. This letter was much commented upon and resulted in the embargo being removed from the play which, produced in August, 1864, met with considerable success, the interest of the public having been heightened by the opposition the piece had encountered.

The scene of Dumas' literary labours as my father first knew it was the billiard-room at the Enghien villa, transformed into a study, the green baize table entirely hidden under piles of books and MSS. and every chair heaped

with papers. Dumas had the habit of writing in his shirt sleeves, his collar widely opened, for he breathed with some difficulty, and, at times, felt apoplectic tendencies.

His handwriting, if not his spelling, was admirable, in fact, his caligraphy, when a youth, had attracted the notice of the Duc d'Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe. His pen ran with lightning rapidity across the celebrated blue paper which he always used and carried with him all over the globe. He knew the number of words that each line and each page should contain.

This indefatigable writer was able, on occasion, to work fifteen hours a day for a month at a time, without pause or rest. Ideas rose in his mind without fatigue or tension of the brain. He was responsible during his career for at least eleven hundred volumes and a hundred dramas. This almost incredible fertility caused detractors to say that Dumas did not write his works unassisted, and this rumour soon came to his ears. One day at Enghien, when surrounded by friends who were all enjoying his witty sallies, he suddenly inquired: "Is it I who am making you laugh?"

"Why, of course!" was the reply of his hearers, astonished at this question.

"All the same, to-morrow it will be announced that I had collaborators."

"Alexandre le Grand, Roi des Romanciers," as he sometimes called himself in a jest, which was more than half earnest, was endowed with a fascinating personality, the amazing exuberance of his nature explained many errors which his impetuous feelings and generosity excused.

Born at Villers Cotteret, a few miles from the birth-place of Racine, and still nearer to that of La Fontaine, in the eleventh year of the First Republic, he came into the world at the dawn of the century, at an epoch of popular effervescence, when minds were intoxicated with dreams of glory and liberty, the very air he breathed in his earliest years was impregnated with the marvellous, even the slumbers of children were stirred by visions of battles, of conquests, of military splendours of all kinds.

It is not surprising that the atmosphere of his early days

intensified and coloured the imagination of the young Alexandre—whose heredity was a very special one. Alexandre Dumas was the son of the Marquis de la Pailletterie—who, renouncing his title on enlisting, rose to the rank of General under his mother's name of Dumas—and of his wife, Elizabeth Labouret, daughter of Claude Labouret, the proprietor of the Hôtel de l'Ecu at Villers Cotteret. His paternal grandfather, Le Marquis de la Pailletterie, had held a function at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, but growing weary of the world had sold his estate of La Pailletterie and emigrated to St. Domingo, where he bought large estates in the island and married a woman of colour, Marie Dumas. Their son, General Dumas, who died when Alexandre was only four years old, was a colossus, thick-lipped and of dusky complexion, a sort of negro athlete. In the wars in Italy he was known to the Austrians by the name of the "Black Devil." Alexandre Dumas all his life professed the greatest admiration for his father's warlike prowess and prodigious strength; like him, he was built on a large scale, and was very robust but with the characteristics of coloured races attenuated. His early life had been spent in all the freedom of the country at Villers Cotteret, under the care of his widowed mother and of his guardian, Monsieur Collart, who had married Madame de Genlis's daughter, Herminie.

It has been said of Dumas that in his youth he was a first-class poacher and an indifferent grammarian, though always a great reader. Schiller and Scott were his favourite authors. His youthful imagination was so deeply impressed by them that all through his works later on their influence could be felt. Schiller's strong passion is found in *Les Brigands*, *La Conjuración de Fiesque a Gênes*, *L'Intrigue et l'Amour*, etc., and the Scotch author inspired the French novelist's historical works. The first play he ever wrote was adapted from *Ivanhoe*, but his greatest enthusiasm had always been aroused by the works of Shakespeare. He thus described his impressions:

"I had read, I had devoured Shakespeare. I had recognised that in the dramatic world everything emanates from him as in the material world everything emanates from the sun; that none could be compared with him for preceding

all the others he was as tragic as Corneille, as comic as Molière, as original as Calderon, as great a thinker as Goethe, and as passionate a soul as Schiller. I recognised that his works contained as many types as the works of all the other authors put together. I recognised, therefore, that he was the mind who after God had created the most."

Alexandre Dumas had gone to live in Paris in 1822. He started his literary career by some *Nouvelles Contemporaines*, which only found half a dozen readers. A little later, however, a piece acted at the Porte St. Martin brought him before the public, and in 1829 the play *Henri III et sa Cour*, performed at the Comédie Française, definitely assured his popularity.

Alexandre Dumas treated history as a peg on which to hang his favourite pictures, and this use of the past is admissible if we accept Alfred de Vigny, the soldier poet's axiom, "History is a Romance of which the people are the authors." The heroes of Dumas' novels were not fictitious but real characters animated by his genius. The most celebrated of them was revived from the pages of Courtel de Sandras' *Mémoires de d'Artagnan*. Dumas had come across this work at the Bibliothèque Nationale; it had been printed originally in Amsterdam, the author not wishing to make acquaintance with la Bastille. Dumas was greatly struck by these *Mémoires* and by the characters, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, convinced that under these names well-known personages of the day concealed their identity. He searched amongst all the manuscripts and books of the period which were likely to contain some references to these three musketeers, and was renouncing the quest when he lighted on a MS. entitled *Mémoires du Comte de La Fère*, and looking through it found the mention of Athos, Porthos and Aramis and the account of the part they played in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, though he never was able to trace the real names of the heroes concealed under these pseudonyms.

Dumas' drama *La Reine Margot*, adapted from his historical novel of the same name, was perhaps the work which met with the most success. Théophile Gautier records that on the first night of this play, in February,

1847, Dumas accomplished the miracle of keeping an audience of many hundreds of persons in their seats without breaking their fast by refreshments of any sort during nine mortal hours. The play, commencing at 6 o'clock, lasted until 3 o'clock in the morning.

Monte Cristo, one of the most celebrated of Dumas' historical romances, was written by him and his collaborator, Eugène Maquet, at Trouville in 1846, the first four volumes being finished in a fortnight.

A distinguished author who was with Dumas at Naples gave the following account of the latter's methods of writing:—

When compiling a history of the Bourbons of Naples from unpublished documents, amongst these the correspondence of Nelson—sixty original letters to Lady Hamilton—one sentence would furnish Dumas' ready imagination with nearly a whole chapter. For instance, from a note of Nelson to Lady Hamilton, beginning by these words: "Yesterday the Queen sent for me to come to the palace, and showed me, confidentially, a communication, etc.," Dumas, amplifying this line, wrote as follows:—

"The 18th January, at 9 o'clock at night, a barque, manned by six vigorous oarsmen, directed its course towards the royal castle of 'La Favorite.' (Here, portrait of the passenger, description of the crossing, of the sea, of the stars, of the Vesuvius, etc., etc.)

"The passenger landed. With a pensive air he mounted the stairs which conducted to the private apartments. The officer on duty, who walked before him, threw open a door, which then closed behind the visitor. In the apartment into which the victor of the Battle of the Nile was introduced a woman was pacing up and down in an agitated manner. This woman was Marie Caroline—this woman was the Queen. She was crumpling in her hand a missive bearing the arms of the French Republic. 'Admiral,' she said to Nelson, 'do you know this?'"

Alexandre Dumas was indeed an adept at making these dry bones live, as a true writer of romance should, and from one bone would reconstruct a whole mastodon.

Alexandre Dumas, unlike many great authors, was as brilliant a conversationalist as a writer. To relate the various *bons mots* which he scattered daily abroad would fill a volume. A few only can be mentioned here.

Dumas' negro descent had early in his career excited many comments and pleasantries at his expense. The young quadroon had at first been sensitive to these allusions, but as time went on grew accustomed to them. One day a man said to him:—

"You are a quadroon, Monsieur Dumas?"

Dumas replied in the affirmative.

"Your father, then, was a mulatto?" continued the questioner.

"Yes," again answered Dumas.

"And so your grandfather must have been a negro?"

"Quite so," was the reply.

"Then what can your great-grandfather have been?"

"An ape, of course," quickly retorted Dumas. "That is to say, my pedigree commences where yours ends." Having thus demolished the impertinent querist, Alexandre Dumas walked off with all the honours of war.

One day the author, Adolphe Dumas, who had collaborated with Alexandre Dumas in a play, greeted him at a public gathering with these words:—

"You know, Maître, like the two Corneilles, they call us the two 'Dumas.'"

"Do they indeed?" replied Alexandre. "Well, then, *bon jour, Thomas.*"

This was a playful rebuke to the presumption of the other, for Thomas Corneille was, of course, the much less famous brother of the great Pierre, though literature owes to this mediocre poet the fine lines often quoted:—" *Le Crime fait la honte et non pas l'échafaud.*"

One day a friend meeting Dumas on a bitterly cold afternoon dressed in spring attire exclaimed upon the risk of such insufficient clothing.

"Oh, I never want outward heat," remarked Alexandre, "*Je me chauffe a moi même.*"

The fact was that his intense vitality was like an inward flame which prevented his noticing the chilliness of the

atmosphere. His gaiety was somewhat of the same quality. He said of himself, "Some folk are gay because they are well or have a good digestion, or have nothing to worry about—that is the ordinary gaiety, but mine is invariable gaiety which shines through disturbing influences, through troubles, through danger itself." Alexandre Dumas often repeated to my father that he considered that there were only three evils in life:—

"*Les trois M—Maladie, Misère, Mort.*"

Dumas' chief characteristic may be said to have been his utter ignorance of money, and, although for a lengthy period of his life he never made less than eight thousand a year by his writings, he often found himself in a state bordering on destitution.

Alexandre Dumas died as he had lived, for he who at the outset of his career had arrived in Paris with a louis in his pocket, at the termination of his life had exactly the same sum in his possession. Shortly before his death he said to his son, pointing to a gold coin on the mantelpiece: "See! how unjustly I have been accused of extravagance, I arrived in Paris fifty years ago with one louis and here it is!"

Amongst minor achievements Alexandre Dumas may be said to have created the now so fashionable resort of Trouville, for it was he who, searching for a quiet nook where he could write undisturbed, discovered this fishing village where later his friends followed him, and during many summers he was to be found on that favourite shore which, as if in gratitude to its modern Columbus, seemed to wake in him his brightest inspiration.

In the year 1867 my father spent the summer there with him and his daughter, in a small villa situated near the *quais*, and thus describes his stay:—

"Dumas was still possessed of devouring activity, and working, as a friend said, 'like a white nigger.' All the celebrities of the literary and dramatic world seemed to gather round him that summer—H. de Villenessant, the founder of the *Figaro*; Albert Wolff; Aurélien Scholl, one of the wits of the day; d'Ennery, the dramatic author, who was said to have made more tears flow in the nineteenth century than anyone except Napoleon. Sarah Bernhardt

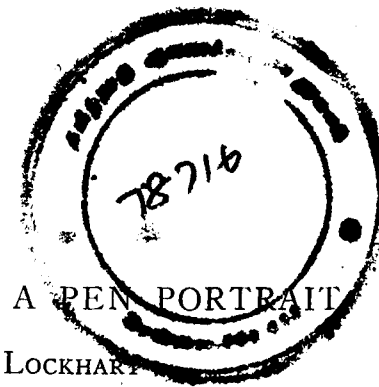
"No popularity in this country has surpassed that of Alexandre Dumas. His successes are more than successes, they are triumphs. The name of Alexandre Dumas is more than French, it is European; it is more than European, it is universal! His plays have been represented in the whole world, his novels have been translated into every language.

"Alexandre Dumas is one of those men who may be called sowers of civilisation. He refreshes and improves minds by a brightness which is clear and strong; he creates the thirst for reading; he sows the French idea; and the French idea contains such a store of humanity that wherever it penetrates it carries progress with it. All the most pathetic emotions of the drama, all the ironies of comedy, all the analysis of the novel, all the intuitions of history are in the surprising edifice constructed by this great and agile architect. There is no darkness in his work, no mystery, no subterranean passages, no enigmas, no vertigo, nothing of Dante, everything of Voltaire and Molière, everywhere radiance, full south and the penetration of light. During forty years this mind lavished itself like a prodigy.

"Alexandre Dumas was no less great by the heart than by the intellect. I had not seen him since 1857; he had come to sit by the fireside of the banished man at Guernsey, and we had given each other rendezvous in the future and in the fatherland. In September, 1870, the moment came: duty became transformed for me, and I returned to France. Alas, the same gust of wind may produce contrary effects. When I entered Paris Alexandre Dumas had just left it. I was not to have his last hand pressure. To-day I shall be missing at his last 'cortège,' but his soul sees mine. Before many days have passed I trust I shall be able to do what is impossible at this moment, and solitary I will go to the spot where he reposes, and the visit paid to my exile I will return at his tomb."

The letter ends with this remarkable passage:—

"That mind was capable of every miracle, even to bequeath itself, even to survive itself—your father lives in you . . ."



GUSTAV STRESEMANN: A PEN PORTRAIT

BY R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

AFTER several years of bitter internal strife, in the course of which the post-war Constitution has been more than once in serious danger, the German Republic seems gradually to have found its feet, and to-day the vast majority of the German people stand solidly for that programme of peaceful reconstruction and international co-operation which is known as the Locarno policy. To a large section of his fellow-countrymen Gustav Stresemann is the hero who has led his country out of the wilderness and who in spite of the derision of the Nationalists and the sneers of the Communists, has enabled Germany once more to take that place in the comity of nations to which her historical greatness and her civilisation entitle her. To these people, whatever else may be wrong in the State of Germany, Stresemann is the German Beneš, the indispensable Foreign Minister, whose moderation and uprightness of character have allayed the suspicions of Germany's former enemies and have raised the prestige of the new Republic abroad. In their eyes his departure from the Wilhelmstrasse would be in the nature of a national calamity. Since the recent elections, however, quite apart from the Nationalists and the Communists, who have always hated both the man himself and his policy, and who, indeed, are the enemies of everyone but themselves, there has been a growing tendency on the part of certain members of the middle classes, from whom his hero-worshippers are drawn, to cast stones at the national idol and to belittle the part which he personally has played in the regeneration of Germany. These critics hold that Stresemann has been singularly fortunate, that, so far from

(1) *Gustav Stresemann: Reden und Schriften* (Carl Reissner, Dresden. M. 16). *Gustav Stresemann: Der Mensch und der Staatsmann* (Carl Reissner, Dresden. M. 7.50).

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was a frequent guest, and Dumas already predicted her future triumphs.

"One day Dumas, who was beginning to long for a little respite from visits, said to me:

" 'We must have a change of air; I can work better in some quiet nook.'

" 'Where shall we go?'

" 'Where chance guides us,' replied Dumas, who always loved the unforeseen, and so we started, having previously made a provision of the indispensable blue paper, ink and pens.

" 'I want a cabriolet,' said Dumas, who still used the familiar names of 1830. We found a victoria, hired it, with its horse and driver, for a louis a day. How long should we remain away? Neither of us had any idea!

"A little later we found ourselves at Dives, where we lunched, and the hostess of the inn, who was an assiduous reader of Dumas' works, sent us the bill receipted (before it had been paid) on a silver salver which she said had belonged to William the Conqueror, begging Dumas to accept the salver as well as the dinner, Dumas was only able with difficulty to refuse the double offering.

"After lunch Dumas took a short siesta, then, in his usual working garb, he wrote until four o'clock the first chapters of his serial, *Les Blancs et les Bleus*."

Alas, Dumas was not long to enjoy the vigour and energy which appeared to be inexhaustible, and which justified his saying, as he had done one day:

"Meissonier and I are the Invincibles of Time."

Little by little, after his return to Paris, a change seemed to come over him, and a year before his death he was no longer the brilliant talker my father had known and admired. Those who only met him at that time never knew that sparkling conversationalist whose intercourse was one of the greatest of intellectual treats.

He seldom left his study in the Boulevard Malesherbes which was to be the last of his residences in the capital. There he had collected his most cherished remembrances of the past. On the walls hung the water colours painted

by the King of Holland as illustrations of the Three Musketeers, and presented to their author while he was the Sovereign's guest at The Hague. On a table stood a fine bronze of Bauge, a stag, with this inscription: "Given by the Prince Royal." The Prince was Louis Philippe's son and heir, and a special patron of Dumas. The last tragic token of the friendship between the author and the Prince was to be seen by raising the lid of a coffer which stood close to Dumas' armchair—it was a bandage stained with blood, which had encircled the head of the heir to the throne after the fatal accident at Neuilly, and which the Duchesse d'Orleans, the gifted pupil of Goethe, had sent to the French author as an eternal remembrance of her husband's attachment.

In these surroundings were spent the last years of Dumas' life. His strength was gradually failing, and when, in the summer of 1870, war with Prussia was declared, his children thought it advisable to remove him to his son's house at Puys, near Dieppe, the seaside station lately brought into notice by Georges Sand. There, on the day that the Prussians had occupied Dieppe, Alexandre Dumas breathed his last, unaware of the proximity of the enemy, and was buried in the little cemetery of Neuville, where he was not to rest long, for, sixteen months later, when the invaders had departed, his remains, in accordance with his wishes, were removed to Villers Cotteret, his birthplace.

Here a large concourse of friends and admirers and all the notable personalities of the literary and dramatic world assembled to pay their last tribute to their world-famous countryman, but the greatest of all the tributes came from a distance. Victor Hugo, in an impassioned letter, expressed to Alexandre Dumas *filis* his grief and admiration in lines from which we quote the following:—

"I know not if I could have spoken at this sorrowful ceremony; poignant emotions have been accumulating around me of late, and so many graves have opened before me one after another. At least I would have tried to have pronounced a few words. What I would have said let me now write.

the man creating the opportunity, the fortuitous chance of time has made the man.

* * * * *

Gustav Stresemann was born in Berlin on the 10th of May, 1878. The youngest child of a large and far from wealthy family, he was left during his early years almost entirely to his own devices. He was a thoughtful and studious boy, who liked to be alone and who preferred reading to playing. If he owed his first lessons in Liberalism to his father, a brewer's agent, who had been brought up in the revolutionary atmosphere of 1848, his deepest love was for his mother, who alone of all the family understood his shyness and his love of solitude. How much he valued her sympathy may be gauged from the In Memoriam poem which he wrote at the time of her death while he was still a schoolboy of seventeen:

Auch wenn man schmückt mich mit des Ruhmes Kranz,
Dann will ich dir ihn weihen voll und ganz
Und dir ihn geben, die mir alles gab,
Von der ich alles doch empfangen hab.

The first line of these boyish verses, "Should fame e'er chance to crown me with her wreath", is of considerable interest, as it reveals even in those days the strong ambition which throughout his whole life has filled the soul of Stresemann. His schooldays were spent at the Andreas Realgymnasium in Berlin, and it is characteristic of his Liberal upbringing that he neglected the official programme of the establishment in order to devote himself to the study of literature, history, and religion. In those days the cult of sport, which to-day has made such great progress in Germany, was unknown in the German schools, and the young Stresemann played even fewer games than the average German schoolboy of his generation. As he himself has said, his education was accomplished by poring over books within four walls, and he was deprived of every contact with nature and with the countryside. The Germany in which his early youth was passed was the Germany of Bismarck and Moltke, and in this period of blood and iron a schoolboy with revolutionary sympathies, who wrote verses and who dabbled in theology, must have been a rare exception. Even in his religion Stresemann was unorthodox, and, although he was a firm believer in Christ, his

Protestantism came from a very free-thinking and tolerant school.

When he went to the University, first in Berlin and then in Leipzig, he carried his Liberal sympathies with him. He joined a Liberal students' corps and he continued to devote his spare time to literary essays and to the study of history in which Goethe and Napoleon were his favourite heroes. At this period he seems to have lost his early shyness, and he rapidly became a prominent leader amongst the students. He was the best debater in the University. When, too, his corps wished to be represented at the celebration ceremony in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the 1848 revolution, he was selected to represent it and to lay the wreath on the tomb of the fallen heroes. Concern for his material prospects, however, kept his idealism within reasonable bounds, and with characteristic energy he applied himself to the study of political economy. The young idealist had also a highly developed sense of the practical in life, and the would-be poet received his doctor's degree for a thesis entitled "The Development of the Bottled Beer Industry in Berlin"! At the age of twenty-two he left the University. He was without private means and therefore in dire necessity of choosing a career which would provide him immediately with his daily bread. He would have liked to be a university lecturer, but even in Germany this profession afforded too precarious a livelihood to anyone who was not in possession of a private income. The same obstacle stood in the way of free-lance journalism, and sell his pen to a newspaper-proprietor he would not. "To subordinate my own opinion", he wrote, "to that of a stranger, to write anything against my own persuasion, would be impossible for me." In his hour of need he bethought himself of his knowledge of political economy. He was not to desert his literary idols. Indeed, in order to understand both the success and the mentality of Stresemann one must always remember that strange combination of idealism and of German Realpolitik which is the very essence of his character. As Frederick the Great found relief in the writing of bad poetry even on the battlefield, so, too, Stresemann can find time even in the busiest moment for

his literary recreations. An illustration both of his energy and of his dual personality is afforded by the fact that his two monographs on Goethe and Napoleon were written at the most critical moment of his career during the feverish period between the rehabilitation of the mark and Germany's entry into the League of Nations. In 1901, however, his choice had to be governed by practical considerations, and, when he was offered a post as manager of the Federation of German Chocolate Manufacturers he accepted it gladly.

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Stresemann's new employment took him to Dresden, the centre of the large and to-day highly-developed Saxon industry. The Federation of Saxon Chocolate-makers was a small organisation, and Stresemann's first post was somewhat similar to that of the secretary of a small provincial Chamber of Commerce in England. Saxony, however, provided this ambitious and far-seeing young man with a wonderful opportunity. At that period, although the Social Democrats were already a highly-organised and efficient party, the only employers' interests in Germany which were properly organised were those of agriculture and of the heavy industries in the Rhineland. The smaller industries, which flourished principally in Saxony, were unable to take common action against extravagant labour demands, or to frame any policy on such important economic questions as tariffs, because they were not united. Stresemann undertook to remedy this defect, and largely through his efforts the powerful Federation of Saxon Industries came into being. As a matter of course, Stresemann became its first managing director. In order to give full effect to the influence of the Federation, he saw that it would be necessary for him to acquire political power. There was a local branch of the National-Liberal Party in Dresden, and every week the young economist would foregather with the liberal-minded lawyers and doctors in a local hotel to discuss over their beer the political problems of the day. At the beginning of the twentieth century German Liberalism was of a very milk-and-water description, and, shedding the revolutionary shell of 1848,

which hitherto had encased all his political opinions, the young Stresemann rapidly began to acquire that sense of loyalty to, and orderliness in, the State which even to-day is the chief characteristic of the German burgher. Indeed, the Liberalism of the Saxon Liberals was not very dangerous to German Imperialism. It sought, however, a closer contact with the working-classes and, greatly daring, it included within its ranks several representatives of labour. In spite of his activities as an organiser of employers' interests, Stresemann has never forgotten his early sympathies with the poor and down-trodden, and even to-day, more than any other member of his party, he has succeeded in retaining the confidence of the working-classes. In 1902 he was elected to the Dresden Town Council. In 1906 he entered the Reichstag as member for the division of Annaberg-Schwarzenberg, a seat which, after an epic struggle, he succeeded in winning from the Conservatives at the first attempt. In the same year, at the annual general meeting of the National-Liberal Party, he gave a striking proof both of his political independence and of his fearlessness in a famous speech in which he accused Bassermann, the Party leader, of want of energy and lack of ambition. It was as if a twenty-eight year old Chamberlain had led an attack on Gladstone in his prime. There was nothing personal, however, in Stresemann's onslaught, which was directed more against the negative policy of the party than against its leader, and Bassermann, realising that a new constellation had appeared in the firmament of German politics, humoured his young critic, and indeed advanced him in every way he could. From 1906 to 1914 Stresemann's activities, including his work in Parliament, were devoted to the building up of German industry. The admirable technical equipment of that industry to-day, and the happy relations which it has evolved between capital and labour are in no small measure due to Stresemann's extraordinary genius for organisation, combined with his lofty idealism. By some of his admirers he has been represented as a champion of the working-classes. It would be more correct to regard him as the champion of fair play between capital

and labour. Always an opponent of class privileges, whether of the upper classes or of the proletariat, he realised more clearly than any of his colleagues in the Federation that the success of any industry depends on the ability of that industry to satisfy both its partners, and he fought many a bitter fight in order to convince the German employers that good wages are as much to their benefit as to that of the workers. When the Great War broke out, his position, as regards both his personal prestige and his material prospects, was assured.

During the war Stresemann's attitude was that of the average loyal German citizen. He was, however, no die-hard Imperialist, and he was a convinced opponent of all military annexations. Even before the War, although his whole professional career was devoted to the finding of overseas markets for German industry, he had pointed out to his countrymen the advantages of an Anglo-German understanding and more than once he had warned them of the economic disaster which a European war must inevitably bring in its train. And, although he worked his hardest to secure a German victory, even giving his full support to the policy of unrestricted submarine warfare, his Liberalism never deserted him. In the Reichstag he urged the Government with a boldness, which in those days was not without serious risk to his personal safety, to amend the constitution, before it was too late, and to extend the franchise, so as to secure the full co-operation of every class of the German population. Then, as always, his whole mind was dominated by the idea of the well-ordered State, and, when the war ended and Germany lay in ruins, his one thought was to reconstruct his country on a basis of equal rights for, and equal service by, every German citizen.

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Stresemann's Republicanism has undergone a much slower evolution than his Liberalism. The Treaty of Versailles, which he characterised as the acme of political Sadism, left him shattered and depressed, and in 1919 he sent a telegram to the ex-Kaiser in which he gave full expression to his loyalty to the monarchical principle. The

end of the war found the National-Liberal Party divided into two groups of Right and Left, and, although various efforts were made to secure unity, Stresemann could not persuade himself to join those Liberals who were prepared to sign a treaty "which was even more dishonourable to the victors than to the vanquished." He remained outside the "Weimar Coalition", and out of the Right wing of the National-Liberal Party he created the new German People's Party with himself as leader. With his party he voted against the acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles. From that date, however, his development as a post-war politician has been rapid. Since 1919, more than one statesman who acquired a European reputation during the war has been banished into insignificance because he has been unable to free his mind from the psychological influences of the war. It is to Stresemann's credit that, bitter opponent as he was of the Versailles Treaty, he has made the transition from war to post-war psychology more thoroughly and more completely than almost any other German of his class. After the first months of depression he recognised that the clash of class interests and political contradictions must destroy the German people unless its ranks were closed, and, buoyed up by his belief in the organising talents of his countrymen, he set himself the task of saving what he could from the wreckage of the war. Two convictions filled his heart with hope. The first was his belief that the war-hate of the Allies, expressed in a savage desire to keep Germany in a state of perpetual bondage, could not last, could not indeed be given effect. The second conviction was the knowledge, acquired already in 1919, that the economic consequences of the war were likely to be as disastrous to the victorious Allies as to Germany herself, that Europe, in fact, and not only Germany, had lost the war, and that in order to save both Germany and Europe he must think and act not as a German but as a European. Reconstruction at home and peace and international co-operation abroad were the chief planks in his programme. Once his mind was made up he lost no time in putting his policy into practical effect. His chance came in 1923, at the gloomiest moment in Ger-

many's post-war history, when the mark had lost its entire value and when the depression of the Ruhr occupation lay heavy on the heart of the German people. In this hour of bitter crisis, when even the national existence was in danger, he was called on to lead the Grand Coalition which had been summoned as a last hope to save the Fatherland from anarchy. From that date he has remained in power, either as Chancellor or as Foreign Minister, until to-day he stands as the personification of the evolution of the new Germany—a reconstructed, peaceful, comparatively prosperous and Republican Germany, confident in its own strength and in its powers of recuperation.

Not the least of Stresemann's achievements is the extraordinary ability he has shown in winning the confidence both of his own countrymen and of their former enemies. To gain the trust of the Allies, and more particularly, of the French, he was forced to make concessions which were exceptionally galling to a proud-spirited race like the Germans. How far, in spite of these concessions, he has succeeded in retaining German confidence may be judged from the fact that, when the first announcement of his recent illness was made public stocks and shares on the German bourses slumped heavily. Naturally, like every strong man, he has his enemies, but in his case they are drawn mainly from the ranks of jealous politicians and envious office-seekers. The fact that to-day the vast majority of the German people has endorsed his Locarno policy is a sufficient testimony to the position which he holds in the affections of his countrymen, and, although by the time these lines appear in print, it is just possible that he may have left the Wilhelmstrasse, it is highly improbable that any other German can command the same confidence and the same prestige which Stresemann enjoys to-day in every country in Europe.

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In character Stresemann is the most modest and straightforward of men. He says what he thinks and expects the same frankness from others. Both in his politics and in his religion he has always had a horror of dogma, and to-

day he is the least partisan of all German politicians. His Liberalism, expressed to-day in a comprehensive policy of pacifist international co-operation, has made rapid progress during the last five years, and in his views he is now more advanced than any other member of his own party. Squatt, burly, bald-headed and clean-shaven, he has the appearance of a typical North German. Both on the platform and in private conversation he speaks forcibly and directly to the point without any trace of mannerism. Although he has none of the fire of the Slav or Latin races, he is not devoid of personal magnetism, and behind his outward calmness and somewhat cold exterior one can feel the latent reserves of nervous energy on which he can draw for any special effort, and which, indeed, have enabled him to perform prodigies of work during the past five years. Although he has the most practical of German minds, unlike many of his compatriots he has retained all the romanticism of his early youth, and even to-day he is only too glad to put away economic things and to turn the conversation to a discussion of his beloved Goethe and Napoleon. In spite of his rather burly figure, his health is none too robust, chiefly, perhaps, because of the almost superhuman strain to which he has subjected it. His family life is a model of German solidity, and he owes much to his charming wife who has nursed him and watched over his health with devoted care. Indeed, he is at his best in the family circle, where his wide culture and knowledge of many subjects are given the fullest play. Stresemann, too, is the most faithful of friends, and never forgets those who have served him well. One of his most faithful lieutenants in the Wilhelmstrasse to-day is a man who twenty years ago as a young apprentice fetched and carried for him in the modest office of the Federation of Saxon Chocolate-makers. Although contemporary judgment is notoriously unreliable, it is hard to believe that, when the events of the past ten years come to be viewed in their proper perspective, Stresemann will not find a place in the history of his country beside Bismarck and von Stein as one of the greatest statesmen to whom Germany has ever given birth.

THE GERMAN MINING INDUSTRY: A NEW BID FOR PROSPERITY

By NOËL D. PANTER

BEFORE the British coal stoppage in 1926 the German mining industry was in a very serious state. Large quantities of fuel were lying at the pit-heads, twenty-five big mines with a total of 19,000 hands were closed down in a twelvemonth, the competition of British and other foreign coals was keenly felt in the contested areas,¹ and a general depression in the iron and steel industries gave little expectation of an improvement in conditions. But the crisis in the British coal industry caused a sudden and feverish activity in the Ruhr. The melancholy feature of idle pits, short-time shifts, and widespread unemployment was replaced by temporary prosperity. By June, 1926, 100,000 tons of Ruhr coal were being sent daily to Rotterdam, overtime was worked in the mines, pit-head stocks were being profitably disposed of, and a shortage of skilled hewers was beginning to manifest itself. In Duisburg-Ruhrort, the largest inland harbour in Europe, tips and cranes had to be multiplied, and the whole system of loading and unloading was carefully reorganised in order that the total of rolling stock available for dealing with the unprecedented volume of trade could be exploited to the fullest degree. At the beginning of the boom congestion was general, and masters of ships awaiting coal cargoes even in Rotterdam chafed at inordinate delays. Vessels arriving unladen from the Hook of Holland were obliged to anchor for days outside Rotterdam harbour, owing to the tremendous accumulation of shipping in the docks. Soon, however, all this was changed. Order was made out of chaos. The Ruhr harbours and the German railway systems were adapted to the new conditions.

(1) The German contested areas comprise the markets east of the Elbe, including the entire Hamburg area, but excluding the Berlin and Magdeburg districts.

Despatches from the pits were carefully checked and limited, so that when the "saturation point" of the Ruhr harbours was reached export cargoes were sent *via* Hamburg, Emden, and the Weser ports. The German coal industry settled down to profit by our follies, and, naturally, as many long-term contracts as possible were made.

This blissful state of affairs could not, however, last indefinitely. At no time did the Rhenish Westphalian Coal Syndicate (the German selling organisation) cherish many illusions concerning the probable outcome of Great Britain's re-entry into competition for the world markets. The first British coal to reach Germany after the conclusion of the British stoppage was unloaded in Hamburg on December 13th, 1926. By the beginning of January, 1927, British coal had penetrated to the South German market and was starting to reconquer those world markets which had been lost during the strike. To-day the position is such that the Rhenish Westphalian Coal Syndicate has lost practically all the markets captured during the months of British inactivity in 1926.

While negotiations for a settlement of the coal dispute were in progress in England, proposals were made in German quarters that an agreement might be arrived at between German and British coal owners regarding a control of export prices. Anglo-German co-operation in the coal industry is keenly desired by many German industrialists, and no opportunity has been lost in the past of putting forward arguments in support of such a step. It is held, for instance, that the crisis in the British industry, which led first to the Government subvention and subsequently to the strike, was due mainly to indifferent organisation of the world markets. The present policy of ruthless competition between the two great coal-producing countries of Europe is considered out of date, and the mutual benefits accruing from co-operation would, it is claimed, outweigh all the disadvantages. It is realised that the individualistic character of the British coal industry renders co-operation with a highly rationalised organisation such as the German mining industry extremely

difficult, and officials of the Rhenish Westphalian Coal Syndicate are quaintly puzzled by the fact that if discussions concerning co-operation became possible there are apparently no British plenipotentiaries who could come to the conference table representing the coal industry of Britain. It may be mentioned in this connection that any tendency towards rationalisation (the concentration of work in the most productive areas) in England is welcomed in German quarters because it is believed to be the first step towards centralisation, which is, in turn, the necessary prelude to international co-operation.

If German industrialists hoped that the atmosphere engendered by the British mining dispute would prove favourable to introducing the thin end of the wedge with regard to Anglo-German co-operation they were quickly disillusioned. Through the medium of the Press various British coal owners emphatically declared their opposition to any form of co-operation with Germany, and added the gratuitous rider that nothing would give them greater pleasure than to recover, and retain for themselves, all their former markets. German coal industrialists realised, therefore, that they were threatened by a recurrence of the adverse conditions which prevailed in the first months of 1926, and if the situation was to be saved salvation must come from within the boundaries of Germany. It is true that, independently of the conclusion of the British coal dispute, trade conditions in the world markets had improved, but the outlook for the German coal industry was still black enough to warrant serious steps being taken. In how far these new plans promise to bring continuous prosperity to the German mining industry may be judged after a brief outline has been given of their nature and probable effects.

The bugbear of the German coal industry is the high cost of rail freight from the Ruhr to the sea ports. The classic example of this fact is, of course, the circumstance that British coal habitually sells more cheaply in Hamburg than Ruhr coal. With a view to removing this handicap on the German industry great attention is being devoted to canalisation. The German Midlands canal system is

being extended to connect the Dortmund-Ems canal with the river Elbe, thus providing an uninterrupted waterway from the Ruhr to Hamburg. In addition, the Dortmund-Ems canal is being widened to accommodate ships up to 18,000 tons, and several other improvements are projected. When these schemes are completed they should do much to reduce the export price of Ruhr coal.

But the greatest hopes are placed in the activities of the Aktiengesellschaft für Kohleverwertung. This company was formed about the time of the conclusion of the British stoppage and the consequent decline of the boom in the German industry. The object of the A.G. für Kohleverwertung is to turn to profitable account those grades and varieties of coal which are, normally, difficult to dispose of and which constitute, therefore, a source of waste and immense financial loss. Coal hydration, the manufacture of synthetic ammonia, and long-distance gas transmission are the chief concern of the company. Within the last few months a new company called the Kohlenchemie A.G. has commenced operations. It is really a branch of the A.G. für Kohleverwertung, and is devoting itself to the exploitation of the purely chemical by-products of coal, while the A.G. für Kohleverwertung is confining itself to the immense task of supplying, by long-distance gas transmission, the whole of Germany with light and heat from the Ruhr cokeries. It is claimed for this scheme that it will (a) abolish the waste engendered by the present difficulty of exploiting the coke output from the German mines, (b) lead to a reduction in the cost of gas power, and an increase in the available electricity supply, (c) banish British gas coals from the German market, and (d) render it impossible for the nation or any part of it to be deprived of gas through a trades dispute. Although we are concerned here with the effects of the gas power scheme on the coal industry rather than with the intrinsic merits of the scheme itself, a brief survey of the gigantic project and its method of working is hardly out of place.

A main collecting line will run along that part of the Ruhr situated between the towns of Hamborn and Hamm.

This main conduit will receive gas from the several cokeries along its course, and, at the eastern and western extremities, power stations for long-distance transmission will be installed, together with plant for purifying the gas and regulating its specific gravity and calorific strength. What may be termed the northern transmission line will be laid via Bremen and Hamburg to Kiel. Another line, on which work has already been begun, will supply Hanover, Brunswick, Magdeburg and Berlin; while the longest line, feeding Middle Germany and the Far Eastern boundary, will proceed via Cassel through Thuringia to Saxony. There the conduit will be reinforced with power from the Saxon and Lower Silesian coal-fields. The conduit supplying South Germany will, roughly, follow the course of the Rhine as far as Hessen, and will then be diverted to Baden, Württemberg and Bavaria. In addition to thousands of local supply lines, a network of subsidiary conduits will link up the main routes.

The cost of transmitting, on a yearly average, 150,000 cubic metres of gas per hour a distance of 400 kilometres (approximately the distance of Berlin from the Ruhr) works out at 85 pfennige per cbm., whereas the freight charge for sending 1 kilogram of coal or coke by rail over the same distance is 1 mark 22 pf. It is necessary, however, to consider the fact that, under the most modern conditions, municipal gas companies require about 2.3 kgs. of solid fuel to produce 1 cbm. of gas. It will be seen, therefore, that the saving in transmission cost, where long-distance power is used, amounts actually to 1 mark 95 pf. per cbm. of gas. (Other factors being equal, the cost of transmitting 2.3 kgs. of solid fuel is 2 marks 80 pf.)

The chief merit of the gas power scheme from the point of view of the coal industry is that it provides an easy way of disposing profitably of large quantities of solid fuel which would otherwise go to waste. The improvement of coke furnaces in recent years is also an important factor which must be taken into consideration. The old type of reverberatory furnace required to be heated with about 50 per cent. of its own gas, whereas the newer furnaces,

which are now being installed throughout the Ruhr, render available the whole of the gas which they distill, and burn either coke or inferior grades of coal for which little market can be found. Thus, increased quantities of gas power, obtained at very little cost, are becoming available in the Ruhr. Even in 1925, before the general improvement in the cokeries, immense quantities of gas were going to waste. In that year 34.5 million tons of coal were coked. They produced about 26.8 million tons of coke and, in the process, roughly 10.5 milliard cbm. of gas were evolved. For quite half this quantity of gas no better use could be found than heating furnaces and power generators for which a very inferior gas would have been equally suitable. Only a very small portion (in the Ruhr about 300 million cbm. out of a total of 9 milliard cbm.) were transmitted to the municipalities. Yet in 1925 the total amount of gas manufactured from solid fuel by German municipal gas works was 3.2 milliard cbm., or 51 cbm. per head of population. This figure is very low when compared with, say, the 178 cbm. (1,650 cubic feet) per head of population used in the same year in Great Britain and Ireland. Experience shows, however, that long-distance transmission increases the demand for gas. Berlin and Hamburg, for example, receive their supplies from local gas works, and use yearly an average of respectively 143 and 159 cbm. per head of population. Barmen, Solingen and Remscheid, which are supplied by transmission direct from the mining areas, use, however, a yearly average of respectively 214, 252 and 246 cbm. per head of population.

Cokeries in other parts of Germany, notably in Saxony, Silesia and Bavaria, are being modernised, and will shortly increase the gas power available from the Ruhr by about 15 per cent. We have seen that this power is to be utilised to re-enforce the transmission lines emanating from the Ruhr. The close co-operation between the German cokeries and the nation's gas supply, or, in other words, between the mining industry and the municipalities, which long-distance power transmission will effect, means that the coal output can be balanced to a nicety according to market conditions. The increased demand for coking

coal of recent years brought about an over-production of coke, for this coal cannot be stored indefinitely, and if a slump occurs in market conditions the superfluous coal must be coked to prevent useless deterioration. Thus, at the beginning of the British stoppage, when the German mining industry was at a very low ebb, immense quantities of coke and unsaleable inferior coals were lying at the pit-heads. The position has been aggravated by the fact that, owing to post-war conditions, German coke exports decreased, while new markets for by-products presented unforeseen difficulties in that they themselves tended to cause an over-production of coke. Not only will, in the future, superfluous coke and inferior coal be utilised to supply the whole nation with gas, but the new types of cokeries, in conjunction with the gas supply organisation of the municipalities, will possess a tremendous adaptability to circumstances. The resources for gas storage will be immense, and greater or smaller quantities of coke will be used at will according to the fuel demands of the outside markets.

Experiments are also being made with regard to the conversion of brown coal coke to more useful purposes than is possible at present. Results of some commercial value are expected in the near future.

Much interest was aroused last September by the announcement that the I.G. Farbenindustrie (the German Dye Trust) had succeeded in manufacturing synthetic petrol on a commercially profitable basis. The process is said to be an improvement on the cracking method of refining the products of coal distillation. The chief objection to the cracking method is that production costs render the price of the finished product prohibitive. The I.G. Farbenindustrie has recently made extensive practical tests with the synthetic petrol. These are stated to have been successful, and the new product will probably be widely marketed in a few months. The German railway company has agreed to transport the synthetic petrol at cheaper rates than those which apply to natural oil. It is stated that without this concession the I.G. would be unable to market its product at a reasonable price.

The I.G. has expressed its intention of negotiating with other countries concerning the patent rights of the new process, but it is very difficult to gauge what sort of commercial future awaits the German synthetic petrol. Some well-informed authorities contend that the natural oil resources of the United States will militate against the profitable marketing of synthetic petrol for many years to come. There is no guarantee, however, that the German Dye Trust may not find it possible further to reduce production costs in the near future, and in that case there would be nothing to prevent synthetic petrol from competing with natural oil fuel in Europe. Both the I.G. Farbenindustrie and the Kohlenchemie A.G. are indefatigably carrying out further experiments.

The manufacture of synthetic petrol does not immediately affect the Ruhr coal industry, for the raw material now used is brown coal, and the German Dye Trust itself owns extensive brown coal fields. But if synthetic petrol can be marketed so as to show substantial commercial returns there is little doubt but that the tremendous resources of the Ruhr coal industry and the experiences of the Kohlenchemie A.G. will be requisitioned. Even in the short time since its foundation the Kohlenchemie A.G. has done valuable work in improving present methods of coal hydration. Much attention has been devoted to the manufacture of synthetic ammonia. The Kohlenchemie A.G. approaches these problems from the point of view of the mining industry. That is to say, it seeks, by synthetic or other methods, to render poor quality coals commercially profitable, thus helping to achieve the ideal of rationalisation, namely, the maintenance of an almost equally profitable disposal of all grades of coal in face of a market demand for only certain kinds.

Enough has been written to show that the German coal industry is finding a solution to its troubles within the borders of Germany, and bids fair to enter upon a new period of prosperity which provides grave warnings for our own country. If, by the various means outlined, Germany succeeds in lowering the prices of her coal exports and can still market them at profit to herself, while

also eliminating, by new methods of rationalisation, the chief sources of financial loss in the past, she will become a very dangerous competitor in the markets of the world. Great Britain has certain important natural advantages, notably in her geographical position and in the fine quality of her coals, but the time seems past when we can remain content to thrive solely by the coincidence of our natural superiority. An application of progressive ideals and the complete freedom from internal discord which are the chief characteristics of the German industry would certainly place our own coal industry on a firmer basis, and would render impossible a recurrence of the tragic events of two years ago.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

GOVERNMENTS come and go, but the House of Commons wisely does not often change its Speaker. One of these occasions, however, has now arrived, and Mr. Whitley follows Lord Ullswater into an honourable retirement. It does not seem to be generally understood that the Speakership has tended more and more to be the climax of a special career, quite distinct from that which leads to ministerial office. Lord Ullswater, whom the House knew as Mr. Lowther—and who was, in the highly expert judgment of Irish Nationalist leaders, the greatest Speaker of the years since 1880—had indeed a brief experience of administration; he was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs for a year in 1891. But from 1895 onward for twenty-six years he presided over debates in the House, for he was ten years Chairman of the Committee of Ways, and so officially Deputy Speaker. Mr. Whitley, who was Speaker only for seven years, spent ten in the minor and perhaps the more laborious post. Difficult points of order and collisions arise far oftener in the committee stage than in the more general discussions; and a man's power to preside with skill, tact, authority—and acceptance—is tried out in this way. The House knew what it was doing when it chose Mr. Lowther for Speaker and when it chose Mr. Whitley. Also, before it chose Mr. Whitley as Deputy Speaker, it had seen the work done by him in presiding over many committees upstairs, and as one of the regular deputies for the Chairman. Probably the same was true of Mr. Lowther. Certainly in Mr. Whitley's case his technique as Deputy was perfectly familiar to all members, and it was curiously unlike that of the then Speaker. Mr. Lowther had a superb presence; nobody can ever have filled the chair more decoratively; without the least trace

of pomposity, he had a natural tone of command which a swift and good-humoured wit reinforced powerfully on occasion. Mr. Whitley was personally as inconspicuous as a man can be, and his voice lacked power. The conclusive proof of his shrewdness was that he turned apparent disqualifications into advantages. If a storm blew up, Mr. Whitley was on his feet, more than usually quiet, and instead of raising his tone he deliberately lowered it, counting on the traditions of an assembly in which at least five men out of six make it a point of honour that the presiding officer, Speaker or Deputy Speaker, shall be respectfully heard. The result was that if tumult did not stop at once disorder defined itself, and Mr. Whitley knew precisely with whom he had to deal; and, very frequently, as soon as this became clear a lull was produced, and utilised with a skill and knowledge bred of many years' practice.

A man who can win and hold the position occupied first by Lord Ullswater and after him by Mr. Whitley has rendered immense public service; he has been a vital part, the compensating balance, in the functioning of what is after all the most characteristic British institution; but the qualities for this success are not those which make an eminent gladiator in the House of Commons. Ideally, the Speaker ought to be both exceptional and normal: distinguished, but distinguished as a representative of the rank and file. In one way it would be waste to put a man of outstanding eloquence or unusual special knowledge into the Chair; in another, it would probably defeat the purpose. Either Mr. Gladstone, Lord Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Lloyd George would have been as bad a choice for the Speakership as could be invented.

At the moment while this is being written candidates for the office are being discussed, and two men are mentioned who entirely lack this characteristic of being good average members of Parliament. Sir John Simon and Sir Edward Hilton Young are two of the most conspicuously able men that have sat in Parliament during the last quarter of a century, and quite possibly the House thinks that it is not getting full value out of their ability—

nor is likely to get it. But that is no reason to shelve in the Speakership—where there is no certainty that either would succeed—either of these men so singularly qualified for a leading part in administration or in the criticism of administration. Both have every reasonable expectation of a long career still before them, and though the great Liberal advocate is tied up with a party whose chances of power seem moderate, he has had his opportunities.

In a sense, both men were wrecked, politically, by the War—Sir John Simon because he followed Mr. Asquith into retirement; Sir Edward Hilton Young because he neglected politics for soldiering. No man who did that has quite recovered from his mistake, and the neglect in his case was inveterate till the War was over. Those years brought to politicians amazing opportunities of service as politicians; if a politician ran after other forms of service, he paid for it—and continues to pay. Quite possibly a number of people in Parliament and out of it might think it fine to have a Speaker who lost an arm at Zeebrugge. But it would be waste of a very exceptional brain, and being badly shot about is not the best preparation for a work which needs endless patience, and the power to suffer an endless drip of mediocre speaking. Those who have sat in the House of Commons continue to follow its combats as discarded cricketers watch the record of matches; and many, I should say, besides the writer of these notes, would be sorry to see either of these champions lay down bat or ball and retire to the position of umpire. Fortunately, it seems possible to add that the House is once more going to choose as Speaker a man with long special training for the work—Captain Fitzroy, the Deputy Chairman of Committees.

What is happening in China does not become any more intelligible to the layman, but it is plain that things have been happening decisively—and that decisiveness began when Japan took a hand. The first result of Japan's intervention to protect her threatened subjects at Tsinanfu was that Chang-tsolin in Peking proposed that

war between North and South should come to an end and that China should present a united front. The South replied by pressing on harder, and Chang-tsolin endeavoured to resume a warlike attitude. In the meantime the main body of his assailants (if it is the main body) under Chiang-Kai-shek was prevented by Japanese opposition from completing a movement which might have been fatal to the Northern War Lord. The next news was that Chang had determined to evacuate Peking and fall back on Manchuria. Japan announced firmly to all whom it might concern that into Manchuria the civil war should not be allowed to spread. Evacuation was carried out, but the train on which the Northern commander travelled was blown up *en route*—at a point where two railway systems cross—and Chang himself was very seriously wounded.

What lay behind this sudden collapse of the Northern resistance to the Republican advance is not yet generally clear. It may be simply that troops when told to stop fighting do not easily take up active warfare again, and that Chang's gesture for reunion was a fatal error of leadership. Or it may be that China at large saw that Japan was standing between the Northern General and his assailants, and at once in hatred of Japan turned unanimously against the party that Japan favoured. For it does seem clear that anti-Japanese feeling is very strong throughout China: and the very name of being protected by Japan might quite probably break up the allegiance given to a leader.

Meanwhile the three chief generals of the Republican forces are converging. To combine? Or to fight? Who knows? But they may form a Government, which European Powers can recognise as being the Chinese Government; and if so the problem of the "unequal Treaties" may be seriously tackled. Everybody agrees that this question, whether China shall be sovereign over all Chinese territory or no, ought to be settled with the least avoidable delay. But there remains the fact that Japan has acted without waiting for the other Powers to concur, and so in a sense has separated herself from them, and the further fact that

Japan has announced an intention of acting in Manchuria, and will certainly carry out that intention if necessary. Are the other Powers to wait for Japan before they agree to accord or withhold recognition? And if they accord it, how will the Chinese Government, thus recognised, regard the position claimed by Japan in Manchuria, which is not technically, but practically, that of a protectorate?

There is a tendency in the British Press to insist that Japan shall keep step with the other "foreign" Powers which have interests in China. Such an attitude does not take account of essentials. All Europeans who have studied China deeply come back with the same story. After years of study, the European discovers that he knows nothing: the difference of nature is too great. It is not credible that the Japanese would find anything resembling this difficulty. Their position in the East is that of Orientals who have successfully assimilated European knowledge. Now, the European races, and more specially the English speaking peoples, have become much more definitely the propagandists of civilisation (as they understand it), than of Christianity. They do not feel authorised to use force to impose Christianity; but they do feel justified to use force in the interests of "civilisation." The Chinese, as highly civilised and as efficient people in some ways as the world ever saw, have been converted to European ideals of efficiency and civilisation; they seek to adopt European methods of war and of government. They have gone for instruction chiefly to America—and of late in some measure to Russia. Europe looks on with a mixture of annoyance and contempt; but continues to send out missionaries of the gospel of civilisation, who operate upon the student class.

Europe, however, begins to have a new orthodoxy—that of the League of Nations; and in the name of this, Europe may feel called on to stereotype the boundaries of Chinese territory as they existed at the moment when China joined the League. In the name of the sacredness of nationality, Japan may be prevented from extending her rule on the Continent. If so, the gospel of "civilisation" is likely to suffer. All our public code of life is

now linked up with acceptance of democracy, and under democracy decent government is only possible by public spirit and patriotism. Lord Rawlinson (whose life has just been very well written by Sir Frederick Maurice), told the Indians, when he was Commander-in-Chief in India, that they could not argue from Japan to the case of India. Japan was a nation, and ardently patriotic; India was a continent, and had no patriotism. Now China may be a good deal more like a nation than India, and it is (as for that matter also is India) pervaded by enthusiasm for the abstract idea of country; but there is very little evidence that patriotism or public spirit has the same effective force as in Japan, or in France, Germany, or America. Assuming that China is committed to the European ideal of civilisation (as seems to be agreed), how will she best learn to adapt that ideal to her own nature? Not, assuredly, from Europe, across an admitted barrier of mutual incomprehension. She may be too proud to learn, as a voluntary pupil, under Japanese teaching; but there can be no doubt that such teaching must be given where China is under Japanese rule, *de facto* or *de jure*. And it would be a strange irony if the Powers in their anxiety to diffuse civilisation and to enforce peace were to prevent, or attempt to prevent, the Japanese from extending their rule in Manchuria—where the interests both of peace and of civilisation require that it should spread.

A vast deal of casuistry must be in preparation if we are to fit in wholehearted acceptance of the League of Nations and its principles with our political creed. So far, clerics and lay preachers, theologians and moralists, appear to have swallowed its principles whole; but they are not digested into our system. For instance, do we mean that it is our sacred duty to maintain for time and eternity the "national" boundaries fixed in the year 1919, or at least to ensure that they shall not be altered without the consent of the people inside them? If so, we do not know what we are preventing. Suppose there had been a League of Nations in 1066, and the Conqueror had been

barred from his undoubtedly beneficent conquest? And so on. But, leaving outside our view questions concerning the nations who indisputably have a right to rank as such—what about the formidable conflicts between the principle of nationality and the principle of efficiency where national rights are claimed? Is it an accepted maxim of the League of Nations that "Good government is no substitute for self-government"? It is certainly true that democracy is only possible where you have the consent of the governed; but is it true that every people has a national right to a democratic Government? All these problems are raised by such a book as Lord Ronaldshay's volume on *Lord Curzon's Indian Administration*. No abler man than Lord Curzon has been Viceroy in the last fifty years, and certainly none has been more filled with the spirit of his mission. Yet, as Sir Valentine Chirol has written of him (out of long and intimate intercourse): "He was the high priest of British efficiency, which was for him the hall-mark of our racial superiority." From that attitude it is not a long way to that of a Calcutta newspaper (quoted by Chirol in the same chapter of his *Fifty Years in a Changing World*): "The only people who have a right to India are the British: the so-called Indians have no right whatever." Curzon, indeed, would have denounced this sentence fiercely. Every Indian had, in his eyes, full right to justice before the law and to protection from it. He gave full measure of his sincerity by enforcing penalties against British soldiers for offences against natives and even by penalising regiments in which he thought the regimental authorities had failed to impose due penalties. More than that, he appealed with all the resources of his power to the imagination of India by restoring and reviving all its historic and spectacular beauty. But he certainly did not think that Indians had a right to make the laws under which they should live; and when he had to choose between his own view of administrative efficiency and Indian national sentiment, sentiment was pushed roughly aside, and Bengal was partitioned. The modern nationalism of India meant all the less to him because it was based on European ideas.

Gandhi, who believed that the government of India must be "based on the free will of the people expressed by manhood suffrage, for which Indians were already ripe," could only have stirred Lord Curzon's mockery: and the mockery would have had justification. Manhood suffrage to-day would probably be as serviceable to India as a sausage to a sea anemone. Yet the tide has turned definitely against men of Curzon's belief: India stands committed to experiments in the European system of government, just as China does, and would remain so committed even if every English authority left the country. Yet nothing can be more certain than that this modern nationalism imported from Europe to the East denationalises the Orientals; and it is possible that English rulers may find themselves face to face with a demand from the Native States in India, crying to be delivered from the invasion of democracy. Native princes would probably prefer to owe feudal allegiance direct to the British Government than to come under an Indian authority constituted on any sort of democratic lines, and based on any form of suffrage. Just as North-eastern Ireland prayed to have Ireland partitioned, that a particular section of Irish life might be sure of preserving its own special traditions, so quite possibly the native princes might prefer to be separated politically from the modern India—but in order to preserve, not the ascendancy of a planter stock, but what approaches most nearly to the India of the Great Moghul.

Ireland is just now coming into some of her own inheritance. We—God forgive us—invented the art of parliamentary obstruction as a regular weapon. It was used by Irishmen to break up the traditions of a parliament which they did not respect and to reduce its procedure to impotence. Nowadays we have a Parliament of our own, and are fortunate enough to have in it a large body of members who regard it as an alien or misbegotten institution, and therefore go gleefully to work at the business of bringing it into public contempt. Ireland will have its turn of interminable, deliberate waste of time and of forced legislation to deal with this phenomenon. It should be

said that some sympathy is due to Mr. de Valera and his following. They found out an ingenious way to use the written Constitution as a possible, even a hopeful, means of destroying the pact on which the Constitution rested; and they used the clause (introduced in a flush of democratic enthusiasm) by which the electorate could initiate legislation. Having procured the necessary amount of signatures (75,000), they proposed to submit a measure repealing the clause which prescribes an agreed oath of allegiance. As everybody who remembers that history is aware, the Treaty which gave birth to the Free State was nearly wrecked on this question, and only at the eleventh hour was a compromise reached. Mr. de Valera, however, very characteristically argues that the Treaty does not lay down that an oath of allegiance is necessary, but only that if an oath is taken it shall be in these words. Mr. Cosgrave's Government, having disposed of the proposal to use the initiative by an ingenious tactical move (for which necessity was the only justification) are now doing what they should have done years ago: they propose to get rid of both initiative and referendum from the Constitution. In practice these ultra-democratic gadgets prove anything but satisfactory. The Swiss, it seems, can use them; but we are not all Swiss. At the same time, another democratic formula is to be scrapped. Under the Constitution, our Second Chamber, the Senate, was to be renewed by elections every four years, with the entire electorate voting as one constituency. We had one experience of this plan. Less than one-quarter of the electorate voted, and those who did vote showed singularly little discrimination in their choice of senators. It is proposed now that every three years one-third of the Senate shall retire, and the Senate and Dail, voting together as one body, shall elect the new senators (twenty in number) from a panel prepared under certain conditions not yet defined.

The Abbey Theatre in Dublin has a talent for challenging interest. As everybody knows, Mr. Yeats is its chief director, being associated with Lady Gregory and Mr.

Lennox Robinson. The theatre is now in a flourishing condition, which means that it is generally filled, though the prices are so low and the seating room so small that it can never earn much money for anybody. But it pays its way, and in the old days, when Synge was writing for it, this was hard to accomplish. Its prosperity is due to the sudden vogue brought to it by the work of one author, Mr. O'Casey. Mr. Yeats, indeed, says quite frankly that, but for Mr. O'Casey, the Irish National Theatre would probably not now exist. Mr. O'Casey's plays had an extraordinary vogue in Dublin; then they were brought over to London and made a greater name for their author, for the players, and for the theatre than had ever been dreamed of as possible. For a matter of two years, if not three, Mr. O'Casey has produced nothing. Now he submits a new play to the Abbey's directors. They refuse to produce it. Nobody doubts that it would draw crowded houses in Dublin, for a time at all events; there is no objection taken on the score of risk. Mr. Yeats and his colleagues reject it simply on the ground that it does not seem to them artistically good enough. This is, of course, from the ordinary standpoint, no way to conduct a theatre; but, artistically, one may be thankful (whether the judgment as to the play is right or wrong) that such a theatre exists. As was to be expected, Mr. O'Casey has not taken the rebuff meekly, and Ireland is enjoying à perusal of the entire correspondence in which Mr. O'Casey lays about him lustily. His play, *The Silver Tassie*, seems to be concerned with the European War, as Mr. O'Casey divined it from conversation with returned soldiers in Dublin (of whom there were many, though there were many also who did not return); and we are all to have the chance to read it, if not to see it acted, before long. I hope that Mr. O'Casey may be right and that *The Silver Tassie* may prove to be an advance, and not a falling off, in his achievement. But, anyhow, it is good to see a first-class row between persons for whom literature is a live thing; and, beyond yea or nay, Mr. Yeats and Mr. O'Casey, in all other respects the most unlike of God's creatures, are alike in this.

THE ONE WORD

BY VIOLET A. SIMPSON

At last the wave of passion sweeping over the West Country had broken—into a pool of emotions, swift-changing as bubbles. The fortnight-long reign of the uncrowned King was over; Sedgemoor lost; Monmouth a prisoner.

Above the Sedgemoor plain the July heat hung in layers of close mist through which neither the sun nor the upper air currents could penetrate. Only at intervals within its dark depths of distance appeared black specks, shifting in shape, otherwise stationary—carrion birds, attracted from Welsh fastnesses by the smells of slaughter, waiting their turn. Hanging in mid-air they surveyed the battlefield, where bands of Colonel Kirke's artillerymen stolidly dug graves, and in and about the ruined cornfields the countryfolk searched for bodies, stealthily sorting out those of their kin to save them from the desecration of a common grave. Stealthily but doggedly, fear waiting upon them, the grim uncertainty as to whether retribution even for such acts of decency might not be the next day's portion.

So at last this day slid to an end, and as the earth turned slowly from its searchlight, almost as if thankful to escape from the remorseless exposure of Man's defiling passions, a sudden breeze sprang up—sigh of relief that, though nothing could undo his work, at least now it could be left in the hell of memory. Cool and sweet from the Bristol Channel the wind swept over the plain, and the toilers lifted grateful eyes, baring their heads as they straightened their backs, praying in their sick hearts that the soft moisture foreshadowed a night of dew to finish their attempts at purification.

Over the lush meadows it passed, drawing into itself fragrances of honeysuckle and briar hedges; over the clumps of forest trees, full-leaved, outlying bulwarks to the New Forest; over pine-dotted tracts of moor, whispering the story of desolation, passing on with half the bitterness gone, and in its stead the soothing of fresh foliage, the scent of honey-filled heather, the acrid healing of pine-breath. So to Ringwood, following in the wake of victor and vanquished, as if unwilling to lose the chance of softening the heart of the one, bringing balm to that of the other.

The troopers, patrolling in stolid gangs through the village street, never out of sight of the inn where the Royal prisoner lay, wearily indifferent as to where their horses placed their stumbling feet, raised their heads to meet it as gladly as had their comrades on Sedgemoor. They were men of the Sussex Regiment, and, as Anglo-Saxons, with small taste for the aftermath of battle—cruelties and revenge. Besides, they were no more Papists than the men of Devon and Somerset. They fought at command, for the power symbolising authority.

Individually, from Colonel Legge downwards, their sympathies were with the lost cause. One and all would be glad to say farewell to the work.

Groups of men and women stood about the causeways, lingering still where they had stood to see the prisoner brought in. They were no Papists either, these Hampshire folk. All such in Ringwood were gathered about the church porch, openly professing their creed since King and State were victoriously its champions. They owned no chapel, had never up to now dared hint at rites practised. Now within the precincts of the Established Church the priest in full vestments recited vespers, the band of worshippers openly responding. The note of triumph was patent; though the service was in Latin, its significance was clear. Well, these also had suffered aforetime for their faith. . . . The Angelus-wind touched the haggard, triumphing faces compassionately. . . . Should not all be free to pray freely, even as it was free to carry its message?

So at last it reached the inn, where all day long in stagnant air two flags, half-mast high, had clung about the staff. One was a Royal Standard, the other a White Ensign with a red cross. At first people had asked which flag symbolised which king. Next, why, conflict over, one was not removed? No one asked these questions of either the innkeeper or his wife. Mistress Peden never answered questions, only looked and smiled in tight-lipped way. Master Peden had avowedly neither religion nor politics. He gave liberally to those who asked, never quarrelled, never mentioned those above him without respect, those below without tolerance. Why should not the Royal Standard float before his inn? Why not alongside of the Christian symbol? Enough! Victory for King James and Popery or no— Now, what with nights of dew and days of heat, the ropes were strained, the knots fixed. Would Colonel Legge be pleased to order a trooper to climb the flagstaff and adjust them as His Honour directed? Colonel Legge merely glanced up, shaking his head as if the matter were too trivial for notice. There had been no air of elation about him as he had escorted the wide-eyed Duke through the village to the inn.

Mistress Nancy Peden, curtsying profoundly with downcast eyes as they passed within, had then taken her wheel and placed herself directly beneath the flagstaff. On through the sullen hours the whirr of her loom kept rhythm to the hoof-beats along the cobble-paved streets, the murmur of voices from the upper chamber where the prisoner waited, and the clink of sentries' spurs. Only when the breeze rustled in the forlorn bits of bunting she glanced up, and a change passed over her quiet features. For the herald of nightfall had a special message for her. Up at the fateful window she cast a fox-glance. As if in reply a shadow crossed the half-screened lattice—the outline of a woman's head and arm. Nancy turned her eyes sharply away to the space of heather fronting the inn—moorland purpling into black where it met the line of horizon, threaded by the white road running west.

"She should be here."

The sentry wheeled.

"You spoke, mistress?"

She flicked a finger over her wheel.

"I am expecting the—customer for whom I weave this. I observed that she tarried."

"Gewgaws! Now! Ye women!"

"By'r leave, sir, y' stand in my light."

He guffawed, turning wearily on his heel. The movement brought him facing the east, and he caught sight of two riders clattering up the road, their horses flecked with foam, spent with fatigue, yet spurred to full speed. The sight of such haste alone was enough to rouse attention. The next moment, as the rider drew rein abruptly before the inn, he hastily presented arms. Everyone knew the Earl of Faversham, Generalissimo, by sight. Before he could dismount Nancy Peden was at the side of his companion, guiding his horse to the block steps.

"The Duchess is here, my lady," she whispered.

Lady Henrietta Wentworth tore from before her face the veil swathing her from head to foot.

"*Ayez pitié de moi. O mon Dieu!*"

Lord Faversham pushed Nancy aside and lifted the Baroness from the saddle, jealously, but as the lover who is also the worshipper. Nancy, slipping past, flung open the great double doors. In poured the low-lying sun, making a sea of the oak-lined house-place. Right in front rose the shallow-stepped staircase, with double balustrades, finely carved. To the left, closed doors concealed passages which led away to the kitchens; on the right, the deep-mouthed hearth, half hidden behind a tall screen, ran in like a lair. At the foot of the staircase two sentries stood; at the turn of the landing stage appeared the jack-boots of two more; one was stationed at the entrance to each passage on the left. Otherwise the house-place was empty; Lord Faversham threw a quick glance round.

"Inform Colonel Legge of my arrival." Then, to Nancy, "Attend Her Ladyship. Fetch wine and food. Pull that screen round."

Even while speaking he placed Lady Henrietta upon the settle within the chimney-corner, and himself pushed the screen before her. For a moment he stood looking down at her, then dropped on one knee. Nancy, coming back with sponge and basin, wine and food, caught the word "Courage!" As he rose, it seemed to her that his pale eyes were moist.

The door on the left opened; Colonel Legge appeared. Lord Faversham, striding across, held out his hand in silent greeting, and the two re-entered the apartment.

"Hark!" cried Lady Henrietta.

Nancy glanced upwards. "It is his room," she murmured, while with deft fingers she removed the swathing veil and loosened the neck of Lady Henrietta's closely-fitting riding dress. The girl's head fell suddenly against the elder woman's breast. Nancy looked down

upon the adored face with tears in her eyes. Ah! Where was now the dimpled beauty of the seventeen-year-old Jupiter of the *Calisto* masque? Where the later glory of the woman awakened to love? Lady Henrietta's features were indeed those of girlhood still, moulded at twenty-eight to what was perhaps their height of possible perfection. But all that makes youth in essence was gone. Haggard lines graven by sleepless nights and brooding days furrowed the brow; the texture of the cheeks had become channelled by tears; the lips were locked in a pale line; the eyelids drooped in withered folds. Yet in its expression of uncomplaining endurance the face had its claim to childhood.

"Those are children's feet." Lady Henrietta opened her soft dark eyes suddenly. "Hers?"

Without waiting for a reply, she wrenched herself free from Nancy's ministering hand, and, bowing to her knees, rocked to and fro.

"Ayez pitié de lui—de lui! O mon Dieu. . .!"

The "*de moi*" was forgotten; in breathless monotone she repeated the selfless prayer.

Nancy stepped behind her, ringed her forehead with her own two hands, and pulled back the fair head until it rested once more against her breast.

"The Duchess will be your help. Surely the Lord is about thy path. Else why? . . ."

She glanced significantly at the door behind which Lord Faversham was using his influence on behalf of his rival for the sake of this beloved woman. Then slowly she began to smooth out the lines in the dear face so close to hers, only stopping to hold wine-sopped bread to the pallid lips. Henrietta submitted like a tired child; gradually the choking sobs subsided, the clenched hands fell into her lap.

Round the corner of the screen stepped Lord Faversham. Grave, almost sombre was his expression, yet Nancy's eyes softened as they fell upon him. Back to memory rushed the day when at Toddington she had been witness to his first realisation of the uselessness of his suit, when with her own lips Lady Henrietta had told him of the guilty links binding her to James of Monmouth, and by the unflinching courage of her avowal had won from him a vow of life-long service. Nancy recognised that the hour was now at hand for the fulfilment of that pledge.

He stood half-hidden by the screen, his hand shielding his eyes. Mistress Peden watched the twitching of the thin lips. Suddenly the hand fell and his glance met hers.

"I have seen you before. Where?"

"Toddington Manor."

His curtness was natural in the great nobleman addressing an inferior, but Nancy guessed at a physical reason in dryness of lip.

"Her serving-maid?"

"And foster-sister. Now Mistress Peden here."

His eyes shone.

"Then it was you who was playing at being queens with her that day?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen years ago—a mere child. I loved her then—never a woman since."

"She draws love."

"Draws as she gives—the best, highest, most ideal."

He broke off as if fascinated by the gentle movement of Nancy's fingers over the sleeper's brow.

"And we ask but to serve her," she whispered.

The Earl nodded assent slowly. All sense of the social gulf between them had gone: in his eyes, meeting those of the innkeeper's wife, shone the light which implies understanding between equals.

"I kissed her then—idly, as a man kisses a child. She resented it—not as a child; and afterwards—afterwards with womanly tenderness of heart, lest she should have wounded my feelings—she kissed me, voluntarily. Child-woman, woman-child, generous, warm-hearted, my queen to the end."

"To the end?"

"To the very end—and knowing all the truth."

Nancy's quiet face worked suddenly.

"And may such love win her to its shelter!" she exclaimed fiercely. "Amen. Amen!"

Henrietta stirred, woke, and sat up.

"It is time?"

"It is time," repeated Lord Faversham.

"I was not asleep," she said quietly. "But far away. With God, I think."

He gave her his hand, ceremoniously handing her across the house-place.

"The first door on the upper landing."

She withdrew her hand gently, made a formal curtsy of acknowledgment. "I will trouble you no further, my lord."

Lord Faversham stepped back immediately, bowing profoundly. His movement placed him between her and the only sentry left in the hall. With a wave of his hand he motioned the man to withdraw.

From the open door the stream of sunlight fell like a pathway across the floor and up the staircase. Along it moved Henrietta Wentworth—slowly, her dark habit trailing behind her; one hand, bloodless by contrast, grasping its folds, the other stretched out as though that of a blind woman feeling her way. Yet she moved on steadily. On the left at the foot of the stairs stood Lord Faversham, watching; on the right, Nancy, watching him. It seemed to Mistress Peden that at this moment it was the man who needed her sympathy most . . . For already it was that which lay before her which obviously absorbed the brain of this mistress and foster-sister—the man whom each step brought nearer . . . Thrown aside all that had led up to this hour: heart and soul in the selfless selfishness of passion crying out towards the being she loved, his personality filling the present, his influence

claiming the future as it had governed the past . . . Nancy sighed as she watched Lord Faversham.

Abruptly, as if all at once realising her scrutiny, he rounded savagely upon her; she shrank, then realised that his eyes held no consciousness of her personality.

"I have done all a man could—secured the audience with His Majesty—been convoy, protector here. All, all to help her—back—to him. . . ." A red light gleamed in his sombre eyes; perspiration broke out on his forehead; his fingers worked like steel coils.

"Had it been your sister, my lord, you could not have done it."

He struck one fist into the other.

"Ha! You see it? You understand? For one's sister—wise judgment unbiased. Here, here—wholly against my judgment, prudence, her good name even . . ."

"But for herself the one thing left."

He seized Nancy's hand.

"God bless you for saying it . . . God bless you . . ."

And Nancy Peden, wondering, experienced the shock of realising that at times human beings may meet in this world as if out of it.

The sentinels had disappeared from the landing stage. At the head of the staircase stood Colonel Legge. He bowed as Lady Henrietta reached him, unlocked the door before which he stood, and motioned her to enter. "I shall await your pleasure here, madam," he said formally and as if unaware of her identity. "In the passage. This door is that of the ante-room. His Grace of Monmouth sits in the adjoining apartment."

Henrietta paused, and then, instead of curtsying, held out her hand.

"My thanks to you, sir."

Her voice was very gentle, low, vibrating with emotion; she rested her dark eyes on his with a smile in their mournful depths. Moved by sudden impulse, Colonel Legge stooped and kissed the outstretched hand. The door of the ante-room closed gently behind her, but he still stood looking after her, his thoughts reverting to the prisoner. "She will find—what? She expects . . . I *hope* she may be able to be of service to him, but I *wish* it now for her sake only."

Folding his arms over his chest, he too waited.

The ante-room was flooded with western glow. Its two lattices were open; the lilting breeze wafted in the fragrance of nodding roses and jasmine, sweet-briar and honeysuckle, like the caressing welcome of friendship. Lady Henrietta paused, her tear-weakened eyes dazzled, her senses confused: this empty room seemed full of fluttering witnesses. She clasped her hands over her heart, and the crackle of the Parchment of Freedom hidden within the bosom of her dress all at once flung memory back to the day of the great thunderstorm at Toddington, when in that fateful meeting with her Royal lover they had confessed their mutual passion. Again she heard the crack of the thunder, the rip of the lightning, scented the fragrance of the dripping honeysuckle bower in which they had sought shelter, shud-

dered at the unearthly rustling of the storm-tossed foliage around, while hidden secure from the prying outer world and locked in his arms she listened to his vows, spoke her own . . . Once more his breath seemed to fan her hair, she felt his lips on hers, heard the sweet murmur of his love for her . . .

But it was the rustle of a woman's garments, the tap of wooden-heeled shoes on the uncarpeted floor, the patter of children's feet which created the Dream . . . Henrietta opened her eyes to see within a few feet of her, holding back the curtain dividing the two rooms, Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, and two dark-eyed boys standing beside her . . . Ah! What a reality! . . . But at least the moment had come. He was near. She would see him, hear his voice, touch his hand . . .

"Madam?" queried the Duchess.

It was years since the two women had met, not since seventeen-year-old Henrietta had acted as the innocent Nymph of the Masque and Anne of Monmouth had been but twenty-two. The child had become the broken woman of eight-and-twenty—small wonder that she stood unrecognised.

"It is to see the Duke of Monmouth—from—his Uncle," said Lady Henrietta simply.

"The King?" The exclamation leapt out, less in surprise than in expectation fulfilled. From the suspicious warder of her rights the Duchess became suddenly the hostess eager to exercise them. She stepped to one side, with a quick gesture inviting the visitor to pass beyond.

"His Grace awaits you—there."

For a moment Lady Henrietta stood as if numbed . . . Was it possible? After these harrying days of fierce hopes, all a-fire with passion—only to be quenched by rain of bitter tears into ashes of despair; those days of fever in the blood and madness in the brain, nights without a star, Heaven indifferent, God silent—after such passings through Hell for this man's sake, was it possible that at last she was in his very presence? . . . One little moment more, and his eager eyes would be welcoming her, his voice falling like dew, his warm fingers clasping hers . . . whilst before him she placed the guerdon of peace and safety, won for him by her love . . . Swiftly Henrietta passed into the further room.

Through two shut lattices came diamond-shaped chequers of sunshine, but a third was flung back, and across the floor stretched a single broad stream of mote-laden light. Right across the table, set squarely in the centre of the octagonal room, it fell; right between her and the solitary figure of James of Monmouth sitting at the farther end. His head was bent, his hands moved rapidly as his pen scratched over the paper. He did not seem to have heard voices or footsteps—like a writer concentrated upon his purpose, yet uncertain as to his ideas, he wrote, erased, tore up, then rewrote. Mechanically flinging the torn fragments on to an open brazier of lighted coals at his side, his lips meantime moved unceasingly, but without sound. He wore

no cravat, and his ruffles were torn and filthy. A two-days' growth of beard was on his face; his hair fell in uncombed wisps. So much could Henrietta see as Monmouth stooped and scrawled and muttered. And, as if deprived of speech, the woman who so loved him stood and gazed, the silence broken only by the shuffle of his hand over the paper, the scratch of the pen, the rip of tearing sheets.

As a murmur from some far-off shore came to Henrietta's brain the sound of a child's voice behind her.

"Is it the Queen, mother?"

"Surely, my son . . . God's angel . . . Hush!"

It was the young boy's voice which broke the spell. . . . Back in memory went Henrietta Wentworth's outpouring of love for her own son, but four years old, left in Holland, nameless, exiled; back for one instant her mother's throb of anguish to that tiny grave dug at dead of night—ah, how long ago!—under the Toddington oaks, unowned, unacknowledged, as though it were not, save for her ceaseless sense of loss, the never-to-be-effaced remembrance of a first-born. Brothers to this boy—his sons as they! . . . Involuntarily she threw out a hand, clasping and unclasping her fingers as if vainly seeking to grasp those little shadowy ones. . . . Warm and soft were the slender fingers laid within. She started violently, and looked down to see the eleven-year-old James at her side. Even in that moment she felt a pang of joy in realising that her boy was more his father's child than this one, heir of his name though he was.

"I will take you to my father, His Grace," said little James confidently. Then Monmouth raised his head, and across that bar of sunlight the eyes of the man and woman met. But neither spoke nor moved; no cry of welcoming love followed the mutual recognition, no movement, however involuntary, towards an embrace. The bar of sunshine, like a judgment-bar, lay between, and the man saw not only the sad, sweet face of the woman he loved, but that of the guileless child wronged thereby; while with those tender boyish fingers in hers Henrietta's heart beat its last pulse for self.

"I come by the warrant of your uncle. Look on me as his emissary." But her face was turned to the Duchess.

"The King?"

"Let us say King—by act of Grace."

The Duchess suddenly sprang forward. Wrenching the boy's fingers from Henrietta's she pushed him violently aside:

"Henrietta Wentworth—You! Here!"

Henrietta moved quietly aside. Without haste, yet without hesitation, she threw off her enveloping veil.

"You have not admitted me under false pretences, madam," she said gently. "I come, as I said, by special warrant, as an emissary from St. James's Court."

"No better messenger could they find?"

"Oh, madam! None worthier—volunteered . . ."

Anne gazed steadily into her rival's face. Was it possible that, after all, but ten years had passed since their last meeting? Hollows,

grey-tinted, for the softly-rounded, rose-hued cheeks which she remembered as Henrietta's peculiar charm, lifeless the eyes which the courtiers had been accustomed to describe as sun-washed onyxes; sadness too deep for tears in their depths instead of dimpling laughter. . . . From fierce scrutiny of the face the Duchess's eyes swept remorselessly over the travel-stained dress, the emaciation of the delicate hands, then she turned instinctively to the man who sat as if stunned at the far end of the table. . . . If never her lover, at least the father of her sons. . . . And a sudden pity as of woman for woman softened her hard gaze momentarily. Oh! Was it to this that love of him must needs come? Once the ties of tender friendship had bound her spirit to Henrietta Wentworth's; once her idea of man's heroism and virtue had been stainless. . . . Was love worth it? Was he worth it? Then her hands realised her son's form beneath them— Yes, ah yes!

"Has it been worth the price to you, Henrietta?" she cried; but the woman she addressed knew that for the moment at least the harsh voice held no personal venom. In answer she only smiled. How explain that now love made no more demands for itself? That haggard figure was drawing such quality of devotion as never the gallant lover had done.

"Is it the Queen?" queried the boy James again. He stood half-puzzled, half-scared, resentful of his mother's violent pressure, attracted by the gentle personality of Henrietta; old enough to feel, though not to understand, the tension in the atmosphere. The smaller boy Henry, sucking his thumb, stood aside, an indifferent spectator. At her son's words Anne recollected herself. She brought down her teeth on her nether lip, and silently led the children from the room. Returning, she moved to the table, standing slightly to the right, so that she commanded the door and also the faces of her husband and the Baroness.

Lady Henrietta drew the packet from her bosom.

"I entreat you to let me speak. Let me tell you all and at once. He knows what they contain, these papers at the Hague which the King so wants—papers entrusted to me and the Prince of Orange alone; only we three know the secret of their whereabouts. I followed from Holland. . . . I have been in London—was there when Sedgemoor. . . ." She put her handkerchief to her lips. The Duchess, leaning heavily on her hands pressed upon the table, stared fixedly into Henrietta's face. . . . "I saw Lord Faversham. I obtained an interview with His Majesty. I told him that the papers existed, and he gave me this. . . . Oh, Monmouth! If you will but sign it, you are free to-morrow. . . . His Majesty's own seal and affidavit, witnessed and delivered—Lord Clarendon, the Earl of Rochester, my Lords Sutherland and Middleton. Night and day have we ridden, night and day. . . . It is only to sign it, and my Lord Faversham rides again with me to St. James's. . . . Pardon and freedom for you. . . ."

The light scintillated in her eyes, the colour rose in her cheeks,

the laces at her throat fluttered with her passionately-drawn breath.

"Sign?" repeated Monmouth dully.

"That is all. To authorise the Prince Stadtholder to deliver, intact, to your uncle the packet we entrusted to him."

The Duchess snatched the paper as Lady Henrietta held it out.

"Is it not meet for *me* to know its contents, oh, my Lady of Wentworth?" A hard spot burnt on either cheek: a line of white teeth showed between her drawn lips. Stepping back and holding out her other hand to ward off interruption, she shook out and read the parchment, slowly mouthing each word. Then, with an ironical curtsy towards the Baroness, she held the document just within range of the Duke's eyes.

"A simple means of winning pardon—a signature. What may be, then, the value of these papers at the Hague?"

Lady Henrietta did not reply. Her eyes, warm with pity, were roaming over the unkempt man.

"What are those papers?" asked Anne again. She stooped till her eyes were on a level with her husband's face. Monmouth turned his blindly upon her and stretched out his hand.

"Let me sign," he muttered. "It is over."

A cry of joy burst from Henrietta's lips.

"What are they?" repeated the Duchess. She let his fingers close on the papers but her own grip tightened.

He looked at her as a child might, answering in obedience to the stronger will.

"Sir Gilbert Gerard's bequest—from Dr. Cosin—Bishop Cosin. Do you not know? The proofs of my father's marriage to my mother, Lucy Walters. They existed, of course. The Prince of Orange knows it—he welcomed me on the strength of it. . . . But it is over, done with—there! Give me the pen."

"The black box?"

He nodded, searching amidst the scattered quills.

"Free—free!" he muttered monotonously. His eyes met those of Henrietta. Freedom! Oh! What did that not imply? The right to live—and love . . . Visions of the gleaming Hague rose before him—there would they retire, to lead the life of single-hearted devotion to each other. . . . Away with Courts and camp intrigues. . . .

"No!" said the Duchess. "I say No!"

Down on the parchment came her two outspread hands. She tore it from under Monmouth's, falling back with head erect, eyes flashing, teeth bared.

"Madam! Madam! It is his life!"

"His life! Pshaw!"

Anne faced about.

"You would steal his heritage, would you? Shame on you, Henrietta Wentworth! Have you not taken enough already? To slink, nameless as a dog, out of his kingdom to dally with you

where 'no sight of outraged wife and children can distress you? Shameless woman! . . . Never while I breathe shall that paper be signed."

Like an aspen tree stood Henrietta, clutching at the table for support, her face stained with crimson.

"It is his life. Oh! Anne, mercy! Not for myself—for him, for him. Can you love him, know what love means that you stop to weigh a crown—"

She put her hand to her throat.

"Hark to her!" said the Duchess. "Hark!"

Then she laughed, the little ripples of subdued laughter witnessing to her own complete self-control.

"Oh, Madam! You ask if I love him? You, of me! Would you, dare you—compare our ideals of love?"

"I have dared more," said Henrietta stilly. "Else should I not be here. All I have, all I possess of worldly goods has gone pledged to King James to win that paper: my reputation, my very self to the man who secured the interview and brought me here. His signing signs the end of my freedom. I have sworn that with the fulfilment of the King's pledge I give my hand to Lord Faversham. . . . Oh, Anne, Anne, by the love we once bore to each other, by the sorrow we as women have borne, forget my share, forget the wrongs to yourself. Think of life—of death—of him, of him only." The Duchess put up her hand as Henrietta paused, choking.

"I listen, Henrietta, I listen. Now you to me. As a child, thirteen I was, knowing nothing of good or evil, believing all men and the world to be the first, my marriage was made for me. He has told you his side of the story—but who has thought of mine? Have I been faithless to those vows forced upon me? We have children, each one a mockery of all that counts most in a woman's life. Mine has been the burden of pain, mine the responsibility of their lives. What love, think you, can I have for this man to equal that for my children? Flesh of my flesh—all, all I have of love in my life—I am but thirty-three."

"You could not—sell the one—to secure the heritage for the other."

"Shall I sell the birthright of the innocent? Cry '*Anne, Anne*' as you will, but remember it is not to a Duchess or a wife but to a mother that you call. Bah! How should you know? . . . Take him then, take him . . . I claim but his name, and that only because of my sons." The passion so long held in leash leapt out in flashes as phrase succeeded phrase. Each soaked in scorn, mockery, outraged pride, and withal the earnestness of a heart for once revealing its depths. The virile Scottish nature, wounded to the core, struck out with relentless savagery. Before the mounting tide of passions such as she had never felt, Henrietta shrank in sick terror.

"Do I blame you, child, too much?" began the Duchess again, her voice gentle once more with regained mastery over her emotions—yet Henrietta shivered still, dumbly. "Do I blame you? You are only one of many sacrificed upon the altar of this man's self. If my

youth and happiness have been lost, so have yours. Yet you suffer justly, since you were the willing partner in guilt—and I have my sons. For their sakes, I say again, *Never!*”

Henrietta stretched out appealing hands, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“Oh, Madam, for their sakes, pause! Think, think . . . If the King has the papers, it at least means freedom for you all. If not, do you think that the father’s life alone will pay the penalty now His Majesty knows these proofs exist? Will not—?”

“And who told the King they existed with matters at this crisis? Who dared take the responsibility? Think you”—cold irony threaded the passionate voice—“that I, Anne of Buccleuch, have less influence with King James than you? Less power to dispose of the secret as I will?” She turned abruptly upon her husband. “We will write together, bargaining as *we* please, lawful holders of name and heritage, for ourselves and our lawful heirs.” She laughed contemptuously, gathering up parchment and enveloping paper. “Do we need outside help, emissaries of such ilk? Go to, my Lord, write to the so-called King, your uncle, write frankly. Meantime . . .”

With one motion of her strong hands she wrenched the parchment across and flung it on the brazier . . . Henrietta uttered a cry, then stood benumbed, watching the parchment curl and frizzle, blackening slowly, while the vapour filled the room with evil-smelling fumes.

“You have ably fulfilled your mission, Madam, and we thank you.” Sweeping a curtsy, the Duchess pointed to the door. Still Henrietta did not move. As if mesmerised she watched the rising curls of smoke, the licking flames. Then slowly her eyes lifted, to rest on Monmouth. He sat as if insensate, gazing into the brazier, his hands toying foolishly with the pens and paper before him. Impatiently the Duchess crossed over to where Lady Henrietta stood.

“You will be able to keep your freedom,” she said, and each slow word fell like ice upon the silence. “Did you think . . .” She paused . . . “Did you think, Henrietta Wentworth, that I—for him, for my sons, would so buy their liberty? . . . Did you suppose, for one moment, that I, Anne of Buccleuch, would suffer son of mine to profit by anything that—such as you could do?”

As if struck physically, Henrietta dropped upon her knees. Upon her clenched hands her head fell and the floodgates of emotion burst. Rasping the silence, her sobs, shaking her from head to foot, sounded like the last rattling breaths of the dying. One exclamation broke from the man at the table—there was the sound of the scraping of a chair hurriedly pushed back . . . But the arms which went round the stricken woman were small and frail, those of the boy James.

“You have made the poor lady cry, Mama! Oh! How unkind. Do not cry! I beg you, do not cry.”

Blindly Henrietta struggled to her feet. Gathering the child in her arms, pressing him close till her lips rested on his soft curls, she stumbled towards the curtained entrance. James threw up one arm about her neck to draw her face down, stroking it with his other

hand, until at the outer door she paused and unloosed his clasp. Neither his father nor mother moved or spoke.

“God bless you, though I may not. Good-bye,” she said, and the next moment the outer door of the ante-room closed behind her and she was again in the presence of Colonel Legge.

At the foot of the stairs Lord Faversham and Nancy Peden waited. Colonel Legge, guiding her unequal steps, put her silently into their arms. The sobs had ceased; tearless, they had left no actual marks upon her face. Yet as the two who loved her so well looked into it they knew that the woman who had come back to them was one in whom the spring of life had snapped.

The sun had sunk when the riders set their horses’ heads towards the Christchurch Road. On the southern coast a boat could be found to carry Lady Henrietta in safety back to Holland—her mission a failure.

Shadows and a rising mist veiled the moorland and forest; the breeze had become a steady gale; it souged and wailed in welcome to the night. As Lady Henrietta reached the angle where the road curved, leaving the inn for ever out of sight, she turned in her saddle to look back. A noise as of an opening window in the upper story floated across. In the dim light a widely swinging lattice and the shadow of a small hand waving a kerchief were just discernible. The high, childish voice carried easily athwart the wind:

“Good-bye! Good-bye!”

The echo shook back from every corner of the moor. Into the heart of the listener it sank until it seemed the only reality left in the world for her—*Good-bye*. Bending over her saddle as they swept on, the tears fell in silent streams. So presently night shrouded the pain of that day’s work.

“Sire,

“Your Majesty may think it is the misfortune I now lie under makes me make this application to you; but I do assure your Majesty it is the remorse I now have in me of the wrong I have done you in several things, and now in taking up arms against you. For my taking up arms, it was never in my thought since the King died. The Prince and Princess of Orange will be witness for me of the assurance I gave them, that I would never stir against you. But my misfortune was such as to meet with some horrid people that made me believe things of your Majesty, and gave me so many false arguments, that I was fully led away to believe things of your Majesty, and that it was a shame and a sin before God not to do it. But, sir, I will not trouble your Majesty at present with many things I could say of myself that I am sure would move your compassion, the chief end of this letter being only to beg of you that I may have that happiness as to speak to your Majesty, for I have that to say to you, sir, that I hope may give you a long and happy reign.

“I am sure, sir, when you hear me, you will be convinced of the zeal I have of your preservation and how heartily I repent of what I have done. I can say no more to your Majesty now, being this letter must be seen by those that keep me.

“Therefore, sir, I shall make an end of begging of your Majesty to believe so well of me, that I would rather die a thousand deaths than excuse anything I have done, if I did not think myself the most in the wrong that ever a man

was, and had not from the bottom of my heart an abhorrence for those that put me upon it, and for the action itself. I hope, sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for you, as He has done mine from the abhorrence of what I have done. Wherefore, sir, I hope I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever be for your service: and could I *but say one word in this letter*, you would be convinced of it: but it is *of that consequence that I dare not do it*. Therefore, sir, I do beg of you once more to *let me speak to you*, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be your Majesty's most humble

"And dutiful,
"MONMOUTH."

The haggard man at the table wrote far into the night, erasing, tearing up, re-writing, but this was the letter which at last was forwarded to King James.

Within two months from that date its writer, James, Duke of Monmouth, died upon the scaffold, with the bearing and fortitude of a noble gentleman and the name of Henrietta Wentworth upon his lips.

A year later she, too, left the world which his death had rendered desolate for her.

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

THE INFLUENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE IN FRANCE. By Célestin Pierre Cambiaire, Ph.D. (New York: Stechert.)

In the opinion of George Brandes French literature was influenced first by Edgar Allan Poe, then by Heine, Tolstoy, Shelley, and Dostoevsky. Dr. Cambiaire's excellent and thoroughly documented study shows that the influence of Poe on France was far deeper than that of the four other writers together. Besides Baudelaire he cites Jean Richepin, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Maeterlinck, and even Maupassant as among those who were swayed by the great American poet. Arthur Rimbaud, Verlaine, and Samain, are likewise included, while the spell of Poe on Jules Verne, Victorien Sardou, and Dumas Père himself, is recognised.

The book as a whole is a deep and interesting testimony to the fact that Baudelaire's great wish for the American poet has been fulfilled: "Il faut, c'est-à-dire je désire qu'Edgar Poe, qui n'est pas grand' chose en Amérique devienne un grand homme pour la France." Poe's influence from the beginning of the second half of the last century is, indeed, overwhelming. "Toute la génération," wrote Mallarmé, "dès l'instant où le grand Baudelaire produisit les *contes* inoubliables, jusqu'à maintenant qu'on lira ces poèmes, a songé à Poe tant, qu'il ne serait pas malsonnant même envers les compatriotes du rêveur américain, d'affirmer qu'ici la fleur éclatante et nette de sa pensée, là-bas dépaycée d'abord, trouve un sol authentique." Dr. Cambiaire, for his part, shows us "le pauvre Eddie" enshrined not only in the heart of France, but in that of the world. All lovers of the great American poet will be grateful for a work which is at once personal and erudite, sympathetic, and penetrating.

A PERSIAN CARAVAN. By A. Cecil Edwards. (Duckworth, 8s. 6d. net.)

This is a wholly delightful collection of tales from Persia. Mr. Edwards writes with genuine inside knowledge and without the faintest hint of the tourist's familiar audacity in dashing off little impressions of what he calls "things seen." The author of this book sees in a very different sense, and such sketches as "The Governor" and "The Debt"—the one tragically, and the other humorously, grim—illustrate Persian modernity in a few pages more ruthlessly than a dozen books by ambling globe-trotters. Then the sidelight on Russian character from two points of view, as illustrated in "The Russian" and "The King's Birthday," is at least equally luminous.

As for "Pot-Luck," it could have been written only by one who has travelled inch by inch the long road of exile that it interprets. This story is amazing in its directness, giving the two Persias of Peckham Rye and reality with a sureness of touch that is well worthy of the attention of our most exploited short-story writers. Mr. Cecil Edwards has produced an individual series of vignettes which will whet the appetite for more.

SOME GHOST STORIES. By A. M. Burrage. (Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is unnecessary to be either a believer or a disbeliever in the occult to catch the savour of these stories. Mr. Burrage has a delicate and subtle touch, and can convey a ghostly atmosphere to almost any environment—can snatch it from a bar room, can evoke it from the trenches, can lure it forth from the most humdrum men and women of to-day, as well as from ancestral legends. But he is particularly sensitive to the spell of old houses, and in "Playmates" he gives us a ghostly picture which will haunt the hearts of the most sceptical. It is the picture of a little girl who, deprived of all playmates and cut off entirely from the whole life of her own generation, finds sympathy and consolation from seven small ghosts. Another haunting story is "The Wrong Station," in which an apparently quite commonplace commercial traveller tells of a little town he had stumbled upon by accident, and had never been able to find again. One hears him struggling to recapture the name, one sees him evoking the blue bird of happiness that he had so mystically found and lost. Yet another story, "Nobody's House," communicates the terror of lonely places which Mr. Burrage has made inseparable from the terror of lonely hearts. The library of the old house is so saturated with the secret of the dead that one expects its very walls to answer the despairing human being who is imploring a ghost to respond to him. The whole volume shows Mr. Burrage as a writer steeped in the secrets of that borderland which so few can penetrate without mere incoherence of form and thought. The stories are unequal, but at his best Mr. Burrage can sound a note of apprehension and foreboding which the most modern masters in that *genre*, from Mr. Walter de la Mare to Lord Dunsany, will be the first to recognise.

* * * *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.

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CURZON AND KITCHENER

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILFRID MALLESON, K.C.I.E.

MORE than twenty-five years ago I found myself on a miserably wet Sunday in the depressing surroundings of a Glasgow hotel. To occupy my time I wrote a short article on Lord Kitchener and the Indian Army, to the command of which he had just been appointed. In this article I discussed some of the problems which, in my opinion, demanded the attention of the new Commander-in-Chief, at that time a complete stranger to me. Had I then known that this humble pot boiler was destined to play some small part in what became the most famous controversy of the day, in the course of which the most eminent of modern Viceroys felt compelled to resign, the Government of India was remodelled, and even the Cabinet shaken to its foundations, I should probably have taken more trouble over its composition. This article, which is briefly alluded to in a letter of Lord Curzon's on p. 352 of Lord Ronaldshay's book,¹ appeared anonymously in this REVIEW for February, 1903.

Some weeks later I was informed by the Editor that Lord Kitchener was anxious to know the name of the writer. I had no objection to this being revealed, as the article betrayed no secrets—at that time I knew none—and broke no rules. In April I was back in India, and was shortly summoned to Simla and told the Chief wished to see me. At my first interview with the great man, Kitchener opened the conversation by saying: "I have read your article and agree with most of it. I have had somewhat similar ideas myself. The fact that you have quite independently arrived at the same conclusions en-

(1) Ronaldshay's *Life of Curzon*, Vol. II.

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courages me to go ahead. I think you may be able to help me in my work, and I intend to apply for your services." He then proceeded, somewhat to my amazement, to say that he desired me to prepare an appreciation of the military necessities of India, with special reference to the Russian menace. That this appreciation was not to be in a dry, technical, staff college form, but something readable and, if possible, amusing. And, saying he would give me a week to produce the first instalment, he urged me to set to work.

It was a big order. But, fortunately for myself, I happened to have read practically every book on the subject, and in past years had met in London such authorities as Vambéry, Marvin and Macgregor. Finally I hit on the plan of a long-prepared Russian campaign against India, and my first instalment took the shape of a lengthy secret memorandum by General Kuropatkin to the Tsar, detailing all the preparations which had been made, and asking for His Majesty's permission to move. This scheme was warmly approved by Kitchener, and the campaign proceeded for some months. Simultaneously with my Russian moves two officers of Indian Army Headquarters were working out the answering British moves, and so revealed our general unpreparedness, the lack of organisation, of staff and effectives, the paucity of military supplies, the feeble carrying capacity of the railways, and the almost complete absence of organised transport. What exactly became of this voluminous work I never definitely knew. I imagine a copy went to Lord Roberts, and he may have communicated it to the Committee of Imperial Defence. Months afterwards, in Calcutta, the Viceroy handed to Kitchener for criticism a paper he had received from Mr. Arthur Balfour, giving the War Office appreciation of a Russian advance against India. I was told off to comment on this paper, and found it so inaccurate and uninformed that the comments, which went unaltered to the Viceroy, were rather scathing. I still have in my possession Curzon's note thereon. He wrote: "I have read with interest and amusement your comments. The exposure of the ignorance or incompetence of the War Office writer (or

writers) is so complete that I think the addition of adjectives, well deserved though they may be, is hardly necessary. If the writer is a junior officer they will not make him more foolish than he obviously is; if a senior they will only make him terribly angry." Actually, as I ascertained years later, the War Office only put up an old note prepared years before, and this went out as their considered opinion. Four officers dealt with this case. Two of them subsequently became Chiefs of the General Staff and Field-Marshal, one a Lieutenant-General, and one a Major-General.

Beyond this initial work, which formed a sort of foundation on which Kitchener built up his schemes of reform, I had nothing further to do with the question of the Military Department. I was with the mission to Kabul when the contest became acute in the winter of 1904-5, and in the final scenes of the following summer it was Beauchamp Duff, I understand, who prepared the somewhat unhappy minutes which closed the whole unfortunate affair. The idea that Kitchener engaged in a comprehensive propaganda in the Press I do not for a moment believe. He was particularly shy of the Press and seldom gave an interview to any writer. The only occasion, to my knowledge, when there was any question of publication arose some months after Curzon had left India for good. In the winter of 1905-6 the brothers Strachey, who had been all-powerful in India a generation before, were persuaded by the community of retired Anglo-Indians in London, all bitterly hostile to Kitchener, to publish an article in one of the reviews attacking Kitchener and all his works. Kitchener, as usual, treated this outburst with contempt. Not so the new Viceroy, Lord Minto. He intimated his desire that a complete and devastating reply should be sent, and I was told off to prepare one. This I did, and it was approved by Kitchener and the Viceroy. In the end, however, it was never sent to any periodical on the urgent representations of one of Kitchener's entourage, who was particularly tender where the old Indian county families were concerned.

In some quarters much has been said of the exaggerated

importance which Kitchener attached to the 'Russian menace which, it is triumphantly added, never materialised. It so happened that events postponed the Russian menace. But in attaching importance to it in those days, years before there was any sort of *entente* with Russia, Kitchener was in the same boat as Lord Curzon himself, and indeed all the responsible authorities. I had, as it turned out, curious confirmation in later years of the reality of that menace. In 1918-20 I was in charge of the military mission to Russian Turkestan, and thus came into close contact, at Merv and Askabad, with Russian generals and staff officers, now become our allies. One and all assured me that all their pre-war plans and preparations were based on the idea of a military advance on India. The great frontier fortress of Kushk, some 60 miles north of Herat, in 1914 must have contained more guns, ammunition, military stores of all sorts, and railway material than all the arsenals of India put together. Not only did it supply the huge army of the Grand Duke Nicholas in his campaign in Armenia, but after the downfall of the monarchy it was captured and recaptured in turn by Reds and Whites, and yet its seemingly inexhaustible supplies still held out. And to this day the Russian menace is, and must remain, the decisive factor in determining the military policy of India.

It is permissible, perhaps, to say a few words regarding the characters of the two great adversaries of the Curzon-Kitchener drama, and if, in this respect, I deal at greater length with that of Lord Curzon it is with the purpose of showing, from this biography, how extremely difficult it became for Kitchener, or, indeed, any other soldier of commanding ability, to accommodate himself to so domineering a personality. I was in Simla for five out of Curzon's six seasons, and for all Kitchener's seven. It would be absurd to claim that I knew much of Curzon personally, but it so happens that I saw one side of his character which was revealed to comparatively few. It happened that I lived on Summer Hill, an outpost of Simla near the Viceregal Lodge, and I often came across the Viceroy on his solitary walks. Sometimes he would stop and talk, with amusing tales of his travels in Persia or

Japan, and would be altogether charming and utterly different to the remote and unapproachable pro-consul known to the rest of the Indian world. On one occasion, too, when I had managed to extract important information from a foreigner passing through India, the Viceroy was so pleased with my report that he told Sir Louis Dane to bring me to his office, when he was extremely kind. But, as this biography shows, his was a solitary existence, partly but by no means wholly necessary for one in his august position. He himself was largely responsible. I suppose in his time he must have quarrelled with, snubbed, or otherwise antagonised almost every prominent person, British or native, in India. Unfortunately he seemed to delight in utilising his unrivalled powers of sarcasm in overcoming the proposals of his colleagues or subordinates. Like a pedagogue collecting schoolboys' exercises he would emendate his colleagues' minutes, and with a thick blue pencil would triumphantly put a huge s/i in the margin whenever he came across a split infinitive. His Secretaries to Government, who according to official rules were forbidden to reply to a member of Council, much less the Viceroy, were sometimes held up to the derision of all the scores of people who would see the proceedings. In this respect Curzon resembled that Roman Emperor who, armed to the teeth, and midst the applause of the mob, would descend into the arena to despatch the gladiator possessing only a leaden sword.

Lord Ronaldshay dwells on Curzon's essential boyishness, and credits him with a never-failing fund of impish humour. Yet this humour too often took the form of malevolent caricatures of his colleagues or officials. If any one of them had retaliated in kind it is safe to say his fury would have been beyond bounds. The man who made so free with the failings or idiosyncrasies of others was rendered utterly wretched when he heard the story, put about by some wag, that he made his military secretary stand behind the viceregal chair at mealtimes. Similarly sensitive was Curzon to Press criticism. 'Himself censorious in all things, putting the whole world right, from humble officials even to Cabinet Ministers, he nevertheless squirmed like an eel on a hook when some anonymous

scribe criticised him in the Press, or when, still worse, his great Budget speech, which had occupied three weeks in preparation and ought to have filled eight columns, was condensed by the leading paper of India into a single paragraph. Lord Ronaldshay, indeed, shows that the Viceroy was as sensitive as a *prima donna* about his Press notices. Those favourable were greeted with coos of delight, whilst strict orders were given that unfavourable ones were not to be shown him. It would be wrong to accuse Curzon of being without a sense of humour, but he was certainly deficient in it. He could never see himself and his acts as others might see them. He would talk to Lord Kitchener, or to other high officials, of the necessity of loyalty to himself at the very time when, week after week, in the official files he was holding up the Secretary of State's Council and the Secretary of State himself to ridicule. Another amusing instance of Curzon's complete inability to see any other side but his own is shown by his indignation, shared apparently by his biographer and by a partisan reviewer in *The Times*, that Lord Kitchener should presume to correspond with anyone in England on official subjects. This comes queerly from one who, as this book shows, not content with his voluminous official and private correspondence with the Secretary of State, literally bombarded a host of people—Cabinet Ministers, civil servants, relatives and friends—with missives insisting on the correctness of his views and the utter falseness of all others. In Curzon's, and apparently in his biographer's opinion, when the last round of the famous struggle with Kitchener came off, and when both were fighting for their official lives, it was the prerogative of the Viceroy to pull, and even to tug frantically, at every available string, to mobilise public opinion and the Press in his favour, whilst the sole right of his opponent, properly gagged and bound, was to suffer extermination at the hands of the Viceregal Commodus.

Lords Curzon and Kitchener are both commonly credited with the desire to do too much themselves. The charge is only partly true in the case of Kitchener, but wholly so in that of Curzon. The latter had the less excuse. The Indian Civil Service is not only a capable

and highly trained body of men, but one which seemingly has the faculty of almost invariably selecting its best men for the various secretariats of the Government of India. It may be that possibly an individual Member of Council or Secretary to Government did not possess exactly the qualities which the Viceroy desired. But the right material was there somewhere, and it was Curzon's duty to find it out. Instead of which he preferred to do all the work himself, and this book is full of complaints about it. This was totally unnecessary. There were plenty of able men available in the secretariats who could have written adequate minutes and despatches, not, perhaps, with quite such rounded periods or so many purple patches as the Viceroy loved, but quite good enough for the purpose. Curzon in this respect resembled a wealthy individual who, possessing a more than ample indoor and outdoor establishment, nevertheless insists on lighting his fires, washing his clothes, cooking his food, sweeping his chimneys and digging his garden without the assistance at any stage of the huge staff competent and paid to do the work.

Kitchener, on the other hand, though he started by trying to do too much himself, as soon as he knew and trusted his subordinates, would give them a free hand to carry on in their own way, subject only to some general directions from time to time. And for Kitchener this was the more difficult. Unlike the Civil Service, the Army in India did not succeed in concentrating much talent at headquarters. Some high military officials, if they possessed any ideas at all, were quite unable to give expression to them. When Kitchener started his advisory council all the proposals for economy or increased efficiency came from the junior officers. The seniors, atrophied by too many years of tropical sun, and with all their original supply of initiative destroyed by the ponderous books of regulations which had guided their whole careers, sat dumb. The fact of juniors presuming to make any suggestions at all was, I believe, considered rather scandalous. Yet these juniors were forty or thereabouts, and if a man has no sense at that age he is not likely to have any later. It has also been said that Kitchener did not make sufficient

use of staff college graduates. He was for ever on the look-out for them, and their paucity compelled him to push forward his scheme for an Indian staff college. It must be remembered that in those days few Indian Army officers could afford to go to Camberley. Similarly, few good English Army graduates would take up appointments in India. Kitchener employed all but a very few, and they, frankly, were unemployable. When he went to the War Office in 1914 he was compelled to shoulder much more work than he could carry through. Practically the whole of the regular staff had gone to France, and he was left with a dying Chief of the General Staff and a lot of stop-gaps, substitutes and dug-outs in the subordinate posts. One man, filling one of the highest posts, he did know, and to him he gave a free hand. The success of Sir John Cowans as Q.M.G. justified his confidence.

At this time of day there is not much to be said about the Curzon-Kitchener controversy. With Kitchener's scheme of reforms as a whole Curzon was in complete accord. The sole real stumbling-block was the proposed abolition of the Military Department. Curzon's objections to this, constantly reiterated, were that it would leave the Viceroy and the Government of India at the mercy of a military dictatorship. It is almost comic to read again, after the lapse of more than twenty years, all those confidently, and even arrogantly, expressed prophecies, not a single one of which has proved correct. The military dictatorship argument, as so astute a person as Curzon must have well known, was sheer claptrap, but the sort of stuff which might go down with pliable colleagues and with an ill-informed Press and public. What were the safeguards against such a dictatorship? First, there was the finance department, since scarcely any scheme could be proposed which did not at some stage involve money. Secondly, there were the Viceroy himself, with almost unlimited powers, and his council. Behind these, again, was the military committee of the Secretary of State's Council, ancient and sun-bleached warriors looking with a jaundiced eye on all new-fangled ideas and to be trusted to turn inside out any revolutionary proposals from India.

Behind this extremely formidable line of defence came, in succession, the Secretary of State himself, the War Office and Defence Committee, who would certainly be consulted, and finally the Cabinet, Parliament and the Press. A would-be Indian military dictator had, as Curzon well knew, no more chance of penetrating all these successive obstacles than a party of unarmed Boy Scouts had of capturing the Hindenburg Line. Nevertheless Curzon managed to hypnotise his colleagues with the military dictatorship idea, until finally, like him, they were all ready to die in the last ditch in defence of "a great constitutional principle." What happened? Kitchener, with heightened prestige, remained in India for four years after Curzon's departure. Did the dictatorship ever materialise? Has anyone ever sought to revive the Military Department? Is there anyone at this day, apart from one or two disgruntled officials, prepared to shed a tear over its demise?

Too much should not be made of Curzon's "practically unanimous Council," so emphasised by Lord Ronaldshay and one or two reviewers who know no better. It must be remembered that India is essentially a poor man's country, and that probably more than 95 per cent. of those entering her services, civil or military, possess no private means. Consequently it is not to be expected that they will wreck their own careers by opposing the wishes of their superiors, whatever their private opinions may be. Lord Elgin, in the nineties, at the bidding of the Secretary of State, employed the hateful "mandate theory" to force through his Council the countervailing cotton duties which, it was well known, many of his colleagues rightly and thoroughly detested. To oppose them would have meant resignation. Similarly Lord Curzon's colleagues were mostly men who expected further promotion. What chance would any one of them have stood for a vacant lieutenant-governorship had he opposed the Viceroy on a vital issue? They therefore voted in favour of the "great constitutional principle." Yet it is amusing to remember that when, some six months later, under a new Viceroy and a new Radical Secretary of State, the official axe finally put an end to the existence of the Military Department, not only did none of these dis-

tinguished gentlemen raise any protest, or say anything about "great constitutional principles," but some of them contrived even to hint that all along they had really been in favour of some such measure of reform!

The real tragedy of the whole affair is that Lord Curzon had already been four years in India before Kitchener arrived there. He had found a dying commander-in-chief, who was succeeded by a stop-gap who was, and could never have been anything else than, a mere cipher. He dominated his colleagues to an extraordinary degree, and he was certainly not prepared, after four years of such domination, to yield one iota of power or initiative to any colleague, however eminent or distinguished. In all the thousands of files it was my duty to read in the course of years, and these included many which ordinarily never went to Army headquarters, I only remember one instance, apart from Kitchener, of one of Curzon's colleagues venturing to record his disagreement on paper with that all-powerful satrap. Into this Council, or chorus, there arrived Kitchener, a man of world-wide fame, the chosen favourite of the British public of that day, and the man whom no government at that time would lightly get rid of. The fact of there being a Military Member whose opinion could always be opposed to that of Kitchener naturally suited Curzon admirably. So long as the existing system endured he could always play off one military opinion against the other, and thus preserve that unquestioned hegemony which was to him the very breath of life. It has always been my opinion that had Curzon and Kitchener arrived in India together, or preferably Curzon a little after Kitchener, they would not only have been able to work much more cordially together, but that together and with full accord they would have carried through those very military reforms on which actually they came to an irreparable rupture.

To my mind, a far stronger argument than the "great constitutional principle" against Kitchener's scheme was that put forward by the Military Department itself, and endorsed by Curzon, to the effect that to carry out the combined duties would require an exceptional man. That is

perfectly true. Neither Kitchener's predecessor nor, indeed, his successor could adequately fill the bill. But the reply is simple. The high post of Commander-in-Chief in India ought always to be occupied by an exceptional man. It is absurd to say that in the combined forces of the Empire there are not at any one time two or three such to choose from. No considerations of mere seniority, so beloved by the military mind, should stand in the way of selecting the very best man obtainable for this appointment. The seniority idea is, in fact, altogether overdone. In my time a man had to give up the command of a regiment at fifty-two, and a civilian, I think, had to retire usually at fifty-five. Yet for one of the highest posts of the Empire, which requires much more physical and mental energy than the command of a battalion or the charge of a district, there is apparently no age limit. For the last thirty years or so His Majesty's Government, with two notable exceptions, has appointed to the Indian command a series of gallant but worn-out old gentlemen totally unfitted for the strenuous labours of the post they so inadequately filled. Age, after all, counts for much in India. Beauchamp Duff, with a unique experience of the officers of the Indian Army, told me that he was of opinion that it was very rare for an officer who had put in all his service in India to retain his full mental powers after fifty, however physically active he might be. Douglas Haig held a somewhat similar opinion. The squadron officers of the Indian Cavalry, he said, were the best in the world: the regimental and brigade commanders amongst the worst.

The reviewer in the *Times* of Lord Ronaldshay's book, to whom I have already referred, whether through prejudice or ignorance, gave it as his opinion that whilst Curzon's work in India endures, that of Kitchener failed under the stress of the Great War. I admired Curzon and his work more than most people, and I should be sorry to say anything in serious disparagement, but this challenge calls for a few remarks. It is necessary to point out that, of Curzon's major reforms, one, the partition of Bengal, had to be rescinded after a few years, whilst another, his much-vaunted scheme of frontier defence, collapsed like

a pack of cards under the first real test in 1919. To say that Kitchener's Army reforms failed in the Great War is simply not true, except that they proved inadequate, as did the military and civil machines of each one of the Allies, to meet a crisis infinitely more gigantic than had ever been anticipated by anyone. It must not be forgotten, too, that immediately after Kitchener's departure from India Lord Morley set about the undoing of much of his work. He even sent out a Commission under Lord Nicholson charged with this task, and, though most of the recommendations of this body were eventually ruled out, years of work and preparation had been lost. It is said to have been the boast of the Indian Finance Minister of the post-Kitchener period that he had "bled the Army white," and it is he and his successor, together with Lord Morley himself, who should have appeared amongst the chief accused before the Mesopotamian Committee rather than the unfortunate Beauchamp Duff, who was made the scapegoat of the financiers and politicians. What no one who knows the facts can deny is this, that but for Lord Kitchener's reorganisation and reforms India would perforce have played a very much smaller part in the War than the stupendous effort she actually put forth.

It is unnecessary to discuss which of the two men was the greater. Both were great, and both did work of the utmost value to the Empire. Both were hard to know. Curzon was aloof, and perhaps believed he was of an altogether different clay to the majority of mankind. Kitchener was constitutionally shy, hated the talkers and politicians, and did not shine in their company. But to those who knew him he was kindness itself. He was an exacting taskmaster, but a pleasant one. For over six years I was in very close contact with him, and throughout that period never once, in spite of his reputed ferocity, did I meet with a harsh word or a sour look. I wonder if as much could be said of any other British General. Lord Curzon must naturally have enjoyed the admiration of his staff for his gorgeous talents, but I never heard that he ever gained that feeling of personal affection and devotion such as was felt for Kitchener by all those whose great privilege it was to serve and know him well.

DEMOCRACY HAS NOT FAILED

By WILLIAM E. BORAH

(United States Senator from Idaho)

CURRENT political literature is filled with doleful forebodings about democracy. The reign of the people, broken and demoralised, draws near the end. The government of the people, by the people, and for the people is now an interrupted dream. The average citizen has neither the time, the disposition, nor the capacity to meet and discharge the obligations of government. The science of government is above him. The chicanery of politics is beyond him. The victim either of the demagogue or the exploiter, the average man would be better off to withdraw from the political arena and trust his fate to the few who allot to him his portion both of liberty and of wealth.

These are some of the pronouncements now being made relative to democracy. Those who profess to be busy in finding out about our troubles and why our great problems of government go unsolved are hastening to lay all these things to the inadequacy of democracy as a form of government. All of which is in the face of the most commanding and conclusive facts.

The latest and most sweeping attack comes from H. G. Wells. This celebrated writer has rendered judgment—imperious and remorseless judgment—against the whole theory of democracy. To make his judgment all-inclusive and final, he defines democracy in terms of a representative republic—"government by legislators and administrators appointed by popular vote."

Had he been speaking of a democracy in the strict sense of the term, we in this country could have escaped the condemnation pronounced. A pure democracy such as obtained at Athens—where day after day and year after year the people assembled, discussed, and passed upon every question of foreign and domestic concern, of peace or war; gave instructions to their Ambassadors, and determined who should be received as such at Athens; listened

to the appeals of orators; passed upon the proposed policy of statesmen; received the reports of generals fresh from the field; determined who should command the armies—such a democracy, of course, is impracticable. But such is not the democracy he condemns.

Mr. Wells includes all forms of government wherein the people have anything to say relative to their representatives, or any voice in selecting those who are to administer the government. The average citizen in matters of government is to pass out—weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The whole theory upon which democracy rests—the capacity of the people for self-government—was challenged, and nothing is found in the record of democracy thus far that satisfies the demands of the English author. It is evidently his opinion that democracy can do nothing for humanity. It stands noisy and impotent in the presence of great unsolved problems. He seems to find nothing but a vast intellectual Sahara where talent prematurely withers and dies and where genius never takes root.

One finishes the reading of his article with a feeling that we are in the midst of ruin and chaos. The pillars of the temple (or the barn, as I presume Wells would say) are already crumbling; the roof is sagging, and the unhappy and purposeless inmates are scrambling for protection under the safe shelter of Communism or Fascism, or, perhaps, a limited Monarchy. One likes to read Wells. He stimulates the mind, fires the fancy, and encourages us to look after the facts for ourselves.

"Government by legislators and administrators appointed by popular vote." That is a good place to begin, and that is a satisfactory test for the things I have to say. What kind of legislators and administrators do the "average citizens" appoint? Let us take the highest honour within the gift of the people. John Bright, among the noblest of his race and a true believer in democracy, has left us a beautiful description of our Presidential election:—

"Every four years there springs from the vote created by the whole people a President over that great nation. I think the world offers no finer spectacle than this: it offers

no higher dignity; and there is no greater object of ambition on the public stage on which men are permitted to move. You may point, if you will, to hereditary rulers, to crowns coming down through successive generations of the same family, to thrones based on prescription, on conquests, to sceptres wielded over veteran legions and subject realms; but to my mind there is nothing so worthy of reverence and obedience and nothing more sacred than the authority of a great and free people. And if there can be on earth among men any right divine to govern, surely it rests with a ruler so chosen and so appointed."

The most inspiring scene in all politics is that of a free people choosing their "ruler." How has this democracy met the task? How have the people performed this obligation? Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Jackson and Lincoln and Cleveland and Roosevelt and Wilson, these and kindred men have been selected by the average citizen whose intelligence and capacity for self-government is now under surveillance. Few have been the political adventurers and few the demagogues who have in one hundred and fifty years received any favours worth while from the American democracy. With discriminating and drastic judgment, with remarkable persistency, the people have chosen those best fitted for great tasks.

In every field of public or quasi-public service, as well as in purely private affairs, the men whom democracy has reared and the men whom democracy honours are equally significant and assuring. In public finance we began with Hamilton and Gallatin, and in the midst of our decadence we have Mellon, who in this field will certainly rank among the very great. In practical or applied science we began with Franklin, and now in the days of impotency we have Edison, who is one of a great group of scarcely less gifted men that have yoked the elements to every human need and pleasure.

LEADERS IN FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

In private finance we began with Morris, who by the sheer force of his genius financed a revolution, and we still have Morgan and Baker and Lamont and Mitchell and

Wiggins and Kahn and Reynolds, and a multitude of equally able men who seem to be capable of coping with the financiers whom either the Fascist or Communistic Governments have thus far presented.

In the industrial world we offer Carnegie and Schwab and Ford and Young, only a few from the vast army of industrial leaders who have startled the world with their daring achievements. In the mastery of commerce—from the standpoint of public interests, the science of business—we, in our day of dissolution, have Herbert Hoover.

In the field of journalism, in the gathering of news, in the daily discussion of all matters of concern to the public, we modestly invite comparison with like intellectual forces in countries with more "fortunate" forms of government.

It is impossible to survey the entire field. But if democracy is to be tested by what it has achieved, by the class of men it has chosen for its leaders, by the kind of men it produces to look after its private affairs, we know not where we can look for greater assurance as to the future.

But let us turn to another test. The real test of any government, whether it ought to be permitted to live, whether it will live, is this: What does it do for the average man? What kind of people does it produce? What about the "common people"—how do they live? What of their comforts, what of their opportunities?

According to the census we have about 27,500,000 families in the United States. Forty-six per cent. of these own homes—15,923,000 electrically lighted, 17,790,000 with telephones. After all, the highest function of government and the most sublime achievement of statecraft is the administering of public affairs to the upbuilding of contented and prosperous homes.

Our people own 19,237,171 automobiles. There are something over 26,016,000 individuals registered in elementary and secondary public and private schools; 2,755,000 in public and private high schools; 999,200 in normal schools, teachers' colleges, universities, colleges and professional colleges. In 1920 illiteracy of all classes of ten years of age and over was only six per cent.

Under what other form of government may be found the intelligence, the devotion, the ethical insight, the unselfish conduct and the moral and social earnestness that characterise our citizenship?

I suppose the man of wealth consumes but little more food, such as sugar and meat, than does the man of limited means, the working man. Our annual consumption of sugar is 113 pounds *per capita*; meat 150 pounds *per capita*. Comparisons are odious, so I omit the figures of those countries where they are supposed to have a more desirable form of government; but they would be interesting. There is a long list of articles that are luxuries in some of these unnamed countries which have become everyday enjoyments in this fast-decaying democracy of ours. I do not pause to cite wages or compare wages, or to speak at length of the dignified and no longer contested place that labour holds in our social, political and economic life.

Tested by every rule and every standard that makes for physical and moral well-being, this democracy points to her people—their initiative, their self-reliance, their capacity and character—and permits them to answer the query now tormenting the minds of so many people. Is democracy breaking down? Tested by every rule that makes for honest and responsible citizenship, we point to the American home—our proudest achievement and the Republic's surest guarantee of the future—that home whose front door faces the gateway to every place of honour and trust and influence within the gift of the people.

THE DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY

In the midst of the gathering of wealth and the hoarding of great fortunes, the pathway from poverty to power has been kept open and is still well trodden. Daniel Willard starts as a trackman and is now the president of a great railroad system; Calvin Coolidge starts as a workhand on a "sterile promontory," euphemistically called a farm, and is now President of the United States. These are illustrations that might be extended almost without limit.

There never was a time when those of humble origin were more successful in winning place and position in the business and political world than at the present time. Take a list of five thousand of the leaders in our country—social, economic or political—and the number who have risen from the humblest stations to places of prestige and power will renew faith in those who are pessimistically mourning over conditions which do not exist.

But the real contention underlying this challenge to democracy is that, while democracy may deal successfully with simple problems, or even with general policies, the complex problems of modern life call for expert treatment, relieved of the vulgarity of common sense and unhindered and unembarrassed by the wishes and the judgment of the people. No one doubts but that these questions are going to be the real test of a representative government. But they are also going to be the tests of all and every kind of government.

No government has yet disclosed any panacea for the perplexing problems which modern industrial life has brought to our door. I maintain that a representative republic, or, as Mr. Wells would say, a democracy, is the only form of government which can solve these questions, and solve them in harmony with the liberties and rights of the average man or the freedom and privileges of the people. We are witnessing in certain countries an attempt to meet some of these problems upon a different basis, and are told that success seems reasonably assured—hence democracy is out of date. But what has become of the rights and liberties and freedom of the people at large? The price, even if success seems to accompany the effort, is too high.

After all, there is only one thing sacred in all mundane affairs, and that is the individual, with his capabilities, possibilities and his aspirations; and no government that does not found its right to exist upon this principle or this consideration is worth defending. It may glare out for a day or a decade, or during the life of one individual, but the time has for ever passed when such a government can long endure. We have progressed too far to enable

any force to crush the average man back into the pit from which he emerged long ago. He will have his say in government; he should have his say in government.

The most brilliant civilisation in recorded history was the civilisation born under a pure democracy, and that was the civilisation at Athens. But no one could be a citizen of Athens and participate in any way in the deliberations of government who lived at such a distance as to be unable regularly to attend within the walls of the city. They understood well the lesson of pure democracy, and gathered richly from its use. But the central controlling principle of civilisation—that is, concentrated and harmonious action among separate cities or communities without destroying or forfeiting local self-government or the principle of pure democracy—was yet to be worked out.

THE "WISDOM OF THE MASSES"

The representative principle—that system by which independent cities or states retain full and complete control of domestic affairs, with a central and supreme authority for all matters of common interest—when combined with the principle of democracy, was to furnish the world the true theory of government.

If the conscience and common sense, the moral purpose and the high devotion of the masses, linked with the ability and the courage of leadership, cannot solve these problems how can we hope to find solution elsewhere? Every great crisis, every great problem, calls for something more than sheer intellect. There must be also moral stamina and, above all, there must be that transcendent wisdom of the masses which often in a great crisis points the way for leaders.

Sam Adams, the father of our Revolution, hesitated to support the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. But the working men called their meeting at the Green Dragon Tavern and urged his support, and he gave it his support. It was most vital that he should do so.

When Lincoln was approaching the time for his second candidacy the leaders were almost universally against him.

Great newspapers advised him to retire, said that he could not be re-elected. But word began to come in from the country. The people became aroused and the leaders fell into line. The people perhaps saved the Union by the interest they took in demanding Lincoln's renomination. "The people are not always right," but in this country "they are seldom wrong" after they have heard the facts and the discussion and have had time to reflect.

Democracy can, we find, really act at times with great force and effect, even outmatching the force and effect of more "fortunate" forms of government. When the World War came and civilisation hung in the balance—a crisis brought on by countries not wholly democratic—it was this Republic, in its "impotency," that summoned its man power and its wealth and rescued all from disaster. After the War the same Republic cancelled some seven millions of debt and its nationals loaned billions more to enable those countries to get back on their feet and to enable those governments to demonstrate to the world again, as they seem now preparing to do, how very efficient and serviceable to humanity non-democratic governments really are.

No, democracy has not failed. It is the most stupendous and assuring fact in the world to-day. It is moving millions and millions who never felt its impelling force before. Neither Communism nor Fascism has anything to offer in its place. Both are destructive of every right and privilege that makes life worth living. The sanest, most effective and reliable force in the world of progress to-day, whether in the field of politics or of industry, is that force which some would now banish from all part in government — the average citizen, reclaiming deserts, clearing forests, building homes and commonwealths, rearing families, maintaining schools and churches, trained to every task, equal to every emergency, devoted to peace but equal to the burdens of war, serenely meeting the day's requirements and satisfying the demands of every exigent hour. To talk of a government without his presence is to plot against the welfare and progress of the human family.

THE POLISH CORRIDOR

By "AUGUR"

BRITISH trade has an interest in the province of Poland which is known in Europe as the Corridor, for the latter not only gives a direct access to the sea to a nation of thirty millions, but also prevents Germany from possessing a monopoly of communications with the interior of our Continent. In pre-War days, from Russia far away in the Eastern Baltic to the Dutch frontier in the west on the North Sea, the coast and the ports were all in one hand. The existence of the Danish peninsula did not alter this fact, because it was barred by a German cordon. A monopoly of railway tariffs therefore existed. To-day, as long as the alternative trade route through the Corridor remains open, there is no monopoly, and British trade with Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and the Ukraine cannot become the victim of a discriminating railway policy.

This fact was forcibly brought home to me this summer as I stood on the hill near an old Polish burial ground and looked down upon the bustling activities of the brand new Polish port of Gdynia. The *Shakespeare*, a British steamer, deeply laden with nine thousand tons of rice from Burma, was just being berthed in the inner basin, next to the newly erected husking plant. Her cargo had been brought from Rangoon straight to the Polish consumer. On the quay were stacked baulks of oak which had come by rail from Soviet Volhynia, far away in the south, to be despatched to London. Another British steamer was discharging phosphates from Algiers. The port was full of shipping, and a dozen steamers were lying in the roads waiting to come in. Far out to sea the curved breakwaters marked the limits of the outer basin, whilst excavators and suction dredges were busy eating their way inland, opening up new basins and canals. Looking down upon this picture of "American" life it was hard to believe that a few years ago the place had been an empty swamp. Three years ago in the fishing village there were eighty in-

habitants and three stone houses. To-day there are ten thousand people, and the streets, the canalisation and the water supply are laid out in prevision of a population of seventy thousand within the next five years. So Gdynia, which is so new that most maps do not carry its name, is an accomplished fact of great importance to British commercial interests. Taken on its own merits, Gdynia is interesting as an "American" growth. But its real importance lies in the fact that it is part of a national movement which is carrying the Polish nation through the so-called Corridor to the open sea.

We say "the so-called Corridor" because in reality this territory is not a simple corridor at all, but a province with an area of sixteen thousand square kilometres and with a population of about a million, of which at least eighty per cent. are Poles. As statistics are usually called into doubt by the opposing side, we will take as our witnesses to the Polish character of the Pomorze (this is the real Polish name of the Corridor) two Germans—Frederic the Great and Karl Marx. In 1772, when the King of Prussia was preparing the way for the first partition of Poland, he sent an elaborate Memorandum to Catherine II, Empress of Russia, setting out his rights to Western Prussia, that is practically the same thing as the present Pomorze. Frederic based his claim on the fact that the Margraves of Brandenburg, his ancestors, had acquired dynastic rights over the province, though he recognised that the population was *Polish by race, language and custom, and therefore*, as he naïvely put it, *preferred a Polish prince*. Karl Marx in 1848 published a brilliant series of articles in the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in which he proved to his German readers the Polish character of the province. Naturally we could adduce a great deal more historical evidence of the same nature. But history, after all, is not everything, and to claim a territory for one nation to-day it is not sufficient to prove that its ancestors lived in it centuries ago. But the Pomorze is essentially Polish, so Polish, in fact, that it was the safety-valve which after the War saved Eastern Prussia for Germany. President Wilson, it will be remembered,

demanded for Poland a free access to the sea. It seems to us that if the Corridor had not been Polish the Allies would have been obliged to give to Poland a much greater chunk of land in Eastern Prussia, and, in any case, Danzig, instead of being made a Free City, would have been delivered into Polish hands entirely.

I came to Gdynia from the south, travelling leisurely by road through the Corridor from one of the numerous towns to the other. The impression first gained by the traveller is that of the Polish character of the province. It is approached from the south from the intensely Polish province of Posnania. The three towns which lie on what may be described as the line of junction of Pomorze with the rest of Poland are Bydgoszcz (Bromberg), Torun (Thorn) and Grudziadz (Graudenz). Not one of these to-day has more than ten per cent. of Germans, although in each case the population has increased in comparison with pre-War times. The German Nationalists of all Poland have their political headquarters in Bydgoszcz, and to a representative of this body I turned for an explanation of the remarkable fact that whilst in the town before the War there were hardly ten per cent. Poles, there are now no more than that of Germans. The answer was ingenuous: "You see, under the German *régime* thousands of people were registered as Germans." Incidentally, the answer to another of my questions about the reason why German merchants in Bydgoszcz did not find it necessary to have notices on their shops in their native language was that "they have, you see, to sell to Polish clients." This was an indirect confirmation of the Polish character of the population to-day. It is interesting, too, that in Bydgoszcz is to be seen the canal built by Frederic the Great to deflect the trade from Danzig in favour of Stettin.

We quartered the Pomorze in many directions, covering more than three hundred miles by road, and we were impressed by the intense building activities which were going on everywhere. Something new was being built wherever one looked at the landscape. Either it was a road, or a house, or a barn, or a school, or a fence. Agriculture appeared to be on a high level, and the cattle made an

excellent impression throughout. At Dzwiersno, on the experimental farm, we found in the visitors' book the signature of a prominent German Nationalist who had come to see the excellent seeds and potatoes produced there. On a picturesque river in the centre of the province at Irodek the provincial authorities have built a hydraulic power station which supplies energy to Gdynia in the north and to Torun in the south and to Grudziadz in the east, so that a third of the territory is electrified. A duplicate station is being built higher up on the same river at Zur.

The countryside was perfectly peaceful, and search as we might we could not discover anywhere signs of a "Polizeistaat." We amused ourselves by counting the policemen we met on the road and in the villages, and the average was one per hundred miles. Of these one held a carbine, the second held a girl round the waist in a businesslike manner, and the third had both arms full with two babies. We discovered upon enquiry that this rarity of the police is to be explained by the fact that the force for the whole province of nearly one million inhabitants consists of 1,100 men. In this number are included the officers detailed for passport revision on the frontiers. The peacefulness of the country was brought home to us again in Gdynia, where after inspecting the fine new school we asked to be shown the prison, and the Mayor, who accompanied us, was ashamed to confess that there had not yet been time to build this important element of civilisation.

Driving through the countryside we came to village after village with Slav names, and heard so much Polish spoken that there could not be the slightest doubt about the ethnological nature of the population. German colonies planted by the Prussian colonisers only help to bring out more the Polish character of the country. The farther north one goes into the narrower part of the province, that is into the real Corridor, the more pronounced becomes the Polish aspect of the villages and of their inhabitants. To study the conditions under which the German minority lives in the province we went to Sempolno, a district

where there are more than forty per cent. of Germans. Just across the border in Prussia is Flatau, with a very large percentage of Poles. This is a good example of the difficulty met with when one tries to make a political frontier coincide with ethnographical division. In Sempolno our attention was devoted to the question of education. For under the Prussian *régime* the chief grievance of the Poles was that their native language was banned from the schools. Choosing a village in the district we visited the school there and found that under the same roof there was a German and a Polish class. This was only justice, and showed that the Poles in the Pomorze do carry out the stipulations of the Minority Treaty they have signed. What was more extraordinary was the discovery that in this school the *German teacher takes Polish history in the Polish class*, whilst his Polish colleague teaches arithmetic to the German children. This remarkable example proves, we think, that the two nationalities can live peacefully together. Under the defunct Prussian *régime* such a thing would have been impossible. We judge the Poles incapable by nature to practise oppression long if themselves they are not oppressed. An interesting observation made all over the province is that the Poles do not refuse to speak German, whether in official places or on private occasions. We made a point of speaking German, and always obtained a courteous, if not pleased, answer. The number of Germans speaking Polish appeared to be considerable, and it seemed as if some of them were anxious to display their proficiency in the language. The Army is among others the school where the younger generation is acquiring a good knowledge of Polish. Leaders of the Germans in Bydgoszcz declared that the German recruits were treated well, but complained that it was difficult for them to obtain promotion to officer's rank. A complaint of this sort may be a sign of the growth of new national sympathies. We have to remember that for centuries the Poles and Germans have been intermixing to such an extent that it is difficult, judging by names alone, to decide which nationality is preponderant. Germans residing among Poles have always shown an in-

clination to become absorbed racially and culturally as soon as they were free from the discipline of the Prussian corporal's stick. *Mutatis mutandis* the same process is taking place in Germany in respect of the Poles. In any case investigators of conditions in Western Poland should be warned against judging the real sympathies of the people by their names: Meyer is an ardent Pole and Tatulinski a rabid German.

The question which divides Poles and Germans in the province is that of the land. Before the War the Prussian Government exerted great pressure to secure the transfer of Polish estates into German hands. The Poles resisted this movement strenuously. Nevertheless strips of territory passed into German ownership, and now the Nationalist organisations which sit in Berlin are doing their best to prevent a decrease in German-owned land. The comic side of the affair is that the Polish Government in its policy of redistribution of land applies to large German estates (for it is only these really which have to be seriously considered, as the small landholder remains secure) the special laws passed in Berlin before the War and directed against Polish landlords. The German peasants in the province appeared to us to live a peaceful enough and prosperous existence. In any case, some of them confessed that their taxes to-day are not even half of what the farmers have to pay on the other side of the border.

One thing we cannot avoid mentioning: it is that the study of racial and cultural conditions in Western Poland fills us with admiration for the Polish woman. For forty years and more the native language was expelled from the schools and its use was forbidden and restricted in every possible way by the Prussian administration, and one cannot but be surprised by the fact that every Pole is literate, and many Poles possess a good knowledge of their history. This could have been achieved only through the devotion of the mothers and sisters of these people. We met a Polish patriot who is doing now a great deal towards raising the level of agriculture in the province. We discovered that this gentleman had been born and

had passed his childhood and youth among Germans on the Rhine. We enquired how it was that he knew his language so well. "It was my mother who taught me," he said. Another eminent railway engineer who was born far away on the Volga and had to live and to work among Russians returned the same answer: "I learnt Polish at my mother's knee." The work of regeneration which was carried out in Posnania under the Prussian *régime* had powerful leaders, but it owed its success to the enthusiasm and the faith of the women. It is they who built up the nation.

One may not raise the question of the Polish Corridor without touching upon that of Danzig. We have already said that if the Corridor had not been so Polish the Allies could not have refused to Poland the sovereignty of Danzig. The latter is now a Free City bound to Poland by the conditions of the Versailles Treaty, but the independent existence of which is guaranteed by the League of Nations. We say straight away that the German character of Danzig cannot be disputed, or that for centuries the town has been anything else but German. But in Europe the question of minorities exists precisely because it has been found impossible to make political frontiers coincide with ethnographical divisions. What are the facts about the Danzig? If we visit the archives of the Free City, which do honour to the care of their keeper, and if we look through the principal charters and treaties we discover the following facts: Danzig (Gdansk, in Polish) was founded on Slav territory with the permission of the Slav Dukes of Pomerania, whose remains lie to-day in the vault of the ancient abbey of Oliva. Through the centuries it was these dukes and the Polish kings after them who again and again confirmed the liberties of the city of Danzig. Charter after charter confirms it, and document after document confirms the fact that the city flourished under this ducal and royal protection. The German knights of East Prussia oppressed the burghers as much as was in their power, and massacred them on occasions so that the city was always anxious to revert under Polish sovereignty. But one document does not exist in

the archives—and this is conclusive; we mean the treaty between the Free City and Frederic the Great of Prussia, who seized it at the Second Partition of Poland. We were cruel enough to ask for the document, and the keeper could not produce it, for the simple reason that it does not exist. Frederic obtained the cession of Danzig by a treaty signed in 1793 with the king and the Republic of Poland. From that day Danzig was deprived of its liberties, which it recovered only through the defeat of Germany in 1918. The case, in fact, is reduced to this: under the Polish kings Danzig was autonomous to such an extent that it concluded treaties with foreign Powers; under the Prussian kings Danzig was treated as their property and deprived of all right of self-determination (so that its position was different from that of the Hanseatic cities, Hamburg and Lübeck). Then, again, in union with Poland Danzig's trade flourished; under the rule of Prussia it decayed; now that the union with Poland is re-established the trade returns have again gone up enormously.

The Senate of the Free City of Danzig could make out a good case for itself if it proves that the policy it pursues is that of Danzig for Danzig. But this is not the case, and, unfortunately, there is abundant evidence to show that the policy of the Senate is until now a German one. It would be easy to defend Danzig against Polish exorbitant demands in the first case; it is impossible to do so in the second. The Senate is now alarmed by the competition of Gdynia. But for three years they derided the possibility of the Poles ever building a serviceable port and continued their policy of obstruction. Gdynia would never have been built if the Danzigers had set out to capture the monopoly of the Polish trade by sea, as was their evident interest. Instead they concentrated on a fight against Polish letter-boxes and uniforms, and have now the result that a competitor has grown up next to them. There are three courses for the Senate to choose from. The first is to destroy Gdynia. But although the Schutzpolizei of Danzig is a well-organised military force supplied with war material far in excess of what is

needed to keep in order the dockers of the city, this course is evidently impracticable. The second is to withdraw from the Polish *Zollverein*, leaving all the trade to Gdynia, but obtaining the possibility of buying German champagne at Berlin prices. This course may be satisfactory from the point of view of patriotism, but it would complete the destruction of the city. Perhaps this is not unwelcome to those who exclaim: better in ruins than Polish. The third course, and to our mind the only sensible one, is to form as quickly as possible with Gdynia an *Interessengemeinschaft* to share the Polish trade between them. Individual Danzigers, when speaking privately, are agreed that this is the thing to be done. But they are so afraid of each other and of the menaces of Nationalist organisations that they dare not say this in public.

If we may be permitted to make a prophecy, it is that in ten years' time there will be no question of the Corridor—for that is Polish—nor of Danzig, for the city must work in economically with Poland, but there will be a question of Eastern Prussia, which, under the present system practised by Germany of waging an economic war against Poland, is suffering terribly. German official figures show that the population of Eastern Prussia since 1919 has decreased by 175,000. The people are going away to Western Germany, where they obtain better wages. The Junker landlords remain impoverished, but obstinate in their policy of having no truck with the Poles. A prominent German expressed to us the opinion that the only way of saving Eastern Prussia is to get rid of the Junkers and plant *Bauernhof an Bauernhof bis zur Polnischen Grenze*, that is to create a large number of small holders. Königsberg without the Polish trade is doomed to die a slow but certain death.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

BY PIERRE CRABITÈS

TRADITIONS, in many ways, now play practically as great a part in America as they do in England. Among these extra constitutional usages figure the two-party system of government. But the national political leaders of the United States do not win their spurs as do their British prototypes. The former are, on the contrary, chosen at great political gatherings called conventions, where delegates from the forty-eight States and the different territories forgather, draft their *credo*, and nominate their standard-bearers. The Republicans have chosen Herbert Hoover, of California; the Democrats Alfred E. Smith, of New York. In November the people will register their choice. In March, 1929, the successful candidate will be inducted into office.

What is the difference between a Republican and a Democrat? I shall not seek to answer the question in terms of doctrinal distinctions. I think that about the clearest reply that I can offer to the readers of an English review is to say that the Republicans may be looked upon as the Conservatives of the United States and the Democrats as the Liberals. Of course I have not forgotten that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a Labourite, is the leader of his Majesty's official Opposition. I therefore must insist that I am using the words "Conservative" and "Liberal" in their generic sense.

And yet the negro question looms so large upon the American horizon that I hasten to add that this designation of Republicans as Tories and of Democrats as Whigs should be accepted with one important amendment. It is that in the eleven Southern States which made up the Confederacy of 1861-1865 all white men, with few exceptions, are Democrats. They are by heredity, by tradition and by temperament the most conservative of Conservatives. White supremacy and the legacy of reconstruction days, however, cause them to subordinate economic issues and current problems to the great principle of Caucasian

leadership. The South is still confronted with a menace of negro rule. It looks upon the Republicans as responsible for this sword of Damocles. It is, therefore, unequivocally anti-Republican.

The corollary to this is the enlistment of all blacks, North, South, East and West, under Republican colours. The anomalous condition is thus presented of the ultra-Conservative section of American public opinion enrolling itself under the Radical banner. The equally incongruous spectacle is likewise given of the most improvident class in the United States supporting the party of vested rights and of what is called "big business."

Labour has no faction of its own. Union leaders occasionally give their blessing to this or to that candidate. Such benediction usually carries no abiding advantage with it. Working men are inclined to pay no attention to it. They vote as they see fit to do, and not as their megaphones direct.

The tradition of a two-party system of government was introduced into the United States almost as soon as the present Constitution was put into effect. Washington, it is true, towered above all factional considerations. He, however, in tendering his portfolio of Foreign Affairs to Jefferson, and that of the Treasury to Hamilton, knowingly brought into his Cabinet two men who were the outstanding champions of two distinct schools of thought.

The former believed in trusting the people, in safeguarding the authority of the several States, and in permitting the consumer to buy in the best market. He is now the titular divinity of the twentieth century Democratic Party. His opponent, Hamilton, who stood for a strong executive, centralisation, and the fostering of American industries, is the arch-priest of the Republicans.

In those early days, when these giants were in the arena, there were no conventions. For a time no regular caucus seems to have been held. Merit, popularity and a kind of dynastic succession appear to have brought forward the various candidacies. It was not until 1824 that Congressmen, Senators and allied spirits got together and picked out nominees at what was tantamount to a caucus.

Those politicians who were not thus congregated in Washington soon said that if Presidential candidates were to be designated in this way the people at large would discover on election day that they were practically condemned to choose one of two hand-picked favourites. This sentiment and the improved means of communication begot the national conventions of the present day. Their main lines were fixed, to all intents and purposes, in 1836.

There is an immense amount of preparation, of detail work and of systematisation connected with the holding of one of these national conclaves. When it has adopted its platform and selected its Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates it adjourns *sine die*. But hardly has the gavel of its presiding officer fallen for the last time before the drudgery of the party's national committee begins in earnest. I do not refer to the ceaseless labours of those connected with the management of the Presidential campaign. What I have in mind is the sustained effort of that compact body which, from the adjournment of one convention to the organisation of another, incarnates the party and transmits its spirit to the new delegates. This connecting link, which the present creates in order to join the future to the past, consists of one representative from each State and territory. Those so chosen are known as national committeemen. They have manifold duties. They, acting as a body, fix the date when and the place where the clans shall forgather. They select the temporary chairman of the convention, and in this way have a preponderating voice in the choice of its committee on rules and of that on credentials. In a word, the organisation of the assembly and its initial machinery are largely in the hands of the national committee. And every one of these attributes, with the exception of the selection of the date, which is more or less fixed by tradition, means a great deal to far-seeing politicians.

Each State in the American Union is entitled to twice as many votes in a national convention as it has Representatives and Senators in the Federal Congress. This means that Nevada, which has one Congressman and two Senators, casts six ballots. New York has forty-three Congressmen

and two Senators. The Empire State, therefore, has a voting strength of ninety. But certain commonwealths prefer to send a delegation of, say, sixty to register their six tallies. When this is done each delegate has but a fractional vote. Some States impose upon their representation what is known as the "unit rule." But whether they do or do not the chairman of each delegation has to count the noses or parts of noses of his following and announce the result. This is occasionally quite a task, and sometimes gives rise to heated discussion. But party discipline is so strong that these little outbursts do not affect the convention as a whole.

What Americans call "gumshoe electioneering" begins some eighteen months before the conclave is held. Ere the winter snows of each fourth year have melted the State fight for the control of the national delegation is on in earnest. Candidates then, to use the vernacular, begin to "swing the circuit" either in person or through accredited spokesmen. Some States hold nominating conventions to choose their representatives. Others prefer what are known as direct Presidential primaries, that is to say, elections open only to members of a given party and where the voter specifically designates his choice for President.

The nominating conventions of 1928 have been most happy in their choice. The Republicans have selected as their standard-bearer a man who needs no introduction to England. His work during the War has long since won for him a lasting place in the hearts and minds of Britons. He is not a blind partisan. In 1918 he urged the American electorate to return a Democratic Congress. In 1920 he did not for many weeks know whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. He accepted office, however, under President Harding, a Republican. But he administered this trust without paying the slightest attention to factional lines. He made efficiency his watchword, organisation his speciality, and results his objective. The Republican politicians do not like him. They fear him and respect him. They nominated him because the Republican masses forced them to do so.

The Democrats have been equally felicitous in their

selection. Their champion, although he springs from the loins of Tammany, has given signal proof of administrative efficiency, impeccable honesty, and of statesmanship that rises above political considerations. Staunch Republicans like Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, and Elihu Root, formerly Secretary of State, have publicly acclaimed him as an incomparable administrator, devoted public servant, and man of high ideals. His nomination was obtained not because Tammany supported him, but in the very teeth of that backing, which was anathema to the South.

The platforms of both parties support Prohibition. Governor Smith is looked upon as a "Wet." The Democratic plank in respect of Prohibition is nevertheless even stronger than that of the Republicans, for the opponents of Secretary Hoover are able to condemn the failure of President Coolidge's Administration to enforce the law. Nor is the attitude of Governor Smith necessarily inconsistent. He believes in law enforcement. He therefore advocates carrying out the Prohibition amendment as long as it remains part of the organic law of the land.

And there are strong political reasons why both parties should be in favour of Prohibition. The XVIII Amendment, which wrote Prohibition into the Constitution of the United States, was ratified in January, 1919. When this decision was taken six States had already been made "bone dry" by popular vote. They represented 4.2 per cent. of the total population of the entire country. There were eighteen States which had written Prohibition into their organic laws. They account for an additional 32.5 per cent. of all inhabitants. There were six States "bone dry" by legislative enactment. They give one a further 7.6 per cent. The remaining States, eighteen in number out of forty-eight, but representing 55.7 per cent. of the total population, were classed as "wet." They, nevertheless, had many "dry" counties.

In my own State, Louisiana, all of the territory north of the Red River had adopted "local-option" regulations which made it "dry." In Southern Louisiana many of the parishes were "dry." New Orleans and the country

adjacent to it was all that remained "wet" in a commonwealth counted by me as "wet" in making up this last list of eighteen. All of this means that if to the "dry" States be added the "dry" counties in "wet" States the statement may be hazarded that five-sixths of the superficial area and two-thirds of the population of the United States were legally "dry" previous to 1919.

Europe had expected the Prohibition issue to dominate the present American political campaign. It had assumed that Governor Smith was the champion of the "humid" cause. The unequivocal position taken by his party seems to have eliminated this apple of discord. It was also felt that if the Democrats put forward the Catholic Chief Executive of New York religious discussions would fill the air. The circumstance that he carried his party's nomination in what practically amounted to a walk-over tends to show that it would be bad politics for the Republicans to stress the Church issue.

It will be recalled that many Democrats prophesied that their party would never choose Governor Smith because he was a Catholic. This religious question was fought out within the Democratic ranks. Before these preliminaries were over the anti-Smith Democrats were so anxious to beat him that they centred around Senator Walsh, of Montana, an equally devout Catholic, but a "dry." The latter was badly beaten by the former in the California primaries. The very circumstances that these two men were pitted against one another goes a long way to show how hazardous it would be for the Republicans to overplay the religious affiliations of their adversary. Besides, Secretary Hoover would probably object to such tactics. He is a Quaker. His wife is a Protestant, but they chose a dear friend, a Catholic priest, to make them man and wife.

The Democratic platform favours Tariff Reform. The Republicans support Protection. But now that America is a creditor nation new economic conditions are tending to take the tariff out of partisan politics. By this it is not meant that the problem has been solved, but rather that the voters cannot be made to fight over it. Agrarian unrest

in the Middle West might have brought the subject to the fore had not both parties promised to help the farmers.

With the elimination of Prohibition, Catholicism, and the Tariff as adequate rallying points, Foreign Affairs assume an important aspect. It will be remembered that it was the League of Nations that played havoc with President Wilson's leadership. The Republican platform has come out in favour of the Coolidge policy in Nicaragua and in support of Secretary Kellogg's outlawry of war treaties. The Democrats condemn the Nicaraguan activities of the present administration. They denounce entangling alliances, which is their way of attacking Mr. Kellogg's favourite pacts.

It would be extremely interesting were the scenes to be shifted and the old League of Nations battle re-enacted in a new setting, with Hoover as Wilson and Smith as Lodge. It is hazardous to attempt to foretell in the first days of July what may happen in an American Presidential campaign. It would seem, nevertheless, as if the Democrats were centring their guns upon the vulnerable Kellogg proposals.

They read admirably when one glances through them. When one analyses them they fill one with dismay. Their goal is so laudable that their sophistry escapes one's attention. They mean that war is to be definitely discarded, and that the doctrine of "too proud to fight" is to take its place. They imply, from the American point of view, that Chinese exclusion and the Monroe Doctrine are to be left to the mercy of Europe and Asia. They give to the men of 1928 power over issues that may arise in 1948, or in 1968, or in 2028. I am inclined to think that the Republicans went ahead too rapidly in expressing approval of a panacea which seems to be as chimerical as it is metaphysical. I am led to believe that the Democrats will not allow this imprudence to pass unnoticed.

One must not, however, overlook the fact that America is normally nationally Republican. There are in all 531 electoral votes. The successful candidate must poll 266, otherwise the election is thrown into the House of Representatives. In 1924 Coolidge (Republican)

obtained 382, Davis (Democrat) 136, and La Follette (Independent) 13. In 1920 Harding (Republican) had 404 and Cox (Democrat) 127. The Democrats have won the Presidency but four times since 1860. Cleveland led them to victory in 1884 and in 1892, and Wilson in 1912 and in 1916. At the present moment there are in the House of Representatives 237 Republicans, 195 Democrats, and 3 Independents. In the Congress elected in 1924 there were 246 Republicans, 181 Democrats and 5 Independents. The 1922 composition was: 225 Republicans, 207 Democrats, and 3 Independents. In the Senate there are now 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats and 1 Independent. Twenty-six of the 48 State Governors, elected by popular vote, are Republicans and 22 Democrats.

The citadel of Democracy is the solid South. This is made up of the old Confederate States. They have 126 electoral votes. In 1920 Tennessee broke away from this group. In 1924 it returned to its old allegiance by the narrow margin of 17,000 votes. The only State outside of the solid South carried by the Democrats in 1924 was Oklahoma, which abuts upon Southern territory. In 1920 everything outside of the group (less Tennessee) went Republican except Kentucky, a "border" State.

It is asserted that Governor Smith will be able to carry, outside of the South, New York (45 votes), New Jersey (14), Massachusetts (18), Connecticut (7) and Rhode Island (5), or a grand total of 89 normally Republican electoral ballots. It is urged that with the prestige of this block his momentum will carry him to victory.

I must state, however, that in 1924 the Republicans won New York by a majority of 870,000, New Jersey by 470,000, Massachusetts by 420,000, Connecticut by 130,000, and Rhode Island by 50,000.

These figures are not eloquent. They are brutal. Opposed to them is the fact that when Coolidge carried New York by that sweeping majority of 870,000, Smith was elected Governor of that State on the very same day by 100,000. Four times out of five New York has, in recent years, chosen him to her highest office. On the fifth occasion (1920) he came within 25,000 votes of stem-

ming the Harding Niagara. In 1927, the Republican machine supported six Constitutional amendments. He opposed two of these six. The two that he crossed over were defeated.

The legislature of New York is Republican. So are all of the State officers outside of Governor Smith. He, however, dominates the situation. He does so for three main reasons. The first is on account of his uncommon knowledge of the public affairs of his State. The second springs from his ability to rise above the horizon of party. The third is due to the radio. In other words, he knows the business of New York better than any man in it. If a Republican proposition measures up to what he thinks proper, he supports it regardless of what his party organization may have to say. He acquaints the Republicans with his point of view. If they remain obdurate and urge a Bill which he taboos, he gets on the radio the next night and argues his case. By the succeeding morning telegrams from constituencies begin to build such a fire under Republican legislators that they almost invariably fall in line with the Governor.

But New York knows him. The country at large has heard of him and of Tammany Hall. The question is, can he, between July and November, reach the great masses of the West and Middle West, and impress his personality upon them? His opponent is an honourable man with a splendid past back of him. It is a difficult thing to ask a country, which is normally Republican, to blackball as worthy a candidate as is Secretary Hoover. The politicians of his party do not like him. They nominated him merely because they needed his character, his attainments and his record to stem the current of the magnetism, the efficiency and the persuasiveness of the New Yorker.

Both men spring from the people. It is a case of a blacksmith's son opposed by the child of a drayman. One cannot talk and accomplishes things. The other is a convincing speaker and does things. The American people are to be congratulated in being placed in so difficult a dilemma. If the Republicans had not made the mistake

of supporting the Kellogg Outlawry of War *thèse de doctorat*, it would not be difficult to foretell the outcome. But with the Monroe Doctrine assailed, Chinese exclusion menaced, and Governor Smith on the radio, it would be unwise to lay heavy odds on Republican victory. His nomination appeared to be as improbable in 1927 as does his election to-day. And yet his party has chosen him.

I know full well that as soon as Governor Smith was nominated he telegraphed to the Democratic Convention that he would work for a definite change in the system of liquor control now in vogue in the United States.

I think that if I give the gist of the XVIII Amendment and of the Volstead Act one will readily understand what the New York statesman has in mind. The Constitutional provision is divided into two paragraphs. The first says that the manufacture, import, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is prohibited. The second reads: "The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

It will be noted that the organic law does not give a definition of "intoxicating liquors." The Volstead legislation filled this lacuna by declaring "intoxicating" all beverages containing one half of one per cent. of alcohol. This Statute was not passed by the States, but by Congress.

Governor Smith is radically opposed to the saloon and to the so-called "American bar." He is perfectly willing that Prohibition should continue, but desires that the States shall fix for themselves what constitutes an intoxicating liquor. If Kansas wants one half of one per cent. he is in favour of one half of one per cent. for Kansas. If New York ordains five per cent. he supports five per cent. for New York. If another commonwealth advocates twenty-five per cent. he refuses to agree with it, as such a percentage would be an attempt to nullify Prohibition. In a word, he opposes Congressional interference with what he considers the primary right of the States. The issue, so envisaged, does not assail Prohibition. It tends rather to strengthen it by enlisting local sentiment in its support.

A REAL PROGRESSIVE PARTY

BY JAMES CORBETT

SINCE Mr. Churchill introduced his fourth Budget I have heard rumours about an early dissolution. At the moment of writing those rumours may be true or false, I shall make no prediction in either direction. If true, it is difficult to understand a decision of that kind, because one can see no necessity for that step. If false, then we can afford to disregard them. But we have to bear several facts in mind, and if we take time to reflect, the contingency of a dissolution, even before the allotted interval has elapsed, may have to be faced with composure and equanimity. In any event, it will forebode the most momentous General Election in modern history, but even a political crisis of that kind will have no terrors. Politicians will bow before a vastly increased electorate, and they will have to bow to the storm of popular clamour. Our new political Demos must be worshipped.

If the fourth Budget is a success, and if the new rating scheme has appealed to industrial areas, Mr. Baldwin may take the plunge. He may be a dreamer, but, as experience has proved, he can act quickly, and there is no reason why he should not spring a surprise. The decisive moment is in his hands, and everything will depend on the card which he has selected. If he plays that card at the wrong second, or if it happens to be the wrong card, then he may imperil his chances at the election. As I have hinted, there is no reason why the Premier should hesitate. He can explode a bombshell at short notice, and the Opposition could hardly blame him. Naturally, Conservatives do not wish electors to forget benefits conferred. There was a Pensions Act, for instance. That was passed by a Conservative administration. There was also the difficult handling of the China situation. Even Mr. Lloyd George had to express approval on that occasion. And now we have just passed a brilliant fourth Budget. Mr. Churchill

will not get all the credit. He certainly deserves it, but the Baldwin Government will share the praise. Much good legislative work has been accomplished, perhaps of a meagre and fragmentary kind, but the Government has not been defeated, and Mr. Baldwin has smoked his pipe with rare placidity. His reading of the classics has not been wasted. It will be seen, therefore, that I am in the region of conjecture. Anything may happen. In the last weeks of the Session events at Westminster may take an important stride, and if before October was reached a dissolution occurred, then I should not be startled. That may be the correct reading of the situation, and Mr. Baldwin may decide to act with great rapidity, but it may mean a wise move on his part. We are told he must wait for the Franchise Act, that it must become operative, and all the rest of it, but, as I have hinted, Mr. Baldwin may decide to strike sooner, and it might mean the most brilliant stroke of his career. He is not compelled to wait on the electorate. He can thrust his mandate upon them. He can ask at any moment for the return of a Conservative Government, and if the Opposition is not ready to meet that challenge, then panic and confusion may ensue. I should imagine that Bonar Law would have acted in that manner. Lord Beaverbrook's friend was not so innocent as he appeared, and neither, I imagine, is Mr. Baldwin. Why should the Premier await the convenience of the Liberal van, or why should he delay action until MacDonald has submitted his Labour programme? A passive attitude of that kind is to play into the hands of his opponents. Mr. Baldwin is more astute than some people think. That explains why Mr. Lloyd George is taking no chances. The Liberal leader has no time for golf these days. He is more concerned with watching the movements of Mr. Churchill, and in delivering important week-end speeches. Indeed, as the Session goes on we shall witness great energy in the Liberal camp. The Welsh Wizard will feel that his hour has come. That hour may be further eclipse or political power, and it will be up to Mr. Baldwin to circumvent him. That, of course, is just the point. Has Lloyd George to be handicapped? Is he to be allowed

his eighty Liberal stalwarts, or is he to be pushed into some kind of alliance with Labour? Those are the queries which interest me at the moment.

Apart from this, the unexpected always happens. Some unforeseen incident may make early dissolution advisable. I have always imagined, for instance, that we have not finished with the mining crisis, and before autumn is reached another storm may develop. A lot will depend on how we deal with unemployed miners. They are not going to subsist on charity, and a mere temporary adjustment of the Insurance Act is no solution. Their economic troubles must be honestly met, and if the mining situation is not eased by the Government, or at least by the Minister of Labour, then the unemployment problem may come to a climax. It will be a tragedy if that happens, and it will be a difficult puzzle for any Government. If bold and costly measures are to be adopted, Mr. Baldwin may decide to face the country without delay, and I think he would be exceedingly wise in that respect. Indeed, I should not be surprised if, all other considerations aside, the next election was fought on the unemployment problem. Trade has been recovering by leaps and bounds, but only in certain directions, and there have been many retrogressions. The industrial chart has not shown a steady advance. Nothing, of course, is less surprising, but we must deal with conditions that exist. If we are to confront a steady diminution of the coal industry, or if it is impossible to regain our prestige in international coal markets, then we must make sane provision for the miners. We need not provide them with airplanes or airships, but they must be transferred to some other area, and the cost must be borne by the nation. There is no other way out. If there is an alternative it would be the creation of a Labour Expeditionary Force, with the men housed in huts like the war days, but that, for the present, is hardly a practical proposition. It would certainly cause the Chancellor to lift his eyebrows. At all costs, Mr. Churchill must not be perturbed. Again, we may have more labour trouble of a sensational nature, for all the sin does not rest on the head of Mr. Cook. We cannot be too satisfied with what

has happened in the cotton industry, and I hear the engineers are far from content. Strike disturbances, of course, may be regarded as minor incidents—particularly after the Trade Disputes Act—yet they may irritate Mr. Baldwin sufficiently to dissolve, and sooner perhaps than most of us imagine. Really, I see no reason why the Premier should hesitate. He will be prudent if he takes the bold course, and he is not lacking in political courage. But it is one thing to be a politician, yet vastly different to aim at being a statesman. Mr. Baldwin rose to the heights of statesmanship during the General Strike. He may reach the same Pisgah summit prior to a General Election.

To a political student this fourth session must have proved strangely unreal. Nothing out of the ordinary has occurred. No sensational Act of Parliament has startled Westminster, and even the Opposition has been strangely impotent. The Prayer Book controversy came like a shaft of sunshine, for it proved that a politician could be as honest as his banker, and it threw the Home Secretary into a most interesting light. Then came the dramatic presentation of the fourth Budget, with Mr. Churchill guiding the Commons like a Wise Man of the East, and Mr. Baldwin beaming smiles in every direction. Yes, the last Budget has been a distinct success, and I have acknowledged that fact in a previous article. It may cause the Chancellor a few uneasy moments with Mr. Lloyd George, for the Liberals have trotted out the old sneer about a "rich man's Budget," yet I think Winston will weather the storm. He may not have redeemed the revolutionary goose, but he was destined to rescue the fourth Budget. One can hardly refer to the Franchise Act as sensational. It was something predestined—like the tidal wave that never came to Weymouth—and Lord Birkenhead simply had to assent to it. Had "F.E." retained the courage of his convictions, that vote against the Government would have provided a first-class sensation (especially as he is in the category of "first-class brains"), but he had the distinctive wisdom to act with discretion.

On the other hand, Conservatives may not be in the least

surprised. By instinct they are opposed to the sensational. We had a demonstration of that fact when a certain politician produced a toy pistol. Not merely had he infringed the sacred rules of Westminster, he had also disturbed the good taste of Conservatives. Had it been levelled at the Home Secretary I think "Jix" would simply have been horror-struck. He would have pronounced it the most amazing act of the fourth session. But in the days of the Septennial Act, as an English Peer has already reminded us, the seventh year of Parliament tended to be a blank. The reason was not far to seek. Ministers did not feel surfeited with uninterrupted office—they seldom feel in that mood—but experience proved they must not retard dissolution. They must not wait till the last hour of the clock. If they did, or attempted to do so, they were deprived of initiative, and it was left to circumstance to select the occasion and arena of the General Election. Surely the same considerations apply to-day? If Mr. Baldwin is to be warned by the effluxion of time the nearer he approaches autumn the more inevitably will he be the victim of circumstance. That is why, as I have stated, I shall not die of heart-failure if the sensational happens before October. In any event, Mr. Baldwin will hardly send me a postcard. I have both praised and criticised, but I prefer to write from the national standpoint. I cannot hold a brief for any political party, and, as a good Ulsterman, I think the nation comes first. One day, perhaps, we shall see a National Government at Westminster—a Government that is not tied hand and foot to any caucus—and then we may witness a real Progressive Party. Meanwhile, we must ponder on the foibles of modern politicians.

Someone has drawn my attention to the figures published after the 1924 election. After that October event we had 413 Conservative Members in the House of Commons, the number of Labour Members ranging to 150, while Lloyd George could only count 39 faithful henchmen. Those figures, with seven "Constitutionalists," four "Independents," an Irish Nationalist, and Mr. Speaker, made up the grand total of 615. This meant Conservatives

walking into every division with a comfortable majority of 225, and what has happened in the interval has not decreased that substantial surplus. Consequently 113 seats must be lost before that majority is converted into a minority, and, as I have often hinted, that will not happen unless there is some concordat of understanding among certain groups. Apart from such a political Nemesis, we find Conservatives who cheerfully admit the Government may lose a great many seats. Having made that confession, these individuals remind us that their majority was only seventy-nine at the 1922 General Election. One may ask to what Party is the Government going to lose these seats, but it has been computed that two-thirds may be lost to Socialists, and one-third to the Liberals, which, as I have contended, would give 80 stalwarts to Lloyd George. In this event, Mr. Lloyd George may be attracted to a Parnellite rôle, but with this difference, that Parnell never desired to have part or lot with a Government, while Mr. Lloyd George may carry out his plans although in Opposition. To a game of that kind there would be a time limit, because Liberals can never accede to nationalisation, and sooner than be manoeuvred into that *cul-de-sac* Lloyd George would turn the new Government out at the first opportunity. In that event, probably his land and industrial policies would have matured, and the nation would be more inclined to listen to the voice of Liberalism.

But apart from the strategic planning of the little Welshman, there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Baldwin is faced with inevitable defeat. Indeed, if he conducts affairs with a reasonable amount of acumen, and can restrain Ministers from making further blunders, then there is a possibility that he may win again at the General Election. Mr. Baldwin has not been able to economise, and, through his Chancellor, he has merely promised a relief of taxation. True, the foundation for rating relief has been laid, but electors are inclined to be impatient, and many industrialists have been sorely pressed. We are reminded that the Commons are still spending two and a half million pounds a day, and at least half a million repre-

sents unadulterated waste. All Budget figures are generally misleading—at least those submitted to the public gaze—and, if we get behind the scenes, we still find nine million pounds poured out annually in Palestine and Iraq, while something like five hundred million pounds represent so-called obligatory services. Another hundred millions were transferred to "Grant Services," which covers many unproductive items on education, the pay of an army of bureaucrats who are supposed to look after our health, a housing subsidy which has failed in its original purpose, and millions poured into sugar-beet companies who have bluffed us with eye-wash. We are also spending a hundred millions on Imperial defence, which rewards tax-gatherers by eleven millions yearly, another nineteen millions go to "Health and Unemployment Schemes," and we conclude the list with a similar amount to "all other Civic Administration." When we refer to our taxes we find only eight per cent. goes towards the reduction of debt. Nothing has surpassed the burden of our local rates, which points to the worst example of corrupt finance in national history, particularly in those areas where we have allowed the Socialists to dominate the situation. It is difficult, having regard to those facts, to say that Mr. Baldwin has scored in the realm of economy. Mr. Churchill has realised where we are drifting. He has made a big effort to deal with the rating problem, but the future will prove whether he has been merely chasing wild boars. Mr. Lloyd George thinks that Winston has evolved into a clever bungler, and many Liberals agree that a mere adjustment of the rating burden is no genuine relief, yet, as I have stated, we cannot pronounce a verdict until we have dealt with reality. Mere speculative finance is both a delusion and a snare.

Mr. Baldwin has failed in the region of economy. Has he regained the confidence of electors in any other respect? During by-election days we hear much talk about what the Government has accomplished, and we see many posters arranged in clever fashion. I am never impressed with these posters, for I know that the counter-poster would be almost devastating. What the Government has not

done would fill more than a poster. But we have been informed that 600,000 houses have been built, although these houses, one might add, would have been built under any Government, and, what is more important, probably trebled under a different Administration. We are assured that home and Empire trade has been developed, yet the Government is silent about the tariff restrictions which have not been removed. We are also told that armaments have been reduced without sacrificing security, but Lord Cecil will confirm that we have lamentably failed to reduce armaments. Mr. Baldwin may have brought us safely through the General Strike, but many people surmise that his policy precipitated that political crisis, and no individual with any degree of sanity is going to state that the Trade Disputes Act brought peace to industry. I was told the other day that notable Trade Union leaders have registered a vendetta in that respect. What a tragedy if the Act recoils on those who planned it! We are also asked to believe that the cost of living has been reduced, but to what extent, may we ask, has the Government advanced a single progressive step? Has it effected a single measure of drastic economy? has it done anything for agriculture? has it not hopelessly failed to ameliorate the unemployment problem? When I ask any confident Conservative about these matters he returns a most evasive and discouraging reply, from which I am led to understand that it would be unsafe to gamble recklessly on the return of Mr. Baldwin to political power.

As I have hinted on more than one occasion, we really want a national Government during these critical years. We lack a Government that has not sold itself to party shibboleths. Some big national crisis might bring about a coalition of all parties, then perhaps we could have real statesmanship and sanity. Everything would depend on the man who was at the head of such an Administration. It need not necessarily be a dictator, and the individual is always found when the opportune moment is afforded. Without hesitation I should declare Churchill the man for that job. Naturally there would be a big difference of opinion on that point, but it seems to me that Winston has

developed into a big statesman. If such a national Government is not possible in the immediate future, why not face the task of sending a progressive party back to power? So far, Mr. Baldwin has failed to provide such a Government. Can we expect him to satisfy electors if placed again in power? Will a mere extension of the electorate add to Mr. Baldwin's statesmanship? On the other hand, his Ministers may have let him down. One can conceive that a new Conservative Administration might produce different results, and if the Conservatives are returned to power, then we may witness a reshuffling in the Cabinet. What a farce, however, if we are merely to witness a repetition of what has occurred! Instead of progress, economy, reform, we should have to tolerate lassitude, apathy, indifference.

As an alternative to a Conservative victory we could conjure up the possibility of a Labour majority, but is that only a dream? A new electorate may produce a very sensational sequel, and Mr. MacDonald may have a bigger margin of seats than anticipated. I hear he is about to make an astute move in the realm of political psychology. Notwithstanding the definite disapproval of Mr. Snowden, the Labour leader will transfer the surtax plea into the forefront of his election programme. Liberals will abide by the judgment of J. M. Keynes, who, as a leading economist, cannot see a surtax producing thirty millions, let alone the estimated yield of eighty millions, while it would also mean a raid upon company reserves. No sensible person can see the necessity for a third tax, and if a Labour Government was returned to-morrow the surtax would recoil upon the head of any Chancellor. But for political reasons alone, and purely as a vote-catching policy, Mr. MacDonald will go to the polls with the cry of a surtax. Nationalisation will be dropped for the time being, and a new hare will be chased. This may represent a clever move on MacDonald's part, for if we talk to a working man about politics he will refer us to the individual with the banking account, or with wealth beyond the limit of his imagination, and he will ask why this wealth cannot be taxed? The man in the street is not interested

in taxation, nor in the views of an economic expert, but he will be led to think that the surtax is a plausible move on the part of the Socialists, and he will vote accordingly. At least MacDonald hopes he will, and he may not be disappointed. A psychological factor of that kind would be dangerous at any election, and most particularly in the months preceding it. Discontent in industrial areas will help to swell the Labour vote, and when MacDonald has added the cry of the surtax the Socialists may represent a real menace to the nation. If they are returned to power by an electioneering trick of that kind, and we do nothing to combat such an insidious fallacy, then we will only have ourselves to blame. Once it was rumoured that Birkenhead would head a big campaign against the surtax. I wonder if Lloyd George will prove equally hostile? I make that statement because many Liberals are not opposed to the surtax, although the majority regard it with hatred and contempt, so the Liberal Party should clear the air without delay. Mr. MacDonald is keeping singularly quiet at present, but the surtax may turn the whole scale at the General Election. That is why I anticipate a bold move on the part of Mr. Baldwin. There is no reason, if the circumstances demand it, why he should not decide upon an early dissolution, for his opponents are going to be sadly handicapped by the time limit. The surtax proposal cannot be swallowed in a week, and the Liberal Industrial Report still wants a lot of explaining. A swift dissolution, with a General Election not too advanced in the winter, might mean a sad blow for the Opposition. It would certainly upset the equanimity of Mr. Lloyd George.

I make no prediction of any kind, but I am forced to ask if the Liberals represent the real progressive party of the future? In the first place, we have got to watch the swing of the pendulum. It does not swing at a regular stated interval, and often it is independent of a political programme, but the swing is inevitable, and although it has swung far to the right, we need not suppose it will swing to the same extent in the opposite direction. If we have any real love for our country we hope the pendulum will

not swing extreme left, for that would send us into the arms of the Socialists. Sometimes I imagine that the pendulum will swing dead centre, which means a gravitation to Liberalism, and, if that surmise proves correct, then Liberals can prove the big statesmen of the coming days. I have always maintained that Liberals stand for the progress of all groups, and their influence is detrimental to class distinction and class war. They stand for the League of Nations and peace in industry, while the Tories have often given lip service to the League and put barriers in the path of industrial progress. Liberals could move a definite step forward, and we must admit they have an opportune moment. In these latter years, when we have floundered in the trough of industrial storms, nothing has been more natural than antipathy towards radical change—particularly a change which carried us on the revolutionary wave of Socialism; therefore we have tolerated the Conservative attitude so long as the world resembled a canoe in the rapids. But now that stability has been reached, now that trade is making a definite recovery, now that peace is hovering near the industrial arena, a strong inclination for progress is manifest, but it must be progress robbed of class war and class hatred. Liberals have the courage to attempt a radical change on lines of national safety. They can do something consistent with high statesmanship; therefore, if circumstances permit, they should be given the chance to wipe out the blunders of the Baldwin Administration. If Mr. Lloyd George can regain the Premiership—and that event may not be so miraculous—the nation should give him a free mandate for progress. He has a definite programme at hand for execution, and Labourists would support him to the full extent in their power. He may not accomplish a lot as regards agriculture, not for some years at least, but his land policy is perfectly sound, and it should pave the way for our being a self-supporting country. If the proposals are a success, then Labour is faced with a big counter-attraction to the surtax, and the Wizard may secure a large preponderance of votes.

THE ENIGMA OF EMILY BRONTE

BY KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS" remains a challenge to criticism after eighty years. It hides a mystery of personality similar to the sphynx riddle of Shakespeare, but darker, and exciting an uneasy compassion. We know something about the tragic mood and the spiritual strength of Emily Brontë, but do not know what gave this eagle-flight to her imagination, a flight unique in fiction; and it is as painful as prodigious. Can anything more be known or inferred?

The challenge persists, with a certain urgency, because the books of the Brontë sisters owed their triumph to sincere self-expression far more than novels in general do. Their genius was a very rare spiritual ardour, to set down in fictional form veraciously what they had enjoyed and suffered. The veracity made wild, impossible romance convincing. There is more of their lives in the passionate novels than in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. But while the fictional mask is gone in Charlotte's case, thanks to the Héger and other letters, Emily's inner life is an enigma. She kept her secret even from her own people, a silent, proud, indomitable young woman. We know what to make of *Villette*, but *Wuthering Heights*, a work of clearer genius, baffles us. For one thing it is not built up of biographical matter; for another, it is inhumanly strange. Yet the secret must, we feel, be there.

There is nothing occult in the fact that Emily chose to tell a dark story about an impossible being. Mrs. Humphry Ward long ago pointed out that in doing so she worked the vein of her German reading, emulating and surpassing Tieck and Hoffmann. Ghouls and vampires were a fashion of the time. She planned a bogey tale, but its extravagance no more pictures her mind than Heathcliff or the uncanny, wild atmosphere pictures Yorkshire. I agree with M. Dimnet (who sees the Brontës more clearly, to my thinking, than any of their English biographers) that she was probably the happiest, because the steadiest-

mind, of the three sisters. Is there anything in the tremendous yarn much more striking than its calm, deliberate telling? Read the earlier chapters and you find a smile in them, a sign of the pleasure with which it was begun when the plot had been found. "The Lord help us!" cries old Joseph on his first appearance, "so sourly that I thought he must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner"; and the carving over the door is "a wildness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys." If one were not so much wrought up Joseph would be laughable all through. One is wrought up immensely; yet, to whatever height emotion rises, Emily Brontë sits aloof like Shakespeare himself. Her lucidity betrays no effort.

Her own life was dark and harsh in its way, but plainly she had mastered life as she mastered her material. Such writing could not have been done otherwise. This is not the enigma, except as all mastery may be thought enigmatic. Nor are we troubled by the fact that, in a fashionably dark story, she drew so many selfish characters, and even allowed Ellen Dean the comment: "We *must* be for ourselves in the long run. The mild and generous are only more justly selfish than the domineering." That flash of insight is not a lurid light to be turned upon herself, for all that is known of her confirms Charlotte's word that, "while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity." The insight attests her intellectual courage only.

But in this boggy tale there is matter that neither Hoffman, Tieck nor any wizard of the monstrous had imagined; and what we ask, with respect to *Wuthering Heights*, a very searching romance of hate, love and death, is how she had come by the knowledge that enabled her to handle certain extremes of passion with a sure touch. The conception of Heathcliff's love for a dead woman has been sometimes treated as a spiritual notion of inexperience, but not, I think, by anyone who has written stories. It is a conception worked out with terrible veraciousness. What appals us is the truth of realisation; and, while there is no simpler folly than to think that genius must have lived all it pictures, we shudder and seek a clue in Emily's life. All, indeed, that imaginative genius needs is one glimpse through an open

door, but it knows no truth without experience. If she had not told us in the poem "Remembrance" we should still be sure that, like her sister, Emily Brontë had loved; that here, as in *Villette*, there is some ardour of self-expression; that the passion and pain are such as in some degree she had felt. And this is the more certain because her utmost fetch of imagination is calm and easy. The experience, left behind her and recalled, is transmuted with a cool brain.

What was it? Can we guess? The sister, who carried her own experience fretfully, may or may not have done so. It is unthinkable that she did not feel the heart-throb in *Wuthering Heights*, yet all that dismayed her was the story's ruthless march and manner. Her answer to the critics who called it brutal and immodest was (in a preface of 1850) that Emily had not known what she was doing. We are not to be satisfied so about a masterpiece. For my part, I venture to think that no author ever knew what he was doing better. It is true that Charlotte, in excusing her, meant only that in drawing brutal figures Emily had not considered how they would shock the nice-mannered world of Victorian readers, and that no excuse appeared to be needed for the psychology. But it is also true that Charlotte did not know what a masterpiece the novel was. We are more dismayed than she was, and for other reasons.

What had suggested to Emily's mind the theme of passion felt for a ghost, and taught her genius the consequences of such a passion? Of these, as they appear in Heathcliff's behaviour, some only were inventions of the German sort; I mean the two disturbances of Catherine's grave—acts in keeping but not inevitable. The greatest consequences she saw were inevitable, and divined with a very disquieting power of insight. As he is conceived, a monster capable of limitless hate, Heathcliff is endowed with preternatural strength for his long, ingenious purposes; they cannot be thwarted. They menace young and innocent lives at last, helpless in his evil hands, and it is the ghostly passion that makes his madness insatiable and fearful. Yet the monster fails. He fails for a profoundly human cause inherent in that passion; and the shudder

comes as she touches it. He is remorseless yet does not strike, and does not know why.

"It is a poor conclusion, is it not?" he observed. . . .
"Nelly, there is a strange change approaching; I'm in its shadow at present. I take so little interest in my daily life that I hardly remember to eat and drink."

"What do you mean by a change, Mr. Heathcliff?" I asked, alarmed by his manner.

"I shall not know that till it comes; I'm only half conscious of it."

"You have no feeling of illness, have you?"

"No, Nelly, I have not."

"Then you are not afraid of death?" I pursued.

"Afraid? No!" he replied. "I have neither a fear, nor a presentiment, nor a hope of death. Why should I? With my hard constitution and temperate mode of living, and unperilous occupations, I ought to, and probably *shall*, remain above ground till there is scarcely a black hair on my head. And yet I cannot continue in this condition! I have to remind myself to breathe—almost to remind my heart to beat! And it is like bending back a stiff spring: it is by compulsion that I do the slightest act not connected with one thought . . . I have a single wish, and my whole being and faculties are yearning to attain it. They have yearned towards it so long, and so unwaveringly, that I'm convinced it *will* be reached—because it has devoured my existence . . . O God! It is a long fight; I wish it were over!"

He began to pace the room, muttering terrible things to himself.

In due course communion with the dead, his heart's desire, begins with daylight visions. He is seen contemplating her near him, a spirit or a creation of that passionate longing, in silent ecstasy. When at last she comes near enough for the embrace, he dies of it—lying by an open casement, with the rain beating in on his face.

What a stroke of genius! It is Emily Brontë's supreme credential. But this end is so quietly achieved with an unerring hand that we ask in a consternation: "How did she know?" It has been suggested by Mrs. Isabel Clarke, in a recent biography, that she had herself made trial of a

morbid mysticism. While in Brussels, having access to M. Héger's library, she must have read Ruysbroeck's book, *The Heavenly Espousals*, that strange eulogium of the emotional visions of nuns who have experienced "the embrace of the soul and the Heavenly Spouse"; and, being a Protestant, she must have turned this esoteric lore to a practice not orthodox. It is highly probable that the book was on M. Héger's shelves. Ruysbroeck was a nephew of one of the canons of Ste. Gudule. But acquaintance with it would not account for the stark realism, the mastered heart-throb; and this writer, convinced that Brussels "endowed her with strong, noble wings," goes further, where angels might fear to tread. In *Remembrance* she sees the motive, and in other poems finds proof, of a mystical experience.

I think she touches something worth a saner scrutiny. Those poems, which Charlotte had discovered before *Wuthering Heights* was planned, are of high personal significance, unmistakably. Emily was furious that they had been read. I imagine that she was reconciled to their publication, though anonymous, only when it appeared that Charlotte had not understood them. Read literally, *Remembrance*, which was written in 1845, her twenty-seventh year, commemorates a childish love, since it speaks of "fifteen wild winters" having melted into spring since the death passionately lamented. But hear the passion and judge whether it be a child's or a woman's:—

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave,
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee.
While the world's tide is bearing me along
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
 And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
 Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
 Strengthened, and fed, without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
 Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine,
 Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
 Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even yet I dare not let it languish,
 Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain!
 Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
 How could I seek the empty world again?

No; the heartache is too great, the loss too fresh, for a love at twelve years of age. This poem is not an exercise in versification; the Brontës wrote sincerely; the rapturous pain and divinest anguish, a woman's, are real. I do not think it can be doubted, sensibly. And, as Mrs. Clarke points out, there was a recent death which might have inspired that poem. The brilliant curate Weightman had died between two and three years before, during that short absence of hers abroad from which she was so ready to return. True, there is not a line of record to associate him with her, except Miss Robinson's hearsay: "The first curate at Haworth was exempted from Emily's liberal scorn." But if they were intimate there is no reason why Charlotte should have known it. From 1838 to 1841, when this would have happened, she was little at home. It would be strange if they held apart; for he was a scholar and vivacious, handsome and extremely impressionable. His portrait is drawn in *Villette* as Dr. John, if not his temperament, which was that of a very light-hearted devotee of beauty in the other sex. There is abundant testimony that no attractive girl in the parish escaped his compliment, more or less ardent; and it may be enough to know that he was not scorned by ardent temperaments at the rectory. He is the only likely love of Emily Brontë.

But if we are asked to believe that in her grief at his death she was prompted by a morbid book either deliberately to seek some mystical contact with him, or to embrace the faith that gave us "No coward soul am I,"

with its pagan sense, the answer must be that the notion is both repugnant to all that is known of her and superfluous. Mrs. Clarke founds it on two other poems, *The Prisoner* and *The Visionary*, excusably from her point of view, that of a Romanist. I admit that the language of these poems is strange. *The Visionary*, telling of an angel that nightly tracks the waste of frozen snow, has these verses:—

What I love shall come like visitant of air,
 Safe in secret power from lurking human snare.
 What loves me, no word shall e'er betray
 Though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay.

Burn, then, little lamp, glimmer straight and clear.
 Hush! a rustling wing stirs, methinks, the air.
 He for whom I wait thus ever comes to me—
 Strange Power, I trust thy might: trust thou my constancy.

The thought is fanciful, and by itself would suggest no emotional disorder of the senses. But in *The Prisoner* it strikes deeper and pictures such disorder:—

Still let my tyrants know I am not doomed to wear
 Year after year in desolate despair;
 A messenger of Hope comes every night to me
 And offers for short life eternal liberty.

He comes with western winds, with evening's wandering airs,
 With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars.
 Winds take a pensive tone and stars a tender fire,
 And visions rise and change that kill me with desire.

But first a hush of peace—a soundless calm—descends;
 The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends;
 Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered harmony
 That I could never dream till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible, the Unseen its truth reveals,
 My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels;
 Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found—
 Measuring the gulf, it stoops and dares the final bound.

Oh, dreadful is the check, intense and agony,
 When the ear begins to hear and the eye begins to see;
 When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again,
 The soul to feel the flesh and the flesh to feel the chain!

"This last verse," says Mrs. Clarke, speaking as an adept, I suppose, "is an exact and intimate description of the slow, painful emergence of the soul from the mystical

state." It may be. But the state described is one that need have owed nothing to Ruysbroeck, and does not profess the "ineffable joys" of any divine consolation. Passionate love and grief brought it about in any case. They can do so; and we are not therefore disposed to think that "she may have felt an unconscious yearning for the old lost gifts forfeited at the time of the Reformation." It was the state from which she weaned her young soul, sternly denying its "burning wish."

Not this, nor any queer mysticism, nerved her to write the famous *credo* which is our sufficient proof of intellectual force and serenity. Let it be read attentively:—

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—Thou art being and breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

The verses were written before the novel. Do they not make it plain, superbly, that Emily had reached a point of view which made the calm accomplishment of *Wuthering Heights* possible? They have by one author been strangely called "a hymn to Satan, the Devil's praise of himself," and Miss Romer Wilson's reading of the enigma is that Emily Brontë was just Heathcliff—the desperate monster who knew no calm. Of all guesses that is the most perverse, ignoring her quiet workmanship and power. *Wuthering Heights* is, I do not hesitate to say, the masterpiece of one who had lived through a dire experience of passion and overwhelming doubt, but who had over-ridden both and put them behind her. As such it poses no enigma.

This month the parsonage at Haworth is to be open at last to pious pilgrims. It has been bought and given to the Brontë Society by Sir James Roberts; and, as one considers all that was written by three great daughters of the manse, great Protestants, it seems the fittest of possible monuments.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JOSEPH CONRAD

BY ERNEST DAWSON

I WELL remember the day when I first held in my hand, almost warm from the press, *Lord Jim*, which has remained, for me, a favourite among Conrad's works. I had just returned to England on leave after a spell of duty in the East, and this was my first Conrad book, though I had read a short piece of his somewhere. That afternoon, seated in a London garden, I heard the rigging of the old training-ship at her moorings in a northern river, humming the breathless song of her youth at sea, and saw the hateful scene of the abandonment of the *Paina* by her afterguard. Before the next morning I had been in Singapore with Marlow, had met, with him, the French lieutenant in the Sydney restaurant, and, with Jim, paddled up to Patusan.

I used to visit W. E. Henley, then living at Worthing. We talked one day of *Lord Jim* and *Youth*. Henley, who had never met Conrad in the flesh, remarked that Conrad was "about due"; he had the idea that any writer of promise (and Conrad was obviously that, and more) ought to pay him the compliment of a visit. "Yes," said Henley, "Conrad is a Swell: he is a *damned* swell; you know, I sometimes think Conrad is the *damnedest* swell we've got. Would you like to meet him?"

My answer was given with an alacrity comparable to that with which, as a schoolboy, I replied to a benevolent uncle who asked if I would like to go to the play, and the matter was then and there arranged. Conrad was known to inhabit a farmhouse a few miles from Sandgate. At Sandgate lived Mr. H. G. Wells, who was of the band of "Henley's Men." In the manner of an affectionate Pontiff, Henley wrote to Wells, and bade him invite me for a week-end and "have Conrad on tap."

In due course Wells (whom I had never seen) sent me a friendly note of invitation, and received me with

much kindness at his queer but comfortable and convenient house. On the Sunday, after luncheon, Conrad arrived in a dogcart. The day was rough, and he wore a peaked cap of maritime cut, which, with his jacket and trousers of stout blue cloth, gave him somewhat of the aspect of a pilot. Apart from details of costume, you knew him quickly for a sailor; as quickly for a *sahib*. He stood an inch or two below middle height, but never looked small; his square, high breadth of shoulders and short neck gave an impression of compact power. His face was sallowish, the skin weathered and puckered round the full dark eyes by habitual staring into the night or over the brightness of the sunlit sea. The hair and clipped, pointed beard were wiry and almost black. He wore an eyeglass, which he seldom used; when he did screw it into his eye the effect was slightly incongruous. I never saw him use any other aid to vision, though in reading he held his book nearer his eyes than is usual with persons of normal eyesight. In some portraits of him, notably in the admirable "Ulysses" etching by Muirhead Bone, you get that effect of a steady watching look, the gaze of sailors and shepherds.

He smoked almost incessantly and always cigarettes; at that time he rolled them for himself. He used a handsome old amber smoking-tube which had belonged to a distinguished and adventurous uncle, probably "Mr. Nicholas B." (that great-hearted veteran) of *A Personal Record*.

Conrad and I forgathered, that afternoon, upon some geographical turn of the conversation, over maps; it happened we were both map-lovers. But he and my host had much to say to each other, and my part was mainly a listening one. Conrad's personality impressed and fascinated me. I watched him drive away into the squally evening, handling the dogcart like a man steering a dinghy, and I wanted him for a friend.

The Pent Farm, to which I paid my first visit soon after, was a typical Kentish flint-built farmhouse, of some antiquity. The larger half of it provided ample room for the Conrad household. In approaching it, you left the

road by a sudden dip under an overhanging bank. A mile beyond, The Pent, a great whale-backed hill, lent some shelter from the south-westerly winds. Bluish-grey like rocks, the farm buildings were inconspicuous, but if they had not been there you would have missed something. The work of men's hands had been fashioned by time and weather to seem a part of nature. Probably a house of some sort had stood there since farming began in England.

A place like this is much more than a pleasing bit of landscape. An ancient farm is a legible record of ordered life and of work faithfully done, a monument of peace and patience and effort, the effort, for one simple and vital end, of uncounted generations of men. Such a place gave good holding-ground for the anchor of Conrad's heart, and he loved that home of his.

Upon the lintel of the main door was inscribed a distich, written by Walter Crane :—

*Want we not for board or tent
While overhead we keep the Pent.*

There was a short paved walk, sheltered and pleasant for a writing man to use in damp weather, and known as the Quarterdeck. Along one side of the farmyard ran a noble old barn, with lofty doors and a roof like a cathedral, full of dusty sunlight and dusk shadow, a George Morland effect.

Yes, Conrad loved his home, and took pride in it as if he had built it. In showing it to me he said, "In London I should have to live in an ordinary sort of fifty-pound house just like another next-door, but here, you know, I could ask the Prime Minister to dine and sleep!" I do not know if any Prime Minister or dignitary of that kind ever did visit the Pent Farm, but if so he would have fared excellently well. For the house with all its service and affairs was under the direction of one whose skill (as Conrad put it) "for many priceless years added to the sum of his daily happiness." He wrote the Introduction to *A Handbook of Cookery* in humorous vein, but never more truly or sincerely. Many beside the readers of that modest and useful little book, all who in Conrad's home were

privileged to know its author, recognise the truth of these words, and know that the world owes much gratitude to that gracious and gifted woman.

The family was completed by one small boy and one dog. The boy usually wore the white working dress of a bluejacket, and busied himself with engineering models and toys. He was the titular owner of the dog, his inseparable companion, who bore the name of Escamillo—a fitting name, for his aspect was stagey, if not operatic. His ancestry was a permitted subject of speculation, but he had belonged to Stephen Crane.

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Conrad's manners were courtly. The word is used without any implication of stiffness or formality. Into the Kentish farmhouse, the London lodging, or the charming house and garden at Bishopsbourne, he always seemed to bring a breath of the Great World. His talk might be of the sea, of gliding through the silence of warm, dew-drenched tropical nights, of brave hours when everything above deck hummed to the sweep of the monsoon, of rivers or of ports, the towering, glooming African forest or the shadowy jungles of Malaya; he would seem quite at home against these backgrounds, and you felt that he would seem equally at ease amid rich uniforms and the silken pomp of palaces. This was because his main interest was ever in the hearts and souls of men; scenery and accessories had their value, and he depicted them in writing with unsurpassed fidelity and skill, but whether the action passed upon sea or land, in a jungle hut or in a throne-room, the secret springs of it were his real and abiding concern.

His knowledge of English, literary and colloquial, need not here be praised. But those of his readers who heard him speak were continually surprised because he could not utter two words in English without betraying that it was not his mother tongue. And there were certain words which he, so to speak, declined to learn. One very odd example was the word *vowel*; he transposed the "v" and "w" sounds, so that it became *wowvel*; I have been told that he would even write it so. He pronounced *used* as two syllables, something like *usit*.

In conversing, he often dropped into French for a sentence or two. Oftener still, he used a phrase of French apparently without knowing it. Quite commonly he would address one as *my dear*, as a Frenchman says *mon cher*.

The very wealth of his knowledge of our language, with its slang and familiar idioms, made these quaint lapses sound doubly whimsical; his talk thus gained a singular individuality, and it might be said that he spoke English with an un-English grace. His taste was unerring; he must have had many of his early lessons in the vernacular from the fo'c'sle, yet one never heard him use a "vulgar" expression.

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He had read much of English history and memoirs, and of the best fiction in the language, but, I think, not much poetry. Classics apart, the power of enjoying the poetry of any language other than one's own is probably very rare.

His attitude towards what he did not care for, in literature, was often curiously inimical, or, at best, slighting. I once quoted some lines of *Andrea del Sarto*, and, as one does, added "Isn't that how it goes?" To which he answered indifferently: "I don't remember: to be more truthful, I don't know; I do not know my Browning." Another time he was criticising a story deliberately written in the *New Arabian Nights* vein, and said: "Ah, yes, I daresay it is very good of its kind; I don't know my Stevenson at all well, but . . . *ought to do much better than that!*" Which seemed to me almost blasphemy.

His preferences and antipathies were very strong and very definite, but it was not easy to predict his views of the work of writers who were his contemporaries; they were often (it must be said) coloured by personal feeling. Wells and Henry James were of his friends, and he spoke of their books with enthusiasm; there were others, of even equal fame but not personally known to him, whose work he preferred to ignore. The writing of others, to whom much lower seats have been allotted but who were his friends, had his warm approval. Having said thus much I must add that nothing, not even friendship, which

meant so much to him, ever made him condone or tolerate what seemed to him bad or insincere work. His foible was endearing, for it was bound up with loyalty, and whatsoever fault may be found with him as a critic of others' work, no man was ever a sterner judge of his own.

His friendships with other men of letters mostly dated from the time when his own reputation was still to make, and I think they must have been begun by the volition and acts of those men, for I cannot "see" him making first advances. In those days he resembled a *de jure* sovereign, sure of his rights, but with his claim to the succession not yet before the world, and he was proud to the verge of arrogance. The tacit claim of Henley, poet, critic, veteran editor, and beloved master of men, to homage from the newcomer, Conrad merely ignored. Assuredly, if Scott or Stendhal, or Dickens or Flaubert (or, for that matter, Marryat or Fenimore Cooper) had risen from the grave he would have paid that homage, but it was not in him to veil his topsails to a contemporary.

His delight in Dickens dated from his boyhood. Of other (English) novelists of the past I can remember hearing him speak of two only, the two sailor-authors just mentioned. He had a whole-hearted admiration for both, especially Cooper. We all love the gallant Marryat; most of us have loved the good Cooper; they provided noble entertainment for two nations. But I take leave to think that if Marryat's father had put him into the Army, and if Cooper had written only his fine epic of the backwoods, these two would never have darkened the doors of Conrad's Pantheon. Yet, when all is said, seamanship is an art.

There is little doubt that French literature made a stronger appeal to Conrad than English. He had the highest reverence for Flaubert; I have heard him declaim admirably a sonorous passage from *Julien l'Hospitalier*. Maupassant, Flaubert's great disciple, he admired for his technique. Stendhal he ranked very high; the only book he ever lent me was *Le Rouge et le Noir*.

In the other arts he was not much interested. I have seen a pleasing sketch by Muirhead Bone, "Conrad listening

to music," but I never heard him speak of music, or heard any in his house. My memory is empty, also, of anything said by him about pictures. For him, as for many others, a picture was a record of its subject; just that and no more. Yet some rough pencil sketches of his which I have seen prove at least that he had some appreciation of the difficulties of pictorial art and some power of drawing. If the subject had charm or interest for him, and the record seemed accurate, he liked the picture. In the study at Bishopsbourn was a large eighteenth century engraving of the Old Harbour of Marseilles; it was not a meritorious work, but he liked it. Readers of *A Personal Record* know how and why he loved that harbour; indeed, to this day it is a romantic scene. He was also fond of a large photograph, which hung in the hall, of a full-rigged frigate-built ship with painted ports, every stitch set and drawing in a breeze just strong enough to keep her moving and no more.

He did not often talk about his books, but he liked to recall the circumstances and diverse places in which some of them were written. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (affectionately *The Nigger*), which seemed to be his own favourite among his works, was begun during his honeymoon, I think in Brittany. He told me how *Almayer's Folly*, begun in Malayan ports and seas, was, *longo intervallo*, taken up again during weeks and months of enforced leisure while a steamer, newly built for the French-Canadian emigrant service, lay alongside a wharf, a place of pilgrimage for financial gentlemen (in silk hats) from Paris, and a Sunday show for Rouen citizens; how it was continued in lodgings in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, in the upper reaches of the Congo, in a Geneva hospital, and other improbable places.

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When I used to visit him after my long absences from England it seemed to me that time changed him very little. He grew thinner with the passing of the years, and his hair gradually became streaked with grey. The quasi-nautical style of his dress was abandoned, and he adopted what tailors call country clothes, often wearing leathern

gaiters, though he seldom walked. During the War riding breeches, with polished leggings, carried some suggestion of uniform.

Our evening talks while we sat smoking, between supper and bedtime, are among the pleasantest recollections of my life. He was a delightful host, for he made you feel his own interest in all you said or did. His was a profoundly sincere nature, and he was in nothing more sincere than in this. He had that great gift, the talent for friendship. During the four-and-twenty years of my personal knowledge of him he rose from obscurity to fame, and his fame grew continuously. We were separated by great gulfs of space and time, and letters between us were few, yet, when we met, it was as if there had been no separation. I have known no other man who could so easily and naturally pick up such threads. The meaning of this will be best understood by Anglo-Indians, and those others whose life in their own country is measured by months and their absences by years. There are few who, like Conrad, not only look for and welcome the home-comings of the exile, but almost succeed in making him forget that he has been away. Fewer still, perhaps, would do this if their own lives had, in the interval, undergone changes of magnitude, including a notable rise in fortune and the achievement of a great figure in the world. Through all comings and goings and all changes Conrad was faithful, and remained always in sympathy.

Once, in Canterbury, when we had been looking at the cathedral, he said, "You know I often forget that I am not an Englishman," and in this as in all else he was sincere. He loved England (all that that name stands for, not just Canterbury, or London, or the countryside of this small island) more and better than many do who bear the name of Englishmen. His love sprang partly from a profound admiration of what, very loosely, may be called the political side of the national genius. An aristocrat by temperament and conviction as well as by birth, he, whose family and friends had been persecuted, plundered, exiled under a stupid and brutal bureaucracy, knew the English theory of political liberty as much more than a rhetorical

phrase. It is now a habit with natives of this favoured realm to speak of their rulers at best indulgently. Conrad, the Pole, on the other hand, whole-heartedly believed in British governance, especially in British diplomacy and foreign policy.

He was immensely gratified when, late in the War, the Admiralty permitted him to serve in an armed vessel "made up" as a Norwegian brig, in the North Sea submarine hunt. I have no space to tell here the tale of this adventure, a tale which he related with an almost boyish glee. They had "no luck"; U-boat commanders had grown extremely wary, but, like a good fighting man, he bore no malice. When, a year after the Armistice, I came home and met him, he spoke temperately and with a marked absence of bitterness. "In a very few years," said he, "we shall walk arm-in-arm with them again. It must be so, and it will be right."

I had a meal with him in town on the day of his return from America; he was in fine spirits, delighted with his trip. Thanks to the kindness of his American friends (of whom he spoke very warmly), and their well-judged planning of the tour, what might have been a severe nervous strain had been, in fact, a refreshing holiday. The visit had also, I understood, been very successful from the financial point of view.

That was in the summer of 1923. In the autumn I spent a night at "Oswald's," and we played a game of billiards and had what was to be our last talk, for I went abroad again, and when I returned in the following year it was only a few weeks before his sudden death.

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I was of the little company that, on a changeful August day, followed his mortal part to the grave, among pines and cypresses, a little without the walls of the grey, red-roofed historic city. One looked almost for a naval guard; at the least one looked for some corporate representation of the sailors of England. With all his fame he was proud to be a master mariner; the simple marine honour, the flag spread upon the coffin, might well, it seemed, have been rendered to this seaman at his voyage

end. But the sea wind from the Downs, sighing through the trees of that green place, fluttered no flag, there was no symbol or emblem of his calling at that sailor's burial. Only some three or four elderly men who, by their appearance, perhaps were seafarers; shipmasters, it may be, whose voyaging was over. There was a little party of writers and journalists, among them, his white hair streaming in the summer breeze, one whose noble elegy, "Inveni Portam," appeared a few days later.

"And so" (wrote Cunninghame Graham of his friend) "we left him with his sails all duly furled, ropes flemished down, and with the anchor holding truly in the kind Kentish earth, until the Judgment Day."

Not the world of letters only, but the wider world of men and women, is much the poorer for the passing of Joseph Conrad. For, as the Dean of Canterbury (who, I think, knew him only through his books) has said, "If one quality more than another may be singled out as the special theme of his writings it is honour, fidelity, loyalty to trust . . . A great and noble-minded man, a prophetic man, a man led by the Spirit."

NICARAGUA OR PANAMA?

AMERICA'S PROBLEMS OF THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

IN the spring of 1926 the American fleet was mobilised in full force in the Bay of Panama for manœuvres of all arms in both oceans, which at this point are only separated by a ribbon of land about equal to the London-Brighton motor road. And here, too—as all the world knows—President Roosevelt cut his famous "ditch" as the very seat and centre of America's imperial strategy; the military symbol of the Monroe doctrine, ensuring mastery in the Caribbean Sea as well as speedy access to the Asiatic Archipelago and the "Open Door" in China. A glance at the map shows how the political and physical geography of the New World was altered by an engineering feat which Philip II. of Spain (of Grand Armada fame) was afraid would render his new lands of gold too accessible to his enemies—although his father, the Emperor Charles V., had already surveyed the Isthmus with a view to cutting the canal.

The main object of those American manœuvres in 1926 was to test the vulnerability of this all-important waterway. On the Atlantic side it is defended by formidable forts at Toro Point and Margarita Island, and at the Pacific end by "disappearing" 16in. guns mounted on the steep rocks of Naos, Perico, and Flamenco; these guns, cast at the Watervliet Arsenal, have a range of over twenty miles. Twelve-inch mortars, great howitzers and lesser weapons, handled by coast-defence troops of special training, are kept in constant practice along the Zone. And the field works, fire-control stations, searchlights and electrical plant in the neighbourhood of the vital locks at Gatun, Pedro Miguel, and Miraflores call for a garrison of some 10,000 men, which can be quickly doubled at the first hint of a surprise attack.

It is well to remember that the International Board of Engineers, with one accord, advised the United States to dig a sea-level canal, although M. Quellenac (of the Suez Canal) differed from his British colleague, Mr. Henry Hunter (of the Manchester Ship Canal) as to the problems presented by Mount Culebra. And in fact at this spot excavation costs rose to the fabulous figure of \$15,000,000 a mile through landslides and "breaks" in a deep cut, whose walls tower nearly 500 feet above the channel.

It was the exigencies of war which persuaded the American people to undertake this mighty task, in which the French had failed, with fierce scandals at home and abroad, after losing \$300,000,000. For in 1898 the battleship *Oregon* had a 66-day journey of 13,587 miles to make around Cape Horn before she could join the Atlantic Squadron on the Florida coast for the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet at Santiago de Cuba. It is likewise the development of war which has proved the Panama Canal indefensible from naval gunfire in both seas, but more especially from bombing aircraft carried on mother-ships of new design, for one of which—the *Saratoga*—America herself has paid \$45,000,000.

A great liner—say, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., that British veteran of the west coast—is first lifted by three steps. Then she sails through the artificial Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above the ocean level, and is let down by three more locks on the Pacific side. After the manoeuvres of 1926 a conference of fourteen American admirals decided unanimously that these elaborate locks could be destroyed from the air, or even from capital ships lying out in either ocean with their primary batteries at a suitable elevation.

This decision was a serious matter, since the American people so often dissent from their political leaders; and these in turn have to contend with the ever-increasing demands of their naval and military advisers. Hence the curious paradox which puzzles European observers. The United States is steadily arming at all points. Those absurd "National Guards," or ornamental troops of the

Sovereign States are all but obsolete, in view of the fantastic "doings" in 1916, when they mustered on the Mexican Border under General Pershing for a punitive expedition. To-day's Federal Army, is duly "mechanised" on post-War lines. Engineers and chemists are now to the fore; a civic and industrial *levée en masse* has been arranged, with the *audace raisonnée* which Ferdinand Foch taught his American pupils in their brief tutelage of ultra-modern war.

The exploits of Colonel Lindbergh have kindled popular imagination as to aerial tactics; and for new warships the U.S. Congress starts off with a preliminary appropriation of \$359,000,000. At the same time we see America's Foreign Minister canvassing all the Chanceries of Europe and Asia on the "outlawry of war" as an arbiter of national destinies—though, as French realists point out caustically, the United States is nowhere obliged to lift a forceful finger for the maintenance or defence of peace.

The plain truth is that confusion exists over there, and until the military status of a traditionally unmartial Power becomes clearer to herself, the present clash of policies must continue. Meanwhile, what is to be done about the Panama Canal, which is the main strategic arm of the American Empire, both in her own hemisphere and in the Far East as well? Ten years of national effort went to the digging of Roosevelt's "ditch." At the outset a whole province was torn away from a neighbour country and "recognised" as a new republic within a few hours, to the dismay and scandal of Colombia's eighteen fellow States, of whom many had grievances of their own.

Mosquitoes, yellow fever, and avalanches had to be fought and conquered before ex-President Roosevelt could sing his *Nunc dimittis* to the University of California: "I took Panama while Congress went on talking"! But in 1903 the swallow-swift bombing 'plane was undreamed of, with ton-weight terrors which in a flash could reduce to scrap-iron all the titan gates and gear of six huge locks, which alone cost \$55,000,000.

But long ago the United States secured a second string to her imperial bow: I refer to the arrangement with

Nicaragua for a sea-level interoceanic canal, of which the first Treaty goes back to 1840. This, and not Panama, was the site which Roosevelt himself had in mind when he succeeded to the Presidency in 1901. Nicaragua held the field, indeed, until the very last moment, with the Senate in favour of the Hepburn Bill, and the House voting also for the Central American route by 309 votes to 2. Moreover, \$10,000,000 was provided to begin the work. A hundred years ago we find Henry Clay, as State Secretary, backing the Nicaragua Canal; and from that day to this, all the woes of that "Land of the Lakes" may be traced to this potential asset.

Primarily a business nation, with its first President as the first notable business man, the United States has always sought to exclude the martial Powers of the Old World from a hemisphere where empire was to be had along lines of feeble resistance, or none at all. Monroe's warning to Europe was no more than a *pium desiderium*, with no armed sanctions whatever to enforce its terms. Only three years after Monroe's famous message we find Aaron H. Palmer, of New York, contracting for a canal through Nicaragua, where a system of lakes and rivers facilitate the union of the two oceans to a peculiar degree.

Now other concession-hunters appear—British, French, and American. Cornelius Vanderbilt obtains a lease and finances the adventurer, William Walker, whose Nicaraguan career eclipses any Western film in lurid romance until he faces the last firing party as an alien despot who has staked his all, and lost. California's gold rush in 1849 drew thousands of Americans down to this Pacific short cut, which is 400 miles nearer to the U.S. ports than Panama. It was now resolved that no foreign nation should have any control of the interoceanic canal—though the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850 already gave Great Britain joint custody, whether in Nicaragua or Panama.

Needless to say, abrogation of this instrument was provided for in the Senate Bill of 1899, which authorised a canal to be dug in six years across Nicaragua at a cost of \$115,000,000. "I do not admit the dead hand of past

Treaties," Mr. Roosevelt said when the realisation of his life's dream was at hand, and he had switched the Senate over to the Panama route through his powerful friend, Marcus Alonzo Hanna.

But then, neither would President Jefferson admit the "dead hand" of that very Constitution (which he himself had drafted) when America's expansion was toward in a territorial deal with Napoleon, out of which fourteen more States were to be carved. State Secretaries Richard Olney and John Hay set aside British rights successfully, because it has been Britain's policy, ever since Castlereagh's tactful settlement of the bitterness following the war of 1812, to forgo even technical rights in order to maintain friendly relations with the United States.

In 1886 no fewer than nineteen different interoceanic schemes were examined for the Washington Government. The most curious of these was a "ship-railway" across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico, proposed by James B. Eads, the engineer of the big Mississippi bridge at St. Louis. This line, 134 miles long, was to cost only \$50,000,000, and would haul ships of 7-10,000 tons by means of dry-dock cradles clear across the Isthmus from sea to sea. Such transit, Eads contended, would cause no more strain to a laden vessel than she would receive in bad weather in her proper element. But this Mexican project died with its ingenious inventor.

There remained only Panama and Nicaragua. Of the De Lesseps fiasco little need be said here. "The Great Undertaker"—as his hosts of victims came to call the Count—hoped to dig a sea-level canal across the Isthmus in eight years at a cost of £25,000,000 or so. No such orgie of corruption and waste was ever known, save possibly in New York City under William Marcy Tweed.

At one time as much as \$150,000,000 was asked for the derelict assets of the French Canal; the figure came down to \$40,000,000 when it was seen that the United States meant to proceed with the Nicaragua scheme for political as well as financial and economic reasons.

Panama was, of course, a troublesome province of Colombia, and the Government of Bogotá were keen

bargainers. Roosevelt used lurid language to describe them in letters to his friends, including Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Those Colombian Ministers were mere "cut-throats." . . . "The analogy is with a group of Sicilian or Calabrian bandits"; it was Roosevelt, by the way, who first applied this ugly term to all persons, whether public or private, who opposed American aims in the Iberian Republics.

But best of all I like this: "You could no more make an agreement with Colombia's rulers than you could nail red currant jelly to a wall! And the failure to nail jelly to a wall is *not* due to the nail: it is due to the jelly!" Never have I seen these two utterly disparate temperaments so perfectly expressed as by this American hot-head, whom Lodge and Hay so amusingly describe in their letters: "That *wilder verwegener*," writes Hay from London in May, 1898, "has run away from his Navy Department to join a cowboy regiment!"

Roosevelt turned his attention to Nicaragua, and went into all the surveys, especially that of A.G. Menocal in 1889, when work was actually begun under concessions from the Governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The Atlantic end was to be on the lagoon west of Greytown, the Pacific end at Brito, a few miles from San Juan del Sur. But, as usual, hopes were put too high and finances fell too low. Ten years later an American Commission placed twenty working parties on the Nicaraguan line, with 159 civil engineers and 455 labourers. Complete surveys now gave an estimate of \$189,000,000 for this canal, with excavation of 288,000,000 cubic yards of soil. On the Atlantic side there was to be a 46-mile section at sea-level, and at the Pacific end a 12-mile stretch, leaving the central portion of 126 miles at a height of 145 feet above the two oceans, with fourteen locks to control it. It was this latter feature which caused the American Government to hesitate.

And now we approach a singular episode in the political ethics of the United States. After breaking away from Spain, the present five Central American nations formed a single Federation: needless to say, intrigues and feuds broke this up so early as 1838. Five efforts at union led

to a ruinous war; and after that came pacts and promises galore, with the U.S. and Mexico trying to make peace in the Central American barnyard.

One significant conference was held on the American cruiser, *Marblehead*. Beautiful words, Treaties of Amity, neutral zones, new Constitutions—all this "currant jelly" was at long last nailed up as the "Central American Court of Justice"—a sort of League of Nations *in petto*, with the inevitable Andrew Carnegie offering (through Elihu Root) \$100,000 for a suitable Court House in Cartago, Costa Rica. Everything in the Central American garden looked lovely—until a fierce weed sprang up in it in the form of Dictator Zelaya, of Nicaragua. This bold "bandit" hated the United States—just as young Augusto Calderon Sandino does to-day, defying the U.S. Marines in the rocky jungles of Nueva Segovia in the north-west.

Zelaya informed Japan—above all Powers!—that a bid from her for the canal route "would be well received." American plotters were soon at work in the distracted land. Two of these were caught blowing up a Nicaraguan gun-boat, and Zelaya had them executed. Thereupon the outraged Washington Government landed the usual Marines. State Secretary Knox handed the Nicaraguan Minister his passport, remarking how Zelaya "has almost continuously kept Central America in turmoil and tension." Moreover, he was using "a baleful influence upon Honduras, to the detriment of Costa Rica, El Salvador and Guatemala."

By 1912 there were 2,000 U.S. Marines in Nicaragua. Next came the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty of 1916, negotiated with a dummy "Government" in Nicaragua, which three-fourths of the people opposed—a fact which even U.S. officials on the spot attested.

The Bryan-Chamorro Treaty ordained:—

- (1) Supervision of Nicaragua's affairs by the United States.
- (2) The U.S. to be given the right to cut a canal through any section, in return for a sum of \$3,000,000; such money to be spent under the direction of the United States.
- (3) Nicaragua to lease to the U.S. certain strategic islands, as well as the Gulf of Fonseca for fortification and as a naval base.

Great was the uproar when these new drives of the pushful American "Nail" quivered in the fissiparous Iberian

"Jelly." Costa Rica and El Salvador at once brought suit in the new Central American Court. They sought to annul this Treaty, on the ground that Nicaragua had no right to sign away her own sovereignty without consulting her sister nations on the point. Nor was she at liberty to part with the Gulf of Fonseca, which was the common property of Honduras, Salvador and Nicaragua. And lastly, an effective American naval base must entail the emplacement of great guns which would command the territory of both Honduras and Salvador.

By four votes to one these views in a flagrant affair were upheld by the Court of the "Little League." And the sole minority was, of course, the Nicaraguan judge himself! Both the Governments of Nicaragua and Washington—payer and payee in the deal—refused to accept this verdict. And as a result, that Utopian Tribunal of Peace—which the United States herself had proposed and created—ignominiously closed its Carnegie doors on March 15th, 1918.

On the whole, it seems likely that the Nicaragua Canal will soon be begun at sea-level, from Greytown on the Atlantic side to Brito, just north of the Bay of Papagayo on the Pacific, with the 90-mile Lake of Nicaragua and the Rio de San Juan lending themselves admirably to the project. And this time far abler military authorities will have a say than Generals Leonard Wood and George W. Goethals, who were looming figures in the Panama Canal in 1904-14. On the Nicaraguan route is no "moving mountain" like Culebra, no erratic and treacherous river like the Chagres, nor any risk of train-loads of dead labourers from yellow fever on their dismal daily run to the cemetery on Monkey Hill.

With rare prescience the United States has kept a Nicaragua Canal in reserve for nearly ninety years; and since the adverse report of her admirals in 1926, she can know no peace of mind until her interoceanic strategy is made secure against post-War developments in naval ballistics and aerodynamics. After all, her southern frontier no longer rests on the Rio Grande and the shadowy Mexican border of 2,000 miles. At present the southern limit of the United States is the Canal Zone in

Panama, which merges oddly in a new Republic so feeble that its President has had to call in U.S. Marines to quell his city tumults.

Even Venezuela and Colombia are now embraced in "our Isthmian policy." This includes the entire area of the Caribbean Sea and its islands (including the Virgin group, purchased from Denmark in 1916); and it passes westward to the Pacific, where it is hoped to establish a chain of naval stations in due accord with the size and power and requirements of America's new Navy.

The key to this spacious strategy is obviously an interoceanic canal free from all menace of a surprise attack, especially from the air. It is more than doubtful whether the very vulnerable waterway on the Isthmus can ever be so altered as to be made secure from the huge night-bombers which are now produced, and which could instantly destroy the ponderous lock-steps at Gatun, Pedro Miguel and Miraflores.

So far back as 1876 a commission of experts reported unanimously that the Nicaraguan Canal, both in construction and maintenance, had greater advantages and fewer difficulties from engineering, commercial, economic and military points of view, than any other existing route which had been surveyed in detail. All authorities agree upon this; yet a single speech from Marcus Hanna sufficed to convert the President, the Senate, the House and the American people to the then half-made Panama project which militarism has now nullified, as I have shown—much as Sir John Fisher's first Dreadnought nullified the German Emperor's strategic Kiel Canal.

How many people know, by the way, that young Horatio Nelson was ordered by his King in 1780 to head an expedition from Jamaica to seize the Nicaraguan lakes as a sort of key-pass between the two great oceans? Spanish opposition to the future hero of Trafalgar proved feeble enough, but disease was a terrible foe. Of the 200 men who set out with Nelson for the mysterious "Land of the Lakes," only about ten survived; the Captain himself narrowly escaped with his life after a long and enfeebling illness.

The Nicaraguan Canal will be nearly four times as long

as that of Panama; and to cut it at sea-level throughout, with adequate safeguards against aerial attack, will be a costly undertaking. But America has the men and money for this. All that is now needed is national enthusiasm for the work; and this can be induced by publicity and propaganda, in which American primacy is unquestioned. I imagine the Washington bureaucracy stands alone as the owner of a daily newspaper which publishes nothing but the doings of its own departments. These are presented as attractive "stories," designed to impress the masses with the fact that the richest, most populous and powerful of all modern nations is blessed with a Government to which the moving of mountains, or the wedding of sundered oceans is no more than the mere setting in intelligent motion of those dollars which present-day America can calculate in caravans of noughts.

BRITISH TRADE AND INDUSTRY AFTER THE WAR

BY JOHN B. C. KERSHAW

BRITISH trade and industry are still suffering from the after-effects of the war, and from the disastrous labour troubles which in this country have followed in its wake. The working classes here, instead of following the example of their German opponents and settling down to real hard work in order to restore the prosperity of the industries in which they were formerly engaged, have spent the critical years between 1922 and 1927 in labour disputes relating to hours of work and rates of pay. In addition to the handicaps produced by these labour struggles, our home manufacturers and exporters have had to face external difficulties resulting from the changed conditions of foreign trade, especially as regards that with the countries of Europe. The Continent is now divided into no fewer than twenty-nine large and small States, each hedged by a tariff designed expressly to keep out British goods, and to preserve the home market for the new manufactures which have been started during or since the end of the war.

Mr. Lloyd George and the late Mr. Woodrow Wilson, although they certainly helped to win the war, were not equally successful as regards the peace that followed it. The former, by promising an industrial millennium to the working classes here, in defiance of all the teachings of history as to the results of great wars in the past, encouraged directly these labour disputes at home; while Mr. Woodrow Wilson, by the success of his efforts to promote the growth of nationality on this side of the Atlantic, produced a map of Europe which resembles nothing so much as a jigsaw puzzle, and increased tenfold the risks of war and the difficulties of carrying on trade between the thirty odd countries into which Europe is now divided. When one considers the difficulties of the position it is, indeed, remarkable that British manufacturers have

managed to maintain their works and factories in fairly regular operation during these trying years. It is characteristic of politics, however, that the leaders of the Labour and Liberal Parties should now be attempting to score politically from a position which they themselves have created, and are blaming the present Government for the slow recovery of many of our staple industries from the depression which has reigned in them since 1921.

It is useful, therefore, to recall the fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, before vacating office in 1924, had appointed a Departmental Committee to enquire into the conditions and prospects of British industry, with special reference to the difficulties of our export trade. The Report of this Committee, entitled "A Survey of Overseas Markets," appeared in July, 1925, and the following extract from the Introductory Memorandum shows that it contains some notable facts and admissions relating to the difficulties which have followed from the remodelling of the map of Europe at the Treaty of Versailles:—

Although in individual cases industries artificially encouraged may fail, it is impossible to expect that the general tendency towards the growth of local manufacture will be reversed or slow down, inasmuch as it is based on the inevitable desire of progressive countries to achieve some degree of diversification in their industries, and not to remain entirely dependent on the production of food and raw materials. The impulse given by the war did but reinforce this tendency, and opened men's eyes to possibilities of local development which it might otherwise have taken years to discover.

The most obvious and immediate effect on British trade and on international trade in general is, of course, a restrictive one. Goods that formerly found a ready sale in a particular market are now wholly or partially excluded by the competition of the locally produced article, under the protection of an Import Tariff. If this were the whole story, the future of British Overseas trade would indeed be a gloomy one. But there are certain partial compensations which, though less immediate and evident, may in the long run be of great importance to British traders, provided always that their methods and organisation are sufficiently flexible to be capable of adaptation to new and varying conditions and opportunities.

It does not necessarily follow that International trade as a whole will shrink, but its local distribution will necessarily be affected, and concurrently with this geographical rearrangement, there will probably be a continuous trend or shift towards the importation of the higher qualities and more distinctive classes of goods, i.e., towards goods the production of which depends on special skill or local condition.

It is a rather curious coincidence that the first article contributed by the writer to this review,¹ over thirty years ago, should have dealt with another Special Report upon British Export Trade, compiled by Sir Robert Giffen and Sir Courtenay Boyle, and entitled "Comparative Statistics of Population, Industry and Commerce in the United Kingdom and Some Foreign Countries." This Report had been prepared because the publication in 1896 of a small book *Made in Germany* had thoroughly disturbed the public mind concerning the progress made by German and other foreign manufacturers in the home and colonial markets. Had the British public been ready at the date when this Report was published to adopt the remedy which the writer was one of the first to advocate it is highly probable that we should have been spared to-day the recurrence of the industrial problems of 1897, and that we should not now be experiencing the burden of the maintenance of one million unemployed and an export trade that is not expanding sufficiently rapidly to provide work for our growing population.

However, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's support for a fiscal policy designed especially to promote trade within the Empire, the electorate of the country declined decisively at the General Election of 1906 to proceed along the path of development which he had mapped out for them, and it may be admitted that much has happened in the twenty-two years that have elapsed since that election was fought to render progress along this path more difficult at the present time. There is certainly food for thought, however, in the fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should have thought it necessary in 1924 to appoint another Special Committee to report on the unsatisfactory condition of our export trade, for it indicates that, even after the lapse of thirty years, we have not yet solved the problem of combining our inherited policy of Free Trade with the healthy development of our home industries.

Some figures may be given here for the declared values

(1) "The Future of British Trade." THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, November, 1897.

and the volumes of our export trade for the years 1900 to 1914 and from 1921 to 1927, since these illustrate the seriousness of our present position as an exporting country. The figures are gathered together in two tables, the first giving quinquennial averages and the other the annual figures for the separate years from 1920 to 1927. Examining Table I, we find that up to the outbreak of the war the value of our export trade increased from 283 millions to 465 millions, and that the corresponding averages for the five years 1921 to 1925 753 millions, and from 1923 to 1927 740 millions. These totals might be considered quite satisfactory if they represented similar increases in the volume of our export trade. Unfortunately they do not, and when the necessary corrections

TABLE I.
BRITISH EXPORT TRADE BEFORE AND SINCE THE END OF THE WAR.
(Quinquennial Averages.) In Millions of £s.

Years.	Declared Value.	Value at Prices ruling in 1910 to 1914.
1900-1904	283	331
1905-1909	370	403
1910-1914	465	465
1921-1925	753	453
1923-1927	740	467

are made for the rise in prices we find that the volume of our export trade for the period 1921 to 1925 was actually lower than before the war, and that only once, namely, in 1923, have the figures for the volume of the export trade been much above the pre-war total. The actual figures for the value and volume of our export trade for each year from 1920-27 are given in Table II on the next page. The disappointing totals for the past two years (1926-27) are, of course, due partly to the disastrous effects of the general strike and of the coal-mining lock-out of the first-named year, but even when allowance is made for these causes the expansion of our export trade is still too slow to be considered satisfactory.

It is imperative, therefore, that some steps should be taken to increase this branch of our trade, and that much

greater attention should be given to methods of helping our manufacturers to reduce their production costs, in order to meet the competition which they are experiencing in the home and colonial markets, especially from Germany and America. The Government policy for dealing with the problem has been set forth in recent speeches by Mr. Baldwin, by Mr. Churchill, and by Mr. Amery, and, in brief, consists in reducing as far as possible the burdens of taxation and in giving all possible help to the encouragement of trade within the Empire and to schemes of assisted emigration to Canada and Australia. The following extract from a speech made by Mr. Amery in the House of Commons on March 16th indicates what the

TABLE II.
BRITISH EXPORT TRADE FOR THE SEPARATE YEARS 1920-1927.
In Millions of £s.

Year.	Declared Value.	Value at Prices ruling in 1910 to 1914.
1920	1,334	438
1921	703	375
1922	720	453
1923	767	491
1924	801	476
1925	773	469
1926	652	429
1927	709	468

Government policy is likely to be when it is placed before the electors at the next General Election :—

In the Colonies, especially in Africa, there was a situation where trade development was essentially complementary; for the Colonies produced tropical raw materials which could not be produced in this country, nor, to a large extent, in any of the Dominions, and, in return, they took our manufactures. Our trade with these Colonies had been developing very remarkably in recent years; and we now send every year eighty million pounds worth of British goods, almost entirely manufactured, to these markets.

As regards the self-governing Dominions, although their industrial development might to some extent check the direct trade in manufactured goods, under a system of *General Empire co-operation*, it might very well be accompanied by a great enhancement of triangular trade. To a large extent, the means for development are in the hands of the Governments themselves; and there had never been a time in which the promotion of the all-round development of our tropical Empire had taken place so

rapidly and so effectively as to-day. It was a development based on the development of the natives themselves, side by side with development of scientific agriculture, transport, and so on, and it was having a direct effect on the trade of this country. Such preferences as we have been able to give had been of immense value, and there was also the question of learning more about the course of Empire trade, and of acting in the directions of improved marketing, publicity and research, which would all have the effect of a greater voluntary preference. The issue is not one of Free Trade or Protection, for in the development of a great area such as the British Empire with unlimited resources, neither of these came in directly. What they were concerned with was a heritage of immense value and the practical ways and means of developing it.

In order to illustrate more fully the points raised by Mr. Amery's speech, figures are given in Table III showing the value of our export trade with each one of the self-governing Dominions and with the Colonies and Protec-

TABLE III.
EXPORTS OF THE PRODUCTS AND MANUFACTURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

British Countries.	1913.	1923.	1924.	1925.
	£	£	£	£
British India	70,273,221	86,246,488	90,577,148	86,047,757
Australia	34,471,269	57,699,700	60,759,614	60,169,330
Irish Free State	—	24,639,242	47,296,605	40,217,350
South Africa	22,184,818	27,733,483	30,270,575	30,570,821
Canada	23,794,935	27,557,591	27,993,586	27,553,090
New Zealand	10,837,987	20,695,679	20,333,219	23,072,583
Straits Settlements...	7,174,975	8,608,487	9,462,617	13,564,955
Nigeria	3,734,126	6,462,246	6,112,704	8,661,388
Hong Kong	4,354,222	6,644,921	8,554,434	5,109,808
Ceylon	4,185,184	3,763,585	4,309,994	5,038,570
Gold Coast	1,876,941	3,810,253	3,398,832	4,097,257
Kenya Colony	1,184,643	1,929,970	2,809,512	3,759,969
Iraq	—	3,952,470	3,695,464	4,371,031
Total to British Countries	£195,311,399	£300,602,626	£337,464,161	£335,114,162
Total to Foreign Countries	£329,942,196	£466,655,145	£463,502,676	£438,266,540
Total to All Countries	£525,253,595	£767,257,771	£800,966,837	£773,380,702
Percentages	37.0	39.2	42.1	43.3

FOOTNOTE.—The Totals in 1926 are not given since all figures for that year were affected by the coal-mining troubles; and the detailed figures for 1927 are not yet published. The total exports to British Countries in 1927, however, amounted to £326,650,000 and to Foreign Countries to £382,454,000, giving a total of £709,104,000 and a percentage to British Countries of 46.0.

torates of the British Empire for the years 1923, 1924 and 1925, compared with the trade of the last completed year before the war. In 1913 31 per cent. of our exports went to European countries, while the trade with the Overseas Dominions and Colonies accounted for 37 per cent. of the balance. In the year 1925 the relative percentages were 22 per cent. and 43.3 per cent., which shows that a very striking change has occurred in the relative values of our European and Empire trade.

Examining the figures in Table III more closely it will be seen that British India is still our best market, followed closely by Australia, and at a considerable distance by the Irish Free State, South Africa and Canada. When one considers trade expansion, however, apart from the total value of the trade, Australia and New Zealand of the self-governing Dominions show the most notable progress, and it is to these distant countries that we must look for compensation for the loss of our trade in Europe. Some further effort will be required, however, on the part of British manufacturers if they are to retain their leading position in these overseas markets, even when helped by the preferences granted in Australia and New Zealand to goods of British manufacture or origin. In the year 1923 the United States, the Dutch East Indies, Japan and France between them supplied over 27 per cent. of Australia's imports, whereas their share of this trade before the war amounted only to 10 per cent., while British manufacturers and exporters are barely holding their own with a percentage of 63.8. A similar position is revealed when the figures of the New Zealand import trade are examined, for the United States have increased their percentage (of New Zealand's imports) from 9.5 in 1913 to 16 in 1923, and our own share of this trade has fallen away from 82.4 per cent. to 73.4 per cent. British manufacturers and exporters will have to bestir themselves, therefore, if they wish to retain their dominating position in the market of this our most distant Overseas Dominion. That such an effort is worth while from the British manufacturers' point of view is proved by the

figures given below, showing that the expenditure per head upon British goods in New Zealand is higher than in any other part of the Empire. Sir James A. Cooper, K.B.E., in a recent address on the subject of Empire Development, which was delivered in Glasgow in December, 1927, estimated that the buying capacity per head for the year ending September 30th, 1927, was as follows:—New Zealand, £13 16s. 3d.; Australia, £10 5s. 11d.; South Africa, £4 7s. 11d.; Canada, £2 19s. 1d.

Many readers of this article will be surprised to find that Canada, when considered from the British manufacturers' standpoint, is such a disappointing member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, but if one turns to the figures of our import and export trade with Canada we shall find that in recent years their purchases of our goods have been considerably less than half the value of our own purchases of Canadian produce.

When the map of North America is studied, however, and one realises the comparative ease with which the American manufacturer can transport his products into Canada, it is not so surprising to learn that America controls or monopolises 67.4 per cent. of Canada's import trade, and that our own proportion (in 1924) was only 21.8 per cent., and was lower than before the war. In view of these figures it is questionable whether it is wise to spend the larger proportion of the moneys devoted to emigration upon assisted passages to Canada, for the families sent out in this way would benefit trade and industry in this country much more if they were sent to South Africa, Australia or New Zealand, where the purchases of British goods per head of the population are double or treble those of the Canadian settler. The fact that Canada is our nearest Dominion, and that, therefore, the cost of transport for these people is lower than to any other part of the Empire, should not be allowed to blind our eyes to the fact that in settling our surplus population in Canada we are helping American manufacturers more than we are helping our own. The usual Free Trade argument that what benefits America will ultimately benefit this country is quite fallacious, for

the United States tariff is expressly designed to check the flow of goods from this country into America, which could alone make this possible.

From the British manufacturers' point of view, however, the countries which are most worth attention at the present moment are Nigeria, the Gold Coast and the Central African Protectorate of Kenya Colony, since in these tropical portions of the Empire developments are occurring at an extremely rapid pace, and it is expected that in a few years' time the total value of their external trade will amount to well over fifty million pounds per annum.

The above rapid survey of the extent and growth of our trade with the self-governing Dominions and with our Colonies since the end of the war may be considered by some to show quite satisfactory results; but it is necessary again to emphasise the fact that in India, Australia, South Africa and Canada we are losing ground, and that America is trying hard to capture our trade in these countries. What is happening in our older overseas possessions will certainly happen, in time, in the colonies and protectorates now undergoing development, unless exceptional means are taken to preserve these markets for goods and products of British manufacture. It is also well to recognise, before the next General Election takes place, that the two parties which are in opposition to the Government intend to make political capital and use of the depressed state of many of our home industries, and are certain to criticise in strong language what they consider to be the apathy and indifference of the present Government in dealing with the problem of the unemployed. In view of this attitude the writer considers that it would be wise for the Government spokesmen to give a much clearer lead to the electors on this subject, and to adopt a bold policy for the development of Empire trade upon lines which will bring relief to our more heavily handicapped industries.

Lord Melchett, who deserves the thanks of the whole country for the initial success he has achieved in his efforts to bring about an improvement of the relations between capital and labour, has indicated the lines upon which, in

his opinion, the development of our Empire ought to proceed, and has stated that the prosperity of the working classes in this country, and the very existence of the British Empire itself, is dependent upon the organisation of the latter as a distinct and separate economic unit.

Sir James A. Cooper, in the address quoted above, has discussed the same problem—and the following extracts indicate the lines upon which, in his opinion, the resources of the Empire might be more fully made use of:—

If we start with a clear recognition that Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa have definitely decided to establish secondary industries, and that we have given them full power to do so; and that having the power to do what they consider best in their national interest, we recognise that each in turn has adopted a settled policy of protection for its native industries, it might perhaps be possible by consultation and by patient research and good will to make progress in a mutually helpful direction. . . .

As the Dominions are our partners, they would, I feel sure, agree to take stock with us of our present position—and might agree to endeavour to settle boldly and on broad lines the relationship which is to exist between our manufacturers and theirs. Some at least of the industries of the Dominions cannot, under present conditions, be efficient; and we are not using our Empire resources to the best advantage if the result is to increase the cost to the local consumer or to curtail legitimate consumption.

Sir James Cooper then suggests that the fiscal policy, which has been adopted by the Government of India, might well be extended to all parts of the Empire, and he gives the following principles as those which should guide the decisions of a Fiscal Policy Board, representing the whole of the countries which make up the British Commonwealth:—

(a) No industry should be protected which does not possess natural advantages, such as an abundant supply of raw material, cheap power, sufficient supply of labour, and a large home market.

(b) No industry should be protected which would be unlikely to develop at all without protection, or would develop so slowly as to be of little use to the country.

(c) No industry should be protected which will not be able eventually to face world competition when protection is withdrawn.

These were the principles upon which the Commission appointed by the Government of India, in 1921-22, drew up the policy of "discriminating protection," which has

been adopted by that country, and Sir James Cooper urges, at the close of his address, that a representative body of great leaders of manufacturers of commerce should be called together here, to consider whether or no a scheme on these lines should be prepared and placed before the representatives of the Empire at the next Imperial Conference. The writer is quite in favour of this suggestion, and possibly the delays which would be involved in selecting representatives and calling together a special conference for discussion of the proposal could be avoided by adding the subject of *Empire trade* to the list of those which are now under discussion by Lord Melchett's Committee. Any recommendations made by this representative body to the next Imperial Conference would certainly receive most serious attention, and much time would be saved if this course were adopted.

In any case, it is important that, before the General Election, the Government should give a clear indication of the course they intend to adopt with regard to the resolutions on preferences within the Empire, which was passed at the Imperial Conference held in 1923, but have not yet been acted upon. They should also state whether, in their opinion, the time is ripe for the adoption of Lord Melchett's and of Sir James Cooper's schemes for the development of the British Empire as *one economic unit*, rather than as a group of independent states, each having an economic policy of its own, and applying this with little reference to the claims or needs of the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

THE FOUNTAIN UNDER GILBOA

BY LOUIS GOLDING

To the Western traveller in Palestine the first Jewish colony he alights upon is something more than a collection of wooden shacks or stone houses, as the case may be, threaded with water-pipes, flanked by outhouses, topped by cisterns and grain-elevators. Obviously he may meet settlements like these, more comfortable or less, in the backwoods and waste places of any new country between Australia and Alaska. But Palestine is not a new country. It is an ancient, an exhausted, country. The backwoodsman on the Gold Coast has a simple enough proposition to tackle. He must make his holding work. Sometimes the actual physical job he has set himself up against is more desperate than anything the Palestinian has to tackle (though it is possible that certain of the tasks undertaken by the Jews in malarial marshes and upon salty dunes are actually as formidable as any in the lands of virgin colonisation). If the backwoodsman does not make his holding work, he is either ruined or will pack his traps up and trek further.

But if the Jewish colonist whom the traveller comes upon in Palestine is ruined—I take him generically for the moment—then the greatest opportunity is ruined which history has afforded his race. I would not care to speculate what the effect would be of this failure upon the race itself. The race seems impervious to ruin. But it seems arguable that the consummation which Tiglath-Peleser and Haman, Titus and Torquemada, failed to achieve might follow upon a blow aimed by the race itself at its own heart. It is possible that the conditions under which the experiment is being initiated and will be for a time continued are of such a nature that the experiment is doomed to failure—those conditions external to the race, I mean, such as the complex of political relationships in which the Jewish experiment is nothing more than one of the hundred constituent elements. I mean also the domestic problem

involved by the established existence in this country of a large population with entirely different instincts and standards. Such conditions as these may doom the experiment to failure. Or the essential character of the Jewish race, which may, during the two thousand years in which it has not occupied this country, have totally unfitted itself for such an occupation a second time.

Whatever the cause of failure might be, it might be questioned whether the race itself could survive it with the ancient vitality, or even survive at all for long. Acute diplomacy and hard manual labour, united with every sort of moral and spiritual fervour, would all have been exercised and all have proved fruitless. A nucleus of piety might persist for a time, believing as of old in the personal intervention of Jehovah and the physical appearance of a Messiah, but this, too, would slowly bleed to death. Or it would petrify into a curiosity, like the Joanna Southcott Christians or the Samaritans of Nablus. It would not have the intellectual and spiritual prestige which would hold together the elements scattered throughout every city in every country. During a certain century or the century after there would be no Jews. It would not be relevant here to decide whether this might be fortunate or unfortunate. I cannot help feeling it would be very dull.

Hence the first Jewish colony he alights upon is something more to the traveller than its crude self, though its crude self is a gallant enough proposition. Its inhabitants have set themselves the task of making into a fat land a region which antiquity itself had almost exhausted, a region which has been sterilised by the residence there during a thousand years of the most spiritless of earth's husbandmen. But, as I have tried to indicate, it is more than merely a problem in agricultural economy. It is more than the old Jerusalem those colonists are pursuing. It is the new Jerusalem they have set their hearts on. They are the womb out of which the new Jerusalem must be delivered. Whether this city will again occupy that same region which ancient awe has already hallowed, or whether it shall be a city standing up against the sea, towards which the outskirts of a Haifa, a Tel Aviv, are at this moment

blindly reaching like roots or waters that are some day to burst into some unexpected blossom or fountain—who shall decide, saving these stalwart men whose sole present duty seems to plough the land apportioned to them and hew out the quarries. Or whether the new Jerusalem shall be a city in a sense of which we have no conception now, being a thing not assembled block by block and house against house, like a sweaty crowd clamped shoulder to shoulder, but a thing diffused across tracts of greenery and air, held in coherence by modes of transit and transport of which we have dimmest inklings now—these are the issues to be decided by these men. They are the kingly architects, though the houses they dwell in are put together out of cheap yellow pine and roofed by corrugated iron. They are the Jewish cardinals in conclave at their Vatican whose jerkins of coarse cloth are costlier than samite and ermine.

It was with some such consciousness that we found ourselves approaching the colony of Ain Charod, which is a *Krutzah*, a communal group, in the Valley of Esdraelon. The toneless sun of *khamzin* lay upon the morose crags; the sparse olives held out their leaves stiffly, like metal sculpture. The accidents of the landscape were eliminated in that unifying air. They had no contours which were not majestic. On the projecting branch of a holm-oak perched a black and white stork, solitary, the genius of that evening, presenting impartially the Yea or Nay, the Life or Death, which it is for them who plough the thin furrows of Esdraelon to choose, affirm and establish.

We had descended from the last low hills of Samaria. We lurched over a region of no tracks. The arid unfructified earth humped itself into a mound of uneven desolation. So lamentable it seemed that the mean beasts of the desert—jackal and hyena and the hatchet-jawed lizard—might have spurned it, sooner seeking out for themselves rifts in solid rock, which is earth's own proud substance, than permit their homes to be in a dump of mud, so lousy and forlorn.

And the name of this place was Jezreel, and the dwellers therein were the choosers of Nay between Yea and Nay, of

Death between Life and Death. They had been worshippers of Astarte once, and four hundred priests ministered to them. Here Ahab built his ivory house and Jezebel flaunted her painted cheeks. The dwellers in these hovels sit among their rags, their blind eyes turned inward upon a chamber darker than dark nights. They are the impassive agents of sterility, as the priests of Astarte were its active agents, resolving it into ritual and formula. Furtive daughters of Astarte and Jezebel! The car heaved round upon a huddled group of girls, raking them with the beams of the head lights. Their eyes were large with terror and disbelief. For ten seconds their eyes did not blink. Then suddenly the pitiful creatures ducked and sped wildly away with a low windy cackling.

I could never henceforth see the Arab villagers of Palestine without recalling this picture of the wide-eyed girls of Jezreel scuttling away from the stern and steady lights of the car. I saw their wide eyes time and again. As, for instance, in the red lands that lie behind Jaffa at a point where the fields of an Arab peasant and a Jewish *Krutzah* march side by side. The Arab and his Jewish neighbours were ploughing their fields. The Arab proceeded to yoke to his camel the curved root of a tree. So his ancestors had ploughed his fields for countless generations. The Jews put into gear a motor tractor of a size and efficiency such as I had never witnessed before, any more than the Arab, for I, too, am used to territories no more enormous than the comely farmlands of England, and this was the sort of enginery with which the Americans subdue the Middle Western continent. As the motor tractor thrust itself forth and down with the clangour of five express trains, I saw in the eyes of that little Arab peasant precisely the same terror and disbelief as I saw in Jezreel that night. The next day, as we passed through Jezreel again, the maidens came forward timidly to touch the bonnet of the car. So, too, I saw the Arab peasant a little time later fingering tremulously the levers of the motor tractor. It may be that the daughters of those maidens of Jezreel will themselves establish a garage over the foundations of Jezebel's watch-tower, and that that

Arab peasant himself will cast aside his wooden plough and request the offices of the motor tractor for half a morning. A garage is less picturesque than a mud-hovel and a motor tractor than a wooden plough. But the first is less lousy and the second more efficient. There is nothing to be done about it.

Between Jezreel of the Arabs and Ain Charod of the Jews there is only a faint track at present, though the citizens of both are related in Abraham. The day is not far distant, I trust, when there will be a highroad; for if Jezreel has been dying there for so long and is not dead yet, the only hope for Palestine is that Jezreel shall be duly reckoned with. And if it has taken so long for Ain Charod to be born, and the infant is kicking so lustily despite this protracted parturition, Ain Charod also must be duly reckoned with. And a highroad must be set down between the mud hovels and the wooden barracks. By that time goodly houses in stone or brick may have taken the places of the hovels and the barracks equally.

That night we found it difficult enough to keep to the track between Jezreel and Ain Charod, if track there is. The whole inertia of the land seemed sullenly to oppose us. Stones clanked indignantly up against our wings. Tall whip-like grasses struck us. We thrust our radiator into deep pits or endangered our axle upon meaningless cairns. The inertia of the land, left inert so long, resented us. This was a country of Islam, of submission. What impiety was this that came out of the West? The Crusaders were bad enough, but they were in the tradition, at least. They came with pikes and lances, with vats of boiling lead, to win Jerusalem. But who were these later Crusaders who came to win Jerusalem with tractors and threshing machines? Who? Who? Clear above the labouring engine came the petulant hoot of an owl.

But the lights in the colony of Ain Charod shone imperturbably, blocked out against the hillside of Gilboa. So we lurched and stumbled over the barrenness, recognising in these lights not merely a beacon to us benighted wanderers in Esdraelon, but a beacon to wanderers in the tortuous alleys of Vienna and Whitechapel, a beacon that outshone for jaded eyes the blind lights of Broadway.

And of a sudden woods were about us, and the coolness that is in woods even upon the days of *kham'sin*. There was the sound of water also, and this was the Well of Charod where Gideon was encamped over against the Midianites, and, bidding his troops drink, chose out of them those that drank decently and alertly. He chose three hundred men. The colonists of Ain Charod are three hundred at this day. They are not less potent for the further history of Israel.

Two young men came forward to meet us, seeing our lights and hearing our engines, as we swung out of the eucalyptus grove. One of these limped, for he had a wooden leg. He had lost his own fighting in the Jewish Legion, in Palestine here, against the Turks. It seemed to me appropriate and touching that it should be upon Jewish land that he must henceforth stump on his wooden leg, in the country where he had himself suffered grievous loss, and his brother had his head shot from his shoulders. It was Jewish land in Palestine, for the purchase of which the halfpennies of little seamstresses no less than the thousands of rich merchants had been contributed. It was a purchase effected under the sanction of England, with the assembled nations agreed upon that sanction. The young soldier of the Jews had been luckier than others. They had removed his leg from the groin, but Fate had afforded him great consolation. His companion came forward, blinking through spectacles, and with more than a hint of bent back and stooping shoulders. Though he follow the plough another score or two score years his shoulders will never be quite straightened. Once for days and nights, almost without pause, he studied physics and chemistry in his small attic. He passed his degrees with gold medals. But he heard Gideon's water calling under the flank of Gilboa, and he swept his papers aside and came over to be one of the new three hundred. His shoulders will never be straight; but I saw his small boy in the kindergarten next day, and heaven knows that all the nurseries of Eton house no small child with straighter limbs.

We dropped our kit in the lame soldier's hut. It contained two trestle beds beside his own, a small table, a

rickety chair, and a soap-box. We washed in a bowl of Gideon's water, having resisted the temptation, thirsty though we were, of crouching down and lapping up the water before we washed in it. We were in time for supper, they told us, at the communal dining-hall. The same soldier was a student no less than a physicist, as we gathered from the heap of abstruse German volumes of sociology by his bedside. We went over to the hall and it took us no long time to discover that our neighbours, both men and women, at the long, bare table where we sat down, were also people of education. The tables were equipped with basins of black bread in chunks and bowls of sugar, where the flies settled, despite the switches of grass suspended from the roof-beams to lure them. The switches were already over-populated. On each table was placed a rough wooden trestle to hold a teapot. There can be no larger teapots in the world than the teapots of Ain Charod, for tea is the drink of the colonists. It is, indeed, the supreme drink of Palestine. Tea not with lemon, in what is mistakenly considered, outside Russia, to be the Russian mode—but pure tea, tea with large lumps of fly-blown sugar, tea copious enough to float Noah's Ark. A dish of soft boiled carrot supplemented the chunks of black bread and the tea. This was the complete evening meal of the three hundred, after a more than twelve-hour day of sweltering heat in cowshed and tilth land. Their sole luxury was yesterday's paper, which was brought in during the meal. They fingered it, glanced avidly up and down its columns, not so much for its own sake, though the *Davar* is an intelligent and well-conducted journal, but because it was print, it had affinity with books and learning, with the culture they had forsworn.

Now I do not wish to suggest that the majority of the Jewish colonists in Palestine, or even the greater number of the three hundred in Ain Charod, are graduates and artists who have thrown exalted careers aside in order to hew wood and draw water. A fair proportion of them are precisely of the same intellectual and social order as gentile colonists might be; though in the nature of things these are rather tailors and carpenters by origin than farm

labourers and bargees. But that was not my predominant impression in Ain Charod. And time after time, during my wanderings among the Jewish colonies, I found myself confronted by men and women with precisely those fine brows and eyes which distinguish the Jewish lawyers, artists, organisers who, with an almost discouraging persistency, are everywhere found at the head of their professions.

It is not my intention to plaster the heads of the colonists with a rose-pink nimbus. They are too busy with hose-pipes and shovels to attitudinise with the palms of martyrdom. And they have a sense of humour. They are something more than martyrs, by which is meant witnesses. They are themselves performers. And seeing that they are doing that which they would each and all have given a limb to do, during those two thousand years of exile, they call less for pity than for envy.

Yet they sacrifice much. That is their chief privilege. All of them, the men of rare and ordinary minds equally, sacrifice to the children whatsoever ease and comfort is to be wrung from these stubborn acres. Whilst they themselves sleep on hard trestles and feed on black crusts, their children sleep and feed like little lordlings. The children are not pampered, of course, but if their parents must go on short commons, they know nothing of it. The future is with them. They are the future. That more than any other is the religion of the older ones. There are no heretics.

It is not extraordinary that parents should make sacrifices for their children, and it would not be worth speaking of if the discrepancy between the conditions of the elders and the children were not everywhere so startling. It is possible, even, that it will not be found economically feasible to maintain the children in such ideal and comparatively expensive circumstances. But the impression I received that night in Ain Charod, which was to be frequently corroborated elsewhere, was of a rarer sort of sacrifice. For these men sacrificed something more than creature comforts on behalf of a vaster company than their own children. They sacrificed scholarship, the arts, their own essential spiritual selves, to become hewers of wood

and drawers of water. They have gone further than even the writer, Chesterton, demanded, a critic not sympathetic with them and their cause. He would have their cause tested, he writes, "not by whether Jews can climb to the top of the ladder, but whether they can remain at the bottom; not by whether they have a hundred arts of becoming important, but whether they have any skill in the art of remaining insignificant. A Jewish State will not be a success when the Jews in it are successful, or even when the Jews in it are statesmen. It will be a success when the Jews in it are scavengers, when the Jews in it are sweeps, when they are dockers and ditchers and porters and hodmen."

But the colonists in Palestine have done more, I say, than Mr. Chesterton asked of them. It might be easy to remain at the bottom of the ladder, but these doctors and lawyers and musicians of Ain Charod have thrown themselves there. And if they have been capable of putting aside those talents which the conditions under which they have existed for twenty centuries have bred and sharpened in them, the worthy writer need not fear that under the natural conditions out of which the dockers and ditchers of his own race are born, the dockers and ditchers of Palestine will be born also, generation upon generation.

It was not far from here that Jacob pillowed his head upon a stone and saw the angels ascending and descending the ladder slung between earth and heaven. Now in Ain Charod I had a vision of coarser creatures than angels, who did no more than descend a ladder, and the ladder was not Jacob's, but Mr. Chesterton's. And having descended, they lustily dug and trenched and irrigated the land at the foot of the ladder. And clover grew and wheat grew and other crops in their season. And the flowers of clover and the ears of wheat did not glitter like the stars at the summit of Jacob's ladder. But the cattle of Esdraelon browsed among the clover and the ovens of Ain Charod made the wheat into bread. And the Jewish dockers and ditchers and porters and hodmen washed down the wheat of Esdraelon with draughts from the fountain of Gideon.

A PRISON IN SPAIN

BY STACY AUMONIER

THE winter before last I spent four months in the South of Spain; most of the time up in a little villa in the hills at the back of the city of Malaga. Three or four times a week I had occasion to go into the city, and I could neither ride nor walk there without passing the municipal prison. I don't know how it is, but even now, although I never went inside it, the sight of that prison still haunts me, and I believe it always will. It was a formidable looking structure. Most prisons that I have seen have been tucked away out of sight or entirely hidden by outside walls, but about the prison of Malaga there is something intimate and menacing. It is set down right in the heart of a densely populated, squalid neighbourhood, and, in spite of its utterly impregnable appearance, its circumference is patrolled night and day by soldiers armed with carbines. I have always been interested in prisons and questions of prison conduct and reform, and I have been all over several English prisons. When, therefore, I found myself in such close and frequent proximity to this Spanish prison I felt a great desire to inspect it. But I have to confess that after three months' endeavours, during which time I tried every channel and influence I could command, I failed. This was particularly galling, as I knew that certain people had managed to get over the prison, and I have no doubt in my mind as to how they did manage it. Spain is a democratic country; that is to say, anybody can have anything—if they have got enough money to pay for it. I found, however, that there was a strong prejudice against my visiting the prison for two reasons—(a) I was English; (b) I was one of "these writing people." And one influential resident, who had done his best to get me permission, told me confidentially that "the authorities were, as a matter of fact, a little ashamed of the prison."

This statement only excited my interest the more, and although I never succeeded in entering it, I gathered so

much information about it that in the end I began to think that I really had. And my vision of it was further accentuated by the strange story an Englishman told me. He was the only Englishman I met who had been inside the prison, and his description was all the more valuable in that his visit to the prison had not been of a voluntary nature! As he is still a highly respected resident of Malaga I will not mention his name, but for the purposes of narrative I will call him Mr. Collins.

Mr. Collins is the managing director of a big red ochre works in Malaga. He is a very tall man, well over six feet, with a dominating personality; one of those men who bang on tables and monopolise the conversation in whatever company they happen to be. Incidentally, of course, he speaks Spanish fluently.

Well, one evening in June—this must be four years ago—Mr. Collins was driving his car homewards. He had just reached the outskirts of the city when he had the misfortune to knock over a young girl. He stopped the car and jumped out. Finding that she was rather badly hurt and unconscious, he picked her up, put her in the car, and drove her to the hospital. Having handed her over to the authorities he produced a card and was about to depart. An official, however, appeared, and with many apologies said that he must request him to wait for a little while. He was shown into a small room, and he heard the key turn in the lock! Nearly forty minutes elapsed before the door opened again, when the superintendent of the hospital himself appeared, accompanied by an inspector of police, and two civil guards! The superintendent was courtesy itself. He made every kind of profound apology, but explained that by a law of Spain Mr. Collins would have to be detained until the hospital doctors certified that the girl was out of danger. There was no doctor in the hospital at that moment who was qualified to give any such certificate. In other words, he regretted to say that Mr. Collins would have to go to the municipal prison until some higher authority released him.

There being nothing for it Mr. Collins offered the use of his car, which was gladly accepted, and so he drove

himself to prison, accompanied by the three officers of the law. Having garaged the car close by he was taken before the governor. The governor of the prison was even more courteous than the superintendent of the hospital. He gave him a cigarette, and apologised profusely for all the inconvenience and discomfort the prisoner might be put to, but he explained that the laws were very strict. He was not empowered to treat one prisoner differently from the others, however distinguished they might be, or however fleeting the nature of their visit.

However, after a little more discussion he agreed that certain small concessions might be made in the case of a *caballero* of such high social standing as Mr. Collins. He would not, for instance, insist upon him spending the night in one of "the cages." He might sleep alone in the central patio. He might even have a bed sent in from an hotel. He could, of course, certainly have his meals sent in from an hotel. If he desired it he might make use of the telephone in the office, although the governor made it quite clear that the use of the same could make very little difference. The prisoner must inevitably spend the night in the prison, for having once been admitted he could only be released on the order of one of the three leading magistrates of the city, and God in heaven alone might know their whereabouts at that time of night. Mr. Collins was duly thankful for these privileges, of all of which he availed himself. Having given instructions about his bed and his dinner, he turned to the telephone, and after considerable difficulty he got through to one of the chief criminal lawyers in Malaga, whom he fortunately knew, and who had worked for him in certain matters regarding his own business. He explained the matter fully to him, and after making urgent representations for prompt action he hung up the receiver and placed himself at the disposal of the prison authorities.

It was then that he learnt the meaning of the governor's reference to "the cages." The prison was built, like most Spanish and Arab buildings, round a central patio. In this case the patio was just a prison yard in an indescribable state of filth. It was by this time past ten o'clock, and the prisoners had been shut into their cages

for some time. There were six of these cages, each holding fifty prisoners. A "cage," indeed, was the only name that could have been applied to them. They had three solid stone walls with no windows, a stone ceiling and a stone floor. The fourth side was a thick iron grille, with a padlocked iron door opening on to the central patio. Collins said that the night was intensely sultry and, he was glad to say, fairly dark. He wandered around the patio and peered into the cages, but the smell emanating from them was almost overpowering. He felt intensely grateful for the privilege of sleeping in the open. After a time, feeling a little emboldened by his sense of security from actual contact with his fellow prisoners, he went up to one of the cages and called into it. An idea had occurred to Mr. Collins. He wondered whether by chance a fellow countryman might be in one of these poisonous holes. After a minute or so he said that he saw three or four weird figures advance towards the door of the cage. They were all stark naked. He spoke to them and asked whether by any chance there happened to be a poor devil of a Britisher amongst them. He found it extremely difficult to get them to understand him. He discovered afterwards that the majority of them were gypsies, or they spoke some patois far removed from Andalusian. Moreover, owing to their confinement and the vile nature of their treatment they were either mentally deficient, or little removed from animals. They stood there scratching themselves and jibbering at him. He learnt also that the prisoners in these cages are given nothing in the way of mattresses. They sleep on the stone. If one has money he may buy a mattress when he goes in, but it is a doubtful advantage, for the mattress has a way of attracting all the vermin in the cage, and after a week or two it almost walks away from him! The food is so inadequate that the prisoners would starve to death but for outside charity. In the yard is one water tap for the 300 prisoners, but no means of having a bath. A man may be there for years without having a bath or a change of linen, and you have to remember that in the summer the thermometer frequently registers 112 degrees in the shade! There is no

discrimination between the prisoners, a youth and first offender is herded into the same cage with hardened criminals and moral degenerates. There are priests connected with the prison, but they only appear in the gallery above the yard, and offer up prayers and solemnise masses. They never mix with the prisoners, who are left almost entirely to their own devices. In an English prison a convict may ring an electric bell and insist upon seeing the governor, or the medical officer, or some high official, if he considers that he has a grievance. Needless to say, these conditions do not prevail in an Andalusian prison. Once in prison there is no appeal. No one takes any notice of you. Without money or influence you may languish there for years untried, or with your sentence undetermined.

Mr. Collins was aware of this, and on that fetid night in June it was not surprising that his imagination was stirred by the possible sufferings of a fellow-countryman. And within the hour his misgivings received a dramatic endorsement.

His question at the fourth cage was followed by mysterious jabberings. At the end a little grey-haired man was pushed forward. He was an Irishman. Collins said he had never seen so distressful and pathetic a sight. The little man was nearly out of his mind. He cried and was hysterical, and strained at the bars of the cage like a wild animal, calling out to Collins to save him. When Collins had managed to calm him a little he told his story.

He was a merchant seaman, and he had arrived at Malaga exactly a year before. There had been two consecutive days shore leave, and on the second day (a Sunday) he had got drunk in the Alameda and had struck a civil guard. The latter, or a colleague of his, had immediately hit him over the head with the flat of a sword. The next thing he was aware of was waking up in this prison. That was a year ago. He had had no trial. He had asked for the British Consul, but no one took any notice of him. He knew no Spanish and none of his fellow prisoners knew any English. There he was, and there he would probably have been to this day, but for the accident of Mr. Collins knocking a girl over in his car. Collins

of course, was very moved by the seaman's story, and promised that, if he were allowed out himself—and on that sinister night he was beginning to have creepy misgivings—he would do all in his power to secure the sailor's release.

His personal apprehensions, however, were quickly dissipated. His knowledge of the language and the character of the people, his social position, and covert suggestion of goodness knows what bribes had their effect. Within an hour he was fetched by the guards and taken to the governor's room. There he found not only the governor and his friend the criminal lawyer but one of the chief magistrates himself!

Forms were signed. There was considerable saluting and congratulating, and then Mr. Collins was allowed to return home to his wife and family.

He kept his word, and during the next few days these same magic enchantments were brought to bear in the cause of the old sailor. Within a week he was released, a passage was found for him, and he was on his way back to Ireland. But even his haphazard trial was not without a comedy side quite characteristic of this extraordinary land. The same counsel was employed, and Mr. Collins agreed to act as interpreter. He arranged beforehand with the sailor what he was to say. But when he got into the box the poor old fellow lost his head. So upset was he with his year's agony he became abusive and foolish. He swore, for one thing, that he never struck the guard, but as he had done so on a Sunday afternoon, when the Alameda was crowded with people, Mr. Collins thought it advisable to translate this in his own way, and to this day Michael O'Bane probably does not know what a plausible story he told in the witness box at Malaga. How he had seen the guard advancing towards him armed with a sword. British policemen do not carry swords. He did not know he was a guard. Thought perhaps he was a drunken soldier. He put out his arm to defend himself. Someone from behind pushed him. His fist unhappily touched the guard's cheek, and so on. The story was quite good enough. More forms were signed, more wads of pesetas changed hands. There was more saluting and congratulating, and the old seaman fades out of the picture.

But it is difficult to get the central picture—the prison itself—to fade. Mr. Collins is not an imaginative man. He is extremely hard-headed and practical. But the vision of these cages still haunts him. It is always invidious and dangerous for a stranger to criticise the domestic affairs of a foreign country. But there are certain things which may lie upon a universal conscience. Amidst progressive peoples the records of social advancement are almost interdependent. We meet and discuss and compare notes on the general conduct of our institutions. We learn from each other. And so to this end should all our institutions be accessible to each other. But when some official body confesses, on the sly, that it is "a little ashamed" of an institution it is apt to give the impression that someone has been too vicious or too lazy to take an interest in their fellow-creatures. Every year during Holy Week, when one of the processions passes the prison, one of the convicts is freed, and made to walk in the procession next to the effigy of Christ, which, of course, is a very beautiful idea. But one would wish that this emotion of pity might be more liberally interpreted in practical ways behind the prison walls. To worship Christ it is not necessary, I imagine, to endeavour to perpetuate the social conditions which prevailed in Christ's time amongst the Syrians and infidels. As a foreigner one can only suggest that Señor Primo de Rivera, who has done so much for Spain, might make a personal inspection of the conditions which prevail in her Southern prisons.

HENRIK VAN INGEN: A DUTCH COROT

By J. P. COLLINS

THE story has come to light of a Dutch peasant-painter who deserves to be styled a true heir of the Barbizon school. He was not steeped, like Corot, in the sensuousness and form of a classical landscape tradition. Nor can his pictures ever compete with those wonderful idylls of dancing sylphs or red-capped peasants which the genius of Ville d'Avray turned to masterpieces by framing them in screens of alder and willow and pearly twilight. The painter one has in mind would probably have been abashed to think of his being ranked with anybody so illustrious. Yet in a greater respect than style or fame he may stand as a counterpart of the silver-haired Camille Corot, or the shaggy-headed Jean François Millet. A hermit for love of his art, he lived and died in his native village, enjoying the contented obscurity he most desired, and in this avoidance of a fame which is coming to him none the less, he is all the more a Barbizonian.

In the green plains of the province of Gelderland, between old Brabant and the Zuyder Zee, is a homely and sequestered hamlet, unknown to tourists and the guides, called Renkum. If you visit Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney fell, or Nijmegen of the famous treaty, or places like Terborg or Berchem, which have ennobled themselves by becoming the surnames of great masters—you will pass by Renkum and never heed it. It is simply a cluster of farms and labourers' cottages—plain brick structures varying in age, with hump-backed barns and bountiful orchards of apple and pear. In autumn all this seems to say: "We look dowdy enough at present, but *Allemachtig!* you should see us in the bridal array of blossom and tulips and springtime!"

The landscape is typical and nothing more. There are the usual gridiron mazes of weedy canal, the invariable water-meadows, the usual clog-shod workers in the fields,

the same white-capped wives for ever pursuing the scrubby cult of soap and water. There are the same staring youngsters as you pass, the same old windmills lazily beating the balmy air, the same green pastures feeding the inevitable herds of calm, phlegmatic cows. And it is the cattle that are the key of the picture, as we shall presently see.

Happily Van Ingen never contented himself with animal studies, or "joints," as flippant students call them. He left his cows or sheep to the environment amid which they browsed, and did this because of an innate passion for nature as she is. He had no patience with the man who undertakes to show us the glory of creation by isolating a set type or feature and ignoring all the rest. His idea was to do nature justice by taking her as she regards herself, and in this he succeeded, for as fast as his little pastoral world opened out to him his pains and his enthusiasm grew. He put into paint, you may say, the devotion that Wordsworth put into words, "knowing that nature never did betray the heart that loved her." But there is little doubt that this shy recluse among the fields and dykes of Gelderland had never heard of our poet of the lakes. Still less could he afford the books for studying what nature had taught to congenial and eloquent souls endowed in other ways.

He had never seen an exhibition of paintings in his life until in 1910, a few years before the painter's death, his friend and discoverer, Mr. De Vries, persuaded him, against his will, to leave Renkum for a day and make an hour's journey as far as Arnhem. This admirer of his had arranged a small show of Van Ingen's work, and thought it might be an incentive for the painter to find them starred upon a friendly wall, with suitable frames of gilt and all appointments in keeping. The modest painter was gratified to think that anyone could esteem his work well enough to put it on view, but he went there to satisfy this good-natured friend more than to please himself. He left his visit until the last day of the show. When he trudged to Arnhem and entered the building he passed along the walls where his pictures hung, and with an

impatient gesture said: "Oh, I know all those pictures; they are no good." Suddenly he stopped in front of his "September Afternoon," and asked: "Tell me, is this still your own?" The answer was "Yes"; whereupon the artist said simply: "Then I congratulate you, because it is the only good one of the whole bunch." He saw by the movement of his friend's head that there was no agreement as to this; and then he added: "Before I die, though, I hope to make one picture with which I can be fully satisfied." It is doubtful if he ever did.

Five minutes sufficed for the inspection, and then Van Ingen was making his way contentedly homewards. He had had enough of the outside world to which for so many years he had been a stranger. "I never knew the world was so big," he said; "it is so crowded and so noisy." The point, of course, about this sweeping condemnation is that Arnhem was a quiet little town of seventy thousand inhabitants, and sleepy at that. The world was not much with him afterwards; for the rest of his life he never stirred abroad, but remained in contented retirement until he died in Renkum fifteen years ago.

What was the key that unlocked the heart of this self-trained peasant? It was a consuming passion for nature. Those who have ever looked into the life of Corot will remember a sort of diary-page of his which has become a classic in the annals of art-psychology. He describes his sensations on turning out into the fields before the birds awaken, and watching the wonders of the dawn irradiating and banishing the night-born mists. At last, long after noontide has passed, and the sultriness of afternoon relaxes, his spirits rise as the quietism of evening descends like sleep upon the land.

The fields lose their colour, the trees stand out in grey or brown masses, the dark waters reflect the clear colours of the sky. . . . The fresh evening breeze whispers in the leaves, the voices of the birds and the flowers are raised in prayer, the dewdrops pearl the grass.

Bing! A star plunges into the water. . . . Three, six, twenty stars! All the stars of the sky have their meeting-place in this happy pool. All is dark—the pond alone shines out of the darkness, a labyrinth of stars.

The illusion is over. The sun having gone to rest, the mind's sun—the sun of the soul—the sun of art—arises. Good! My picture is finished.

Ossianic as it seems, there could hardly be a better corrective for modern impressionism than this picturing of an artist's thoughts just when the day turns its leaf slowly over and adds it to the book of memories. What is more, the experience is that of many another sensitive nature-lover, and it is surprising that few or none before Corot ever attempted to put it on record. Van Ingen was as modest with the pen as he was with the brush, and solitude had not encouraged him to add the embroidery of letterpress to the beauty of his pictures. He was reticent where Corot was lyrical; a lonely man of infinite self-abasement where Corot had a troop of friends, a comfortable income all his days, and the satisfaction of universal appreciation long before he died. Van Ingen's few impressions show the same deep fund of nature-worship, however, even if their expression was less indicative and the results less illustrious. His intimates report of him a number of traits and sayings that bear out this parallel and kinship with the members of the Barbizon school of landscape and their patient ideals.

Millet's life even more than Corot's reveals a like affinity with Van Ingen's simple, earnest spirit. When Millet forsook Paris with his friend Jacque and went to live on the edge of Fontainebleau Forest in 1849 France was in one of her economic straits through the turmoil of political affairs. A comparatively unknown artist was deemed a madman to go and plant himself, his wife, and his children in a cottage miles away from anywhere, with nothing but his brush to support him, and the most precarious of claims upon a market that was rocking with uncertainty and disappointments. But Millet, with all the consecration of a vocation, resolved to live the life of the peasantry he had set himself to paint, and for him a cottage on the frontier between forest and heath it must be or nothing. He was so bent upon fulfilling this mission of his that he told his cronies of the forest school to leave him out of their reckoning. The first evening he and Jacque presented themselves as new recruits among the Barbizon group as they sat and smoked in the tavern of Père Ganne the pipe of peace was passed along to test their mettle. The play-

ful notion was that the colour of the smoke they sent up showed if they were "classics" or "colourists." When it came to Millet's turn he refused, saying he was no smoker. "If you don't know where to place me, put me by myself," he said, and Diaz came to the rescue with a prophecy that this man had the "strength to create a school that might bury them all." It might have been a jest, but jests were not much in Millet's way. He wrote himself to his friend and agent, Sensier, in Paris:—

The joyous side (of nature) never shows itself to me. I do not know where it is; I have never seen it. The most joyful thing I know of is quietude, the exquisite enjoyment of silence . . . a sad dreaminess, yet very delightful.

When his "Sower" strode into the Salon of 1850 the critics dubbed it revolutionary, but Gautier said that though it was clad in the "livery of misery" it gave forth life with a generous hand, and out of its poverty it was spreading far and wide the bread of the future. Call it a true paradox, like Millet himself, for his toiling poverty out in the wilds was to him a conscious wealth such as he had hardly hoped to boast. For it was the boundless spell of nature that gave strength on which he drew, often with a feeling of being utterly overpowered.

"If you could only see," he wrote to Sensier, "how beautiful the forest is! I rush out sometimes in the evening after my day's work, and always return overwhelmed. It is so calm, so terribly grand, that I actually feel afraid."

The one or two men who knew Van Ingen report that he said much the same thing with a sort of shivering despair. He loved the atmosphere of mist at dawn, as Corot did, but it was with Millet's saddening and helpless sense of wonderment. After standing hours knee-deep in grass, and watching the early sun dismantling the fields of their clinging robe of grey, he would return overwhelmed. Yet out of his poor stock of words he must try and utter what he could never feel able to paint. "When I was there," he said, "it was so great that it made me dizzy. I dropped my hands and exclaimed to myself: I can never,

never reach it!" And hours might pass, in household or garden duties, before he could summon courage to touch a brush again.

Similar outbursts of this deep humility of feeling, this brooding sense of impotence, were the only milestones to mark his uneventful life. It was not merely void of incident; it was almost void of friendships until it neared its close. He had no sort of touch with the group known as The Hague school, for though Mauve and the three Maris brothers painted cattle and landscape, they arrived at their results by another route. They experimented on many subjects and in many fields, as men who had trained themselves into a resourcefulness and a knowledge of art that Van Ingen could never imagine, much less command. He knew none of them, so far as we can learn; and Dutch critics, whether just or otherwise, recognise that he stood apart. They commonly leave him unmentioned in connection with this group, or else they murmur a kind of wonder how he ever came to rank with the school of Barbizon, of which Van Ingen had hardly so much as heard.

He had never seen an exhibition until the one at Arnhem; and if he had known these men, modesty, not misanthropy, would have kept him utterly aloof. But that he knew nothing of his real fraternity at Fontainebleau is shown by a story which is authentic. Théophile de Bock, whose landscapes are so prized nowadays, met Van Ingen once at work in the fields, and said: "I say, my friend, did you ever see a Troyon?" For it is Troyon of the full-uddered kine and the lush green meadows that recur most to mind when we see some of Van Ingen's studies. But the name was unknown to him. "Now, you there," he answered, "who is this Troyon? I never heard the name before." Nor is it easy to see how he should have done, leading the remote and solitary life he did. Yet, as we have mentioned the Maris trio, it is well to add that the last of them, Mathias Maris, saw some of the peasant-painter's canvases late in life when one or two were brought to England. In his characteristic way, after inspecting them silently and intently for some time,

Mathias said: "Give my greetings to my brother Van Ingen." Here was true appreciation in a quarter where praise and sympathy were beyond all price. The message reached the unknown man and made him happy. Van Ingen was content to accept the greatness of Maris on the word of men who knew, but what touched him was that a stranger seeing work of his should hail him as "brother." Yet it is doubtful even then if he was aware how highly prized the message deserved to be by virtue of the sender's eminence.

One of the first compatriots to see Van Ingen's quality as an artist was a principal at one of Holland's chief art schools. When shown the first sketch Van Ingen had ever tried this man said, from pure conjecture: "He must have been studying a long time before he did that." As we know the circumstances to be otherwise, we can appraise the value of the verdict as a tribute to the painter's intuition. Those who have seen the sketch can understand why it so interested a great expert in the craftsmanship of drawing. For it represents a curious old barn mellowed in the low-angled light of a summer afternoon. What charm it possesses lies in its handling of a patched and broken structure with several planes, equal to testing any man's feeling for perspective, most of all a man who had had no real training, and had never had the chance of trying his hand with oils before. Alas, this appreciation came when the sketch was many years old. In the interval there had been nearly half a century of plodding endeavour amid a poverty which in Holland is hard to understand. Many a time Van Ingen was so dismally poor that he could not afford anything more than a bit of chalk or the remains of an old colour-box. At such times, for want of canvases, he would paint on the walls of his cottage, or even on the floor-scrap of linoleum, where his heavy clogs soon wore the semblance of a picture all away.

In this depth of penury and solitude his happiness was to make friends of the cattle he used for models. "Roode Mie" ("red Mary") was the name he bestowed on a special beauty among his favourite cows, and she figures in several of his studies. When she died he grieved as for an old schoolmate or relative, the neighbours said. He

was given to talk to animals, and about them, as if they were human beings; and the labourers in the fields used to smile at the way in which a cow would wander across a meadow and put her muzzle on his shoulder to be stroked and greeted with all sorts of endearments. The patient beasts were grateful for the occasions when he had found any of them hopelessly bogged in a ditch or stagnant water-way and effected a rescue. These are services an animal never forgets. He had a special fondness for his chickens, and could not bring himself to think of them as food. When the war came, and brought a shortage that Holland will long remember, he allowed these charges of his to die of old age. "Nature here is like a dinner," he used to say of his own village, "with a variety of food that is far too large. Even if I could live twice as long, I could never finish all the pictures I see here." When you have seen Renkum you marvel at the saying. But he complained that neither animals nor nature found respect there, and when the day of factories came it almost broke his heart. As each plot of land was sold he used to say: "Now they have taken that lovely little spot away! They began by taking my pools, and now they are taking even my land." If, as Izaak Walton says, estates belong to the man who enjoys, and not the man who merely owns them, Van Ingen was right in calling the neighbourhood his own, and, after all, he has given it the only fame he knew.

His fame is growing steadily, and nothing can arrest it now. His fellow villagers honoured him before his death, and are doing so still. The few of his pictures that have left Holland are highly prized by their possessors, whether crayon and pencil experiments or finished oils. Some are in Western America, some are here in London; and Dr. Bisschopp, the eminent jurist and a ruling spirit in international maritime conferences, has a couple in his collection of modern masters which he would not part with, he says, for any consideration. What is more, the critics are "catching up," as Whistler used to say. Nilsen Laurik, the Norwegian Commissioner of Fine Arts at the Panama and Pacific Exposition, 1917, prophesied that Van Ingen would "long outlast the shallow successes of certain belauded contemporaries."

There is more than good painting here, he said; these canvases evoke a mood that is purely pastoral and as far removed from the conventional concoctions of picture-makers as can well be imagined. . . . Among the cattle-painters of the world he will assuredly be ranked with the great ones, while his feeling for nature at times gives to his canvases the character of landscapes wherein the cattle take their place in the larger scheme of things.

The very lay of the land seems to correspond to the movements and lines of the animals inhabiting it. They are a veritable part of it, and as the flight of birds in air emphasise its volatile quality, so do these cattle quietly grazing in the lush-grown meadows emphasise their everlasting permanence, the true source of man's eternal renewal.

The Dutch philosopher and novelist, Dr. Frederik van Eeden, whose fame is not confined to his own land by any means, is a devout admirer of Van Ingen's achievement. In one of his appreciations he analyses the pigment and treatment, the lighting and atmospheric tone, and comes to this sane conclusion:—

The only explanation is that we feel how the artist has worked entirely independent of mere intellect, and under the immediate influence of an impulse of a higher order, with an ability we can never reach by deliberation and reflection. This is what we sometimes indicate by inspiration, sometimes by genius. The hand works, the eye searches and directs, but both are governed by a power which does not emanate from the artist himself, and which we cannot account for.

One might saunter not unprofitably through the many other verdicts of Van Ingen's countrymen—both those who are candidly open to fresh impressions yielded by familiar things, and those who merely judge by rote and habit—without adding appreciably to the sum of these true delineations of character and sensitiveness in the painter's work. The best thing is to go to The Hague and see the work itself, a collection of some forty or fifty pictures, far bolder in their range and treatment than appears at first sight, but all consistent in their intensive search for the right effect, and all disdainful of limelight, flourish or surprise. The gentle Friesland cattle that are now so highly prized in the world's markets were "white and black ladies" to this young-hearted painter; but here and there a steer of the Groningen type, with the long snout of cow-catcher shape, figures in placid and majestic strength, like the dim-eyed study that the painter called "Rest." It is a wonderful piece, with a monumental calm defying change, and challenging indifference most of all. But

when one has noted the infinite variety in our pastoral idylls, from Cuyp to Cooper, there is still occasion for amazement at the depth of mystery and awe of nature that this man could put into a dell of shadow, with a foreground growth and setting that looks like the last word in careless touch-and-go. Such effects as of art concealing art never come save to the deep observer and the veritable craftsman.

An intimate friend of Van Ingen's tells me a touching story of the sixth decade of his long and happy life. An elder sister who had been his housekeeper and companion for many years lay on her deathbed, with the shadows of the beyond falling heavily upon her. The pair had been devotedly attached all their lives, and he had set aside the thought of marriage as much on her account as on the score of poverty. In such an extremity the painter could find no consolation but in his pencil. He would allow no one but himself to nurse her, and the bearing of this man of well-nigh seventy years was tenderer in his sick-room cares and duties than any professional nurse could have been. In order to keep himself awake throughout the night he scrawled across the top of each sketch "Every hour a spoonful," and in this quaint way he pursued, as he said, the study of medicine as well as art. After the patient's death her daughter kept his home together until he died at the age of seventy-four; and she still occupies the family house which may some day be a shrine of visitation for the lovers of Dutch art. They will surely regret that his humility and aloofness from the brethren of his craft prevented them from perpetuating his features in a portrait worthy of the man. He had a head that reminds one partly of Grieg, the composer, and partly of the late Charles Keene—gnarled in the featuring and shaggy in the grizzled hair, but, above all, thoroughly imbued with an abounding and universal kindliness. His faith was like his art—whole-souled, simple and abiding, for the one was the outcome of the other. And if he lacks an epitaph we may well adapt concerning him a touching figure of Francis Thompson's—"Look for me among the water-meads of Heaven."

A LETTER FROM GENEVA

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

GENEVA, *July*.

HARDLY has one conference ended when another begins, and to cover sufficient pages to deal with all this spate of talk would puzzle a son of Briareus. I don't mean to say that much of this talk is not valuable. I believe that it is all profoundly useful in creating a new international outlook, and that even if many of the world problems remain unsolved, in this exchange of ideas lies the main hope of their ultimate solution. At all events the League and the International Labour Office provide the machinery for the settlement of most of the difficulties which confront Europe to-day in the political and social sphere. If the nations won't use this machinery so much the worse for them. But we are so bound down by custom, convention, and tradition, so accustomed to think in national and racial terms of the questions of the hour, that the birth of the new era, which the founders of the League looked forward to when the new Covenant was framed, will not be an easy process. For it means nothing less than a complete break with the past to achieve this new outlook on international affairs.

And now to cut the preface and get to business. First of all you want to hear about the last Council meeting. I see in some of the newspapers which think it good business to decry the League that the Council is represented as having had another ineffective session in June. These people, who are always calling out for quick results, forget that if it were not for the new method of handling international affairs such an imbroglio as that between Lithuania and Poland on the Vilna question, or the quarrel between Hungary and Rumania about the compensation which should be paid to the expropriated landlords of Transylvania, might by this time have set Europe by the ears. They forget that but for the intervention of the Council there would have been another Balkan War

between Greece and Bulgaria when these two countries got to loggerheads in 1925. Let us have fair play for the League.

The existing strain in the relations of Poland and Lithuania is typical of the tension which has arisen in Europe since the War owing to the reshuffling of boundaries for the creation of new States. Whether the claim of Lithuania to Vilna be good or not, the warmest advocates of Poland can hardly deny that Lithuania was jockeyed out of it in a very questionable manner. For hardly was the ink dry on the Suwalki Agreement, by which both sides accepted a provisional line of demarcation for their frontiers pending the settlement of the Vilna question by the League of Nations, than the Polish General Zeligowski swept Vilna off the board. More lucky than Jameson, his raid succeeded, and the Polish Government was probably right in saying that they could do nothing to recall him, for popular sentiment in Poland was overwhelmingly on his side. But to jump the claim to Vilna in this way was an act of defiance which should have been punished by all the rules of Geneva. It required, however, a greater effort than the League was then capable of making to pick the chestnuts out of the fire, for the Great Powers were not only war weary, but not united on what should be done. Nothing could be done, therefore, but to smooth over the fact that Vilna was to be henceforth a Polish city. Fortunately, under the Treaty of Versailles it fell to the Ambassadors' Conference, that strange relic of a war-ridden Europe, to decide what course should be adopted, so that the League escaped some of the odium of the final settlement of the Vilna question. But it had to endorse this decision, and before blaming the Lithuanians for pig-headed obstinacy in refusing to accept the advice of the Council of the League, to let bygones be bygones and make friends with the Poles, some allowance should be made for their natural resentment.

It is easy to say that if Woldemaras, the Lithuanian Prime Minister, were a man of larger views he would take the advice of the Council and end his pantomime of war on the frontier. It would, indeed, be in the interest of his

country that he should do so, because Lithuania gains nothing by not reopening normal communications with Poland. But in the light of what has happened I was not alone in thinking that Chamberlain and Paul-Boncour rather overdid their part in adopting such a scolding tone at the June Council to the Prime Minister of the little State, which has no particular reason to trust either Poland or the League.

I am not going to weary you with a detailed account of the Hungarian-Rumanian quarrel concerning the claims of the Hungarian landlords in Transylvania. The real crux of the matter is so to adjust the Rumanian view of the overriding importance of their agrarian law with the Hungarian demand, that the compensation granted should not be altogether illusory. At the last Council meeting Nicolas Titulesco, who showed himself such a fire-eater on previous occasions, suggested a plan which at least accepted the principle of arbitration for the settlement of the Hungarian claims, for he proposed that some Member of the Council—he pointed to Chamberlain—should act as assessor and determine whether any liquidations had been made contrary to the Treaty of Trianon, and what payment should be granted for them. He unfortunately suggested at the same time that any sum that was to be paid should come out of money which Hungary owes Rumania on reparations account. As Hungary is enjoying a moratorium for reparations payments at present, this did not at all please Count Apponyi, who did not hold out much hope that his Government would accept the arrangement. He regarded it as fettering the free judgment of the assessor, and the end of it all will, I fear, be that the dispute will come back to the Council to settle. And that is just what it can't do so long as the two parties refuse its advice. It is really beside the mark to blame the Council for not finding a solution of this or other disputes. It has no power to compel the other side to accept its recommendation, unless, indeed, it were to come to a threat of war, when the Council, if unanimous, might apply the big stick of Article 16.

Don't run away with the idea that because in disputes

like the Hungarian-Rumanian quarrel the Council fails to bring the parties to a settlement its prestige necessarily suffers. Just take your mind back before the War and then attend one of the Council meetings at which an international wrangle is going on, and, instead of being depressed because the Council does not immediately succeed in reconciling differences, you will be immensely impressed that such machinery for cooling passions should be working at all.

All the time a new thought process is being evolved, a new outlook on the world is being created, and whether disputes are settled or not we are advancing towards the ultimate aim of the League—the renunciation of force in the settlement of international disputes.

Let me pass now to another subject, what is known as the Szent Gotthard affair—the alleged Hungarian gun-running. Hungary is only allowed a small standing army under the Peace Treaty, and is forbidden to import munitions of war. Hence the outcry which was raised by the Little Entente when five waggon loads of machine gun parts were detained by Austrian Customs officials at the Hungarian frontier under a false declaration. To cut a long story short, the Council of the League appointed a committee of three—M. Beelaerts van Blokland (Netherlands), M. Procope (Finland), M. Villegas (Chili)—to investigate the affair. On the evidence of their experts, who were sent to examine the contents of the waggons, Hungary was declared not guilty, although she was warned not to do anything of the kind again. It was established by the enquiry that the gun parts came from Italy, and were of Austro-Hungarian manufacture, made before or during the War, and it was clear, as the report said, that an attempt to effect a clandestine transport of war material had been made. But the committee could not convict Hungary on the charge of gun-running, for the ultimate destination of the mysterious cargo could not be discovered. All that the committee could therefore do was to express regret that such an incident should have happened, and call for an early ratification of the Convention for the control of traffic in arms, “in order that mutual

confidence might be established between States." Now the machine gun parts which were discovered in the waggons were rendered useless by the Hungarian authorities, who were thus able to claim that they had done their part. But the committee's conclusions were a great disappointment to the Little Entente, who have long suspected the Hungarians of secretly arming, and thought that they had at last got a good case against them. It was finally agreed that the Secretary-General of the League should be empowered, in the event of a complaint of this kind being made again, to communicate with the parties concerned and request them to do nothing to make the investigation on the spot more difficult. The Council may be at once summoned, and in this way the League hopes, by more prompt action in the future, to prevent any of the disarmed Powers from covering up the traces of a gun-running affair. Perhaps more might have been done if Italy had not held out against any punitive measures being taken against Hungary.

And so ended the famous Szent Gotthard affair. After a great deal of labour the mountain had produced a very small mouse. That there were suspicious elements in the business, as Paul-Boncour and the spokesmen of the Little Entente argued, was obvious. But when Paul-Boncour insisted that the Szent Gotthard incident had an intimate connection with disarmament, for unless the clandestine importation of arms could be stopped a general reduction of armaments would be impossible, the German delegate, von Schubert, became very annoyed. The German view, as you know, is that, according to the Treaty of Versailles, it is up to the other members of the League to reduce their armaments now that Germany has fulfilled her obligations in this respect. But although it may ultimately prove very difficult to maintain the present disparity in the armaments, it cannot be denied that if nations like Hungary, who are always protesting against their loss of territory, give any handle to the suspicion they are preparing for war the progress of disarmament will be slow.

I must add a few words about the League's present attitude to the American proposal for a treaty renouncing

war as an instrument of national policy. The omens are favourable for agreement between the great Powers (and subsequently other members of the League) and the United States on this question. The right of self-defence is now defined in the preamble of the draft treaty, and on all other questions Mr. Kellogg's last Note appears to offer explanations which remove the objection that any State member of the League in signing the treaty would have its hands tied carrying out its obligations to the Covenant or its allies.

Czechoslovakia and Poland, who as signatories to the Locarno Treaties have been invited to sign the new American pact, have, in fact, come to the conclusion that they will gain additional security by that means. No doubt the French would like all the points on which they insisted defined in the treaty. And the British Foreign Office also appeared at one time anxious to have juridical definition given to certain questions on which misunderstandings might arise. But Kellogg in his Note attached to the last draft of the treaty has gone a long way to meet all parties, and to press the Americans for more concessions might imperil the treaty.

The most remarkable feature of the fourth session of the Arbitration and Security Committee was the persistence of the Germans in advancing a series of suggestions "designed to strengthen the existing means of preventing war." Their first suggestion sounded plausible enough, for it merely proposed that States (including non-members of the League) when submitting their disputes to the Council should enter into a special voluntary undertaking to carry out provisional recommendations made by the Council to prevent any aggravation of their quarrel. The wording of the proposal was rather vague, but it was finally embodied with some verbal alterations in the model draft treaty which was accepted by the Security Committee, for it did no more than underline the existing obligation of members of the League to achieve international peace and security. In their second suggestion the Germans proposed that in the event of a threat of war States should undertake in advance to accept and execute an injunction

from the Council for the maintenance or re-establishment of the military *status quo* normally existing. Moreover, in the event of hostilities breaking out, it was proposed that all States should agree to abide by an order from the Council for an armistice, and to withdraw their forces from foreign territory. Suggestion four conveyed a hint that in the German view these obligations might be imposed by a majority vote of the Council.

You will see at once that the Germans had delved pretty deeply into the Protocol of Geneva, and although they said nothing about the supervision of these measures by the Council or sanctions, the French and the Poles, and the Little Entente representatives in the Security Committee, were quick to point out the logical implication of the German proposals. This brought Lord Cushendun into the lists with a prompt challenge to all such suggestions. For fixed rules for controlling or punishing an aggressor have always been anathema to the British Foreign Office under its present *régime*. Cushendun argued that the order for the maintenance or re-establishment of the military *status quo ante* might act in favour of the nation which had carefully prepared for an attack on another, and thus its effects might prove to be quite the opposite from that which were desired. He was still more down on the armistice proposal, and denounced all such plans as imposing an impossible task on the Council. And, of course, he would have nothing to do with the suggestion that the Council could act by a majority vote, for Great Britain, in his view, must always keep her hands free to decide what action she will take.

Finally General Marinis (Italy) and Sato (Japan) came into the field on the British side. Their Governments, they said, would have nothing to do with any system of control as demanded by the French. They obviously had little use for any of the German suggestions.

Faced with this opposition, von Simson, the German delegate, hastily beat a retreat all along the line, when Lord Cushendun, perhaps conscious of the reproach that he had adopted a purely negative attitude, proposed a sort of consolation prize for the Germans. He had no

objection to the Council being empowered to order the cessation of hostilities in the event of war breaking out, and the withdrawal of troops which had penetrated into foreign territory or demilitarised areas. Such an order would not prevent either side from moving troops or continuing their military preparations. It is very far from an armistice. As the French and Poles still pressed for supervisory measures, Lord Cushendun agreed to add a phrase by which the contracting parties were to be invited to lend themselves to any action which may be decided by the Council with a view to seeing that the order to cease fire and withdraw troops was carried out. But Lord Cushendun was careful to add a clause to the treaty as finally drafted, which declared that it must not be interpreted as entailing any change in the appointed task of the League of Nations as laid down in the Covenant. In short, the treaty as accepted must not be taken to mean that Great Britain accepts any further obligations.

Now, what the German object was in advocating proposals of this kind and declaring their willingness to accept the measure of control for carrying them out puzzled many people. For this was quite contrary to the attitude which they adopted in their memorandum to the Security Committee, in which they denounced all such ideas of putting sanctions into the foreground as contrary to the spirit of the Covenant. The League must not prepare for a war against war, so ran their argument, but seek to remove the causes of war by conciliatory methods. Still more startling was the German readiness to accept a majority vote of the Council for the purpose of imposing an armistice, which clearly implied the application of sanctions if necessary. For such a proposal might prove a very dangerous one from the German point of view. The Germans must have been well aware that the French have always advocated such plans in order to close the door to all possible revision of the peace treaties. The only explanation of the extraordinary behaviour of the Germans is to be found in their anxiety to offer further guarantee of their pacific intentions to their former enemies in the hope of obtaining a general reduction of armaments and the

movement against the public school training corps. Here Professor Murray stands up against his following, and says that the cadet corps appeal to schoolboys by offering an opportunity for self-sacrifice, and so should be encouraged for their moral value. Nobody except a man who was both ingenious and ingenuous in the extreme could propound such nonsense. Very few boys or young men, indeed, take up volunteering for conscience' sake. Professor Murray must have been one of the few, for he says that he was a volunteer at Oxford in the 'eighties, when such an exercise was anything but fashionable. It was not considered exactly effeminate, but eccentric, and a crank's pursuit, lacking in the manliness of cricket, football or rowing. How it stands now at the universities, I cannot say; but if its status has improved, that is thanks to the influence of the public schools. At some of them military training has become virtually obligatory, and I agree with Professor Murray that this is wrong. If it is optional, the choice should be really open; if not, the school authorities should have the courage of their convictions and say that every boy entering must (unless there is physical disability) learn the use of arms. And if the League of Nations Union says that this would be a militarist proceeding, and inconsistent with the gospel according to Mr. Kellogg, which Europe is about to accept, why then, the League of Nations Union must be asked to think again. When its members next visit Geneva they might permit themselves to cast a casual eye around and consider the example of the Swiss. A nation is not militarist because its people are trained to the use of arms.

Forty years ago, when military preparations were much less extensive in Europe than they became in this country, every Swiss youth had to go through his period of service; but that was not all. In the Canton of Vaud, which was as Protestant as Scotland and almost as Sabbatarian, the men, young and old, turned out, village by village, to practise every Sunday at the butts. As a result Switzerland kept out of the European war when that came, very largely because it would have been too tough a stronghold of armed men for invaders to tackle light-heartedly. Or, again,

consider the Swedes, by history and tradition one of the most martial races in Europe. Not much more than a hundred years ago they chose a great soldier to be their ruler and the heir to their throne. In the annals of all time there is nothing stranger than the result. Bernadotte, the Gascon, a Catholic from the Mediterranean, transported to be lord over these Protestants of the Baltic, a typical product of the French Revolution brought in among an old and semi-feudal aristocracy whose very language he never learned to speak, yet founded a dynasty that has stood when almost every other throne in Europe was shaken; and he founded it on peace. After him, Sweden, that was never out of war, had a century of peace; but not a pacifist peace. Three years before the European War began, a skilled observer whose papers I have been handling was impressed to the last degree by the devotion of all Swedes to military training. They addicted themselves to it, they prided themselves on it, as if they were English people and the game cricket or football. Yet when the War came, Sweden kept out of it, and not merely from calculation. If Swedish policy had been framed on militarist ideas, there would have been an overwhelming temptation for Sweden to enter the War on the side of the Central Powers when Russia began to be defeated. But a more conclusive proof of peacefulness had been given when Norway was allowed to separate itself from the union of kingdoms without a shot fired. Martial Sweden was peaceful, not pacifist. Moreover, because it relied on the unpaid services of its citizens and not on purchased machinery, it could be a formidable military Power without great expenditure.

No doubt the League of Nations Union holds that such preparedness, even if honourable, is an obsolete survival in a world where all the States will soon be pledged not to resort to war, and that, in fact, such survivals are to be deplored as constituting a temptation to breach of the new covenant. Yet, is it an unreasonable answer to this contention to reply that somebody must stand by to deal with possible breaches of the pact? For indeed Europe cannot as yet be so contented as are the United States with a simple

evacuation of the Rhineland. But that they should have so completely failed to grasp the implications of their suggestions points to a lack of clear thinking in the Wilhelmstrasse.

For the rest the debate was interesting as a revelation of the fundamental clash of ideas which has from the first marked the course of the debate in the Security Committee and the Preparatory Disarmament Commission. As it is a conflict about the very meaning of security and the purpose of disarmament, it is not surprising that so little progress should have been made. You know the two theories. The British think on the one hand that security could be best obtained by gradually removing the causes of war by conciliatory means and keeping coercive methods in the background, while the French, on the other hand, reverse this process of reasoning by insisting that sanctions must be made the pivot of the Covenant, with the fixed determination to prevent any revision of the peace treaties. The only possible way out of this conflict is to leave the Council the utmost latitude to deal with crises as they arise. For the great Powers will in the final resort only put the sanctions of the League into force if they are under a political necessity to do so, that is to say, when the Council is unanimously bent on military measures for the preservation of peace. It is therefore quite idle for the French to attempt to impose fixed rules in advance on other nations, because they conceive that the necessity for coercive measures must be the overriding factor. I often wonder which will win in the race against time, the determination of the French to keep the defeated nations down by force, or the conciliatory methods of the British. Fortunately a new factor has appeared on the scene, and that is the proposal made by the Americans for a multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war. This, I believe, will prove far more important than we yet realise in clearing away the dust of former conflicts, and enabling us to see the security question in a clearer light.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

CONTROVERSY concerning the education of the young has arisen between the League of Nations Union and the promoters of the Navy League. There are two matters in dispute. First, ought the young to be taken to military pageants, and, if so, ought these displays to include the bombing of native villages? On the latter detail I find myself agreeing with Professor Gilbert Murray, champion of the Union—though perhaps not quite for the same reasons. If fights are shown, they should be fights in which the attacked can hit back. Push this particular instance to its logical conclusion and we should probably all be against the display of a bombing raid directed against London, Paris, Berlin or New York. If that is indecent, so should be the raid by bombs against native huts. Nevertheless, the late William Archer was a humane man, and quite likely to have been a member of the League of Nations Union, and the plot of his immensely successful melodrama, *The Green Goddess*, led up to an air attack on a wicked Rajah's stronghold. Still, in that case there were many extenuating circumstances: the Rajah was not only wicked but modern in his equipment, and the bombs dropped were only cautionary. Also, on the whole, I do not think that the League of Nations Union need try to set up a pacifist censorship of what children are invited to see at the expense of Government. Given this censorship, the cinema would still be able to minister to those appetites for military display which no league or union is likely to extirpate in the race. Professor Murray will not want to blot Homer from the books of the righteous, and what is representation of fighting but the epic in action?

The other point, however, is serious. The League of Nations Union is in danger of being drawn into a

affirmation of the principle that war shall be outlawed. Outlaws have often proved themselves ugly customers.

Yet, even if we suppose international collisions put wholly out of the region of possibility, and even if we ignore the chance of incursions made by uncovenanted hordes on a pacifist civilisation, there would still remain the question whether any conceivable world can dispense with the necessity for soldiers. Modern weapons will continue to exist, and a very small number of machine guns combined with motor cars will enable a handful of bandits to hold up society. Already no civilised country suffers from the consequences of this fact so acutely as do the United States of America. Switzerland a few years ago had to face a Communist outbreak in one of the big towns, but the peaceable mountaineers took down their rifles, formed up in their regiments, and dealt with the trouble. It was the nation that acted. No one could say that a hired force was being used to shoot down citizens for expressing their views of citizenship. On the other hand, in Ireland a few years back a community, unarmed and untrained to the use of arms, found itself at the mercy of bands who did exactly what they chose in obedience to motives which the community at large did not share. It was a humiliating and disgusting experience for the people of Ireland, and it would have been wholly impossible in a country like Switzerland, which accepts as a consequence of democracy the obligation on every man to defend his freedom.

The English-speaking communities have not chosen to accept that obligation. They pay men to discharge it for them. If England is going to be a country where a section preaches class-war as a duty, then undoubtedly there will be feeling against the provision of military training in schools frequented by the class against whom the war is preached, so long as these are the only places where it is provided. The democratic remedy, however, is to be found not in America, where no such training is given, but in Switzerland, where everybody gets it.

Public thought in England is confused by the fact that

England has for many generations needed a large force available for service in the oversea dependencies, and this cannot easily be supplied—though the French supply it—by obligatory enlistment. A home-defence army should be a totally different institution. There does not appear the least likelihood that England will adopt this safeguard of democracy, which makes it reasonably sure that the majority of the people shall not be coerced or oppressed by a minority—as is so specially easy since the invention of quick-firers. But it is entirely unreasonable that those who train themselves to support the law, if necessary, should be prevented from doing so by those who will not make the same preparation.

Of course, even when military training is universal this safeguard for democracy is capable of perversion to something quite different. For its useful working it postulates the diffusion of several virtues, such as courage and integrity. But then the whole ideal of democracy rests upon such assumptions, as, for instance, that the mass of a people can be better trusted to look after the interests of the mass than can any individual or group of individuals. This proposition conflicts with the experience of mankind in all businesses; and some might hold that it is maintained in practice not so much because the mass can be trusted as because individuals cannot. Yet it is true that the exercise of freedom tends to develop courage and the like; and one may hope at least that an armed and trained populace would be less despicable if gunmen tried to hold it up than is a people unarmed and untrained. It is, indeed, necessary to go on hoping and making assumptions, since, for good or ill, we are all democrats nowadays. But the hopeful state of mind is often difficult to maintain. Democracy implies parliaments, and except on the assumption of widely diffused virtues parliaments simply cannot be justified. In practice, many find these institutions intolerable. Marshal Pilsudski, for example, in the last days of June shook the dust of Poland's Parliament off his feet. "I could not have held

out for another hour in an atmosphere of such hellish boredom," he told an interviewer. "Even the flies cannot stand the speeches of the deputies." Yet Marshal Pilsudski, unless the public mind of Europe is misinformed, has deserved better of his country than most patriots. Again, in another democratic institution, the Yugo-Slavian Skupshina, a group of Croatian deputies pushed obstruction and interruption so far that the speaker in possession of the House produced a revolver from his pocket and replied to insults with bullets. He was a Montenegrin, come of choleric and primitive people; and the occurrence suggests that for a certain period at least in the development of new parliaments it would be well to have a duelling ground attached to these establishments. Yet, in point of fact, this expedient did not work well; it was fully tried out in Ireland before the Union, and Grattan accepted it frankly. "Always be ready with your pistol," was his counsel to his son. None the less, gentlemen who were ready to justify their words at the pistol point were apt to display their courage by the use of language more provocative than would be tolerated in our peaceful assemblies; and there was also a definite tendency to employ duellists to get rid of dangerous opponents in the manner that was accounted honourable. This method was tried against O'Connell; and perhaps he rendered a great service to the machinery of popular institutions by his refusal to allow a second trial of it. Still, the world of his day thought this unsportsmanlike, because he had killed his man; and, with better reason, they held that if he declined to "go out" he should have avoided the use of gross provocations, in which he continued to be lavish. His own defence for this conduct was that he found his people servile in deference to those in high station, and wished to rid them of this disease. There never was more contemptible psychology. British Labour representatives in the House of Commons took a very different view when they appeared there first as a party, and democracy, in the most popular sense of the word, never had a better servant than such a man as Mr. Clynes, who always spoke his mind and always spoke it without offence. The more recent champions seem to

have reverted to O'Connell's method and seek to express self-respect by showing disrespect to others and to the assembly at large. Yet this is passing off. After all, perhaps the best justification for parliaments is that if they are to work at all efficiently they must become a school of manners; and that in the long run public opinion will insist on mannerly proceedings.

It is not always realised that the British Parliament made a deep impression on those Irishmen who deliberately and of policy set out to defy its usage and its spirit. Meaner people in Ireland used to accuse the Irish Party of being subjugated by "the flesh-pots of the House of Commons," and of sinking into a species of toadyism. Nobody in the band that followed Parnell was more outrageous in his defiance or less amenable to the discipline of the House than "Willy" Redmond, the leader's younger brother. Yet this very gallant gentleman's last speech in the House of Commons was heard with a silent sympathy more eloquent than applause, which no one will forget who was present. I know that in the end of his life, foreseeing the death which he met in Flanders a few weeks later, he was glad to feel himself in tune with the atmosphere which he had so long resisted. And in private he did not spare his tribute. "No other people in the world," he said, "would have stood what the English stood from us." He recognised that even when Englishmen saw the rules and customs of their Parliament twisted to defeat the spirit of the rules, they pushed forbearance almost to pedantry, recognising that no consideration of convenience, or even of exigency, must be allowed to override what was more essential. And so rules made for convenience were acted on against all convenience, till they could be changed without breaking the convention on which the institution rested. England has given to the world much more than the model of representative assemblies: it has shown how they can be made to work.

Parliament was seen for a second time, and to advantage, under unusual conditions, in the debate on the Prayer Book measure. However one may judge the decision,

there is no denying that a question easily capable of raising the *odium theologicum* was handled with decency and restraint that as a whole deserved the name of dignity. Fear of Romanising influences must still be strong indeed in Britain, since Mr. Baldwin, in a House where he holds such popularity, apart from his position of leadership, could not prevail on a majority to support the Archbishop of Canterbury. It will be interesting to observe what happens in the other great English-speaking community, perhaps even more strongly Protestant, where Governor Smith, a Catholic of Irish race, has been selected as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. It will be impossible for his opponents to avoid raising the religious issue. Yet students of American politics have held that to bring such questions into a political contest has always been fatal to the party which introduced them. If that is so, Mr. Smith stands to lose a good many votes because he is a Catholic, but to gain more because people will dislike to see him opposed on that ground. He is said to have made Tammany respectable—which means a good deal. Thirty years ago an American wrote the story of one of the periodic fights against this organisation, which had a temporary success. That observer recorded his opinion that the Irish of New York were no more unvirtuous than other racial elements in that city, but succeeded because they had solidarity and gave each other fair play, which they did not always extend to other people. Their rivals for control of patronage lacked this power of self-denial, and plundered without discrimination. Tammany has always been a power. If under Mr. Smith's guidance it has become recognised as a power for good government, Mr. Smith may go far. Mr. Hoover, his Republican opponent, is of course one of the Americans to whom Europe owes much. But whatever be the reasons which decide America's voting, they will be American reasons; and the question will not be what Mr. Hoover has done for Europe or for the world, but what he has done in and for America. And, after all, what else should the question be?

Miss Rose Macaulay moves on the printed page with the lightest foot of any living novelist. For a while she will go straight, in a steady rhythm, to her object, each neat sentence having its pleasant crispness of impact; then suddenly she sidesteps discursively, and her gait will quicken into a little run, and, perhaps, to end that, before sliding into the normal measure, her orderly, precise and disciplined utterance borrows some swaggering rakishness of slang, or syncopates its grammar. Also, now and then, when she feels quite by herself, not walking in company, it happens as when the bird which in French is called *demoiselle* (so much a prettier name than *wagtail*), and which moves as light and rapid as Miss Macaulay, springs up for a short flight, and after a few graceful wingbeats comes down again, lightly. All these characteristics of Miss Macaulay's prose could be easily illustrated from her last novel, "Keeping Up Appearances"; there is a charming exhibition of flying on the last page but three, where a dejected but recovering young lady thinks about all the things which the Continent of America can show her. A reader is grateful for the recovery, because this light-footed writer seems to have been carrying a melancholy heart. Really there are recesses in the human consciousness which it is kinder not to explore. Everybody (it is probable at least) ends by knowing about himself or herself certain things—certain passages in retrospect—which expose a self that is carefully concealed from the world; stupidities, meannesses, cowardices, lies (spoken or unspoken), which the self known to the outside world would forget if it could. But this top self, the schooled and conscious product, never achieves complete oblivion; these memories flash back on it, sometimes like nightmares; and instinctively there is a self-protecting movement to push away even the thought of a possibility that any other consciousness should see, or overhear, or get to know the secret. Miss Macaulay mercilessly chooses for a subject the story of a young lady whose hidden self keeps on being found out. No man has ever done such a thing by his sex. Stevenson, indeed, makes one of his characters, a "Prince Otto," allude to the fact that we are all "a deliquium of deadly weaknesses

within"; and there is, of course, his Jekyll and Hyde. But that leaves our withers unwrung; for not many of us carry a criminal lunatic inside us, but we are lucky indeed if we have gone through life without being aware of a snob, a liar, or a coward somewhere lurking under a respectable waistcoat. Miss Macaulay convicts a likeable young woman of being all these undesirable things, and she refuses rather unfairly to insist on the extenuating circumstance that a social climber is singularly exposed in the process of ascent. Not for him—or for her—the handrails which fence the generality of us in so securely. The extenuating circumstances are indeed suggested, but the author leaves the excuse implicit. Her young woman, Daphne-Daisy, whom she represents as two persons, came irregularly into the world, and developed a preference for the social order to which her father belonged, but was, to some extent, brought up in her mother's surroundings.

In short, Daisy came from circles in which ladies were not expected to behave like gentlemen, but Daphne aspired to be a member of a society where the same rules were accepted for both sexes. Whether Miss Macaulay is right sociologically—whether there is in reality this variation between the standard of conduct according to classes—one might argue, and she anticipates objection by putting these generalisations into the mouth of Daisy, a lady novelist who owns to loose thinking. But if Miss Macaulay had refrained from this hypothesis, if she had provided the subject of her study with the full normal complement of tradition and environment to act as handrails, we might have had even a more uncomfortable piece of morbid psychology than this one. She does indeed suggest that well-bred people, in the class which Daphne tries to climb to, have secondary and inferior selves; but the examples which she gives are not very terrifying. Daisy alone of her characters is really tied to the stake and anathematised.

MINERS

BY CHARLES GRAVES

AT dawn descends the iron cage
Of men who serve the Iron Age,
Who, stirring with the candlelight
Before the quiet end of night,
Tread green lanes bursting with the spring,
While underneath a moon half-wan
The first lark soars to seek the sun.
The flames that nod upon their caps
Are fireflies dancing on the air,
Remembrancers of death, mishaps,
Heralds of doom; the clothes they wear
Are grim with smearings of the seam
Black as the track beneath their feet;
Their speech is as the speech of dream,
Silent they go between the wheat.

Silent they stand within the cage,
And now the shuts that stay descent
Are opened, and the way they went
Those men return, to earn their wage.
Beneath the houses where their wives
Keep home and where their children play,
Prone on their backs for half their lives
With lifted pick they work their way.

Within a dark and timeless tomb
Like living men in Death's dead womb,
They learn the secret of the grave;
They are not men like you or me,
Complaisant with civility;
They have a secret hope to save,
Nourished to life in that dark cave,
Whose breath depends on being brave
Beyond a fool's humility.

MINERS

For underneath that monstrous roof
 The dragon Danger has his home,
 And slakes his thirst on streams aloof
 That under sunlit skies are warm;
 That secret draught of earth's white blood
 Lifts to desire those torpid limbs,
 And caught within the snake-like flood,
 In foulness where the firedamp dims
 All light, lie men immured for death
 And what remains of life are theirs,
 Lest some chance boring give them breath
 And bring them back to healing airs.

In happier hours those men will race
 Their whippets on the emerald grass,
 Stripping the chequered cloth; the chase
 Is backed by what their toils amass.
 Surely they glory most to see
 The uncramped limbs and motions fleet,
 For men make gods of what they'd be
 And joy when deeds and dreamings meet.

THE FIERY DIVE

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

PART I

He who bends to himself a Joy
 Doth the winged life destroy;
 But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
 Lives in Eternity's sunrise.—BLAKE.

I.

It was half-past nine of a late autumn evening. There was no lamp in the room, but its dim hollow was shattered into great fragments of darkness and pulsing light by the flames of a blazing fire. It might have seemed that the room was empty, but for two men's voices which rose and fell alternately from the darkness on either side of the fireplace. They were discussing love.

"A troublesome and complicated business!" said a deep, rather harsh voice. "No one can be happy, in the true sense of the word, till he has worked it out of his system."

"Oh, come!" replied another voice, a gentler and higher-pitched one. "Do you mean to assert that love between man and woman can never be satisfactory?"

"Never!" answered the first. "Why, it stands to reason. The ordinary individual is split in two—body and mind, or body and soul if you prefer it, both of them more or less at loggerheads. Well, if you take these two incompatibles and add two more to them and throw in the additional irritant of sex, is it natural to expect that peace and happiness will come of the mixture?"

"Certainly not of that mixture. But haven't you somewhat cooked your mixture?"

"Cooked? What do you mean?" The harsh voice sounded still more harsh.

"I mean," answered the gentler voice, "that you have loaded the dice. Take yourself, for instance. Your two incompatibles manage to struggle along fairly harmoniously, don't they? If they were as irreconcilable as you are trying to make out, you would be extremely unpleasant company, and would not, I can assure you, be dining with me this evening."

A vague noise, harsh but subdued, arose from the left of the fireplace. The first voice had laughed.

"It's all a matter, isn't it," the other went on, "of mutual trust and mutual freedom?"

"Freedom? Free love, you mean?"

"Yes, I suppose I do," the other voice agreed unexpectedly. For a moment it was silent, as if the speaker were shyly hesitating. Then

it began again. "I'll tell you," it said, "of an experience of my own which perhaps will show you what I mean. It happened . . . oh, twenty-five years ago. I was a young man, and had just come from the North to take up a job in London. I lived alone—a front sitting-room and back bedroom in one of those respectable little squares off the Brompton Road, and for some months I was very lonely indeed. As you know, I don't make friends easily. Then one day, as I was returning from the office on the top of a 'bus, I found myself sitting next an old friend, a round-faced, smiling chap, frank and innocent—the sort of chap everyone likes. For years we had been great friends in the North. Then, three years before me, he had come South, and we had lost sight of one another. We kept up a sort of correspondence, but only at rare intervals, and when I met him on that 'bus I had not heard from him for over a year. But for all that I felt, the moment he greeted me, that those three years had not made the smallest difference to our friendship. We started off again at once, for all the world as if we had parted only the day before. That was the sort of fellow he was. We exchanged addresses, and discovered that we were living within ten minutes' walk of each other, and then and there he invited me to dinner the following evening. He would call for me at my rooms, he said; his flat was difficult to find, at the top of a building tucked away in the corner of a mews.

"I don't dress, I suppose?" I asked as we parted. "You're not by any chance married yet?"

"He looked extraordinarily happy as he replied. 'Well, not exactly,' he said. 'No, don't dress.'

II

"Next evening he turned up five minutes before the appointed time, and found me in my shirt-sleeves. 'I've been smartening myself up a little,' I told him, 'for fear, after all, there is a lady.'

"John laughed. 'You wait and see,' he said.

"We set off, and after skirting a square and turning into one by-street and then into another, we entered another square, turned into a mews, and stopped at a newly-painted door. John produced a latch-key. We went in, and he led the way up a flight of stone stairs.

"The stairs were dark and, I began to think, interminable: after several short flights and three landings I began to get breathless. 'Where are we going to? Heaven?' I called up to him.

"'Something like it,' he replied with a laugh, pausing for me to catch him up. 'There's only one more flight now.'

"We stood at a dark door, and again I heard the jingle of his keys. Then he pushed the door open, and light and air rushed out upon us. 'Second door to the right,' he told me as he turned to shut the door of the flat, and next moment I was standing in a small, bright room.

"It was surprising, delightful. The windows looked west, and everything in the room—the little table laid for dinner with its silver and glasses, the gilt frames and glass of one or two pictures, the silk of the yellow cushions—was flecked with the clear light that streamed in from the great hollow of the world outside. I felt as if I had been suddenly transported into some little cabin on a mountain-top.

"And that first impression never failed. Every time I climbed to that little heaven of theirs, even later when everything had begun to go wrong with us, I had the same sensation that I had climbed up out of London to an airy mountain-top.

"There was nobody in the room, but a blue scarf, standing out at once as something apart from everything else there, hung over the back of the sofa. It was as if a bird had settled for a moment on the mountain-top, and then flown, dropping a blue feather behind it. John had followed me into the room. Now he stood, his eyes shining in the clear light of the place, and laughed delightedly at my surprise. 'Do you like it?' he asked.

"'Like it?' I said. 'But it's ravishing; a Heaven on earth. And the view: all the kingdoms of the world!' I went to the window.

"Then, as I turned again, he crossed to the door. 'Are you there?' he called into the passage.

"'Coming!' answered a girl's voice; and I thought that even sounds up there rang purer and clearer than elsewhere. A moment later I heard quick footsteps in the passage, and then I had what I shall remember for the rest of my life—my first sight of Joyce.

"She came towards me holding out her hand, but in my memory I see her always poised in the doorway, immobilised always in that free, welcoming attitude with the light from the windows reflected in her eyes. Her frankness, her innocent warmth of heart, her complete unselfconsciousness, and that look of welcome which was hardly ever absent from her eyes, are forever symbolised for me in that remembered vision of her.

"From that evening my life was changed. Although I did not see them more than once a week, I felt that my loneliness and isolation were at an end. I had a share now in the lives of other people, and even when I was alone I was happy, for I knew that in a few days' time I should be seeing them again.

III

"So things continued for some weeks. What was it; I wonder, that began the change? Generally when I was leaving them John would say: 'Well, when are you coming again?' and there and then the day of my next visit would be fixed. But once or twice when I had said good-bye and John had said nothing about next time, it was Joyce who invited me. Could it have been this that began the trouble? I don't know. Whatever it was, John began to change towards me. By degrees he ceased to be his usual jolly

self: sometimes now I found him taciturn and moody. I felt that I was no longer welcome. But Joyce never changed: she was always frankly pleased to see me. What was I to do? If I stayed away I might offend her, unless I explained why. And how could I explain why? If I tried to, I felt, I should produce a very uncomfortable situation. Besides, I didn't want to stay away. My visits to them were the only pleasure in my life: in fact, though I did not realise it at the time, I must already have been in love with Joyce. That, perhaps, was the trouble. Perhaps John had somehow guessed it, and that was why his feelings towards me had altered. He was beginning to be jealous. And yet, God knows, I was blameless enough. But then I did a very foolish thing. I didn't do it deliberately; or, rather, I should say I didn't do it with any ulterior motive. But, feeling that John was no longer glad to see me but that Joyce was, and feeling, too, in my need for kindness and affection a simple desire for Joyce's society, I twice invented excuses to go to the flat when I knew John would be at his office. It was really the most innocent of sins (to Joyce, I am certain, it must have appeared entirely innocent), but a sin it was, because I did it behind John's back. Joyce would certainly never have thought of hiding my visit from him; for her it would not have been a thing to confess, but a thing too simple either to hide or tell. But I, on the other hand, would as certainly have refrained from telling him. So far I was dishonest. But there was no occasion, as it happened, to tell or to refrain from telling, for at the end of my second visit, just as I reached the bottom of the stairs and opened the door, I met John on the doorstep. He was more than half an hour before his usual time. Our eyes met. For a moment his face was clear: he was simply surprised, nothing more. Then, seeing my embarrassment, his face clouded. 'I just came to leave a book,' I said; 'the one I mentioned to Joyce the other day.'

" 'A book!' he said. 'I see.' And I knew that he had seen at a glance all my wretched plot. The whole deceit was so harmless, so trifling; and yet, from its very smallness, so contemptible. But if he had realised how utterly friendless I was at that time he might surely have understood and forgiven me. As it was, by the irony of fate, it simply confirmed and defined his growing antipathy. He turned from me abruptly towards the door.

" 'Well, good-bye!' he said, and the door closed behind him.

IV

"I returned home ashamed and conscience-stricken. Though we had not exchanged a word about the incident, I felt his rebuke as keenly—oh, much more keenly—than if he had spoken it. That was the tragedy of it: from the beginning we never spoke, and so this unspoken grievance grew and festered, gnawing at our friendship from within. It was as if we were helpless victims in the presence of it. When our eyes met our souls looked out through our eyes, each im-

ploring the other to be honest, to lay bare this agonising secret and set us free. But ourselves, our more cowardly selves, shrank from the ordeal, held back, left the hidden mischief to spread unchecked, and the opportunity passed and we saw ourselves carried apart, further and further from hope of reconciliation. If only he had broken out when we met on his doorstep that first evening everything might perhaps have come right.

"And yet, after all, it was my fault; not his. It was I, the aggressor, who ought to have spoken. That was the only generous, the only right thing to have done—to have confessed to him that I had deliberately chosen a time to call when I knew he would not be there. Yet, on the other hand, how slight a thing to confess; the very confessing would have misrepresented it, made it seem more serious than it really was. No, I could not bring myself to confess. But there was something which, however painful to myself, I could do. I could cease to visit them.

"And so for a fortnight I kept away. It would have been better if I had left London, but that was impossible. I couldn't leave my job; it was my only means of support. So I spent the evenings sitting alone in my lodgings trying to read. But the reading didn't amount to much; I was far too miserable to read. What a fool I had been! Why couldn't I have been content with seeing her when I saw them both together. By those two sly visits I had ruined the friendship which had meant so much to me and made infinitely more remote any hope of reconciliation with John. Such things do not make pleasant reflections, and I can assure you that my lonely evenings were pretty miserable.

V

"Then, late one evening at the end of about a fortnight, I heard the door-bell ring and then steps on the stairs and a knock at my door. It was John. I jumped from my chair. How delightful it was to see him again. But I couldn't say so. I've never been very good, you know, at expressing my feelings; but I held out my hand and he took it. But when I raised my eyes to his face, his face froze me. It was not that he looked angry; but all the cheerfulness and animation had gone; he was constrained and embarrassed.

" 'I came——' he began, 'to see—— It's so long since you've been round.'

" 'I know,' I replied. 'You see, I was ashamed——'

"He made a gesture as if to stop me. 'I mustn't stay,' he said. 'I just came to see if you would come round to-morrow evening for supper.'

"For a moment I couldn't answer. The whole thing was so tragic and so false. His face, the very tone of his voice were so lamentably changed. The poison was still working. And I too was poisoned. I couldn't even now speak out; but with a tremendous effort I got as near to the truth as I could. I got near enough at least to make a

desperate appeal to his understanding, to touch on our trouble without speaking of it. 'Not to-morrow, John,' I said; 'not just yet. I'd rather wait a little.'

" 'You don't want to?' there was a harshness in his voice.

" 'Want to,' I answered; 'of course I want to, only too much. I want to see you both; you know that. Do you imagine I enjoy sitting here alone? But—'

" 'Then come,' he said. 'That's settled. To-morrow night at the usual time.' His hand was on the door-knob when he spoke. 'You will?'

" 'If you want me to,' I said, and as I said it I realised the unintentional mockery of my words; for obviously, with that changed face of his, it was just what he didn't want. He was asking me either out of sheer generosity, because he was ashamed of his suspicions of me (ashamed, though he still felt them), or because Joyce in her innocence had urged him to ask me.

" Alone once more, I felt more miserable than ever. That appalling change in him from the jolly, free-natured fellow with the smiling face, was nothing less than a tragedy. It was as if I had murdered my old friend; for the man who had just left me was, I felt, almost a stranger. But at least I would not be mean enough to take advantage of his generosity, and next evening I stayed at home.

" Was I actually, as I sat alone in my lodgings, expecting that something would happen to rescue me from my determined abnegation? I don't remember now. Anyhow, at eight o'clock, just an hour after I was due at their flat, the door-bell rang and John appeared again.

" 'Come on,' he said. 'We're waiting for you.'

" I glanced at his face. It was the same constrained mask as before. A kind of despair came upon me. How were we to escape from this agonising snare? My mind, in the face of it, became tired and helpless. When I did not move, John came up to my chair and took me by the arm. 'Come on,' he repeated, 'you must come.'

" 'Do you really mean it?' How clearly I saw that he didn't, that he was longing for me to refuse. But I was too tired and apathetic to struggle against him.

" 'Of course I mean it,' he said. 'Come, get your hat and let us go. Joyce is waiting.'

" Yes, that was why he insisted on my going. Though I did not realise the significance of it at the time, I realised it when I had thought it over afterwards. Joyce was waiting. But it was not merely for me that she was waiting: she was waiting for John to prove his faith in her, for his change towards me had been really, as she must have felt instinctively, a change towards her. I took my hat and we went out together.

" It was a relief to get out into the street: there we were no longer alone together. We hurried along, sometimes abreast, sometimes one behind the other, working our way through the more slowly moving crowd. It would have been impossible to talk, even if we had wanted

to. In ten minutes we were climbing the dark stairs to their flat. Then John unlocked the door and we stood in the clear light of the sky; the clean, refreshing upper air touched our faces and hands, and as I entered I was again invaded by that sense of height and airiness. Joyce's golden head popped out of the kitchen. 'Come along: that's right!' she called to me, as if we had seen one another only an hour before; and it struck me once more that life in her presence was always a sunny and transparent thing, that the dark complications into which John and I had fallen were a state outside her experience. As I passed the kitchen door I heard her moving plates and dishes, but as John followed behind me she darted out again and flung her arms round him. It was as if she were welcoming him home after a long absence.

" He followed me into the little sitting-room where the table was already laid, and turning my head as he came in I saw that he was smiling.

" 'Sit down,' he said, 'Joyce is just bringing the soup,' and he put his hands on my shoulders in his old jovial way and pushed me down into my chair. Joyce came in carrying the soup-tureen. Without a word our troubles had dissolved. Though we had been unable, before, to speak of them openly and explain them away, we had been able now, with Joyce's unspoken help, to do something far better—to forget them, annihilate them. We had failed in the second-best way and miraculously achieved the best.

VI

" But this new happiness did not last long. How did the new trouble begin? I hardly remember. It was not, this time, I am sure, due to any dishonesty on my part. In fact, it was perhaps that I was too honest, that I showed too obviously the delight I took in Joyce's company. It delighted me to watch her as she moved about the room or sat talking in her clear, animated way. You know I have a way of going into a haze, of focusing, as it were, too exclusively on a single thought or object and for the moment forgetting all else. Well, one evening, soon after this, I must have been gazing at Joyce like that. How long I had gazed I cannot say, but I awoke to find John watching me with that changed expression which I already knew too well. I looked back at him, guilty and ashamed; I felt as if something inside me had shrivelled suddenly. But next moment a wave of anger swept over me. I was angry at his forcing me to feel and appear guilty when I was really blameless. What was the matter with him? Certainly it was not my fault this time.

" Nor was it my fault when, a week later, the same hostility flared up between us. I was suffering from a headache that evening, and to excuse my dullness I told them so. But Joyce, when she heard that, got up from her chair. 'I'll soon take that away,' she said. 'Shut your eyes.'

" I did so, and she began gently to massage my head with her cool hands. Her fingers slid soothingly through my hair, gently working

the scalp. It was as though she were stroking into harmony all the jangled nerves of my brain. Peace, leisure, serenity seemed to flow from her hands. I could actually feel the pain ebbing, dispersing, fading; in a few minutes the headache was gone. I opened my eyes.

"They were met by the eyes of John. He was watching me with the same half-hostile, half-agonised look. Joyce must have seen it, too, because at that moment she spoke his name, and though her voice was hardly more than a whisper I could hear the pained reproach in it. John's eyes shrank from us as if ashamed, and he rose from his chair and went over to the window.

"I was in despair. This irrepressible hostility which kept rising between us seemed to haunt us like some malevolent ghost, in spite of ourselves. I rose to my feet to go. Joyce turned to me; there was a look of deep distress in her face, and I thought she was going to speak. Then, as if changing her mind, she turned to John. But John had his back to her. He stood motionless with his hands in his pockets, gazing out of the window. When I had reached the door I turned. 'Good-bye,' I said.

"Joyce turned to me. She did not reply. There were tears in her eyes; I don't think at that moment she could have replied, but with one hand she made a gesture of farewell, and as I closed the door on them I saw that John had not moved from his position at the window."

(To be continued.)

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THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

By J. H. HARLEY

THE Kellogg Pact has been solemnly signed and delivered, but what does its signature portend? In the course of his mellowed reminiscences which have been partly presented to the world the late Lord Oxford and Asquith repeated the story of a young American girl who spoke scoffingly of the "Ten Commandments." "They don't tell you what you ought to do," she said, "and only put ideas into your head." The same enigmatic comment may very well be made, *mutatis mutandis*, on this momentous suggestion for the outlawing of war which, first suggested as a bilateral Pact by M. Briand to the United States in June, 1927, was eventually transformed by Mr. Kellogg into a multilateral war-denying ordinance, and made applicable to all the signatories of the Treaties of Locarno. Before the reception of the proposal by our own Foreign Office quite an animated correspondence had passed between the French Foreign Minister and the United States Secretary of State; and each successive despatch, like the Ten Commandments of the American girl, had appeared to convey no clamorous call to an immediate duty, but simply to bring fresh ideas for discussion into the official mind. If Mr. Lloyd George had been a party to the affair he would no doubt have staged a great European Conference of the Big Six with—who knows?—a game of golf to diversify the intervals snatched from business. Neither M. Briand, however, nor Mr. Kellogg claimed to be a wonder-working magician, and they were content to see their negotiations meander along in the form of successive epistolary communications. In this they were undoubtedly right, because the proposals they had before them were certainly not to be rushed, and

it was well to examine them with the closest scrutiny and care.

It is absolutely necessary to press this point, because as soon as Mr. Kellogg's original proposal reached this country a loud cry was raised by certain sections of public opinion for its immediate, unreserved, and absolutely uncritical acceptance. "Why tarry to examine or discuss?" they insistently asked. Better seize the opportunity at once when it is offered to you, and settle the future of war by a single stroke of the pen. Delay could only mean that the proposals might lose their virtue, and, at any rate, that the United States might be hardened in their previous determination to renounce any responsibility for the politics of Europe. So far at least as our own country was concerned it was a question whether our previous engagements to Europe and the League of Nations permitted us to make such a truly light-hearted choice; but, at any rate, some of the people who mused in this fashion had a short and easy way of getting rid of any such harassing objection. "If your commitments are so and so," they coolly remarked, "so much the worse for your commitments."

To renounce or outlaw war by making light of your solemn commitments seemed, in fact, to the people in this unenviable frame of mind a perfectly permissible operation. But is it really possible to act in international affairs as if your own country held all the trumps and there was no attention needed for the hands of your partners?

Is there not a great deal of confused thought and questionable international morality involved in so utterly perverse a pretension? It is to be noted, too, that when Poland last year at Geneva proposed that all the nations represented at the League of Nations Assembly should make an equally strong renunciation of war there was not the same active enthusiasm among many of this same order of enthusiasts for an immediate and unqualified acceptance. Why should there be an almost cold aloofness in the one case and an eager-hearted readiness in the other? The United States is a great nation, and it will count for much and more than most in the historical evolution of

the future. But it is a poor compliment to such a nation to require that its epoch-making proposal should be thoughtlessly accepted without enquiring whether it affects any of our own binding engagements, or how far it can be fitted into the framework of the efforts already made in the direction of security, arbitration, and disarmament under the auspices of an existing League of Nations.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that a certain suspicion among other nations that we in this country are rather lax in our interpretation of our responsibilities for the peace of Europe has been responsible for a good many of the hesitations and reservations which have been hitherto manifest in conferences on such vital questions as security and disarmament. Foreign observers have read statements from the speeches of politicians, or from the pens of publicists, which practically conveyed the impression that to keep the peace in the east of Europe is not worth the bones of a single British Grenadier. At the same time those who were strongest in their expression of such an opinion were also most insistent in proclaiming that the Treaty of Versailles, so far as the east of Europe is concerned, must certainly and speedily be revised. The advocates of peace were in this way transformed into inveterate gamblers in the possibilities of war. In the unsettled atmosphere which has been thereby generated can we really make up our minds, without the most careful examination, that it is practicable to make progress by a simple moral gesture confined to the Big Six, which was all that was involved in Mr. Kellogg's original plan? At any rate, it obliges us to ask ourselves what were the immediate antecedents of Mr. Kellogg's proposals. Had they any connections with contemporary American thought and debate? If we make ourselves clear about the past we may gain more reliable insight into the future.

The moment, however, we put such pertinent questions we speedily discover that Mr. Kellogg's offer arises from no inspirations of high policy which suddenly possessed him in a generous mood of mind, and which marked something absolutely new in the public attitude and opinion of the United States of America. For a long time there

have been large bodies of people in that country who have advocated what they termed the "outlawry of war." Their views may be studied in a most suggestive form in a recent book by Dr. C. C. Morrison, editor of *The Christian Century*, which is graced by a foreword from the pen of Professor Dewey, of Columbia University. This volume, as may be expected from such an author, shows all the compelling and, at times, somewhat impractical influence of a great religious ideal. Dr. Morrison will have none of the worldly schemes of politicians and diplomats. Their step-by-step ideas of arbitration and disarmament have no attraction for him. Sometimes, though he formally disowns it, he comes very near counselling an idea of absolute national non-resistance. The nations of the world are to get together in a great conference which is to dwarf into insignificance even the mightiest of the Lloyd George assemblies. There is to be no skilful manoeuvring. There is to be no need of secret trysts in remote wayside inns. Under the influence of overmastering religious or moral idealism the nations are once for all to repudiate and forswear the very suggestion of war. War itself becomes the accursed thing. International law is relieved of a heavy incubus by getting rid of such sections as deal with the laws of neutrality and contraband.

But it would be unjust to this American school, which advocates the "outlawry of war," to suggest that they expect to exorcise war simply by shouting against it long enough and earnestly enough in a big international conference. There is a practical element in the typical mind of the United States which forbids any such desperate conclusion. It was said of a certain rich widow that, before accepting an impecunious suitor of good family, she stipulated that there should be "powdered footmen and family prayers." There is something to be found of this same keen regard for the main chance in this American scheme for the "outlawry of war." The enthusiastic delegates at the great world conference are not to be left without any up-to-date machinery to help them to realise their splendid and overmastering designs. Besides the world conference there is to be a conference of jurists.

These have no Coué conception of revolutionising public policy by the high-minded reiteration of absolute unanimity. They will lay down in dry and comprehensive outlines the code of a new international law. This, in its turn, will be the primary authority for the decisions of a new Supreme Court of the United States of the World. This world court of law is no shadowy or impotent affair. Dr. Morrison compares it unhesitatingly to the Supreme Federal Court of the United States. Just as the different American States came into the Union and submitted their inter-State disputes to the jurisdiction of their Federal Supreme Court, so the different States of the world are to make their banishment of war effective by submitting their international disputes to the jurisdiction of the supreme court of a world-wide and all-inclusive federation.

There is so much enthusiastic moral idealism in this scheme for the outlawry of war that it is difficult to deal with it by the ordinary processes of cold and critical argumentation. One gets an uncomfortable opinion that he will be henceforth denominated a hopeless soul who is insensible to the grandeur of uplifted idealistic appeal if he ventures on any objections to these cloud-compelling ideas. But the more lawyer-like proposal of a supreme international court emboldens one to say that, though the supreme court as the ultimate authority under the American Constitution has always been a favourite in American constitutional theory, it has never found favour with any of the new European nations who had to determine the outlines of their brand new Constitutions after the War. Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland had all the most approved models before them, including the Constitution of the United States, and none of them followed the American practice in the powers which it gives to a Supreme Federal Court. Is it likely, therefore, that, through some miraculous change of opinion, these American constitutional theories will at once commend themselves to a great international conference which, in a fit of the most impassioned unanimity and enthusiasm, is going to banish war for ever from the legal code of the world?

The fact is that, though the American idealists make a desperate effort to be practical in their proposal of a new international court, they are hardly practical enough. It is the custom of those who are keen in their advocacy of this particular scheme of thought to decry any reference to the policeman. They profess to be tired of even hearing his objectionable name. Nevertheless the name must still be repeated to them. Have they really shown that they could do without the convenient help of the policeman? Suppose the fit of high enthusiasm wears off. Suppose—to take a hypothetical case—that Italy attacks Yugoslavia. What is to be done? Dr. Morrison and his friends fall back again on the overmastering strength of their new-born international opinion, which has determined to ban war and all its nefarious works. But supposing a worse comes to the worst. Apparently the friends of the “outlawry of war” have a very casual idea of what is then to be attempted. “All disputes,” says Dr. Morrison, “lying outside the jurisdiction of the world court would be settled as in civil life—out of court. Here would be available the good offices of other nations or any other conciliatory process. Or the dispute would be left to time to settle or not settled at all.” Surely this is only trifling with a series of grave eventualities. When the Southern and the Northern States of the American Union disputed, the dispute was not left to time to settle, or not settled at all. If the desire for resistance is about it will certainly out. Fine words cannot coerce armies. Dr. Morrison does not make the American Civil War less of a war by insisting that it may more properly be termed a rebellion.

These were the problems—the most grave and insistent which can face the future of civilisation—which were being discussed in the United States during the June of last year when M. Briand submitted to Mr. Kellogg his proposal of a bilateral Pact of Perpetual Friendship. This Pact, though emanating from France, shows the influence of the advocates of war outlawry in its first article, which solemnly declares that the high contracting parties “condemn the recourse to war and renounce it respectively as an instrument of their national policy towards each other.” There was, of course, no mention in this proposed Pact of

the complementary American proposal of the supreme international court. France has not followed American precedent in the drafting of her own Constitution; so there was no reason why she should apply another measure in the realm of international affairs. There was, however, another very much more practical reason why she should not have supposed that the United States were ready to support an international court with extended and adequate jurisdiction. France and the United States were, probably, just at that very time beginning to negotiate for a Franco-American Arbitration Treaty. This Treaty, in the draft made public by Senator Borah, and signed in Washington on February 5th of the present year, was conceived in no heroic mould. It was an Arbitration Treaty, but by no means what is termed an “all-in” Arbitration Treaty. It did not, indeed, except the questions of honour, independence and vital interests, which were withdrawn from arbitration in the Franco-American Treaty which was signed in 1908. But, instead of that, it made four new reservations which, though their full effect has not yet been authoritatively settled, seem on the face of them sufficiently grave and far-reaching. These are: (1) questions of internal sovereignty; (2) questions interesting third Powers; (3) questions relating to the Monroe Doctrine; and (4) questions touching the duties of members of the League of Nations.

In the preamble of this Treaty, however, it was stated that the two high contracting parties are “eager by their example not only to demonstrate their condemnation of war as an instrument of national policy in their mutual relations, but also to hasten the time when *the perfection of external arrangements for the pacific settlement of external disputes* shall have eliminated for ever the possibility of war among any of the powers of the world.” Here there are evident, in perfectly peaceful juxtaposition, two lines of advance in the elimination of war. The first, the condemnation of war as an instrument of national policy, might take the form of a grand moral gesture; but the second, the “perfection of external arrangements,” is evidently intended as necessarily complementary to the first, and the sole way in which the grand moral gesture

could be made operative in history and in fact. M. Briand, in his proposal of June, 1927, chose to make the first of these objects the subject of a separate Pact. Why he did so, it is of course impossible to conjecture. He may have been influenced in this by the fact that the American advocates of the "outlawry of war" generally spoke of a France as a military nation, definitely devoted to the doctrine of the supremacy of coercive sanctions, and that he desired to lead such people to a juster and kindlier judgment. But, at any rate, M. Briand can hardly have looked on his bilateral Pact as standing by itself; he must have regarded it as complementary, or preparatory, or as generating a more favourable atmosphere, for the strengthening of the external machinery to be used in the subsequent Treaty of Arbitration.

However that may be, it is certain that the Briand proposal of June, 1927, was a great surprise to the American advocates of the "outlawry of war." It created for them a situation extremely embarrassing. In the first place it considerably weakened the Coué strength of their grand moral gesture. All the nations of the world unitedly and unanimously banning and repudiating war, might create a power which could shake the strongest foundations of the old world order, but it is inconceivable that two nations, however important and powerful, could generate the "moral dynamic" sufficient to carry the world over more than a very limited series of years. And in the second place, M. Briand was preparing as his complementary "external machinery" no project of a Permanent International Supreme Court, but simply a new Treaty of Arbitration; and arbitration by the out-and-out advocates of the "outlawry of war" is regarded as on a very inferior order of thought from their own magnificent idealism. On the other hand, they could not counsel the rejection of M. Briand's offer. That would be to scorn the first faltering efforts of what might prove to be a true repentance. Consequently they counselled a medium course—to accept M. Briand's offer, but, so to say, without prejudice. Nothing was to be added to it that should commit the United States to any specific form of "external machinery."

The "moral gesture" was to evoke a correspondingly moral response—and that was all.

Mr. Kellogg was obviously very much influenced by the comments of the advocates of war outlawry during the six months which he devoted to the consideration of M. Briand's proposal. After all, it is only human nature in a politician to reflect that the end of his administration is approaching. In any event he was anxious to do something which, in his own words, would be at once "arresting" and also "appealing" just because of its purity and simplicity. He could not go the whole length of the outlawry people and add to the proposals a permanent supreme court of international justice, because he was only too painfully conscious that his arbitration negotiations with France were being conducted far below the heights attained by this very exalted ideal. But he was much reassured by the fact that, in relation to M. Briand's proposal the War Outlawry adherents did not now insist on the full measure of their requirements. Could he not go one better than they did? Could he not intensify the collective effect of the Franco-American renunciation of war by inviting other nations to add their voice to the original two? If two, why not six? If bilateral, why not multilateral? If France and the United States, why not Germany, Italy, Japan and Great Britain? Mr. Kellogg also appeared to think that, having taken the first step, it was absolutely unreasonable to refuse to take three or four more steps further. "The difference between the bilateral and the multilateral form of treaty," he writes in his despatch of February 27th, "having for its object the unqualified renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy seems to me to be one of degree and not of substance." In reality by his extension of this outlawing from two to six adherents, Mr. Kellogg has reached the point where the category of number passes into the category of quality, and where you could not adopt the Pact, in its truncated form, as a grand moral gesture without considering also "the perfection of the external arrangements" by which it had to be translated into the actual course of events.

The main trouble was that the United States is not a member of the League of Nations, and that consequently its perfection of "external arrangements" has to be reached in quite a different direction. So long as the proposal for the renunciation of war was confined to France and the United States, the question of the League of Nations did not arise. France and the United States moved in very separate orbits. The United States were joined at Havana with the powers of the American continent. France was joined at Versailles, Geneva and Locarno with the powers of the Continent of Europe. These two zones could hardly intersect. France was warned off the American Continent by the operation of the Monroe Doctrine, while the United States, by refusing to join the League of Nations, showed that she did not desire to assume any responsibility for keeping the peace outside the American Continent. But the moment you planned to make a Pact between the United States and certain selected Powers from the League of Nations, that moment you raised a most formidable array of questions which were entirely avoided in the more modest bilateral arrangement.

There can be no manner of doubt that Mr. Kellogg did not intend to raise any troublesome difficulties, any more than the Ten Commandments were designed to put ideas into the head of an American girl. His subsequent treatment of his critics has shown how anxious he is to make the signing of his Pact as unqualified as possible, and to provide beforehand in his final draft for just these very contingencies. But this fact only proves how mistaken were these circles in this country who almost angrily protested against the first French reservations, and who appeared to imagine that you paid the best compliment to Mr. Kellogg and the United States if you swallowed his original bolus entire without manifesting any particular care as to the ingredients of which it was compounded.

One glance, indeed, at the Kellogg Pact in its original and limited form was sufficient to show that it was impossible for Great Britain or France to sign it without being unfaithful to their engagements—at least until all the countries concerned in Locarno were added to the original

six. Nothing can be gained for the peace of Europe by minimising the importance of obligations which you have already solemnly assumed. Neither do abstract statements of moral duty avail us much, until we have shown how they can be brought into connection with the concrete fact. The constant recitation of the Categorical Imperative of Kant is not sufficient to make an effective path amid the constant entanglements of our daily round of duties. The *Imitatio Christi* was supplemented within a short span of years by *The Prince* of Machiavelli. Grandiloquent Pacts that mean everything in general too often end in nothing particular.

No revolutionary movement can have any hope of success until it comes to terms with the actual situation of affairs. The bewildering array of denationalising decrees, which mark the earlier years of Soviet Russia, was followed by a new economic policy and by the exile of Trotsky. The great international outlawry of war was to be made effective, as we have already seen, by a supreme international court based strictly on American precedent. When Tolstoy endeavoured to persuade us of the feasibility of an abstract doctrine of non-resistance it was speedily pointed out that there were two obvious exceptions to such an unqualified demand—(1) the case of self-defence; (2) the case when a big bully attacks a weaker man or even a woman or child. The same exceptions could be pleaded to any absolutely unqualified international pact for the renunciation of war. As regards the first, Mr. Kellogg at once hastened to explain that his proposal is not meant to take away the "inalienable right of self-defence." But what about the second objection? Mr. Kellogg partly met it by conceding that the violation of the Pact by a single signatory absolved the others from their obligations to that offending member. But if ever the European peace is broken in defiance of Pacts and Covenant it will be by a strong nation which seeks at one great sudden movement to overrun a weaker, and thus confront Europe with the absolute accomplishment of its designs. It was to provide for the speedy action by the League in the case of such a contingency that the security

provisions of the Geneva Protocol were elaborated. The first great point, then, that must be kept in mind, in the scrutiny of the American proposal, is that it should be brought into some organic connection with all the efforts in the direction of security, disarmament, and arbitration, which are at present being slowly elaborated by the common sense and combined wisdom of Europe. It is obvious from Sir Austen Chamberlain's Note of acceptance that he thinks it might still be strengthened in this respect.

Mr. Kellogg's proposal may lead to some great step forward in international relations, but only (1) if it is made consistent with the arrangements already devised to render war difficult or impossible; (2) if it infuses a new and practical spirit into the elaboration of more perfect external arrangements for the future. Subject to these two important qualifications it may, in the first place, serve as a standing rebuke to those many people—in some cases professed pacifists—who are continually shouting for Treaty revision, and thus sowing the seeds of unappeasable discords for the future. In the second place, it may re-ventilate the question of the relation of the United States to the League of Nations. And, in the third place, it may raise again the reintroduction and revision of some universal scheme of "external arrangements" such as the Geneva Protocol.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, as his reply shows, is not altogether enamoured of a universal arrangement, but it is difficult to show how, without it, there can be any real and substantial progress in the allied and inseparable questions of security, disarmament and arbitration. The Geneva Protocol, with all its faults, is the only complete attempt as yet to envisage the whole difficult problem of the external arrangements for the renunciation of war.

Indeed, owing to the marked difference in the American and European outlook as regards a supreme international court, it may be impossible to hammer out an absolutely universal scheme. But some such scheme or schemes there must be to complete the Kellogg Pact. Is it not right that great ideals should have at their command the most improved international machinery?

LORD HALDANE

By "A TORV"

COMMON experience proves that when vision is disturbed by fog, objects are always magnified. A donkey becomes a horse, a sheep a cow, a hawthorn bush an umbrageous tree. The same result, however, does not ensue when mental vision is obscured, and whenever low visibility is attributable solely to politics the object of the politician's scrutiny is too often prejudicially affected.

No public man in the present generation has been treated by his political opponents as unjustly as Lord Haldane. In the words of a well-known writer he "was the subject of the most bitter and venomous attacks ever levelled at an English statesman by his own countrymen." Nor was this virulent campaign carried on by common and ignorant people. At a meeting of the Sociological Society held at the Society of Arts in November, 1916, while Lord Haldane was presiding at a discussion on "The Legal Aspect of International Relations," a well-dressed female rose in a small audience before he had completed the first sentence in his opening remarks and shouted: "Shame on you, Haldane! What do you know about international law or politics? You are a pro-German." She and another woman disturber were turned out, but during the meeting a third lady rose and shouted: "We protest against you speaking at this meeting. You are a traitor."

It is not proposed in this article to discuss numerous similar incidents or their absolute groundlessness. I simply desire to review very briefly the public work of Lord Haldane so that fair-minded people may be enabled to form an accurate estimate of the character and achievements of this most remarkable man.

He was born in 1856 in the direct male line of the ancient Scotch family of Haldane, of Gleneagles. His crest is an eagle's head, and his motto, with strange appropriateness, the single word "Suffer." Educated at Edin-

burgh Academy, in due course he matriculated in the University of that city. During his undergraduate course he became a member of the Philomathic Society of the University, and a very interesting sketch of him when seventeen years of age, written by the Rev. C. A. Salmond, D.D., of Edinburgh, was published in 1909 in *Noctes Philomathicæ*:—

Haldane even then was distinguished by the acuteness of his reasoning and the imperturbability of his temper so that as he looked up to the roof with folded hands or pursued what was sometimes a philosophic monologue, no number of noisy and mocking interruptions could possibly banish from his face the mild urbanity which has so often disarmed opponents in the House of Commons.

At Edinburgh he chiefly directed his studies to philosophy, in which he took first-class honours, and he thence proceeded to Göttingen University, where he graduated and later received its honorary degree. He was called to the English Bar in 1879, and elected to practise on the Chancery side.

In preparing for the General Election of 1880 the Liberal Party invited the co-operation of gentlemen "willing to give assistance in promoting the Liberal cause . . . by speaking at Liberal meetings." To that invitation, with many others, Lord Haldane responded. A committee was formed and a vigorous propaganda pressed by this band of young Liberal missionaries. After that election the committee was reconstituted and called the "Eighty Club," and during the ensuing years Lord Haldane took an active part in its proceedings, becoming hon. secretary in 1885.

After the Liberal defeat in 1895 his acute mind realised that the hope of Liberalism lay in the working classes, and speaking with authority at the Russell Club, Oxford, in November, he told his audience that the Liberal Party intended to trust and woo the democracy. In the autumn of the following year there were grave differences in the Liberal camp which involved the retirement of Lord Rosebery from the leadership. Lord Haldane took a firm and patriotic stand, and we find him in April, 1897, in an address to his constituents at Tranent, declaring that he

would be no party to making foreign affairs a shuttlecock to be tossed backward and forward in the hope of some passing party advantage. Speaking during the same month at St. Andrews, he said that Great Britain must not break away from the concert of Europe and act independently. He had no sympathy with that fanatical group of Liberals whose misguided zeal had led them to interfere in Greek politics, and whose idiotic telegram to Athens was the immediate cause of the Græco-Turkish War, which ended so disastrously for their protégés. An ardent Home Ruler, he remained loyal to Mr. Gladstone and declared that the Irish people must have freedom in their own affairs, and that any measure short of that must fail, because the Irish Nationalist demand was based on national sentiment.

The General Election of 1900 resulted in a Tory victory, and from that time onward Lord Haldane, in opposition, made himself felt as a strong political force. Distinctly imperialist, he declared at Leith in October, 1902, that the Liberal Imperialists would form the great political party of the future. He had no sympathy with Mr. Lloyd George's pro-Boer agitation. Addressing his constituents at Tranent in October, 1901, he had declared that the war was undertaken by England justly, and that unless the Boers surrendered on terms that would make a similar war impossible they must be beaten in the field.

* * * * *

Mr. Balfour's Education Bill of 1902 drew from Lord Haldane his views on education in a speech delivered at North Berwick in October of that year. It was the first of a series of speeches remarkable for their vision, reasoned soundness, novel views, and their passionate insistence. He placed education first of all our social questions, and he characterised some of the Liberal outcries against that measure as ridiculous, because to his knowledge it was framed by educational experts and not by Churchmen. None of our statesmen hitherto had discussed education with such breadth of view. He claimed education to be an end in itself, and that it can never be based upon merely utilitarian considerations. It is a whole, one and indivi-

sible, and must aim at the development of the individual as a whole, as Plato taught in *The Republic* and *The Laws*. In this connection he instanced Mr. Asquith as an example of the splendid education that can be provided by classical learning, and Mr. Balfour of the not less perfect education produced by training more nearly scientific.¹ That utilitarianism never appealed to him is shown by his warning to the prize-winners at Birkbeck College against the danger of regarding learning as being only a scientific means of increasing the opportunities of earning a living.

In 1906 Lord Haldane was elected Rector of Edinburgh University, and in his rectorial address, entitled "The Dedicated Life," he reached a mark unsurpassed by the greatest of his predecessors. He said that the true leader must teach his countrymen the gospel of the wide outlook, and fill their minds with a sense of the greatness of which human nature is capable. He argued that it was the training of the Japanese officers that led to the Japanese victories in Manchuria because their training was based on a very high code of ethics and chivalry. Self-effacement, truthfulness and devotion to the service of his nation were the lessons in which the young officer was instructed, and they bore abundant fruit in the wonderful manner in which the trenches of the Russians at Liao-ang and Mukden were stormed.

At the commencement of the War Lord Haldane's well-known and oft-expressed admiration for German educational methods, philosophy, and literature, misled some people to believe that he was pro-German in his sympathies. Apparently this sometime popular error was based, as many such have been based, on a half-truth. It was alleged that he claimed Germany as his spiritual home. What he did say is set out in Mr. Stevens' book, written in 1917, viz. :

Across a London dinner-table to a guest of his English hostess, a German philosopher who loved Hermann Lotze, Lord Haldane had once said that because of Lotze he almost regarded Germany as his spiritual home.

(1) Speech in the House of Lords, July 19th, 1916.

He, however, had made his views quite clear months before. Speaking at a lecture in London in 1915, he had pointed out that the German democracy had let power fall entirely into the hands of the General Staff, who designed conquest, and until power was swept from them and returned to the people there could be no negotiations for peace. No loftier patriotism than Lord Haldane's was ever voiced by any British statesman. When many of his fellow-Liberals were of a contrary opinion he declared that the Boer War was a just war. At the Colonial Institute before the Society of Comparative Legislation he urged the great importance of formulating and carrying out a comprehensive scheme of Imperial defence. At Preston-Pans in 1903 he assured his constituents that Imperial defence was not a "Jingo" but a peace topic, and he then expressed the view that if Great Britain lost command of the seas her decay must infallibly follow. At Ealing in November, 1903, he eulogised Lord Lansdowne's Anglo-French Treaty, and a year later affirmed that his Anglo-Japanese Treaty made for world-peace. Speaking at the Mansion House in 1910 he expressed his opinion that Mr. Balfour had built well when in 1904 he laid the foundations of the Imperial Defence Committee on a scientific basis. When in Berlin in 1912 he warned Bethmann-Hollweg against a breach of Belgian neutrality, and when that country was in fact invaded, in 1914, Lord Haldane urged the imperative necessity for Great Britain to take part in the Great War. His many recruiting speeches are also full of patriotic fervour.

When the Liberals took office in 1906 Lord Haldane was appointed to the War Department, and the new Minister entered on his duties with characteristic energy, thoroughness, and courtesy, giving almost immediate promise of a successful administration. From a three-column article in the *Times* of July 5th, 1906, the following words are quoted :—

Mr. Haldane has won golden opinions from soldiers with whom he has been brought into contact He is trusted and conciliatory he has already commenced to carry out the mandate of his party, and has effected not inconsiderable reductions.

A hundred years ago bravery and energy counted most in warfare, but in Lord Haldane's view the Boers had taught us that war was a scientific business in which brains were absolutely essential. Mr. Balfour had appointed the Esher Committee, and its report brought about the creation of the Army Council in 1904 and the placing of the General Staff and the Administrative Staff on distinct and separate footings. Lord Haldane's scheme relied upon the Navy as Britain's first line of defence, and therefore our Army ought not to be formed upon the Continental bases. To Lord Roberts' demand for Conscription he replied that the Government had approved a voluntary scheme which must first be tried.

Under that scheme an Expeditionary or Striking Force was organised of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men fully equipped for the field and armed with the latest weapons. A Reserve was maintained, and behind them were the Volunteers, reorganised, rearmed, increased to a strength of two hundred thousand, and renamed Territorials. The design contemplated and admitted unlimited expansion. The priceless value of Lord Haldane's scheme in operation was amply proved within the first week of the War. On August 3rd, then Lord Chancellor, at the request of the Prime Minister he returned to the War Office and mobilised the Expeditionary Force. In forty-eight hours the entire force was ready for embarkation, and the rapidity with which it took the field, with its transport increased by two hundred London motor omnibuses, and stayed the tide of German invaders until the French troops arrived, saved France from destruction.

This reorganisation of the War Office met with hearty expert approval. On June 11th, 1912, the *Times* military correspondent stated that public confidence in that Department had been restored. Sir John French declared that the country owed Lord Haldane an immeasurable debt of gratitude because he had inaugurated and made perfect a military fighting machine and a system of national defence such as this country had never had before. In Lord Sydenham's view this country never entered upon war in a better state of preparedness than in 1914. General Knox

in *The Flaw in Our Armour* referred to him as the greatest War Minister since Mr. Cardwell.

Lord Haldane's visits to Berlin in 1906 and 1912 were readily seized by his political opponents as bases of belated attack. The sincerity of their motives is, however, heavily discounted by the fact that although those visits had been common knowledge for years, unfavourable comment was first made three or four years after the later visit. The first was undertaken at the request of Sir Edward Grey, and it effected some improvement in our relations with Germany. It, however, had a beneficial result never contemplated in enabling the British War Minister to acquire at first hand knowledge of German Army organisation.

The sabre-rattling of the German Emperor that brought about the Morocco crisis of 1911 alarmed alike the British Cabinet and the German peace party, led by Bethmann-Hollweg. A *rapprochement* ensued, and Lord Haldane was sent to the German capital as a sort of *liaison* Minister. More than three years later the *Times* woke up to blame Lord Haldane's action, and it printed on September 3rd, 1915, a bitter attack on his mission. A few weeks later the genesis of that mission was clearly stated by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons:—

In January, 1912, an intimation reached His Majesty's Government from Berlin informally that it was desirable that a British Minister should visit the German capital with a view to a private and unofficial interchange of opinions. His Majesty's Government, after consideration, approved of the suggestion. As the result the Cabinet proposed to Lord Haldane that he should go to Berlin informally and undertake this mission, and Lord Haldane agreed to do so. He received full instructions from the Foreign Minister and from the Cabinet, and he carried out his instructions accordingly to their entire satisfaction.¹

One of the most versatile of our public men, Lord Haldane invariably illuminates and makes interesting every subject on which he speaks. At an annual dinner of the Scott Club, reviewing Scots men of letters, he placed Sir Walter Scott first, not because he was the author of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, but because of his character-drawing. "Cervantes makes us laugh at his

(1) *Times*, November 26th, 1915.

heroes, but Scott makes us love them." At a meeting of the Academic Committee of the Royal Literary Society in 1911 he delivered a most learned address on literary style, proving that English writers are less concerned with style than matter. He accepted the invitation of the American Bar Association to address their annual meeting at Montreal in September, 1913, and took for his text "Higher Nationality: a Study in Law and Ethics." There is no space here to discuss it; suffice it to say the British and foreign Press were unanimous in recording the profound impression it made in the domains of law and letters.

Lord Haldane has very definite views of reforms which might be carried out in the public service. As far back as 1900 he advocated the fusion of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and the House of Lords into an Imperial Appellate Court. He also strongly urged the creation of a Ministry of Justice, to which should be transferred certain functions of the Home Office, the Ministry of Health and other public departments.¹ An idealist of the most pronounced type, he has inculcated lofty ideals in all his great speeches. He always insisted that "not failure but low aim is crime." Indeed, it is due to his idealism that he is to-day found in the forefront of Labour politics.

It is most interesting to trace the gradual development of Lord Haldane's political faith. Starting political life as a philosophical Liberal, he became an admirer and later a follower of Lord Morley. Addressing the National Liberal Club in 1892, however, ever critical, he drew attention to one of the many difficulties that render land nationalisation impossible, namely, the existence of the countless thousands of mortgagees who were virtual land owners. In the following year he declared, in a preface to Hobhouse's *Labour Movement*, that it was a fallacy to assume that Democracy and Radicalism were convertible terms; working men in towns tended towards Conservatism; Cobden and Bright opposed factory legislation and favoured child labour. Liberal leaders must teach

(1) Command Paper, 1918, No. 9,230.

democracy that they have a message of practical import for the bettering of its conditions. At Oxford, in November, 1895, he had declared that the Liberal Party intended to trust democracy, and later he affirmed with conviction that the future of Liberalism depended on the way in which it handled social questions. Apparently in the intervening years the Liberal Party had not handled those questions to his satisfaction, because, in an address to his constituents in October, 1901, he charged them with being wanting in idealism. At that meeting he said that he had been born in the Liberal faith and hoped to die in it, and this sentiment was reported to have been loudly cheered. Many of those fervent Liberals who applauded, however, will regret it is most unlikely that aspiration will be realised. About this time Lord Haldane directed his attention to trade unionism, and expressed dissatisfaction with the decision of the House of Lords which denied to Labour the right to combine.

Another step in the direction of Labour was taken by Lord Haldane in October, 1904, when he expressed disappointment with current Liberalism in a speech supporting Lord Dalmeny's candidature for East Lothian. His view then was that Labour should always have its claims well represented in the Liberal Party, but he said that if it sought to be a party apart it would certainly fail. "They could no more have a solid representation of Labour than they could of people whose incomes were over £150 *per annum*."

In the early 'nineties there was a Socialist movement in the country which urged that all war-ships should be not only repaired but built in the Government dockyards, and thereby increase the direct employment of labour. In a speech at the "Eighty Club" Lord Haldane condemned this proposal, and stated that private shipbuilding yards were "a priceless national asset." The danger of Socialism was vigorously canvassed before and during the General Election of 1906, and he sought to allay the public fears in a speech delivered on October 10th, 1905, when he assured his audience that "there was as little chance of this country turning to Socialism as to Romanism."

In the new Parliament Lord Haldane resolved to promote the interests of the working classes, and he insisted that the relation of Capital to Labour must claim a large share of the new Government's attention. Addressing his constituents on October 28th, 1907, on the mission of Liberalism, he passed another milestone, concluding with the pregnant words, "I would be ashamed if I to-day professed the Liberalism of twenty-five years ago. Liberalism never stood still."

The Socialists of Karl Marx's day taught that Labour was the real source of wealth. Marx was a disciple of Hegel, and all through Hegel's writings is to be traced the theory of society controlling the means of production for the benefit of the community; but Lord Haldane contended time and again that the Marxian doctrine of Labour is an entire fallacy, and that the true source of wealth is the power to direct Labour and Capital. He informed the Workers' Educational Union, at Coventry in Easter week of 1918, that all men were not and could not be equal, because nature was too powerful. Enemies of the Workers' Union allege that education is a means whereby the capitalist exploits the worker, but he told his hearers that they never could get rid of the domination of Capital until they got rid of the domination of ignorance. At the Hull by-election in 1907 Lord Haldane acknowledged that there were some very fine ideals associated with the Labour Party, but he dreaded the advent in any large number of the adherents of the extreme Labour creed, not for what it would accomplish but for what it would prevent from being accomplished. He again asserted that the source of wealth was not Labour or Capital but the power of directing their combination. The true foundation of democracy is to give men and women the education, training and skill which provided them with equality of opportunity.

Another step in his progress towards sane Labour is seen in his speech at the City of London Solicitors' Company in February, 1914, when he said that employers would have to recognise the position of their workmen and the workmen must realise that they had some further concern than

the mere getting as high wages as they could. Again, at the City Liberal Club in the following July he warned the merchants of London that "Democracy is asking, and, I think, rightly asking, more and more for a share of the good things which the development of production and the growth of civilisation is producing in an increasing degree, and we have to meet that demand and make sacrifices to meet it."

In March, 1920, Lord Haldane addressed the Chippenham Divisional Labour Party on "Labour Principles," and that speech was his swan song as a Liberal. Speaking with careful choice of words, he said he was not there to break with the traditions of the party in which he had been brought up, but rather to speak as a Liberal inviting his fellow Liberals to advance so that they might be more in accord with the aims of the Labour Party which he shared. "There are a number of principles on which all Progressives ought to unite, and because I find more of them in the Labour programme than in the current programme of the Liberals I, with a steadily increasing number of dissatisfied Liberals, am ready to co-operate with Labour in a campaign to accomplish these ends." It was in his speech at Cardiff on the "University and Welsh Democracy" in November, 1921, that the breaking-point was reached. He said with some emotion that, having sat for ten years in the Cabinet and having organised armies, he had resolved to consecrate the rest of his life to the great cause of the systematic enlightenment of democracy.

That Labour was bound to become a powerful political force had been apparent for some time. It was deliberately accorded a share in the government of the Empire when Mr. John Burns was appointed a Cabinet Minister. It was equally apparent that in the cornfields of Labour, Socialist and Communist tares would appear and have to be guarded against. Few, however, dreamed that a Labour Government would be in office, and more or less in power, in the year of grace 1924. In these circumstances the nation was fortunate in having on the Labour Woolsack a Chancellor who is not only a great lawyer, scholar, and

successful public administrator, but also a man of high principle and courage who has never sacrificed his convictions to his personal interests.

Such, in brief, is a sketch of the public work of Lord Haldane. It has been recognised by his Sovereign and his countrymen, and foreign *savants* have delighted to honour him for his bearing and culture. Twelve Universities have conferred upon him the degree of Doctor *honoris causa*: he has been elected to several Rectorial chairs coveted by all public men and rarely attained. The Crown created him a Knight of the Thistle and conferred on him the Order of Merit. In the public eye these distinctions hall-mark him as one of England's great men. The student of character, however, will seek to deduce from his career some underlying principle that actuated Lord Haldane in public life and political association. Such may be found in his address to the Workers' Educational Union at Coventry already referred to. There he stated that "Christianity brought into the world a new ideal, the ideal that human freedom was an end in itself. Freedom is the unquestionable right of the individual. Christianity abolished slavery, Christianity insisted on a new value being attached to human personality, and it is Christianity by this doctrine that is inspiring much in the Labour movement to-day, and teaching men and women that there is something more important than work and comfort in the infinite, the precious value of every human soul."

[P.S.—This tribute to the late Lord Haldane, written during his lifetime, was passed for press a few days before the announcement of his death.—EDITOR, "F.R."]

EGYPT WITHOUT ZAGHLUL

BY OWEN TWEEDY

POLITICS in Egypt are still dominated by personalities rather than by parties. The chequered Parliamentary *régime*, inaugurated in 1924, produced a commendably decorous tradition in debate but little individuality in party programmes. In fact, when the average Egyptian elector went to the polls his vote was for the adherent of a personality he knew, regardless of party programmes, of which he knew nothing.

A year ago Zaghlul was still alive and Egypt was governed by a ministerial coalition of personalities with clearly defined right and left wings, which Zaghlul's influence had somehow kept together for a year, and which was responsible to a coalition parliament of Zaghlul's creation. Before the elections of 1926 he had agreed that there were to be so many Zaghlulist and so many Liberal Constitutional members, and, having realised his wishes in this direction, he accepted, despite his great age, the onerous duties of President of this Coalition Parliament, leaving it to his nominee, Adly Pasha, a non-Zaghlulist, to fill the scarcely less onerous post of Prime Minister. During the past year Zaghlul has died and the great personality of post-War Egypt has disappeared. And as a result the Coalition Cabinet which he created and held together, has disintegrated; Sarwat Pasha, the non-Zaghlulist successor of Adly in 1927, has passed—temporarily or otherwise—into retirement; and to-day the country is governed by a fresh type of Coalition Ministry composed of non-Zaghlulist and ex-Zaghlulist elements. Parliamentary government has been suspended for three years, and with Parliament has disappeared the executive and legislative authority of the Zaghlulist party, which held the majority in the late Chamber. Since 1919 the Egyptian political stage had been entirely dominated by the personality of Zaghlul. Since his death the lime-light has flickered first on one, then on another Egyptian

leader to the accompaniment of alarms and excursions both without and within, and one crisis has succeeded another in a manner remarkable even in Egypt, where things ever happen quickly and are forgotten quickly.

There are two types of political crises in Egypt—the Anglo-Egyptian and the domestic—and since June 1927 there have been striking examples of each variety.

In spite of the claims of rival candidates from among the Wafd, Sarwat Pasha had been Zaghlul's own choice to succeed Adly Pasha, who, in April 1927, had resigned the Presidency of the Coalition Cabinet of 1926. On Zaghlul's and Sarwat's shoulders fell the brunt of the Egyptian Army crisis of June 1927, the first of the four crises which occurred during the past year. The facts of the crisis are now forgotten and, in any case, are too complicated and too remote to recount in detail. It eventually provoked a Note from the British to the Egyptian Government containing certain suggestions with which Sarwat Pasha was called upon to comply. It was an occasion which demonstrated the national utility of coalition government, and Zaghlul prudently summoned a conference of all parties to consider the terms of a reply, the drafting of which he entrusted to Sarwat Pasha, as Prime Minister. The tone of Sarwat's draft was violently opposed by the representatives of the left wing of the Zaghlulist Party as being too conciliatory and weak. Nahas Pasha, the Vice-president of the Zaghlulist Party, whose name had been mentioned two months previously as the "Wafd" candidate for the Premiership, led the movement of protest; but when called upon by Zaghlul to produce counter suggestions for the consideration of the conference he had no positive policy to advocate and eventually Sarwat's draft was adopted. It was accepted by London after protracted discussion and an incident, which was probably unnecessary, was closed to the relief of both countries.

A month later, in an atmosphere which had cleared as suddenly as atmospheres do clear in Egypt, King Fuad left for England. He was accompanied by Sarwat Pasha, his Prime Minister, and the Egyptian Press jumped to the

conclusion that fresh negotiations were afoot. These rumours were not denied by Zaghlul. In Egypt, as elsewhere, silence is construed as compliance; and as it was inevitable that during King Fuad's State visit to London Sarwat would meet Sir Austen Chamberlain, it was assumed both in Cairo and London that Zaghlul, as President of the Wafd, had given the mission his blessing. The two men must have discussed the possibilities of Sarwat's visit, and it cannot be far from the truth to infer that Zaghlul agreed that it would be in the interests of Egypt, which he would like materially to further before his death, if Sarwat were able, while in London, to create a new *modus vivendi* which Egypt could recognise and which would be more precise and less amenable to such misunderstandings as had recently given rise to the Army crisis, than the unilateral British Declaration of February, 1922. Naturally Sarwat would not commit himself in any way without previous reference to and consultation with Zaghlul and the Wafd. Whatever actually transpired between the two men, Sarwat on his arrival in London saw Sir Austen Chamberlain, and in course of time presented to him a draft agreement which dealt, from the Egyptian point of view, with the points at issue between the two countries. Sarwat's interpretation of the terms of his mission was striking if, as is believed to be the case, Zaghlul had not previously seen this draft; for it was couched in a form which made its presentation tantamount to the opening of official negotiations towards a full and final settlement of the Anglo-Egyptian problem. Sir Austen Chamberlain replied to Sarwat's suggestions with a counter draft of a complete treaty, the terms of which were, however, far from agreeable to the Egyptian Prime Minister. "The British draft," he wrote in his reply at the end of August, "with its mechanism of rigid tutelage and continued control, goes too far and merely results in emphasising a lack of confidence in Egypt." Meanwhile Zaghlul died in Cairo, and he and Sarwat never met as had been arranged between them.

Sarwat returned to Egypt early in September to report to the now leaderless Wafd. He was faced with a

domestic situation which Zaghlul's death had deprived of its previous stability. However, he had a meeting with the Wafd Committee and Nahas Pasha, the Vice-president of the Zaghlulist Party, and they presumably discussed with him the results of his efforts in London. But what he said to them and they said to him is to this day wrapt in mystery. Circumstantial evidence is notoriously misleading; but the outcome of the meeting was, first, that Nahas Pasha announced publicly that Sarwat had discussed the situation with the Wafd and that the Wafd were reassured by his report of his doings; secondly, that Sarwat returned to Europe and in October resumed negotiations in London; and, thirdly, that when, also in October, Nahas was officially elected to succeed Zaghlul as President of the Wafd, his manifesto to the Egyptian public contained a cautious but not unhopeful reference to the desire of his party for closer Anglo-Egyptian friendship. Sarwat's resumption of his conversations in London produced a third draft treaty, which was agreeable to the British Government and the Dominions and—it was believed—to Sarwat himself; and with this treaty in his pocket he returned to Egypt with King Fuad in November.

All Egypt knew that he had the draft treaty in his pocket. Mr. Baldwin spoke hopefully at the Guildhall banquet regarding the future of Anglo-Egyptian relations. King Fuad in his speech at the opening of Parliament was cautiously optimistic on the subject. Furthermore, Egypt was sincerely grateful for the warmth of the British reception of King Fuad, and there was a definite feeling in the country that something good might at last be brewing. To the onlooker the moment appeared to be propitious for concrete and positive action by Sarwat. But he thought otherwise. For three months nothing happened, and such hopes as had ever existed for the treaty vanished.

The history of those three months has been reported variously from the standpoint of Sarwat himself and of the Wafd. Sarwat on his return to Egypt became of opinion that there were points in the draft treaty—the articles dealing with the organisation of the Egyptian Army and the police—which required more precision if they were to be

acceptable to the Wafd and to the Zaghlulist majority in the Parliament which would have to ratify any agreement. Accordingly and rather unexpectedly he reopened negotiations with London. And months passed. Eventually in February he submitted the draft to the Wafd with a covering Note in which he dealt at great length with the implications of the various articles of the proposed treaty.

The mood of the Wafd when the draft reached them was far from amiable; and it must, in fairness to them, be admitted that they had cause for irritation. During the three months since Sarwat's return with the draft treaty, he had preserved a sphinx-like silence. No one was told anything. No one—not even his own Cabinet or the Wafd Committee—knew what, at this eleventh hour, he could be negotiating. His reticence was intensely aggravating. Egyptian conjecture put all sorts of constructions upon his silence, and public feeling passed from interest to curiosity and finally to exacerbation. Such an atmosphere was inevitably productive of countless rumours, and in February the Egyptian Press crystallised these rumours into incorrect and misleading versions of the contents of the draft treaty. The Wafd, given at last something to bite on, immediately reacted, and not only denounced as impossible the reported terms of Sarwat's agreement, but gave full rein to their dissatisfaction with his tactics. In this agitated state of mind they received the genuine draft treaty from Sarwat. According to one account he asked them to discuss the proposals together with his covering note, and to acquaint him of the result of their deliberations in the form of a detailed commentary—article by article. According to the other—the Wafd version—he put the treaty to them as a document to be accepted or rejected in its entirety. No British observer of Egyptians will ever be able to ascertain which account is correct or even approximately so. Truth is to be found only at the bottom of the well, and Egyptian wells are deep.

In the end the treaty was rejected by the Wafd because "by reason both of its basic principles and of its actual provisions it was incompatible with the independence and

sovereignty of Egypt; and, moreover, it legalised the occupation of the country by British forces." Nine months' hard work ended thus barrenly in a formula of rejection, which disclosed no comment which might help future negotiations. Whether or not the Wafd had discussed the proposals thoroughly will never be known. Whether they ever intended to evince any sympathy with a document sponsored by Sarwat—the non-Zaghlulist—will never be known. The fact remains that their rejection of the treaty was utterly uncompromising and was couched in a formula whose slickness encouraged the gloomy inference that the draft was neither regarded nor discussed as a serious document.

Sarwat acquainted Lord Lloyd, in the terms of the Wafd formula, of the rejection of the treaty. But before he had time to resign he became the recipient of the British Note of March 4th. This Note described the rejection of the treaty as tantamount to the return to the *status quo*, stressed the existence of the British Declaration of 1922 and the four reserved points, and drew the Egyptian Government's attention to certain contemplated legislation, the enactment of which, it pointed out, would hamper Great Britain in the execution of its obligations in Egypt. The most important and most immediate item of this legislation was a revision of the old "Assemblies Law." The proposed revision rendered it no longer necessary for public meetings to be previously authorised by the Egyptian Police, whose officials, under the amended legislation, not only would be held responsible for the restoration of order in the event of trouble, but would further be liable to heavier punishments than disturbers of the peace, should their interference in the maintenance of public security be subsequently deemed to have been excessive.

Sarwat, having received the British Note, lost no time in resigning, and the task of answering it devolved upon Nahas Pasha, who succeeded him as Prime Minister. In view of the fact that the character of the existing Egyptian Chamber, as created by Zaghlul, was on the lines of a Coalition rather than a party parliament, Nahas constituted his new Ministry as a Coalition, similar to those which had existed since 1926. Its solidarity was at once tested when

the question came to be discussed whether or not the British Note should be answered. These discussions were rendered none the easier by the tactics which the new Prime Minister elected to follow. Publicity is a political weapon which needs careful and cautious manipulation in the hands of the statesman. Nahas grasped it recklessly. He gave wholesale interviews outlining an Egyptian policy which, without in any way assisting the Egyptian point of view, embarrassed both his own and his country's future. His reception of Egyptian delegations was theatrical and ill-suited to a situation of which he obviously did not appreciate the seriousness. And eventually he and his colleagues, with an outward show of unanimity, which subsequent events have markedly belied, decided on their reply to the British Note of March 4th. This reply opened with a reiteration of their desire for friendly Anglo-Egyptian relations, proceeded to affirm Egyptian non-recognition of the British Declaration of 1922, protested that the terms of the British Note of March 4th constituted an unjustifiable interference in Egyptian internal affairs, and concluded by a statement that Anglo-Egyptian relations could not be conducted on a special basis, but must follow ordinary diplomatic procedure. The British reply was quickly forthcoming, but was temperate in tone. Nahas Pasha's exposition of Anglo-Egyptian relations could not be accepted: the British Declaration of 1922 and the maintenance of the *status quo* were reaffirmed: and absolute discretion was reserved to take such action as was required, to maintain the integrity of the British position in the country as defined in the four reserved points. Nahas Pasha was not dismayed. He persisted in more Press interviews declaring that Egyptian Independence was not a gift from Great Britain, but the result of years of Egyptian effort, and that he would not and could not interfere with the passage of the Assemblies Law into the Egyptian Statute Book.

The British Government awaited a change of attitude for three weeks, and then, on April 30th, addressed an ultimatum to the Egyptian Government calling on them to take the necessary steps to prevent the Assemblies Bill from becoming law. Nahas and his colleagues gave way

within the specified time limit. The Egyptian withdrawal was only partial in so far that the Bill was not shelved, and its further discussion only postponed to a future session of the Egyptian Parliament; but the British Government wisely accepted the situation with the cautionary reservation that Egyptian persistence in proceeding at any subsequent date with the Bill would provoke a recurrence of British intervention. Thus ended a two months' prolongation of crises. The crisis of Sarwat's resignation after the rejection of the treaty had been essentially of a domestic character: that arising from the attempted revision of the old Assemblies Bill being, like the Army crisis of the preceding June, an Anglo-Egyptian conflict.

Nahas' withdrawal took place early in May, and immediately—to use military parlance—a lull set in along the Anglo-Egyptian front. But there were soon signs of liveliness in the Egyptian domestic sector. Nahas Pasha's anæmic Coalition Cabinet had been shaken though not broken during the alarms of the Assemblies Law crisis. Four, if not more, of his ministers had been greatly perturbed by his tactics and behaviour throughout that period; but it was only when it was over, that the re-establishment of calm gave opportunity for reflection. Disintegration set in. During the month of June these four Ministers one by one withdrew from the Cabinet. The first two to resign were the Liberal Constitutional members. Their resignation ended the Coalition. They were followed first by a Zaghlulist and later by an independent colleague. As a result Nahas' Cabinet was reduced to a strength of six, and became wholly Zaghlulist. These happenings were critical for the Zaghlulist Party and for Nahas. He had constituted his Cabinet as a Coalition to correspond with the Coalition Parliament, and the secession of his Liberal Constitutional colleagues destroyed the understanding under which he had taken office, and the tradition of Coalition Government which Zaghlul himself had established both in the Cabinet and Parliament of 1926.

While Nahas was still in the dilemma where to allocate the vacant portfolios in his Cabinet, an incident occurred

which brought him and two prominent members of his party into undesired limelight. Early in 1927 these three had been appointed, in their capacity as lawyers, to conduct a legal process in Egypt on behalf of King Fuad's brother-in-law, Prince Seif-ed-din, who in 1926 had escaped from detention as a lunatic in Sussex. The Prince's wealth, which is considerable, is administered by official trustees in Egypt, who are responsible to a special court—the Royal Council—which controls all matters connected with the royal family. The Prince's family had entrusted to Nahas Pasha and his two legal colleagues the mission of obtaining for the Prince the uncontrolled enjoyment of his fortune and the removal of the restrictions which were placed on his movements at the time he was certified to be insane. Certain letters had passed between the Prince's family and the three Egyptian lawyers, laying down an elaborate and generous scale of fees, graded according to the success which would attend their efforts; but after agreement had been reached on this topic, one of the three lawyers had written a letter to the Prince's stepfather, anticipating that at an early date Nahas Pasha's political position in Egypt would be an asset in their attempts to abolish the Royal Council, whereby the disposal of the Prince's wealth would be a simpler matter which the ordinary civil courts would control. This correspondence was published in the leading organs of the Liberal Constitutional and Nationalist parties—both now tense political opponents of the Zaghlulists—on the day after the fourth resignation from Nahas' Cabinet. The coincidence was obviously not fortuitous, and the publicity given to the correspondence—the genuineness of which is still apparently a matter of doubt—created immense stir. The incident was in itself irrelevant to the political crisis in process and cannot be said directly to have affected subsequent events; but on June 25th King Fuad informed Nahas Pasha that his Ministry was dismissed, as it had lost its coalition character, and, in the light of the recent resignations, could not hope to reconstruct on the coalition basis which the King, in the interests of Egypt, wished to perpetuate. The same day his Majesty sent for Mohamed

Pasha Mahmud, the president of the Liberal Constitutional Party and a secessionist member of Nahas' Coalition Cabinet, and within twenty-four hours a new Coalition Ministry, comprising three Liberal Constitutionals, two Unionists, two dissident Zaghlulists and two Independents, had come into office. Two days later the Parliament—which, it must be remembered, was controlled by a large Zaghlulist majority—was prorogued for a month. It was subsequently suspended for three years.

A year ago it was possible in writing of Egypt to speak of the future of Anglo-Egyptian relations in a vein of constructive comment. Negotiations were imminent, and Zaghlul Pasha was alive. The past twelve months have witnessed developments in Egypt, both in Anglo-Egyptian relations and in the domestic arena, which to-day render pertinent comment difficult. The desired advance has not been made towards a definite solution of the Anglo-Egyptian problem, and, as a result of the Wafd's uncompromising rejection of the draft treaty, no common basis for possible agreement has emerged from the negotiations. The last twelve months have only served to show that the inevitable accord of the future is temporarily postponed. Time may discover a common basis for a start of fresh negotiations; but this happy consummation can only be realised by mutual moderation and the development of a keener ability in both countries to see "the other fellow's point of view," and of an atmosphere from which all tinge of superiority and inferiority complexes is absent.

There is still lacking in Egypt a spirit of accommodation prepared to recognise what are the essential British interests in Egypt and to appreciate that the British Government must intervene when—but only when—these vital interests are menaced. On the other hand, there is a growing tendency in British circles towards a less Victorian outlook on Egypt; simultaneously the essential British interests in that country are becoming more clearly defined in British minds, and there is an increasingly sincere desire to convince Egyptians generally that Great Britain harbours no reactionary intentions against their country.

The domestic problem of Egypt, which is now revived

in a form as acute as existed in 1921 and 1922, is a matter which Egyptians must tackle and solve among themselves. The events of the past twelve months, since the death of Zaghlul, have brought to the front new and previously overshadowed personalities whom circumstances have now drawn into tense conflict. This conflict was inevitable after Zaghlul's death and it must take its inevitable course. Its outcome will eventually affect Anglo-Egyptian relations; but, for once in a way, Great Britain, as a mere onlooker, is not involved, and must not become involved, in these domestic issues so long as Egyptian Governments avoid action which would hamper the execution of British obligations in the country.

The rival personalities of the moment are Mohamed Pasha Mahmud, the new Prime Minister, and Nahas Pasha; while King Fuad, as a result of their differences, has emerged as a third and highly important factor in the situation.

The divergent outlooks of these two conflicting groups can be conveniently discussed in terms of British party politics. Since 1878 all British Parliamentary parties have consistently subscribed to the principle of the preservation of the Empire; but our fluctuating South African and Irish policies illustrate the divergencies of party opinion as to how it may best be preserved. During the last half century, however, the Conservatives have tended to assume increasingly the rôle of exclusive guardians of Empire. In long-distance horse-racing (there are no sprints in politics) it is most important to "get your run in" before your competitors. In the "British Empire Stakes" the Conservatives undoubtedly got theirs "in" first. "Peace with honour," "The British Empire on which the sun never sets"—they patented these admirable slogans (which, incidentally, represent the creeds of their political opponents); but when non-Conservatives dared to criticise, not the principle of Empire, but Conservative conceptions as to how, in our post-War world, it should be maintained, they were assailed with fresh and, this time, most uncomplimentary slogans—"Little Englanders," "Defeatists."

The Egyptian "Independence Cup," like our "British

Empire Stakes," is a long-distance race. Up to June this year it was a one-horse affair, for after the War the Zaghlulists started their "run" before others who agreed with them in principle, but differed as to how best the common object could be obtained, were into their stride. All ran to win for Egypt; but whenever the leader looked like being challenged, its backers screamed themselves hoarse with cries of "Foul play," "Doping." A furlong from home Zaghlul's death placed Nahas, the greatly inferior second stable-jockey, in the party saddle. A rival chose the moment to challenge: Nahas used his whip: his mount swerved all over the course: there was an objection, and, to the mortification and rage of his backers, Nahas was disqualified. Mohamed Pasha Mahmud's objection was tersely put. The Zaghlulist political clique had not only arrogated to itself the exclusive right to speak for Egyptian aspirations, but had also plunged the administrative as well as the political destinies of the country into complete chaos. The Zaghlulists countered with a typical flood of uncompimentary slogans. The new Ministry was a collection of minority upstarts. They were selling Egypt to the British, who had engineered the unconstitutional disqualification of Zaghlulism. Nahas knows his Egypt and the political and dramatic value of the British bugbear in times of domestic crisis. His line now is to represent the present conflict as Anglo-Egyptian in character rather than domestic.

Meanwhile it is stroke and parry, hammer and tongs; an Egyptian conflict; its issues Egyptian; its strategy Egyptian. In a word, and despite whatever Nahas may say, a domestic imbroglio. Zaghlul's death has shaken Egyptian domestic stability to its foundations and has released a torrent of personal animosities which, in the past, he alone had been able to curb. New personalities have now engaged in a dour struggle from which, in time, fresh equilibrium will eventuate. But it will be a long process, and during its development British patience under provocation will be tested to the full.

TOLSTOY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE

BY AYLMER MAUDE

FLAUBERT remarked that "Count Tolstóy unites the genius of Shakespeare with the moral fervour of a Hebrew seer," and it is precisely that combination which makes it difficult to appraise his achievements and causes people to differ much about him.

At the age of twenty-four he surprised the literary world of Russia and secured a place among its best writers by *Childhood*, a forerunner of the psychological novels that have since become common, in which the interest lies not in what is done but in why it is done. The book is so vividly written that, though it is fiction, it has been repeatedly, and wrongly, presented to the public as autobiography.

Sevastopol, which aroused very great interest, cannot well be discussed merely as literature. The young officer engaged in the defence of the beleaguered town, after writing the first part under the influence of patriotic emotion and receiving the Emperor's favourable notice of it, expressed moral condemnation of war in the second part, and thereby endangered his chances of promotion—which was highly characteristic of the impetuous moral courage he showed throughout life.

In *War and Peace*, which is the best novel I know, Tolstóy is content to regard war as an elemental and inevitable occurrence, but his lifelike descriptions of the commanders, the officers and the soldiers, Captain Túshin and his battery, Napoleon and Kutúzov at Borodinó, Prince Andrew and the rest of them, strip military life of all romantic glamour. Turning from war to peace, Natásha's first ball, Pierre's encounter with Dólokhov, and Princess Mary's relations with her father are unforgettable. We know these people more intimately than we know those we meet every day. Tolstóy's wonderful instrument of psychological analysis had been perfected since he began

to use it in *Childhood*, and in *War and Peace* it does not hamper his handling of the story.

Anna Karénina is almost as great and memorable a work, and many people even prefer it. At the end there are indications that the author is seriously pondering the meaning and purpose of life, and we are not surprised to find that his next work is *A Confession*. Here we meet the seer face to face in all the intensity of his moral fervour; but Tolstóy's hand had not lost its cunning, and in this work, as later in *What Then Must We Do?* and *What Is Art?*, while whole-heartedly preaching his doctrines, he employs his literary skill to infect us with his feelings as only great artists can. To talk, as people did, of his having "abandoned art" was merely to ignore the real nature of art.

The Power of Darkness and *The Fruits of Enlightenment* secured him a permanent position among Russia's greatest playwrights. In the estimation of Tolstóy as a dramatist, England lags greatly behind the rest of Europe, for in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere, his plays have been very successful, and in Russia they have long been stock-pieces everywhere. Fortunately two of them are to be produced in London at the Arts Theatre Club at the end of October, so that an English audience will at last have an opportunity to see them in English.

His short stories for the people (collected in *Twenty-Three Tales*) are unrivalled of their kind, and are popular to-day with children of all ages the world over. His religious treatises, his *Essays*, and his philosophical works, constantly display the skill of a great literary craftsman, and at times have touches of caustic humour that help to make them exceedingly good reading. His bold reproofs administered to those in authority remind one that he was the one man who, under the old *régime*, dared to reprove the Tsar and the head of the Holy Synod, and who was able to make himself heard while retaining life and liberty.

A writer's reputation often sinks during the twenty years after his death, and then, if he has not the qualities of permanence, he is gradually forgotten, while in the contrary case he "comes back" and takes his place among the immortals.

This usual reaction has in Tolstóy's case run its course, and people are again willing to consider the good in him; but to show the extent to which at one time disparagement was carried, let me cite a most flagrant example. During the last twenty-five years of his life, Tolstóy's courage, sincerity, and moral influence, had given him such authority, especially in Russia, that he had a group of followers who seemed to accept his opinions—even the most extreme and impracticable of them—as gospel. This provoked a natural reaction, and as Tolstóy had a literary trick of sometimes expressing himself pungently rather than accurately, his opponents were able, by picking out a phrase here and a word there, to misrepresent him very plausibly. His religious works, from *A Confession* to *What Is Religion?* brought him into conflict, on the one side, with adherents of the Orthodox Russo-Greek Church, which excommunicated him, and on the other with materialist scientists who disliked his opinion that religious guidance is essential if man is to find and to fulfil his vocation in life. They regarded this as reactionary superstition, and we still meet, in most unexpected places, strange survivals of the antipathy he aroused. For instance, in the current thirteenth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, p. 909 of Vol. 23, we find Tolstóy's name dragged into the midst of a condemnation of the attempts made by the majority of the first and second Dumas to secure parliamentary government for Russia, though Tolstóy neither belonged to, nor supported, either the Constitutional-Democrats or any other political party. The *Encyclopædia* says that: "The majority of the first and second Dumas, as though inspired by the exalted nonsense preached by Tolstoi" (appropriately enough Tolstóy's name is misspelt), "subordinated reason to sentiment until . . . it became easy for the Government to treat them as . . . a malignant growth to be removed by a necessary operation." A footnote appended explains that "Tolstoi observed that that was argument and reason, and that he paid no attention to them; he only guided himself (he said) by sentiment, which he felt sure told him what was good and right. (Interview with Metchnikoff, in Sir Ray Lankester's *Science from an Easy Chair*, p. 43)."

On looking up Sir Ray Lankester's second-hand account of Metchnikoff's report of his visit to Tolstóy, one finds that Metchnikoff had tried by scientific arguments to wean Tolstóy from vegetarianism, and it seems that Tolstóy replied, much to the same effect as he did to others who made the same attempt, that he disliked making a cemetery of his inside, and that his feeling on the matter was strong enough to make argument about it superfluous.

In *Reason and Religion* (see *Essays and Letters*) he had written:

Man has received direct from God only one instrument wherewith to know himself and to know his relation to the universe—he has no other—and that instrument is reason To say that a man should not be guided by reason is the same as to say to a man carrying a lamp in a dark catacomb that to find his way out he must extinguish his lamp and be guided, not by light but by something else.

He frequently spoke to like effect elsewhere, and so flagrant a misrepresentation, dragged in *à propos des bottes* in an article dealing with a matter quite foreign to him, is a literary curiosity, more likely, perhaps, to injure the *Encyclopædia* than permanently to injure Tolstóy's reputation.

The progressive parties in Russia were always disappointed that he would not concern himself with politics. He was not at all politically-minded and was distrustful of Western institutions; but then again he abhorred the censorship, religious persecution, and the system of Siberian exile. He had an even exaggerated antipathy to the use of brute force, and though he knew very well that it would be better for the Tsar to consult representatives of the people rather than rely on the adventurers or flatterers who wormed themselves into Court—he yet, instancing the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II,—maintained that the necessary reforms could be better effected by the Tsar than by the Dumas, or by any parliamentary institution that could be introduced. He uttered, however, a very remarkable prediction of the Revolution that would inevitably come if changes were not made (see pp. 357-8 of *What Then Must We Do?*—"World's Classics" series), and risked his personal liberty by

addressing an outspoken appeal to *The Tsar and his Assistants* (see *Essays and Letters*, p. 270). As a Russian writer said of him at the time, at each crisis in the affairs of his country they found that: "The foes of liberty were his foes, and the friends of freedom his friends."

The artist and the seer in Tolstóy were inextricably intermingled. He had ruined his military career by his satirical soldier-songs and by certain passages in *Sevastopol*. When, in 1891 and 1892, he threw himself into the organisation of relief of a famine the authorities wished to ignore, the articles he wrote caused the suggestion to be seriously made that he should be incarcerated in a monastery prison, but Alexander III refused his assent to such a step.

The inclusion in Book II, Chapter XXVII, of *Resurrection* (written when Tolstóy was over seventy) of the account of an appeal for justice to persecuted sectarians that was addressed to Pobedonóstsev, the secular head of the Holy Synod (figuring in the novel under the name of Toporóv), was the proximate—though not the ostensible—cause of his excommunication.

The intense interest such incidents aroused in Russia in the days when reaction sat heavily on the nation, can no longer be felt, but they may serve to remind us that Tolstóy's literary triumphs were the by-products of a strenuous life. In Russia as well as in England his popularity has undergone fluctuations. For some time his works were excluded by the Soviet authorities from all the public libraries except the chief ones in Moscow and Leningrad, but he is to-day recognised in his own land as conspicuously the greatest of Russia's prose writers, and even the Commissars who detest his religious writings and his condemnations of government resting on violence, are proposing to issue an edition not only of all he wished to publish, but also of everything he considered not worth publishing, as well as many volumes of letters by and to him—quantity, not quality, apparently being their aim in the matter.

An obstacle to the due appreciation of Tolstóy's works in this country hitherto has been the fact that many of them are circulated in very indifferent translations.

In an article in *The Author* Mr. J. H. Penson has remarked very truly that "Tolstóy's works are more obscured to English readers by misrepresentation than those of any other writer of first rank. We have only to take the popular and handy edition of *War and Peace* in the 'Everyman' series for a striking example of this. It is a reproduction of a version from the French by Vizetelly. The book as translated is no longer Tolstóy. It is a paraphrase rather than a translation. Whole sentences are omitted—blocks of sentences sometimes—words and phrases drop out, or are altered, in every paragraph. Even worse, the style has been lost completely." Other editions Mr. Penson refers to are not much better, and though more than fifty English and American publishers have tried their hands at Tolstóy, till to-day no readable and reliable collected edition of his works is obtainable.

When I returned to England from Russia thirty years ago I was anxious to do what I could, with my wife's co-operation, to remedy this state of things. I knew that Tolstóy's works deserved to be faithfully rendered, and I approached several publishers, but found that the numerous existing versions formed a well-nigh insuperable obstacle to the production of a better edition, unless, besides making translations, we could pay for their production.

In economics, the Gresham Law explains why bad money drives out good, and among translations a somewhat comparable law operates, by which bad translations in occupation of the market generally hinder better versions from appearing. The Vizetelly translations had gone out of print when their first publisher went bankrupt. The stereo-plates were then sold "with translation rights" almost at the price of old metal. The temptation to secure a famous novel by a great writer at the price of an old song was strong, and this very worthless version, which does Tolstóy great injustice and hardly contains a paragraph that fairly represents what he wrote, reappeared on the market in a very popular and saleable series of books, and increased the difficulty—already formidable—of getting a good edition produced.

That in Tolstóy's case this and other similar obstacles are gradually being overcome and a reliable Centenary Edition is at last appearing, is due to a remarkable series of circumstances.

In 1888 the late W. T. Stead visited Russia and stayed with Tolstóy at Yásnaya Polyána. During his stay, one of the subjects discussed was the need of good, cheap literature suitable for the people. Tolstóy was interested in an attempt he and his friends were making to have first-rate reading matter published in small books costing only a few kopeks. Stead liked the idea. Paper and printing were then much cheaper than they are now, and after his return home he started a series of "penny classics," which had a considerable circulation. He went too far, however, by making the price a penny. The booklets were too small and the contents too drastically abbreviated. It happened that one of his right-hand men, Mr. Grant Richards, started a publishing business of his own later on, and having seen the possibilities of the idea, and realised Stead's mistake, he began a one shilling "World's Classics" series, which was, I think, one of the first of its kind.

What is Art? translated by me, and *Resurrection*, translated by my wife, had meanwhile shown that there was a demand for new works by Tolstóy, if faithfully translated so as to give English readers a readable book. Still, though Tolstóy had written: "I think that your and your wife's splendid translation of what has previously been published and badly translated should find a publisher"—publishers were shy of producing new versions in competition with works which were already on the market, and we had to find the money to get one volume of Tolstóy's didactic works, retranslated by us, published as an experiment. We arranged to have this volume, *Essays and Letters*, included in the "World's Classics" Series. An edition of 10,000 copies sold quickly and had to be reprinted. Then the publisher failed. Fortunately, Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, decided to take over the series, and, finding that *Essays and Letters* was selling well, invited us to prepare another volume.

We supplied him with a collection of Tolstóy's short stories, *Twenty-Three Tales*. This sold still better, and led to one volume after another being added to the series, till now more than a dozen of Tolstóy's works have found their place in the "World's Classics."

But when it came to such works as *War and Peace*, of which there were four versions on the market, the operation of the Gresham Law made itself felt, and the prospect of ever being able, without serious financial loss, to supply the reading public with a reliable collected edition of Tolstóy's looked dark.

It was at this stage of the matter that the approach of Tolstóy's centenary gave occasion for a further effort, which called forth such support and encouragement from various sides as has enabled the Centenary Edition to be produced.

First of all Bernard Shaw addressed a letter to the Press in which he said:—

"We desire to call public attention, especially in circles interested in literature and in general cultural questions, to the lack of a complete edition of the works of Leo Tolstóy in the English language." After noting the difficulties occasioned by Tolstóy's renunciation of copyright, he went on to point out that the edition projected by the Oxford Press might "prove commercially impossible unless the public, by spontaneously giving it the privileges of a copyright edition, both by subscribing for complete sets and specifying this edition in their purchases of separate volumes, makes up for the absence of legal rights and for the miscarriage of Tolstóy's public-spirited intention in the matter." . . . He concluded by saying: "We feel that its failure to appear would be a grave loss to our national literary equipment; and we earnestly hope that the opportunity of completing the nineteenth-century bookshelf both of our public and private libraries by a complete edition of his works in English will not be missed."

Very helpful, too, was his reply to a critic who fell foul of one of our versions. Shaw remarked that if he could not say that these are the best English translations of

Tolstóy, "that is only because I cannot read the others, and have consequently no right to give any opinion about them."

Professor Gilbert Murray wrote: "I am in the most cordial agreement with Shaw's letter. . . . The wonder to me has always been how Tolstóy contrived to make such a tremendous and characteristic impression through such an opaque and distorting medium as the average Anglo-American translation."

Among those who are supporting the edition by contributing Introductions to it are John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, H. Granville-Barker, Maurice Baring, Gilbert Murray, St. John Ervine, Rebecca West, Prince D. Mirsky, Stephen Graham, Robert Hichens, Shane Leslie, Jane Addams, Wm. Lyon Phelps, Hamlin Garland, and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

The Gresham Law applies to translations as long as the public are ill-informed and indifferent, but when the author is of Tolstóy's calibre and other men of literary eminence give readers guidance on the matter, there is a possibility of defying it, though not without a hard struggle.¹

(1) The Tolstóy Society—which has enabled the attempt to be made—still needs all the support it can get, and its secretary, Miss L. E. Elliott, Ladywell House, Great Baddow, Chelmsford, welcomes correspondence relating to Tolstóy and his works, and is pleased to supply information as to the Society and its activities.

THE LIVING WAGE!

A WORKER'S VIEW

BY "TRADE UNIONIST"

SUCH phrases as "The Right to Work" and "A Living Wage" have been the slogans of the trade union and labour movements from time immemorial. It is a hardy recurring resolution adopted—usually unanimously—at successive Trades Union Congresses and Labour Party Conferences, and at numerous other trade union annual gatherings, but hitherto it has been put forward and supported as a pious resolution, apparently in order to salve the uneasy consciences of the delegates. The minimum living wage usually put to the several congresses was so foreign to the ability of industry to pay such a minimum that very few believed in its practicability, or of the possibilities of such a scheme becoming part of the avowed policy of a political party.

Since the great national strike of May, 1926; however, which, in the final analysis, was the direct outcome of the miners' demand for a minimum wage, the question has received exceptional prominence, and there has been a surfeit of vague discussion on what is meant by a living wage, particularly within the ranks of the Independent Labour Party, which has now adopted family allowances and a living wage as planks in the party platform.

At the Margate Labour Party Conference (1926) the I.L.P. delegates, led by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, late editor of the *New Leader*, induced the delegates to adopt the principle of family allowances and a living wage, and, further, to agree to the setting up of a commission of inquiry, in co-operation, if possible, with the General Council of the T.U.C., to inquire into the various means by which this right can be made effective. "It should consider," says the resolution,

(1) What means should be adopted to establish the principle of a living income;

(2) The reorganisation of industry so that it may yield a living wage; and,

(3) The part which socialisation of the key services (notably credit, transport, power, and the import of raw material and foodstuffs) must play in this reorganisation, and the order in which these measures should be introduced.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was not very enthusiastic about the proposals, neither, apparently, were the Executive Committee, for it was not until the June of 1927 that the commission, consisting of representatives of the Labour Party Executive and the General Council, was finally constituted. A preliminary meeting was held the following month, at which the chairman and secretary were appointed, but no other business was transacted, at least so one gathers from the 1927 Labour Party report.

It was probably because they were incensed at the delay that the delegates to the 1928 Annual Conference of the I.L.P., recently held in Norwich, devoted no little time to endeavouring to solve the knotty problem of defining exactly what is meant by their living wage policy, and, judging by the Press reports, the discussion was lively. One speaker, for instance, remarked that every member had been in the habit of interpreting the living wage proposals in accordance with his own prejudices, hence the necessity for a general definition. Apparently personal prejudices permeated the debate, for the decision finally arrived at, viz.,

"The provision from State funds of family allowances not below five shillings a week in respect of each child under or of school age, and the establishment by law of a living wage to all workers irrespective of occupation,"

whilst it may pass as a definition of the living wage policy of the I.L.P., conveys no idea to the ordinary man as to what is really meant by a living wage, neither does it indicate just how "a living wage for all workers" can be made the law of the land. The delegates were by no means unanimous. The wiser amongst them advocated "the progressive establishment in each industry of minimum wages, enforceable by law," because, as one delegate pointedly said, an Act of Parliament did not change economic laws, and that to enact a minimum wage throughout industry would necessitate the subsidising of fifty or

more industries, particularly agriculture, therefore each industry should be tackled separately.

Not the least interesting feature about the living wage proposal is that its principal protagonists are not members of the working class, they belong to the well-to-do *intelligentsia* of the Labour Movement, which makes one sometimes wonder by what method of computation they arrived at the family allowance figure of five shillings for each child, and whether they have in mind their own incomes as a suitable living wage for others. That these men are sincere cannot be disputed. Themselves far removed from the poverty line, they no doubt sympathise with those who know not from whence the next meal will come, but they have a keen eye upon the politics of the business. "We have dealt with the economic plan rather than with the politics of this transition," say the authors of *The Living Wage* (H. N. Brailsford, John A. Hobson, A. Creech Jones, and E. F. Wise), a booklet written presumably with the object of clearing the air by explaining the living wage proposals, but which one puts down after reading with a feeling of disappointment that these brilliant men should have so signally failed in their purpose, "but it is evident that this policy has the merit of making a simple and concrete appeal to the average worker and his wife." Another well-known Labour writer, reviewing the booklet in a Labour periodical, says: "If the Labour Party would make an inclusive scheme of family allowances its first measure on securing office, it would bind the whole of the poor firmly to its cause." One cannot escape the feeling that, in spite of their transparent honesty of purpose, these rich Labour politicians are quite as much concerned about political prestige and programmes as they are about the privations of poor people.

We will pass over the curious inconsistency of a political party, the objects of which include the complete abolition of capitalism and the wages system ("from each according to his ability to each according to his needs," to quote a hackneyed Socialist phrase), advocating a legal minimum wage, and will endeavour to analyse the proposals.

In 1920 an Australian Federal Council conducted,

under the chairmanship of Mr. A. A. Pidington, an inquiry into children's allowances. After estimating in minute detail the weekly sum an average family of five persons required to satisfy a reasonable standard of comfort at the high prices then prevailing, it fixed the living wage at £5 16s. per week. But when the Federal statistician pointed out that the entire proceeds of industry in Australia, even if all profit were eliminated, would fail to provide such a wage for every worker, the commission revised its proposals and suggested:—

- (1) That a basic wage of not less than £4 should be paid to every wage earner to meet the needs of himself and wife.
- (2) That a supplement of 12s. should be paid for each dependent child of a wage earner, out of a pool managed by the State, to which each employer should contribute 10s. 9d. for each adult worker whom he employed.

Now, despite the fact that Australia is largely ruled by Labour, the plan has never been enforced, which shows that whilst it is quite easy for commissions to arrive at certain conclusions, it is not always so easy—even when Labour rules—to embody those conclusions in legal enactments. This does not prevent our own family allowance and living wage advocates from pursuing their propaganda, using the Australian scheme as a model. Three different schemes have been proposed, namely, a scheme based on the contributory insurance plan, a scheme which throws on the employer the burden of paying a flat rate contribution for every employee into a State pool, and a scheme financed entirely by the State through direct taxation. The first two plans are rejected by the authors of *The Living Wage*, mainly because they would tend to increase prices and the cost of living, whereas the direct taxation "plan puts no direct burden on industry." Indirect taxation, it is urged—and rightly so—is part of an employer's expenses which he must meet, exactly as he meets the rent of his premises, before he balances his books, and assigns the surplus as profit or dividend. But his income tax is a personal charge which falls upon the surplus. A tax levied for this purpose on personal incomes would have no tendency to lower wages. This is an

ingenuous theory, to say the least. If incomes are heavily taxed (as they will be) in order to finance a family allowance scheme, is it not reasonable to assume that employers will endeavour to increase incomes to enable them to meet the extra taxation? And what better way can they increase incomes than by decreasing costs? Although only a few months have elapsed since the pensions-at-sixty-five-regardless-of-income Act came into force, there have been innumerable instances of employers reducing wages of employees over sixty-five, and it is tolerably certain that if State family allowances became universal, there would be a distinct tendency for wages to be adjusted to include the children's pension, which would be equivalent to a tax on the childless.

It is proposed that the children's allowance shall be paid to the mother weekly, through the post office; that it shall be payable for the children of all insured persons, whether employed or unemployed, and shall continue during strikes and presumably (although it is not stated) during lock-outs. Since no mention is made of married people, it must be assumed that the unmarried mother's child will be equally eligible for the five shillings a week.

Beyond mentioning that the estimated cost of such a scheme would be 125 million pounds, I do not propose to deal with the financial aspect: the purpose of this article is to criticise possible effects.

The authors of *The Living Wage* admit that it is necessary to face up to the objection that family allowances might encourage undesirable multiplication of families, but they brush the objection aside by stating that "in proportion as families rise in the social scale above the poverty line, the birth rate tends to fall. Reckless breeding is, in fact, a phenomenon of abject poverty. Every increase in comfort and self respect makes for prudence and self-restraint." Surely it is not seriously suggested that an allowance of eightpence half-penny per day per child is calculated to transform a reckless breeder into a disciple of Malthus! Is it not more reasonable to assume that if every child is guaranteed an income of five shillings a week there will be a distinct tendency for the population

to increase amongst the poorer classes, married and unmarried?

Earlier unions is another possible result of family allowances. The allowance would automatically cease as soon as the child left school and entered industry—at just the age when it is possibly most needed, which would be particularly felt in poor families. Generally speaking, the children would not be able to reimburse their parents from their wages for the loss resulting from the cessation of the allowance. The added privation would probably cause unpleasantness, young people would be thrown more and more into each other's company, and the allowance would be an incentive to illicit intercourse. The unemployed worker would certainly not be more prudent. One can almost hear him say: "It's all right. There's a 'dollar' a week hanging on to it." And the discontented worker would be more inclined to leave his work on the flimsiest pretext.

The problem of the living wage is rather more complex than that of family allowances. It would be possible to establish family allowances at one stroke by an Act of Parliament, but in order to fix a living wage for all workers the economics and all the complexities of each industry would have to be considered, together with the conflicting views regarding a living wage. It is suggested that the Labour Movement, acting through the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party, should take the first step by setting up a commission of its own to formulate into concrete figures the nebulous ideas as expressed by different people. Then a Labour Government, when it took office, would conduct an inquiry of its own in order to supplement the work of the Labour Commission. Any inquiry, it is stated, whether official or unofficial, must endeavour to ascertain from medical men and women, from experts in housing and education, and from practical housewives, what scale of expenditure is necessary in order to satisfy the requirements, first of health and efficiency, and then the cultural life. It is delightfully characteristic of the *intelligentsia*, who are so anxious to do something for us that they do not deem it necessary to consult the actual

wage-earner in the matter. Apparently he does not count.

The ingenuousness of these people is charming. Filled with unbounded enthusiasm for their pet scheme, they appear to think that all that is necessary is to set up a commission or two; examine doctors, experts and housewives; fix on a minimum wage calculated to satisfy health, efficiency and cultural needs; throw in the guaranteed week and a fortnight's holiday a year with full pay, and, hey! presto!! the thing is done. It's as simple as acquiring furniture on the hire purchase plan. But is it *quite* so easy as they would have us believe? I fear not.

Take the question of fixing the minimum wage. The Labour Movement is made up of all kinds of people, many of whom are faddists. One prominent Labour M.P., himself an abstainer and non-smoker, and who is reputed to be abstemious, has more than once spoken of a "drink-sodden democracy," whilst another and equally prominent Labour M.P. brags about the champagne he drinks, the cigars he smokes, and the dinners he attends. As both these gentlemen would most certainly adorn any commission, official or unofficial—probably both—one can visualise a heated and interesting, if not instructive, discussion on the relative merits of nuts, bananas and water (with lemonade and gingerbeer as alternatives), and beer and beefsteaks! This would raise the whole question as to whether the living wage should be based upon the barest necessities or should include beer, wine, spirits, tobacco, and other things. Again, it would be difficult to decide exactly what is meant by cultural life. Would pictures, theatres, dances, whist drives, etc., be included in this category, or would cultural pursuits be limited to lectures on eugenics, the value of vitamins, biology, etc., with occasional visits to the opera?

Yet another problem presents itself. Would the living wage of the highly skilled mechanic be the same as, say, the road-sweeper. If so, then one can foresee many complications, for the mechanic will most surely object. If not, then the living wage assessors will be faced with the ticklish task of fixing a living wage for both, thus admit-

ting varying standards. In the provinces, the cost of living is less than in industrial centres. Will the living wage be less in the villages than in the towns? The more one goes into the question the more intriguing it becomes. The worker's needs and desires vary so much that the most efficacious plan would, it seems, be to consult every worker individually.

And what about the economics of the scheme? Will the living wage be fixed regardless of earnings? Will it be the same for the man who earns five pounds a week as for him who earns ten? It might easily happen that the man who earns ten pounds a week can live on much less than he who earns five. How will such cases be met? Trivial as these points may appear to be, they are bound to crop up if and when attempts are made to fix "a living wage for all workers regardless of occupation."

Having arrived at some fixed living wage, the Industrial Commission would be faced with the problem of applying it to industry. In prosperous industries there would be no serious obstacles in the way, but, as has been stated, more than fifty would require to be subsidised—at any rate, during the period of reorganisation, which would entail increased burdens upon all industries and all workers. Nationalise the "key" industries, reorganise others, increase output, and organise selling agencies, are suggestions put forward for enabling each industry to bear its share of the burden of a universal living wage.

It is certain that during the process of reorganisation many thousands of workers will be displaced by the elimination of overlapping and wasteful methods, the speeding up of machinery and other causes, and, since all industries are to be reorganised, it will not be possible to absorb redundant workmen into other industries. The alternative is to reduce hours, but as this method would increase costs immensely industry would be in an even worse position to carry the burden of a legal living wage. "Inevitably," admit the authors of *The Living Wage*, "there will remain a large body of workers in the unorganised and unorganisable trades and services for whom the Industrial Commission could do little or nothing

directly, notably domestic servants, and some categories of clerks, typists, and shop assistants. *These, however, would gain at once from the children's allowances*, while the general rise in the level of wages would enable them to raise their demands."

We can all agree that the organisation of industry is far from being perfect, that industry should return to the worker adequate remuneration to enable him, his wife and family, to live a full and happy life, according to standards established by custom. We all deplore the fact that at present industry fails to do so, and that there is a large number of workers for whom employment cannot be found, but it is very questionable indeed whether family allowances and a legal living wage are the best means of remedying the evils—the cure may be worse than the disease.

Is it good for industry, or for the workers, that wages should be fixed by a committee of doctors and experts under the control of the State? Does it not savour of the "fodder" or "cattle" basis to fix wages upon "what expenditure is necessary to satisfy the requirements, first of health and education, then of cultural needs"? Indeed, State interference with our daily life must inevitably result in the transference of responsibility from the individual to the "bowelless State." Assured of a legal living wage, deprived of the responsibility of securing it by merit and individual effort, there will be less incentive to display self-reliance and initiative, and there would be a distinct tendency to stereotype our material civilisation at the level of the living wage. Progress ceases with the cessation of struggle.

By all means reorganise the industries, increase production, organise selling agencies; let us do anything and everything calculated to restore prosperity to industry, but let the fixing of wages be based upon the degree of skill required and the conditions peculiar to industry, and sanctioned by agreement between the employers on the one hand and the workers' representatives on the other; let each industry work out its own salvation. Spare, oh, spare us the curse of increased State bureaucracy!

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *FACTS AND FANCIES*

BY WALTER JERROLD

IN common talk and careless composition unique is a much abused word; yet the volume of which I have to tell, though printed just a century ago, ranks as one of those biblical rarities of which but a single copy is known to remain. As a rule, in the case of such rarity uniqueness is assumed because no second copy has been traced, in the present instance it is possible to say, with some assurance, that no second copy exists.

For upwards of twenty years I was engaged in collecting materials for a biography of my grandfather, Douglas Jerrold. That biography was in type in the summer of 1914, when the outbreak of the Great War caused publication to be postponed for several years. Some time after the work was actually published chance brought to my notice a volume which would have necessitated considerable modification of one of the earlier chapters of *Douglas Jerrold, Dramatist and Wit*. So far as had then been ascertainable the first separate publication of Douglas Jerrold's, apart from early plays, was the three-volume *Men of Character*, published in 1838 with appalling illustrations by W. M. Thackeray; yet a dozen years earlier Jerrold had written sketches sufficient to collect into volume form, had so collected them and arranged for publication of the book by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke. The copy had been sent to the printers, set up in type and printed off in sheets—and then, presumably before any of those sheets had been handed over to the co-ordinating care of a bookbinder, the publishers failed. That was in 1826, when Douglas Jerrold, a young man of three-and-twenty, with a wife and two babies, was writing plays on demand in return for a small weekly salary at the Coburg Theatre—now "The Old Vic."

Twenty years later Douglas Jerrold, having attained a leading position as playwright and become widely popular as a writer for *Punch* and creator of "Mrs. Caudle,"

learned that the work on which he had set his hopes in 1826 was still "in sheets" in the printers' warehouse. The book which the youthful author would have been gratified to see go forth to the world was regarded with very different eyes by the established writer of two decades later. Jerrold commissioned a friend to see that the sheets of the early production were destroyed. That friend was Frederick Guest Tomlins, dramatic critic, journalist and seller of secondhand books in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Tomlins (what bookman could have resisted the temptation?) retained a set of the sheets, had them well bound, and recorded the story in a fly-leaf inscription. It is that volume which at last came into my possession—and through the agency of a later seller of second-hand books in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

Tomlins' fly-leaf inscription is:—

This book is by Douglas Jerrold but was never published, Messrs. H. & C.'s bankruptcy preventing it; and after lying twenty years in the printers' warehouse was bought by me, for the author, and destroyed as waste paper, it being considered too jejune for publication in the zenith of the author's reputation. The foundation of Mrs. Caudle and many of the author's brilliant portraiture may be found in its pages.—F. G. TOMLINS, 1846.

The book thus happily preserved is an octavo volume of 336 pages, the title-page of which runs:—

FACTS AND FANCIES.

"A foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions."—*Love's Labour Lost*.

"If the title and inscription offend your gravity, were it a sufficient gratification to accuse others, I could produce many sober treatises, even sermons themselves, which in their fronts carry more fantastical names. Howsoever, it is a kind of policy in these days to prefix a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold: for as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an antick picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*.

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MDCCCXXVI.

When the existence, in a state of suspended animation as it were, of this book was made known to its author in 1846, he was grieving over the recent tragic death of Laman Blanchard, the early friend to whom it had been dedicated, and possibly this was not without its influence in making him decide to have the work wholly destroyed.

Although when he had "come to forty year" it appeared *jejune* to Jerrold, the lapse of time has given his book new interest, and if it has nothing to add to its writer's literary reputation it has much to add to our knowledge of him as a man. It is of a kind quite distinct from any of the work with which the author had established that reputation; style and form both differ greatly from his later writings. Despite an assumption of experienced age it is marked with the eager impulsiveness—and bitterness—of youth; one of the longer pieces, *The Weathercock's Story*, being a rhapsodical prose rendering of an allegory of the poet's position in the world, reminiscent of, but unlike, the youthful Shelley's *Alastor*. In form, but in form alone, the book slightly suggests the linked descriptive fictions of Washington Irving, which had preceded it, and the threaded stories in which Dickens originally designed to set forth the adventures of the Pickwickians a dozen years later.

I have said that could I have known this book when writing Douglas Jerrold's biography I should have had to rewrite one of the earlier chapters, and I should have had to do so because so much of it is both mentally and physically autobiographical. Though the author was but three-and-twenty when it was completed, in all probability much of the book had appeared earlier in periodicals. There is a hint of an old man looking backwards in what was seemingly the first title chosen for the book, "Visit to My Schoolmaster," which appears as the superior heading on the first page of the text, but is never repeated.¹ Though the early twenties might be thought soon to start schoolday reminiscences it must be recalled that Douglas

(1) As originally designed, too, the book was seemingly intended to be in more than one volume, for the first two "signatures" of the text are lettered "Vol. I."

Jerrold had left his second and last school on entering the Navy while still in his eleventh year. The finally devised title—which appears nowhere but on the title-page—more happily sums up the contents, for though it is not always easy to mark where facts merge in fancies, both are liberally represented.

In fancy the author revisits his old schoolmaster and tells him, *inter alia*, the fate of some whilom schoolmates. This thread of connection is attenuated at times to invisibility, as if the writer found himself irked by the artifice. The schoolmaster is described as one whose face, "smiling itself, generated a smile in others," and so cheered the youthful "old boy" who could pen the sad lines, "Mine, though a short life, has had no spring, or a spring with but little sun." Passing into the Navy at an age when most boys were yet in their early schooling, he had been paid off, after less than two years of service, to find that the peace which followed the Battle of Waterloo had ruined his father's theatre at Sheerness. There followed removal to a London home, and years of struggle. The ex-"first-class volunteer," compulsorily retired while yet short of his thirteenth birthday, exchanged his uniform for a compositor's apron on becoming apprenticed to a printer, and, while working long hours in uncongenial companionship, had to steal from the night time in which to make good in his own way his educational deficiencies. To this we owe the tone of his reverie as he recalls the recent past while standing at the door of his one-time schoolhouse. Something in the years that lay between had engendered a feeling of bitterness such as could only come from an unduly sensitive nature cut to the quick.

"Toil, toil, toil, with all its train of insult-broken feelings, young cherubs, maimed and wounded, in blood and tears, came blighting on my sense: it made me, as some would say, *rebellious*. I know not that; but it made me feel as I would leap from out myself, careless of how or whither. *Rebellious!* Apathy, you scourge with whip of iron the naked flesh, and if it tremble from the cut, it is the movement of rebellion; you smite the heart, and execrate if that it quiver; you hew off a limb, and lift your hands,

denouncing curses, if the blood follow; you hunt the poor unpatronised wretch to the precipice's edge—if he would shun the fall into the gulf, he must fight his way back against an hundred charged weapons—leave the vital current on the two-edged blades; if tired, sickened with strife, he leap to safety, his hunters throw down their bloody weapons, devoutly cross themselves, look up to the sweet sky, and bless their souls they are not cowards!"

Sight of the smiling schoolmaster serves as introduction to a long discursive and more than a little cynical essay on laughter. Then, seated at that schoolmaster's fireside, the returned one tells how "Mr. Evans asked me after many of my old schoolfellows, against whom I had jostled in the world, not mixed with—for the hands that had been linked with mine to form the frolic circle, had often coldly returned the ardent shake,—or oftener shook not at all." Thus is introduced "The Fate of Wilbert," above which Tomlins has pencilled "a good deal of D.J.'s own career and feelings in Wilbert's fate."

This character sketch is so compact of the writer's "career and feelings" that it may in the main be regarded as an autobiographic summary, covering the first two decades or so of Jerrold's life—part of it even being cast in the first person, as though easier to handle in presenting vivid memories. "Poor Wilbert!—his was an unhappy lot. Nature had placed him in a low and obscure calling; and not content with that humiliation, had cursed him with a mind sensitive and generous—tenderly alive to the thorns of [a] situation which fall hurtless upon harder natures."

The following passage suggests that the youngest son of the Sheerness theatrical family had had so little of early home life as to feel a stranger in the family circle:

"Relations I have: my mother has a mother's love:—my sister, I know, would weep as the earth fell upon my coffin-lid:—but there is a feeling in my heart which is of itself—condenses all within itself—has no mother, sister, nor kin. It is a monument in my soul's wilderness, whose fabric they cannot understand,—as modern ignorance ponders over hieroglyphics, and asks, with wondering

stupidity, what they import, what is their value? That monument, at which they smile and jest—that monument is my pride, even in the dark and cheerless atmosphere that surrounds, and the siege that battles against it.”

“This was Wilbert:—from infancy this spirit had directed him. In the hours of childhood he possessed not that mad revelry of early nature, common with boys: he was sedate, and gathered within himself. All children claim not the same love of parents; and Wilbert thought so in his childhood, however later years and strong development of faculty might have enlarged an affection, which in his childish hours he deemed he shared not equally with others. By circumstance compelled to live much from his father's roof, his young soul was sometimes chilled as he visited the general hearth; and when he looked into his mother's eyes, it was not with the gay confidence of his brethren: his manner was subdued and awkward; and the visit was, to his early sense, directed by a feeling in which nature had a part, but which was also compulsory and confusing. He quitted the family apartment without a sigh; for he felt like an intruder. These imaginings, working upon a naturally contemplative and enquiring mind, gave an early independence and haughtiness to his character. He communed much with his own bosom; and the frequent council taught him to prefer its converse to the society and pastimes which even then his judgment marked as vain. Of kindred he knew but little, and could care for but less. They seemed estranged from him; and the division made him proud, and reckless of their weal:—all, but one; and there was one heart, whose sisterly throb was more valued than the opinion of all the world; for that beat towards him, and he loved it. It was one of the few, very few things offered at his shrine of feeling:—he forgot it not in later years; but in his manhood prized it.”

Douglas Jerrold's favourite sister, evidently glanced at here, became the wife of William John Hammond, the actor, and sometime manager of Drury Lane Theatre. His other sister, as I have heard my mother (her daughter) say, was “too like Douglas” in temperament and quickness of wits for them to be special chums.

So much of this somewhat extravagantly phrased sketch is the writer's own story presented as that of Wilbert that “compelled by circumstances to live much from his father's roof” may indicate that from an unusually early age the boy was sent to a boarding school, owing to his family being professionally nomadic, and passing frequently from one to another of the theatres on the “circuit” of which his father was manager. There follows a passage indubitably autobiographical, and the more interesting in that though the brief experience was to be glanced at again and again in Jerrold's miscellaneous writings, it is the only direct record he has left of his connection with the Navy.

“At an early period of boyhood Wilbert was destined to begin his varied part in this world of perplexities, as a sailor;—destined for that grave of intellect, a man-of-war; where all the elegance and refinement of our nature are compromised for an unquestioned motive of bravery, and all relaxation sought for in a can of liquor, or even a more degraded enjoyment. There authority stalks in its hundred fantastic shapes, from the veteran of seventy to the infant of seven; and the little creature (such are earthly things,) growing above the nursery-top, flutters a miniature of the quarter-deck's emperor, mouthes the big oath, and screams at human flesh. There the young mind of Wilbert had been awakened into admiration by mortal daring, and sickened at mortal debasement. His breast has glowed to see the cool sailor hanging from the yard, whilst the tempest flapped its hundred wings around him, and the waters yawned unnumbered graves beneath:—and his heart has chilled to see the same being, who has with calm-set muscle outstared death in all its horrors, striped like a beast for some casual fault, taking, perhaps, much of its enormity from the whim of his master. These things have prompted the young mind of Wilbert to demand—‘And is this man?’ and he has turned his eyes from the poor, writhing wretch vainly supplicating of fellow-earth for mercy, to the blue heaven above, and all his soul has been in that question—‘And is this man?’ Such scenes could not delight the mind of Wilbert; though the novelty and bustle of a sailor's life,

awhile dispelled the questions which could gain no answer but disgust. Often did his musing spirit betray him into error:—often was he aroused from the reverie of nature by the hoarse note of command, and the order against thought.¹ It would seem that his feelings anticipated their violation as he first beheld the tomb of his better sensations. It was a bleak and miserable day in the month of January [1813], when, attired in the livery of loyalty, that was to affect his moral as well as physical functions, he left his home (not pangless, though the general weakness of childhood did not so much betray his heart), and launched for the new world in which he was to direct his future energies. As he beheld the ship frown black and cheerless from out the wintry mist, and saw the brown universe of waters, he wept, and turned his eye towards the beach. He beheld his new world; and his eye, striving to read the scroll of futurity, was strained till tears pricked out the sight. He disdained the offer to return, and with a dry cheek mounted the ship's side—the ladder of his destinies. Here he found but few to protect him. Left to the mad riot of older beings, he shared their pastime as he shared their duty. There was one whose professions of esteem and continued friendship met a sorry contrast, and showed the thin fabric of human bubbles in an after shore-salutation. Too many suns had shone on Wilbert's coat; and as he stretched forth his palm to the late equal ship-mate, now fleshy and well-clothed, a mysterious glance fell upon his garments:—Wilbert returned his ungreeted hand into his empty pocket, and, for once smiling at mortal constancy—walked on."

That passage suggests that it was rather the force of circumstances than boyish zeal that made Douglas Jerrold a sailor, though love of the sea remained a lifelong passion. Here again we have self-revelation of a quick, impulsive, proud and keenly sensitive nature. With earliest experience apparently associated with a comfortable prosperity,

(1) I once heard a captain of a man-of-war exclaiming in reply to a young midshipman who said "he had been *thinking*": "Damn you, Sir, *you shall not think* whilst you are in my ship." [In writing that footnote Douglas Jerrold was no doubt recording a scene in which he had himself played the thinking part.]

he was to be wounded again and again in the years of struggle that began all too early, and the "ancient scars" were pricked when in plays and later writers he indulged in bitter sarcasm and cynicism on the worldliness of the worldly.

"Fortunately . . . his nautical existence was but of short duration," yet, brief as it was, much of the experience so seared the child's soul that it affected the man's outlook through life. In the fancy concerning Wilbert he followed the fact of his own story in passing from the position of a naval officer to that of a printer's apprentice, and in the following passage we have Jerrold's only recorded reminiscence of his years in the printing house.

"At thirteen behold Wilbert thrown back upon the land, to begin the world anew; congratulating himself, that, at so early a period, he is free: for, had his poor services been required some years longer, incapable of new pursuits on shore, what would have been the fate of the man-midshipman? Had his 'love of country' been ever so unbounded, it would have been surely unreturned by the object of his affections. Awhile, like a loose straw upon the waters he had quitted, he floated with the wave and tide of circumstance, until he was bound to straws indeed. Prompted by independence of mind to submit to the drudgery of a trade,—to tie up his bursting heart in apron-strings; to laugh, to jest; to seem one of the things whose delights he pitied as he scorned, to be herded up with beings whose bodies were hired; where mind was not the bargain; where the image of the gross fancy was applauded by the vulgar throat—to be in the hourly experience of this for a dull and ungrateful life! Then, often would—'Why do I live?' be wrung from his tortured heart, and he would have leaped, no matter where, to escape the moving carcasses around him. These were the agonising feelings that wore him—at times perverted his heart into an inhuman and a senseless thing. There was one horrible pang within its core, that spread its deadening misery through channels that were by nature framed to carry love and general bounteousness. The morning delivered him to the care of insult; and but night released him from its fang. All cannot

know that writhing of the spirit doomed to such an association: it distorts the creature formed for joy and happiness, to a demon blighting its own abode, and scowling at mankind."

Well may the printer's apprentice—student in free night hours of French and Latin, avid reader of Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Burton's *Anatomy*—have felt an imperfect sympathy with the generality of his work-fellows. Of the time when the extraordinary energy and determination that informed his slight physical frame, along with a morbid sensitiveness almost tragic in its intensity, had enabled him to quit the compositor's case for the pen of a free-lance contributor to ephemeral periodicals and playwright for the minor theatres, the writer says nothing. It was the period from which he was looking back on his sunless spring. With the impressions of drudgery at a trade he leaves his own story—unless in the account of Wilbert's death the writer was, in the way of imaginative youth suffering under the "slings and arrows," dramatically imagining his own early end.

Some other of the contents of the volume can be but cursorily referred to. In a brief sketch of "Mrs. Smith" is a hint of Margaret Caudle in the sentence "many also were the curtain-lectures to which poor Mr. Smith was subjected on his inordinate and ruinous propensity of lending"¹; and in "Mrs. Mackenzie"—"if the bards evinced how great the human mind could become, Mrs. Mackenzie proved how good"—I think we have a slight sketch of the author's maternal grandmother, a Mrs. Reid, to whose patronymic, according to family tradition, her most celebrated grandson owed his Christian name.

In "The Fiends" the author appears to have returned to something of autobiography in pretending to tell how a school-fellow turned author:—

"One evening, sitting alone in the schoolroom, he felt his spirits raised above the beings gambolling in the distant playground; he thought he held a supernatural com-

(1) The theme of the first of the "Caudle Lectures" in *Punch*, nearly twenty years later, was that same ruinous propensity as exemplified by Job Caudle.

munion, and spurned the associates of his former hours; a new sense was given to him, it was that of pity, contemptuous pity, for the lovers of trap, bat and ball. He looked at the fair sky, the distant trees, and even the birch bursting into bloom a few paces from the window, and he thought he felt something of kindred brightness to the heaven, frowned on by the aspiring and dark-leaved forest, and relieved by the blossoming of the little shrub; feeling was rioting in every vein; a restlessness was at his fingers' ends; he could not stifle the wish, the guilty, the horror-bringing wish, to express sensation; devils were ready to catch the vagrant, soul-entrapping thought. The boy was lost;—three demons sprang up before him, seeming, to his fascinated gaze, beautiful as cherubim; he hailed them with all the frantic ardour of intoxicated youth;—he devoted himself to their hope-inspiring presence, and hastened to seal the compact. The devils presented their materials."

Those materials were "pen, ink, and paper, the fiends for his destruction." As that story finishes the schoolmaster's wife enters to say that "a little man" wishes to see Mr. Evans. This leads to another self-revelatory fragment on a matter on which Douglas Jerrold was early sensitive—his lack of inches. In a magazine sketch that appeared at the time this book should have been published he wrote, concerning the drill-sergeant, "we see something under a middle-sized man looking over our head. On this we feel our safety, and triumph in the glory of five feet one." In the essay on "Little Men" the writer—pretending for the writing-while to be "far removed from the odium attached to folks under the 'common size'"—indulges in a humorous piece of special pleading on behalf of the under-sized. Another old schoolfellow character sketch is followed by "The Slave," "The First Enslaver's Sepulchre," and "A Fable of the Future"—all dealing with the already doomed, though but slowly passing, custom by which the white races held the black as saleable merchandise.

About the closing portion of this curious medley given biblical unity is something bibliographically interesting. "The Story of the Tutor and His Three Pupils" appears

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to be the only piece of work in his volume that was never published which the author thought fit to put forth later, and then he re-wrote it. In *The Monthly Magazine* for September, 1831, there appeared "The Tutor Fiend and His Three Pupils," and that story, which has been reprinted in several collections of Douglas Jerrold's miscellaneous writings, is but a re-rendering—in about one-quarter the length—of "The Story of the Tutor and His Three Pupils," which occupies rather more than one-third of the strangely preserved *Facts and Fancies*.

The existence of this volume, so happily preserved over eighty years ago by the zeal of one Great Russell Street bookseller, became known to me at long last by means of the catalogue of another bookseller in Great Russell Street; it now finally returns to Great Russell Street, to be placed—in accordance with my conviction that there all unique volumes rightly belong—in the Library of the British Museum.

That a book such as this, single representative of a whole edition printed but a hundred years ago, could remain so long unknown may well stimulate the hopes of those who like to dream that greater biblical rarities yet await the chance of similar happy discovery.

DANTE IN MODERN ITALY

By R. E. GORDON GEORGE

THERE is in Italy to-day no educated man or woman who has not studied the *Divina Commedia*. Italy's greatest poet is the possession of all the readers of a people now close on forty millions; and when an Englishman thinks how little interest Milton or even Shakespeare has for his young compatriot, except in Universities, he is amazed to hear long passages from the *Inferno* recited by the young engineer at an afternoon call, or by the commercial traveller in the train through the Tyrol on his way to buy screws in Germany. Nothing but appreciation could have stored these vibrating lines in the memory of years; nothing but surviving enthusiasm could explain the dramatic vigour with which young Italians are in the habit of declaiming them. Either culture is general in Italy, or Dante, six hundred years after his death, has a hold over his countrymen which is independent of a specially cultivated taste.

In any secondary school in Italy a boy begins his study of Dante in his sixteenth year. He will have read already something of Virgil and of Horace, of Carducci and Leopardi, of Tasso and of Ariosto: he will have read in lower classes *I Promessi Sposi*, that absorbing historical romance which is more widely known in Italy than any other masterpiece of literature; still earlier years will have been touched by the sentiment of the *Cuore* of De Amicis. Then, in a language which, although that of a century before Chaucer, is still not unintelligible to him, he begins to read the terrible account of the eternal punishment of sin: the close relation between the earthly crime and the reward it merits in the life after death, the ghastly hideousness and filth by which hell is fitly pictured, the torment of fire and of frost, the touching associations through the remembered temptation with the life of earth, the survival of individual and political strife, the failure of ideals, and

through all, in the revelation of moral and philosophic truth, the profound and passionate assertion of justice and order in the universe.

We track
still further that declivity of woe
which doth our universal guilt ensack.
Justice divine! can any there below
heap up such penalties and travail new?
and why does guilt of ours consume us so? ¹

Surely it is strange that such a subject should fascinate the mind of the modern young man in cheerful Italy, the land of shrewd peasants, of engineers and electricians; surely this is a strange theme on which to concentrate the thoughts of a boy, when the stirring passions add but a happy poignancy to the promises of life, and youth with nameless and aimless desires lords a new kingdom "with beauty his handmaid and history his minister and time his ancient harper and sweet romance his bride"!

But in reality the *Inferno* of Dante soon explains the reason why, while still absorbing mature thought, it stamps itself upon the hearts of the Italian girls and boys. Dante's poem is full of vivid pictures of the world Italian children know: the dog gnawing its bone, the flying doves, the fire-flies in the summer nights, the boat putting out from shore, the friar in his habit walking along the street. The very names spoken in the bottomless pit are all familiar to them: Pisa, the opprobrium of nations; Fiesole with her evil people of old; Bolsena with its eels; Genoa, her men full of every rascality; Florence, the city best known of all in hell: the description of natural scenes, of the landscape and the olive and the cypress below the white horizon and

- (1) Così scendemmo
Pigliando più della dolente ripa,
Che'l mal dell'universo tutto insacca.
Ahi giustizia di Dio! tante che stipa
Nuove travaglie e pene, quante io viddi?
E perchè nostra colpa sì ne scipa?

—*Inferno*, vii, 16-21.

(The English version in the text is throughout that of Mr. Melville Best Anderson, published by the World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson.)

the luminous air; the continuity even of the landmarks, for the villages Trespiano and Galuzzo are still the boundaries of Florence north and south—these concrete things naturally interest them. But when we read in youth we do not read only for concrete things any more than we read only to find an answer to mysteries; we take much on trust, and repose in the dreamland of vaguely attractive pictures, suggested in a rhythm of musical words. The *terza rima*, which subjugates even the English boy when he reads the *Ode to the West Wind*, is associated to the Italian ear with a majestic command over the music of a liquid language: the most melodious letters are in it, constantly recurring, and lend themselves to sonorous composition. Dante had learnt from Virgil, his "master and author," the lesson of a sounding style, and any passage in the *Divina Commedia* is sufficient to show it, even those strange groups of meaningless sounds which Dante inserted to express the mysterious converse of Paradise, or the babel with which hell's children greet their haughty lord. But the charm of the *Inferno* to the young Italian is in the two episodes which he is almost sure to have by heart, those of Francesca da Rimini and the death of Ugolino della Gherardesca, for in these there is more tenderness than horror, and Dante, who never hesitates to associate the pitiable victims, as much of their enemies as of one another, or of themselves, with the *ultimum supplicium* of the universe, allows them to remember all that was most affecting, or even most delightful in their life on earth; for in the lines most familiar of all Dante's to the English he explains that this is their very crown of sorrow. So it is that hell becomes heartrending; we understand it best as a remembrance of the most bitter poignancies of life:—

Ah me,
how many tender thoughts, what longing drew
these lovers to the pass of agony.¹

It was one of the most touching moments in Sarah Bernhardt's acting of Jean Doré when the jury on the stage

- (1) Oh lasso!
Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio
Menò costoro al doloroso passo!

coughed and sniffed as the actress pleaded to them for her murderer son. So in the *Inferno* nothing is more tragic than Dante's own sensitiveness to the sufferings of the damned:—

Francesca, all thy torments dim mine eyes
with tears that flow for sympathy and rue.
But tell me: in the time of the sweet sighs
by what and how did Love to you disclose
the vague desires that ye should realise?'

Then, with a vividness that a young Italian of to-day would not be the last to understand, Francesca explains how her lover and she resisted one another till the fatal moment:—

When reading of the smile long-awaited-for
being kissed by such a lover chivalrous,
he, never now from me divided more,
Kissed me upon the mouth all tremulous.

That day there was no reading more for us.'

As here it is the eagerness of love which intensifies the pains of hell, so in the story of Ugolino it is the trustful devotion of children and father. Macaulay refers to the story as a means of gauging the horror of the Black Hole of Calcutta, but in the Black Hole, as described by the historians, we miss that intensest poignancy which is given to the *Inferno* by the loving confidence and dependence of the children, starving with their father in the locked tower:—

- (1) Francesca, i tuoi martiri
A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.
Ma dimmi: al tempo de' dolci sospiri,
A che, e come concedette Amore
Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?

—*Inferno*, v, 116-120.

- (2) Quando legemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca me baciò tutto tremante:

Quel giorno più non vi legemmo avanti:

—*Inferno*, v, 133-138.

"Father," they said, "our pains will be far less
if thou wilt eat of us: thou hast begot
this flesh; relieve us of its wretchedness."
This made me calm, lest they be more distraught
that whole day and the next, none made a sign:
Ah, cruel earth! why didst thou open not?
And after the fourth day began to shine
my Gaddo flung him down before my knee
crying, "O why not help me, father mine?"
And there he died, and there I saw the three
as thou seest me, fall one by one all through
the fifth and sixth days: whence betook I me,
Now blind, to groping on them, and for two
whole days called to them, after they were gone:
then hunger did what sorrow could not do.'

Byron has drawn upon this episode, though not reaching after its intensest tragedy or horror, in *The Prisoner of Chillon*. No wonder that Dante, who is so much more pathetic and powerful, can make hell a favourite picture to Italian youth! Indeed, in all countries the *Inferno* has been a favourite, and Mr. Anderson, in the preface of his excellent translation, laments that in America the *Divina Commedia* is too often known as Dante's *Inferno*. The concrete massiveness, the tragic power, the terrible theme, the tender repose which by relief it gives to earthly life, even when a life of sin, overpower the general reader and paralyse his appreciation of the purging of the soul and its blessedness in heaven. There is, too, in childhood often a cruelty which can torture animals and delight in the thought of carnage and of violence; mercy is dis-

- (1) E disser: "Padre, assai ci fia men doglia,
Se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestiti
Queste misere carni, e tu ne spoglia."
Quetaimi allor, per non fargli più tristi:
Quel dì e l'altro stemmo tutti muti.
Ahi, dura terra, perchè non t'apristi?
Posciachè fummo al quarto di venuti
Gaddo mi si gettò disteso a' piedi,
Dicendo: "Padre mio, chè non m'aiuti?"
Quivi morì. E come tu me vedi,
Vid'io li tre cascar ad uno ad uno
Tra'l quinto di'e 'l sesto: ond'io mi diedi
Già cieco a brancolar sovra ciascuno,
E tre dì gli chiamai, poich' e' fur morti:
Poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno.

—*Inferno*, xxxiii, 61-75.

tasteful to it, and many go through the whole of life without a thrill at the thought of wickedness redeemed, voiced as in the cry of Manfred:—

Horrible were my sins, but Infinite
Bounty has arms of an embrace so broad
that it accepts whoever turns to it.¹

The *Purgatorio* is a poem of hope. The longings and yearnings of the redeemed soul for the supernal life, the peaceful beauties of quiet earth and sunset sky, the consolation of hymns to the Madonna and other echoes from the divine office and the psalter, memories of the Saints, pictures of the Arno flowing through the Casentino from Falterona or the Lavagna between the hills behind Sestri and Chiàvari—these are delightful and inspiring, but their charm has little hold upon the unregenerate. And only with a taste for philosophy or theology does one arrive at a due appreciation of the final cantos of the *Purgatorio* or of any of the *Paradiso*. They are a revelation of heavenly light, and it is by constantly recurring images of light and of luminous air, and of the dawn and the stars, that Dante expresses the beauty and the rapture of heaven, till at last he has his vision of the Blessed Trinity in a glorious rainbow where three interpenetrating colours make but a single arc. Where there was dung in hell, here are meadows enamelled with brilliant flowers; and where there was a stinking rain, here there are sparks of light flashing through perfumed air, or showers of coloured blooms. There we saw the terror of divine justice, here its infinite mystery is one with infinite benignity.

I saw in its abysmal deep immerst
together in one volume bound with love
what is throughout the universe disperst.²

- (1) Orribil furon li peccati miei;
 Ma la bontà infinita ha sì gran braccia
 Che prende ciò che si rivolge a lei.

—*Purgatorio*, iii, 121-123.

- (2) Nel suo profondo vidi che s'interna
 Legato con amore in un volume
 Ciò che per l'universo si squaderna.

—*Paradiso*, xxxiii, 85-87.

The *Paradiso* which traces the evidences of the Primal Love through the problems of free will, of faith, of predestination, of love and light and good, of creation itself in its relation to the Creator, is too lofty in its conceptions and too blinding in its glory of expression to mean anything clear to ordinary men; to boys of seventeen or eighteen, to study it, even after two previous years of Dante, is a severe discipline. Yet there are not a few to whom its philosophy and beauty are a revelation. Those whose preparation for the priesthood, or whose love of the thought of the Church has already made them acquainted with St. Thomas Aquinas, or even with Aristotle—in Dante's phrase, "the first of those who know"—have in the *Paradiso* a rich reward; the evangel, elaborated into a theology in the writings of St. Paul, is here an intellectual revelation consonant with all that is truest in the thought of men.

And, indeed, taking the *Divina Commedia* as a whole, it is as a study not only of all that makes a literary masterpiece, but an eloquent exposition of the Catholic religion and its scholastic philosophy. In the passages, then, where he is least attractive to the worldly taste, Dante is by no means devoid of influence in Italy. For though the peasants never read the *Divina Commedia*, they are made familiar with its thought, and often with its actual phrases, from the lips of the preacher who wishes to glorify the privileges of the Madonna or to justify the ways of God to men. The *Paradiso* is not intelligible but from the point of view of St. Thomas, which is that of Catholic thought to-day.

When the young Englishman of literary taste reads Milton, the poet's range of knowledge, his mastery of harmony, his gorgeous pictures, his splendid formality will haunt and dominate; but it is not likely that the reader will find in *Paradise Lost* a system of theology, a conception of heaven and hell, or even a sympathy with humanity that will sustain him in the passage of years. In Shakespeare a good reader can find almost anything, but when it comes to a philosophy, the most dynamic statements are

not an acquiescence in Divine Justice, like that of Edmund,
but rather one of the terrible outbursts of Lear:—

When we are born we cry,
That we are come to this great stage of fools,
and
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport,

or, with the mad conviction of Macbeth, that life

is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Hamlet is kept from suicide only "by the dread of something after death"; Othello murders his innocent wife in a fury of false honour that outspeeds justice. In Shakespeare's greatest plays the world is a dark mystery with death as a finish about which we can be no more than agnostic; the victims of wickedness go mad, and "there is nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon," while the master spirits explore beyond the grave a vast enigma. How differently is life explained to the reader of Dante! Even eternal hell cannot mar the intelligible order of the universe: justice was the motive of its sublime Creator, who is not only divine power, but supreme wisdom and perfect love. And this justice proves itself divine by the very fact that it is incomprehensible.

Therefore no vision to the world revealed
can plumb eternal justice to the ground
just as the ocean to your eye is sealed;
Awhile from shore ye may the bottom sound
and, out of soundings in the unplumbed sea,
we know it still is there, though never found.¹

Only revelation of the infinite light can explain the infinite order which would not be infinite if man's brain could fathom it:—

(1) Però nella giustizia sempiterna
La vista, che riceve il vostro mondo
Com'occhio per lo mare, entro s'interna;
Che, benchè dalla proda veggia il fondo,
In pelago nol vede, e nondimeno
Egli è; ma'l cela lui l'esser profondo.

—Paradiso, xix, 58-63.

Lume non è sì non viene dal sereno
che non si turba mai.¹

As the deprivation of God makes hell even on earth,
so the blessedness of Paradise is the same acceptance of
the divine will which men pray may be done on earth:—

It is the essence of this blessed state
to dwell within the Will Divine alone
whereby our wills with His participate.²

He only is Who is the King of the universe and the perfect good; chaos and lawlessness which are without this Being are but corruption verging into nothingness: all that lives seeks Him; the Eternal Light needs but to be seen to kindle love; if some created thing be loved it is loved only because it is illumined by some ray of the uncreated light, a ray that in the shadow of mortality may be falsely identified with the corruptibility to which it lends a transient beauty. To see by the true light is for men the good of the intellect. Should men lose it, they themselves are lost. They could not lose it were it not that, in giving them intellectual choice, Eternal Wisdom had sealed them after the pattern of Himself. Free will is the most signal of His bounties.

Dante's eloquent exposition of the order of the universe, even if too philosophic to be comprehended by all minds, moulds the Italians to the same profound serenity which, mingled with passion, we see in the luminance of their eyes. Whether they are religious or not, they cannot but recognise that the book which is both the most familiar and the most powerful of any they read looks at life from the point of view of eternity, and portrays it in what their Church tells them is the true light. The *Divina Commedia* is one of the strongholds of Catholicism: unflinching as Dante is in his denunciation of wicked priests, or unsatisfactory Popes, he never deviates from orthodoxy in his account of the next life or of the

(1) Save from that never clouded source may be
no light. —Paradiso, xix, 64, 65.

(2) Anzi è formale ad esto beato esse
Tenersi dentro alla divina voglia,
Perch'una fansi nostre voglie stesse.

—Paradiso, iii, 79-81.

problems of this. His thought is always Catholic thought, and his religion Catholic religion, even when he gives voice to his inward pride and hate. The *Divina Commedia* cannot be understood except as a Catholic book. It unites, therefore, with other masterpieces inspired by the Church, like the Sistine Chapel, or the Stanze of Raphael, or St. Peter's itself, or San Marco at Venice, to remind the Italians how much of their greatness is the greatness of their religion. Peter's Pence help to keep their banks in equilibrium, and without what their Church has done for them they would lose a large part of the income they make from visitors. Dante reminds them that for them Catholicism has been for fifteen centuries the only possible religion, and that they still regard it as competent to perform its function.

Dante is, too, a constant inspiration to their patriotism. In his time, indeed, there was no united Italy: and there could be nothing but disgust for the poet in his thoughts of Italy.

Hostel of woe, ah, servile Italy,
Vessel unpiloted in a great storm,
No lady of provinces, but harlotry! ¹

he exclaimed. Yet he more than any other has always been to Italians the symbol of the nationality which fascism has at last united. Whatever the troubles of Italy have been, her people have always found consolation in the remembrance that Dante was an Italian, and that his great book was a pledge of what Italy has been and what she can be. When some years ago hot discussion arose in the Italian Parliament over the rumour that American Protestants were going to build a huge church overlooking eternal Rome, clericals and intellectuals agreed that there must rise rather a statue of Dante. How often in Florence and Siena we look up and read his verses on the wall. How often as the Italian wanders over his beautiful country he associates the scene before him with a reference from the divine poet. His whole work reminds

(1) Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello!

Italy, as Gioberti reminded her, that she claims a moral supremacy, a supremacy of true civilisation over the world. To-day Signor Mussolini has given the Italians anew the hope of Gino Capponi, Lambruschini, Centofanti and Ricasoli, that in sound administration, in true religion and vigorous national life they will show themselves a still more admirable people than heretofore; and the feeling of to-day is eloquently voiced in the letter, even in Italy too little known, in which in 1860 Giovanni Prati rebuked Lamartine for contemptuous words about Dante and Italy: "a slight to Alighieri," he said, "is a wound which pierces the heart of every Italian." This is literally true. In the *Divina Commedia* the Italians have "a book written with courage and faith, with love and indignation, in courts and among the masses, with personal and altruistic passion, with regard to the glories of the nation, with affrighting images of hell and wonderful visions of heaven, written in the finest language in the world; it is instructive to the crowd, to princes and to pontiffs; it shames the weak; it is a torment to cowards, a scourge of crime, a vengeance for the past, and the glorification of all heroism, civil and religious, of all power of art and metaphysical thought, of all justice human and divine: it is written with a concentration of purpose which inspires its vastness with a deep spiritual genius, in a style of awful authority—a story and a drama, a tragedy and a hymn, a satire and an epic—written for all ages and all peoples and consigned as a testament to Italy."

Dante is not only a pledge to religion and patriotism in his country. The great political question, which was the ultimate reason for his exile from Florence and which crowds the *Divina Commedia* with historical references, was far more than the claim of the successors of Barbarossa against the alliance between the Papacy and the House of Valois: the theme of *De Monarchia*, heard both in the sixth and the eighteenth cantos of the *Paradiso*, is in reality the means by which the peace and justice of the heavenly kingdom can become a reality on earth. That the Holy Roman Empire can revive, or that one sovereign will assume a universal sway, is no longer

possible; but the modern Italian is little inclined to deny that the Italian successor of Peter is still, as he was then, the spiritual ruler of kings and princes. "*Viva il Papa-Re!*" was till 1870 the great cry that greeted the Sovereign Pontiff when he was carried into St. Peter's in the Sedia Gestatoria. In Fascist Italy that shout is heard no longer; but a more significant cry sometimes rises in the acclamation which greets Pius XI: *Viva il Vicario di Gesù Cristo!* In the spiritual dominion of the earthly Head of the Catholic Church, which has hardly more than a tenth of its adherents in Italy, the Italians see a certain political significance. Not for nothing, they think, was Catholicism's poet an Italian. In the reign of peace and order in the world, Italy fain regards her part as vital. That is one reason why she has been recalcitrant to the League of Nations, and why she prefers to settle her own differences by her own methods. The swiftly rising figure of her population, due, of course, to her high birth rate, is making every day more intense the ambition which has shot up in her present government. Now no longer "*serva Italia*," she has at last become the mistress of provinces, and Fiume among them. The millions of Italians in foreign countries overseas refuse to sacrifice their nationality. National and Catholic, as under the influence of Dante they are, they elected not to alter the whole course of European diplomacy by a concordat with the Holy See. Instead the Vatican has turned aside to approve Geneva and to repudiate militarism in France. Professor Gilbert Murray, now President of the League of Nations Union in Great Britain, has said that the League depends upon the moral, not the martial, power that it commands; he added in conversation with the present writer that from that point of view he considered the influence of the Pope to be of vital importance. But in the entente between the Vatican and Geneva, Fascist Italy appears to have done nothing. Has she forgotten the problem so insistent in the masterpiece of the exiled Florentine whom she acclaims, to-day more than ever, as her glory?

GERMANY'S ENRICHMENT

BY ROBERT CROZIER LONG

BERLIN, *August 9th.*

WHEN the Dawes Plan at the end of August completes its fourth year of successful operation, and enters upon its—supposedly—critical fifth year, the international public will probably discuss it as nothing more than a drain, reasonable or unreasonable, upon Germany's wealth, and as a factor retarding her recovery. This attitude governed most speculations as to Reparations during the lapsed four years. It governed the discussion of last spring about a possible revision of the Plan. The discussion really concerned repudiation of the Plan. According to the Plan there could be no question of revision on any grounds that have yet appeared. The Dawes Committee expressed its expectation of a sufficient growth in Germany's wealth to justify the prescribed increases in the annuities, and perhaps finally to justify the application of the prosperity index. The Committee did not provide for reduction of the annuities unless there should be a complete breakdown through failure of transfers. It regarded the gradual increase of the annuities as normal, because it considered the increase of prosperity assured. The international public has always regarded the increase of the annuities as something abnormal, and to-day the increase in the Reparations year 1928-29 of 750,000,000 marks is regarded as a dangerous test, or even as a certain cause of breakdown. This implies that the public, which so closely watches the annuity increases, ignores the simultaneous increase of prosperity. Of this one-sided attitude the chief explanation seems to be that the public does not realise the extent to which the Dawes Plan has directly fostered, and still fosters, Germany's economical recovery.

It is impossible to say what would have happened to Germany had there been no Dawes Plan. In default of the Plan there must have been something else—something unknown—which would have influenced Germany's pros-

perity for good or ill. Had France—which is highly unlikely—evacuated the Ruhr, and had the Allies suspended their demand for Reparations and remained inactive, Germany would probably have progressed, though slowly. This may be concluded from the fact that between 1919 and the Ruhr occupation a certain recovery was made. A very good authority—Secretary of State Prof. Hirsch—has shown that, despite the inflation and the Ally exactions, Germany in the first post-War years remained economically self-sufficing, and that she even reaccumulated capital by saving. In the first Ruhr occupation year the recovery, according to the same authority, was checked; and in the second occupation year, according to one of the Reichsbank's directors, the recovery movement was resumed, at least to the extent that the national savings totalled 1,000 million marks. In the following four years, the Plan years, there was an extraordinarily rapid recovery, due in part to moral and psychological factors, in part to material factors; and all ultimately due to the effect at home and abroad of the Plan. The Plan involved a certain drain upon Germany's wealth. But it took from Germany only a fraction of the new wealth which it created. This assertion can be statistically proved, proved best of all by showing that German national savings, which were very small in the last pre-Plan year, have since then enormously exceeded the annuities paid to the Allies.

Most European countries are still much worse off than before the War. Some of them are still only groping for the elements of recovery; some are not sure whether they will recover at all. But on the eve of the fifth Reparation year Germany is probably economically stronger than she was before the War. Her recovery has been almost unbroken, and it has embraced all domains. She has had improving employment, rapidly increasing production, an export trade which is growing so rapidly that a permanently active foreign trade balance may be attained in a very few years, increasing savings and investments, and unceasing technical improvement in agriculture and industry. The one dark side is that the depletion of her capital has not been fully made good; and in view of the fact that Repara-

tions consist in periodically delivering certain quantities of capital into Allied hands, the depletion of capital cannot be dismissed as unimportant. But the shortage of capital which compelled borrowing from abroad has in the main resulted from the abnormally rapid expansion of industry and trade. The savings records of Germany, taken together with the figures of new investments in industry, housing and communications, prove that the Reparations drain was relatively very small. A shortage of capital of the German kind is no very great misfortune. The experience of other countries proves that the rapid increase in national production, which must result from judicious borrowing for necessary purposes, very soon cures capital shortage, and may even transform a debtor country into a creditor country in a very few years.

The majority of competent Germans are well aware of these facts, and well aware also of the useful function of the Dawes Plan in first bringing in foreign capital. The German Government is itself aware; and that is why, while seeking to curb public borrowing which may be unproductive, it favours borrowing for industrial or agricultural investment. The dominant official view is—to quote the Minister of Industry, Dr. Curtius—that foreign loans have operated upon industry as “the Nile's fertilising flood.” It was the loans which made possible the complete commercial and technical reorganisation of German business which is somewhat narrowly called “rationalisation”; and with rationalisation inevitably came the fusions, cartels, and *interessengemeinschaften* which have so much strengthened industry in its dealings with abroad.

Only those Germans who aim at supporting pessimistic foreign views as to the future of Reparations deny these facts. The former Minister of the Treasury, Herr Gothein, tries¹ to persuade the international public that borrowing from abroad by industry has been unprofitable. The industrial companies, he complains, have to pay over 7 per cent. for foreign loans, whereas the average dividend for 1927 was only 5.2 per cent. The real profits of industry, which, as far as data are available, are three or

(1) *Neue Freie Presse*, July 25th.

four times as much as the dividends, are here ignored. The German public is told a very different story. Rationalisation, carried out with foreign capital, is presented as the primary cause of the new prosperity. "Without rationalisation," writes one of the leading Berlin banks,¹ "it would not have been possible to extract approximately nine milliards of marks in taxes from German business, to reduce the number of unemployed by a million, and to raise the real wage to above the pre-War level."

The Dawes Committee's Report presented Germany's production as the factor which would determine whether she would pay Reparations or not. The Committee's hopefulness, the Report declared, was based upon the industry and technical skill of Germany's population, the wealth of her material resources, her eminence in industrial science, and her progress in agriculture. The effect of rationalisation upon production has been that the output of a given volume of goods in a particular branch has required an ever smaller number of employees. The first effect of this is to increase unemployment, and had the "rationalised" unemployed been publicly supported there would be no national gain from rationalisation. The German labour market, however, shows a surprising elasticity. Owing to rationalisation alone—that is independently of temporary declines in the demand for goods—about 700,000 persons have been discharged; but there has been no increase of unemployment. In the coal mining branch about 75,000 men have been discharged. Between 1922 and 1927 the number of employees in the potash branch has fallen from 48,000 to 22,000. Yet the output of both coal and potash has increased, and the Miners' Trade Union at present reports only 1.3 per cent. of unemployed members. Herr Sichler, the head of a Saxon chemicals company, estimates that rationalisation has resulted in an average increase in *per capita* productivity of 30 per cent., but in coal and potash the increases are respectively 40 and 100 per cent. In 1927, which was, indeed, an exceptionally prosperous

(1) *Disconto Gesellschaft* Report, August, 1928.

year, production in many industrial branches far exceeded that of before the War in the present national area, and in many cases exceeded that of before the War in the pre-War area.

The movement of production since the Dawes Plan was initiated has been radically different from that which went before. In the inflation years production at times increased feverishly. For a short time in 1922 there was practically no unemployment; but the increases were followed by violent declines. The declines were due to temporary recoveries of the currency, and sometimes to acute shortage of capital. The Dawes Plan gave to Germany a definitive (though even now not perfect) currency reform, and capital conditions became rapidly better. Before the Plan, when working capital was short, wages could not always be paid or raw materials imported, so that, when both native and foreign customers were clamouring for goods, mills were being closed down. The conditions prevailing immediately before the Dawes Plan had a particularly bad effect upon exports. Since the Plan Germany has been able to conduct a rapidly increasing export trade. In official statements, which in this matter differ sharply from official statistics, the increase in exports is not admitted. It is even, as in a written statement of last year from the Finance Minister to the Agent for Reparations, denied. The international public has been persistently misled into the belief that "Ally Tariffs" have checked German exports. The truth is that Germany has been producing goods more and more in excess of her home demand, and exporting them with ease. The first official recognition of this truth appears in the Report of the Agent for Reparations of June 7th, which correctly states that the great increase in exports reflects "the greater exporting power which comes from large production."

The widespread belief that Germany's export trade has developed unsatisfactorily is due in most cases to the ignoring of statistics. If statistics are consulted, comparisons with pre-War trade are made upon a wholly false basis. The increase in exports of late has been more rapid than in the last pre-War years. Between 1923 and 1928

(first quarter) exports increased by over 85 per cent. In 1923 they averaged 508,000,000 marks a month; in 1928 942,000,000 marks. Before the War the growth of Germany's exports was regarded by competitors as a marvel and a menace, yet it took ten years, from 1902 to 1912, for the annual value to double (from 4,675 to 8,967 million marks). It is customary to compare Germany's present exports with those of 1913, and to ignore the fact that 1913 was an exceptional year, exports being 1,100 million marks larger than in 1912—a rate of increase twice as great as the normal. If allowance is made for the rise in prices—as should be done—the monthly average value of exports in the first quarter of this year is shown to be about 37 per cent. higher than during the last five pre-War years. The financing of this increasing export was largely made possible by the Gold Discount Bank (with British capital) which was founded simultaneously with, and as a consequence of, the Dawes Plan.

It was a provision of the Dawes Plan that Germany's standard of living should not be depressed below that of other countries. The public expectation, however, was that the fulfilment of the Plan must depress the standard; and fear of "Reparations prison-made goods" has not yet been wholly overcome in competing industrial nations. But the Plan was followed by a rapid rise in the standard of living, and simultaneously, despite this rise, by a resumption of national saving on the pre-War scale. The improved standard of living is visible in many ways—in the increasing consumption of the dearer kinds of necessities and of luxury goods, and in the increase in imports of manufactured goods, which to a great extent are luxuries. The buying-power of the population seems to have fully returned to the pre-War level. According to one authority¹ the pre-War level was even exceeded in 1927. Immediately before the Plan came into force national buying-power was estimated at between 60 and 70 per cent. of the pre-War level. Of individual branches of saving there are abundant data, and of total national savings some very remarkable estimates. The average

(1) *Die Wirtschaftskurve der Frankfurter Zeitung*, Heft II, 1928.

monthly increment in Savings Bank deposits rose from 70,000,000 marks in 1925 to 190,000,000 marks in the first five months of 1928. The pre-War deposits entirely disappeared in the inflation, but new deposits accumulated in four years to a total of 5,780 million marks, and at present they are increasing more rapidly than before the War. In Social Insurance, which is a form of compulsory savings, investments are being made at the rate of 4,800,000,000 marks a year. The investments of private insurance companies (those under Government control) have multiplied six-fold in the last four years. The home capital market has in some measure recovered, though this is shown less by the figures of loan and debenture issues than by the rapid increase of mortgage-bond and other issues which do not appear in the loan returns.

The story of Germany's supposed perils as a borrower country appear in the Press almost every day. The fact that Germany is also a considerable lender country is almost always ignored. A great deal of the foreign capital that comes in, and which creates foreign claims upon Germany, goes out again, and creates German claims upon foreign countries. Industrial companies send large sums abroad in order to construct factories for the utilisation of their patents and processes; trade credits are given to Russia and other countries; and securities are acquired. In a report of this year the American Commercial Attaché at Berlin attributes the recent exhaustion of the German capital market to purchases of dollar securities. Germany, he estimates, has bought back a quarter of her dollar bonds. American reports¹ affirm that Germany has bought back as much as two-thirds of certain large dollar bond issues, and almost the whole of one issue. If native estimates of savings are even approximately correct, Germany's capital resources are fully sufficient to finance normal development of industry, to provide for the increase in her population, and to pay Reparations. But they are not sufficient to finance the accelerated expansion of the past few years. Since the Plan came into force, Germany has borrowed about 6,700 million marks as long-term loans, and an addi-

(1) *New York Times*, February 19th.

tional 4,000 million marks as short-term credits. The total, about 11,000 million marks, is imposing. But the total of home-made savings between January, 1925, and July, 1928, is at least 28,000 million marks. This estimate is based upon data published by the Reichskredit Bank, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and other authorities; and it is accepted by the Minister of Industry, who last winter told the Reichstag that national savings are about three times as great as foreign loans.

The greater part of these savings seem to be in the hands of the industrial and banking companies. That was the case before the War, but the public, again as before the War, is not let into the secret. The industries boast of very large savings which have resulted from rationalisation, and they cannot deny that their prices have been put up. Most branches, however, represent their financial position to be deplorable. That is particularly the case with the coal branch, which raised its prices once this year, and with the steel industry, which raised its prices twice. Since the beginning of 1927 the prices-index for manufactured goods intended for consumption has risen from 151 to 176. The industrialists nevertheless insist that 1927 was a year of "quantity prosperity" and not of "profits prosperity." The *Frankfurter Zeitung*,¹ which enquired into this question, has published data showing that industrial profits have very rapidly risen during the years of the Dawes Plan. The dividends paid by 85 leading companies rose in the ratio 48 to 100. In some cases the percentage of earnings upon combined capital and reserves doubled, in others trebled. These calculations ignore the increase in hidden reserves, which are usually much larger than the disclosed reserves. Bourse movements also indicate that industry is much better off than its balance-sheets show. The average yield of all stocks at their present high quotations is around 3 per cent., this at a time when a 9 per cent. yield can be had on loans and bonds. The quotations of industrial stocks are kept up by those interests which are aware that the companies have vast hidden reserves, from which ultimately the stock-

(1) July 16th.

holders will benefit. A further proof of financial prosperity is that branches which complain of their inability to operate profitably are able to spend vast sums upon export dumping. The Ingot Steel Syndicate, which embraces all Germany's output, exports at Franco-Belgian prices, which are about 25 per cent. below German home prices, and which, according to the steel industry itself, are even below German production cost. The same syndicate grants heavy price-rebates to exporting manufacturers. The Ruhr Coal Syndicate shrinks from no expenditure which will keep its grip upon markets gained during the British Strike of 1926. The per-ton assessment which it levies upon its members for this purpose at present brings in £9,000,000 a year. Many other industries also sell to abroad at below production cost. The fact that, despite such expenditure, dividends are paid and large open and hidden reserves accumulated, proves that the financial condition of industry is much more favourable than industry admits.

The economical condition of Germany is thoroughly sound. If complaints by interests which are looking for doles and duties are ignored, Germans admit the soundness. Black vaticinations mostly come from foreigners committed to the prophecy that the Dawes Plan will collapse in the first standard annuity year. The pessimism of these foreigners derives in good part from their ignorance of the fact that the Dawes Plan not only helped to make Germany sound, but that it is still operating in the same way. Premature revision or abolition of the Plan would be a declaration that it has practically failed or is about to fail. Nothing could do more than such a declaration to frighten away international capital from Germany, to induce the recall of the large short-term foreign credits, and to shake confidence in Germany's future.

JOSEPH CONRAD AND THE IRONIC
ATTITUDE

BY HUGH P. AUSTIN

THERE are, I suppose, quite as many different ways of looking at life as there are people in the world, for to no two temperaments or no two characters will the problem of living present itself in identical guise, and to no two persons will the same enigmas be offered for solution. And who can say with any reasonable degree of certitude that his own view is right or that a different view to the one he holds is wrong, for who can hope to put himself into another man's shoes absolutely?

In one of his poems Mr. Kipling has written, "there are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right."

Can that be denied? At best, then, we can only suggest, and always rather hesitatingly and apologetically, that a certain view appears to us to be wrong. For oneself it may be; for another person—there are a thousand and one circumstances that may have to be taken into consideration, physical and mental, and of time and place, and many of which we can probably never know, and so correct judgment becomes obviously an impossibility, since always there remains a fine element of speculation, a definite nebulosity of ignorance.

Yet the interest of analysis, even when based on the most shadowy hypothesis, remains, the process of investigation, with its discovery of strange facts, of strange environments, of strange attitudes, of strange characters and personalities enthralls, and is never wearisome, because with every accretion of knowledge, subtly, unknowingly often, we ourselves change, contact with alien influences varying day by day our own outlook and our own powers of receptivity, and giving us so ever a new and exciting field for enquiry.

And this process moulds us. In the beginning it may be that our theories are easily fluid, that is if we begin

research in an unprejudiced spirit, but gradually, though never wholly, theories solidify, and in a sense ceasing to be theories become beliefs, and, in a manner, for the individual holding them, facts. Such a thing is inevitable. A perpetual violent flux there cannot be, since our human mentality not only demands a basis for speculation, and is fearful if it cannot find one, but also must creep to conclusions, and once such conclusions are at all formed cannot find much elasticity, until finally we come to have, for practical purposes, something of a definite reasoning basis from which we look out upon the world.

And here I would suggest that there are three main windows from which we may look upon humanity and its actions and ideas, though clearly in each view there are innumerable degrees, and each ultimately merges into the other two. There is the optimistic view. There is the pessimistic view. There is the ironic view.

And for three examples I would take Charles Dickens, Thomas Hardy, and Joseph Conrad.

Now each of these three has a very distinct and individual outlook on life, and I do not pretend to say which is in truth the right outlook; I can only say that the ironic is, for myself, infinitely the most interesting, perhaps because that outlook contains, as it seems, more of the element of genuine scepticism, and therefore more of the acknowledgment of the impossibility of any absolute knowledge, and, beyond all, an infinitely greater curiosity; and I would suggest, further, a greater moral courage and a greater zest for life—life the fact and not just the theory of it—whether that life be fortunate or unfortunate, to a degree, indeed, indifferent to fortune so long as life be full of action and intelligence, so long as it pulsates with energy in some direction. It is for the ironist the great central fact of life that is so important, and men and women, the individualists, have their importance only relatively as they react actively within that creation of which they themselves are only a minute portion, and it is not their little individual motives that are of primary interest so much as how those motives react to the central fact, and always as regards that reaction there lies in the

background the question as to how far the individual may rightly be held responsible for his reaction, how much of originality there is, and how much of simple return of something already given him.

This opens immense fields of thought, and I would claim for the conscientious and deliberate ironist the wider mental horizon of the three. He sees, I think, the first essentials of life best because he deliberately looks for them as his first objectives, and he is less hampered by a crowd of little, mean asides and features of a purely transient value, so that he is able to see further in a clearer light, and to give a more true and more vivid analysis. Only when he has seen and considered his main objectives will the ironist look about at the little things which, though they have their value, cannot finally alter truth or change a man's essential character, though they may distract and obstruct. The ironist in a manner sees the result and considers then the causes that have led up to it, instead of slowly building up the structure and making, it may be, a hundred abortive speculative efforts in a hundred false directions, and going on blindly to an end obscured by too many asides of a purely incidental character. But the ironist, looking first at the result, is able to grasp more easily the salient points, the decisive factors, and with the fuller knowledge comes inevitably the greater intelligence of speculation, and with that the certainty that his knowledge is limited, and that always behind the veil of the seen there hides the wholly improbable and the unexpected and immeasurable. And so, by a purely logical process, we have the sceptical questioning of the ultimate reality and verity of anything, and, too, of the ultimate value, which so forbids a definite acceptance of any face worth. Yet all the while one can maintain that there is and must be an ultimate end to which man may attain.

Now both the optimist and the pessimist, in my contention, accept too much, are too well or too ill content, as the case may be, to supremely exert themselves; they have, in fact, too much placidity of temperament—I would instance Mr. Micawber and Jude, both yielding with such easy pliance to circumstances—and through that placidity

they lose a certain fine, vital essence that, did they only possess it, would enable them to face facts with an amount of disdain and an amount of courage sufficient to enable them to overcome the fates in such a manner as Lord Jim and, in a strange way, Captain Whalley, for to get the best of life one must defy it, and one must be energetic; then, even if material circumstances prove too strong to be overthrown, even if the dice be too heavily loaded, at least one receives defeat without any loss of moral vitality, which means truly that the defeat is nothing more than physical or finally only illusion, no matter what the exterior world may think.

That is a lesson that Conrad teaches clearly, sometimes positively and sometimes negatively, and with him the irony, the sardonic humour come first, and the melancholy, the kindliness, the sympathy, the elemental savagery of ordinary life take the second place, for they are the children of the immortal irony and not the parents, and because the irony is supreme it is never vindictive, because irony cannot hate life, cannot loathe it after the manner of des Esseintes, no matter whether life has been brutal to the extreme limit of death, as in *Lord Jim*, or *Nostramo*, or *Heart of Darkness*, or contemptuous, as in *Almayer's Folly*, or tragic, as in *The Rescue*.

Always the irony itself is the laughter of the gods, and even though that laughter may have its sombre tones or be wholly misunderstood, though it may be mordant even, after the interpretation of de Maupassant, it never takes on a querulous or complaining tone, and at the other extreme that laughter never degenerates into a cackle or a malicious guffaw. I take for examples the cases of Captain Mitchell in *Nostramo* and Lingard in *The Rescue*.

With Captain Mitchell we have a humorous irony which plays about that worthy man, lightly touching here and there and revealing all the while his genial and almost preposterous conceit, and yet never for one instant making him a wholly ludicrous figure of fun, because that irony realises at the same time that the worthy Captain is truly considerably more than a mere buffoon, a good deal more worthy than the grotesque Sotillo, who, in spite of all his

braggadocio, is really stupid, a vulgar bully, and a coward of a very ordinary kind. Captain Mitchell with all his strutting is a man, a man in the full and proper sense of that much misused word, and, bearing the meaning of the term "man" in mind, it is here worth noting that Conrad never castigates a man, he never makes so gross an error, even though he be something of a villain or be distorted like Kurtz. The actions may be deplored, may be criticised, may be denounced, but not the secret inner being. Irony, the great weapon of scepticism, is never applied to the fine creature: it cannot be. To attempt such a thing would be to commit a kind of mental suicide or to be one's own Iscariot.

And let us hear Lingard speaking to Mrs. Travers by Jaffir's grave on the sandbank, speaking to the woman whose moral cowardice has ruined his plans and killed his friend and stricken him, too, on her own account to the heart:—

"This is a grave," said Lingard in a low voice, and still gazing at the heap of sand. "I had him taken out of the ship last night. Strange," he went on in a musing tone, "how much a grave, big enough for one man only, can hold. His message was to forget everything."

There is a bitter irony in those sentences, and though Lingard levels no direct reproach at Mrs. Travers one knows that the reproach is there, and subtly, too, by the choice of place, and, further, that Mrs. Travers knows it, as she admits afterwards to d'Alcacer, and will never be able to forget. But Lingard is not querulous or complaining, and his very gentleness is the most piercing weapon he could have devised.

And that episode on the sandbank between the hardened trading seaman and the too sophisticated society woman brings one to the whole issue of life. Mrs. Travers is out of place in her surroundings, and Lingard is out of place with Mrs. Travers.

Conrad looks at life everywhere, and everywhere he sees people ironically placed, the round peg being fitted into the square hole, and sometimes, indeed, the round peg is fitted into the round hole, but because the person concerned does not recognise his situation the outside,

the impartial observer, is presented in another manner with the irony of situation. And as an illustration of this we have *Typhoon*.

There is the furious, titanic storm; and Captain Macwhirr is an admirable seaman and the very person to weather the stress and difficulty, and he is tremendously successful, but the estimable Macwhirr is also singularly obtuse, and, while competent consciously to handle the ship, never apprehends at all clearly the very possible danger from his terrified Chinese cargo. He sees clearly only the storm, the elements he has faced for years; the other is outside his experience and outside his mental horizon, and though he does the one thing needful to clear away every danger, he does it from the danger view unwittingly and ignorantly. The ironic humour is there immensely, and we are shown vividly the denseness of Macwhirr, but there is no sneer at him open or covert, it is a wholly impersonal irony, an irony of position and not of personality primarily, the personality being brought into prominence by the facts of the position. Put Lingard, put Captain Allistoun in the same physical position as Macwhirr and they, too, would have weathered their difficulties, but the irony of the situation would have been negligible.

And for the round peg and the square hole there is the story of Kayerts and Carlier, *An Outpost of Progress*.

The whole conception is, of course, ironic, even to the title itself; but there is irony within irony.

It is the ordinary irony of life that Kayerts, who loved above all things the petty jealousies and enmities and squabbles of a Government office, and all the shrill gossip of the cafés and the streets, should be transplanted thousands of miles away from the next station, and that Carlier also should be there when he was only fitted by upbringing and intelligence to clank his sabre against his spurs, and to strut foolishly about the streets of a little garrison town ogling the women. And there is something ironic in the fact that Makola, the worshipper of evil spirits, should recognise something of a similar religion lying in the hearts of his white masters behind their apparent horror at his sale of the station men to the traders

for ivory. Makola knows well enough that the ivory will more than console them for their employees' slavery and so he does not trouble to talk to them at any length, he merely advises them to look well at the ivory, and warns Kayerts about the danger of getting unduly excited in a tropical climate. And the irony of circumstances is rounded off when Kayerts shoots Carlier the day before the relieving steamer arrives and then hangs himself. And in another manner in *Victory* there is the irony of Heyst, the dreamer and philosopher, being plunged into a violent warfare with Ricardo and Jones and Schomberg over Lena; Heyst to whom all women previously had meant nothing.

It is, too, the irony of life that when Harry Hagberd, for whom his father has been preparing and waiting for years, does return the old man should throw a shovel at his head and tell Bessie Carvil, who knows Harry's identity, to have nothing to do with that "information fellow." And Harry himself is not in the least sorry that he is driven away.

And there is Captain Whalley, old and going blind, the honest man struggling against misfortune, forced by a fine parental devotion to work against his conscience for a rogue.

And again, in *Nostromo* what greater irony can there be than that Nostromo should meet his death at the hands of old Viola. The attitude is ironic towards both Viola and Nostromo, and there is a certain ironic justice, but it must be noted that Conrad makes no attempt to moralise but retains the valuable and balanced impersonal attitude.

Then, too, irony, existent all the while but cloaked, may become easily apparent at a climax, as happens in *Lord Jim*; in *An Outpost of Progress*; in *The Brute*, when Charlie sees his *fiancée* drowned at the very last moment of a successful voyage; and there is irony in the fact that it is not until he is safe that Razumov's conscience should force him to confess his part in the death of Victor Haldin to a gang possessed only of sufficient courage to talk of Nihilism in a foreign country.

And since Conrad's melancholy irony is so almost omnipresent there is almost always a shadow in the manner of

his creation, as though he were saying half to himself and half to his audience, "Ah! they will do this, they say, but you and I who are looking on and see more of the game know they will not. They cannot. The dice are loaded against them. Their ambitions are illusion."

There is an instance of thwarted hopes and dreams, of all lost.

"He dozed off. Almayer stood by the balustrade looking out at the bluish sheen of the moonlit night. The forests, unchanged and sombre, seemed to hang over the water, listening to the unceasing whisper of the great river; and above their dark wall the hill on which Lingard had buried the body of his late prisoner rose in a black, rounded mass, upon the silver paleness of the sky. Almayer looked for a long time at the clean-cut outline of the summit, as if trying to make out through darkness and distance the shape of that expensive tombstone. When he turned round at last he saw his guest sleeping, his arms on the table, his head on his arms.

"Now, look here!" he shouted, slapping the table with the palm of his hand.

"The naturalist woke up, and sat all in a heap, staring owlishly.

"Here!" went on Almayer, speaking very loud and thumping the table, "I want to know. You, who say you have read all the books, just tell me . . . why such damned things are ever born. Here I am! Done harm to nobody, lived an honest life . . . and a scoundrel like that is born in Rotterdam or some such damn'd place at the other end of the world somewhere, travels out here, robs his employer, runs away from his wife, and ruins me and my Nina—he ruined me, I tell you—and gets himself shot at last by a poor miserable savage that knows nothing at all about him really. Where's the sense of all this? Where's your Providence? Where's the good for anybody in all this? The world's a swindle! A swindle! Why should I suffer? What have I done to be treated so?"

"He howled out his string of questions, and suddenly became silent. The man who ought to have been a professor made a tremendous effort to articulate distinctly.

"My dear fellow, don't—don't you see that the ba-bare

fac—the fact of your existence is off-offensive . . . I . . .
I like you . . . like.’

“He fell forward on the table, and ended his remarks by an unexpected and prolonged snore.” (*An Outcast of the Islands*.)

Now, the melancholy there is obvious, yet it cannot be said to be forced even in the least degree; it is simply there because it falls in so completely with Conrad’s philosophy of life. Conrad finds man often failing to find his way, perplexed, and in perpetual and distressing difficulties in the way of nature, in the face of a strength that sometimes will lend itself to his uses, but that often, and so usually unexpectedly, will turn and rend him. He finds man, even as Almayer, unable to balance properly desire and capacity, urged on and up by the spirit, and dragged down by the weakness of the flesh.

So with that philosophy how else but with an ironic aloofness can Conrad regard time and again the working out before his eyes of that philosophy, the man and woman struggling, struggling hard, touching the ideal maybe, only in the end to see the cup of Tantalus taken away when their lips were touching the very rim.

It may be argued, of course, that Conrad’s cases are picked. That may be said of any writer with a large degree of truth, and naturally since no writer can write of everyone, he chooses those of whom he can understand the most, and those that have, for him, the greatest attraction; but I maintain that, once chosen, Conrad does let his characters follow their own ways naturally, and they are natural characters and natural ways, though often they are characters with characteristics of which we landmen know little or nothing, and there are no obviously created freaks amongst them, and on a careful reading it must be, I am sure, admitted that the types, given different surroundings, may be met with anywhere. The essential human being is there: it is only the surface that is strange.

Lord Jim, idealistic and, perhaps, quixotic; Almayer, weak and sentimental; Renouard, self-absorbed and melancholy; Nostromo, caught in the mesh of money and of woman against his own conscience: all these are with us

every day, and if we do not note them it is more often than not only because the attendant circumstances are not there obviously and blatantly to give us the full portrait and develop for us the character and the personality, or—and this is even more likely—we are too interested in side issues—often selfish ones affecting ourselves—or too indolent to do more than skim over the surface.

And it is, too, I think, the strangeness of the environment that is one reason for the criticism that Conrad’s irony is his “harshest limitation,” and it tempts me, that criticism, to ask whether there is in cold fact any harshness in truth. I could understand better that “harshest limitation” being brought against Thomas Hardy, who is an ironic pessimist, and not simply an ironist, placing his pessimism before his irony.

Conrad writes most often of men and women who live in difficult or hard surroundings, who lead active and often dangerous physical lives, and who by their surroundings are forced into abrupt, stern measures and into an aloofness of sentiment born of the self-preservative necessity, and who cannot afford to be dilatory and complacent. But although misfortunes befall many of his characters there are, few indeed of whom one can say that they are settled in gloom and despair—not even Renouard, though clearly he is unbalanced and morbid, for whatever Conrad may be he is not morbid, only questioning closely, if without geniality—that geniality which gives the difference between his work and that of the other great ironist, M. Anatole France, whose people, however, live in a more soft, more pliable exterior world than Conrad’s, in a community where there is more of a clinging together of humanity, more crowding.

M. France has not a “harshest limitation” applied to his irony, but then to keep in tune with his atmosphere, and to be truthful to that atmosphere, M. France must be more gracious and more tactful, and also more impish, and must be more immersed in crowds and look up, whilst Conrad seems always to have the air of being more detached, more isolated, and of looking down. In a way, and in places, Conrad and M. France meet and agree, they

meet in their merciful judgment of frail humanity, but they have come from the opposite ends of the mental universe, and the things they have seen on their ways, and the people they have met and many of the impressions they have accumulated are diverse. It is, perhaps, too, unfair to say it, but, relatively, some of M. France's characters are somewhat obscured by their opinions and by their philosophic irony—it may be because M. France is more talkative and more eager to explain, whereas Conrad never allows his irony to mask either the greatness or the littleness of his characters, and he never allows it to hide the movements of their personalities. Conrad is interested in action first and in theory afterwards, whereas M. France's preoccupation is theory.

And a second reason may be put forward: a natural one. Conrad, it must be remembered, was a Slav, and not a Slav only, but a Pole. Climatic conditions and the melancholy Slav temperament, to which must be added the very real and essential Polish bitterness of soul, the bitterness of the downtrodden proud character and of the misunderstood, have in a sense taken away something of the colour, the softening tendency, the gaiety of soul, and the geniality, the desire perhaps to excuse, leaving the outline bolder and more stern and rugged against a more neutral atmospheric background. I say nothing of the actual pictorial and natural background, the physical background, for that is a wholly different thing. And the background of action, which is Conrad's, is more neutral than that of theory, and if not so subtle certainly more clear.

Conrad loves life as much as anyone, only it is a life of activity of a different kind, and of a kind such as the suave, persuasive French genius has never encountered, a life of a roughness, of giving and receiving abrupt and outspoken judgments, sharply conceived and given, naked, sardonic, and final, and often with the death sentence in them.

One cannot conceive M. France, the dexterous and delicate verbal juggler, the ironist of Crainquebille, being as really sardonic as Conrad is in *Heart of Darkness*, and of writing anything so abrupt as the manager's boy's—

"Mistah Kurtz—he dead." One cannot conceive that, nor even making anyone speak as Mrs. Gould does to Giselle when Nostromo is dead.

It is, I think, that abruptness, the suddenness that gives the appearance of callousness. Conrad's weapon is flashed into the flesh at lightning speed, and taken out as quickly again, and without comment on the stroke. There is no tender and involved pointing out of the wound, which is left to show itself, and no justification or otherwise is urged. But the wound is never inflicted with any personal animus, it is wholly disinterested, and the achievement of a quite impersonal disillusion. A quotation from *Some Reminiscences* will answer the charge of harshness:

"The sight of human affairs deserves admiration and pity; they are worthy of respect, too, and he is not insensible who pays them the undemonstrative tribute of a sigh which is not a sob, and of a smile which is not a grin. Resignation open-eyed, conscious, and informed by love, is the only one of our feelings for which it is impossible to become a sham."

Sincerity is there clearly enough for anyone to discern, and no man with a callous heart, no brute could have written those words, nor can he be a cynic or a pessimist; nor could a hard-hearted man have drawn such characters as Lord Jim, or Mrs. Gould, or Winnie Verloc and old Peyrol—all differing widely, yet all in their own way lovable. And at the same time only an Olympian irony, an attitude sure of itself and admirably disciplined, could have killed Lord Jim, could have seen the truth through an easily created sentiment that, however pleasing, must have been intellectually immoral.

And in the end it must be acknowledged that the ironic attitude is in its very essence a critical one, and therefore a disciplinary one. It is no pure and simple story-teller, and equally it is no whitewasher and no judge or moralist. It is surgical, but only for the purpose of investigation, and is not concerned with any curative mode or palliative suggestions; or rather it only points out that a cure is necessary and leaves the exact nature and the application of the remedy to the person most intimately concerned, the

patient. That is why irony is unpopular; it gives us no soporific drug, it does not flatter and it does not excuse; it cherishes no pleasing illusions, and it does not even attack a vice or a folly, but leaves the vice or folly to destroy itself by self-exposure, which is the highest of all moral attitudes since it makes the individual afflicted, if he will and if he can be, self curative.

I would not moralise, but criticism unbending is moral, and more moral than any set teaching can be because it displays no self-sufficiency or superiority. And that is Conrad's value to literature, apart from his powerful characterisations and his brilliant colourings, and to life in general, the lesson left to ripen that every man must be his own master, and that he cannot ultimately be helped by anyone else, since if he is so he is acknowledging weakness, and by acknowledging condoning. His victory lies not in an apparent success judged by the standards of others, but by his own admission of weakness coupled to a fine determination to eliminate that weakness. But actual success for humanity is unattainable, though such a thing must not be admitted. The possible and desirable ideal is an illusion. Paradox and irony indeed.

WELLINGTON'S SURRENDER TO THE CATHOLICS

BY DENIS GWYNN

A HUNDRED years ago this summer one of the strangest political struggles in English history was being fought out at its climax between Daniel O'Connell, at the head of the great popular agitation which he had created in Ireland, and the Duke of Wellington, who had been dragged from the post of Commander-in-Chief to take office as Prime Minister, after the collapse of three successive Ministries within the first years of a new Parliament. Lord Liverpool's paralytic stroke had brought Canning—the devoted advocate of Catholic emancipation—into office, but only after his giving a promise to leave the Catholic question alone. Canning's death a few months later led to Lord Goderich's ineffectual attempt to govern, and the King finally brought Wellington in to fill the gap. The Catholic Association had discovered belatedly, in the last weeks of the General Election in 1826, the possibility of unseating even the most strongly entrenched candidates who opposed its claims. But when Huskisson's resignation compelled Wellington to reconstruct his Ministry no one yet believed that it was unsafe to appoint as a Minister the representative of an Irish county. Vesey Fitzgerald, as a popular landlord who had always supported the Catholic claims, had no fears of losing his seat, until O'Connell's sudden decision to stand against him in Clare, and his triumphant progress from Dublin to the West, brought Wellington and Peel face to face with a situation which had seemed to require no urgent remedy until the next dissolution of Parliament.

Waterloo itself was perhaps not more far-reaching in its consequences than Wellington's subsequent success in carrying Catholic emancipation, not only against the King and Parliament but against his own previous convictions. Had he persisted in defying O'Connell—as the King wished and practically ordered him to do—the resulting

insurrection in Ireland would have caused such devastation and such a reaction upon the growing popular unrest in England that its consequences would have been incalculable. But Wellington's military mind saw the necessity for surrender when other politicians lacked the courage to face the facts; and his stubborn refusal to countenance the King's proposal for organising Brunswick clubs all over the country, and then going to the electorate with the old No Popery cry, saved England from years of discord and disgrace.

Military considerations, as well as his military point of view, were undoubtedly the chief cause of his decision to give way. Wellington had for several years been extremely uneasy at the necessity of concentrating almost the whole British infantry in Ireland, where they were powerless in the presence of a scrupulously orderly agitation which O'Connell never allowed to go outside the law. And apart from this immobilising of his troops, Wellington's attitude towards the Catholic question had been gradually affected for many years by very curious relations with the Irish Catholics, in the course of his earlier campaigns, which have seldom been sufficiently emphasised. Wellington had at various times been brought into contact with the Irish Catholics on terms which none of his colleagues could have appreciated. The saying often attributed to him that two-thirds of his soldiers—whether in the Peninsular Campaign or at Waterloo—were Irish Catholics lacks the support of any serious evidence. But a very large proportion of Wellington's soldiers were undoubtedly Irish Catholics, and as an Irishman of exceptionally shrewd observation he could not fail to be aware of their presence throughout his armies. He was well aware of the necessity in war-time of allowing the Catholic soldiers to attend their own religious services. But he had been particularly brought in touch with the Irish Catholics during the Peninsular Campaign. The Irish college at Salamanca had given him invaluable assistance against the armies of revolutionary France. The rector of the Irish college was a Dr. Curtis, with whom Wellington formed a close personal friendship, which was to have a direct

bearing upon the final phase of Catholic emancipation. Impressed with his great abilities, and in gratitude for his assistance in Spain, Wellington once offered Dr. Curtis an English Protestant bishopric with £6,000 a year. The Irish priest coldly replied that if the stipend was six million instead of six thousand a year he would not change his religion for it, an attitude which appears to have astonished Wellington. "As if £6,000 a year would prove any attraction to an old man with one foot in the grave and without a single tie to bind him to this world," was the horrified comment of Dr. Curtis to his friends. But the Duke was determined that his Irish friend in Salamanca should receive due recognition, and some years afterwards his personal recommendation to the Holy See was largely responsible for the appointment of Dr. Curtis as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of the Irish hierarchy.

Another, much younger, member of the Irish hierarchy was to have a lasting claim upon Wellington as a result of these services in the Peninsula. The Catholic College in Coimbra eagerly supported Wellington in his precarious campaign against Napoleon's army, and among its students who enrolled as volunteers, and fought through his battles, was the future Bishop Doyle of Kildare and Leighlin, whose career as a soldier was unknown to Wellington, but who was to confront him twenty years later in Ireland as the ablest and most courageous propagandist on behalf of the Irish Catholics. Wellington probably never became aware of the existence of his former comrade-in-arms until the year 1825, when Dr. Doyle, as the youngest but by far the most gifted and conspicuous of the Irish bishops, attended, with Daniel O'Connell, the Committee of Enquiry held by the House of Lords into the state of Ireland in that year. As a distinguished theologian and as a bishop with unrivalled knowledge of his people, Dr. Doyle was invited to attend the Committee, where he was bombarded for several days with all manner of questions about Irish conditions and about the attitude of the Catholic Church towards loyalty to the State. Wellington was one of the members of the Committee. He left the room for a few moments during Dr. Doyle's cross-examination. "Well, Duke," said a

member of the House of Lords who met him in the lobby, "are you examining Doyle?" "No, but Doyle is examining us," was Wellington's laconic reply. Dr. Doyle's evidence produced an extraordinary impression, and in the debates on the abortive Catholic Relief Bill of 1825 a succession of Tory speakers referred to him by name as having converted them from opposition to the Catholic claims. But Wellington himself remained unconverted, and his opposition to the Bill contributed to its being thrown out by the House of Lords after it had actually passed the House of Commons.

Bishop Doyle, however, had made a profound impression upon Wellington, and his influence and prestige was so great, as the representative of the new generation of educated Irish Catholics, that his views were constantly quoted and published in England. Three years later, a few weeks before the by-election was declared which led to O'Connell's triumphant return for Clare, he issued an open letter to Wellington as Prime Minister, making an urgent appeal for settlement of the Irish question.

On the question of danger to the State from admitting Catholics to Parliament, Wellington was in all probability quite willing by this time to accept Bishop Doyle's dignified argument. But his objection to the principle of admitting Catholics to become legislators was still unshaken; and when, a few months later, O'Connell's victory compelled him to face the inevitable, he turned at once to the "securities" which Bishop Doyle had already repudiated with such energy. The Clare election proved that concession could no longer be refused. It was a personal triumph of O'Connell over Wellington, scarcely less than over his old adversary Peel, who had challenged him to a duel which had very nearly been fought in 1815. Ever since the Catholic Association had gathered momentum after 1823, O'Connell had always dreaded the possibility of Wellington's becoming Prime Minister. "We are here in great affright," he had written to the Knight of Kerry in 1827, after Lord Liverpool's breakdown in health, "at the idea of the Duke of Wellington being made Prime Minister. If so, all the horrors of actual massacre threaten

us. That villain has neither heart nor head. It is impossible to describe the execration with which his name is received amongst us." So, when Lord Goderich had confessed his own impotence by resigning, O'Connell's worst fears were fulfilled, and the dramatic conflict between the two men grew intense. O'Connell's first speech in Dublin after his triumphant journey back from Clare was a last appeal for peaceful settlement. "I now tell you, Wellington and Peel," he declared in a speech which he "wished to reach England"—"listen to me if you be true to old England, whom I love and cherish, for whose people I have the greatest respect, to whose bad administrations only I have given my animosity. I say now, all, all shall be pardoned, forgiven, forgotten, upon giving us Emancipation, unconditional, unqualified, free and unshackled."

Parliament was prorogued on July 28th, and Wellington and Peel had a breathing space to consider what should be done. The long anxiety had not been only on O'Connell's side: Wellington had foreseen from the beginning of the Catholic Association that the only alternative to concession must be civil war. "If we cannot get rid of the Catholic Association," he had written to Peel in November, 1824, "we must look to civil war in Ireland sooner or later. Although all concerns of that kind are matters of risk and doubt, I should think there could be none of the military result. But should we be better situated afterwards? I think not. We should find the same enemies blasting the prosperity of the country and ready to take advantage of the weakness of this country at any moment to do us all the harm in their power." Now, four years later, the menace had suddenly materialised; and under conditions which, in their acute state of nerves, made the Ministry foresee other ugly possibilities in the background. Wellington had all along impressed upon Peel the seriousness of the military situation. For six months, as Peel explained afterwards very candidly to one of his Irish critics, "England, being at peace with the whole world, has had five-sixths of the infantry force of the United Kingdom occupied in maintaining the peace and in police duties in Ireland. Let me implore you to

consider what would be the condition of England in the event of war?"

Wellington did actually consider war to be a real possibility if the Irish situation got more completely out of hand. O'Connell's agitation had aroused immense enthusiasm in France and other Continental countries. Wellington's biographer and confidant, Gleig, emphasises the effect of these considerations when he says, "We may smile when we read of doubts expressed as to the motives which, at such a juncture, carried Marshal MacDonald from Paris to Dublin. Marshal MacDonald, there is good reason now to believe, never entertained a thought of mixing himself up in Irish politics. And of the secret fabrication of pikes, and the midnight drillings which went on, we may think as likely as we have learned to do of the Chartist irruption into London in 1848. But taken in connection with the well-known facts . . . even the rumour of French sympathy, and of secret and armed organisations, was not without its weight in turning the balance of opinion in thoughtful minds towards a policy of concession." Illegal drilling was rapidly increasing in Ireland; and O'Connell himself was as little able as Wellington to guarantee indefinitely that the vast popular forces which the Catholic Association had mobilised might not suddenly rush to arms. And a more seriously practical menace was already taking shape in America, where the Catholic Bishop of Charleston in North Carolina afterwards claimed that he "almost personally organised a force of 40,000 men, which, headed by General Montgomery, the son of an Irish refugee, was designed for the invasion of Ireland, had emancipation continued to be withheld." Even such a force might be formidable if any attempt at landing was carried out. And, above all, no one could feel entirely confident of the loyalty of so many Irish soldiers in nearly all the infantry regiments, if the Irish Catholics should be driven to armed insurrection by the refusal of their claims.

If Wellington really felt that the Catholics must be placated by emancipation, the obvious course was to resign. But there had been three Prime Ministers already since Parliament met before the King was forced to call in

Wellington. And his resignation could only produce chaos, while O'Connell would triumph more than ever. Wellington made a final attempt to get the King to consider the situation in earnest. It was a forlorn hope, for the King's dropsy had made him incapable of any sustained effort. Wellington thought it best to prepare his mind, before discussing things, by a carefully reasoned memorandum. It contained a great many unpleasant truths. The King, it pointed out, could no longer even appoint a member for an Irish county to any office, as he would lose his seat; and he could not even dissolve Parliament, since the Catholics would now win nearly all the Irish constituencies. The law was powerless to control the ostensibly legal activities of the Catholic Association—which had already been dissolved once, only to be reformed under the title of the New Catholic Association a few weeks later. The initiative had passed entirely to O'Connell's hands, and some of his supporters had even appeared in Dublin Castle wearing the insignia of the Catholic Association. No alternative to a disastrous civil war, declared Wellington, could now possibly be found except through concession. For the present he only asked permission to consult freely with Peel and the Lord Chancellor, and report their deliberations to His Majesty.

In his disordered state George IV read the Duke's letter with feelings of exasperation and despair. Not until early October did they meet, and Wellington found that his arguments had been entirely unavailing. The King's solution was to dissolve Parliament, regardless of the consequences in Ireland; to encourage the formation of Brunswick clubs all over the country, and revive the old No Popery agitation. A No Popery election would quite certainly have swept the country; but the civil war which Wellington dreaded, and which would have gained no result, would have become immediately inevitable. "Of Brunswick clubs," says his biographer, "he entertained almost as great a horror as of the Catholic Association itself." Meanwhile, the Irish Viceroy, Lord Anglesey, had become fully converted to the necessity for concession, and kept on bombarding the Prime Minister with appeals

to reason. The crisis came when Wellington's old friend, Dr. Curtis, whose position as Archbishop of Armagh was largely due to Wellington's intervention on his behalf, wrote a personal letter to the Duke imploring him to terminate the existing uncertainty and unrest. On December 11th Wellington replied in a letter marked "Private and Confidential," in which he said that if they could bury the Catholic question for a time "and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides (for they are very great), I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy." The letter was obviously intended for communication in confidence to the Catholic leaders; but one of the Archbishop's curates boldly sent a copy of it, without authorisation, to the Press. O'Connell read the letter aloud at a public meeting, and Dr. Curtis was solemnly told to inform the Duke that the agitation would grow day by day more bitter till a full measure of emancipation was granted. Wellington's letter had shown unmistakably that the resistance was breaking down. Lord Anglesey had followed his lead by writing a much more indiscreet letter to Dr. Curtis, which he even allowed to be published. Anglesey was immediately recalled, but the end was already in sight.

Having decided to face the inevitable, Wellington was now harassed not only by the King's futile fury, but by Peel's qualms of conscience, which led him to resign his seat and ask the electors of Oxford University to give him a new mandate for concession to the Catholics. Peel was ignominiously rejected by the University. A pocket borough was given to him in haste; but even there he believed he would have lost the election had the opposing candidate reached the returning officer in time to contest the seat. But at last the surrender had been decided upon. The expected storm of abuse and obloquy broke quickly upon their heads. The King's speech early in February announced that Parliament would be asked to review the laws imposing disabilities on his Catholic subjects. On March 2nd, fresh from his defeat at Oxford, Peel announced an Emancipation Bill. George IV, encouraged in his misery by the universal outburst of indignation

against Wellington, sent for him and Peel and the Lord Chancellor, and protested once again with tears at what was proposed. Wellington patiently went over all the old ground once more. He must either have a free hand, he explained, or else resign. The King heard them in silence, and then, solemnly kissing them each upon both cheeks, he mournfully agreed that they could not do otherwise. Wellington and Peel drove back to London from Windsor believing that they were no longer in office.

But before their resignation had yet been announced, a special messenger arrived in hot haste from Windsor at Apsley House. The King explained that he had been unable to form another Ministry, and they must, therefore, remain in office. Wellington was determined to have no further prevarication, and in a candid letter he demanded an unequivocal declaration from His Majesty that the Bill was to proceed. The desired answer came, and on March 5th Peel introduced the Bill, in a four hours' speech which provoked a sustained outburst of invective and jubilation such as Parliament has seldom witnessed. Peel carried the Bill stubbornly through all its stages, and then Wellington faced his own ordeal with the Lords. "I am one of those," he announced in deadly earnest, "who have probably passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it. I say there is nothing which destroys property and demoralises character to the degree which civil war does. By it the hand of man is raised against his neighbour, against his brother, and against his father; the servant betrays his master, and the whole becomes a scene of confusion and devastation." Wellington seldom indeed spoke with so much emotion, and his appeal carried through its final stages the Emancipation Bill which certainly no other living man could have carried at the time. Only the King still remained to overcome. "If I do give my assent," he cried to Lord Eldon, "I'll go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover. I'll not return any

more to England. Let them get a Catholic King in Clarence." "Wellington is King of England, O'Connell is King of Ireland, and I suppose I'm only Dean of Windsor," was one of his many lamentations in those bitter days. But Wellington was inexorable; and after floods of tears and protests he scrawled his signature across the Bill, and flung his disgraced pen to the ground.

Wellington had saved Ireland from a massacre, and England from endless humiliation and disaster; but the Emancipation Bill was to produce an immediate sequel which is one of the strangest incidents in his eventful life. Some ten days after Peel's speech in the House of Commons a letter appeared in the *Standard* newspaper, signed by the Earl of Winchelsea, which gave his reasons for refusing to continue as a supporter of King's College, London. The letter went on to make the startling statement that "Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church Party; that the noble Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688, might the more effectively, under the cloak of outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State."

Such uncompromising accusations, coming from such a quarter, drove Wellington to demanding more than ordinary explanation. He wrote a stern protest to Lord Winchelsea, whose reply only emphasised the clear implications of the letter, and Wellington then replied with unmistakable determination that "no man has a right, whether in public or in private, in speech or in writing, or in print, to insult another by attributing to him motives for his conduct, public or private, which disgrace or criminate him. If a gentleman commits such an act indiscreetly in the heat of debate, or in a moment of party violence, he is always ready to make reparation to him whom he may have injured. I am convinced that your lordship will, upon reflection, be anxious to relieve yourself from the pain of having thus insulted a man who never

injured nor offended you." Lord Winchelsea, however, had written his outrageous libel in earnest, and the only alternative to a retraction, which would offend his conscience, was nothing less than to engage in a duel—with the Prime Minister.

Both men saw the insanity of what they were doing; but they could find no escape from the situation. And in a field beyond Battersea Bridge, in the early hours of a March morning, the Duke's personal physician arrived in great agitation, having received an extremely alarming summons to attend at a duel, without knowing beforehand who had requested his presence. The doctor's amazed expostulations fell upon deaf ears; and after jumping over several ditches to reach a place of greater seclusion, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea were standing face to face with loaded pistols in their hands. Wellington, after a moment's hesitation, fired the first deliberate shot. It missed his adversary completely, and he looked with utter dismay at Lord Winchelsea who, having dropped his arm to his side, now solemnly raised his pistol over his head and fired it into the air. His second then immediately approached Wellington's second and informed him that "Lord Winchelsea, having received the Duke of Wellington's fire, is placed under different circumstances from those in which he stood before, and therefore now feels himself at liberty to give the Duke the reparation he requires." A protracted argument followed over the form which Winchelsea's apology for his libel was to take, but was settled by the intervention of the doctor. And the Duke rode away after a formal exchange of salutations, having been drawn into a duel, on the only occasion in his life, by his wholly reluctant and unexpected advocacy of the rights of the Irish Catholics.

PATRONAGE AND THE ENGLISH POETS

BY ROBERT GRAVES

THE question of how poets are to live is one that has never been satisfactorily solved. There have, however, been three main historical methods of supporting them: money-presents or pensions as a direct payment for their poetry; positions and preferments as an indirect payment; the modern publishing system.

Money-presents or board and keep in lieu of money were in early times given to poets as a matter of course by kings and princelings. The kings gave because it was one of the traditions of kingship (like the healing of diseases by the laying on of hands) that hung over from still earlier times when the king, as the visible divine element in the State, cultivated the friendship of the poet as the inspired maker of charms. Princelings gave presents to poets, chiefly as a pretence to the dignity of royalty. But while kings advanced in temporal power to the point of overstepping most of the taboos that hedged kingship about, and became all-powerful individuals rather than sacred representatives of the community, the poet sank in spiritual power; religious formalism hardened and left little room in the public scheme for individual poetic inspiration. The only public excuse for the poet now was to celebrate the temporal supremacy of the king and the formal religion of which kingship was the earthly confirmation. Or, to be a superior court-jester. As a result very little authentic poetry has been written under the patronage of an absolute monarchy; or, if so, always in spite of such patronage, because even the verses not definitely in praise of the patron or his ancestors are expected to be formally religious or educational or for fashionable court purposes.

In England there have been a few instances of real poetry written under royal patronage, but only because the English monarchy has never been a very formidable one. *Beowulf*, for instance, was written at a period when the

king whose ancestors are celebrated was merely the best and noblest of his "dear companions"—he had no "subjects"—and the poet was held in friendship and even reverence by the king. There are also the *Canterbury Tales*, but Chaucer did not come to the Court to seek his fortune; he was the son of a courtier and did not therefore have to rely on his poetry for winning a place. He was related by marriage to his patron, John of Gaunt, Richard II's uncle, was a valuable public servant, and was not put in the position of a suitor for royal bounty until late in life. Moreover, since the king and his people were bound together in a common submission to the external authority of Rome more closely in Chaucer's time than at any other, there was little call for slavish commendations of royalty. Chaucer's praises of chivalry were his principal public service in return for patronage. In the *envoys* to his shorter poems he is remarkably dignified, he even dares to lecture Richard II on what kingly conduct should be; and in his *Complaint to his Empty Purse*, which was immediately refilled by Henry IV in recognition of his rights as a poet, he is most restrained in his tribute to the king; he merely recommends him quietly as the rightful sovereign of the realm.

Against the personal dignity of Chaucer may, however, be set the duplicity of Gower, who wrote courtierly in praise of Richard II, but at the accession of Henry IV omitted these passages in his *Confessio Amantis* (which was written on a subject set him, it is said, by Richard himself), or rewrote them in favour of Henry. Gower was luckier in the unbroken royal succession of three Henries: he was the general utility court-poet, and with the exception of the *London Lack-penny*, which he probably did not write, and parts of the *Testament*, which is the most personal of his pieces, left little over his signature that anyone has found to admire out of more than 130,000 surviving lines. But there is no evidence that any better poet than he courted royal patronage in vain, because of him. Skelton was court poet to Henry VII, and afterwards Orator Regius to Henry VIII and Rector of Diss in Norfolk. He consented humorously to write

royal panegyrics, but the few that survive are not objectionable and mostly in Latin. His public-service works seem mostly to have been decently written in prose, and the great mass of his poetry is not only independent of royal patronage, but also of the sterile courtier-French poetic tradition. But Skelton was a man of unusual courage, the one man in England who dared openly to defy Cardinal Wolsey at the time of his greatest power over the King; for which he had to spend the last six years of his life in confinement.

After mediæval times the poet was more generally rewarded by an appointment of trust than by actual money or maintenance. He was not in fact allowed merely to be a poet. Spenser was given a secretaryship in Ireland by Elizabeth, and Daniel a place as gentleman-in-ordinary at the Court of James I. But poets became so numerous in these reigns that places could not be found for all the needy ones; thus Drayton, who wrote a panegyric on King James I, and even a sonnet commending him as a poet, could not get a foothold at court, and took it very badly (for it was still hardly thought honourable for a king to refuse patronage to a poet) and recalled his sonnet. Spenser similarly was most discontented with his enforced stay on the Irish estate royalty granted him. He felt that as a poet he had the right to live actually at the court of the queen, whose praises he so lengthily and hopelessly sang. Royal patronage was beginning to wear out—the institution of the Poet Laureateship was the confirmation of this. Ben Jonson's pension as Laureate (though his successor D'Avenant was the first to hold the official title) was used to stabilise the debt of royalty to poetry: the Court undertook to maintain one poet, but no more. The money value of the Laureateship has sunk in the last three hundred years from a sum which was enough to keep a man in food, drink, board, clothes and horseflesh, to one which will just about pay for cigarettes and washing. Charles II was the last English monarch to have anything to do with poets; he admitted Cowley to terms of friendship, and forgave Dryden, Waller and Denham their panegyrics on the murderer of his father. Since Charles there

has been no monarch who has done anything for any of the arts except George IV, and even he did very little, preferring, like Charles II, to patronise science; and Queen Caroline, wife to George II, who took a fancy to Stephen Duck, the "Thresher Poet," giving him a £30 pension and the charge of the Royal Library, and was laughed at for her pains by the whole literary town.

With the failure of royalty, the poets were forced to turn to the peerage for their chief patronage; and to the people through the playhouse and the booksellers. The peerage was particularly kind in late Tudor times; many of its members were poets, and the Elizabethan Age, indeed, is the only one in which the peerage has been genuinely interested in poetry. Every Elizabethan poet managed to get the patronage of an Oxford, Southampton, Pembroke, or Bedford, or at least of a Right Worshipful Knight. There was even a certain friendly rivalry between coronets for the patronage of worthy poets. But as the peers got more and more interested in other things than literature, and poetry itself contracted a dry-rot, the poets were forced to give them more absurdly fulsome praise to appease them than even royalty (except the Hanoverians from their Laureates) has ever won. Dryden's 1699 dedicatory address to the Duke of Ormonde is only one example of hundreds equally nauseating. Eighteenth-century peers only occasionally gave direct and handsome pensions, as the Duke of Wharton did to Young (the author of *Night Thoughts*). Usually their rewards took two forms, preferment and the noble name at the head of a subscription list to the poet's works, a benefit often worth as much as two hundred pounds, because the subscription lists were printed with the poems, and it was satisfaction to the mere esquire to be joint patron of a poet with a duke, an earl, and a marquess or two. Few gentlemanly poets with any gifts above the average were refused preferment so long as they chose their political party carefully, and their verses were neither blasphemous nor "low," but they had to be gentlemanly. Thus Tickell and Mallett were given under-secretaryships, Doddington a secretaryship of the briefs, Prior one to the Hague

Congress, Gay one to the Hanover Embassy, West a treasurership of Chelsea Hospital, Sprat a private chaplaincy (ultimately becoming a bishop), Stepney was made a political envoy, Broome a Doctor of Laws, Gray a Professor of History, and so on.

There had been a slight movement against the patronage system on the part of Pope, when a young man, though his affectation of poetic integrity wore off as he grew older and was courted by the peerage. But the first author recorded to have definitely reproved a patron in however respectful terms was Dr. Johnson. Johnson was, of course, a literary man who had made the profession of letters respectable and profitable, and could afford to rebuke even an Earl of Chesterfield for withholding patronage when it was most needed and then showering praises at the moment of his success. Johnson, on principle, never dedicated a book after this experience, though he amused himself by writing dedications for others because he enjoyed the opportunity for indulging his grandiloquence. The date of his letter of protest to Lord Chesterfield, 1755, is therefore an important one as marking the first shock to the peerage dedication system. Until Johnson the only poets who had been without patrons had been men like Langland, Vaughan and Traherne, whose first interests were religious rather than literary.

With the romantic revivalists, who were anti-monarchic, there was a decided feeling against literary patronage. The poets avoided the peerage, polite public life, and even London. When Wordsworth accepted a civil service post from the Crown it was regarded by the younger poets as a betrayal. Yet Keats felt the lack of a patron severely: had he been born even thirty years earlier he would certainly have had a duke to flatter. His *Cap and Bells*, if not *Hyperion* and *Endymion*, prove that he would have attempted any poetical subject within reason suggested to him by a patron, without loss of self-respect. But he was Leigh Hunt's man, a Radical, and to go in search of a noble patron would have been betraying the sacred cause.

Shelley and Samuel Rogers had money of their own; Byron was his own noble patron. Campbell, Moore and

Scott made literature pay, and it was established as a point of pride that henceforth a poet must do one of two things: he must write for profit without a gentlemanly subscription list, or he must have money of his own to pay for the privilege of writing. Instances of direct patronage got rarer and rarer. Tennyson and Southey had to work hard to capitalise the advertisement that the Laureateship gave them. Beddoes left England, became a physician in Germany, and never returned.

The effect of reading-public patronage on poetry has been even more disastrous than peerage patronage, and far more disastrous than early royal patronage. I write "reading-public" rather than "public" because the poet never really gets direct to the actual public, having to pass through three or four thorn hedges—the publisher's, the bookseller's, the censor's, the critic's, each of which strips off some of his lamb's wool as he goes. The first recorded protest against this system was published shortly after Johnson's letter of 1755, which really affirmed its dignity. But though Johnson in his successful old age laid it down that he never knew a man of merit neglected, Grub Street certainly must have killed a number of poets who were not gentlemanly enough to get patrons or clever enough to live on their wits, like Defoe. James Ralph in his *The Case of Authors by Profession or Trade Stated*, 1758, wrote very bitterly from thirty years' experience of the treatment accorded poets and dramatists by the booksellers (that is, the publishers also) and by the theatrical managers. And things have not materially improved since he wrote: in many ways they have only got rather worse. Nobody can serve the reading public and remain a poet, the reading public being exacting in its demands for the wrong things, and irresistible because a mass. The peerage was also exacting, but not nearly so much so, because it was smaller and individually composed; there was at least a chance that the peer might be an intelligent man, or might be too busy to read what the poet wrote and merely acting on the advice of an intelligent friend. Ducally encouraged subscription editions were at any rate sure of a circulation of a sort. Royal patronage, where the sovereign is more or

less a free agent yet not absolute, is perhaps the lightest tyranny: if a poet is a man of spirit, the king will recall the original relationship of king and poet and not insist on poems of servility or public instruction.

Tennyson was the last poet of reputation to make a decent living from his poetry, but only by compromising with the reading public. We might except Mr. Masfield, who, however, has had to write much too much, and to supplement it by plays, novels and fatiguing lecture tours. Still, it is impossible to turn the clock back, because the peers cannot any longer afford to have poets as pensioners, even if they should want to, and all royalty's spare cash has to go to supporting hospitals, emergency funds and challenge cups for athletics. The captains of industry who have succeeded the peers in the control of the State are not bound by any historical tie to the support of poetry, and are in general definitely enemies of poetry. And because preferment is a difficult thing to arrange, since the diplomatic and similar services became competitive, because the sons and nephews of the captains of industry and of the peers have to be given first choice of the few uncompetitive appointments left, there is nothing left for the poet at all. In better days James Thomson (*The City of Dreadful Night*) might have been made a groom of the bedchamber, Francis Thompson a secretary to the Duke of Norfolk, John Davidson a Member of Parliament for a pocket borough, Richard Middleton a diplomat—and four tragedies thus unwritten, or at least written in a different way.

What happens to poets now? How do they live? In the first place there are few people who admit the title, because the word "poet" has become a joke (so Mr. Edmund Blunden, giving evidence once in a court, was officially described as "journalist, of Cricklewood"). Poets usually pass examinations, submit to a routine profession, and give their exhausted leisure to poetry. Some become schoolmasters. Some kill themselves with journalism or novel-writing. Some, like Davidson and Middleton, kill themselves more directly after trying the indirect means. One or two only have money of their own

or have capitalised their genius by a rich marriage. The Civil Service Pension List has not yet been mentioned. As a matter of fact, three poets were a few years ago given compassionate allowances of a few shillings a week for life, but this occurred when the Prime Minister happened to be a private reader of poetry, and is unlikely to happen again. The fund, which does not amount, I believe, to more than £12,000 yearly, and has to be spread out over the sick and needy of all the arts and sciences, is more usually dealt out fifty pounds at a time to the widows of old-fashioned Royal Academicians, the aged sisters of anatomists, and to decrepit writers of forgotten waltzes.

Coleridge suggested that a country clergyman was the most fitting thing for a poet to be; Shelley at one time nearly took this advice and became one. But the Church means passing examinations at a theological college and a great restraint on writing. University professorships in England are no longer gifts in the hands of noblemen; even professors of poetry have to have reputable degrees, and professors of poetry at Oxford and Cambridge are never chosen because they are poets; indeed, Matthew Arnold's poetry was definitely a handicap to his candidature. Of late a partial solution has been found; the promising and moneyless young poet is now exported as professor of English literature to some university in the East, where he finds himself set to teach English poetry in words of three letters to a classroom even less capable of understanding English poetry than the great English reading public. None of these young poets so far has enjoyed this solution. I was one of those honoured in this way, and, cutting my losses, came back at the end of the academic year.

There is this to say about poetry. To write it is really the most exhausting feat known, because it is theoretically impossible, and only achieved occasionally as an act of faith. Then, while no obstacles should be put in the way of poets who wish to engage in any other pursuit or occupation, it should be made possible for them to be, not free *from* society, but free *of* society. The last public freedom left the poet in England was the freedom of the

roads enjoyed by the travelling bard; but even this was taken from him by the Vagabondage Act of Queen Elizabeth. If there is any obscure poet who envies the well-known poet the cash value of his yearly poetic output, judging by the frequency of his name in literary reviews, he can comfort himself by this equation: that twenty pounds a year is the monetary equivalent of two hundred honourable "mentions" in the best literary papers. This is not a joke, but an accurate calculation.

Then how do poets live nowadays who refuse to tie themselves by a profession, if not on royal bounty, on the theatre, on the peerage, on the captains of industry, on the reading public? Poets have had strange foster-parents. Keats was once befriended by an uncommercial publisher, Caedmon by an abbess. I even know a real poet who was once given a cheque for a thousand dollars by an American financier.

But for the most part poets live as the aged poor do—on a humorous faith in chance, on light and casual jobs (book reviewing), on their relations, on early savings (anthology poems which they would like to suppress), on each other (selling presentation-copies), on nothing at all.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE King's Speech on the prorogation makes emphatic reference to the fact that the Governments of Great Britain and the Dominions and India have accepted "the proposed treaty for the renunciation of war."

"It is my confident expectation that, when completed, it will constitute a new and important guarantee of the world's peace."

The treaty is, I suppose, technically an "instrument." However called, it is no more, and no less, than a screw for putting on moral pressure. The dynamics of this force are not reducible to any formula, but they admit of analysis. One thing appears to be clear. No such treaty can monopolise moral pressure in all its varying applications. Think it out in terms of the individual. Private honour, which had often a most fanciful definition, put moral pressure on men to undertake killing which not only the decalogue but law forbade. A Prussian doctor told me, before the war, that he would have chosen the army for his profession; but being dependent on his own earnings he could not afford to enter a career in which he might be obliged by professional honour to kill a drunken man who jostled him, and then find himself sentenced by the civil law and deprived of his profession. As between nations, patriotism plays the part of honour and is apt to conflict with the law of nations. Indeed, the Great War has actually strengthened some of the moral pressures which drive peoples to war.

Undoubtedly, some of the most dangerous impulses have been removed. Nothing is more interesting in Prince Lichnowsky's significant book, *Heading for the Abyss*, than to see what reasons this very temperate German counted war-worthy. It seems to him perfectly justifiable that Serbia should have been prepared to fight for an out-

let on the Adriatic; not unjustifiable, though unwise, that Austria should have used her military power, first to curb Serbia's ambitions, and then to impose penalties for the murder of the Archduke. But equally it was justifiable, in his opinion, for Russia to intervene by force, because of her traditional leadership. "The position of the Czar in the eyes of his own people rests to some extent on the mystic nimbus which surrounds the Russian crown by virtue of its function as the protector of orthodoxy and Slavdom, and it is clear that the Czar would not renounce this mission without forfeiting much of his prestige and, perhaps, even endangering his throne."

So Prince Lichnowsky wrote six months after the outbreak of war ended his period as German Ambassador in London. He admitted without question the validity of dynastic reasons. What he did not admit was the validity of arguments from prestige, which induced Germany to give unqualified support to her ally's aggressive action in Serbia. His contention, it will be understood, is that Germany did not seek to produce the World War, but "blundered into it" by a course of repeated threats of war.

Now, the war rid us of the dangers that come from dynastic ambitions or considerations of dynastic prestige. It left no dynasty standing except such as had ceased to be dynastic. It was not in the beginning, but ultimately it became, a war of the free peoples against the dynasties. On the other hand, it was a war waged avowedly in support of the principle of nationality; the settlement after the victory was based avowedly on nationalist claims; and beyond yea or nay, nationality is a most belligerent principle.

On one of the occasions when the House of Commons found itself debating whether Ireland was a nation, it was argued by Lord Hugh Cecil that nationality had no clear meaning. Mr. Healy answered with a memorable definition. "Nationality," he said, "is a thing that men will die for. The noble lord would not die for the meridian of Greenwich"—Greenwich being then Lord Hugh's constituency. Years afterwards, the Englishman returned to the charge. "Nationality," Lord Hugh said, "is a thing that makes good men kill each other." Lord Hugh's facet

of the same truth is just as real as Mr. Healy's; and Europe to-day is fuller than ever of nationalists.

The obligation to eschew war created by the new treaty is international. But the moral pressure resulting from that may probably find itself met by the moral pressure exercised by claims to establish, for instance, the full borders of a nationality. And just as in the duel private motives of honour usually prevailed over the public principles of law, so it is likely to be in the wider sphere. Europe will need many guarantees against this force making for belligerency, which gains a sanction from all that appeals to poetry in man. It appeals, in short, to something older than reason, and is therefore very hard to make terms with, if only because no statesman of a nation dare give up what is regarded as a claim involving nationality. Certain publicists have suggested that Poland, while holding on to its disputed Corridor for which there is economic necessity, should hand Vilna back to Lithuania in the general interests of peace. The step might be fully justified in reason, but the Pole who proposed it would find quite unreasoning fury of nationalism arrayed against him. These cases of mixed nationality are the despair of Europe.

Yet, broadly speaking, it is now the settled policy of Europe that a separate nationality shall have a separate Government unless where there is voluntary federation. Such federation also may lead to dangers. Yugoslavia, the mixed State of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, is threatened with dissolution, because the joint Government, mainly controlled by Serbs, had not been able to content the Croats. The Croat leader, M. Stephen Raditch, a few days before he died from the bullet wound received in full Parliament from a Montenegrin Deputy, has formulated Croatia's demand. It is not for complete separation. But he demands Home Rule for his people. The case is like that of Ireland, because Croatia had in the past, even under Austrian rule, its own legislature, the Sabor, whose Parliament house now stands empty in Zagreb. The case is like also in that there is a difference of religion and of general culture between the two peoples. An Irishman

must think that Serbia would be wise to agree with her dissidents quickly. M. Raditch was willing to accept the link of the crown, and it would probably not be difficult to make this cover a common military system. The essentials for the Croats will be control of taxation and control of education. The Irish question could have been settled peaceably by conceding these in 1917. But it is not likely that Serbian statesmen will be wiser than the British were; and the demand which M. Raditch made yesterday will be pushed to a cry for complete separation by others; and the peace of the Balkans—such peace as there is—will be once more endangered by nationality.

On the other hand, a different discontent and a different danger begins to emerge in Austria. Has any power in Europe or out of Europe the right, morally, to forbid the voluntary union of two groups belonging to the same nationality? That is the question raised, for example, at the German Singers' Festival at Vienna last month, when the President of the German Reichstag was present during a notable demonstration for the Anschluss. No doubt Germany and Austria have themselves to thank for the Treaty of Versailles; but the penal clauses of that settlement were justified by considerations of the future peace of Europe. It does not seem likely that this will be served by preventing a national movement towards the union of Germany, north and south. Indeed, if the League of Nations were that "league to enforce peace" which President Wilson and Colonel House proposed, there would be no possible plea in justice against the Anschluss. But without America no such League would be assuredly capable of controlling a unit so formidable as the united German peoples; and America stands out. The acid test of Europe's faith in the guarantee afforded by the Kellogg Treaty will be found in Europe's answer to the demand for a union of Austria with Germany—a demand made after both Austria and Germany have renounced war as an instrument of policy.

China continues to bewilder us. The most experienced correspondents are evidently at a loss what to make of

things—which probably means that Chinese merchants and bankers in the Treaty ports are not in close touch with the leaders of the Kuomintang. But one significant thing has happened. The Pope in a telegram to an Apostolic Delegate in China thanks God for having brought the Civil War to an end, and reminds the Roman Catholic missions of their duty to obey or respect "legitimately constituted authority"; he adds the hope "that the legitimate aspirations and rights of the most numerous nation in the world may be fully recognised." In other words, the Pope believes that the new order in China is established and will last. His sources of information are likely to be exceptional. In general, European contact with the Chinese seems to be either through business relations or through the colleges, whose direction is largely American. But Roman Catholic missions in the past have repeatedly had astonishing personal success in the Far East, and to-day their chance of establishing intimacy with Chinese Nationalist leaders must be increased by the fact that no temporal armament stands behind Rome. On the other hand, the Pope's communication is calculated greatly to increase the influence of Catholic missionaries with those who are the Government of China—or the group from which a Government may be formed.

One man, and he a Christian, has found a plan to distinguish himself in this crisis. For in all probability the masses of Chinese must be almost as perplexed as we to discriminate among all the generals and politicians now assembling and manœuvring at Nanking. We in Europe are thankful for any designating mark, and Feng Yu-hsiang has been recognisable as the "Christian" general. Possibly that may not mark him so clearly to China as to us, or, possibly, not favourably. But Feng has evidently determined that China shall know him as the general who rides in an ammunition lorry when others travel in Rolls-Royces, who is poorly dressed and unkempt while the others are splendid, and who has kept nothing for himself while others picked up fortunes. At the beginnings of democracy this is the most democratic appeal, and it has often been a bold first step on the road through democracy

to dictatorship. Meantime, we may begin to ask what sort of Christian Feng is. His soldiers were reported to advance on Peking singing "Onward, Christian soldiers," which does not sound as if he were the Pope's willing subject. At all events, he is worth watching—a man of imagination who has made himself, by humilities, the most conspicuous person in China.

Mr. Baldwin, at the winding up of the Session, dealt firmly with tendencies in his party to raise the Protectionist banner. "Safeguarding" is an accepted policy; but, "we are pledged, and shall continue to be pledged, not to introduce Protection" and similarly "not to impose any taxes on food." There is no reason to doubt that Mr. Baldwin personally believes that a general policy of Protection would be good for Great Britain, or that his opinion is shared by the Tory Chief Whip, to whom his public letter was addressed. But Commander Eyres Monsell, with all a sailor's traditional simplicity, has had shrewdness enough to qualify for his present post, and he, like his leader (another mixture of the shrewd and simple-minded), abandons the frontal attack. Many men indifferent to party will applaud their resolution, for the sufficient reason that this huge issue should be dispassionately considered, as it can never be if one party makes it a slogan. At present here is the position. The main argument for Protection is that Great Britain has not work enough to go round. Shift it how you will, this mass of unemployment remains. But so long as Labour is convinced that Protection would worsen the lot of the workers instead of bettering it, there is no use in talking about Protection. This conviction may be changed; the safeguarding experiments keep the question open; and if anything can convince Labour, it will be increases of employment resulting from them. One may count on seeing the moral rubbed in by men outside party politics like Lord Melchett, who, as Sir Alfred Mond, in pre-war days was the most cogent of all arguers for Free Trade. He has changed his mind, and advocates Protection with the Empire as the unit. Now, Labour has begun to realise

that its problems are best faced in concert with capitalists like Lord Melchett and not in opposition to them. Perhaps nothing more important has been seen in the ebb and flow of these last weeks than the defeat of an attack launched by Mr. Cook against the Labour leaders for what he called their "Mondism." The name is a feather in Lord Melchett's coronet. It was a case of Mondism when Mr. J. H. Thomas persuaded the railway workers to accept an all-round reduction in wages and salaries to keep the industry out of difficulties. The question of safeguarding, for instance, the steel trade can be argued out, and should be, in the same spirit of Mondism, Thomasism, or whatever name you will; and the person who argues against it on the ground that it is "the thin end of the wedge," or a first step to food taxes, ought to be put under restraint. The problem of unemployment is the problem of all problems for Great Britain; it is not a party question, and no method which gives a rational hope of its solution should be considered on party lines.

Ellen Terry's death brought such a wealth of fresh and fragrant tributes as has rarely been heaped on any grave. It is fifty years since I first saw her—as Portia—and she was not then in the first flush of her youth; even a schoolboy could recognise that hers was lovely maturity. Yet after all, maturity is in Portia's part, and it was years after that when I saw her play in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and at the line "Look when Beatrice like a lapwing runs," she passed across the back of the stage with her skirts picked up, and half stooping in the run. It was adorable, and it was the very image of a lapwing's movement: the youngest thing that ever danced could not have been nimbler or more supple. Yet here again I do not think of her as presenting youth; indeed, certain of Shakespeare's heroines have always been to me simply the age of Ellen Terry.

Once, indeed, I saw Rosalind played with a charm equal to Ellen Terry's, and with the quality of youth added, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell was with Ben Greet's company. But Mrs. Campbell, who then, apparently by the grace of God, spoke verse as enchantingly as Ellen Terry spoke

it by the most finished art, soon turned away from that simplicity of utterance and from all that belonged to the Shakespearean tradition; whereas Ellen Terry was indeed no more and no less than one of Shakespeare's creations. It was great fun to see her stray, for instance, into Shaw's *Captain Brassbound*; but that was not her native country; nor was she even at home in all Shakespeare's plays. Ellen Terry was Shakespeare's heroines when they were most English. She never could have been Juliet, for Juliet has all the marks of Mediterranean race. In truth, passion was not within her range, and this is what sets her definitely below Bernhardt or Duse. But to think of her is to think how amazingly Shakespeare abounded in producing heroines who disperse by their passage whatever is heavy and hectic in the atmosphere. Cool airs blow about them; their anger can scourge like a spring hailstorm; but their natural element is the sunshine of an English May. They fall in love honestly, deeply and constantly, but not feverishly, and their love-making is the least sensuous in all the literature that makes love real; their speech, sad or merry, has the quality of a lyric; but laughter is never out of call, and wit is their constant weapon of defence. Portia, Beatrice and Rosalind are not only adorable ladies, they are good company and good comrades—and how Ellen Terry could utter their scorn of one who proved false in comradeship!

Well, it is something to have been of the generation to which she flung her arms open, which felt across the footlights the rippling delight of her voice, her movement, her presence, and her being. Some say that in her private life she did not escape defeats and unhappiness; yet to see her even when she was old and almost blind was to disbelieve such rumours, or at least to be sure that melancholy never mastered her. And when the time came, she must have known that her exit would let loose such a display of warm affection as no artist's death has occasioned—at all events, since Tennyson's. And, after all, who ever was in love with Tennyson?—and who, man or woman, was not in love with Ellen Terry?

There have been great potholes lately in the higher circles of athletics. Those in America who were accredited to decide found that Mr. W. T. Tilden had forfeited his right to be called an amateur lawn tennis player because he had been paid for articles on the Wimbledon tournament. I did not follow the question into its fine shades, but Mr. Tilden's guilt seems to have been aggravated by the fact that he was himself a competitor. Speaking as a journalist, I am bound to rejoice; for if Mr. Tilden and his like are ruled out, as Cabinet Ministers have been, the subjects on which they wrote will be handled by ordinary journalists—though unhappily not for the payment which the Mr. Tildens and the Cabinet Ministers probably expect and receive. But in heaven's name, what is the sense of this prohibition? Anybody can see the reason why Cabinet Ministers should be restricted. They are so habitually indiscreet in private conversation that nobody can tell what they will say in the Press, where no reporter can be blamed, and no colleague is available to explain away their utterances. But with the athletic stars, discretion is not in question. Why should not a man write of what he enjoys and does well? There is nothing he is so likely to write well about. Power to write is, of course, not proportioned to power to perform, but there are good golfers who can write readably about their most uninteresting game: are they to be banned? Does an angler degrade from his amateur status when he writes about his fishing? I can answer for it that such writing does not make him the least more likely to catch fish. The whole thing is nonsense mixed up with snobbishness. These international competitions cannot be representative if they are limited to rich men, and therefore, if they are to be representative, some means must be found to pay the expenses of competitors. Anybody who can command his pen is able at least to help in meeting his own charges. He cannot take a share of the gate money; but he can take toll of the public desire for authoritative instruction on a subject near to their hearts. Why should not he?

More hardily perennial even than debate upon the
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"status of the amateur" is the discussion how to make cricket more attractive, which always tends to come down to a question how batsmen are to be got out. In this second week of August, four batsmen, according to *The Times*, have an average of over eighty, ten or eleven over seventy. In the last century, fifty was very exceptional. The reason is partly that pitches have been improved, but still more that batsmen have learnt the stop the ball with their legs on all occasions when it is permissible, and when it is not, the batsman still has the benefit of the doubt. Has any revolutionary yet proposed to upset this maxim and give the benefit to the bowler, who is in much greater need of it? I doubt it. These words are so ingrained in the English mind that morality at large would be affected. One has often heard the sentence invoked, by analogy, in regions when its application was made complex by the trouble in deciding which party to the dispute had the right to be considered the batsman. Meanwhile *The Times* has been full of weighty casuistry on this matter. One argument against changing the leg-before-wicket rule was typical. A man, it pleaded, cannot justly be out leg-before to a ball breaking from the off, because his leg which stopped the ball was in the correct position for making the stroke he attempted. It does not seem to matter that he missed the ball. Many a man has been clean bowled with his feet in the most academically right position. That is one of the "glorious uncertainties." The trouble about contemporary cricket is that there are too many inglorious certainties. One of them is that an aspiring county player will take no risks. Another is that he will always use his pads as well as his bat to protect his wicket, and can often in this way prevent a ball from bowling him which he would have found difficult to stop with the bat. It is judicious, but it is dull to look at, and it breaks the bowler's heart, till in the end nobody wants to be that indispensable performer in a cricket match.

THE DANCING STAR

BY DOUGLAS AINSLIE

Once there was an old dancing master,
 Once upon a time,
 He was a dancing disaster,
 Was this old dancing master,
 Once upon a time.
 Once in the life of this old fiddle scraper—
 For he fiddled as he danced,
 Cutting many an ungainly caper,
 He was entranced
 By the dancing of a couple,
 Who were really stars,
 Venus the lady, luminous and supple,
 And the man was Mars.
 They did not look as if, but were it,
 Those dancers divine.
 Just as Their Graces are without the coronet,
 When they go forth to dine.
 So they danced, and the old fellow's fiddle
 Sang as it never sang before,
 But why this happened was to him a riddle
 And also why both feet kept off the floor.
 "We have eloped to earth," laughed Venus as she told him
 Earth was heaven's Gretna Green,
 "And if you doubt, look skyward and behold him"—
 He looked, but Mars was nowhere to be seen.
 Only a comely warrior stood beside him;
 Then the old man's eyes came full of stars.
 "Shall we take him back with us and hide him
 'Somewhere between 'Venus' and 'Mars'?"
 "He will serve to carry word of love between us,
 "We need a dancing star, we do indeed,
 "These gray long locks will stream with gold," said Venus,
 "When Mercury has given the touch of speed."

She laid one finger where his heart was beating,
 One finger divine :
 Anguish of radiant bliss beyond repeating,
 Then he began to shine.
 Soon they were far from earth and high in heaven,
 Those Lovers serene,
 And on a Tuesday or a Friday even
 You may see the star that dances in between.
 Once there was an old dancing master,
 Once upon a time,
 He was a dancing disaster,
 Was this old dancing master,
 But now he is sublime.

THE FIERY DIVE

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

PART II

VII

"It was still early when I reached my rooms. I threw my hat on to the table and, without lighting the gas, dropped into an armchair. I was miserable and exhausted and I sprawled there in the dark staring at my misery for hours. Once again happiness had eluded me. And yet I could have been content with little enough. One evening in a week with them was enough to change my life from lonely depression into happiness. What was it that made John turn against me? Again I felt angry with him. What right had he to grudge me Joyce's friendship, the common friendship she might give to a hundred other men and women? Then, as I pictured him as I had left him an hour ago, the dumb misery of his attitude disarmed me. Obviously he was suffering as well as I; it was not his fault that he felt miserable, and I remembered that, but for him and his friendliness when we met again in London, I should never have found this happiness which for a short while had so transformed my life. And yet it was not my fault either. I was innocent enough, even though I was in love with Joyce, for my love demanded no more than to see her occasionally. I never even dreamed of more. Now, as I sat miserably staring in front of me, I thought with a sinking heart of the future. What was I to do now? Was I to remain away from them again, or return after a few days as if nothing had happened? I felt incapable of deciding, for either course seemed equally wrong. To stay away might almost appear a confession of guilt; to go would be to force my company on John, when I knew that it was torture to him. And so the days drifted by, leaving me stranded and derelict. My very inaction solved the dilemma, for I stayed away from the flat, but my staying away brought a hunger into my love for Joyce which had not been there before. Before, my love had kept my life sane and happy. It was as if I stored happiness in her presence as a luminous watch stores light from the sun, so that when I left her I did so without regret, for I took my happiness with me. But now that I was prevented from seeing her, my mind became morbidly concentrated upon her and all else became empty and savourless.

"And then, after a month which had seemed to me more like a year, John turned up again. As soon as I heard his step on the stairs I knew it was he; but I did not stir from my chair. It was after six o'clock, and though the sun had not yet set, in my northward-looking room it was already almost dusk. I was sitting in my armchair with

my feet to the fire, my back to the door, a magazine on my knee. I was not reading; I was doing nothing, staring into the fire as I had done every evening for the last month. I did not move; I did not even stop staring at the fire; but my heart began to beat thickly and a subdued excitement like a fever came over me. I heard the door behind me open and close again, and next moment he stood with his back to the fire, looking down at me; and as I raised my eyes to his his face looked, in the dim, suffused light, like a parchment mask. And so for a while, for a fraction of a minute, we looked one another in the face, unfriendly and unsmiling, and it crossed my mind that each of us had been driven into this desolating hostility by some malignant fate. Then John spoke. His voice was expressionless: 'Why are you keeping away from us?' he said.

"I shrugged my shoulders; I was too weary to explain. Besides, what was the good? He knew why well enough, and I felt vaguely that it was dishonest in him to pretend he didn't.

"John sighed, as if he, too, were too weary to persist. 'Well, come back with me now,' he said.

"'Why?' My question, lame as it was, seemed to baffle him.

"'Why not?' he replied dully.

"'You don't want me,' I said, 'so why ask me?'

"'Oh, come on, for God's sake.' He sounded tired and impatient. 'You've got to come.'

"I got up heavily from my chair. 'Why should I come?' I said; 'it only makes trouble. You don't want me; that's clear enough from your face and the sound of your voice. Why do you keep bothering me?'

"'I do want you to come. Come on, man.' Then he broke out in sudden exasperation, stamping his foot: 'Oh, Hell, it's enough to drive a man mad!'

"His anger roused mine. 'Oh, all right,' I said brutally, 'if you force me to,' and I turned from him and moved towards the door, telling myself that whatever happened now would be his fault.

"He followed me downstairs and out into the street, and, speechless, side by side, we set off along the familiar route. My anger had given way to a kind of dumb despair. Was there ever such a mockery of invitation and acceptance as ours? Once more it must have been Joyce, I supposed, who had urged him to fetch me. But why? What was the meaning of it all? My brain was too dull to search for meanings, and suddenly I was seized with an irresistible longing to escape from all this weary complication. I was on the point of stopping and telling John that I could go no farther; but next moment I realised that I could not face the effort needed for so much self-assertion and the argument which it would certainly provoke, and so I hurried on, tired, disgusted, and sick at heart, at John's side. I glanced sideways at his face. It was hard and impassive, and I began to wonder if the people we met in the street noticed anything strange about us. I watched each face we passed, but no one, I soon discovered, was paying the least attention to us.

"As we came within sight of our destination John looked at his watch. 'Half-past-six!' he muttered. 'I must hurry.'

"'What for?' I said, and my voice and the words sounded utterly flat and foolish.

"John did not reply. He was fumbling for his latchkey, and next moment we were climbing those piercingly familiar stairs, and as we did so I found myself trying to imagine what would happen and what would be said when we got to the top.

VIII

"Joyce was waiting for us in the sitting-room. She rose as we entered and stood with her back to the window looking at us. The red gold of the sun, which in a few minutes would drop behind a distant mass of roofs and walls, was caught in her hair, so that her head, as she stood there, was surrounded by a softly shining halo; and I knew that she was searching our eyes for what was between us. Next moment her face had clouded with disappointment. She made towards John a movement which was an unspoken appeal, and he, silently too, turned away his head as if she had asked of him more than he was able to fulfil. As for me, I stood watching them, puzzled, unable to understand. It was as if they had whispered to each other some secret matter in which I was involved, and I felt embarrassed and a little vexed. Perhaps my mind was too dazed at the time to try to find a meaning for their behaviour, for as I look back on it now, everything is as plain as if they had spoken. She must have had, as she entered the room, a wild hope that John, in bringing me back, had become his old self again; that his distrust of her had vanished, and with it that grasping instinct to keep her to himself that had so wounded and humiliated her. How strange it is that when a man distrusts a woman he is driven to do the very thing of all others that will surely drive her from him; for in love nothing is so true as the paradox that by freeing you hold, and by binding you repel. Joyce's first glance at John and me, as we stood facing her in the sitting-room, must have shown her at once that we were unreconciled, that he had brought me back not of his own free will, but by putting a compulsion on himself. His behaviour had changed, but his mind had not changed; and, that being so, his behaviour in bringing me back must have seemed to her an angry challenge rather than a renewal of trust. Especially in view of what I learned next moment, for John turned to the door, which was still open, went out into the hall, and returned putting on his greatcoat. 'I must go,' he said, 'or I shall miss the train.'

"'Train?' I stared at him in amazement. Every moment seemed to bring some new mystery. 'You're going . . . going away?'

"'Yes, to Manchester.'

"'Then why . . . ?' I looked from John to Joyce and back again to John.

" 'I've got to go, on business, till Thursday,' he said. 'Joyce will be alone. You must keep her amused.'

"There was a hint, or so I thought, of cynicism in the way he spoke that last phrase. 'Well, goodbye!' he went on, stooping to pick up a bag which lay on the floor near the sofa. A large attaché-case stood beside it.

" 'Let me carry one of them for you,' I said. I was bewildered by the unexpectedness of everything, and was seized by a desperate desire to talk to John, to reach some sort of explanation even now at the last minute. Perhaps if I helped him down with his luggage we should have a few moments alone together.

" 'Right!' he said, handing me the attaché-case. 'Then you can come back here and take Joyce out to dinner.'

"I opened the door and began to go downstairs, and so I did not see their leave-taking. Perhaps there was none; but if there was it must have been brief, because I heard his steps following me before I reached the first landing.

"At the bottom we turned into the mews where there was a garage from which they used to hire a taxi on the rare occasions when they needed one. We walked together in silence, he and I, carrying the bags. With all the will in the world I couldn't speak. I felt aggrieved, bitterly aggrieved, and bewildered, too, at the strange position into which he was so wilfully forcing me, and I longed to break out, to expostulate, to explode all the complication and the artificiality which seemed to have enveloped our relationship. But my usual inarticulateness was too much for me, and in a moment we had reached the garage.

John had already ordered the taxi, and the driver stood waiting near the car with his hands in his pockets. He took the bag from John and opened the taxi door. Do you know how, at times of extreme depression, one's surroundings suddenly become horribly and aggressively real, as if the material world had taken advantage of one's helplessness to attack one? Well, at that moment the damp, ill-smelling garage, with its cold cement floors, the mean girders of its roof, and the dirty skylights, thrust itself on my senses, producing in me a sick hopelessness impossible to describe. John got into the taxi and I handed him the attaché-case; our eyes met, and it seemed to me that I read in his glance all the despairing supplications which he was too proud or too angry to utter. In that moment I understood that his angry challenge to Joyce and me was no more than skin-deep, a mere cloak of defiance covering an agonised creature which dumbly implored help. To this day that look of his haunts me. Why couldn't he have spoken? And why could I not have spoken? Why could I not have done the only kind and generous thing, and have reassured at that final moment his torturing doubt? I had only to hold out my hand and say: 'You can trust me, John,' and he would have gone away comforted, and I would have remained secure, bound by my promise. Well, there's no good lamenting now over things that were left undone. Neither of us spoke. But what

tortures me still is the knowledge that what tied my tongue was not then, as it had been a few minutes earlier, my habitual inarticulateness. No; it was the determination to hold fast to the incredible opportunity which had suddenly presented itself to my starved desires. I realised fully that if I spoke at that moment I should tie my hands. And so I kept silence. For that I shall never forgive myself. The taxi drove out of the yard and I was left with the memory of that hopeless last look of his.

"I stood for a few moments dazed by all that had happened. Then, coming to myself, I walked slowly down the yard and began, as John had ordered, to climb the stairs to the flat. Was there ever such despicable obedience?

IX

"I was aware, as I climbed those stairs, of a growing embarrassment at the prospect of meeting Joyce. How should I be able to pretend that my returning to her after what had happened was a perfectly normal thing? But before I was half-way up the difficulty was solved by Joyce herself, who was coming down, ready dressed to go out.

"By common consent we avoided the restaurants in that quarter and determined on one in Soho; and, as if each wished to postpone for a while too close a companionship, we set out to walk there, following the southern edge of Knightsbridge, crossing the road at Hyde Park Corner, and so past the clubs and mansions of Piccadilly, past Devonshire House, the foot of Bond Street, Burlington House, to Piccadilly Circus.

"I felt the better for that half-hour's walk and the casual conversation, and by the time we were seated at a table in the little Italian restaurant it seemed to me that John's departure and all my agitation were already to some degree submerged. I ordered a bottle of a particular Barbera which was to be had there, a rough, potent wine which has a most tranquilising effect upon the conscience; and soon, what with the wine and Joyce's talk, I began to feel free, careless, and profoundly happy.

"As for Joyce, she was as she always was. I believe it would have been as impossible for a bird, as for her, to be involved in heart-searchings and dark complexities. Life, in those straight blue eyes of hers, was a clearly seen and simple path. She chose her steps instantly and without hesitation, as if by an infallible intuition. There was never the smallest doubt, for her, between what was right and what was wrong. Her principles were based on her feelings, or, rather, they *were* her feelings. I always felt, and even now I feel, that her conduct was the conduct of a supreme innocence. That was what made her so pure and so pitiless. For innocence, you see—perfect, uncompromising innocence—could neither understand nor pity poor John's jealousy and torturing doubts. In her eyes they were simply tyranny and lack of faith. From being kind he had suddenly

become cruel—cruel not only to her but also to me, and at that moment he had ceased, for her, to be the John she loved. Yes, I see so clearly now how it must have appeared to her; but it was not till long afterwards that I understood what had happened. On the evening of which I am speaking it did not occur to me to reflect upon Joyce's nature. I was far too absorbed in her entrancing presence, in the sound of her voice, in the health-giving effect of her company, of which I had been deprived so long. I don't remember what we talked about: all I remember is that as we talked everything seemed to become clear and simple and happy again. That was the effect she always produced.

"When we had finished dinner and had sat some time over coffee, we decided to walk again. This time we turned north, and without any particular plan followed the whole length of Tottenham Court Road, and continued north from there towards Camden Town, and I remember perfectly how the increasing ugliness and poverty of our surroundings served only to intensify the rapture that burned within me. For a few yards the houses ceased abruptly on either side of the street, and a smell of mingled steam and smoke breathed up from the gap: we were above a deep railway cutting. And soon after that we had come to one of those squares which, from a respectable Victorian past, was declining year by year into a more and more dismal squalor. The garden in the middle of it had been sold and was soon to be built upon; it was partly surrounded by hoardings covered with blatant posters, but behind the hoardings a brilliant glare lit up the leafless skeletons of the trees, and there rose above the noise of trams and 'buses the braying of mechanical music. A travelling show had installed itself there. We went in.

"A crowd of onlookers, over whose moving heads and shoulders flickered the hot glow of naphtha flares, drifted slowly from booth to booth or stagnated in denser clots about the more important sights. One end of the garden was almost entirely filled by a huge round-about. Golden-feathered dragons with scarlet fangs and nostrils plunged majestically round and round to the accompaniment of the outrageous music. The pillars that supported its conical roof and the frieze that crowned it were painted with a heavy scroll-work of tropical vegetation in blues, greens, and reds as raucous as the music. Partly hidden by a tarpaulin screen a pounding traction-engine manufactured energy for the whole show, sending up a bulging cloud of red smoke into the bare twigs overhead. We stood watching the great gaudy thing till its music drove us away, and then we began to drift from booth to booth, hearing, as we got out of range of the music, the shouts of men in charge of the rifle-range, the coconut-shies, and the other side-shows. Joyce's arm stole through mine as if she were a little afraid, and in that chaos of strident noise and glaring lights and restless crowds it seemed to me that she and I were intimately and rapturously alone.

"At the opposite end of the garden an immense ladder reached up into the night. High at the top of it hung a lantern and a dimly

seen platform. A crowd was collecting at the foot of it: we joined it and stood staring with the rest. Over the packed heads and shoulders I read a roughly painted notice:

THE FIERY DIVE.

Twice nightly, at 7 and 9 prompt, DAN FUOCO will execute his world-famous Dive. The thrill of a lifetime. For a fortnight only.

"I looked at my watch; it was five to nine. I read the notice to Joyce.

" ' Shall we stay and watch? ' I said.

"She nodded back, smiling. Behind us and about us the crowd increased. It seemed that everyone was concentrating on that one sight. Then I noticed, a few feet from the bottom of the ladder, a great cistern. It stood in a small enclosure roped off from the crowd. ' Does he dive into that? ' I asked a lad who stood in front of me.

" ' Yes, ' he said. ' And only four foot of water. '

"The crowd swayed. There were murmurs of ' There he comes! ' and two men appeared at the foot of the ladder. One carried something that looked like a white rug, which he began to unfold. It was a long robe made of some thick material like cottonwool. He helped the other man to put it on, and then both began to climb the ladder. The eyes of the crowd followed them from below. Rung by rung they mounted, and suddenly we became conscious that the blaring of the music had ceased and a deathly silence hung over the show. Joyce with her arm in mine leaned against me; my heart beat thickly in my throat at the sense of her delicious body pressed against mine. I glanced down at her and saw that she was absorbed, like a child, in watching the mounting men. They had passed now out of the dome of light that roofed the show into the cold, starlit darkness above. Still they climbed. Up, up they went to the top of that incredible ladder. Standing on the dim platform they seemed immeasurably remote, hardly visible. Then Dan Fuoco, in his white robe, his hands on the rails of the platform, bowed to his spectators. There was no answering applause from below: only a breathless silence. Suddenly I heard Joyce's voice at my shoulder: ' Look! Look! He's setting fire to him. ' The other man had set a lighted torch to Dan Fuoco's robe, and for one brief moment he stood there blazing. Then he dived. The body shot downwards like a bolt, flames streaming back from its flight, and plunged into the medley of lights and shadows below. The splash of his dive was lost in the breathless exclamation of the crowd, but as if someone in the crowd had flung a handful of fiery crystals into the air, I saw a shower of glittering drops leap into the air and fall back. The Fiery Dive was over.

"We stood for a moment immovable, stunned at the sudden thrill and the sudden ending. It was as if some unimaginable world had been created and shattered suddenly before our eyes. Then we began soberly to make our way to the gate through the moving crowd, and it was not till we were out of the gate and out

of the square and had once more the familiar commonplace street about us that we spoke.

" 'Well, what now?' I said. 'Home?'

" 'Yes,' said Joyce; 'let us take a bus.'

" We caught a bus going south and another going west. Throughout the journey we sat silent side by side, and we were silent, too, during the walk from the bus to the door in the mews. But there, when she had taken out her latchkey and opened the door, instead of wishing her good-night I went in, closed the door behind me without a word, and followed her up those stairs which had seemed to me always to lead to Heaven.

X

" For days, it may have been for weeks, I lived in a state of such complete happiness as few men can have known—a happiness so pure, so single, that I was incapable of reflection. John, lost in a past too remote for memory, had ceased to exist for me. He was to have been away three days, but the fact that at the end of three days he did not return to the flat meant nothing to me. In our little bedroom I had noticed a portmanteau with his initials on it, stowed between the foot of the bed and the wall, and the first thing that roused me from my ecstatic dream was that one day, a week or two after my arrival, I saw that it had disappeared. Had he called, packed it, and taken it away when I was at the office? Had Joyce seen him when he had called? I never knew. Joyce never mentioned him and I never questioned her, and I was still too enchanted to be susceptible for more than a moment to any external influence.

" Then, for some reason which I do not understand, my thoughts began to turn to John, and by degrees a chill and agonising remorse ate its way into my happiness. For the first time the monstrous fact of my treachery stared me in the face. For what else was it, I asked myself now, but the most horrible treachery to steal from the friend who had showed me such kindness the one treasure of his life. And now, day by day and night by night, conscience tormented me, and as the torment increased, I clung the more desperately to my love as to the one refuge against despair. But the very fact that my love had become clouded by remorse and tainted by fear must have altered its quality, for Joyce began to notice a difference.

" 'What is it?' she kept asking me anxiously. 'What is happening to you?'

" At first I denied that anything was happening, but at last, when denial was useless, I confessed.

" 'I keep thinking of John,' I told her, and day by day my happiness and self-confidence withered, and I clung to Joyce as to a thing infinitely precious which some sinister ghost was trying to steal from me.

" 'Why do you all change?' she said to me one day, gazing sadly and reproachfully into my eyes, which avoided hers. 'Why can't

you be honest with yourselves and with me? John changed, and now you are changing too.'

" She went out of the room weeping, and suddenly my fear was horribly defined. John had changed, and it was because of the change in him that she had ceased to love him; it was not she who had left him but he who had left her. And now I was changing too, changing, it seemed, inevitably and in spite of myself. Was the day coming when she would leave me too? At the bare thought of it I buried my face in my arms and sobbed with anguish. Thenceforward the haunting fear that I was daily drifting away from her took all the heart out of me, and I grew melancholy and morose, tortured by fear on the one side and remorse on the other, till at last I hardly dared to open the door when I returned from the office, for fear I should find that she had packed up and gone.

" And one day I came home to find that she had gone indeed."

XI

The gentle, monotonous voice ceased. There was a silence. Then the harsh voice spoke: "And what am I to draw from your story?" it asked.

"Simply this," answered the other; "that if either John or I had been worthy of her we would never have lost her. We lost her because we were too weak to realise the pure, ungrasping love that gives all and claims nothing. For I, too, you see, regarded her as a chattel out of which men could cheat each other."

"My friend," replied the harsher voice, "you are putting a lofty interpretation upon a commonplace occurrence. Your little girl was merely the usual little harlot who follows her fancy."

A sigh was heard in the dark room.

"To this day," said the other, "I am convinced that she was the purest creature in the world."

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE GLENBERVIE DIARY

By S. M. ELLIS

THE remaining journals of Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie,¹ are a most entertaining discovery, and will take their place next to Greville and Creevey in the records of the life and manners of the late Georgian era: as a chronicler of scandal in high places Glenbervie exceeds both in zest. The history of the publication is curious. Eighteen years ago Mr. Walter Sichel printed a selection, dealing with the last quarter of 1793, and October, 1811, to February, 1815, from two manuscript volumes he had purchased from the collections of Lord Sheffield, who had married a daughter of Lord North (the Earl of Guilford) and consequently a sister of Lady Glenbervie. The other volumes of the series have now come into the possession of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, and they are printed, in part, under the able editorship of Mr. Francis Bickley. The editor might have annotated more fully and discursively in the opinion of an obsessed annotator, but what Mr. Bickley does vouchsafe is always apt and apposite.

Sylvester Douglas (1744-1823), created Baron Glenbervie in 1800, though his peerage was Irish remained a typical Scots politician of the latter part of the eighteenth century, for, in addition to his paternal kin, he was a Gordon, of Aberdeen county, on his mother's side. He was a mediocrity and a place hunter who never succeeded in reaching the higher offices of State; as a Lord of the Treasury and First Commissioner of Woods and Forests his ambition was disappointed. He was an inveterate gossip, and ever ready to believe the worst of his benefactors and friends. Still, as his character emerges from his very frank journal, there is something sterling in his stolid, matter-of-fact nature, with his devotion to wife and son (both destined to predecease him), his pleasure in an ell and more of genealogy (as befitted a Scotsman and a Gordon-Douglas), his zest for life, his interest in human nature, his appreciation for the humour of a good story, however broad. Glenbervie is more human than Greville and Creevey, for Greville was unduly sardonic and cynical, and Creevey a mysterious, homeless, and, according to Lord Melbourne, a malignant creature; whereas Glenbervie was simply an honest, dull Scotsman, with a pretty taste for scandal as an antidote to his mental heaviness.

Glenbervie possessed a certain gift for narrative, and without any conscious effort or style he often paints a vivid little picture, particularly when recalling the scenes of his early life at Fechil, on the banks

(1) *The Diaries of Sylvester Douglas (Lord Glenbervie)*. Edited by Francis Bickley. Two volumes (Constable, 42s. net).

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of the romantic river Ythan, in the old, primitive Scotland, for his memories could go back to 1749, and he was in time to hear the reverberations of the last Jacobite rising of the Forty-Five. The dour, grim Presbyterian ministers of that time—men such as the Reverend Murdoch Soulis in *Thrawn Janet*—come to life again in these pages. There is a glimpse of a certain Mr. Ross, minister of Logie, near Foveran, where young Douglas was at school, in an episode which passes rapidly from humour to tragedy. The lairdess of the locality, a maiden lady, very plain, tall, and austere, unaccountably gave birth to a child:—

I still perfectly remember that one early morning about Christmas, when there was a great deal of snow on the ground, and a hard frost, the intelligence came to our master that in the dead of the night a man on horseback, carrying a new-born child on a pillion before, had been discovered in the act of depositing the child at the door of a lone cottage . . . and that he had instantly rode off, over the open common. . . . As soon as he had become apprised of the strong presumptions of abomination against his guilty parishioner, Mr. Ross flew to her house at some unreasonable hour, insisted on immediate admittance to her bed-chamber, where she lay ill in bed, sat down by her, and began a harsh and zealous expostulation and exhortation accompanied with denunciations and threats, which terrified this unfortunate and degraded gentlewoman into a confession, not only of her own aggravated guilt, but that her gardener, a stout, coarse, vulgar labourer, was the father. The consequence of this ill-considered, ill-timed act of Mr. Ross's was an immediate exacerbation of all his tortured penitent's sufferings in mind and body, so that she expired not many hours after he left her.

Sylvester Douglas completed his education at Aberdeen University and then travelled abroad during several years. After being admitted a member of the Bar, he incidentally provides a picturesque view of a barrister on circuit:—

I was called to the Bar in Hilary Term, 1776, being then almost thirty-two. When I set out on my first circuit, in that year, Windham, with whom I then lived in great intimacy, carried me in a low phaeton of his, with a pair of black ponies, to the *Old Hut*, a sort of second-rate inn, about six or eight miles out of London, on the Uxbridge Road, where we dined *tête-à-tête*. He then returned to town and I proceeded towards Reading, where the Assizes were going to be held, on horseback, with my only servant and clerk on another horse behind me, sitting before a large and learned portmanteau. In this way I travelled the circuit for many years afterwards, as did at that time all the younger barristers. I did not set up my own travelling and town chariot till the year 1787.

Glenbervie's recollections reach their greatest historical importance in 1808, when his wife was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to

(1) The name of this inn has been wrongly spelt or transcribed, for the reference is evidently to *The Old Hat* (or *Hats*), a well-known tavern at West Ealing, on the Uxbridge Road, claiming to be three hundred years old, though the present building is modern. This inn was the first stage from London for the West of England mail coaches, and it had an exciting history. It was the meeting place of the Old Hats Pigeon Shooting Club, founded in 1777. The inn is mentioned in Woodward's *Eccentric Excursions and Pictorial Sketches*, 1796, where there is also a sketch of it engraved by Cruikshank.

Caroline, Princess of Wales. Husband and wife were constantly with the Princess at Kensington Palace and Montague House, Blackheath, and in a position to hear all the latest Court news and gossip. The reputations of many great ladies of that time—such as the Princesses Sophia and Amelia, and the Ladies Salisbury, Derby, Strathmore, and Paget—are tumbled in the dust, and the unfortunate Princess of Wales is never allowed to rise from the mire. It is sad to find how ready both Lord and Lady Glenbervie—in other respects nice, amiable people—were to believe the worst of their kind-hearted, generous, but reckless patroness, at whose board they frequently sat. Every child the Princess adopted, they were convinced, must be her bastard progeny by Captain Manby or other of her male friends. Even the Princess's treasurer, the estimable and virtuous Miss Hayman, valued friend of Walter Scott, was capable of secret espionage on her royal mistress and reporting to the Glenbervies her discovery of what she believed to be a fine case of blackmail of the Princess of Wales for £2,000. This is not the place to enter upon the tangled question of the guilt or innocence of Queen Caroline, but Glenbervie's records are an essential part of the material relating to that soiled page of English history.

* * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXLII. NEW SERIES, OCTOBER 1, 1928.

THE RHINELAND PROBLEM

By "AUGUR"

THE result of the action of the German Government during the last meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva has been that the question of the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland, occupied by the Allied forces under the conditions of the Treaty of Versailles, has now been raised officially. The German Government claims to have carried out its undertakings under that Treaty, and therefore to possess the right of demanding the immediate withdrawal of the occupying forces without waiting for the expiration of the delay of fifteen years foreseen for the liberation of the third and last zone. In reality the problem resolves itself into one not of right, but of strenuous bargaining on both sides.

The German Government has always said that one of the conditions tacitly accepted at the signature of the Locarno Treaties in 1925 was that the Rhineland should be freed from the presence of the British, French and Belgian troops which still remained there. No official proof exists of any such promise ever having been given by the Allied statesmen. Nevertheless, it is reasonably certain that Sir Austen Chamberlain, as well as M. Briand, did, in private conversation, hold out the hope to Herr Stresemann that the evacuation would be the natural result of the birth of the Locarno spirit. It is generally known that on August 26th, when Herr Stresemann came to Paris to sign the Kellogg Pact for the outlawing of war, he had a conversation with the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who did not deny that he personally and for a long time had been in favour of the complete and unconditional withdrawal of the occupying forces. Sir Austen's statements in the House lead us to form the same conclusion about his personal views on this matter.

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Officially the ball was set rolling in the first week of August, when the German diplomatic representatives in London, Paris, Rome and Brussels were instructed by their Governments to make a verbal communication on the question of the Rhineland evacuation, which was claimed to be Germany's due for having carried out her undertakings according to Article 431 of the Treaty of Versailles. The respective Governments were warned in a friendly way that the intention of Berlin was to raise the issue, taking advantage of the meeting of the Foreign Ministers in Paris on the occasion of the signature of the Kellogg Pact, and later during the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva in the first week of September. The British, French, Italian and Belgian Governments were asked if they intended to go on with the work of pacification in the spirit of Locarno, and whether they thought it opportune that the question mentioned should be raised at the present juncture. The German communication, however, was worded in a manner which reserved to Berlin the possibility of discussing the Rhineland occupation even if the Allies were not inclined to do so. The fact that the German notification was addressed also to Rome was significant, because it meant that Berlin had accepted the thesis set out by Italian diplomacy, and upheld in London and Paris, that all the signatories of the Peace Treaty, and not only the three occupying Powers, had to be consulted in the case of an anticipated evacuation of the occupied territory.

The reception accorded to the German communication was not favourable. The moment was not considered to be opportune for the solution of the question. But we need not take this argument seriously, because diplomacy is always inclined to find all moments inopportune. The real cause of the hesitation in the Allied capitals was of a different nature. It was set out in the conversation which M. Philippe Berthelot, the Secretary-General of the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs, had in Geneva in June of this year with Herr Schubert, the Permanent Secretary of State at the Wilhelmstrasse. The subject discussed was exactly that of the Rhineland evacuation. M. Berthelot

told his German opposing number that he did not believe that the issue could be taken separately from the whole problem of relations between Germany and the Allies, in which German Reparations play the most important part. This thesis has become to-day the leading idea not only of Continental but also of British diplomatic action, for the shadow of the impending revision of the Dawes Plan for German Reparations is swiftly overtaking us. British foreign policy, as much as any foreign one, is influenced by the economic interests of the country. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs may devise this solution or another for an international problem, but in the end he must take into account the views of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as the head of the Treasury, is the guardian of the State Budget, the stability of which is more important than any Notes and Protocols. The mass of the nation desires to live well, to live better, and is always ready to sacrifice the frills of diplomacy to a question of £ s. d. We have said that the influence of the British Treasury is equal to that of any similar foreign institution. We should have said that it is much greater. For the position of the British Treasury is unique in the world, as the position of the pound sterling is unique; the pound is an international currency of which Great Britain is fortunate to have the control. So it was before the War, and so it has remained to-day, in spite of the accumulation of wealth in the vaults of New York, which for a time had led people to believe that the nodal point of the financial relations of the world had been transferred across the Atlantic. The British Treasury and the Bank of England between them constitute a force the extent of which they themselves do not realise, especially in respect of decisions on foreign policy.

M. Jacques Seydoux, that master of diplomacy, said once that "there are no political questions, there are only economic problems." This dictum remains true to-day, for international relations in Europe are overshadowed by the issue of German Reparations with which are united inextricably that of Inter-Allied war debts and that of the debts to the United States. If even these three issues

cannot be solved at the same time, they cannot be treated separately without the intimate connection between them having been admitted. The British position has been made so clear that to repeat it here is a commonplace. Yet commonplaces, like common people, have their usefulness; in fact, they are often more useful than miracles and lovely faces. The British position is stated in the Balfour Note: we do not demand from our debtors more than we have to pay to our American creditor. This gives us the latitude of asking our debtors to pay less than the demand note of our creditor. This, again, presupposes a condition of economic prosperity which to-day does not exist. The British Treasury, as guardian of the budgetary stability, cannot afford to surrender a single asset without finding its countervalue in economy or in some new source of revenue. This is why the Foreign Office cannot allow a single card to be discarded which may be of use when the game is played. The Rhineland evacuation is among the arguments which may come in useful when the problem of Reparations comes up for serious discussion. That this discussion is inevitable there can be no doubt. We have given the reasons in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for July (German Reparations), and nothing has happened since to prove that responsible statesmen in Europe have altered their opinion on the inevitability of the revision within the next two years, and perhaps earlier. M. Poincaré, who holds the key to the French economic situation, has no doubts on this point, which he connects with the necessity of an adjustment of the debt of France to the United States and Great Britain.

When Herr Stresemann saw M. Briand on August 26th and M. Poincaré on August 27th, in Paris, he was told by both Ministers that the evacuation of the Rhineland could not be considered separately from the whole problem of relations with Germany. M. Poincaré was matter-of-fact and to the point. He said quite plainly that the occupation of the Rhineland was directly connected with the question of German Reparations payments. He was all in favour of the Franco-German *rapprochement*, which was the key to the general settlement of

Europe, but he had to consider essential French interests as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles. In this way the question was placed on the foundation, which now must serve to build up the final agreement: the issue is not one of sentiment or of theoretical right, but of interest and of hard bargaining. Herr Stresemann, on his side, showed that he agreed with this way of putting the question, because he bluntly asked what France desired to be paid—the *Gegenleistung*—for the immediate and total evacuation of the Rhineland? This means, and the attitude of Herr Müller, the Chancellor of the Reich, at the meeting in Geneva confirms it, that to get rid immediately of the occupying forces in the Rhineland Germany is ready to discuss the price.

It is unfortunate that at this juncture the British Government does not dispose of the services of Sir Austen Chamberlain, who by his serious illness is prevented from giving effect to that policy of mutual compromise and understanding of which he has been the indefatigable prophet since Locarno. Lord Cushendun, his eminent *locum tenens*, is handicapped by his temporary rank, and therefore averse from entering into a discussion of a problem of such importance. Personally, we think that his hesitation cannot be maintained and that circumstances will force Lord Cushendun to assume the full responsibilities of a Secretary of State without any reservations. In Paris in August, however, and in Geneva to some extent, his reluctance to enter into the discussion was evident.

Germany's moral right to claim the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland reposes not so much on Article 431 of the Treaty of Versailles—for the carrying out of *all* undertakings under the Treaty can be always questioned—but on the fact that after having been welcomed into the League of Nations she has the right to the status of an equal nation among equals, which is the essence of the Covenant of the League. The Treaty of Versailles is a remarkable document, for the Covenant of the League of Nations forms an integral part of it, and by its letter, and even more by its spirit, it is opposed to the clauses which

restrict Germany's freedom of action as a sovereign State. This apparent contradiction is the result of the fact that the Treaty was intended to deal with three consecutive phases of a peaceful settlement: (1) the liquidation of the state of war, (2) a period of probation from Germany, and (3) the reinstatement of Germany as an equal nation among equals. The liquidation of the state of war was effected by the signing of the instrument of the Treaty. Then began the probationary period characterised by the restrictions imposed upon a defeated Germany, which, before being reinstated as an equal nation among equals, was expected to prove the sincerity of her conversion to the principles of the Covenant and to repair the damage caused by the War. The inclusion of the Covenant in the body of the Treaty shows that from the very first the Allies and associated Powers foresaw the equality of Germany at some future date. The refusal of the Allies in 1919 to consent to the immediate entry of Germany into the League was officially explained by the fact that League membership brings with it liberation from the restrictions imposed by force upon the freedom of a sovereign State. But now Germany has become not only a member of the League of Nations, but has been given a permanent seat on the Council of the League. The existence of the Locarno Treaties and now the signing of the Kellogg Pact have further contributed to strengthen the moral claim of Germany.¹

The counter-claim of the Allies is really based on the fact that the Dawes Plan, welcomed in 1924 as the way out of a deadlock, is not in the nature of a final settlement. In fact, this point of view is supported by the declarations repeatedly made from the German side that, though loyally intending to go on with the payments stipulated under the plan, the German Government foresees the moment approaching when this will become increasingly difficult. It is quite plainly put that if it were not for the necessity of maintaining at all costs the credit of Germany in the United States the crisis in respect of Reparations

(1) This point of view has been developed by "Augur," *Peace in Europe*, London, 1927.

payments would be reached much quicker. It stands to reason that so logical a person as M. Poincaré cannot be made to accept simultaneously the statements that Germany has carried out all her undertakings under the Treaty, and that she considers the schedule of payments under the Dawes Plan as temporary and as needing a serious revision in the sense of a scaling down. British policy in this question, whatever may be said in a badly informed Press, takes a point of view very similar to the French one, and it is known that the Italian and the Belgian Governments endorse this attitude. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that in this, the tenth year after the War, the presence of more than sixty thousand British, French and Belgian troops in the German Rhineland is an anachronism, and this impression becomes all the stronger because only a year remains until the evacuation of the second zone, and within six years the whole of the occupied territory will have to be returned to Germany. The idea has been mooted of an anticipated evacuation of the second zone alone, but this solution will make things worse really, because the Allied Commission from Coblenz would have to be moved, say, to Wiesbaden or to another town in the third zone, with a corresponding new burden placed on the civil population in the form of the requisitioning of a number of houses and flats for the accommodation of the officials and offices of the Commission. One understands that for Germany it is either a complete evacuation or nothing! That this evacuation would serve to stimulate good relations between Germany and France cannot be disputed. What, then, is to be done in the matter?

We sum up the position in the following manner: Germany claims the full evacuation of the Rhineland, not only because she alleges to have fulfilled her undertakings in the sense of Article 431 of the Treaty of Versailles, but chiefly because of the moral right which is conveyed to her by her status as member of the League of Nations, strengthened by the spirit, which is expressed by the Locarno Treaty and by the Kellogg Pact. The Allies are

in sympathy with the moral claim, the strength of which they recognise, but they are made hesitant by the approach of a revision of the scheme for German Reparations, a revision which cannot be taken to mean anything else but an alteration in Germany's obligations. They therefore wish to see the question of evacuation directly coupled with the whole problem of relations with Germany, and principally with that of Reparations. The situation is complicated and wellnigh rendered inextricable by the fact that the whole of Europe is in debt to the United States, which refuse to make the concessions which, in the view of responsible statesmen, alone can help to bring order into this entanglement.

We hold the view that the course to pursue to extricate Europe from this blind alley is, whilst accepting the interdependence of these questions, to admit the fact that their practical solution may be simultaneous in principle but not in time. In other words: whilst a general plan for solving the whole problem should be established, the individual questions should be taken up as they come, one after the other. If this solution appears too radical to timorous minds, then why not find an intermediate one in the sense that the principle of an immediate and complete evacuation shall be agreed upon at once, and its application made to depend on the carrying out at a subsequent date of a contingent condition in respect of Reparations? What should be avoided at present is the refusal to discuss the problem at all, because one of the conditions cannot be carried out. For example, to our mind, it would be criminal to delay action until the problematical moment when the American creditor makes up his mind to practise leniency. Probably the best way to oblige him to adopt this much-desired lenient attitude would be to proceed with the general settlement as if he did not exist.

MACAULAY AS A MAN OF LETTERS

BY DR. J. WELLS

A MS. page of Macaulay's *History*, thickly scored with dashes and erasures (it is the passage in the 25th Chapter, where Hans Sloane is mentioned as "the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country"), "is preserved in that museum in a cabinet, which may truly be called the place of honour; within whose narrow limits are gathered together a collection of objects such as Englishmen of all classes and parties regard with a common reverence and pride." So wrote Trevelyan in 1876, and he rightly notes how greatly Macaulay would have valued this honour—an honour shared with Nelson and Wellington, with Locke and Pope, with Ben Jonson and Samuel Johnson. But is it certain that Macaulay's name now would be admitted without question to so famous a circle? It would, at any rate, not be true to say, as John Morley says in his critical essay, published just before Trevelyan's *Life* appeared, that Macaulay's *Essays* share with Shakespeare and the Bible the honour of being the works most familiar to Englishmen all over the world.

It is not only lapse of time that has lowered the reputation of Macaulay; he has a formidable array of critics against him who refuse him a place among the greatest, and almost, if not quite, deny that he is in the first rank of English writers at all. John Morley himself, Matthew Arnold, Macaulay's first biographer, Cotter Morison, Professor Walter Raleigh, have dealt more than faithfully with his reputation. And a gibe against the inaccuracy of Macaulay, the partiality of Macaulay, the commonplace of Macaulay, has become part of the stock-in-trade of the average reviewer; it is no exaggeration to say that not long ago this statement could have been illustrated every month from the columns of the *Spectator*.

Macaulay in his lifetime was the most fortunate of authors; he was a "best-seller," to put the most vulgar fact first, and he was honoured alike at home and abroad; he

had the strange fortune to receive a cheque for £20,000 from his publishers for one edition and the Order of Merit from the King of Prussia and the Berlin Academy. From such a popularity there was sure to be a reaction; as Macaulay said of Byron in 1831, "a few more years will destroy whatever yet remains of that magic potency which once belonged to his name." We have seen the same fate befall Tennyson; with him, as with Macaulay, the reaction is all the more marked, since the two are singled out as special representatives of that Victorian Age which (at any rate a short time ago) was the butt of our smart writers and anathema to all the younger generation.

But Macaulay has been specially unfortunate. In his writings he ran violently against the feelings of all Churchmen and the opinions of philosophic reformers, Socialists and all "superior persons"; he was curiously prejudiced in matters that concerned the Church, and he was at his worst in dealing with philosophic questions and abstract arguments generally; his criticisms of John Mill and of the Westminster Reviewers, though he never republished them, were always remembered against him. It must be added they are the least happy part of his literary output; they are not only commonplace, they are even dull.

Macaulay, too, was unfortunate in his premature death. It may seem odd to speak of the death of a man of fifty-nine as "premature," but Macaulay did not begin his *History*, the only work in which he hoped to attain his own ideal, till he was forty-one. He had then deliberately decided to make Literature and not Politics his claim to fame; his *Essays*, which had made him the most popular of English historians, he never wished to republish; "their natural life," as he says in his letter to Napier, was "only six weeks." And of his last eighteen years, the first eleven were distracted by the political claims of his party and of office, and during the last seven his health was increasingly bad. The result was that the *History* is rightly called a "torso." Apart from the three introductory chapters, it covers a period of only sixteen years, and those years have no longer in the eyes of Englishmen the importance which they had in Macaulay's days; the

"Glorious Revolution" of 1688 founded our system of Parliamentary Government, but that system is rather out of fashion now, and, at all events, it is looked upon as an ingenious compromise, peculiarly English, not as a model for free nations all over the world. John Morley goes so far as to say of the *History*: "Macaulay describes a large number of events about which I think no sensible man can in the least care how they happened, or whether indeed they happened or not."

Macaulay's posthumous ill-luck has extended even to his biographers. Leslie Stephen, who wrote his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is fair but distinctly cool; there is a curious contrast between his frigid impartiality and the inaccurate enthusiasm he permits to Theodore Martin, the biographer of Macaulay's *bête noire*, John Wilson Croker, who is allowed eighteen columns, while Macaulay has only seventeen. A much worse offender is Cotter Morison, who, in his much overpraised *Life of Macaulay* in the English Men of Letters Series, sets himself to depreciate his subject on nearly every page. One instance will be sufficient: he draws a contrast between Macaulay and his father, of which the sole point is to bring out the inferiority of the son; the comparison is rendered ridiculous by its closing sentences, in which the two Macaulays are compared to the two Mirabeaus: "It is certainly a likeness in unlikeness of no common kind," Mr. Morison gravely observes. The comparison suggests inevitably the argument of Fluellen that Alexander was a Welshman because both Macedon and Monmouth begin with M, as, indeed, do Mirabeau and Macaulay!

It is true that Macaulay has had the advantage of a great biographer; his life by his nephew, Sir G. O. Trevelyan, is universally admitted to be one of the three best biographies in the English language. But even this Macaulay's critics turn against him; John Morley writes that "the book has enjoyed the great popularity to which its careful execution, its brightness of style, its good taste, its soundness of judgment so rightly entitled it"; not a word is said of the fact that more than half the book, and that not the

least attractive part, consists of Macaulay's own letters and diary.

The fact remains that Macaulay's fame is under a cloud. Does it deserve to remain so, and is it good that it should so remain?

Dr. Butler, of Trinity, says, apparently quoting Lord Acton, that Stubbs and Creighton, Harnack and Mommsen, when asked who was "the greatest historian the world has ever produced," concurred in answering "Macaulay." Some doubt is thrown on Lord Acton's own concurrence in this judgment, and it is to be noticed that, in his letters to Mrs. Drew, he severely criticises Macaulay, but says that, in spite of this, he considers him "very nearly the greatest of English writers"—not "historians." This limitation is what might have been expected; both in their conception of history and in their work as historians, Acton and Macaulay are in opposite camps. But it is Macaulay as a writer—not as an historian—whose value I am attempting to estimate, in his different capacities as poet, critic, orator and prose writer generally.

It may be objected—was Macaulay a poet at all? Matthew Arnold says expressly that to appreciate the *Lays of Ancient Rome* is a sure test of poetic incapacity; they are "pinchbeck ballads." Macaulay would not have been moved by this judgment, pronounced about ten years after his death; but he would certainly have been provoked by Matthew Arnold's inaccuracy when he substitutes in the well-known lines:

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,

"all the men" for "every man," thus completely spoiling the point. Macaulay did not claim to be a poet himself; but he did know how to write English accurately.

But are the *Lays of Ancient Rome* poetry? At all events the world has valued them as such. The Bodleian Catalogue contains forty-seven separate editions of them, in whole or in part, not counting editions where they are combined with the *Essays*. It is more than eighty years since they appeared; this continued appreciation is some

approach to the *securus judicat orbis*, which in literature as in theology is the ultimate test.

It may be worth while to illustrate why the world appreciates the *Lays* by a single instance. We are told that when Sir Henry Lawrence was defending the Residency at Lucknow against desperate odds, the lines just quoted, from which Matthew Arnold averts his critical gaze, were continually with the English soldier as a comforting refrain. The truth is that Macaulay in the *Lays* sounds only a few notes, but he sounds them very true. The joy of action, the joy of devotion, the love of home and liberty, are very commonplace topics; they do not require deep thought, they appeal to the heart, not the head; but the man who can express them in lines that stick in other men's minds is something of a poet. And it may be frankly claimed that in doing this simple thing, and doing it well, Macaulay ranks next to Scott among our poets—Scott whom also Matthew Arnold characteristically undervalues.

Dr. Butler, to quote him again, said that, as you read the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, "you feel your heart beat and thump." Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* is a great poem, but no one need be afraid that his heart will "beat and thump" when he reads the long-drawn-out account of the fight which it contains.

The world, then, has agreed that the *Lays* have a high rank as poetry of a certain kind, and they will continue to be read and deserve to be read; but they are far too slight to win their author a reputation as a great man of letters.

There is even more uncertainty about his value as a critic. He himself, when refusing to review Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, told Napier, "I have never written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts, which I would not burn, if I had the power." He explains that "he is not successful in analysing the effect of works of genius." This is undoubtedly true in the main (his brilliant essay on Milton is a good instance), and Mr. G. Saintsbury thinks Macaulay's own judgment is sufficient to rule him out as a critic; he gives, further, his own reasons for agreeing with it, accusing Macaulay of "swaggering senten-

tiousness" [a somewhat clumsy phrase for an admitted fault—the fondness of Macaulay for superlatives of praise and blame, especially the latter] and of too much attention to the moral and social values, and to the political aspects of books, as opposed to their mere literary qualities. All this is true, but it bears on only one side of the qualities needed for a critic; surely a man has some claim to be called a "good critic" when he singles out for praise or for blame works which his contemporaries judged otherwise, but on which the whole world now agrees with him. Macaulay has to his credit several such anticipations of the verdict of posterity. His judgment of Shelley in 1830, when the world generally had hardly begun to admire him, is a good instance: "We doubt whether any modern poet has possessed in a higher degree some of the qualities of the great ancient masters. The word 'inspiration,' which seems so cold and affected when applied to other modern writers, has a perfect propriety when applied to him." The passage occurs in a strange place, the article on John Bunyan, whom, too, Macaulay ventured to praise in a way which was surprising to the cultured world of his day. Macaulay also was one of the first to recognise the transcendent merits of Jane Austen. This list of happy critical judgments could be indefinitely extended. Professor Dicey does well to complain that Trevelyan must be blamed for giving us so little of Macaulay's characteristic comments, scribbled in all the books he read—a habit to be most absolutely condemned in ordinary men, but which is interesting in men of genius.

But was Macaulay always a failure in his attempts to analyse literary success? It is worth while to examine carefully one of his judgments, which has been more attacked—and with some reason—than any other, the famous paradox about Boswell. Macaulay and his critics agree that the *Life of Johnson* is the greatest of all biographies; but he then goes on to collect a page of instances of Boswell's follies and vices, and sums up, "Boswell attained success by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer."

The weaknesses of Boswell are undoubtedly exaggerated by Macaulay, who is often rightly charged with serious exaggeration, and this is probably his worst offence. Had Boswell been only a "great fool" he would never have written a great book. But Macaulay's other point seems also to be true; it was the admixture of folly in Boswell which, coupled with real genius, made his book such a remarkable success. Boswell is among biographers what Pepys is among "autobiographers," if there be such a word; his confessions of vanity, of folly, of vice, which no wise man would have put down, add the irresistible piquancy of contrast to his picture of a great man. And had there not been, mixed with real ability, an extraordinary amount "of officiousness, of effrontery" (perhaps Macaulay is even right to add as he does, "of toad-eating"), Boswell would never have collected the mass of material which is so fascinating, and which he arranges with an art which certainly no "fool"—such as Macaulay makes him out to be—could ever have attained. This point could be—and should be—worked out at length, and illustrations would be easy. Boswell was a fool, but one of genius; Macaulay recognises the former fact and ignores the latter; Macaulay's critics are so angry at this that they overlook the really vital point, which Macaulay saw, that Boswell's genius would never have produced the greatest of biographies had it not been blended with a strange amount of folly. Before we leave Boswell and Johnson, it may be remarked that Macaulay to some extent toned down his own extravagances in the *Life of Johnson*, which he wrote nearly thirty years later for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Much as Johnson-lovers criticise Macaulay, the fact remains that Macaulay is in part the cause of Johnson's great reputation; whatever or whomever he writes about is—as it were—published to the world by "a loud speaker," and Matthew Arnold, certainly, as we have seen, no lover of Macaulay, asked permission to republish his *Life of Johnson*, as the most fitting introduction to his own selection from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

The name of Boswell irresistibly calls up that of Croker,

his editor, and Macaulay's smashing review. In this field, as in so many others, Macaulay had a wonderful success; Croker's edition of Boswell was withdrawn, though when reissued in a revised form, it had a great and not undeserved circulation. Still more complete was the "smashing" of the wretched poetaster, Robert Montgomery, who had no merits of his own by which he could recover; it is true that his books went on selling, but he writhed to the end of his life under his well-deserved chastisement. Macaulay's severity—perhaps it must be called "brutality"—may fairly be put down in part to his love of literature. Probably no man ever delighted so much as he did in the printed word; he preferred his books to any company except that of his dearest friends. Hence the mangling of *Boswell's Life* by Croker and the unblushing advertising of Montgomery roused him as by a personal insult. It might be wished that some of our critics in these days had the command of such a *sæva indignatio*. It would not have been out of place when shown against Bernard Shaw's Shakespearian flippancies, or Mr. Lytton Strachey's skilful exhibitions of his own incapacity to understand great men and women. But criticism now has no standard; it pays a writer to make himself conspicuous by disfiguring, or attempting to disfigure, the figures which the world has hitherto agreed to reverence.

Of Macaulay as an orator but little need be said. He himself was as unwilling to publish his *Speeches* as he had been to publish his *Essays*, and he was only forced to do so by the impudent plagiarism of a Mr. Vizetelly, who received a well-deserved chastisement in the Preface to the *Speeches* in 1853. Macaulay made it a principle not to commit his prepared speeches to writing, because he considered that by so doing he would inevitably spoil their vivacity and make them "essays." Hence it is clear that he would have strongly condemned any attempt to have his reputation as a "man of letters" based on his speeches. It must be put on record, however, that he held his own as one of the foremost in the Great "Reform Battle," that after his return from India he was listened to with ever-increasing respect, and that he always filled the

House, and that he had to his credit two of those victories, so rare even to the greatest of orators, of having twice, single-voiced, converted the House to changing its mind completely on the measure before it. Macaulay's position as an orator may be summed up in Lord Lytton's lines:—

Even as it was, a master's power he proved,
In the three tests, he taught, he charmed, he moved;
Few compass one—whate'er their faults may be,
Great orators alone achieve the three.

It remains to speak of his *History*—the one field in which he himself had confidence that he had done his best work, and that it was good.

It may be well, first, to take some of the criticisms of his prose, and to see how far they are justified.

Cotter Morison quotes Macaulay: "I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies," and he goes on, "We did not need this intimation . . . but it is satisfactory to have it, as now no doubt remains on the subject," *i.e.*, that it was Macaulay's "fixed object." This kind of quotation reminds us of a story told of a great scholar who was unbending, when he saw Beau Nash approaching. "My boys," he said, "let us be grave; here comes a fool."

But this charge, so absurdly supported by Morison, is urged seriously by Morley. He is severe on the excessive diffuseness of Macaulay. But it is to his fondness for details that Macaulay owes in large measure his power of interesting his readers in an intricate subject. He knew that abstractions not only bore, but fail to impress; it is the particular instance, not the general principle, that tells; hence he drives his general point home by a mass of detail, unnecessary if all readers were philosophers or men of first-rate ability but invaluable for making the ordinary man first read and then remember. Bagehot, no strong admirer of Macaulay, praises warmly this method, as illustrated in Macaulay's 19th Chapter, on the beginnings of the National Debt: Macaulay describes the financial position which made Montague's great foundation possible, by giving a mass of details on the speculations of the time

—details quite unimportant in themselves but in the mass most informing.

Macaulay's love of detail is attacked from another point of view by John Morley, with whom Professor Raleigh agrees. They argue that his details are trivial, that they are only "literary picturesque," "a kind of glorified newspaper reporting." They both boldly challenge parts of the famous passage on the opening of the Trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall. Raleigh is especially angry at the sentence about Burke, which introduces his tremendous peroration—"Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded," etc. We are told that "Macaulay introduces the 'Irish oak' to keep alive the interest of a gaping spectator," and there is much more criticism of the same kind. We have often heard that Burke's audience gaped, but certainly no one before Professor Raleigh ever "gaped" over this literary picture. The criticisms ignore the whole point of the passage; Macaulay set himself to bring out the importance of the occasion by every kind of detail, social, political, literary, architectural; the magnificence of England is vividly illustrated, and the illustrations lead up to the climax, the sentence beginning "the culprit, indeed, was not unworthy of the great presence."

Another criticism of Morley's is based on the effect which Macaulay's love of detail had on his style. Macaulay, we are told, is responsible for the bad effect of his writing on journalism; he trained a taste for "superficial particularities, trivial circumstantialities" (the words are Mr. Morley's). "Style" is not his strong point as a writer. Macaulay's prose is said to be like a suit of armour, "hard and glittering." It is true that Macaulay had a most uncomfortable love of full stops; he rarely uses any other stop except a comma; but this irritating punctuation is in him merely a mannerism; it does not affect the structure of his sentences; over and over again it would be easy to repunctuate these in the ordinary way without altering a single word. The sentences are so well arranged that the joins and the transitions are the easiest possible. To go back to Morley's metaphor: Macaulay's prose is, indeed,

like a suit of chain armour, made of separate rings; but the workmanship is generally so fine that the prose fits its subject like a garment; it is as easy, as flexible, as if the sentences were arranged in the ordinary way.

One more criticism, and that the most serious of all. Morley quotes Emerson that "the brilliant Macaulay expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity." Emerson is hardly qualified to judge what "brilliant" means; if ever prose of a well-known writer may be called "dull," it is his. But is his criticism fair? It is true that Macaulay never touches on the deep mysteries of life, that if he had views on religion and all that it involves, he never expresses them, that he fails most in appreciating those men, of whatever creed and race, who attempt to go behind and beyond the things "that are seen." On these points there is "no teaching in Macaulay"; he certainly did not think it was part of his function as an historian to give it. But for the noblest views on the relation of men to each other, on the great principles which bind together the lives of men, in families, in small communities, in nations, Macaulay's works are a complete school for life, and especially for citizenship. It is true that, as Morley contemptuously says, "His unanalytical turn of mind kept him free of any temptation to think of love of country as a prejudice, or a passion for freedom as an illusion." And we may be sure that Macaulay would never have done as Morley did—turn his back on England's obligations in the greatest crisis in her history.

To come now to the positive side. Why may Macaulay be called a really great writer? What absolutely great qualities does he show? First, and above all, he is one of the world's masters of narration; he can tell a story supremely well. This seems one of the easiest of all literary tasks, and it is really one of the hardest. There were few congratulations Macaulay valued so much as the speech of the Lancashire working man, who proposed a vote of thanks to him for having so written his history of England that working men could understand it. To confirm the words of a plain man by the judgment of a great

critic, Taine wrote that he knew of only two men in the world who had Macaulay's "clearness." And to secure this clearness Macaulay laboured with an energy which no other historian has ever exceeded, and which few have equalled. He not only collected his materials with endless pains, but he revised and rewrote till everything was absolutely clear. The printers asked that he might be told that they never had to read a single sentence of his MS. twice, and this compliment also he greatly valued.

Hardly less important is Macaulay's respect for the forms and rules of the English language. Mr. Trevelyan regrets that his uncle could not appreciate the work of his great contemporary, Carlyle. How could he? Carlyle's jargon must have been pain and grief to him. Such an essay as Carlyle's contemptuous appreciation of Walter Scott was equally offensive to him for matter and for manner. Macaulay sets a standard for clearness and accuracy of style which is sorely needed now.

Once more, the most important point of all, Macaulay's narrative is, as has been said, clean, honest, full of teaching. Lowell praises the essential "manliness and Britishism" of his character. Lord Shaftesbury, at the time of Macaulay's death, writes in his diary: "Is there a sentence in all his writings to offend decency, morality, the Christian faith?" To some critics this seems irrelevant; "Art for Art's sake" is their motto, and the devil may have his way for all they care. But Macaulay in this is in the great tradition of English literature, from Shakespeare onwards, a tradition not to be recklessly cast aside in the name of Art. What Macaulay's religious views were we do not know; what we do know is that to him religion and morals are the foundations of civilisation, and therefore to be defended.

And this Conservatism, in the wide sense, has another side, important, though not so important as that just stated. Macaulay knew his England, its towns and villages, its buildings, sacred and secular, its traditions, its literature, as few men have known them, and his knowledge is worked into the very fabric of his writings. If we wish to preserve the England we have inherited, Macaulay is one of our

greatest helps in spreading the knowledge that is essential, and the love which is even more essential. His writings are one of the best instruments we possess for beginning the education of future citizens. He had grave faults, but these can be corrected with ease, and those who have learned to recognise his limitations and his exaggerations may yet continue to love and to be grateful to the man who first taught them what their country has meant, for them and for the world.

May I add one last sentence? Professor Raleigh, certainly no admirer of Macaulay, ends his criticisms: "Not a few perhaps who dissent from Macaulay's conclusions on any of his themes would have to confess that it was Macaulay himself who first roused them to take an interest in that theme, and stimulated them to labours which have enabled them to supplement and to refute him."

THE GROWING BURDEN OF THE RATES

By JOHN B. C. KERSHAW

THE crushing burden of the rates, levied upon industrial undertakings by the various bodies charged with the administration of local affairs in this country, is now very generally recognised, and is admitted to be one of the chief difficulties which hamper our manufacturers in the maintenance of our industrial position. It is unnecessary, however, to describe in this article the problem, for these have been fully outlined in the speeches made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer when introducing the Budget, and by Mr. Neville Chamberlain when introducing the new Rating Bill; and since then they have been discussed widely both in Parliament and at political meetings up and down the country.

It is a surprising fact that the criticism and opposition so far have been directed almost entirely to the details of the method of application of the rating reliefs proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that not a single voice has been raised to draw attention to what, in the writer's opinion, is the chief weakness of the Government's plans. This defect is, that no attempt is made to reduce the aggregate amount of local government expenditure. We are expected to acquiesce without comment to an annual disbursement by local authorities of a sum which approaches closely to one-half of the national revenue, and raises the total annual expenditure of the country to the enormous sum of £1,320,000,000.

The "burden of the rates," in fact, remains just as serious as before, since the total amount expended is not to be reduced by even one shilling; and all that will be effected will be to transfer a portion of the burden on to other shoulders, chiefly those of the consumers of petrol, who will contribute to the relief of the more depressed branches of industry by means of a tax of 4d. per gallon on this cheap form of liquid fuel. In view of this position

it is certainly necessary that someone should draw attention to the enormous increase which has taken place in the expenditure of local authorities since the end of the War, and that the extravagance and inefficiency, which characterise a large portion of the outlay, should be brought into prominence. The evil of over-expenditure, indeed, must be attacked at its root, for the mere transfer of the burden of the rates from one set of shoulders to another cannot be looked upon as an adequate solution of the problem.

THE GROWTH OF LOCAL EXPENDITURE SINCE 1914

In the year 1914, at the outbreak of the War, the outstanding loan debt of the municipal and other local authorities in England and Wales amounted to £562,630,045.¹ In 1925, the last year for which the official figures are available, it had increased to £864,882,330, representing an addition of £302,252,285 in the eleven years. This increase of the loan indebtedness of the local authorities in England and Wales, it must be noted, was exclusive of the amounts which in the interval had been paid off on the earlier loans; and if the same rate of increase be maintained for another ten years, the indebtedness in 1935 of these local authorities will be considerably over one thousand million pounds.

In the same period of time the annual expenditure of these public bodies has also increased by leaps and bounds, for whereas in 1914 it amounted to £169,408,303, in 1925 it had risen to £425,257,172. The latter sum is equivalent to an expenditure of £111 sterling per head for every man, woman and child, and is exclusive of the expenditure by the local authorities in Scotland and in Northern Ireland. Had it been possible to include the figures for these parts of the country, the total for 1925 would have been increased by another sixty or seventy millions, and the aggregate annual local expenditure for the whole country would have been found

(1) All the figures in this article, unless otherwise stated, are taken from the 71st number of the *Statistical Abstract* for the United Kingdom, compiled by the Board of Trade, and published this year. (Cmd. 3084.)

to amount to nearly £500,000,000. When one remembers that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his 1927-28 Budget provided for an expenditure of £820,000,000, it must be evident to all that our country is spending more than it can afford, and that steps will have to be taken to reduce both the national and local expenditure.¹

The increase recorded above, on examination of the detailed figures, is found to cover the whole field of local government expenditure, and Table I, which compares the expenditure of the year 1913-14 with that of the year 1924-25, is very instructive and is worth careful considera-

TABLE I.
EXPENDITURE UPON EDUCATION, RELIEF OF THE POOR AND OTHER SOCIAL SERVICES BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES IN ENGLAND AND WALES, IN THE YEARS 1913-14 AND 1924-25.

Service.	1913-14.	1924-25.
Elementary Education	£26,250,000	£58,720,265
Higher Education	5,527,000	15,153,229
	£31,777,000	£73,873,494
Highways	17,047,000	45,780,617
Relief of the Poor	12,295,000	31,409,551
Police	7,676,000	19,138,817
Housing	960,000	18,083,062
Lunatics and Asylums	4,397,000	9,028,015
Trading Services	£48,248,000	£93,766,718

tion. The annual cost of elementary education in England and Wales has risen from 26½ to 58¾ millions during the eleven years, while that upon higher education has increased from 5½ to 15 millions. The increase of these two branches of expenditure alone, therefore, has been at the rate of 130 per cent. The expenditure upon poor relief shows an even higher rate of increase, for it has risen from 12¼ millions to 31½ millions, or by 150 per cent., while the expenditure upon highways, tramways, police, and upon the maintenance of lunatics and asylums, all show similar rates of expansion. If one carries the

(1) £118,765,000 of this total was paid over to local authorities, but even when allowance is made for the payments that appear in both accounts the total is still over £1,200,000,000.

examination of the expenditure upon education and upon Poor Law relief back into the 'nineties, one will realise more fully the enormous increase that has occurred during the last forty years. In the year 1891 our total expenditure upon *education* amounted to little over £10,000,000, and upon *Poor Law relief* to £8,500,000. The cost of *education*, therefore, has increased nearly eight times, and that of *Poor Law relief* over four times, in the period under review—and we are spending as much on education to-day as half a century ago we spent upon the whole of our national services. As regards the increase of Poor Law relief, it must be remembered that this is only one branch of social service, and that unemployment and sickness insurance add enormously to the cost to the country of maintaining those who, for one reason and another, are unable to provide for themselves. In the Budget of our national expenditure for the year 1925-26 over twenty-four millions was provided by the Chancellor as the contribution of the National Exchequer towards the cost of Unemployment and Health Insurance, and nearly twenty-seven millions was provided on account of Old-Age Pensions, while another thirteen millions was paid in the form of special grants for Local Taxation Accounts. In the last Budget (1927-28), £118,765,000 was provided to cover *all grants* to local authorities on account of education and other services.

If this increase of expenditure upon the education of the rising generation and upon special services generally were producing an A1 nation one might be reconciled to shouldering the burden which it entails; but no one whose judgment is worth having considers that we are getting value for our money, and certainly in most directions our enormous expenditure is not producing the effects we desired or hoped. The purpose of the writer, however, in this article is not to discuss the social or moral evils which have resulted from some of our expenditure upon social services, but to enquire whether this expenditure cannot be reduced by the application of more business-like methods in its control, and to indicate some of the directions in which, in his opinion, savings might be effected in the

working and efficiency of the various departments of local government.

In the first place, there is no doubt that the level of wages and salaries paid by the majority of local government authorities is much too high—and that both the indoor and outdoor staffs are being paid at a higher rate than their services would command in the open market, in the works and industries of this country. Figures are given below, in Table II, for the relative level of rates of wages in various industries and occupations in July, 1926—and they prove that local authorities are paying a much higher rate to their unskilled labourers than any of the staple and larger industries of the country, with the exception of the building trade:—

TABLE II.
RELATIVE LEVEL OF RATES OF WAGES FOR UNSKILLED LABOUR.

Industry or Occupation.	Wages per Week in July, 1926. s. d.
House-building	55 10
Local Authorities	53 3
Railway Gangers	49 0
Railway Porters	45 0
Engineering	40 0
Shipbuilding	38 5
Agriculture	31 8

It must be noted that, while the *average level* of full-time rates of wages for the whole of the industries of the country is now 75 per cent. above the pre-War level, local authorities are still paying their labourers double the pre-War rates. This injustice and burden upon the ratepayers of the country extends through all grades of service of our local government. Some figures collected by Sir Josiah Stamp and A. L. Bowley in a *Study of the National Income in 1924* are presented in Table III, and show that, as regards men, the local authorities have a higher rate of distribution of salaries than any other professional occupation, with the exception of insurance offices, and that, as regards the employment of women, only the banks had a larger number drawing salaries over £150 per annum.

Wages and salaries, in fact, in local government departments were pushed up to a high level during the War, and have never been subjected to the same drastic cutting-down

as in the more open competitive industries and manufactures. Concurrently, with this maintenance of wages and salaries at an unfair and uneconomic level, there has grown up the idea that no man in local government employ must be dismissed, except for grave moral delinquency. The result of this method, and of the over-staffing which has occurred in many places, owing to the attractions of the service, is that the expenditure of these departments on salaries and wages is from 25 to 35 per cent. higher than it ought to be, and that the work is by no means so efficiently carried out as it would be under more business-like methods of control. Every man is disposed to consider himself quite secure in his job, and discipline is therefore slack. The foremen engaged in the supervision of the outside workers have little or no authority, and too often

TABLE III.
DISTRIBUTION OF SALARIES EXPRESSED AS PERCENTAGES, ACCORDING TO THEIR AMOUNTS, IN VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS.

Men.		Salaries over £150.		Women.	
	%				%
Insurance Companies .. .	90.6			Banking	68.7
Local Authorities	87.1			Local Authorities	47.5
Railway Companies	80.4			Insurance Companies .. .	30.4
Industry	78.5			Railway Companies	16.9
Banking	74.6			Industry	12.5

are mere onlookers at the waste of time of the men, of whom they are supposed to be in charge.

A few specific examples of waste and extravagance in the expenditure of public money will now be described, and the author will refer first to the millions being devoted to the maintenance and improvement of the highways of the country. The popular idea is that, as this expenditure is partly financed by and is under the control of the Ministry of Transport, the money must be well and wisely spent, and that no wastefulness or inefficiency will characterise this branch of expenditure. This view, however, is quite incorrect, for the actual expenditure of the money (which is received in the form of grants from the Road Fund) is in the hands of local authorities, and when these are inefficient an appalling amount of waste and extravagance occurs.

The writer can speak only from experience of that por-

tion of the country in which he resides; but this is quite typical of other places, since it is one of the most popular and most frequented by motorists in the north, and road-widening schemes and other improvements have been carried out in it since the end of the War *at an enormous cost*. He has no hesitation in asserting, however, that from one-quarter to one-third of the money spent on these road-widening and improvement schemes in his district during the last six years might have been saved if there had been more common sense employed in planning the improvements, and if there had been better supervision of the labour. As an example of the loss of time, the following experience may be quoted. Two years ago, when he was residing away from his own home, he had occasion every morning to wait for a motor 'bus at a corner of the main road, where an improvement scheme on a very large scale was in progress. From forty to fifty men were employed regularly on this work at that time, and never once did he find the whole of these men at work. Usually one-half were doing nothing, and either watching the others or the passing traffic, while the foreman of the gang was conspicuous by his absence. This slackness of work on the part of the men engaged upon the highways in this part of the country is quite general, and county councillors have informed the writer that when motoring to their monthly meetings in our county town they rarely find the men engaged on the roads at work in an industrious manner, and that the whole position with regard to the expenditure upon labour for upkeep of the roads is unsatisfactory.

As regards waste of material by extravagant planning, the road-widening scheme referred to above may be cited again as an example of wasteful expenditure. This scheme involved the removal of a hedge, and one would have expected that the widening of the road would have merely meant the planting of another hedge farther back, and the erection of a light wooden fence to protect it until fully grown. However, the local authorities decided to erect a massive stone wall, and what was formerly a picturesque country road has been transformed into an ugly stone-

walled highway, at an enormous cost for skilled labour and material. This policy of rooting out hedges and of building massive stone walls in their place, has been followed in the majority of road-widening schemes carried out in this district since the end of the War—and the chief aim of those who have planned these improvements apparently has been to make them as costly as possible, without any regard for the taxpayers or ratepayers upon whom the burden of interest on the debt ultimately falls. Every reader of this article, no doubt, can provide similar instances from his own experience of the wastefulness and vandalism which have characterised the expenditure by local authorities upon these so-called "improvements" of

TABLE IV.

OUTSTANDING LOAN DEBTS, RECEIPTS, EXPENDITURE AND PROFIT AND LOSS OF THE TRADING SERVICES MANAGED BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES IN ENGLAND AND WALES, FOR THE YEAR 1924-25.

Service.	Loan Debt.	Receipts.	Expenditure.	Profit.	Loss.
	£	£	£	£	£
Water Works	148,059,326	15,203,381	15,839,483	—	636,102
Harbours, Docks and Canals ..	89,372,484	14,401,509	14,209,260	192,249	—
Electric Light Undertakings ..	63,876,009	20,326,947	19,116,559	1,210,388	—
Tramways and Light Railways ..	37,888,629	22,635,366	22,505,302	130,064	—
Gas Works	25,238,401	16,748,052	16,966,548	—	218,496
Markets	6,093,140	1,983,687	1,553,820	429,867	—
Cemeteries	2,435,698	965,544	1,378,410	—	412,866
Other Trading Services	5,403,160	2,460,400	2,197,336	263,064	—
TOTALS	£378,366,847	£94,724,886	£93,766,718	£2,225,632	£1,267,464
				NET PROFIT	£958,168

the highways, and there is no need to devote further space to the subject in this article.

Turning now to those departments of local government expenditure which are classed as revenue-producing and self-supporting, we find that only in few cases do these produce any surplus that can be applied to the reduction of the rates, and that in some cases they are run at an actual loss. The figures given in Table IV relate to the year 1924-25, and show that the net profit from a group of services, the outstanding capital expenditure upon which amounted to nearly four hundred million pounds, was only £958,000, or at the rate of one-quarter of one per cent. per annum. It will no doubt be claimed that undertakings of this type,

when operated by local authorities, are run entirely in the interests of the public, and that all the benefits of good management are passed on to the consumers in the form of reduced prices, for the services or commodities which they supply. A comparison of the prices charged for gas and electricity by private companies and by municipally-owned undertakings does not, however, support this contention; for the cheapest gas in the country is that produced and sold by a company and not by a municipality, and the lowest price charged for the electrical unit is by one of the large company-owned supply stations, and not by a municipal plant.

The craze for erecting small electricity supply stations, which prevailed in the early days of development, in order that these could be placed entirely under local control, has caused also many of our present difficulties, for the country is now dotted over with hundreds of these small generating stations, which cannot be operated economically under modern conditions, and the plans of the Electricity Commissioners, when carried to their full realisation, will involve the shutting down of the majority of these small plants. Had the capital expenditure for these stations been raised in the ordinary way, the probability is that their out-of-date equipment would have been scrapped long ago, and any loss incurred would have fallen upon the shareholders. The expenditure, however, upon these stations under local control was met by long-dated loans with a low rate of capital amortisation; the outlay in many cases has not been paid off, and it will be many years before the full benefits of a cheap electricity supply will be obtained in such districts. The writer lives in one of the few areas which is now being supplied with electricity in bulk, but although our local council is purchasing electricity at a rate of $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ per unit, the consumers are still called upon to pay $5d.$ per unit for lighting purposes, because the capital debt incurred by the erection and equipment of the old generating plant is not yet fully discharged.

As regards the gas works which are under local management and control, the fact that the Gas Regulation Act of 1920 has been put into force by comparatively few of the

municipalities and local authorities which own their gas undertakings, indicates how uneasy they are at the prospects of any independent check upon the quality of the gas they supply. Thousands of consumers of gas in this country are, therefore, still compelled to buy their gas on the unsatisfactory basis of volume, instead of on the more scientific one of heat units, as stipulated in the new Act, because the local authorities are unwilling to allow its provisions to be applied in the districts over which they have control.

Considering next another "trading" branch of expenditure, Mr. Arnold Wright, in an article contributed to the review named below,¹ has analysed the position as regards the *tramway systems* run by local authorities, and has shown that only in a few of the largest and best-managed of these towns is sufficient provision being made for the replacement of the equipment and of the rolling stock. Tramways, in fact, are fast becoming obsolete with the growth of motor transport, and in another twenty-five years it is probable that there will be very few tramways remaining in operation in this country. Large sums, therefore, ought to be provided each year for writing down the capital outlay upon tramway lines and equipment; but very few of these publicly owned undertakings are earning sufficient to do this, and the majority of them consequently, from a business point of view, are hopelessly insolvent.

However, the subject of municipal *versus* private enterprise is certain to be much discussed during the coming General Election, for one of the chief aims of the Labour Party is to extend municipal enterprise until it covers all branches of industrial and social activity and the whole of the transport services of the nation. In a future article the writer hopes to be able to return to the subject, and to discuss it at greater length.

In conclusion, he may summarise the suggestions made in the present article for the reduction of the burden of the rates, as follows:—

- (1) A gradual reduction of salaries and wages of all local

(1) *Financial Review of Reviews*, April, 1926.

government employees to levels more in accord with those paid in other branches of industry, for similar work.

(2) The adoption of improved organisation and control of skilled and unskilled labour by the appointment of more efficient foremen, free from family relationship to the councillors themselves, or to any of the men under their control.

(3) The setting up of a "costings" department by all local authorities for control of work which can be carried out on a piece-work basis, and for comparison of the rates paid with those paid in other districts.

(4) The application of more business-like methods for control of the stores departments, and for checking the receipt and passing out of goods and materials.

The writer believes that the adoption of the first two of these proposals would have an immediate effect upon the expenditure of any local authority which had the courage thus to strike at the evil of over-expenditure at its roots. If the proposals summarised in paragraphs 3 and 4 were also put into practice, the reduction in the expenditure of this pioneer authority would be so striking, and the effect would be so marked, that other authorities might be induced to follow the lead given in the direction of greater efficiency in their expenditure of public moneys, with incalculable benefits to our heavily burdened industries and manufactures, and to all ranks and classes of the community.

THE COLONIAL POLICY OF FASCIST ITALY

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

No revolution has ever aroused such controversy, or been more generally misunderstood, than the one associated with the name of Benito Mussolini, and even to-day European opinion on this question reflects the confusion of thought which any bold innovator inevitably creates in the minds of his fellow-men when he revolutionises all their ideas. Based largely on the teaching of St. Simon, who over a hundred years ago had been loudly denouncing the theory of "the People as Sovereign," Fascism differs from every revolution that has preceded it, in that it was not brought about by the subversive elements of the nation, but rather by its elements of order. For the first time in history a complete transformation was made, not only in the constitution of a nation, but in every traditional ideal that had hitherto contributed to the forming of the national character, by the united effort of the most orderly elements of a people, grouped together in a *fascio* (bundle) under the direction of a leader who was determined to make a clean sweep of all governing bodies. And since, like Bolshevism, Fascism was the expression of that feeling of acute discontent which inevitably arises when existing institutions have outlived their utility, it was idolised by some and execrated by others, being considered as an ephemeral manifestation that well merited the ironical reserve with which public opinion had at first greeted its appearance.

So much has been written on the Fascist State and its illustrious founder that I do not purpose here to dilate at any length on its genesis or ultimate development, especially as I have already covered the subject in an article which I wrote in July, 1926, for *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. I shall therefore content myself with considering one aspect of the problem which has given rise to the greatest misunderstanding—the colonial policy of Fascist Italy.

Is there any justification for the attacks that are being
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continually made on Mussolini for his alleged "Imperialism," or are they not merely symptomatic of the perplexed fear which a man usually creates in the minds of his contemporaries when he not only formulates a new theory, but displays the initiative to put it into action and the courage to carry it through? Now, I maintain that the colonial policy of Fascist Italy only redounds to the credit of the eminent statesman who has been directing Italian policy for the last six years.

To understand the issue which I have raised it is necessary to retrace our steps and to give a brief account of Italian colonial policy from the inception of the new State, and if only this is done it will be realised not only that the colonial orientation of the Italian Dictator strikes a happy medium between the idealism of politicians and the realism of practical statesmanship, but that it was by similar methods that the British Empire came into being. No more logical or defensible scheme of colonisation in reality has ever been conceived than the one which is now in process of elaboration on that north coast of Africa which Mazzini once said belonged by right to Italy.

Retracing our steps, we find that Italy as it exists to-day came into being at a moment when the "policy of grab" that had been consistently adopted by the great colonising countries of the world for several centuries had left unclaimed very little territory that was not singularly deficient in material appeal. And though there was in the Italian nation that "need of economic and intellectual expansion which," as Mussolini has declared, "is natural to every nation which arrives a little late on the scene of the world," there were very few outlets available for the manifestation of that activity. England and France had seized the greater part of the more productive unclaimed areas, and what was left had mostly been appropriated by the other nations of Europe. And consequently the State which the House of Savoy had founded in order to restore the glories of ancient Rome came into life with a serious handicap, so far as territorial expansion was concerned.

Italy's first attempts at colonial enterprise took place on the shores of the Red Sea in 1870, when a private

- Italian shipping company purchased a settlement on the coast of Asab that, with an island near by, was destined to be the first Italian colony of Eritrea, while similar attempts were made in Tunisia, where Italian colonists far outnumbered the French. This latter effort was, however, doomed to disappointment owing to the red tape of officialdom and the policy of drift which was then followed by the Italian Government, and France occupied Tunisia in 1881, the treaty of Bardo which sealed the fate of that country being a great blow to Italian aspirations. Foiled in this direction, Rome then turned its attention farther East, and, with the consent of the British, effected a landing at Massawah, north of Abyssinia, in January, 1885, while Tripoli was also occupied. In this instance, however, the projected advance on the Sudan failed ignominiously owing to sluggishness and lack of initiative, the Italians being heavily defeated at the battle of Dogali in 1887.

A few years later the Italians again tried to find another outlet for their surplus population on the same coast, and, mainly owing to the energy of Francesco Crispi, who became Prime Minister in 1887, an important Italian settlement was formed in Abyssinia and an attempt made to carry through a corridor from Eritrea to Tripoli *via* the South Sudan. The Italians supported the claims of Menelik, King of Shoa, against his suzerain Negus John, and mainly owing to their assistance the former was able to establish himself as King of Shoa and Tigre and as Negus Negusti, or King of Kings, on the death of Negus John, the way being then paved for an Italian protectorate over Abyssinia by the Treaty of Ucciali in 1889. Once again, however, Italian aspirations were frustrated, this time owing to the French, and, acting under their influence, Menelik repudiated all his commitments some years afterwards, the war that followed this reversal of policy culminating in the Italian disaster of Adua in 1894 and the recognition of the independence of Abyssinia by the Roman Government.

These successive disappointments did not, however, react as unfavourably on Italian prospects of colonisation as might have been expected, and in spite of the signal

defeat then encountered, which would have sufficed to damp the ardour of a less determined race, the Italians set themselves once again to restore their prestige by further efforts of colonisation on the north coast of Africa, the seeds of colonial consciousness being now definitely sown.

In 1912 the Italian troops occupied Tripolitana and Cyrenaica (Libya Italiana), mainly owing to the impetus which was given to territorial expansion by the speeches of Gabriele d'Annunzio and Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which had stirred Italian feeling to its depths; and, realising that the greatness which had been achieved of old would never materialise so long as Italian enterprise was restricted to its own limited sphere, the nation set itself with a will to develop its own intrinsic strength in the few colonies that it had hitherto been able to create.

One of the causes of the break which ensued a few years later between Italy and the other members of the Triple Alliance was, in fact, the resultant of this intense striving after an Empire which had been generated; and it was mainly owing to the irritation felt in Italy generally through Austria's violation of Article 7 of the Treaty of Alliance between the two countries in presenting an ultimatum to Serbia without Italy being even consulted, and the promises made her by England and France in the domain of colonial expansion, that she broke away from her German and Austrian Allies in 1915 to become an active partner in the fight which was being prosecuted against the Central Powers. On this occasion Italy was promised "a just share in the Mediterranean region adjacent to the province of Adalia," while Article 13 of the same treaty stated that "in the event of France and Great Britain increasing their colonial territory in Africa at the expense of Germany, Italy might claim some equitable compensation, as regards settlement in her favour of questions relative to the frontiers of the Italian colonies of Eritrea, Somaliland and Libya."

To the Treaty of London, by which Italy was guaranteed these rectifications of her colonial Empire, Russia had been a signatory, and when, in 1917, this latter country

had succumbed to the lure of Bolshevism, a further treaty was signed between Italy, France and Great Britain at St. Jean de Maurienne, according to which Smyrna and that part of Anatolia lying between that city and Alexandretta were ceded to Italy—Lloyd George, Baron Sonnino and M. Léon Bourgeois being the representatives of England, Italy and France respectively. Yet when peace had been made and Italy claimed her rights, little notice was taken of these commitments, on the ground that they were contrary to Woodrow Wilson's "Fourteen Points." In vain her delegates advanced their claims to the Dodecanese, Rhodes and Smyrna, or to the frontier rectifications which had been promised to them in Cyrenaica and Tripoli. The Allies, having gained their victory, could afford to ignore the Italian pretensions, since they realised that they had little backing behind them, which was evidently the case.

Italian Fascism undoubtedly prospered through the Italians realising that their comparative impotence could only be terminated by a complete break with the traditions which had hitherto governed their policy, and Mussolini found a powerful support in the feeling of deception which had thus been created in the minds of his countrymen when they saw their war claims being set aside owing to their inability to enforce them. The alleged "Imperialism" with which Fascism has frequently been credited is, consequently, only the expression of the yearning of every genuine Italian patriot to restore the prestige of his country; and Italian colonial policy, from the moment Fascist rule was firmly established, has largely centred in the desire to realise not only the war promises made to Italy when success was still hanging in the balance, but the legitimate pretensions which she has been compelled to make owing to the problem of her surplus population.

Now it is an indisputable fact that of all countries in Europe there is not one whose population is increasing so rapidly in proportion to its numbers as present-day Italy, and the problem has now assumed so acute a form that it threatens to outweigh every other. The annual increase in Italy to-day is well over 500,000, and the population has

risen from 28,000,000 in 1881 to over 44,000,000 this year. To assert, therefore, that Mussolini is nursing plans of conquest that are wholly indefensible is to ignore a most urgent necessity. As the Italian Dictator stated a few years ago in a speech in the Senate: "One cannot dream of making war in order to acquire new territories, but the problem of our surplus population has become of such paramount importance that we cannot afford to neglect any solution open to us. We must utilise every square centimetre of our national territory and every little particle of our national energy. Only then will the tide of emigration that has made us lose millions of citizens in the past be arrested."

What Mussolini is, in fact, attempting to do, every patriotic statesman in this country would carry out if faced with a similar situation. And as Italy produces more infants than wheat, carbon or iron, she must fight for her rights, obtain every available colony that she has been promised, and so increase the fertility of her native soil that thousands of Italians will no longer be compelled to emigrate owing to the lack of employment.

Fascist colonial policy, as exercised in the various domains in which Italian territorial expansion is at present being directed, has accordingly developed on the following lines:—

(1) *Tripolitana and Egypt*.—The frontiers between these two countries have now been rectified in accordance with Fascist aspirations, and, following the occupation of Ghadames by Italian troops in 1924, England has ceded to their country the oases of Koufra, Djeraboub, and Djubaland.

(2) *Tripolitana and the French Sudan*.—Here many difficulties have arisen in negotiating with the French, especially with regard to the southern frontiers of the Italian Colony. And, basing their claim on the Treaty of London, the Italian Government has adopted the standpoint that the French should hand over the territories of Tibesti, Borkou, and Ennebi, lying to the south of Tripolitana, in view of the fact that Turkey, whose rights they had acquired on taking possession of the colony, had never

accepted the Franco-English Convention of 1898-99 by which the present frontiers had been delimited. How this problem will ultimately be solved is at present uncertain, but, as it is undeniable that Italy was confirmed in her possession of the province that she obtained through her war with Turkey in 1911, by the Treaty of Lausanne of October, 1912, the Italian Dictator has good ground for advancing his claim.

(3) *The Tangier Question*.—Here Mussolini has obtained every satisfaction, and it has generally been recognised that, though Italy had formally resigned any right to be consulted in the matter, by the Convention of 1923, her position as a great Mediterranean nation entitles her to have a voice in the settlement of the problem in question.

(4) *Tunisia*.—As I pointed out above, Italy has a right to Tunisia, which she only forfeited thanks to the lack of initiative and push that was displayed by her colonial authorities, and the numbers of her citizens living in that country amply justify her claim that Italian interests should adequately be protected. The French Government, in fact, were at first so conscious of this *situation de fait* that they granted considerable privileges to the Italian settlers once they were firmly established in their Protectorate. And according to the Treaty of Bardo, in 1886, the Italians were allowed to have their own schools, to speak their own language, and to nominate two representatives to the Municipality of Tunis. For over 30 years, in fact, the French and Italian colonists lived on the best of terms, yet when the Treaty of Bardo had expired, in 1916, the Government of Paris attempted to abrogate some of the concessions that had previously been made, on the ground that the Italians were proving a serious menace to French hegemony, and the treaty was renewed, but only for periods of three months at a time, this measure arousing great dissatisfaction among the Italians. Mussolini's attitude on this subject has never varied, and after much discussion and considerable delay the French Government has recognised the necessity of renewing the Treaty for a longer term, in view of the Italian war claims. All other outstanding questions between the two countries are in a

fair way to solution, and the Quai d'Orsay has at last recognised the need of doing something to give Italy a satisfactory *terrain de débouché* in North Africa. This being the case, the Italians have every right to be satisfied with the success which has rewarded their policy in this part of the world.

(5) *Asia Minor*.—Italian claims with regard to this region are almost entirely based on the promises which were made to them by the Treaty of St. Jean de Maurienne, a Convention by which Italy was definitely promised a footing in 70,000 square miles of Anatolian territory; but here again very little satisfaction has been granted Mussolini, owing to the policy of Lloyd George and his remissness in carrying out his obligations. The rebirth of Turkey, which took place almost simultaneously with this statesman's championing of the Greek cause against all comers, proved, moreover, fatal to Italian pretensions, and it soon became evident that the Italians would never establish themselves in Asia Minor once the Turks had defeated the Greeks and so proved that they were by no means moribund. And though an agreement was signed between Mustapha Kemal, Tefik Bey, and the Italian Government (Treaty of Milan, May, 1928), through which over 50,000 Italian immigrants were allowed to settle in each *vilayet* (province) of Anatolia, little was done to fulfil the implied obligation. So far as Italian-Turkish relations are concerned, a *media via* has yet to be discovered that will adequately meet the case.

Italian colonial prospects are, therefore, not as roseate as the most ardent Fascists would like them to be, and though Mussolini and Luigi Federzoni, his able Colonial Minister, have done all they could to make their work a lasting success, there is much spade-work to be done and many mistakes to be rectified in order to ensure even an incomplete realisation of their colonial aims.

In Italian Libya (Tripolitana and Cyrenaica), on the other hand, Mussolini's compatriots have displayed considerable energy in the work of development. Harbours, roads and railways have been constructed, while certain zones have been covered with olive, lemon, palm and other

*fruit trees; and figs, vines, cereals and saffron have been implanted, in many cases with great success. This, however, is only a beginning, and Fascism must take up the further work of exploiting all those other resources of its colonies that have so far remained untapped, if it is to make a success of colonial enterprise. Little, for instance, has been done to increase the cotton output of these regions, in spite of the fact that cotton is one of the most important of the Italian industries; while there are many zones in Djubaland, Eritrea, and Libya that would yield an enormous supply of cotton, if profitably exploited, and as many large regions in Asmara and Eritrea that would provide a sufficiency of manganese, iron, zinc, coal, gold, and potash. In spite of these limitations, however, the Italian colonial territories every year are increasing their economic wealth, and if only the present policy is persevered with, there is every prospect of great material wealth accruing to the mother country, to justify the sacrifices that she has made.

To sum up the question with which I have been dealing, I would say that Fascist colonial policy can only be viewed as a manifestation of the vital force and energy that Mussolini has set throbbing in every Italian heart. For the first time for many centuries, Italian *moral* has definitely set itself against defeatism, and, having acquired something of the Imperial outlook that had been the dominating characteristic of their Roman ancestors, Italy is deliberately refusing to look back on the path that she has traced out for herself. If her needs are many, she is determined to satisfy them, and since this is the case there is no reason why she should not do so. That, at least, is the Credo which Mussolini has imposed on his followers.

TOLSTOY'S HEROINES

By LUCIE SIMPSON

QUALITIES distinguishing one heroine from another differ in degree rather than kind. While the great, as the mediocre, of novelists despise at their peril prepossessions which have always been the privilege of heroines, it is not by enumeration and description of them so much as by implication that the greater writers succeed in conveying an idea of the irresistible. In fact, to the extent writers are great do they rely on the force of character to make up for lack of physical attractions. Charlotte Brontë choosing "the ugliest of women in the ugliest of centuries because she instinctively felt that the whole of the exterior must be made ugly that the whole of the interior might be made sublime" is a case in point. In addition, the gain from leaving something to the imagination is incalculable. "A star danced, and under that I was born," as a synthesis of character indicating for all time the sprightliness and charm of a Beatrice has never been surpassed. Meredith's "Dainty rogue in porcelain" also expresses much in a few words.

The power of flashing a meaning in a phrase or poetic image, however, belongs to very few. Tolstoy was not one of them. Yet he has a gallery of portraits as beautiful, as convincing, as perennially attractive, as diverse and individual as either Shakespeare or Meredith. And never is it because of their remoteness from the ordinary, but rather, it seems, because of their ordinariness and oneness with the universal, plus, of course, some quality dispensed by Tolstoy that remained a secret to himself. Throughout, his finer women insinuate themselves into the reader's good graces as readily and realistically as do certain people of one's acquaintance who are accepted and loved without any thought of criticism.

The point of contact between Shakespeare, Meredith and Tolstoy—without doubt the three greatest portrayers of women in literature—lies in the fact that each was a

great lover of woman—a love of the spirit equally with the flesh, the power to love individually, one with the eternal, infinite love of the artist. "All I understand I understand by love alone" might have been said by each, especially in relation to their women, as it was said by Tolstoy. In a word, the emotionalism of the artist in every one was *en rapport* with the emotionalism which is at the base of woman's character. This accounts more than anything for faithful representation.

Though no writer has given us a greater variety of women than Tolstoy, he never sacrifices the individual to the type. He may have had no great liking for the so-called enfranchised woman, or accepted her as such, yet he often conveys the idea that woman is every whit as clever and resourceful as man. He understood as few, before or since, that a woman is intelligent, not at the cost of her emotionalism but rather because of it. In inferior hands the heroine is often divested of her womanliness because she fails to react to impulses and instincts to which woman has always reacted, and to which she will continue to react to the end. Educated or uneducated, enfranchised or enslaved, woman reaches her premises as her conclusions as frequently through feeling as ratiocination. To this fundamental of feminine psychology all great writers are true. Manners change, customs are superseded, but emotion, "the irreducible minimum, the indestructible germ, is ever the same."

Among the things that strike one on first making the acquaintance of Tolstoy's heroines are their naturalness and spontaneity; these, and the completeness with which they fulfil the purpose of their author, testifying to the confidence of mastery of creation. It was Maxim Gorki who said, *à propos* of Tolstoy's women: "Though I acknowledge the marvellous penetration of genius, I still think that certain traits of the women of his great novel could be known only to a woman, and were suggested by his wife." But then one is frequently surprised and non-plussed at the facility with which genius arrives at its conclusions. That Tolstoy's wife was a remarkable woman, whose practical sympathy and co-operation

enabled the novelist to accomplish as much as he did, is common knowledge. But how far Gorki is right in ascribing to her any creative part in his stories it is difficult to say.

The great novel referred to is *War and Peace*. Great in conception, inviting comparison with Hardy's *Dynasts* in that it treats of the Napoleonic wars, the author was not too much preoccupied with his theme—as, indeed, neither was Hardy in *The Dynasts*—to preclude touches of the most searching and beautiful humanity and incidents of the humblest domesticity. It is by dint of these rather than the central motive of the book, which was to emphasise the futility and ruthlessness of war, that it must be considered the greatest of the novels.

The reason that Tolstoy's heroines, from an artistic estimate, are a greater success than his heroes may be due partly to the fact that the latter are too exclusively self-portraits of the novelist and their experiences autobiographical. If we except servants and peasants (and soldiers in *War and Peace*), the men of the novels fall easily into two groups—the heroes proper, each introspective, complex, religious and characterised by high moral endeavour, and the *bon viveur* type, like Stepan Arkadyvitch and Count Vronsky. The women are seen to be much more diverse, and owe a great deal of their charm, as the clarity with which they are presented, to the fact that their creator is never consciously exploiting his own spiritual experiences when writing of them. With the exception of Maria Bolkonsky, none, if we remember rightly, is greatly troubled by conscientious and religious scruples for long together. While the Levins, Peters, and Nekhludoffs are torn a hundred ways and debate eternally on the why and wherefore of life and destiny, the women remain for the most part creatures of impulse, swayed chiefly by the desire for affection, and asking no great things of life but those that fall to the ordinary lot of woman. Yet withal there is no suggestion of sameness. In the opening chapter of *War and Peace*, for instance, some half-dozen women are introduced, each as distinct and individual as can be imagined. And the two most important and greatest not yet in sight! These are, of course, Natacha,

- the heroine proper, and Maria Bolkonsky, who plays almost, if not quite, as important a part in the story.

In recalling Natacha Rostow—the most attractive heroine, to our thinking, in modern literature—long after the book has been laid aside, certain scenes with which she is associated involuntarily occur to one. The first is when as a child among other children she runs into her mother's drawing-room—"a little girl with black eyes and a wide mouth, rather plain than pretty, but to make up for this, amazingly full of life." Another is the occasion of her first ball, an incident which has been described many times by all kinds of writers, though never so convincingly as here. So infinite the details and so true every one, that Tolstoy himself might have been a young girl once and actually experienced them.

At one moment it occurred to her to think how she was to behave and to try to put on that calm and demure demeanour which she thought indispensable in a young lady at a ball; but at the same time she was aware, happily for her, that her eyes were not doing her bidding, that they were wandering in every direction, that excitement was making her heart beat at a hundred a minute and prevented her seeing clearly what was going on around her.

From the despairing fear that no one was going to ask her to dance she passed to a point where her happiness was complete.

. . . Reached that climax when happiness alone is enough to make us kind and perfect; when we cease to believe in evil or in sorrow and in misfortune.

It is because Natacha is "so amazingly full of life" that she remains absorbingly interesting. For to be amazingly full of life is to be adventurous, to attract the bitter as the sweet of life, to know its sorrow and its joy, to be obliged constantly to reconstruct and adjust one's self to life. More than once she is expected to act with a circumspection beyond her years, maybe with direful but as often as not with the happiest results. And always there is the sense of growth. The conflict between desire and expediency, as ever with women of her temperament, educates quickly and effectively.

The spiritual fervour of Princess Maria, her devotion to

the impossible old man who is at once her mentor and her father—whose affection is never proof against petty persecution and continual fault-finding—her care and affection for her brother's motherless son, her uncomplaining submission, her charity and compassion make her one of the most beautiful characters conceivable. The only woman in the novels who embodies Tolstoy's religious fervour, she must have been very close to his heart.

There is one incident that every woman reader of the novel will appreciate to the full, when the novelist exercises his rather mordent but all too infrequent humour at her expense. Sardonic and cutting as it is, however, it in no way reflects on the character of the girl whose greatness was of a nature that neither ridicule nor abuse could impugn. We refer to the visit of a prospective suitor to the house. Maria's sister-in-law, the little Princess Lisa, and her companion, Mademoiselle Bourienne, considered it was an occasion for urging Maria to make some alteration in her simple toilet. "A blue bow here, a curl pinned up there, a scarf thrown across the brown dress" would, they were sure, work wonders. Maria patiently submitted. But they soon found she was not of the order whom furbelows and gewgaws adorn. So Mademoiselle was adjured by the Princess to bring back, as quickly as she could, the everyday grey frock. Maria, however, refuses to be experimented on further. Dress and hair must remain as they are. While they debated tea was announced, and in duty bound they must go to the drawing-room to meet the visitors. Meanwhile the old Prince, Maria's father, agitated by the presence of strangers and in none the best of tempers at the thought of their errand—for life without his daughter would be impossible—enters the room, and at a glance takes in Maria's unusual appearance. In the course of a few minutes he finds occasion to reprimand her, forbidding her ever to indulge such vagaries again without his leave!

Not content to treat only of the love affairs of the two heroines, in the Epilogue, Tolstoy gives us a picture of their married life, which affords opportunity for airing his

views on what he considers the *raison d'être* of woman. That motherhood is her crowning distinction he always affirmed. Because he had the most exalted opinion of the woman who fulfils the duties of wife and mother, he draws an ideal picture of the two matrons. In *What Then Must We Do?* written ten or twelve years later, he expresses himself, if possible, even more strongly on the matter, finishing up with a panegyric on the fruitful mother. While admitting that danger and effort and self-sacrifice are noticeably her lot, he points out that they are the lot of all who take life seriously, and should not be shirked.

Of the two wives referred to, it is Maria to whom finally one's sympathies are most warmly attracted. While Natacha remains the impulsive, charming, wayward woman (except where duty to her husband is concerned), and is withal a devoted mother and friend, Maria's daily life, in addition to these, admits of the realisation of the ideals to which she aspired so ardently in her youth. We are told that:

her spirit tended always towards the infinite, the eternal and the complete, and therefore was never at rest! This strenuous and sublime yearning of soul expressed itself in the drawn expression of her face and the tenseness of her frame. As Nicholas (her husband, on the occasion referred to) looked at her it suddenly occurred to him: "My God! what would become of us all if she were to die!"

No more eloquent commentary could be bestowed on a wife. For unless love and sacrifice are the leading principles of her life as mother and helpmeet, no woman can earn this tribute.

In the six years which separated the writing of *War and Peace* from *Anna Karenina*, Tolstoy was occupied with many things extraneous to the art of novel writing. Among these the study of German philosophy and Greek, the writing of various treatises on religion and education ranked first in importance. And yet the work which followed gave few signs of engrossment in these matters. *Anna Karenina* is, in short, the epic of a woman's life and death and passion. Had it been written ten years later it would probably not have been such an artistic success, and would without doubt have been shorter. For the "definite change

of being" described in *My Religion* took place subsequent to the writing of the book, though signs are not wanting therein that it is imminent.

Side by side with the tragedy of Anna is depicted the love affair of Kitty and Levin, as if the author throughout was contrasting in his mind the idyll of a first love and the happiness that attends it, with the tragic uncertainty and deception characterising so often an illicit passion.

Whether of set purpose or not one cannot say, but in the detailed and often prolix unfolding of the story, and in spite of the author's avowed reactionary attitude to the woman's question, the whole is an eloquent criticism of woman's position. So astute a mind could not have been unaware that it is her position and predicament that are at once the test of the moral and human worth of any given state of society. In this relation Tolstoy does not hesitate to sit in severe judgment on the fashions and conventions that war so terribly at times with the humanities. It was precisely in this connection Dostoevsky wrote of *Anna Karenina* as "the most convincing proof Russia could offer to the Western world of her capacity to contribute something great to the solution of the problems that oppress humanity."

In one or two conversations that occur in the book questions of woman's enfranchisement as of sociology generally are dealt with in greater moderation than in the later works, conspicuously in *The Kreutzer Sonata*. For instance, both sides of the argument anent more educational facilities for women are carefully and reasonably advanced. One speaker considered that "the two questions of woman's education and rights are inseparable, and that woman is deprived of her rights because of her lack of education, and her lack of education is due to the deprivation of her rights." While another asserts, "We cannot but sympathise with their (women's) desire to aid men in their labours." Considering *Anna Karenina* was written in the 'seventies of last century, these things are worthy of note as showing the bent of Tolstoy's sympathies.

Anna's tragedy is also an illustration, not to say an indictment, of inequalities in the law of divorce as apply-

ing to women. In arrogating to himself the right to deny her an opportunity to annul her marriage and unite her life legally with that of the man she loved, Karenin, her husband, was exercising an unjust prerogative. Of this aspect of the affair little direct mention is made by Tolstoy. By dismissing the subject in affirming that "the inequality of women in marriage consists in the fact that the infidelity of a wife was more severely condemned both by the law and public opinion than that of the husband" he appears to acquiesce in the injustice. He is certainly begging the question.

Referring to forces which have done much in late years to help forward the woman's movement, Prof. Kidd¹ placed first the idealisation of woman in fiction, pointing out that man cannot be represented as on a higher social and intellectual plane than woman without a sense of unfitness, partiality and artistic disaster.

In a striking manner this applies to the character of Anna. As an individual she is in many respects the undisputed superior of Vronsky, her lover, which fact may tend not a little to enhance the sense of unfairness and tragedy on which the story turns. "Her large, fresh, rich, generous, delightful nature," which keeps our sympathy from beginning to end, contrasted with that of the man for whom she sacrifices so much, is singularly appealing and attractive. Of this disparity between the two, Tolstoy himself appears to have been aware now and then, for he seems to go out of his way at times to remedy it by indicating qualities in Vronsky which do not quite fit him.

Had circumstances been but a little more benign, Anna would have remained law-abiding throughout, and been saved the tragic end which was foreshadowed long before it actually transpired.

Married in extreme youth to an old man, she has never known love until she meets Vronsky. Both are mutually attracted at first sight. After valiant efforts to resist the irresistible, Anna capitulates and unites her fate with his. The lovers wait for the divorce, anticipating marriage as soon as it is consummated. But Karenin, the husband,

(1) *The Science of Power*, p. 246.

after some deliberation, allows his religious scruples to influence him, and decides against it. During months of suspense Anna's position becomes increasingly painful. No longer welcome in circles where erstwhile her beauty and charm were the chief ornaments, she is looked at askance and becomes an object for innuendo and slight. Meanwhile the prospect of marriage becomes more remote. Hampered and restricted, she is beset with suspicion and jealousy, unjustly accusing Vronsky, at times, of getting tired of her. Another cause for unhappiness is the enforced separation from her son. In spite of having been refused permission to see him, she decides to take things into her own hands, and calls at her old home on the morning of the boy's birthday. The incident of their meeting is one of the most impressively beautiful and touching on record. The child, overjoyed at seeing her, is vaguely troubled by the air of mystery and subterfuge which enshrouds her visit. Anna, her heart bursting, tries to be her old self and to reassure him. The interview has to be curtailed, for a meeting with her husband, who always comes to the child's room at a stated hour, is inevitable if she remains. His approach is the signal for her to hurry away, the glimpse of the child only revealing how insatiable the hunger of her love for him. Later, misunderstandings and quarrels occur between the lovers, the intensity of their passion making each susceptible to the slightest suggestion of coldness and infidelity. In addition, Vronsky's mother is anxious for her son to break with Anna and marry the daughter of a rich friend of her own. This proves to be the last straw. Concluding, Vronsky favours the project, and attributing his delayed absence from home on one occasion to this cause, Anna, unable to bear the suspense alone, welcomes, as a distraction, a visit to her sister-in-law. At the station the thought comes into her mind that if she were dead *he* would be sorry. Whereupon she conceives the notion of taking her life by slipping on to the line in front of an approaching train. . . .

The sub-title of the book is "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay," though it is not quite clear who is to be avenged without it is society itself. For when all is said, the

tragedy was not in consequence of an act of supreme justice, the real occasion of it being the inconsistency of Vronsky and Anna themselves, who had not the courage to break away from that society which, while it may shut its eyes to clandestine affairs, would not tolerate an open breach of the conventions. And from the first Anna was incapable of deceit.

In novels like *The Cossacks*, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, and *Resurrection*, where the story is more or less sacrificed to theory, the women are ordinary and sometimes commonplace. Except, perhaps, in the last named. Maslova was true to life both as a peasant girl and later as a prostitute. But the author is too intent on correlating incidents that resulted in her exile to Siberia with the character of the hero to supply us with more than a glimpse or two of the psychological woman.

True to the theory elaborated in his *What is Art?* that the artist hands on to others feelings he has lived through, Tolstoy's heroines give one the impression that they are actual women whom the author has met and studied at first hand. Because they express the ordinary sentiments and live the everyday life of ninety-nine women out of every hundred, they remain strikingly human. It is this humanity, combined with the capacity to love and suffer, which explains their enduringness and entitles them to rank with the great women of all literatures.

FUEL AND POWER AS NATIONAL PROBLEMS

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN MODERN CIVILISATION

BY DAVID BROWNLIE

DURING the past few years, partly due to the upheaval resulting from the War, both the political and industrial world as a whole has been in such a state of revolutionary change that the importance and true significance of the matter is perhaps not easy to grasp at the present time, since we are living in the midst of the actual events. So far as Great Britain is concerned, a momentous tendency is the determination of most industrial and semi-industrial countries to regard the whole question of fuel and power as a national matter, that is, like armies, navies, police, water supply, sewage, hospitals, and fire brigades, for example, one for more or less co-operative handling by the whole nation as distinct from private individuals.

This is due to various causes, but mainly the enormous growth in the use of the internal combustion engine, whether of the high-speed petrol or the Diesel type, and the necessity of cheap electrical power. For military and naval reasons alone it is obviously impossible for any country of importance to continue to be dependent, more or less entirely, upon other countries for petrol and liquid fuel generally. Quite apart from aeroplanes, airships, and oil fuel for naval vessels, including submarines, the modern army to-day is almost entirely moved by mechanical means, so that the production of liquid fuel in security at home is just as vital as in the case of ammunition, explosives, poison gas, battleships, guns, rifles, aircraft, and hospital equipment. The matter is even more important, however, in the industrial field, and essential for a scientifically organised country is both a proper development of transport (railways and motor vehicles), and production of cheap electricity with a complete and efficient system of distribution for light, heat and power. Further, the method of

generating the electricity must be one designed, alike for military and industrial reasons, to utilise to the fullest extent all the home sources of energy available, whether coal, lignite, shale, oil, peat, wood, or water power with entire independence of other countries as the ideal, particularly in emergencies.

The whole subject of fuel and power, and especially in relation to home resources, is of more importance to Great Britain than any other country in the world, and, to emphasise this point, in the present contribution an attempt will be made to give an outline of the developments already taking place in a number of the other most important countries, that is, the United States, Germany, France and Japan, including also the interesting case of Estonia. Obviously the significance of the trend of events is not yet generally realised by the British nation, although much attention is also being concentrated on fuel and power from the national point of view in many other countries, such as Canada, Brazil, Chili, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

Until almost a few years ago it was regarded universally as quite a correct state of affairs for any given country to have, for example, several hundred, or several thousand, coal mines, each with separate private owners, who were allowed to dig up the coal without regard to the efficiency of the methods employed, and sell it how and where they pleased, irrespective of quality and treatment, such as grading, cleaning and washing, and in competition or otherwise with one another at home or abroad. In the same way almost anyone could attempt to utilise lignite, shale, cannel, or torbanite, for example, develop water power, and sell gas or electricity, often in a manner deliberately injurious to the whole community.

However, this state of chaos with regard to the production and distribution of fuel and power is now, before our eyes and with much tribulation, in process of passing, and it will not be very long before some marked attention will be given also to the methods of using fuel and power with a view to the enforcement of a reasonable standard of efficiency.

Before considering the five countries mentioned, it should be emphasised that the total world consumption of heat, light and power continues to advance by leaps and bounds. The chief sources of energy, of course, are coal (and lignite), water power and petroleum oil, items such as shale, peat, wood and the force of the wind being at present comparatively negligible, although wood, especially as charcoal, is much more important than generally imagined. Approximately, taking 1927 figures, the total coal and lignite consumption is 1,460,000,000 metric tons, of which Great Britain contributes about twenty per cent., the United States fifty-five per cent., and Germany nineteen per cent. Also petroleum has now reached the figure of 1,254,000,000 barrels per annum, equal in heat value to, say, 313,000,000 tons of coal, and seventy per cent. of this total, or 905,800,000 barrels, comes from the United States. As regards water power, plant of probably between 35-40,000,000 h.p. has already been installed, of which nearly 12,000,000 h.p. is in the United States. Highly significant also is that the world production of coal is almost stationary, the figure in 1913, for example, being roughly 1,350,000,000 metric tons. But about this time the total petroleum was only 400,000,000 barrels, instead of 1,254,000,000 barrels in 1927—one-third the amount—and whereas the world's water-power figures do not seem to be very clear, they are probably in 1913 less than 15,000,000 h.p., being 23,000,000 h.p. in 1920 and 29,000,000 h.p. in 1923.

ESTONIA.

The position as regards national fuel and power in the new-established Republic of Estonia is particularly interesting because of the special attention being given by the Government to the development of the important shale deposits of the country, estimated on a conservative basis as 5,500,000,000 tons. It is the intention to not only carbonise this rich shale, known as "kukkersite," which geologically is the oldest in the world, with a quality by assay test of about sixty-seventy gallons of crude oil per ton, and

obtain liquid products, but, also to use the raw shale as a universal solid fuel instead of coal. Very important progress has already been made towards this aim of no imported liquid or solid fuel, and the present annual consumption of shale is believed to be about 450,000 tons per annum.

In the days of the Russian Czarist Government, during the War, schemes had already been drawn up to develop Estonian shale on low-temperature carbonisation lines for liquid-fuel production as an alternative supply to the Baku oilfields. Soon after the Germans withdrew from Estonia in November, 1918, the Republic was founded, and as a result the railways were nationalised along with the shale deposits, and in June, 1922, a special Estonian State Shale Oil Company was formed, with headquarters at the Kohtla mines, but operating also mines at Kukruse, mostly by open-cut methods. A very large staff is employed at Kohtla—about 1,700 people—and in 1926, the last year for which figures seem to be available at the moment, the total production of shale from the two mines was 334,130 metric tons, the figure in 1920 being only 45,844 tons. At the same time the Estonian Government has let on a royalty basis many concessions of shale-bearing lands, over 265,000 acres in extent, to more than thirty different firms.

With regard to the different uses of the shale, in 1925, for example, with a total consumption of 290,660 metric tons, 103,894 tons were taken by Portland cement factories, 89,397 tons by the State railways, 74,626 tons for various other purposes, especially steam boilers and gas manufacture, in place of raw coal, while 22,743 tons were utilised for low-temperature carbonisation and the production of oil. In the latter connection the general situation in Estonia to-day is that a "Pintsch" plant, supplied by the Julius Pintsch A.G., Berlin, of six retorts, with a throughput of 200-240 tons of shale per twenty-four hours, is operating at the Kohtla Mines, a private company, the Estonian Shale Development Syndicate, Ltd., is working at Vanamõisa the English "Fusion Retort" process with two retorts, having a total capacity of 40 tons of shale per twenty-four hours, and the Estonian Shale Oil Co. at

Püssi, which started operations in 1922, is now completing a retort installation of its own design, on the tunnel-oven principle, after several years' experience with a previous type of plant according to the long travelling-chain design. Also other plants are being erected for operation before the end of the year, notably according to the Swedish "Gron-dal-Carlson" process and the German "Meguin" process.

It is stated that the total requirements of the country for raw fuel alone, to replace coal, and quite apart from liquid fuel, are about 750,000 tons of shale per annum, so that obviously great advances are being made.

FRANCE

Undoubtedly one of the most striking features of the national life of France to-day is the grim determination to render the whole country independent of all imported solid and liquid fuel. The methods being used to attain this objective include the intensive development of water power, much increased use of electricity, especially as regards the railways and in mining, the discouragement of imports of British coal and the modernisation of the French mines, and motor traction driven by producer gas instead of petrol, as well as power alcohol and benzene from coke-oven plant. Combined with this also is the rapid growth of the synthetic nitrogen compound industries for explosives and manures, notably the "Claude" process, and the manufacture of liquid fuel, especially motor spirit, by the catalytic reduction of carbon monoxide gas.

At the same time low-temperature carbonisation of coal, shale, and lignite is beginning to make progress, and undoubtedly within the next few years by these various methods France will reach a stage of independence and security as regards home-produced solid and liquid fuel equal to that she has always held in respect of foodstuffs. For example, to-day over 2,000,000 h.p. in water-power plant, calculated on a most conservative basis, has been installed, as compared with 800,000 h.p. in 1914, while on the most advanced lines research work is also being undertaken in two entirely different fields of water power. the

harnessing of the rise and fall of the tides, and the possibility of the driving of turbines by using the moderately warm layer of water on the top of the ocean to generate steam, using part of the intensely cold water from below.

Also the manufacture of synthetic motor spirit from water gas (mixed carbon monoxide and hydrogen) obtained by the gasification of coal, lignite, or other solid fuel with alternate blasts of steam and air, has been actively studied in France for several years past, and chiefly as a result of the research work undertaken under the auspices of the Office National des Combustibles Liquides there has been formed a very large company, the Carburants et Produits de Synthèse. The details and results obtained have not been made public, but, as in Germany, the general principle is the reduction of the carbon monoxide by the hydrogen in the presence of catalysts (metals or metallic salts) at high temperatures and pressures to give a low boiling point liquid fuel, apparently composed of methyl alcohol, higher alcohols, and complex organic compounds derived from them.

In the field of low-temperature carbonisation the "Salerni" process is in successful commercial operation on the Sarre with bituminous coal, resulting in a smokeless fuel, used for blending with the Sarre swelling coals to give a metallurgical coke equal to the best Ruhr quality from entirely French coals. Other low-temperature processes of French origin or operated in France, intended mostly for lignite or shale, are the "Bonnevie," "Breuille," "Dupuy," "Guardabassi - Gouillard," "Migeon" and "Pieters."

GERMANY

Undoubtedly from the point of view of fuel and power, and especially the development of home resources, Germany at the present time is the most scientifically organised country in the world, and during the past ten years has made gigantic strides in this connection. The most striking features are the vast developments in the use of lignite to compensate for the coal areas lost in the War, the adoption of an efficient co-operative system for the

selling of coal in more or less standard qualities, long distance gas transmission, and the linking up of coke-oven plant for town-gas supply, advances in the low-temperature carbonisation of coal and lignite, and, above all, the epoch-making work, both as regards hydrogenation of solid fuel and the manufacture of motor spirit and low-boiling point hydrocarbons by the catalytic reduction of carbon monoxide gas. Approximately, taking round figures based on the past few years, Germany now uses about 120,000,000 tons of lignite per annum, largely as briquettes, but also for direct combustion and low-temperature carbonisation. Since about 1850 an important industry in the latter connection has been centred in the Halle-Saale area, using the well-known "Rolle" retort, for the undried raw lignite having about 50 per cent. water, and the present position is that a number of retorts have been perfected as serious competitors to the "Rolle" retort, some of the more important processes evolved being the "Drawe," "Heller," "Honigman-Bartling," "Kohlenveredlungs," "Limberg," "Lurgi," "Sauerbrey," "Seidenschnur" and "Streppel."

But at the same time matters in the low-temperature carbonisation of bituminous coal are not being neglected, and noteworthy German processes that may be mentioned for such conditions are the "K.S.G." (Stinnes), the "Plassmann," the "Meguin," the "Raffloer," the "Hanl," the "Pintsch," and the "Bartling." A very large "K.S.G." plant is also being erected in New Jersey, U.S.A., while it has been decided to develop the "Plassmann" process in Great Britain.

As regards the low-temperature carbonisation of shale, however, little is being accomplished, and Germany also is not well provided with inland water power, the total available being given as 2,000,000 h.p., of which, however, more than 50 per cent., 1,100,000 h.p., had already been utilised by the end of 1926.

The famous work of Bergius consists essentially, so far as coal or lignite is concerned, in heating a paste of the pulverised solid material and heavy oil with hydrogen gas, generally about 30,000 cubic feet of gas per ton of fuel

at very high temperatures and pressures, such as 775-800 degrees F. and 3,000 lb. per square inch. Under these conditions bituminous coal, for example, is partly converted, to the extent of 35-75 per cent., depending on the quality, to a complicated liquid resembling crude petroleum, which includes the equivalent of 30 gallons per ton of motor spirit.

Whether commercial success will be attained with the Bergius process or not remains to be seen, and, as in the case of France, great secrecy is being maintained. Apparently, however, one hydrogenation plant at the Leuna Works of the I.G. Farbenindustrie A.G. has a consumption of 14,000 tons of lignite per day, and the present general opinion in Germany now seems to be, as a result of the most extensive large-scale experience, that the hydrogenation of lignite is not a commercial proposition under present conditions of petroleum oil production throughout the world. Accordingly future developments will probably take the direction of low-temperature carbonisation of lignite by much improved methods and hydrogenation of all the tar to give a high yield of light oils and lubricating oils, with perhaps use of the residual solid fuel for total gasification for the manufacture of synthetic liquid fuels from water gas.

Also it is not decided whether hydrogenation of bituminous coal is the correct method, but this offers much better possibilities than lignite. There is now being erected a "trial" plant, costing 6,000,000-7,000,000 gold marks, at a former works of the A.G. für Teerverwertung at Duisberg-Medderich for hydrogenating bituminous coal according to the Billweiler modification of the Bergius process. This is to be ready by the end of the present year, and will have a capacity of 30,000 tons of coal per annum, representing an output of 13,000 to 14,000 tons of crude oil, which fractionates to 7½ per cent. by weight of motor spirit, 10 per cent. medium oil, and 4 per cent. lubricating oil on the raw coal, as well as other products.

The even more remarkable developments in Germany with regard to the manufacture of liquid fuel, such as "Synthol" from carbon monoxide gas, on the lines already

discussed, are based upon the pioneer work of many investigators, but especially that of Franz Fischer and his associates at Mulheim-Ruhr. Enormous plant on these lines is in operation at the Leuna works, using raw lignite for the manufacture of the water gas, while, according to statements in the German Press, the I.G. Farbenindustrie expects to produce in the present year 100,000 tons of motor spirit from lignite only, the product being already on the market under commercial conditions, while great extensions of the plant are under consideration for completion in 1929.

JAPAN

The general position in Japan can be described as extensive development of water power, increased production of coal in Japan proper, as well as Saghalien and Southern Manchuria, a steady growth in the use of electricity, and detailed study of the low-temperature carbonisation of bituminous coal, lignite, and shale, both under Government and private auspices. This latter method has two special objects in view, the first of which is primarily home-produced oil fuel for the Japanese Navy as well as petrol for transport purposes, so as to render the country independent of imported liquid fuel. Secondly, the universal household fuel in Japan for thousands of years past has been charcoal, both in the "Hibachi" or small brazier-like apparatus used in the living rooms, and the "Konro" or cooking stove, with a short chimney. The supply of wood, however, is beginning to fail, and the enormous demand for charcoal is difficult to maintain so that a natural market already exists for a hard smokeless reactive fuel that will burn easily without smell, incidentally just as in India, for example.

The general fuel and power situation in Japan can be summed up as a consumption of about 30,000,000 tons of coal per annum, 1,000,000 tons of liquid fuel (petroleum products), and 1,850,000 tons of charcoal. Also much wood is used as fuel, but what is the proportion of the total consumption of 1,000,000,000 cubic feet for all purposes is not known.

As regards the production of electricity, the steam-driven generating plants have a total capacity of about 700,000 h.p. Japan has total potential inland water power of 4,500,000 h.p., and by the end of 1926 the hydro-electric plant installed totalled no less than 1,750,000 h.p., as against, however, 1,690,000 h.p. in 1923, out of a total of 2,100,000 h.p. in all Asia.

Nearly all the coal is obtained within the Japanese Empire, but the position as regards petroleum is that only 250,000 tons is home produced, along with a considerable volume of natural gas, so that 750,000 tons of petroleum have to be imported every year.

There are three important Government fuel research institutions in Japan, the main establishment at Tokyo, the Naval Research Station, and another organisation at Seoul in Korea. The latter is largely concerned with the possibilities of Korean lignite, but at the other two stations low-temperature carbonisation of bituminous coal is the main consideration. Further, much work in the direction of developing the national fuel resources is being undertaken by various Universities, especially Tokyo, and other active organisations are the Fuel Society of Japan and the Kyoto Chemical Society.

As regards private firms, the most important low-temperature carbonisation process in Japan is that invented by Dr. Kotaro Shimomura, in successful commercial operation at the Seimi Gas and Coke Oven Works, Osaka. This was originated before the French work on the Sarre and quite independently of it, the principle being the low-temperature carbonisation of swelling bituminous coal and the blending of the resulting smokeless solid fuel with the main bulk of the coal for the manufacture of metallurgical coke, giving a high-grade product from the difficult Japanese coals.

Firms in Japan particularly interested in the production of a hard smokeless fuel from coal or lignite, for competition with charcoal, are the Kaijima Mining Co., the Osaka Carbonisation Co., the Asahi Glass Works, the Toho Carbonisation Co., and the Meiji Mining Co.

Also a special variety of smokeless fuel now being sup-

plied by various firms, including the Japanese Government Imperial Steelworks at Seitetsujo, is "Ashless Coke" (Mukai-Tan), obtained by heating pitch to give a residual coke.

In Japan itself there is not much shale, but important deposits exist at the Fushun Collieries belonging to the Southern Manchurian Railway, a Japanese company, and combined gasification and low-temperature carbonisation plant is now in commercial operation at Fushun for the production of crude oil from the shale, hitherto regarded as a waste product.

UNITED STATES

Matters are not so well developed in the United States from the national fuel and power point of view, partly because of the abundance of coal and petroleum, as in Germany and France, for example, but, on the other hand, gigantic strides have been made in the production and utilisation of electricity. In this connection the United States is supreme, and the total generation of primary power has now reached the gigantic figure of over 60,000,000 h.p., Great Britain being probably about 10,000,000 h.p.

As regards steam-driven electrical super power stations, the American installations are far ahead, alike as regards the number and size of such stations and the advanced design and scientific methods of operation. A whole string of installations can be mentioned, such as Hell Gate and East River, New York, Cleveland, Columbia, Philo, Trenton Channel (Detroit), River Rouge (Ford Co., Detroit), Colfax (Duquesne Light Co.), Crawford Avenue (Chicago), Hudson Avenue (Brooklyn), and Cahokia (St. Louis), and it is only possible to compare with them a few stations in Europe, such as, say, Barking (London), Gennevilliers (Paris), Klingenberg (Berlin), Golpa (Bitterfeld, Germany), and Langebrugge (Ghent).

In 1927 also the total consumption of fuel in American power stations was 41,888,000 tons of coal, 6,782,000 barrels of oil, and 62,919,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas, equivalent to 45,910,000 nett tons of coal, while it may be

stated the power stations of Great Britain consume 8,000,000 tons of coal per annum with a negligible amount of oil.

The developments in water power during the past few years have also been a striking feature of the national life of the United States. Thus in 1926 the total plant installed was 11,725,000 h.p., calculated on conservative figures, representing over 3,000 installations of more than 100 kW., whereas the figures in 1916 was 6,400,000 h.p.

Presumably because of the glut of petroleum, and the 1927 world production figures of 1,254,000,000 barrels represent 14 per cent. increase as compared with 1,079,000,000 barrels in 1926, little attention has yet been given in the United States to the production of liquid fuel from coal, either by hydrogenation or the catalytic reduction of carbon monoxide gas. But an enormous amount of work is to be recorded in the field of the low-temperature carbonisation of coal, lignite, shale, cannel, torbanite, and similar products.

Also the United States Government, primarily from the point of view of the American Navy, is stated to have already acquired 65,000 square miles of rich shale-bearing lands in Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, this vast area having enough rich shale, averaging at least 40 gallons of oil to the ton, to supply the whole world with oil for several thousand years. Further, during the past quarter of a century over 100 different low-temperature carbonisation processes have been tried out for shale in the United States in spite of the formidable competition of petroleum.

At the present time typical processes in commercial operation primarily for shale are the "Catlin," the "N.T.U.," the "Hayes," and the "Sheeler," while chiefly for bituminous coal of great interest are the "McEwen-Runge," the German "K.S.G.," the "Greene-Laucks," the "McIntire" (development of the Smith "Carbocoal"), the Trent "Superfuel," the "Carbocite Dual Carbonisation," the "Parr-Layng," the "Trumble," and the "Warner," to mention a few only.

AN ETON VINTAGE

BY SIR LIONEL CUST

THE publication of the first volume of the *Life of the Late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston* has turned the limelight of history on to a certain period in Eton history, and revived many memories of one George Nathaniel Curzon, who was to become a famous Viceroy and a notable Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The decade 1870-1880 comprised years in which Eton, out of its unfailing fertility, produced a vintage of youthful promise which became notable in its maturity. Now that forty years have elapsed since those days of happy youth it is without any compunction or any undue pride that one of the survivors of this vintage can let his thoughts roam back upon the past. It is not the first time that one of these contemporary Etonians has received the posthumous reward of a biography. For this reason this Etonian can be taken first. When the present writer came to Eton in September, 1871, coming from Tabor's at Cheam, with a number of ready-made friends, he was surprised and delighted to meet at the entrance examination the boy with whom he had first gone to school, trudging the London streets at the age of eight or nine, with books in a strap, to a day school in Chelsea. This boy was Cecil Spring-Rice. Those who knew Spring-Rice in after life at Balliol and in diplomacy, and those who have read the sympathetic biography of him written by Sir Valentine Chirol, know something of the peculiar charm and original abilities shown by this rather whimsical and apparently rather unconvincing character. As we walked to school together in those early days, Cecil used to invent terrifying tales, which should have qualified him for great distinction in the field of romance. No boy seemed less likely to cut a great figure in society or to attain a position of the highest dignity. Careless in habits, slovenly in dress, rapid in movements, Cecil Spring-Rice, in spite of his intellectual attainments, seemed to retain something of the child in his nature, both

gentle and affectionate, and yet nervous and fretful, disguising, except for those who knew him well, the administrative abilities which brought him to one of the highest posts in the service of his country. No one could have prophesied that forty years later, in the hour of England's direst need, some of her most vital interests would be in the hands of Cecil Spring-Rice as Ambassador to the United States of America. So it came about, and his name was thereby written in history, while those who wish to know him better can turn to the pages of Sir Valentine Chirol.

Spring-Rice formed one of a formidable set of collegers who lived and moved together during the decade in question, and with whom it was difficult for the "common or garden" oppidan to compete. Perhaps the most noteworthy in this group was Harry Chester Goodhart, who seemed to combine in himself great forces of brain-power and physical strength sufficient for three or four ordinary mortals. In everything which called for serious effort Goodhart was easily first, for not only did he outdistance all rivals as a scholar, but he obtained a place in the school cricket eleven as well as special distinction in the football field, in which his prowess was remarkable. These exceptional abilities were associated with a certain aloofness from the ordinary world around him, and a certain lethargic indifference to any subject or person when he did not happen to be interested. For this reason Goodhart was not a boy, or a man later on, to make friends readily, although a friendship with him once made was a lasting treasure. Also his neglect to master a distasteful subject, merely in order to get marks, cost him the Newcastle Scholarship at Eton, and later on the place of Senior Classic in his Tripos at Cambridge, both of which prizes he should have had easily within his grasp. It was a shock to his friends when, at an early age, after a happy and prosperous marriage he seemed launched on a rising career of success, to hear that this strong man had met a novel foe in the dread fiend of influenza. After a long and cruel struggle for existence Goodhart was laid low at Edinburgh, where he was Professor of Latin in the University. There seemed to be nothing to which he could turn his mind or his

hand that he could not do well, except music. This is worth noting, because the music in which Harry Goodhart was lacking was to find a special exponent in his youngest brother, Arthur.

The next name on our list also strikes a sad note. James Kenneth Stephen has left a name enshrined in the history of Eton, treasured by generations of collegers, and with a curious niche of his own in literary circles. Gifted with great physical strength as well as intellectual ability, Stephen was at all times a personality which asserted itself to the view. He was a boy who alternated between indolence and extreme activity of mind or body. Large-hearted and genial, a loyal and fervent colleger, he was perhaps better known to the oppidans of his own standing than some of his fellow collegers. At Cambridge he amplified these great qualities, and also his indolence and caprice, but when he chose to do so he could carry anything before him. His gift of light verse and parody made the initials "J. K. S." familiar to hundreds of readers. No one seemed more likely to obtain greatness than James Stephen, when by slow degrees an insidious brain trouble, due, as was discovered after his death, to a slight lesion of the skull through an accident, began to affect his habits and his character. This trouble increased rather rapidly, until Stephen himself became a cause of sore trouble and anxiety to his friends. The brain attained abnormal activity. The hopes of a great career were wrecked, and at an early age J. K. S. found a welcome rest in death. No man could have been more mourned by his friends. Of no man could the rather hackneyed lines of Horace be repeated with greater truth or fervour:—

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

Another name to be noted is that of Arnold Louis Mumm, who has lately crossed the bar to join his friends Goodhart, Spring-Rice and Stephen. Mumm, who had a successful, but perhaps a less distinguished, career at Eton and Oxford, was probably too little dependent upon his own efforts, as his name would seem to indicate, to call out to the full the remarkable resources of his intellect. Quiet

and reserved in manner, he joined a fellow Etonian, almost of the same vintage, Edward Arnold, as a publisher, rather to the loss of his own identity, while he devoted some of the advantages of his life to the climbing of mountains, and to remote travelling for this purpose, retaining his skill and activity up to the end of his life.

Another noteworthy colleger of this same vintage is still, fortunately, with us—Henry Alexander Miers, whose intellectual achievements were then, and continue to be now, as varied as they have been successful. Both in classics and mathematics Miers attained a high distinction, a rare combination at Eton, and to these he added prizes on geography and geology, with a natural bent to any form of practical science. After a successful career at Oxford he became Professor of Mineralogy there, a novelty for an Etonian, and subsequently was appointed principal of London University, and later a Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University, from which post he has recently retired. Miers is one of the few Etonians who have earned the distinction of a Fellow of the Royal Society, and he still continues as a Fellow of Eton, and thereby a member of the governing body, to promote the welfare and stimulate the energies of his old school. May he long be spared to carry on this task!

It is time now to consider the boy, in whom this vintage period at Eton seems to reach its highest quality, George Nathaniel Curzon. The present writer, starting on his life at Eton alongside of the formidable row of collegers to whom the above tributes have been paid, found himself about a year later seated next above a slim, rather girlish-looking boy, of neat and dapper appearance, whose name was Curzon of Wolley-Dod's. There was nothing to make Curzon conspicuous at first sight. Coming to Eton at a slightly later date he had taken a flying leap in school order, and landed himself in our Division. For the next five years Curzon and the present writer were neighbours in school, Curzon forging a bit ahead, but closing up again towards the end. It is difficult after a lapse of fifty years to form an absolutely certain remembrance of a man like Curzon at this early age. Boys are not reporters nor

historians of themselves. The general impression left on the mind is that the Curzon of 1872 to 1878 was the Curzon of India and the Foreign Office already in embryo, and that his general character was but a steady, well-regulated, and by no means abnormal development of all the abilities with which nature had endowed him, especially the quiet determination to succeed in whatever task might be laid before him. It was soon evident that Curzon was, as we used to say, a "sap," that is to say a boy who tackled his schoolwork seriously and with pleasure, but he never presented the appearance of one to whom this name might be readily applied. He was vivacious, if not very forthcoming, and enjoyed life from a boyish aspect, taking the good and the bad together, although the rebellious side of his boyish nature was tempered by great circumspection, so as to escape any unpleasant result. Rashness was not his failing, courage he could show, as he did in after life, but the courage of one who has fully appreciated the difficulties and dangers which he may have to overcome. It was perhaps a misfortune that the house in which he boarded was not one calculated to bring out the best qualities of character in a boy like Curzon. Mr. Wolley-Dod was a master of the old school, Etonian to his finger-ends, an easy-going gentleman, a fair scholar, but an uninspiring teacher, more interested in his garden, in his roses and lilies, his peas and potatoes, than in the bodies and souls of the boys who had been committed to his charge. Such a tutor was not fitted to understand a boy like Curzon, and it was not surprising that Oscar Browning, ever on the look out for cygnets among the ducks and geese in the school, quickly spotted Curzon as a boy with the light of a great future shining in his face. To O. B., as all Etonians call him, something of Curzon's future success can surely be credited. One of the lessons in history, which Curzon would have learnt at Eton and put into practice, was, without any sacrifice of individuality or self-esteem, to make use of the advantages to be found in patronage. As we moved up the school the phalanx of collegers with which Curzon and, in his wake, the present writer had to contend remained much the same,

until by degrees we reached Sixth Form, when our Division blended with that above it, so that certain collegers who had been longer in the school became part of us, and so may be regarded as forming part of the same vintage year, which can be dated 1877. Among these were John Reginald Harmer and Winfrid Oldfield Burrows, both Newcastle scholars, Harmer in 1877, when he defeated Goodhart, and Burrows in 1878. After a career of successive steps to eminence, Harmer at Cambridge, Burrows at Oxford, Harmer is now Bishop of Rochester, and Burrows Bishop of Chichester, and it would ill-become the present writer to speak of them even with eulogy during their lifetime. With them must be associated Charles Lowry, who after a successful career as an Eton master became Headmaster of Tonbridge School, but shortly after his retirement from this post joined so many of those who have been mentioned, in the world beyond, leaving a cherished memory among his friends at Eton. One more boy of this Sixth Form must be mentioned who added to the vintage a special flavour. Reginald Heber Macaulay, a junior member of a family all distinguished for their intellectual gifts, was something of a paradox in his youthful career. With a minimum of exertion and an appearance of indolence Macaulay yet managed to maintain a high level of scholarship at Eton and Cambridge. Moreover, and many persons would put this first, he was not only a boy of some size and weight, suitable for throwing the hammer or putting the weight, but he managed to combine this bulk with exceptional speed as a sprinter, and a prowess above his competitors in the high jump. In after life Macaulay went to India, where he displayed similar qualities in a successful and profitable business career, returning home still as a paradox, because, in spite of many years' residence in a tropical climate, he still outrages nature by an appearance of perennial youth. Long may he live to carry this on!

If the list of names composing what has been styled the vintage of 1877 consists so largely of collegers, "Tugs," as the ordinary Etonian would say, it should be remembered that the oppidan boy is severely handicapped at

Eton, so far as actual distraction in school work is concerned. Collegers are picked boys in a sheltered position, while oppidans, even of as good a calibre, have to fight against many outside interferences with the regular course of work, and are beset by many more inducements to idleness. Only a few oppidans each year out of the great mass of the school can be expected to cope with the collegers for prizes and scholarships. For this reason it fell to the lot of George Curzon and the present writer to keep the oppidan flag flying in such a contest. The account given by Lord Ronaldshay of Curzon's prowess and triumphs at Eton is not quite justified by the facts. At no time, and in no case where scholarship was involved, could Curzon compete with success against some of the collegers whose names have been mentioned. His unflagging industry made him a formidable antagonist, but the phalanx was too strong. Indeed, the first breach in the fort was made by the present writer, who in 1876 by a freak of fortune found himself in the select for the Newcastle Scholarship, while Curzon, who could give him a good handicap in nearly every other examination, did not attain this distinction until two years later, in 1878, when he was past nineteen years of age. It was not until the last year of his Eton career that Curzon succeeded in winning so many of the prizes, which he had determined by hook or crook to secure, the full effect of his industry and training now beginning to make itself felt.

It was rather in the school itself as a whole that the influence of George Curzon was exercised and felt. As Captain of the Oppidans, as President of "Pop" (which he rescued from the domination of athletes), as President of the Literary Society, his name still marks a date in the history of Eton, much as it does to-day in the history of India. As an early student of history Curzon would have read how Pericles superintended the building of the Parthenon and delivered the most famous funeral oration in the history of the world. He could also have read about Colbert at the Court of Louis XIV. There was something of both Pericles and Colbert in Curzon, with a bit of Richelieu thrown in. On such a foundation at Eton

was built the whole of Curzon's great career as a traveller, an historian, a politician, a Viceroy and a Secretary of State, with a decorative and practical appreciation of the Fine Arts. As an Etonian he may be regarded as a second Canning and a second Wellesley combined in one person. Other oppidans have earned great distinction in after life, and added fresh laurels to the wreath of Eton's fame, but, as Kipling wrote, "This is another story."

It is too early in the day to weigh George Nathaniel Curzon in the balance. Contemporary criticism is never the verdict of history. In the history of that England which he loved, and of the British Empire which he helped to create, the name of Curzon will be written in capital letters. Eton may well be proud of such a son.

To one who, after fifty years, looks back and tastes once more of that vintage of 1877, there comes a feeling of pride that he should have been himself one of such a company as those to whom he has endeavoured to pay some tribute of affectionate recollection. As our comrade J. K. S. once wrote, "We are all in the old School List."

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE FILMS

BY R. D. CHARQUES

It is a little too late in the day to debate whether or not the films are an art. If one likes to say that they are not, it scarcely matters what they are called. The point is, after all, that they appeal to human needs which are plainly of the kind termed æsthetic.

Very few attempts, however, have so far been made to define their precise æsthetic virtue, or to work out the principles involved in the successful use of their peculiar medium. As a form of entertainment, what exactly is the characteristic intention or theory of the film? And by what method or technique does it provide most satisfaction? It is hard to answer these questions, and for very good reasons, the chief of them being the still primitive or experimental character of the work done. So far as mere intention is concerned, the expression "moving picture" or "silent drama" by itself more or less conveys the general scope of the film, but in each case only with reference to another art. With regard to method, of course, there is more obscurity. The technique of the drama or of the visual arts changes from time to time, but the medium itself is fixed and recognisable. The technique of the film changes from day to day, but scarcely anybody can say what its medium really is.

The degree of association with pictures and drama, however, is made quite clear in the cinema. The finished product establishes the story-telling motive as the primary object of the film, the method being only accessory to this object. Like the drama, it sets out, roughly speaking, to enact a story; it makes use of pictures mechanically thrown on the screen for "literary" purposes. In essentials, that is, its aim is far more closely related to the drama than to any conventional form of pictorial art.

This, one is inclined to think, is the central fact about the films at the present time. As an industry it is probably

natural that those engaged in it can conceive of nothing more advantageous than story-telling. As an art, however, the significance of the films appears to lie almost wholly in another direction. Granted that the story may be the basic necessity, it is only, one suggests, by recognising much more fully the close connection between the technique of the films and the appeal of the visual arts that the story itself can be told with greatest effect, or that the work of the screen can develop on lines that may safely be accredited artistic. In short, it is only by identifying as nearly as possible pictorial method and literary object, technique and motive, that the films can win a distinctive and independent place among the arts.

In a sense this is no more than a platitude, since it is only to the eye that the film directly addresses itself. Apart from the influence of music or other effects of sound designed to stimulate perception, it is the sight alone to which direct appeal is made. Whatever sentiment the film achieves, the spectator must see and be brought to visual sympathy some time before his mind can be actively engaged. He must be made to grasp the picturisation of incident without delay, to record the impression of successive images flashed upon the screen almost instinctively. Since, therefore, the film depends on the faculty of seeing to convey idea as specifically as music depends on the faculty of hearing, it is obviously in its pictorial values that its technique must lie.

It will be best to exclude from consideration educational films or other films conceived mainly with a propagandist purpose. Popular æsthetic taste is so far concerned only with the film which tells a story. The point to be urged here about this type of film, somewhat fantastic as it may at first appear, is that it must in time move away, in both conception and execution, from the conventions of the theatre towards the conventions of the visual arts, and of both genre and decorative painting in particular.

What kind of story, to begin with, is either necessary or suitable to the screen? The stock ingredients of popular drama—adventure, sentiment, romance, humour, excitement and so on—are apparently demanded. What, then,

has the scenario writer, for instance, in mind when he (or she, quite as often) adapts a play or a novel for film purposes? And what does the resulting film achieve that the play or novel does not achieve?

Is it not at once clear that very little of the actual film rests with the scenario writer; that almost any story can be made to serve the peculiar purpose of the film, can yield the peculiar effects which lie within the power of the screen; that the distinctive opportunities of the film director are contained within the roughest dramatic outline? It is at any rate evident enough that the entire merit of the story lies in the technical telling of it, in the disposition, arrangement, movement, and photography of the scenes thrown upon the screen; as evident as that the merit of a still life, let us say, lies in the painting, not in the objects selected. The pleasure given by a popular picture like Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" proceeds from the vision or feeling implicit in the technical treatment of it. The pleasure given by a popular "picture" made by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks proceeds from the dash or sentiment implicit in the technical composition of it. Mr. Fairbanks's acrobatic heroism, like Van Gogh's religious passion, is given illustrative form; and the filmgoer's satisfaction is derived from the spectacle of his heroism, from the felicity or cunning of the illustration. A sub-title to the effect that Mr. Fairbanks leaped into the saddle of his horse from the moonlit balcony on which the persecuted lady stood would leave the spectator cold; the feat must be demonstrated. And it is on the spectacular force of the demonstration that success turns. The problem is a technical one: how to contrive and prepare the scene, how to build up the "set," what lighting to use, which expression to "register," from what angle or distance to "shoot," exactly when to "dissolve" the view—how, in fine, to present to the spectator in the cinema a stream of images which shall best display romance and daring.

But this is only the commonest aspect of the problem. Consider for a moment the American formula for a "Western" featuring Mr. Tom Mix, or for society

drama of the stock Hollywood type, or for the still more characteristic tale of the handsome young product of Western civilisation who "makes good," amasses a fortune, and marries the lovely child with curls with whom he was wont to play, amid idyllic rural scenes, in youth. A stereotyped history, no doubt, but it is well to remember before objecting to it, first, that it represents in part the barely repressed aspirations of the majority who go to the cinema, providing them with the vicarious romance that is, all things considering, a fundamental æsthetic need; secondly, that even this type of story can satisfy the visual sense, can achieve both scenic beauty and a force of pictorial suggestion, without difficulty. The treatment, the technique, if you like, is everything. Tchekov, who cut his stories ruthlessly, was told by a friend that he would eventually reduce them to the statement that they were young, they fell in love, they married, they were unhappy. "It happens like that," he said. It does not happen like that on the screen, but a similarly bare statement substituting "happy" for "unhappy" is all the literary material the films need.

The entire case for them, one ventures to say, rests on the power to give pictorial beauty to the commonplace or the familiar. What is done inside the film studio is a matter for the technicians to discuss, since the actual process of film-making is complicated, elaborate, and often mechanical. But the artistic principles involved in the process may be considered outside.

The evils that result from following the conventions of the theatre chiefly turn, it may be said, on the attempt at compensation for the loss of the human voice. (Whatever the relative success of the talking picture may be, it is surely a little absurd to conclude that it will compete with drama.) The crude psychology silence sets in motion; the type of acting, favoured in a dramatic situation, presented in the form of "close-ups"; the insufferably smirking heroine; the explanatory sub-titles—these are sufficiently irksome not to need emphasis. But they are only negative defects. The weightiest objection to the

dramatic method is that it is inadequate and dull. It is a two-dimensional reproduction of a three-dimensional activity.

The film director, of course, tends more and more to recognise the position. He appreciates the necessity of capturing the eye, of teasing it, of startling it (Oh, those cabaret shows!), in order to reconcile the spectator to the flatness, as it were, of his pictures. It is doubtful whether as yet he is prepared to substitute for the dramatic motive anything more native to the capacities of the camera, but he is increasingly aware of the choice open to him. The remainder of this article, therefore, will be devoted to a review of the means by which he attempts to give an intrinsic visual appeal to his work, and then to discussion of the relation of this appeal to the enjoyment to be got from various kinds of painting and from sculpture and architecture.

Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of procedure at his disposal. The first, which is the more common, resolves itself into the straightforward use of the spectacular and the picturesque. War, floods, fires, railway accidents, car smashes; costly, elaborate interiors; dawns and sunsets on water; idyllic country scenes; hunts and balls; palaces and gardens; crowds and pageantry and scenic magnificence: all these may be safely pressed into the service of the story with excellent results. The stage cannot provide such scenes, and the use of them in films is far more effective than the captious critic is disposed to concede. Film audiences feast their eyes on these shows in much the same way that they delight in the archaic, ceremonial processions of public life, but with a greatly heightened consciousness of drama. They participate in the thrills of rescue from flood or fire, or in the glamour of a Ruritanian Court, with genuine visual excitement; they are, indeed, made to *see* more intently than the real spectator, their vision being strengthened by the scenic contrasts and dramatic emphasis the succession of selected images provides. Frith's "Derby Day" gives only a fraction of the illusion of reality conveyed by a film of the Derby. And not because painting is a static art, but because certain

- spectacular effects are more suitable for the cinematographic camera than for painting.

But the camera alone does not create the film, and the second kind of method open to the film director implies a new conception of film technique.

The terms of criticism in the visual arts are notoriously vague, since in the last resort words fail to express the character or quality of sensory impressions; and it is especially difficult to hit on exact critical terms applicable to the films. One can scarcely say more than that the essentially *pictured* idea in the films is a matter of the movement, rhythm, grouping, and relation of images. Take the extreme case of "double photography," by which two different sets of visual circumstances are simultaneously thrown upon the screen. A girl sits alone in a room and thinks of her lover, evoking an image which presently appears on the screen. In the case of human representations the thought is fairly easily conveyed. But suppose she had been thinking about yesterday's weather. Or about both yesterday's weather and to-morrow's tryst. Both thoughts might conceivably have dramatic value. How is the picture of the girl in the room thinking of these things to be made?

What one has suggested as a new conception of film technique amounts to this: the method of pictorial drama is a method of fantasy—fantasy which externalises the inward thought in significant form, and in which the visual psychology achieves a certain æsthetic relation or pattern of images. Genre painting offers a model for subjective fantasy; decorative painting and sculptural and architectural conventions provide a model for objective fantasy.

In the first case the scenes flashed upon the screen are chosen for their special dramatic illumination, their intrinsically pictured commentary; every picture, as the saying is, tells a story. In effect, it is as though the onlooker had a sudden glimpse of concealed things; as though, for one brief moment, the creatures of the drama were caught unawares. This must be explained by illustration. Films that have to some extent been made on this plan are Mr. F. W. Murnau's *The Last Laugh*, and, in a lesser

degree, *A Woman of Paris*, directed by Mr. Chaplin. Although the textual pattern of the scenes in these films was not at all new—the significant images were still dealt with one by one, not organised into dramatic complexity—it was amazingly suggestive. If a man walked from the mantelpiece to the door he had some reason for doing so, and the reason was at once apparent. The action was not a mere naturalistic movement, it had dramatic significance. This significance was not emphasised; it was implicit in the pictured scene. Manet or Renoir or Henri Rousseau might have chosen as the subject of a painting (though with different motives) a dozen such everyday scenes as Mr. Murnau contrived, with brilliant characterisation, in *The Last Laugh*. But the fantasy was relatively simple; the inward thought was externalised in purely representational forms; the rhythm of the images was a simple rhythm, now fast, now slow; there was little of that superimposition of one pictured idea upon another, of that juxtaposition of dramatic images, which blends the satisfaction of the physical eye with the satisfaction of what Goethe called the eye of the spirit.

The other side of the new technique is to be found in its purest form in the direct pictorial fantasy of the "abstract film," in which the expressionist interplay of abstract forms constitutes the sole visual satisfaction. It is hard, however, to pass positive judgment on this frankly revolutionary type of film, of which interesting examples have been made by Mr. Walter Ruttmann and several French experimentalists. For the present purpose it will be safer to consider films as diverse as *Berlin*, the early *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*, *Metropolis*, and Mr. F. W. Murnau's latest film, *Sunrise*, in all of which there is, in addition to a distinctive leaning towards purely pictorial values, an element of the underlying principle of the abstract film. To describe this principle as the poetry of form is to say too much and too little; what is nevertheless certain is that it is as direct and *unassociated* an approach to visual beauty as is possible. And it is only the combination of this principle with a technique borrowed in

part from the technique of the fine arts that will give native beauty to the films.

The inherent drama of the "shots" in *Berlin*; the ingenious cunning of the baroque "sets" in *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*; the architectural symbolism of *Metropolis*, which, in most other respects, was a complete failure; the complex pictorial imagery of *Sunrise*: all these factors indicate the potential development of the films along independent lines. The magnificent effects Mr. Murnau obtained in *Sunrise* with the aid of the enormous city square constructed in the studio are only a suggestion of the possibilities of the future. (Those fortunate people who have seen the Russian films *Potemkin* and *Mother* have no difficulty in reporting further progress.) The captious objection to the elaboration of the "sets" of otherwise unimpressive films argues a curious misunderstanding. Waste is doubtless common enough in many spectacular productions, but it may be said dogmatically that a good film cannot be made cheaply. Parts of it may cost less than other parts, but a proper balance of film qualities demands the use of costly constructions, since both architectural and decorative effects—unfailing means of holding the spectator's attention—necessitate considerable expenditure.

One further point to sum up the situation. After all, it may be argued, it is not merely those who are engaged in the industry who stake everything on the story, but the general body of the public. Perhaps this is true; perhaps the public knows what it wants. Perhaps, also, the abstract film is too much to swallow. But much may be learned from the study of silhouette films like *The Adventures of Prince Achmed*, an entrancing piece of work made by Lotte Reininger, in which the silhouettes flashed upon the screen are like moving figures on a frieze. The frieze tells a story; but the eye grasps the story in what must perforce be called the sculptural convention of the pictorial forms. The essential interest, in fact, is contained within the boundaries of the fine arts.

STEPHEN RADITCH: PEASANT PATRIOT

BY R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

THERE are some men who, through the manner of their deaths, achieve a fame which is out of all proportion to the merits of their lives. It would be unfair to rank Stephen Raditch, the Croat peasant leader, with those soldiers, martyrs and other heroes who, through the single act of an heroic death, have acquired their niche in the temple of History. His achievements in life, his long struggles for the liberation of his people, and his unceasing efforts to free the Croat peasantry from the bondage of feudal landlordism, had already gained him an honourable place in the history of the Croat nation, but his eccentricities and the class warfare, which he waged even more lustily than his campaign for national freedom, made him many enemies among his own compatriots, and had he died peacefully in his bed even Croats might have seen in his death the first bridge to a better understanding with Belgrade. Fate, guiding the pistol of a hot-headed Montenegrin, has willed otherwise, and through his martyrdom in the Belgrade Skupshtina Stephen Raditch has become to his people a national hero who is likely to assume in time the legendary proportions of a William Wallace or a Wilhelm Tell. His mistakes and his weaknesses have been forgotten. To-day the Croat ranks are closed. The long-smouldering crisis between Zagreb and Belgrade has burst into flames, and whatever may be the fate of Croatia, whether she will receive concessions from Belgrade or whether she may be tempted to cut out a path to freedom for herself, the martyrdom of Stephen Raditch is likely to be for all time a landmark in the history of Croatia's struggle for independence and a symbol and an example for the future generations of Croats. What manner of man was this half-blind, corpulent little peasant who, during the fifty-eight years of his life, was a thorn in the side of every Government with which he came into contact, and whose silver-tongued eloquence could sway the Croat peasantry

as an October wind drives the falling leaves in every direction?

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Stephen Raditch was born in 1870 at Trebarjevo, a little village in Croatia. His parents were the poorest of peasants, and, although they were able to give him an education, Raditch's early years were spent in penury. He had, however, that Slav thirst for knowledge which to-day compels the young Montenegrin shepherd or the Slovene peasant to leave his flocks and his fields and to eke out a miserable existence on a few dinars a month in order to attend the high school or the university in the nearest city. With the help of his elder brother Anton he was sent to the gymnasium at Zagreb. His industry and application were astounding. Born half-blind, he was all his life largely dependent on the kindness of others for his reading, and it was doubtless this necessity of sparing his eyes which developed his prodigious powers of memorising. His interest, too, in politics began with early boyhood, and it is significant of his political precocity that he paid his first visit to Russia at the early age of seventeen. There he established his first contact with the Russian social-revolutionaries, and acquired from them the first theories of his land reform policy. Indeed, during his long struggle against Hungarian and Austrian feudalism the Russian cry of the "land for the peasants" was his guiding influence. A peasant's son himself, he never ceased to devote his life to the interests of the Croatian peasantry. Even as a young student he travelled on foot all over Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, going from village to village, seeking contact with the peasants and spreading the gospel of enlightenment and emancipation. To the young Raditch Croatian independence was a dear and strongly cherished ideal, but the emancipation of the Croat peasantry was his life's passion. His scathing attacks on the Hungarian landlords soon brought him into serious trouble with the Hungarian authorities, and on numerous occasions he was imprisoned. After finishing his studies at the gymnasium he entered the Zagreb University. In 1895, however, he and his fellow-

students seized the occasion of the visit of the Emperor Franz Josef to organise an anti-Hungarian demonstration, during which the Hungarian flag was burnt. For this offence Raditch was imprisoned again and expelled from the university. To continue his studies he went to Prague, a town for which he always retained a great affection, and where he met his wife, a Czech lady, who was of invaluable assistance to him as an amanuensis and a reader during all his life. Even in Prague, however, the Hungarian Ban continued his persecutions, and, forced to leave the Bohemian capital, Raditch, through the generosity of some friends, set out for Paris, where he studied political science at the Ecole des Sciences Appliquées. On his return home he adopted politics definitely as his life's profession. Although at that time very few peasants had the suffrage, he succeeded, with two other peasants, in being elected to the Sabor, the former Provincial Parliament of Croatia. In 1904, as the number of peasant deputies in the Sabor had increased, he founded the Croat Peasant Party. From that date until the outbreak of the Great War he was a sore thorn in the side of the Hungarian administration. A fearless and a fiery orator, he denounced with torrents of abuse the sinister efforts of the Magyars to denationalise the Slavs of Hungary, and as a counter-offensive to this policy of disintegration he preached the gospel of Serb and Croat union. Naturally his stormy outbursts provoked the greatest indignation among the Hungarian magnates, who then, as always, were accustomed to deal with recalcitrant minorities in a very summary fashion, and there were loud demands for Raditch's suppression. Raditch, however, was irrepressible. He was imprisoned for shorter or longer terms some thirty times, but with renewed vigour and unfaltering courage he returned to the attack as soon as he had left the precincts of the prison. And yet Raditch was no mere demagogue. Better than most of his compatriots he understood the art of temporising, and he was prepared to make almost humiliating concessions, even to the hated Magyar, provided that thereby he could obtain even a momentary advantage. To a foreigner, indeed, his illogicalities were

almost incomprehensible, but his whole life was swayed by an earnest desire to do his best for the Croat peasantry, and if at times the methods he employed might have shocked a politician of Western European standards of morality, he was always able to persuade his own followers that even the most illogical of his actions was for their benefit. During the War the representation of the Croat Peasant Party in the Sabor was reduced to three peasants, of whom, of course, Raditch was one. Twice the Magyars tried to annul his mandate, but on each occasion at the new election Raditch was returned by a large majority. From this it may be assumed that during the War Raditch proved himself a sore embarrassment to the Hungarian administration. And yet this was not the case. Until the outbreak of the Russian revolution, which, with its overthrow of the Russian landlords, made a tremendous impression on Raditch, and until the moment when the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy seemed imminent, we find the Croat peasant leader temporising with his masters, declaring himself a loyal subject of the Hapsburgs, and even writing pamphlets for the Austro-Hungarian Government against America's entry into the War. It is necessary to harp continually on these inconsistencies in Raditch's character, for without a proper understanding of them it is impossible for anyone to appreciate the numerous contradictions of his attitude during the long post-War struggle with the Serbs which culminated in his death and in an open breach between the Serbs and Croats.

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It is typical of Stephen Raditch that, although for years he had advocated the union of the Croats and the Serbs, when the time came he refused to recognise it and demanded instead an independent republic for Croatia. At the close of the War he warned the Croatian National Council against making a hasty decision about going to Belgrade, and although Raditch has been greatly blamed, and in many respects rightly blamed, for the *impasse* into which Serbo-Croatian relations have drifted, subsequent events have proved that his initial caution was justified. Animated from the beginning by the insane idea of a

great Serbia, the Serbs launched out on a policy of centralisation which in the tactlessness of its application has been a repetition of the worst mistakes of the Magyar and the Turk. Raditch, who had spent the best part of his life in combating Magyar aggression, was not the man to submit to this new domination even by brother Slavs, and the history of the remaining years of his life, punctuated as it was with countless instances of those inconsistencies which were part of the make-up of his political character, is nevertheless a thoroughly typical and consistent struggle for Croatian rights and Croatian liberties against Serbian repression and Serbian hegemony. For a long time he refused to have anything to do with Belgrade, boycotting the Skupshtina, appealing to President Wilson and even to the Bolsheviks for help. His attacks on the constitution led to his arrest, and from March, 1919, to January, 1920, he was kept in prison by the order of M. Pribicevic, the leader of the *pretchani* or the Serbs from the liberated provinces, who, after being almost a lifelong enemy of Raditch's, became his friend and co-founder of the present coalition against Belgrade. Shortly after his release Raditch was again arrested and was sentenced to a term of two and a half years' imprisonment, from which, however, he was set free in November, 1920, by a special pardon of King Alexander, who was then Regent. Until 1925 Raditch continued to fight Belgrade and, more particularly, the constitution with every means in his power. The antagonism between the Radicals and the Democrats, the two great Serbian parties, should have enabled him to play the same rôle as the Irish Party played in the House of Commons before the War, and had he used his cards more wisely he might have secured many valuable concessions for the Croats. In August, 1924, he made his first agreement with the Davidovic Democratic Party, and took office in the Davidovic Cabinet, which, however, remained in power for less than a month. It was succeeded by the Pasic-Pribicevic Cabinet, which promptly declared the Croat Peasant Party an outlaw organisation and once more proceeded to arrest Raditch and his chief colleagues. Six

months later this amazing man had made friends with the King, had accepted the constitution, and joined forces with the party which had persecuted and imprisoned him. In July, 1925, this strange combination of Pasic and Raditch came into power, and although Pasic had to resign soon afterwards on account of a corruption scandal in which his son was implicated, the Radicals and the Croat Peasant Party continued their co-operation during the six successive Cabinets which were in power from July, 1925, to January, 1927. In that month, however, Raditch withdrew his support, charging the Radicals with numerous specific instances of bribery and corruption during the provincial elections. From that date his opposition to Belgrade became more and more violent. The decision of the Vukicevic Cabinet to ratify the Nettuno Conventions, by which Italy secures a series of valuable concessions on the Dalmatian coast at the expense of the local Croat population, roused Raditch's anger to the highest pitch. Forming a coalition with his old enemy, M. Pribicevic, he succeeded in grouping the Croats and the Serbs from the liberated provinces against the tyranny and corruption of Belgrade. In the Skupshtina he denounced the Serbian Radicals in a series of speeches, one more violent than the other, while the obstructionist tactics which he introduced made it virtually impossible for the Government to pass a single Bill through Parliament. By the ultra-Nationalist Serbs Raditch's attitude was misunderstood. In the heat of the party struggle he was denounced as a traitor, and in many a Belgrade coffee-house, and even in the Serbian national Press, his removal by violence was hinted at in such a manner as to suggest to weak-minded Chauvinists that his murder would be regarded as an act of patriotism. It was in this atmosphere that Punica Racic, a typical Montenegrin swashbuckler, whose life had been spent in that type of political intrigue, where a pistol shot is the best and final argument, carried out his bloody act in the Skupshtina on June 20th of this year. Whether his act was premeditated, or whether he yielded to the strong Croat provocation, to which he was subjected during his speech, no one can say at present, but the revolver, which he

emptied into the front bench of the Croat opposition, not only was to prove fatal to the life of the Croat peasant leader, but was also to create a gulf of hatred between Croat and Serb which may yet destroy the unity of the Yugoslav State. Wounded in the stomach and suffering from dropsy and diabetes, Raditch was brought to Zagreb, where he lingered for seven weeks. During these last days of his life he was always conscious and able even to control the actions of his party. If he left no political testament his final views on Serbo-Croatian relations were made known to all his followers, and may be summarised as a demand for Croat autonomy inside the Yugoslav State, with the personal union of the King as the only link between Belgrade and Zagreb. On August 8th he succumbed to his various ailments, which were undoubtedly aggravated by his wound, and on the following Sunday he was accompanied to his last resting-place by one of the largest and most orderly crowds which have ever attended a public funeral.

Through the rash act of a Montenegrin madman two peoples who have the same blood in their veins, who speak the same language, who possess the same magnificent qualities of courage and endurance and, alas! the same fatal defects of Slav obstinacy and Slav lack of common sense, have been driven in violent quarrel to the edge of a precipice, while the man who during his life was the champion of one class, and who never could see more than one aspect of a situation at a time, has through his martyrdom become the hero of a whole nation, and the symbol of a movement which now embraces every class of Croat.

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These are the main features of Raditch's political career. His popularity with his own people, greatly augmented by the manner of his death and by the stupidity of the Belgrade authorities, is easily understandable. Before the War he was the fearless champion of Croat independence and Croat nationalism against the aggression and denationalisation policy of the Magyar. After the War, when Serbian megalomania was blindly destroying the great dream of South Slav unity, Raditch again stepped

down into the arena to defend the rights and liberties of his countrymen. An unbiased estimate of his achievement, however, is a difficult task. Neither in character nor in intellect was Stephen Raditch an outstanding personality. His personal appearance, with his fat, bearded face, his podgy hands, and his corpulent, top-heavy body was singularly unattractive. His personal vanity, too, was almost a disease. On one occasion a friend, to whom he had shown a grotesque photograph of himself in bathing dress, which he proposed having reproduced for electioneering purposes, dared to hint that his followers might not like to see their leader in this unsightly and ungainly costume. Raditch was most indignant. The Croatian peasant, he declared, liked him for his soul and not for his body. And he was right. No ridicule could affect his position with the Croat peasantry, who would have followed him like the Pied Piper even if he had appeared in the streets of Zagreb in a Scotch kilt and a glengarry. They had accepted without murmur far stranger inconsistencies than this: the collaboration with Pasic, the acceptance of the constitution, the alliance with the turbulent Pribicevic, who had pursued him relentlessly for twenty years. It was in this almost supernatural influence which he exercised over the Croat peasants that his real strength lay. Part of this influence he owed to the fact that from his earliest days he had fought their battles, and after years of turmoil had led them to a final and undisputed possession of the soil. But it was his silver-tongued speech which made him their idol. Raditch was indeed a prince of orators. He was a poet who had strayed by mistake into politics, and he talked politics to his people in parables and fairy-tales, illustrated by a wealth of imagery and language, which sprang spontaneously from his love of nature and from his profound knowledge of the human heart. He was a great poet-orator, too, because the song which he sang came from the innermost depths of his soul. With all his faults and all his defects Stephen Raditch loved his Croatia and his Croatians with a love that was ready for any sacrifice—even the sacrifice of his own life. But the faults and the defects were many.

Raditch was a magnificent revolutionary, but he was not a constructive politician. A demagogue he cannot be called, because behind all his inconsistencies and his illogicalities there were two political ideals from which he never departed; one, the demand for a proper place for Croatia in the Triune Kingdom; the other, his great dream of a united peasant state which would embrace all the Slav peoples of Southern Europe, including the Bulgarians. But his methods of arriving at his goal were bewildering. He was the most impossible of colleagues, and even his closest friends never knew what he would do next. He would attend a Cabinet meeting in the morning and give his assent to some measure, and in the afternoon he would denounce it in a flaming speech in the market-place. As a Minister he was the most unpunctual and inefficient of administrators, and although his soul was incorruptible, he filled his Ministries with incompetent friends and relations. He was a splendid representative to denounce the oppression and corruption of the Great Serbian administration, but he was the most unsuitable man to build a bridge between Belgrade and Zagreb. For with all his temporising and his tacking, he had no real understanding of political compromise. A political bargain, in his mind, was a deal in which the other side had been "done." His political concessions, therefore, were merely temporary concessions which he never intended to be permanent, and, like Lenin, he tacked merely to get fresh wind for a new attack. Certainly, he was opposed by Serbian politicians who employed the same obstinacy and the same insincerity as himself, but one of the chief reasons for the *impasse* into which Serbo-Croatian relations have been allowed to drift is the absence of any statesmanlike qualities amongst the Yugoslav politicians. A grain of common sense would long ago have furnished a half-way house between the ultra-centralism of the Serbs and the ultra-federalism of the Croats. Unfortunately, however, the only man in the Triune Kingdom who has shown any ability to think and act as a Yugoslav and not merely as a Croat or a Serb or a Slovene, is King Alexander. In spite of his visions of a great South Slav State and of his instinctive respect for

the unity of Yugoslavia, Raditch was not a good Yugoslav. He was not even a good Croat, for had he possessed any real political finesse he could have achieved far greater results for his own countrymen. He was born a peasant revolutionary, and a revolutionary, albeit a peaceful one, he remained to the end of his life. Outside of his peasants he neither cared about nor understood the other classes. As a peasant leader, too, he belonged to the explosive demagogic type of a Stamboliski rather than to the shrewd, calculating type of a Svehla. His statesmanlike qualities were small, and his administrative talents were insignificant, and but for the obstinacy of the Serbs in refusing to give reasonable concessions to the Croats the reputation which he had justly earned for his revolutionary services would probably have dwindled away during those ten post-War years which should have been devoted to the reconstruction and consolidation of the new State, and which, unfortunately, have been wasted in one of the most senseless quarrels which even the Balkans have ever known. To-day his death has exalted him in the minds of his compatriots far above his real merits. Should his martyrdom succeed in clearing the way for a better understanding between the Serbs and the Croats, and for the consolidation of the Yugoslav State on a new and fairer basis, Raditch will probably become a legendary hero whose name will be an inspiration to every Croat child, and whose portrait will adorn the walls of every Croat schoolroom. If, however, foolish counsels prevail, if disruptive tendencies should manifest themselves to bring ruin and disaster to Serb and Croat alike, then almost as heavy a responsibility will fall on the dead Croat leader as on the short-sighted Belgrade politicians, not for what may happen to-morrow, but for the golden opportunities which they both have squandered so recklessly during the past ten years.

DUBLIN, JULY

By "MACDARA"

AND Ireland? How does she stand? The century-old question has not yet found final answer, and will not for many years yet to come. Because Ireland is passing through a period of evolution, and one may only guess at the form of the new Ireland which will come forth. She is no longer facing a battle with lethal weapons, but a constitutional battle none the less fierce between the traditions of the Gael and the Gaul.

There are, on the one hand, those who want above all things to keep Ireland Gaelic and free, and on the other those who desire her to seek for happiness and fame as the spouse of England. Even the Church is divided, some of the priestly teachers of the people accompanying them towards English culture, games, traditions, others leading an epic battle to foster the Irish language, culture and tradition.

The former see Ireland as a contented and absorbed British colony, the latter as a completely independent Gaelic nation working in pleasant business partnership with the Commonwealth of Nations. Although people outside Ireland may not scent it, the battle is very definite here. The weapons employed are the "voice and the glorious pen," and maybe above all the story-tellers at the cottage hearths who see visions and dream dreams of the Ireland of Destiny. Who are the protagonists on the Imperialistic side? Chiefly the men and women who formed the old Unionist Associations, the leaders of some of the old families, the people who suffered through sacrifice of their sons in the European War.

The people who, in a word, with a genuine belief that they are doing the best for Ireland and the Empire, desire to draw the bonds of Empire closer and ever closer. The hosts against them may be described as the masses of the people whose children have borne the brunt of every revolution, whose tradition from the beginning and to the

end has been one of separate nationalism and separate nationhood. The first loving the British King as their King also, the second who will probably never regard him as anything but a foreign King, with whom they hold friendly business or foreign relations. Irreconcilable forces you see between whom the battle already wages. The curious fact is that the allies on either side are not yet determined.

Take the Nationalist side for the moment. Both the Government and Mr. de Valera claim to be its leaders. The Government through their official weekly organ recently declared that King George could not visit Ireland in the near future because that section of the population which was formerly Unionist would make his visit an occasion for "such extravagant and fulsome demonstrations as to cause the whole business to stink in the nostrils of decent Nationalists." In the course of a remarkable pronouncement it was further stated that the majority of Irish Nationalists understand that the present connection of the King with the Free State involves no curtailment of its sovereignty or of the liberties of the people. They have no grudge against the King himself, but they see clearly that, while he should be welcomed cordially and treated with courtesy and respect, a display of rapture would be out of place, and would give the objectionable impression that the past was dead and that the peoples of Ireland and England were fundamentally one.

As a matter of fact, the people remember that King George is only King of Ireland by virtue of a Treaty, that his ancestors were cursed and hated by the Irish as directors and symbols of a foreign tyranny, and that for them (the Irish) to fall into transports of enthusiasm when the King came among them would be neither natural nor seemly. The article, on behalf of the Government, added that there could be no question of an invitation to the King until those who most desired his presence—those who objected to the Tricolour and the Soldier's Song and regarded the Union Jack and the "God Save the King" as entitled to the same honour in Ireland as in England—learned the behaviour which would be at once compatible

with due cordiality and with national dignity and self-respect.

The chief Government organiser told me that this may be taken as the official view. The Government spokesmen themselves declare that Ireland will find more freedom as an independent nation within the Commonwealth than she would find as a separate Republic, but they insist that she is autonomous in the complete control of her own destiny. Many Government leaders even liked to be called Conservatives, pointing out that everywhere, as in England, the Conservatives are the real Nationalists. They claim to be loyal to Nationalist Ireland, and at the same time to their commitments with their British partners.

Mr. de Valera, the leader of the second largest party in the State, denies all these points. He maintains that his own party is the Nationalist party of Ireland, and that the Government party are or will be in alliance with the old Unionist sections. Mr. de Valera is illogical, he fought the Free State strenuously, and drew blood and tears from the mothers of Ireland to destroy a Parliament which he afterwards himself accepted and is now working. He is now denouncing many of the evils which could not have existed but for the civil war for which he was, not solely, but in large part, responsible. If it were indeed true that Mr. Cosgrave's Government, in spite of their speeches, have grown imperialistic, or anti-Irish as the Irish know imperialism, that would be largely Mr. de Valera's fault, because in depriving them of their natural allies and keeping the Dail half filled he forced them to look elsewhere for support.

Mr. de Valera's followers are in turn denounced by another section of Nationalists, now called Sinn Fein, but in no sense representative of the old Sinn Fein. These in turn declare themselves the real Nationalists of Ireland. They are the irreconcilables, and they are certainly logical to a degree that they have never changed their policy from the old Republican pre-Treaty days.

We have therefore three political sections who might all be broadly described as Nationalist, all of them with certain common points of policy between them to the

extent, at least, that they favour the speaking of Irish, the promotion of Irish culture and tradition, and the keeping of Ireland as a separate entity. Only the smallest subsection refuse to recognise the Treaty.

What may be described as the Unionist sections have no general organisation either.

Until both sides co-ordinate their forces there will not be a visible fight; the present skirmishes are only rear-guard actions indicative of the epic struggle that is to come.

Over them all looms the question of Ulster of extreme loyalty. Everyone wants Ulster and the Free State united, but just how far the various Northern and Southern sections will accommodate each other remains to be seen. Commercially, socially, and intellectually all the arguments are in favour of such a union; individually, Northerners and Southerners are the best of friends; doctrinaire politics alone stand in the way. Every indication, however, points to the fact that common needs and common interests will ultimately find a *modus operandi*.

The tourist organisations on both sides of the border are already working together for their joint interests; the Institute of Journalists, representing the Free State, Ulster and British journalists as well as overseas journalists, were the guests this autumn both of the Northern and the Southern Governments, and no difficulty whatever was found in arranging matters so that the susceptibilities of none of the parties concerned were hurt.

I believe myself—and I have seen many movements start and fail in Ireland, and many Irish change their views—that the position will be ultimately solved by a willing platonic friendship between England and a United Ireland, Ireland consolidated as a Gaelic State with her own traditions and her own laws; England, English to the backbone, making whatever alliance with the Irish that she, and the Irish, may think desirable and pleasant.

Ireland is, with all her faults, as God made her, and the brains are unborn which could make her into a shoddy imitation of Royal England. If it could be done it would be an outrage on Nature. She is a beautiful bit of God's

creation. Let us leave her alone with her dreams and her prayers, her old-world traditions of the Gael, the teaching of her Fenian dead, her soft-voiced women and her soldier men. She is a beautiful unique land, but it is only her own children who can work out her destiny. When the hands of the friendliest foreigner touch her they only despoil her.

The Irish Government view is correct, and the ultra-Imperialist demonstrations here do more harm to the prospect of lasting friendship with England than the fiercest speeches of extreme Republicans. If the Nationalist forces in the South win in the battle for a Gaelic State, there will be, so far as I can learn, a far better chance of a lasting friendship with England than any that a forced Imperialism could possibly sustain. The masses of the people here do not hate England, but they are suspicious, and they have long memories. They fear a system of peaceful penetration which will capture their children and make them unIrish even more than they fear an ordinary battlefield. Foreigners do not realise that for countless generations the blood of this people has been shed to keep Ireland Gaelic, and a thousand treaties with all their commercial advantages cannot alter the inmost hearts of the people. And there is neither sense nor advantage in attempting it.

Commercially, how does she stand? Well, the Chambers of Commerce strike a very hopeful note, they speak of progress and hope of progress on every side. Undoubtedly among the farmers and the fishermen, and the agricultural side of Ireland, there is depression and lack of employment. The emigrant ships still get their quota—though Ireland in this respect is not worse than England. But England is sending her surplus and Ireland is sending her essential citizens. This is the worst of all her yet unsolved problems. England can spare many citizens; Ireland cannot spare one.

The Government have to face the fact that they increased taxation this year and are facing another probable increase next year. They cannot, therefore, provide all the needful means of employment in many

directions, but on the whole a great deal is being done. Conditions are far from ideal, but undoubtedly they are improving, and give promise of considerable further improvement.

In minerals, in agriculture, in such matters as the extraction of a great petrol supply from peat, and in many other undeveloped resources, the Free State is rich and offers development. The pity is that foreigners seem more willing to develop the natural resources of the country than do Irish capitalists themselves. Indeed, if the Irish themselves would buy Irish manufactured goods in preference to any foreign goods, they could quickly enough stem the passage of the emigrant ships, and they could more effectively develop Ireland and make her economically free than any government could ever achieve.

But for a mass movement to buy Irish goods this country needs a mass Nationalist movement to lead the people, and that Ireland does not at present possess. Much of her young people's superfluous energy might worthily be put into such a movement with true national results. But the Free State has at the moment no national leader. Neither Mr. Cosgrave nor Mr. de Valera are constitutionally fitted for the *rôle*. They can both lead parties, but neither has ever led or can ever lead a nation. So far no man or woman on any side gives promise of possessing the divine mark of future national leadership. Ireland is alive with sectional leaders, but she has no king-man at the moment. So far Heaven has always sent her one in need. Her time is near now.

Taxes and charges are pressing hard on the farming community, and the young country is admittedly taxed at a higher grade than she can afford. We in Ireland have not found a millennium, but we have definite ground for great expectations.

Socially and morally, how does Ireland stand? Bravely and progressively. In the great cosmopolitan city of Dublin it is no idle boast to say that there is no such thing as a brothel district, and in the whole of the city and county there are less than one hundred persons earning a

living by public or private immorality. Many of these are foreigners, and every week Dublin is systematically combed for prostitutes by a religious organisation of laymen and women, who coax them back to a human life. The consumption of drink has gone down to an extraordinary extent—to such an extent that the Minister of Finance recently stated in the Dail that the future of the alcoholic industries had become a matter for serious consideration. The number of drug consumers is infinitesimal, and potheen drinking and making is so much under control that a raid and capture of still and worm now creates a mild newspaper sensation. And Irishmen daily grow in friendship with each other.

But in no way is Ireland's moral stability more evidenced than on her new outlook on the animal welfare movement. It has been alleged, possibly not without justification, that Celtic nations are not good to the dumb creation. In ancient Ireland, however, an extraordinary regard was shown for animals, and a special code of laws safeguarding every individual animal was taken over from the pagan law-makers and made an essential part of the new Christian ordinances. In her greatest and kindest days the Irish leaders made Ireland a paradise for the dumb creation, teaching that this was the law of God.

With the passing of the centuries the old teaching passed also, and for a long time there was little or no teaching here either from the ecclesiastical or the academical sides of the duties of man's humanity to beasts. Now, again, there is a great revulsion to the old teaching and the old days. It is typical of Ireland's spiritual progress in the present years. The heads of the Church, following the example of the Pope, are ordering humane treatment of animals, many priests are joining animal welfare societies, and the police are active participants in the movement. Moreover, there has been in Ireland a frank discussion on the immortality of animals in which prominent Catholics and Protestants have both expressed their belief. St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Divine doctor," is quoted as saying that, at the Last Day, animals will bear testimony for or against their human masters, and St. Bernard of Clairvaux that Christ was to save both man and beast.

I mention these facts to show that the Irish nation are as a whole turning their eyes towards their own old beautiful traditions of kindness and humanity to man and beast. Perhaps they are preparing for the destiny which has been foretold for them by their saints and in which they implicitly believe.

Ireland stands well for the future, and if the present be a little clouded nationally and agriculturally it is only the haze that betokens and precursus the dawn of a brilliant sunlight. Indeed, strangers who have recently revisited the country are astonished at the change in its whole aspect. The Irish people have not found the millennium, but there is a new spirit of peace, hatreds are dying down, trade is improving, buildings are springing up out of ruins. There is obviously and openly a great change for the better, a new-born hopefulness for the future.

GREECE UNDER VENISELOS

BY H. CHARLES WOODS

SINCE the year 1909, when the so-called Military League threatened the stability of Greece, and when the international position of that country had become acute as a result of the Young Turkish Revolution and of other developments in the Near East, a great struggle has been in progress between the older political parties and the more liberal-minded members of the population. As time wore on the former section of the community became the Royalist Party, and the latter, always in general sympathy with M. Veniselos, is now Republican. Both sides have had their ups and downs, King Constantine and the great Cretan each being driven from office on two all-important occasions. In 1915, at which time M. Veniselos was compelled to vacate the Premiership by the King; in 1917, when his Majesty was forced to leave the country by the Allies; and in 1922, when the Anatolian disaster led to the abdication of the same ruler, these changes took place largely as consequences of events likely to occur, or which had occurred, in the international situation. In 1920 M. Veniselos' sweeping electoral defeat depended largely, if not entirely, upon the unsatisfactory home conditions which had grown up in the main during the Premier's prolonged absences from home. But in each of these four cases the causes were exceptional and unnatural, and to those who knew her, they suggested that Greece was probably passing through transitory phases in her modern history.

Whilst permanency is conspicuous by its absence in the Near East, the electoral victory won by M. Veniselos on August 19th seems to be different to anything which has occurred in Greece for years. From the moment of his open re-entry into the political arena last May, that statesman has been playing a game so tremendously big that it could only result either in his wholesale defeat and final de-

parture or in a victory sufficiently clear to make his position stronger than ever. By securing more than 220 supporters in a Chamber of 250, and by obtaining an overwhelming majority over any possible combination against him, he has won. Indeed, though in figures the present success is proportionally about the same as that of 1912, and greater than the one of June, 1915, in some ways this victory is more significant than those of before and during the War. At the time of M. Veniselos' earlier success he was compelled to work, and he loyally worked, in conjunction with King George. Subsequently, whether in or out of office, he was faced by the ardent, effective and usually vicious opposition to King Constantine. There is now no material Parliamentary rivalry, and there seems to be no far-reaching or organised opposition in the country. In 1917 M. Veniselos went back triumphantly to Athens, but his return was engineered and his authority was maintained largely by international influence. To-day he has been proclaimed by his own people. Thus, whether as Prime Minister or President of the Hellenic Republic, M. Veniselos is endowed with the powers of a dictator able to rule without considering his enemies, and capable of dealing with the situation in a manner quite impossible by any Government since his exit from office now nearly eight years ago.

In such circumstances the most useful purpose of the present article is to examine the principal reasons leading up to, and some possible outcomes of, M. Veniselos' fifth Premiership. Though the Greek attitude of mind is difficult to discern, it is clear that the great majority of the Hellenic people wished to put an end, at least temporarily, to uncertainty, to avoid a recurrence of military rule, and to secure a Government able to adopt a definite home and foreign policy. Between 1910 and early in 1915, when M. Veniselos was Prime Minister, a good deal of reconstructive work was carried out, and, as a consequence of the Balkan Wars, the country was nearly doubled in size and in population. From March of the latter year until November, 1920, however, with M. Veniselos sometimes in and sometimes out of power, there were the World War

and its aftermath, the violent struggle between the Royalists and their opponents, and chaos and corruption in the administration. Again, between the return of King Constantine in December, 1920, and the departure of his successor and eldest son, King George, in December, 1923, there were the Anatolian disaster, the coming of vast hordes of refugees, and the mock trial and brutal execution of M. Gounaris and certain of his colleagues held responsible for a defeat which they could hardly have avoided.

From the opening of the Republican struggle at the beginning of 1924 up to the summer of this year the history of Greece is divided into two periods, during the first of which there was no stability, there was violent political strife, and for a considerable time there was an actual dictatorship. At the beginning, that is in December, 1923, the supporters of M. Veniselos secured a majority at what was practically a revolutionary election, and early in the following year that statesman was Prime Minister for a few weeks. With Admiral Konduriotes as Regent or Provisional President, a Republic was voted by a plebiscite on April 13th, there were continued political changes and difficulties, and in June, 1925, General Pangalos seized the reins of Government. His régime, which continued until August, 1926, became gradually more and more of a dictatorship, and, at any rate after Admiral Konduriotes' resignation in March and General Pangalos' election as President in April of that year, the military element was the only thing that counted. In the end, when the whole country was tired of the existing abuses, General Kondylis ousted his predecessor, Admiral Konduriotes returned to the Presidency, and General Pangalos was arrested before he had had time to fly the country. The majority system of voting was replaced by proportional representation, elections were held in November and in the following month, largely owing to the attitude of the Royalists, many of whom were by then opposed to further attempts to change the system of Government, M. Zaïmis formed a non-party Government, and the

country entered into its penultimate stage at present under discussion.

That leader, who comes of an extremely distinguished family, is widely respected by all classes of the population, and, though a personal friend of M. Veniselos from Cretan days, he is the one man able to overcome and bridge party differences. For this reason, and because of the wise policy of at any rate some of the Royalists, the Coalition Government, which held office until June last, did a great deal to re-establish Hellenic stability. It was prudent in home and foreign policies, it poured oil on the troubled political waters, and it enlisted the good will of the League of Nations and of the United States in the directions of regulating the national finances and of completing the work of refugee settlement. But there were constant difficulties. Admiral Konduriotes temporarily resigned in April, 1927, as a protest against the non-ratification of the new Constitution, and both General Pangalos, actually in prison, and M. Veniselos were, so to speak, lurking in the political background. Above all, there were the Greek love of change and the condition that, although M. Zaïmis enjoyed a majority, his several Cabinets were not in a position to adopt any forward or definite policy at home or abroad. In the end, during last May, a serious political crisis arose, partly because of a dispute between M. Kaphandaris, the leader of one section of the Liberal Party, and M. Veniselos, and partly because General Metaxas and the moderate Royalists refused to co-operate with their great Republican enemy. A temporary compromise was arrived at, but throughout June it was apparent that M. Veniselos, having returned to the active leadership of his party, must either secure the Premiership or once more disappear. On July 4th he took the oath as Prime Minister, a position secured largely because he is the outstanding figure in the country, and because, as such, he is the person most likely to be able to govern or to dictate, at any rate for a reasonable period.

Having thus described the kind of instability and lack of authority largely responsible for M. Veniselos' return

to office three months ago, it is now possible to examine some of the more detailed causes of his electoral triumph. After the Balkan Wars, when Greece was expanded to somewhat less than her present area, her inhabitants numbered approximately four and a half million souls. There were naturally some war losses, there were certain territorial additions after the armistice, and Eastern Thrace was temporarily Greek. But, in a very general way, this was the population which gave M. Veniselos a majority at the first election of 1915, and which repudiated him in 1920. Since the latter date, however, a far-reaching change has occurred, for, whereas some 350,000 Turks formerly domiciled in Greece have returned to Turkey, nearly one and a half million Greeks have been transferred in the opposite direction. Coupled with the so-called voluntary exchange of the Græco-Bulgarian populations, this has altered the whole racial and political balance, for, whilst the Turks and the Bulgarians were certainly not pro-Veniselist, the newcomers are supporters of the present Premier practically to a man.

In 1920, when the contest took place on the majority principle, the Veniselists secured approximately 120 seats in a Chamber composed of about 360 members, and roughly forty per cent. of the electors voted for M. Veniselos and sixty per cent. for the King. With the death of that ruler in January, 1923, and the somewhat earlier departure of King George, and with the concurrent coming of the refugees, the whole position began to change. Thus, at the election held in that December, when the Royalists widely abstained, the Liberals secured a considerable majority, and at the plebiscite of April, 1924, there was a more than two to one vote for a Republic, by that time openly favoured by M. Veniselos. The election of General Pangalos to the Presidency two years later was an illegally-engineered farce, but the one conducted by General Kondylis in 1926 under the proportional system, then just introduced, showed a small majority for the Republican or Veniselist Parties. It was in these conditions, and when no absolute certainty existed as to the development of public opinion during the pre-

ceding eighteen months, that M. Veniselos, after his return to power in July, insisted upon the acceptance of a new electoral law by Presidential Decree. Ignoring the constitutionalism or unconstitutionality of such a proceeding, this law reverted to the majority system, which naturally favours the strongest Party, and rearranged or authorised the rearrangement of the electoral districts. The Royalists complained against such procedure, but if these changes were actually introduced for the advantage of the Liberal cause, they certainly indicate that M. Veniselos was bold enough to play for big stakes, and that he preferred either to lose or to win with a majority sufficiently large to enable him to ignore opposition. He secured such a majority in the Chamber, but as a fact that majority actually depends upon the support of roughly sixty-eight per cent. of the voters who went to the poll.¹ Not counting the effect of the loss of Eastern Thrace, which was entirely Veniselist in 1920, this shows that only about twenty-eight per cent. of the electorate has actually changed in opinion during the last eight years—a change closely corresponding to the proportionate alteration brought about by the arrival of the refugees.

Omitting for the moment the effect of the personality, the reputation and the political sagacity of the Prime Minister, two other questions seem to the present writer to have made the recent election very different to those of 1915 and 1920. Whatever may have been the official programmes of the Parties on the two previous all-important occasions, it was a question of M. Veniselos against King Constantine. For various reasons his then Majesty enjoyed an immense popularity, and the people twice proved this in no uncertain language. The ex-King George, an extremely agreeable and well-informed personage, who has behaved with great dignity under very difficult circumstances, is but little known to the general public, and he has no national reputation with which his supporters could conjure. Consequently, in August it was a question of M. Veniselos and a Republic, which has brought relative

(1) For detailed statistics see the *Daily Telegraph* for September 7th, 1928.

prosperity and tranquility, as against nothing. Furthermore, even if the conditions were not identical in 1915 and in 1920, there were the forward war policies of Veniselos, encouraged and supported from abroad, against the attitude of King Constantine, who depended solely upon his home prestige, and who was either strongly opposed to the entry of Greece into the War or later not directly committed to an Anatolian Campaign, which was far from universally popular. At the recent contest there was no wide difference upon foreign affairs, and, if the success of M. Veniselos meant anything special in this direction, all parties must have agreed that his return could only enhance the external reputation of the country and help her to secure further financial or other international assistance of which she may be in need.

Two considerations have been uppermost in the minds of the well-wishers of Greece during recent developments. The re-entry of M. Veniselos into active politics has naturally stirred up a strife which has been more or less dormant in recent years, and particularly during M. Zaïmis' latest Premiership. Far-reaching success at the election may have temporarily hushed that strife, but so long as one of the parties to the Great War or post-War struggle is in personal ascendancy, there must be an ever-recurring danger of discord in a country where feeling always runs high. Moreover, although M. Veniselos was always a supporter of the Allied cause, he was originally largely responsible for the programme which brought Greece into violent conflict with Turkey, which encouraged the growth of Turkish nationalism, and which ultimately, though through no fault of his own, led to the great Hellenic disaster. From these points of view his renewed participation in Athenian home and foreign affairs may be a disadvantage if not a danger.

Alternatively, the Prime Minister is not only the greatest living Greek, but also one of the biggest Europeans of the present century. His outstanding characteristics are personal charm, honesty and breadth of vision. He has a magnetic personality and the most marvellous smile, he prefers to lead his associates to form their own opinions

rather than openly to persuade them, and his optimism is encouraging not only to himself but to those by whom he is surrounded. And then, unlike many politicians, the Premier has always been patriotic and honest, and whether in or out of office his country and its people are his sole thought. Indeed, notwithstanding countless opportunities, he has never used his position to personal advantage, and until his second marriage, with Miss Scilizzi in 1921, he was a poor man. Lastly, whatever may have been his mistakes, M. Veniselos typifies the wider interests of Hellenism, and he is responsible for most of the real successes achieved in and by Greece during the last twenty years. In 1910 law and order were re-established, the dynasty was saved, and the Balkan War and its results were made possible largely by his wisdom and foresight. After the World War the home administration left a great deal to be desired, and during the Lauzanne Conference M. Veniselos does not seem to have made early or sufficient attempts to save M. Gounaris and his colleagues from the fury of their political enemies. But M. Veniselos was not personally responsible for a great deal which took place in the course of his prolonged absence at the Peace Conference, and if he lost prestige by not intervening in time on behalf of his opponents, his diplomacy and moderation at Lauzanne certainly obtained for Greece conditions which might not otherwise have been hers.

The Prime Minister is not only a statesman but an extremely astute politician, usually capable of discerning the attitude of his own people and of the world in general. Originally a Cretan revolutionary, his tact and moderation were primarily responsible for making the continued autonomy of the Island practical and for its ultimate union with Greece. After his arrival in Athens he overcame difficulties which would have baffled a smaller man, during the trials of the War his greatest mistake was not returning to Athens at the head of his own Salonica Army instead of under Allied protection, and at the Peace Conference he secured more for Greece than could have been obtained by any other representative. In 1920, when I discussed the matter with His Excellency several times,

he did not realise the existing opposition to his person and to his policy, and, after the death of the youthful King Alexander, he should never have posed the direct question between himself and the King. But he was let down badly by his subordinates, who, in his absence, fell short in their duties, and who, on his return, feared or failed to explain the true situation to him. Finally, even if there were complications and temptations, and if he at first refused to intervene, his return to active political life early in 1924 was premature.

This last want of success may have added to the Premier's wisdom, for he appears now not only to have waited for the psychological moment, but to have supplied a policy likely to be generally acceptable to the people. A Republic, still unpopular with some, has worked well for four years, and particularly for the later part of that period. This has been partly responsible for a split between the Royalists, the moderate and extreme members of that party assuming different attitudes towards the recent Coalition Government. On the other hand, although the Liberals have been divided for some time, they appear to have been completely re-united by the return of M. Veniselos, who has recently been watching developments at closer quarters than heretofore. Consequently, even if it is difficult to take the Premier's criticisms of the financial policy of M. Kaphandaris as otherwise than an excuse for the destruction of M. Zaïmis' Government, the situation was, in fact, ripe for the introduction of a more definite programme. That programme, outlined at Salonica, now a Veniselist stronghold, on July 23rd, included a promise of much-desired economies in the administration, an undertaking to try to bring about better relations between capital and labour and to improve education and public health, and an expressed desire for closer understandings with Turkey, Jugoslavia, and Bulgaria.

The vital needs of the present moment are moderation at home and conciliation abroad. If he chooses, the Prime Minister is in a position to dictate a policy, but this would not be in the interests of the country as a whole, and it would react against the indefinite prolongation of his

power. King George rightly appears to have assumed an attitude of aloofness, and it is understood that he would only return at the wish of the entire nation and not at the call of a single party. Of course, they do not accept the defeat as final, but the Royalists recognise the present setback, and they are showing no signs of endeavouring at present to alter the constitution. It therefore remains for M. Veniselos to justify his success by adhering strictly to the law, by holding out the olive branch, and by working for the consummation of the *status quo* at home and abroad. He rightly liberated General Pangalos soon after his accession to office, and he correctly gave way to Admiral Konduriotes that the Senate should not be elected at the same time as the Chamber.

After the meeting of Parliament, postponed from September 17th partly owing to the Premier's attack of dengue fever, the questions of the Senate and of the permanent Presidency will arise. A controversy will probably centre round the manner of election of the majority of the members of the Upper House, and, if the Government feels unable to agree to the proportional system, it should at least give adequate reasons for its attitude. With regard to the Presidency, it is too soon to say whether M. Veniselos will himself figure as the victorious candidate or whether Admiral Konduriotes, M. Zaïmis, or some other citizen will fill that position. In any event, it is to be hoped that M. Veniselos will recognise the desirability of confining his energies to those bound up with the post that he decides to occupy and that he will strictly refrain from interference in spheres where he should not attempt to exert undue influence.

M. Veniselos is accepted as a splendid revolutionary, as a loyal ally, and as one who is not afraid of war. It is now for him to show that he is an equally good pacifist and that, under his control, the relations between Greece and her neighbours will improve. At the time of writing (September 15th) there is the problem of a new Græco-Jugoslav understanding and of Jugoslav access to Salonica, there is the question of a Bulgarian outlet to the Ægean, and there is the desirability of agreements with Turkey and

with Italy. The two last-mentioned countries signed a Treaty of Neutrality and Conciliation in May, Italy and Greece are now reported to have arrived at an Agreement of Non-Aggression and Friendship, and Italy has for some time been endeavouring to obtain a settlement of the Græco-Turkish differences. Under the auspices of Mustapha Kemal Pasha and of M. Veniselos such a settlement would do a great deal to consolidate the situation in the Near East, it would be to the advantage of Turkey and of Greece, and it might play its part in helping to attract the Government of Angora in a Western sense and direction. As between Greece and Jugoslavia good relations are of almost equal mutual value, for, if it is now possible for Salonica to prosper without the trade of the distant interior, and if some of that trade can be carried by way of the Adriatic, the natural means of entry into and exit from large parts of the Western Balkans is through the great Macedonian port. Lastly, once M. Veniselos has recognised, as he has recognised, the advisability of Bulgarian commercial outlets on the Ægean, it only remains for him to see that his promise is realised, and, as a consequence, to enable the Allied and Associated Powers to fulfil their responsibilities assumed under the Treaty of Neuilly.

To summarise and to recapitulate, M Veniselos' return to active politics has its advantages and disadvantages. But, on the balance, especially considering the clearness of his electoral victory, it is certain that the gains far outweigh the losses. Great danger would arise from the unskilful use of dictatorial powers, but it is fairly safe to assume that M. Veniselos must have learnt a lesson from what occurred eight years ago and that he will once more follow the moderate line of policy so wisely adopted during his earlier years of greatness. By so doing he will improve the position of his country and he will once more add to his own already world-wide reputation.

LETTER FROM GENEVA

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE Ninth Assembly of the League of Nations is in session, and once more Geneva is beflagged and the Quais du Mont Blanc and Wilson represent a kaleidoscope of humanity. It is always fascinating to be in Geneva at this time of year. Even the most cynical observer of human affairs cannot escape from a sense of wonder at the many-sided activities of this international hive. But the excitement which marked the first meetings of the Assembly has worn off. The crowds which used to gather outside the Hall of the Reformation watching the delegates go in has sensibly diminished. This is a good thing, for the public were inclined to regard the Assembly as a theatrical performance or/and to expect a sensation every year. Now the League gets to work like any other Parliament with a business-like air steadied by a sense of responsibility, and prepared to plod through the programme set before it. It is no longer content with the oratorical fireworks of the general debate, but insists on a close examination of all the subjects in the annual report of the Secretary General on the past year's work. This lends that substance of reality to the debates of the Assembly which was lacking in its earlier sessions. The prospects of peace and the great problem of arbitration security and disarmament still overshadows the discussions of the Assembly. But as the value of the League as a pacifying agency makes itself more and more felt, and it is increasingly recognised as an instrument that can be relied upon to correspond to the necessities which created it, all the drum-beating that marked the earlier sessions of the Assembly can be dispensed with.

You will be pleased to hear this because you have always regarded the somewhat theatrical air that surrounded the meetings of the Assembly as a drawback to the serious work which it has to do. But leadership you have also insisted

to be a primary condition of the successful functioning of the League. There must be men, so you have argued, who can dominate the Assembly and the Council, men who have not only force of character, but adequate standing in their own countries, in fact, statesmen who can speak with an authoritative voice on the affairs of Europe. They must be skilled in the art of diplomacy, so that they may establish the personal contacts on which so much depends. With Chamberlain, Briand and Stresemann sitting in the Assembly and meeting four times a year on the Council of the League, you felt that the League revolved on a secure pivot. There might be difficulties to overcome, but so long as the trinity of Geneva remained there was some hope of the nations advancing in unity. But now the partnership has been dissolved you predict that the machinery of the League will not run so smoothly, that adjustments will be more difficult, that, in fact, we had better look out for squalls.

Without underrating the value of the Kellogg Pact you maintain that the very expectations which it has raised will more readily launch the League in a trough of depression if all does not go well. At the same time, if I understand you aright, you do not think that it was altogether an advantage for the League that it should be so dependent on these personal contacts, for sooner or later in the nature of things they were sure to be dissolved. The real trouble you detect is that there is no one who can take the place of the happy trinity which guided the League to Locarno, and has so far preserved it from shipwreck on the shoals of international jealousies. Leadership there must be if all the perilous stuff that there is still about is to be got rid of. After that, when the necessity for international co-operation has been realised and the League has sailed into smooth water mediocrity may be trusted to keep the keel even. For then the democracies of the world, having graduated in the new school, would be able to make their own contacts and assert their will for peace. That is the goal which we must aim at; but in the meantime you are anxious as to what may happen with only Briand left and new men at the helm in Geneva. I

think you have some reason to be, as I shall presently explain, for Lord Cushendun has had little experience in international politics, and Hermann Müller has still to take his bearings. We might yet hope for the best if Briand were the same steadfast champion of the policy of reconciliation which he stood for at Locarno. But the blunt and sad truth is that he has suffered a sea change. This is, at any rate, the prevailing impression left by the speech which he made to the Assembly in which, after paying tribute to the League and its ideals, he pointed his finger at the German delegation and, to their immense surprise and chagrin, told them that there was reason to suspect that they were not really disarmed, that in fact there was still ground to regard them with suspicion. Lest you think that I may have exaggerated the offending passage in his speech, let me add that M. William Martin, the foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, with all his fidelity to France, felt bound to make a protest in his paper the same afternoon.

It is true that at the end of the passage which so startled the German delegation that one at least of their number was with difficulty restrained from jumping up to protest at once, M. Briand drew the moral that the real safeguard for peace lay in the growth of confidence between the nations and their adherence to the spirit of peace. He proclaimed himself an optimist; he was confident that this spirit would prevail. But the mischief had been done. Openly and flagrantly had the apostle of peace been caught sowing tares in the very field which he was pledged to cultivate. For if his remarks meant anything they could hardly fail to produce the very distrust and suspicion which he declared almost in the same breath it should be the supreme object of the League to dissipate. They were indeed the very arguments which those in France who oppose any general reduction of armaments use when faced with the German demand for a reduction in the still huge military establishments of the victorious Powers. And those who believe that without limitation and reduction of armaments Europe will never be freed from the suspicions and fears which were the root cause

of the last trouble, really felt a sense akin to despair in listening to these words of M. Briand.

Now I don't want to exaggerate the impression which this speech left. In the days when the trinity of Geneva was at work and Chamberlain and Stresemann were here it is probable that the effect of M. Briand's words would have been removed by interviews and explanations the next day. Briand's speech, when carefully read, created a far better impression than the words above quoted when addressed to the Germans, and Briand himself in an interview with the Press declared that he had no intention of departing from the policy of Locarno or doing anything to destroy the great work of reconciliation. What he had said seemed, so he pleaded, nothing less than the obvious, for no one could deny that Germany had this potential capacity for war in population and industrial resources. The men who had fought in the War were still there, as he had pointed out, and could be incorporated in the skeleton cadres of the German standing army, the 100,000 men, mainly composed of officers, who were allowed to Germany under the Peace Treaty. Now it must be said that this picture of the German Army, whether it is composed of men of the officer type or not, gives a very wrong impression of its fighting capacity. For the German Army is not permitted to possess any tanks or big guns and bombing planes, without which no army could hold the field in present times. Moreover, the fighting value of the men who fought in the War is not only a declining asset, but one which few soldiers versed in the art of mechanical warfare would place much store by.

M. Briand's explanations did not really meet the point that a statesman who had made the reconciliation of France and Germany the main plank in his policy appeared to make a *volte-face* in advancing such arguments. Of course, orators who speak without notes may make slips, but there is no doubt that M. Briand meant what he said, and what we had to search for was an explanation which would fit the circumstances and at the same time restore a working contact again between Germany and France at Geneva. The explanation was, I think, really to be found in

the desire, not confined to M. Briand alone, to teach the Germans a lesson for the rude remarks which their Press had recently made not only about French, but also British statesmanship. Briand was accused of selling the pass, of going one better than the militarists in his opposition to the evacuation of the Rhineland when his own views were, it is said, quite different. And as for Great Britain, she had thrown all her principles in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission to the wind by surrendering to the French demand that no limitation should be set on trained reserves in order to obtain a concession from the French for the limitation of light cruisers. It was therefore a good thing, so argued the supporters of the new understanding between England and France, that Germans should have been told some home truths. I am going to tell you something about this naval compromise before I finish. Although it is no direct concern of the League, it may be said to have set the heather alight at Geneva. For the moment I am only concerned with pointing a moral, and that is that the three great nations, and to a lesser degree other nations on whose agreement the peace of Europe primarily depends, must avoid crossing one another as they have been doing lately. For the most important task before us at Geneva is to improve the relations of France and England with Germany so that the Germans, who are rapidly becoming the greatest industrial country in Europe, may be led more and more to co-operate with their former enemies in the work of reconstruction. Italy, of course, comes into this picture, and the complex of her relations with the Balkans and the rest of Europe. But the primary foundation of peace lies in the good relations and co-operation of Germany with France and England.

No doubt, as Lord Cushendun explained at Geneva, the one object in holding naval conversations with France was to remove the deadlock on the method of calculating auxiliary vessels which had held up the progress of so-called disarmament in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission. But the effect of secret conversations with France, however good their object may have been, was to raise a cloud of suspicion in Germany, for it was hinted that

part of the bargain was a concession on the British side to the French demand that there should be no limitation of military reserves. The Germans, who professed to see in this the end of their hope of a general reduction in the military establishments of the victorious Powers or any relaxation in the ring of steel which surrounds them, promptly reacted by trying to sow mischief between Great Britain and America. Their Press declared with such unanimity that the new naval compromise with France was aimed at America, that the German Government were held to have inspired the attack. The German Press, so I am told by competent German authorities, plunged into this anti-British campaign to the annoyance of the Wilhelmstrasse. It needed no stimulus to do so, because the German public were, quite apart from any rumour about the effect of the Anglo-French naval compromise on military armaments, extraordinarily incensed at the participation of British troops in the French manoeuvres in the occupied area. There is no reason to doubt what the Germans who came to Geneva for the Ninth Assembly told one that this rather tactless act on our part began the trouble. For the German Press saw in it a proof of closer partnership between France and England, and feared, in fact, that it meant that we should be found on the side of France in resisting their demand for the evacuation of the Rhineland.

I don't think that they have much hope of making headway with their demand for general reduction of armaments. What the Germans are passionately set on is the freedom of their territory in the Rhineland from the French troops, who to the number of over fifty thousand still remain in the Palatinate and at Coblenz. Our occupying force in the small enclave of Wiesbaden has been reduced to about six thousand men, while the Belgians retain only five thousand men on German soil, and everyone knows that if the French went we and the Belgians would be glad to go. Still, the occupation is an Allied affair under the Treaty, and when Herr Müller, in the name of his Government, approached M. Briand in Geneva in September he was politely informed that nothing could be done until the other Powers had been

consulted. Herr Müller was advised to draw them into conversations if he could and then lay his proposals before the former Allies, among whom Italy was included, for she is technically one of the occupying Powers although she retains only an officer and five soldiers in Coblenz.

This was the situation before M. Briand made his speech. The new German Government had sent its Socialist Chancellor to Geneva to make what the Germans believed to be an absolutely just and proper demand, for the Treaty declares that if before the expiration of fifteen years Germany complies with all the undertakings resulting from the Treaty of Versailles the occupying forces *will* be withdrawn immediately. Now, as Count Bernstorff pointed out in Geneva, this cannot possibly mean that the occupying forces shall not be withdrawn until every penny of reparation has been paid, for if that had been intended no date could have been fixed for withdrawal. In the German view, with the Dawes Plan working smoothly and the clean bill which has been granted to Germany on her disarmament under the Treaty, Germany has a juridical right to demand evacuation. But that is not the only ground on which the German Government claims evacuation. It claims, of course, as you know, that evacuation should have followed the Treaty of Locarno, which was a guarantee of Germany's good faith, and that once Germany had been elected to the Council of the League she had an even greater moral right to demand the freedom of her soil. For otherwise she was placed in the invidious position of a Power to whom equality with the other great Powers had been granted in name only. To raise the doubt whether Germany was really disarmed seemed, therefore, to the Germans a sinister manoeuvre on the part of the French, and one which they had least of all expected from M. Briand, who has always been supposed to favour evacuation. Nor has the question of evacuation anything really to do with reparation. The Germans did not draw up the Dawes scheme. All they did was to comply with it and pay what was demanded. To require, therefore, that the scheme should be revised in such a way as to accelerate payments imposed on Germany was to go out-

side the Treaty of Versailles altogether. But since the French insisted on receiving some advantage for evacuating the Rhineland the Germans decided that they would at least discover what was required of them, while making it plain that in their view such demands were extortionate.

Now, as you who have followed this controversy know, what the French really want is further guarantees for the eastern frontier of Germany, that is to say, Poland, and an extension of control over the demilitarised area when their troops are withdrawn from the occupied territory. The Germans refuse to make any such concessions, which are, indeed, quite outside their Treaty obligations. So the issue narrowed itself down to the question of what offer the Germans could make in the way of monetary compensation and further guarantees for the payment of reparation. I think all this bargaining very bad business for France, for she gains nothing but ill-will in Germany by insisting on continuing the occupation, and if she were to withdraw her troops to-morrow the great obstacle to the reconciliation of France with Germany would be removed. The last election in Germany, with its important reduction of the Nationalist vote and the victory of the progressive parties which stand for the policy of Locarno and all that it means for the future peace of the world, is surely a fact that France might take some account of. And yet we find the new German Government coming again to Geneva and again being rebuffed.

I say rebuffed because this is one's impression of the proceedings so far. But the Germans are wise enough not to expect to get all their demands conceded here. What they hope for the moment is the recognition of their right to evacuation and its consideration by the Governments concerned. The immediate freeing of the second zone has now been too long delayed to mean anything, for its evacuation is due in 1930. But another long five years must pass before the third zone is evacuated under the Treaty. It would be greatly to the advantage of Europe if France could be persuaded to take this course at once.

As I write the first meeting of the representatives of the

occupying Powers and the German delegation is taking place at the British headquarters in Geneva. I hope that this means that Lord Cushendun has plucked up the courage, of which we have shown so little in our dealings with France on this question, to take a definite lead for evacuation. The idea that any considerable sum could be raised this year for the flotation of the Dawes bonds is, I am told by financial experts here, fantastic. For America is the only country which could find the money, and there is no chance of her thinking of doing anything of the kind before the Presidential election. And even after that it is doubtful whether the United States, which found most of the forty millions which we call the Dawes Loan, will again put her hand into her pocket. You know, of course, the French argument that there is a close relationship between what France has to pay to other countries and what she receives from Germany. It is an argument which we may well sympathise with, for we are at present still paying more to America than we are receiving from our debtors, or were doing so until this year. "Inter-Allied and associated debts," as the War phraseology went, must surely be revised some day.

But to raise the question now with any hope of obtaining reductions in what Europe owes America would be a foolish policy. The Americans must be left to find out for themselves that it is not to their advantage to be in the position of a creditor on such a large scale. It is not the sentimental argument or any criticism of their attitude that they have the right to be paid which will deflect them from their present purpose. But the economic argument will in the long run make itself felt. In the meantime any idea that the victors in the War are attempting to get together to put up a united front to America on the debt question would be fatal to any progress in solving this problem. To ask the Germans for compensation for clearing out of the Rhineland and then to make Americans responsible for the continuance of the occupation because they would not find the money never entered into anyone's calculations in Geneva, in spite of the sensational articles which were written on the question. About our other contacts with

America I must tell you in my next letter. There are some aspects of the Anglo-French naval conference that seemed particularly unfortunate at the moment. The secrecy in which the business was involved led to the wildest rumours, and the Germans showed a most mischievous spirit in trying to suggest that the compromise was in effect an agreement aimed at America. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. But since our unfortunate differences with the United States over the limitation of cruisers we ought to have known that separate conversations with France on this subject, the results of which could not be immediately removed, were bound to raise suspicions in the mind of the public on the other side of the Atlantic. It was far more vital for us to come to an agreement with the Americans, and then we might have approached the French, whose fleet is of small consequence to us as compared with the American. To reverse this process and come to an arrangement about categories of vessels which appears to cut across the American demand for a free hand within a limited tonnage to build the type of cruisers which suits them seemed such bad diplomacy that no one was surprised to hear Lord Cushendun tell the Assembly of the League that the compromise, if open to objection, would be revised and the discussion placed on a new basis.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

PRESIDENTIAL elections in America run a course as well marked as that of a recurrent fever. No doubt there is much to be said for a dispensation under which the country at large and the persons more specially concerned can be assured that, once over, the fit is over for four years; whereas the British electorate and British politicians can never be certain even for twelve months ahead that a contest will not be forced on them. On the whole, however, under the system which prevails here there is more chance that an important matter may be considered mainly on its own merits and not on the forecast of electoral results. A general election must come some day; but if no one knows exactly when it will come, there is a tendency to ignore it. In America, where the whole course is laid down, the electoral factor can never be forgotten; and because in practice it has always dominated with increasing insistence during the last two years of a Presidential term, usage passes into obligation, and it would be considered scarcely decent for an American administration to act in those years with the least disregard of party interest.

The contest is now fairly engaged, and all the magnificent energies of the New World will whoop it up from now to November—the more vehemently because defections from both sides are already declaring themselves. Mr. Smith, the Democratic candidate, is a Catholic, and stands for some modification of the total prohibition law. Many of the passionate prohibitionists are also passionately Protestants; and Protestantism in the United States regards Rome with as much horror as it does in Scotland, or even in Ulster. There are said to be educated men who believe that if Mr. Smith were elected “the Pope would be over here in a week,” and within a fortnight would be “doing the temporal power.” It is therefore difficult

to restrain Mr. Smith's opponents from seeking to stimulate this religious prejudice against him. But it is also a maxim in American politics that raising the theological issue has always been fatal to the party which raised it; and in point of fact certain lifelong Republicans are breaking away from this party on this ground, saying that their forefathers came away from Europe to escape persecution or injury on questions of religion and that they will not tolerate intolerance in the new land.

Also it is difficult for any European to believe that Mr. Smith's attitude to the Volstead Act and its results will not detach some support from Mr. Hoover's "dry" orthodoxy. A message to *The Times*, dated September 9th, reports that the Grand Jury of Philadelphia have ordered the removal of the captain of their detective force, and report "that there has been, and now is, a direct connection between certain members of the police force and a well-organised group of persistent law-breakers who compose the most dangerous element in our community." The Grand Jury's investigation was occasioned, according to *The Times* correspondent, by the discovery of "a regular arsenal for the arming of 'gangsters' employed by the 'bootleggers' with rifles, revolvers, machine-guns, and bullet-proof vests." [*The Times*, one may note, is slow to recognise that the Volstead Act has enriched the English language by two words which are now much more widely familiar than the technical vocabulary generated by the League of Nations.] It should be added that the statements of the correspondent are borne out by recent notice of additions to the armed and armoured patrol fleet which are on a scale to affect international discussions on naval armament.

Further, it is not excessive to suppose that some Republican allegiances may be shaken when it is known that Mr. Hoover's success is desired and worked for (and contributed to) no less by bootleggers than by teetotallers. The continued existence of this great, growing and highly capitalised industry depends absolutely on retaining the Volstead Act as one of the ornaments to the constitution of the United States. Allow the citizens to buy beer and

wine legitimately, and what becomes of bootlegging? Some traffic no doubt will remain, for the land whose chief contribution to the culture of modern Europe has been the cocktail must somehow get alcohol in the cruder forms. Yet the Germans in America number some twelve millions; they are not less devoted to beer under that clime than at home; the brewing industry was largely in their hands, and if Mr. Smith is identified with the hope of beer cheap and legitimate instead of costly and contraband, he should have great chances in this direction.

It is natural, then, that Republican advocates should be eager to make capital out of the bouquets which were strewn before Mr. Kellogg's triumphal car during his European progress. But here there is embarrassment. If Mr. Hoover wins, and the victory can be attributed (even unjustly) to electoral influence gained in this way, the temptations for Democrats to overthrow the policy claimed as Republican would be very great. Mr. Kellogg by the institutions of his country has been obliged to invite European States to sign a compact with his name attached in the knowledge that America may repudiate his signature. Unless the Peace Treaty can secure a majority of two-thirds in the Senate—and this is more than the Republicans can command—Mr. Kellogg will become the world's laughing stock. That would be a cruel destiny for one who believes as sincerely in his pacifist mission as did his Democratic forerunner, William Jennings Bryan, than whom there never was a more convinced apostle. Yet it would be no greater ignominy than the Republicans inflicted on the Democratic President Wilson.

That is not likely to happen. There is no suggestion that Mr. Kellogg is imperious and self-centred as Wilson was; and no Secretary of State has the opportunity to make so many enemies as the autocratic President found, or created for himself. Besides, however the United States may disregard and despise European opinion, millions of their people must be aware that, for a second time within ten years, an American statesman has taken on himself to give a moral lead to Europe and has received Europe's applause. If for a second time the United States refuse

adherence to the Covenant which their spokesman has proposed, American pride would inevitably suffer. Even as it is, the spectacle of these pacifist champions piling up ten thousand ton cruisers provokes comment within doors and outdoors; and this anomaly grows the more flagrant when outcry for additional urgency is raised because England and France are reported to have agreed, provisionally, on certain steps towards restricting outlay on naval construction.

In short, America offers a rich field for ironic contemplation. But is Europe barren? The writer of these notes chanced this August to look down from the French slope of the Jura; and there lay Geneva by its lake, spread out that sunny day like the Good Child's Town out of a box of nursery bricks: so clean, so tidy, so unsuspectable that it was odd to think how all the good intentions (with some of the vanities) of all the most virtuous people in Europe are bobbing about like gherkins in a cauldron where simmers and bubbles the most amazing hell-broth of intrigues, jealousies, blood feuds, and bitter memories. Who is the representative figure of the League of Nations? Sir Austen Chamberlain, who perhaps has achieved more by the sheer contagion of disinterested integrity than any other diplomat by subtlety? or is it M. Valdemaras with his Lithuanian irredentism? Or is it perhaps M. Briand, not less nationalist than M. Valdemaras, yet essentially a man of the post-War world with all the tradition of French skill and eloquence at his command, and employing them frankly to establish new buttresses for the old fabric? When the Kellogg Pact was signed in Paris he was the spokesman of that conclave, and spoke to the root of the matter. It is well to have proclaimed peace, he said, but the next step is to "organise it." How to substitute settlement by law for settlement by force, that is the question. There is no tribunal accepted in principle by all who may need to be brought before it—or to bring others. But this does not prove that recourse to law will not be adopted, and with a kind of fervour, by those who were readiest to make war. Scott knew human nature, and he describes his Dandie Dinmont, descendant of the old border raiders, as

one of a community whose luxury was litigation—and chiefly on points where sentiment, not material interest, was at stake.

The League's September meeting was preceded by a sermon from Dean Inge in the Cathedral Church at Geneva. Those who came expecting to hear him say the unexpected were not disappointed; but whether all that was new in his sermon was true, admits debate. He specially warned his audience against believing that the spread of democracy makes for the spread of peace. His study of modern history convinces him that "in bellicosity and injustice to weaker nations there is not a pin to choose between monarchies and republics." Blame, he thinks, has often been wrongly put on the dynasts. "Nations go mad and make scapegoats of their rulers." If Dean Inge has so read the history of modern times as to convince himself that Russia pushed its rulers into the Russo-Japanese War (the pivot of modern history), he is very singular. Or does he believe that in the year before 1914 the German and the Austrian peoples were urging on the Imperially controlled staffs? Again, it may be true that "civilised nations do not regard war as a sport," but assuredly men of the type of the German Crown Prince in 1914 looked on it as a lusty adventure. Even in civilised Britain, did Dean Inge never meet young men terribly anxious lest the War should be over before they got into it? We have advanced from that standpoint, because war has proved to be unbearably disagreeable under modern conditions. Dean Inge thinks that the chief deterrent will be economic. "No one who has anything to lose is ever going to vote for such a war again." Yet in truth expense has seldom stopped war; all the arguments, which before 1914 taught us that prolonged war would be financially impossible, went by the board in the first fortnight. What is going to stop war is the personal, abject humiliation of many of its experiences—most typical of them being the need for a gas mask: and the danger that adventurous spirits may want a new set-to can only come from one quarter. The airmen in the Great War had a marvellous—though most deadly—adventure. Nobody else had, in Europe.—Dean Inge is

right, however, in one matter. Wars of exploitation, wars against the comparatively unarmed, have been undertaken as often and as freely by democracies as by other types of state. "This is precisely the kind of war which the League of Nations ought to be able to prevent," says the Dean. Yet most of us regard the League as being fully occupied with the effort to devise means for guaranteeing nations above a certain level of civilisation against war with others on that same level. If the League takes on a wider scope, its existence is likely to be jeopardised. For, after all, the wars of exploitation are those which it is difficult to condemn. Without war, could the European race have colonised America, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa?

Another of the statements in the Dean's ingenious discourse is that war's main cause is fear—fear of sudden and unprovoked attack. "Fear drove all the chief belligerents in the Great War to take up arms." One might question the truth of that concerning Germany, and concerning Russia; but the best test is the nearest. "In our own case," says Dean Inge, "the one convincing and unanswerable argument was that of the Prime Minister: 'If we remain neutral we shall be left without a friend in the world, the predestined victims of the next coalition.'" Dean Inge may describe accurately what passed in his own mind; but this reasoning was far too remote to affect the English people. For one thing, they were then too ignorant of war to feel fear, either from its immediate or its ultimate consequences. The House of Commons, on occasions when party ties are taken off—as they were on August 4th, 1914—is extraordinarily representative of the British people. It was not the Prime Minister's speech that decided the opinion of the House, which at the beginning manifestly wavered; it was not the opening part of Sir Edward Grey's speech dealing with our relations to France. It was the demonstration that German's violation of Belgian neutrality had torn up the covenants of Europe, and that Great Britain's word was pledged to resist. These were not my personal relations. I was an Irish Nationalist, temperamentally a partisan of France;

I was detached enough to see clearly, as I ever saw anything in this world, what swung that mass of men into all but unanimity; and fear had nothing to do with it. The argument which Dean Inge attributes to the Prime Minister was proper to use with those who felt the full extent of the risk and hesitated to face it. But I doubt if they were one in fifty of the six hundred men there assembled.—This is a commonplace account, but if deans are to re-edit history, commonplace observers had better put themselves on record.

Things have greatly changed since 1914. We all know what "civilised" war amounted to, and what it costs. What is more, many very able people are engaged in trying to make us believe it worse than it was. Mr. H. G. Wells has just published a novel, *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island*, which for a period led one sanguine reader to believe that he had escaped from the propagandist and got back to a favourite author. Not that Mr. Wells was ever not a propagandist. *Kipps* was propaganda, so was *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, so was *The Wheels of Chance*. We were made acquainted with likeable, even lovable, young men of the shop assistant class; we sympathised with their trials, more particularly with their love affairs and aspirations, which inevitably went wrong because the aspirations aimed at companionships and alliances for which the young men were not grateful. But we were left to draw the inference that likeable young men ought to get an education which would enable them to move in the society to which they aspired. The explicit argument was put into other books by the same author which we could read if we chose. Probably Mr. Wells found out that we did not; anyhow, there is no getting away from the propagandist nowadays. *Mr. Blettsworthy* begins with pages of crisp, clean, alert writing, witty and pleasant characterisation; then an ugly episode (modestly handled, as things go now); and then seagoing adventure; we see Mr. Wells set his amazing power of detailed imagination to conjure up the phenomena of storm and shipwreck. And then, off we go into sheer fantasy, moving among megatheria. No doubt

there was here and there a flavour of propagandist allegory (there may even be propaganda in *Mr. Polly* for that matter, or in *Tono Bungay*), but it need not worry anyone. Then comes a switch to the cinema screen, and we are landed in the European War—which again Mr. Wells seeks to reconstruct through vivid imagination. Frankly, he overdoes it; more especially about the sergeants, who in an ordinary regiment were decent Christians and not apoplectic bullies. But then beyond the Great War, which might reasonably hope to outdo the cannibals and megatheria, we come to a crowning horror—the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti; and we begin to ask ourselves whether this surprising artist, who carried our credulity lightly over such difficult passages, has not suddenly taken leave of his senses of proportion and perspective. Why dismiss us with an apprehension that the so versatile, so gifted, so instructed an intelligence which has kept us at the stretch of interest so long may after all be the mind of a crank? After indicting humanity for assenting to the massacre of millions, it is like anti-climax to go on to urge that it may have made a mistake in the execution of two men charged with murder. Mr. Wells is too gifted a propagandist for us not to be annoyed when he spoils his propaganda.

After all, the piece of propaganda likely to have most effect comes from M. Briand, who, with a Frenchman's wit, summed up tendencies in an epigram which marks the prevailing fashion—and no one likes to be out of it. "There used to be competition in armaments upward," he said; "now, there is competition downwards." Thanks to the League of Nations, he added, no country in Europe could go before its Parliament and deliberately propose an enormous increase of armaments. Did M. Briand in his utterance emphasise, ever so slightly, the words "in Europe"?

The Trades Union Congress at Swansea during September showed tendencies that are best described, or stigmatised, by the Soviet Press. According to its voices, the

Council has delivered up the masses to "Mondism and industrial peace." The *Isvestia* goes so far as to allege that the Labour Party is "heading for class co-operation." These are damning words indeed, and lead us to believe that the damnable instinct for compromise, instead of irreconcilable antagonisms, is asserting itself. The Congress on its part decided definitely to have nothing to do with Russian trade unions, because their influence only makes for disunion in British labour.—All this is to the good. But much more concrete interest attaches to the experiment of shipping more than eight thousand unemployed English workers to Canada, in the first instance for harvest work. A certain proportion—under five per cent.—have kicked against the conditions and come back; and a certain outcry has been raised by some spokesmen of Labour. It is more significant that eight thousand have carried on, and that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has lauded the venture. For, after all, life is plainly going to be impossible unless the British artisans, who expect, very rightly, as much pay as curates or subalterns, are willing to go where a living is to be found. All the professional classes have accepted that necessity for their offspring; there is not a parson, or doctor, or colonel who is not ready to see his son go off to East Africa or British Columbia as soon as his education is over. In Ireland among the farming class the eagerness to emigrate is excessive. But it looks as if the English working man expected to find work, or have it found for him, in familiar conditions. Above all, the miners seem to be, by a moral and mental compulsion, *adscripti glebæ*, tied to their parish as close as ever were the serfs in old times.

Some very interesting studies of them appearing in *The Times* illustrate this trait and explain it, for the miner class have lived by themselves and to themselves. They have a special hereditary adaptation to a particular work for which no other worker, it is said, could acquire even the muscular capacity till after long months. But it seems beyond dispute that there are now too many of them for the industry to support; and there is no reason why they should not take the open way out of it. There is no open way into other trades at home; but overseas the miner is a strong

man, extraordinarily skilful with a spade, and, if he gets the short-hafted, broadfaced tool to which he is accustomed, equal to a woodman with the axe; and he is trained to fixing and propping all sorts of wooden structures. We all learnt to know what he was worth in trenches, apart from his fighting quality; there is no kind of man who would be more useful in a Swiss Family Robinson on a desert island. If Canada gets and keeps a lot of them, Canada will make a great bargain.

One of the periodic rows as to the rights of biographers raged throughout September. A gentleman who signs his book "Ephesian" presented Dickens in what purported to be a work of fiction. The portrait was resented by admirers of the novelist and by his family. The author retorts that his presentment is true to the facts as known to him after four years of study, and that he has only given his work the shape of fiction because the family's refusal to allow publication of certain letters made it impossible for a biographer to work freely. This refusal is resented by "Ephesian," and is, moreover, disapproved by some severe critics of "Ephesian's" book. The implications appear to be these. Any public entertainer or public instructor is beholden to the public for the rewards which he receives; and the public, his generous patron, is entitled not only to receive the entertainment or instruction for which it pays, but to gratify its curiosity to the full concerning the man who has instructed or entertained it. Our fathers were accustomed to believe that the public did not completely discharge its debt to such a man as Dickens by payment for his books; gratitude was due, and, indeed, was seldom withholden. Now, however, it would appear that the account is not so closed; that the public servant is bound after death to render up account of his private life, so that it may be compared with his utterances. This rule has a special application for novelists, all of whom are, willy-nilly, less or more, moral philosophers; and they will be well advised to destroy all those records which they would most desire to withhold from public discussion, for these are the matters which public curiosity will be most

eager to investigate, and the things out of which a caterer for public prurience can expect most profit.

The old way of showing prolonged interest in an artist was, to put it mildly, preferable to such posthumous prying. I, for one, applaud the conduct of the Dickens family in refusing to allow publication of documents which, in their opinion, Charles Dickens would have wished to keep undisclosed. If by indiscretion a partial publicity has been given to these, so much the worse; his heirs evidently feel that they still have a trust; and it would be a poor way to honour that by abrogating completely what has been unwittingly infringed.

TO MY AGED MOTHER

BY DUDLEY H. ANDERSON

Like the late rose that fair and frail
The winter still withstands,
Thy wrinkled brow shows sweet and pale;
Those wisps of knotted hands,
Like thornèd stems, the summer past,
Tremble as in the autumn's blast.

Fain would I weave the summer days
About thy form again,
Bring back the warm sun's golden rays
And June's refreshing rain,
So thou, my Rose, shouldst bloom in prime,
Nor know the chill of winter time.

Yet kindly doth the season shake
Life's petals on the snow,
He who no bruised reed will break,
He hath ordained it so,
That in His garden by His grace,
My Rose may find a resting-place.

THINGS

By D. H. LAWRENCE

THEY were true idealists, from New England. But that is some time ago: before the War. Several years before the War they met and married; he a tall, keen-eyed young man from Connecticut, she a smallish, demure, Puritan-looking young woman from Massachusetts. They both had a little money. Not much, however. Even added together it didn't make three thousand dollars a year. Still—they were free. Free!

Ah!—freedom! To be free to live one's own life! To be twenty-five and twenty-seven, a pair of true idealists with a mutual love of beauty and an inclination towards "Indian thought"—meaning, alas! Mrs. Besant—and an income a little under three thousand dollars a year! But what is money? All one wishes to do is to live a full and beautiful life. In Europe, of course, right at the fountain-head of tradition. It might possibly be done in America: in New England, for example. But at forfeiture of a certain amount of "beauty." True beauty takes a long time to mature. The baroque is only half-beautiful, half-matured. No, the real silver bloom, the real golden-sweet bouquet of beauty, had its roots in the Renaissance, not in any later or shallower period.

Therefore, the two idealists, who were married in New Haven, sailed at once to Paris: Paris of the old days. They had a studio apartment on the Boulevard Montparnasse, and they became real Parisians, in the old, delightful sense, not in the modern, vulgar. It was the shimmer of the pure impressionists, Monet and his followers, the world seen in terms of pure light, light broken and unbroken. How lovely! How lovely! how lovely the nights, the river, the mornings in the old streets and by the flower-stalls and the book-stalls, the afternoons up on Montmartre or in the Tuileries, the evenings on the boulevards!

They both painted, but not desperately. Art had not taken them by the throat, and they did not take Art by the throat. They painted: that's all. They knew people—nice people, if possible, though one had to take them mixed. And they were happy.

Yet it seems as if human beings must set their claws in *something*. To be "free," to be "living a full and beautiful life," you must, alas! be attached to something. A "full and beautiful life" means a tight attachment to *something*—at least, it is so for all idealists—or else a certain boredom supervenes; there is a certain waving of loose ends upon the air, like the waving, yearning tendrils of the vine that spread and rotate, seeking something to clutch, something up which to climb towards the necessary sun. Finding nothing, the vine can only trail, half-fulfilled, upon the ground. Such is freedom—a clutching of the right pole. And human beings are all vines. But especially the idealist. He is a vine, and he needs to clutch and

climb. And he despises the man who is a mere *potato*, or turnip, or lump of wood.

Our idealists were frightfully happy, but they were all the time reaching out for something to cotton on to. At first, Paris was enough. They explored Paris *thoroughly*. And they learned French till they almost felt like French people, they could speak it so glibly.

Still, you know, you never talk French with your *soul*. It can't be done. And though it's very thrilling, at first, talking in French to clever Frenchmen—they seem so much cleverer than oneself—still, in the long run, it is not satisfying. The endlessly clever *materialism* of the French leaves you cold, in the end, gives a sense of barrenness and incompatibility with true New England depth. So our two idealists felt.

They turned away from France—but ever so gently. France had disappointed them. "We've loved it, and we've got a great deal out of it. But after a while, a considerable while—several years, in fact—Paris leaves one feeling disappointed. It hasn't quite got what one wants."

"But Paris isn't France."

"No, perhaps not. France is quite different from Paris. And France is lovely—quite lovely. But *to us*, though we love it, it doesn't say a great deal."

So, when the War came, the idealists moved to Italy. And they loved Italy. They found it beautiful, and more poignant than France. It seemed much nearer to the New England conception of beauty: something pure, and full of sympathy, without the *materialism* and the *cynicism* of the French. The two idealists seemed to breathe their own true air in Italy.

And in Italy, much more than in Paris, they felt they could thrill to the teachings of the Buddha. They entered the swelling stream of modern Buddhist emotion, and they read the books, and they practised meditation, and they deliberately set themselves to eliminate from their own souls greed, pain, and sorrow. They did not realise—yet—that Buddha's very eagerness to free himself from pain and sorrow is in itself a sort of greed. No, they dreamed of a perfect world, from which all greed, and nearly all pain, and a great deal of sorrow, were eliminated.

But America entered the War, so the two idealists had to help. They did hospital work. And though their experience made them realise more than ever that greed, pain, and sorrow *should* be eliminated from the world, nevertheless, the Buddhism, or the theosophy, didn't emerge very triumphant from the long crisis. Somehow, somewhere, in some part of themselves, they felt that greed, pain and sorrow would never be eliminated, because most people don't care about eliminating them, and never will care. Our idealists were far too Western to think of abandoning all the world to damnation while they saved their two selves. They were far too unselfish to sit tight under a bho-tree and reach Nirvana in a mere couple.

It was more than that, though. They simply hadn't enough

Sitzfleisch to squat under a bho-tree and get to Nirvana by contemplating anything, least of all their own navel. If the whole wide world was not going to be saved, they, personally, were not so very keen on being saved just by themselves. No, it would be so lonesome. They were New Englanders, so it must be all or nothing. Greed, pain and sorrow must either be eliminated *from all the world*, or else what was the use of eliminating them from oneself? No use at all! One was just a victim.

And so—although they still *loved* "Indian thought," and felt very tender about it: well, to go back to our metaphor, the pole up which the green and anxious vines had clambered so far now proved dry-rotten. It snapped, and the vines came slowly subsiding to earth again. There was no crack and crash. The vines held themselves up by their own foliage, for a while. But they subsided. The bean-stalk of "Indian thought" had given way before Jack had climbed off the tip of it to a further world.

They subsided with a slow rustle back to earth again. But they made no outcry. They were again "disappointed." But they never admitted it. "Indian thought" had let them down. But they never complained. Even to one another they never said a word. But they were disappointed, faintly but deeply disillusioned, and they both knew it. But the knowledge was tacit.

And they still had so much in their lives. They still had Italy—dear Italy. And they still had freedom, the priceless treasure. And they still had so much "beauty." About the fullness of their lives they were not quite so sure. They had one little boy, whom they loved as parents should love their children, but whom they wisely refrained from fastening upon, to build their lives on him. No, no, they must live their own lives! They still had strength of mind to know that.

But they were now no longer so very young. Twenty-five and twenty-seven had become thirty-five and thirty-seven. And though they had had a very wonderful time in Europe, and though they still loved Italy—dear Italy!—yet: they were disappointed. They had got a lot out of it: oh, a very great deal indeed! Still, it hadn't given them quite, not *quite*, what they had expected; Europe was lovely, but it was dead. Living in Europe, you were living on the past. And Europeans, with all their superficial charm, were not *really* charming. They were materialistic, they had no real *soul*. They just did not understand the inner urge of the spirit, because the inner urge was dead in them; they were all survivals. There, that was the truth about Europeans: they were survivals, with no more getting ahead in them.

It was another bean-pole, another vine-support crumbled under the green life of the vine. And very bitter it was, this time. For up the old tree-trunk of Europe the green vine had been clambering silently for more than ten years, ten hugely important years, the years of real living. The two idealists had *lived* in Europe, lived on Europe and on European life and European things as vines in an everlasting vineyard.

They had made their home here: a home such as you could never make in America. Their watchword had been "beauty." They had rented, the last four years, the second floor of an old Palazzo on the Arno, and here they had all their "things." And they derived a profound, profound satisfaction from their apartment: the lofty, silent, ancient rooms with windows on the river, with glistening, dark-red floors, and the beautiful furniture that the idealists had "picked up."

Yes, unknown to themselves, the lives of the idealists had been running with a fierce swiftness horizontally, all the time. They had become tense, fierce hunters of "things" for their home. While their soul was climbing up to the sun of old European culture or old Indian thought, their passions were running horizontally, clutching at "things." Of course, they did not buy the things for the things' sakes, but for the sake of "beauty." They looked upon their home as a place entirely furnished by loveliness, not by "things" at all. Valerie had some very lovely curtains at the windows of the long *salotta*, looking on the river: curtains of queer ancient material that looked like finely knitted silk, most beautifully faded down from vermilion and orange and gold and black, to a sheer soft glow. Valerie hardly ever came into the *salotta* without mentally falling on her knees before the curtains. "Chartres!" she said. "To me they are Chartres!" And Melville never turned and looked at his sixteenth-century Venetian book-case, with its two or three dozen of choice books, without feeling his marrow stir in his bones. The holy of holies!

The child silently, almost sinisterly, avoided any rude contact with these ancient monuments of furniture, as if they had been nests of sleeping cobras, or that "thing" most perilous to the touch—the Ark of the Covenant. His childish awe was silent, and cold, but final.

Still, a couple of New England idealists cannot live merely on the bygone glory of their furniture. At least, one couple could not. They got used to the marvellous Bologna cupboard, they got used to the wonderful Venetian book-case, and the books, and the Siena curtains and bronzes, and the lovely sofas and side-tables and chairs they had "picked up" in Paris. Oh, they had been picking things up since the first day they landed in Europe. And they were still at it. It is the last interest Europe can offer to an outsider: or to an insider either.

When people came, and were thrilled by the Melville interior, then Valerie and Erasmus felt they had not lived in vain: that they still were living. But in the long mornings, when Erasmus was desultorily working at Renaissance Florentine literature, and Valerie was attending to the apartment; and in the long hours after lunch; and in the long, usually very cold and oppressive evenings in the ancient palazzo: then the halo died from around the furniture, and the things became things, lumps of matter that just stood there or hung there, *ad infinitum*, and said nothing; and Valerie and Erasmus almost hated them. The glow of beauty, like every other glow, dies down unless

it is fed. The idealists still dearly loved their things. But they had got them. And the sad fact is, things that glow vividly while you're getting them go almost quite cold after a year or two. Unless, of course, people envy you them very much, and the museums are pining for them. And the Melvilles' "things," though very good, were not quite as good as that.

So the glow gradually went out of everything, out of Europe, out of Italy—"the Italians are dears"—even out of that marvellous apartment on the Arno. "Why, if I had this apartment I'd never, never even want to go out of doors! It's too lovely and perfect." That was something, of course, to hear that.

And yet Valerie and Erasmus went out of doors; they even went out to get away from its ancient, cold-floored, stone-heavy silence and dead dignity. "We're living on the past, you know, Dick," said Valerie to her husband. She called him Dick.

They were grimly hanging on. They did not like to give in. They did not like to own up that they were through. For twelve years, now, they had been "free" people, living a "full and beautiful life." And America for twelve years had been their anathema, the Sodom and Gomorrah of industrial materialism.

It wasn't easy to own that you were "through." They hated to admit that they wanted to go back. But at last, reluctantly, they decided to go, "for the boy's sake." "We can't bear to leave Europe. But Peter is an American, so he had better look at America while he's young." The Melvilles had an entirely English accent and manner—almost—a little Italian and French here and there.

They left Europe behind, but they took as much of it along with them as possible. Several van-loads, as a matter of fact. All those adorable and irreplaceable "things." And all arrived in New York, idealists, child, and the huge bulk of Europe they had lugged along.

Valerie had dreamed of a pleasant apartment, perhaps on Riverside Drive, where it was not so expensive as east of Fifth Avenue, and where all their wonderful things would look marvellous. She and Erasmus house-hunted. But, alas! their income was quite under three thousand dollars a year. They found—well, everybody knows what they found. Two small rooms and a kitchenette, and don't let us unpack a *thing*!

The chunk of Europe which they had bitten off went into a warehouse, at fifty dollars a month. And they sat in two small rooms and a kitchenette, and wondered why they'd done it.

Erasmus, of course, ought to get a job. This was what was written on the wall, and what they both pretended not to see. But it had been the strange, vague threat that the Statue of Liberty had always held over them: "Thou shalt get a job!" Erasmus had the tickets, as they say. A scholastic career was still possible for him. He had taken his exams brilliantly at Yale, and had kept up his "researches" all the time he had been in Europe.

But both he and Valerie shuddered. A scholastic career! The scholastic world! The *American* scholastic world! Shudder upon

shudder! Give up their freedom, their full and beautiful life? Never! Never! Erasmus would be forty next birthday.

The "things" remained in warehouse. Valerie went to look at them. It cost her a dollar an hour, and horrid pangs. The "things," poor things, looked a bit shabby and wretched in that warehouse.

However, New York was not all America. There was the great clean West. So the Melvilles went West, with Peter, but without the things. They tried living the simple life in the mountains. But doing their own chores became almost a nightmare. "Things" are all very well to look at, but it's awful handling them, even when they're beautiful. To be the slave of hideous things, to keep a stove going, cook meals, wash dishes, carry water, and clean floors: pure horror of sordid anti-life!

In the cabin on the mountains Valerie dreamed of Florence, the lost apartment; and her Bologna cupboard and Louis Quinze chairs, above all, her "Chartres" curtains, stored in New York—and costing fifty dollars a month.

A millionaire friend came to the rescue, offering them a cottage on the Californian coast—California! Where the new soul is to be born in man. With joy the idealists moved a little farther west, catching at new vine-props of hope.

And finding them straws! The millionaire cottage was perfectly equipped. It was perhaps as labour-savingly perfect as is possible: electric heating and cooking, a white-and-pearl-enamelled kitchen, nothing to make dirt except the human being himself. In an hour or so the idealists had got through their chores. They were "free"—free to hear the great Pacific pounding the coast, and to feel a new soul filling their bodies.

Alas! the Pacific pounded the coast with hideous brutality, brute force itself! And the new soul, instead of sweetly stealing into their bodies, seemed only meanly to gnaw the old soul out of their bodies. To feel you are under the fist of the most blind and crunching brute force: to feel that your cherished idealist's soul is being gnawed out of you, and only irritation left in place of it: well, it isn't good enough.

After about nine months the idealists departed from the Californian west. It had been a great experience; they were glad to have had it. But, in the long run, the West was not the place for them, and they knew it. No, the people who wanted new souls had better get them. They, Valerie and Erasmus Melville, would like to develop the old soul a little further. Anyway, they had not felt any influx of new soul on the Californian coast. On the contrary.

So, with a slight hole in their material capital, they returned to Massachusetts and paid a visit to Valerie's parents, taking the boy along. The grandparents welcomed the child—poor expatriated boy—and were rather cold to Valerie, but really cold to Erasmus. Valerie's mother definitely said to Valerie one day that Erasmus ought to take a job, so that Valerie could live decently. Valerie haughtily reminded

her mother of the beautiful apartment on the Arno, and the "wonderful" things in store in New York, and of the "marvellous and satisfying life" she and Erasmus had led. Valerie's mother said that she didn't think her daughter's life looked so very marvellous at present: homeless, with a husband idle at the age of forty, a child to educate, and a dwindling capital, looked the reverse of marvellous to *her*. Let Erasmus take some post in one of the universities.

"What post? What university?" interrupted Valerie.

"That could be found, considering your father's connections and Erasmus's qualifications," replied Valerie's mother. "And you could get all your valuable things out of store, and have a really lovely home, which everybody in America would be proud to visit. As it is, your furniture is eating up your income, and you are living like rats in a hole, with nowhere to go to."

This was very true. Valerie was beginning to pine for a home, with her "things." Of course, she could have sold her furniture for a substantial sum. But nothing would have induced her to. Whatever else passed away—religions, cultures, continents, and hopes—Valerie would *never* part from the "things" which she and Erasmus had collected with such passion. To these she was nailed.

But she and Erasmus still would not give up that freedom, that full and beautiful life they had so believed in. Erasmus cursed America. He did not *want* to earn a living. He panted for Europe.

Leaving the boy in charge of Valerie's parents, the two idealists once more set off for Europe. In New York they paid two dollars and looked for a brief, bitter hour at their "things." They sailed "student class"—that is, third. Their income now was less than two thousand dollars, instead of three. And they made straight for Paris—cheap Paris.

They found Europe, this time, a complete failure. "We have returned like dogs to our vomit," said Erasmus; "but the vomit has staled in the meantime." He found he couldn't stand Europe. It irritated every nerve in his body. He hated America, too. But America at least was a darn sight better than this miserable, dirt-eating continent; which was by no means cheap any more, either.

Valerie, with her heart on her things—she had really burned to get them out of that warehouse, where they had stood now for three years, eating up two thousand dollars—wrote to her mother she thought Erasmus would come back if he could get some suitable work in America. Erasmus, in a state of frustration bordering on rage and insanity, just went round Italy in a poverty-stricken fashion, his coat-cuffs frayed, hating everything with intensity. And when a post was found for him in Cleveland University, to teach French, Italian, and Spanish literature, his eyes grew more beady, and his long, queer face grew sharper and more rat-like with utter baffled fury. He was forty, and the job was upon him.

"I think you'd better accept, dear. You don't care for Europe any longer. As you say, it's dead and finished. They offer us a house on the College lot, and mother says there's room in it for all our things. I think we'd better cable 'Accept.'"

He glowered at her like a cornered rat. One almost expected to see rat's whiskers twitching at the sides of the sharp nose.

"Shall I send the cablegram?" she asked.

"Send it!" he blurted.

And she went out and sent it.

He was a changed man, quieter, much less irritable. A load was off him. He was inside the cage.

But when he looked at the furnaces of Cleveland, vast and like the greatest of black forests, with red- and white-hot cascades of gushing metal, and tiny gnomes of men, and terrific noises, gigantic, he said to Valerie:

"Say what you like, Valerie, this is the biggest thing the modern world has to show."

And when they were in their up-to-date little house on the college lot of Cleveland University, and that woe-begone *débris* of Europe—Bologna cupboard, Venice book-shelves, Ravenna bishop's chair, Louis Quinze side-tables, "Chartres" curtains, Siena bronze lamps—all were arrayed, and all looked perfectly out of keeping, and therefore very impressive; and when the idealists had had a bunch of gaping people in, and Erasmus had showed off in his best European manner, but still quite cordial and American, and Valerie had been most lady-like, but for all that "we prefer America"; then Erasmus said, looking at her with the queer sharp eyes of a rat:—

"Europe's the mayonnaise all right, but America supplies the good old lobster—what?"

"Every time!" she said, with satisfaction.

And he peered at her. He was in the cage: but it was safe inside. And she, evidently, was her real self at last. She had got the goods. Yet round his nose was a queer, evil, scholastic look, of pure scepticism. But he liked lobster.

LITERARY NOTE

SOME UNIDENTIFIED WRITINGS OF DR. JOHNSON

By H. M. PAULL

EXHAUSTIVE research has brought to light a considerable number of Dr. Johnson's writings which lay concealed in magazines and periodicals; writings to which for various reasons he did not append his name. But there are still two directions in which, so far as I can discover, search has not hitherto been made, at all events with success.

It is often forgotten that his famous *Dictionary* (1755) was not the first in which he had a hand. His friend Dr. James had been engaged for many years on a vast *Medicinal Dictionary*, which he published in 1744 in three vols., folio. Johnson not only composed the *Proposals* for this voluminous work, but actually wrote some of the articles. Which they were he did not state, and Boswell tried in vain to identify them. At the present day the task is naturally still more difficult.

But anyone who attempts it will be richly rewarded. The *Dictionary* is, indeed, "a majestic literary fossil," as Mark Twain called it in a most amusing article. Were Johnson still alive he would blush to think he had lent his aid to such a work. Prejudice and ignorance appear on every page; and it is hard to believe that a leading physician of that date should have boasted of his adherence to the tenets of Galen and other ancients, and have poured scorn on those modern investigators who thought that medical, as other sciences, should advance with the ages.

That any patient survived the heroic treatment of those days is a matter for wonder. Copious bleeding was the panacea for all diseases: Dr. Johnson casually remarks that within a few days he had lost 54 ounces of blood. The credulity shown by the author of this precious *Dictionary* passes belief. That a pounded spider applied to the forehead prevents the return of a fever is nothing; he states that in his own day an Attractive (not defined) drew a certain man's lungs up into his mouth and suffocated him. One of his loathsome prescriptions contains not only worms and snails, but goose- and sheep-dung.

From his close association with Dr. James and the aid he gave him it is a natural inference that Dr. Johnson carried his conservative prejudices into the realm of science.

The intimacy between the two lessened in course of time, apparently on account of some shifty conduct on the physician's part; and on his death in 1776 Johnson showed but small concern.

To students of the eighteenth century the name of Dr. James is inevitably connected with his celebrated powder, from which he made a

fortune. The correspondence of the time contains frequent reference to it. Horace Walpole never tired of recommending it to his friends, and swore he would take it even if the house were on fire. Goldsmith insisted on taking it in his last illness, against the advice of his doctors, who attributed his relapse to its ill effects, with the consequence of an acrimonious newspaper warfare. The indignant James published a vindication of his nostrum, and apparently its popularity continued, for George III's physicians prescribed it for that unhappy monarch.

Wonder has often been expressed that Dr. Johnson, with his strong religious bent and his exceptional gifts, never took holy orders. That he would have made his mark in the Church is highly probable; for, speaking roughly, the clergy of his day were not distinguished for their intellectual powers or religious fervour. Some of his contemporaries saw in him a potential bishop; and in 1756 the father of his friend Bennet Langton offered him the good living of Langton if he would enter the Church. But Johnson, who was then forty-seven, declined the offer, though Hawkins tells us that at that date his circumstances were more straitened than usual. He felt that he was not fitted for the practical duties of a country parson. "I cannot in conscience shear the flock I am unable to feed," he remarked.

That he had decided views regarding these duties can be seen from his paper in *The Adventurer*, No. 126, and also in his *Letter to a Young Clergyman*, written many years later (1780).

One function of a parson he could at all events fulfil—the writing of sermons. For such compositions he had an instinctive taste. Besides those which he wrote for a pittance in his penurious youth, according to Sir John Hawkins, he composed about forty at a guinea each, at the request of certain beneficed clergymen. And it is here that we find ourselves facing a curious anomaly in ethics.

Having disposed of his sermons, he considered them the property of the purchaser, and renounced his claim to them. "I have been paid for them, and have no right to inquire about them," he remarked. To take up such an attitude seems to imply the possession of a most delicate literary conscience; yet he seems to have felt no twinges in selling his sermons to purchasers who inevitably intended to preach them as their own.

It cannot be denied that on this point of literary ethics Johnson was not even abreast with the ideas of his age: a strange position for a man with the reputation of a great moralist. *A propos* of a discussion regarding the publication in *The Adventurer* of essays attributed to an author other than the real one, Boswell himself expresses his dissatisfaction with Johnson's "casuistry" on the subject. (See Chapter X of *Life*.) Nor was the Doctor's theory a casual dictum thrown off in conversation; for in 1780, in his *Letter to a Young Clergyman*, he returns to the subject. His correspondent had evidently confessed to borrowing from other preachers. Johnson replies: "Your present method of making your sermons seems very

judicious. Few frequent preachers can be supposed to have sermons more their own than yours will be. Take care to register, somewhere or other, the authors from whom your several discourses are borrowed." Later on he adds: "My advice, however, is that you attempt, from time to time, an original sermon."

Oddly enough, Boswell, in spite of his criticism of Johnson's laxity as regards a similar practice in a lay composition, seems to have held the same view as Johnson as regards unscrupulous use of other men's sermons. In a letter to his great friend the Rev. W. T. Temple (June 19th, 1775) he writes: "I am glad you are going to compose sermons." (This after Temple had held a living for nine years!) But he evidently takes for granted that, as a rule, Temple would continue to borrow his discourses, as he speaks of Johnson's recommendation of the sermons of Latimer and Sanderson.

Of course, Dr. Johnson could have pleaded that the practice of preaching another man's sermons was no new thing. Milton refers contemptuously to the trade in sermons in his *Areopagitica*; a trade which reached its greatest height after the notorious Dr. Trusler issued his circular in 1768 to every parish priest offering to supply sermons in script type at a shilling each. The trade was continued until quite recent years, and even now it is not quite extinct. It is a matter for regret that in this matter the sturdy moralist seems to have encouraged rather than denounced a practice of dubious honesty.

Johnson did not relinquish writing sermons even when his circumstances had so improved that he did not need to sell them. In one of his later diaries *Concio pro Taylora* appears, and Boswell one day found an unfinished discourse on his table (1777). So late as 1778 in a review of his mental condition he writes: "I think with all my usual vigour. I have made sermons, perhaps as readily as formerly." There is no doubt that he wrote a number of sermons for the Rev. Dr. Taylor, an old school-fellow and friend. "I love him," he remarked in 1777, "but I do not love him any more; my regard for him does not increase." Taylor, who was Prebendary of Westminster, was not careful enough to conceal the source of his sermons; it had long been suspected that Johnson was their real author. Bishop Porteous writes to Dr. Beattie in 1788 that Dr. Taylor, in order to confute this calumny, left a volume of sermons to be published after his death.¹ This book, edited by the Rev. Mr. Hayes, bore the strange title, *Sermons Left for Publication by John Taylor, LL.D., etc.* Bishop Porteous had no doubt that Johnson was the author; Boswell was of the same opinion. In the notice of the book in the *Monthly Review* of December, 1788, it is said that "the general opinion concerning them is that they are, in reality, the productions of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson." Moreover, the 5th Edition (1812) is entitled, *Sermons Attributed to Samuel Johnson, LL.D., and Left for Publication by John Taylor, LL.D., etc.*

As regards one item there is no question: the second volume contains the sermon written by Johnson for the funeral of his wife. As

(1) See note to Chap. 60, Croker's *Boswell* (Murray, 1890).

for the others it is a matter of internal evidence; the balance of critical opinion is in favour of Johnson's authorship.

On the other hand, no doubt exists that Dr. Taylor did write sermons of his own, and that he sometimes submitted them to Johnson for his criticism. (See *Life*, Chapter LXX.) Moreover, Bishop Porteous stated that his object in arranging for the publication of the posthumous volume was to prove that he was not indebted to Johnson, in which case he was unlikely to include any in which Johnson had a hand. Then the strange title, *Sermons Left for Publication, etc.*, was due to his editor, the Rev. Wm. Hayes. The puzzle is therefore far from being solved.

The twenty-five sermons now published, even if Johnson's, could have been but a portion of his output. Boswell expresses a wish that those to whom "he had given or sold them . . . who were to preach them as their own," would inform the world so that they might not be lost: a forlorn hope, for who would confess to deceiving his hearers?

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

THE BONNEY FAMILY. By Ruth Suckow. (Cape. 7s. 6d. net.)

Perhaps Miss Suckow knows the life of the small farming community in Iowa almost too well to realise, imaginatively, any single unit of them. She is at her best when, as in this book, she deals with the family rather than with the individual. It is the Bonney tree and not its particular branches that counts, though the cumulative effect of the actions and reactions of these quiet destinies belongs essentially to the real art of presentation, as distinct from the conjuror's manipulation. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, live out their lives in front of us like the people in Flemish pictures, but with this difference: the painters have caught in moments of calm lives that, like the sea itself, may quickly return to turbulence.

There is no ebb and flow of the tides in Miss Suckow's faithfully exact portraiture. The very joys and sorrows, the very experiences of life and death, are wedged, as it were, into an inflexible framework of standardised habit. The Bonneys may scamper all over the earth, but their natures cannot be centrifugal. Miss Suckow is wise enough to leave them centripetal; the very war itself, in which the family does its share, leaves the Bonney atmosphere unruffled. The final effect is rather that of houses than of people, houses presented with half-drawn blinds watched from outside in a light which gives mystery to the most prosaic interiors. To interpret this stern mystery of the prosaic is a most difficult achievement; it is this author's triumph that she can accomplish it with such unlaboured artistry.

LA JOLIE FILLE DE DUBLIN. By Ludovic Naudeau. (Flammarion. 12 frs.)

Very few living writers can give an *aperçu* of a country in a state of terror more unerringly than M. Ludovic Naudeau. The Dublin of Sinn Féin days flashes vividly before us in its actual environment of incessant guerilla warfare. People are necessarily subordinate to events, and even the beautiful heroine is far less a character in a novel than the incarnation of Irish girlhood during a crisis. O'Carrol, too, is the incarnate leader of revolt, presented to the reader as an abstraction of policy rather than as a human being among his fellows. For both of these the idea of liberty is an obsession, and the poor young doctor, MacNamara, who has the profound misfortune of seeing both sides of an infinitely difficult question, is inevitably brushed aside. Yet he, too, contributes to the tragedy in which he does not believe; his last words are "Vive l'Irlande," though this does not prevent his posthumous commentary on the madness of

civil war from being dismissed as "les élucubrations d'un fou." It is to be hoped that Irish people of all shades of political opinion will consider the questioning intelligence of *La Jolie Fille de Dublin*.

AGAINST THE SUN. By Godfrey Elton. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

It was Lord Pembroke, the author of this distinctly clever novel reminds us, who maintained that the sayings of Dr. Johnson would not appear so extraordinary but for his bow-wow way. Trumble himself, in this book, is denied a manner which is, seemingly, irresistible to the English-speaking world. Trumble, indeed, has to discourse without it, rising to heights like this: "My own researches showed me quite clearly that the Greek of Plato was several classes better than the Latin of either Descartes or Spinoza, which itself is incomparably preferable to the German of Kant or Von Hügel; but I must admit that they showed me little else." This sort of thing makes one realise the amazing art of Anatole France in allowing M. Bergeret to talk, page after page, at a stretch, like a book that nobody cares to drop.

M. Bergeret had not the bow-wow way either, but the example of Mr. Trumble shows how utterly necessary it is in our own land. All this is by the way, for the novel has much better things than Trumble's bookish sagacity, or the hero's commentaries on men and things. Mr. Elton has given us in Anne a heroine with the odd, carelessly accepted, god-given gift of charm. He makes Anne in a few lines infinitely more significant than Anthony and Trumble and many other minor characters in many chapters. There is a rare artistry in the suggestion of so much within so small a space, and one's only regret is that he had the heart to kill so soon a heroine for whose loss one feels an almost personal regret.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. Stephen Gwynn's monthly commentary in the August number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW with much interest. I do not wish to question his arguments and conclusions, except in so far as they are based upon a misunderstanding of the policy of the League of Nations, with which I am familiar.

Committed as it is to support the loyal fulfilment of the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Union is necessarily concerned with Article 8, by which the States Members agree to join in reducing their armaments "to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations." It is surely very proper for the Council of the Union and, indeed, for any other responsible body of citizens, to discuss what limit upon armaments reduction is actually imposed by these two conditions. The question of military training is very relative to this discussion. But it is wrong to represent the opinions expressed by a few individual members of the Union as the policy of the main body. Three or four speakers only at the Union's General Council held at Matlock in June of this year favoured the suppression of Officers' Training Corps. The majority took no such view, and Professor Gilbert Murray's opinion, that the O.T.C. had much to be said for it, was endorsed without dissent. That is the first point.

The second is that the Union necessarily stands by that part of the Covenant which envisages the maintenance of international order by the common action of the States Members of the League, a fact which clearly involves the maintenance of certain armed forces. Opinions are widely divided within the Union as to the extent of these forces. The Union has never yet expressed an opinion for or against a civil militia on the Swiss model. While all logical supporters of the League must favour a certain "preparedness" for joint action, it will probably be agreed that the first consequences of the Kellogg Pact should be a more serious consideration of the level to which armaments can be reduced once the minimum force required for the fulfilment of international obligations has been determined.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN EPPSTEIN.

Eynon House, Reading.
12th September, 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.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXLIII. NEW SERIES. NOVEMBER 1, 1928.

HOOVER¹

BY LEWIS EINSTEIN
(U.S. Minister to Czechoslovakia.)

IN the recent address made to nominate Hoover as the Republican candidate for the Presidency it was aptly said of him that, although born in poverty, he had fed more hungry mouths than any man in history. The speaker might have added that he had accomplished his enduring achievement by bringing science to the quality of mercy.

Herbert Hoover was born fifty-four years ago in a wooden cottage in an unimportant Quaker settlement on the Iowa prairies. His first home was a flimsy and hastily built house more common in America than many Europeans suppose, and which goes far to offset prevalent ideas in the Old World about the widespread wealth of the New. Yet it was not different from the type of cottage in which Abraham Lincoln also lived.

Iowa is a farming State which lies in the heart of the Middle West—the great American Empire which on either side of the Mississippi stretches in rolling plains for two thousand miles from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. It is a part of the United States which has never known the colonial origins or Old World traditions of the eastern seaboard or the Spanish inheritance of the Pacific. It is eminently agricultural and little picturesque. Fifty years ago more than to-day it was mainly inhabited by small communities of small people indefinitely repeated, who as an aggregate formed an impressive unit, laborious, democratic, and intensely patriotic, and who, during the Civil War, as during the Great War, when roused for a cause proved themselves capable of disinterested effort, of sacrifice, and of high achievement.

Hoover's family had lived on American soil since the

(1) This article is abridged from that which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 15th.—Editor F.R.

middle of the eighteenth century. Whether the stock came originally from Holland or elsewhere is immaterial. All identity with the Old World, all ties of origin or tradition with Europe, had long since been forgotten. The ancestral recollections went back to several migrations within the United States which followed the frontier of settlement and left successive generations as farmers in Maryland and North Carolina, later in Ohio, and again in Iowa, driven westward by the need to find richer land for their growing families. Hoover more than any other prospective President symbolises the race history of the American people in its western migration. President Coolidge's family for three hundred years have lived and died on the flinty soil of New England. Harding's forebears never went beyond Ohio, and Wilson himself was the son of recent emigrants. Hoover in this respect is more typically American than any of his predecessors.

His father was a blacksmith who repaired farm machines and sold agricultural implements. By an odd coincidence of occupation President Masaryk also was brought up to be a blacksmith. Hoover's mother was a Quaker preacher who had studied for the Ministry, and was a woman of considerable personality, though somewhat shy, like her son. His father died when he was a boy of six, his mother three years later, and with his brother and sister he was left an orphan to be brought up by different relatives, passed from one to the other. Hoover, himself, has described the primitive life on his uncle's farm. The family wove its own carpets and some of its clothes, made its soap, and preserved its own meat. The farm was mortgaged, and the recollection of that mortgage impressed itself on the boy to restrain his youthful hopes of all the things that could not be bought. For a time he was left in charge of an uncle then in the United States Indian Service, and later of another uncle who was a farmer doctor in Oregon on the Pacific coast. Our Western migration has been marked by many similar milestones of temporary residence, and Hoover in his early childhood unconsciously followed the race history of his own family and of a great part of the American people on their march toward the Pacific.

The boy's relatives in Oregon made him work on the farm during the hours when he did not attend the small neighbouring Quaker school. No fault can be attached to them if the lad was left to grow up in an atmosphere of repression in which he found little sympathy. Perhaps his shyness and the impression of a certain aloofness which he produces on first acquaintance can be attributed to the self-contained brooding of these early years.

The awakening came when he met an unknown engineer who liked the boy, and talked to him about the opportunities offered by his profession, with the result that instead of going to a Quaker college, as his uncle had intended, he decided to study engineering. Hoover never saw the stranger again, and does not remember the name of the man who did so much to shape the course of his future life.

He had at the time been earning his livelihood as an office boy with a real estate agent, driving prospective purchasers to visit farms in the neighbourhood. His life hitherto had been roughly similar to that of innumerable other American boys, not excluding several who afterward became Presidents. Others before him have been born on farms of poor parents and have had to work as boys in order to obtain their schooling. But other future Presidents have nearly always been educated for the law. Washington's original training was that of a surveyor, and Hoover has been the first engineer. But politics then and until after the War no more occupied his youthful interest than they did that of Washington.

Stanford University had just been founded at Palo Alto, in California, and richly endowed by Senator and Mrs. Stanford as a memorial to their only child. Hoover prepared for this, studying to fit himself in a business college night school. He had only an imperfect training and failed in the entrance examination. But his examiner noticed that "he put his teeth together with great decision, and his whole face and posture showed his determination to pass the examination at any cost." He became interested in the boy, and learned that he was industrious and ambitious, earning his own living while he studied.

Hoover had already supported himself since he was thirteen. He now had to earn his way through college. Coming to college with little in his pocket, he supplemented his resources by organising a system of collecting and distributing the laundry of the students, delivering the San Francisco newspapers, and acting as an impresario for lecturers and musicians. On one occasion he failed with Paderewski to clear his expenses, and had to confess to the great pianist's secretary that he and another boy were committed far beyond their own scanty resources. With real generosity Paderewski at once released them and proposed an arrangement which left each with a small profit. He could not realise the extent to which Hoover would one day repay this obligation to Poland.

He studied principally under a great teacher and an eminent geologist, Professor Branner, who also proved a friend, and when Hoover fell ill with typhoid lent him the money to secure the best medical care. His studies led to another result. He made the acquaintance of a fellow student in geology whose family had also come from Iowa, a Miss Henry, of Monterey, in California, who is now Mrs. Hoover, and who has been his most devoted companion, following him in the remote regions of China to which his profession later took him.

In the summer months Hoover worked as an apprentice engineer and in the mines of California. When he graduated, in part for experience, "but mostly because I had to eat," he toiled with the pick as an ordinary miner, and the foreman of a western mine still tells of the days when Herbert Hoover was "just a common labourer in his gang."

Soon afterward he entered the employ of Louis Janin, then the leading mining engineer in San Francisco. Janin was a Frenchman by birth and a lover of good cheer who enjoyed a great reputation for ability and integrity. To serve under him gave standing to a man. Hoover wanted to work in his office, though Janin insisted that he had no position open. It is said that Hoover professed his willingness to serve as a janitor or an office boy. When at last Janin admitted that he needed a typist, Hoover asked how soon the vacancy had to be filled. There was an interval

of a few days, which he occupied in learning stenography and typewriting. Soon he found more useful employment in examining mines in the Western States for his employer. Janin became fond of the boy, and when asked by a great London house to suggest a qualified American engineer, who must be thirty-five years of age, to superintend mines in Western Australia, he recommended Hoover. The latter, who was only twenty-three years old, felt obliged to grow a beard to make himself look older when he first presented himself to the head of the English firm.

The Australian goldfields, which were located in a desert, had until then been very insufficiently developed. Hoover's task involved problems of water supply, of which there was little or none. The ores extracted were difficult to handle, and new metallurgical methods had to be devised to recover the mineral from the slimy mud in which it was contained. His work asked for ingenuity, initiative, and a readiness to handle problems of every kind. Success led to his being called to develop other mines in Australia, which were then decaying because the ore contained in millions of tons lying above the ground could not profitably be extracted. He found new methods to recover valuable minerals from the waste dumps. Once more the mines became profitable, and still remain so to-day.

Australia gave Hoover his first reputation. He returned to California to be married and to leave for China next day with his bride. The young Emperor, advised by Sun Yat-Sen, was then attempting to introduce Western reforms into China and wanted an American engineer to head the newly founded Bureau of Mines. Hoover, who had been appointed to this position, travelled in the interior of Northern China in the service of the Imperial Government, exploring for coal and iron in order to study possibilities for the manufacture of steel. His investigations took him into the interior of Manchuria and Mongolia, but were brought to a close by the Boxer troubles. He was in Tientsin when it was besieged. Hoover with his staff were then the only engineers in the town. Under his direction barricades were erected to fortify the foreign quarter. He had to arrange for the water supply, which could be

pumped only at night, and even then under fire. Mrs. Hoover nursed in the hospital, where at times there were two hundred freshly wounded in a day. In the foreign settlement then under bombardment, and with his own home shelled, Hoover established his first food relief for the Chinese refugees. Later, when allied help came, he had the disagreeable experience of finding his house looted by the Cossacks. He himself saved many friendly Chinese from the misplaced wrath of the foreigners. In such experiences as these he first saw war and foreign affairs and diplomacy.

After the Boxer troubles were over he was asked to manage the properties of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company, which possessed extensive interests that had been seized by foreign Powers. Business management in China, particularly in those days, developed a benevolent despotism. Hoover built the new port of Ching Wan Tow, on the Gulf of Chihli, which gave an ice-free entry to Peking. He developed coal mines and cement works, constructed railways, and operated a fleet of ocean-going steamers. He was then twenty-seven years old.

A year later he was again back in California to become junior partner in a great engineering concern with world-wide ramifications. It is characteristic of him that a few months afterward, when this house sustained a severe blow owing to the unlucky speculations of a partner who had gambled in stocks, Hoover at once announced that the firm, although not legally responsible, would make good all losses. Five years were required to do this.

His reputation as a great engineer grew steadily. His work extended to all parts of the world. One of his oldest associates has aptly called him a great doctor of sick mines. When a concern did not produce, after everyone else had given it up, Hoover was called to diagnose the trouble and cure it. Under his direction many a half-abandoned mine became lucrative. He had his offices in San Francisco and New York, in London and Melbourne and Shanghai. In five years he toured the world as many times. He built up a great international mining business. I recall long ago hearing a well-known financier say that if Hoover were

suddenly to ask him for a million dollars without another word of explanation he would give it.

In the Burmese jungle he rediscovered a long lost silver mine. He worked iron and copper deposits in the Urals. On the borders of Turkestan he developed the mineral wealth of another great property. He supervised mines in South Africa and Alaska. Over 125,000 men were employed in these undertakings. Much of the zinc and lead in the world then came from his mines.

In England and in France men have often risen to great eminence in the State by acquiring fame in distant colonies as proconsuls. In the United States, fresh as we are to colonisation, Taft's record as Governor-General of the Philippines conducted him to the White House. But colonial experience as an avenue to high office has hitherto been obtained only in official administrative positions. Hoover's innovation has been to acquire this by a different training. Perhaps his nomination to the Presidency may also signify a new tendency in the choice of candidates to the highest public offices. Instead of their selection being largely restricted to what can be called the professional political class, may it not be that henceforth experience obtained outside politics and in the struggle for existence will also be welcomed?

Nor did Hoover in his varied undertakings exploit cheap labour for Western capitalists. Men have toiled under his direction in every continent, and never did he have a strike. In twenty years' experience as an engineer, whose world-wide operations have made him treat with workmen of every race and under every climate, this is perhaps the most remarkable feature of a remarkable career.

His philosophy of toil has never regarded the workman merely as a marketable commodity to be judged only by considerations of demand and supply. Long before he dreamed of politics he had appreciated the human quality in labour, and regarded wages as depending primarily on efficiency of production. His successes in the administration of his vast properties have been obtained by bringing about a better understanding between the employer and

the employed, and persuading both that their interests were complementary and not contradictory. He has always tried to prove to the workman that the real method for his advance lay not in restricted output but in greater and cheaper production.

Hoover at forty, without favour or other inheritance than his character and ability, had risen to the highest eminence in his own profession. He had acquired a knowledge of the world's resources and an experience in developing these which was wellnigh unique. He had negotiated successfully with foreign Governments. He was on the high road to immense wealth. The only activities he had hitherto had no occasion to touch were the politics of his own country. The only machinery of which he knew nothing was that of American party organisation.

The year of the War, when San Francisco was preparing to hold a Panama-Pacific Exposition, Hoover had been appointed Commissioner to invite foreign Governments to participate. He sailed for Europe in March, 1914, and visited different capitals. After the Archduke's murder he went to London and waited. The first effect of the War on the United States had been the half-tragic, half-ludicrous plight in which 200,000 stranded American tourists found themselves, unable to return to their homes, or to obtain ready money or credit. Hoover arranged the first relief of the refugees in London. The organisation he created accepted the word of strangers, and Hoover used his private resources to secure the tourists' return. Although taking paper from unknown people for over a million dollars, the losses were negligible. Hoover himself having wound up the matter, had already engaged his passage to return to America, when the incident occurred which was destined to change the course of his entire life.

The invasion of Belgium came so suddenly that the consternation caused by the horrors of war inflicted on a blameless people had not at once made plain the tragedy of impending famine. An American engineer named Millard Shaler, then living in Brussels, first thought of utilising neutral assistance in order to bring relief. Through a smuggled Eng-

lish newspaper he heard of Hoover's work with the refugees, and his reputation as an engineer was well known to him. Shaler arrived in London with some money to buy food, but the British Government, which was rigidly enforcing the blockade, would not allow this to be moved. He went to Hoover for advice, who took him to Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, in order to utilise in a humanitarian cause the advantages of our then neutrality. A Belgian Committee had also arrived in London for this purpose. One of its members, Mr. Francqui, who knew Hoover in China, recognised in him the man for the work of relieving Belgium, and he was asked to take charge of an American Commission of Relief.

For Hoover this meant a personal sacrifice. A few years before the War he had confided to a friend that he would soon enjoy an independent income which would be enough to live on comfortably and allow him to seek public employment. Even if the acquisition of wealth for its own sake possessed little attraction for him, the War offered unexpected opportunities for the enterprises which he had built up. He realised that it would not be possible for him to carry on his own business and to relieve Belgium. He had to choose, and the choice meant abandoning interest in properties in which he took a justifiable pride. A friend who was then a guest in his house has described how for three nights he would pace the floor before he could decide. When finally he made up his mind he handed over all his business to an associate with the statement that he wished to hear nothing more about it till he was through with the job. "Let the fortune go to hell" were his only words over a breakfast cup of coffee. To his associates he said, "I give you the business." His own career as an engineer had ended. Henceforth he accepted no further remuneration from any of the enterprises he had developed after fifteen years' hard work. He came out of the War with a greatly reduced fortune.

During those four years of war Hoover induced people of every kind and description, shipbrokers, insurance agents, and accountants, to act as volunteer workers. His method of selecting these was simple enough. After he

had judged a man approximately, he threw him into a position which gave him responsibility. If the man was equal to the test and managed to get things done with only a reasonable margin of error, he eventually fitted into his own place. If he showed himself to be incompetent, he had to leave. But whenever anyone proved unequal to the responsibility Hoover himself assumed the disagreeable task of telling him this, and he did it in such a human and tactful yet truthful way that there was no bitterness left in the man, and he continued his affection for Hoover afterwards.

Knowing at the start the suspicion which the handling of so much money would encounter he had taken the precaution of asking a well-known firm of international accountants to audit the books. At the first meeting of the Commission Hoover said: "We are going to receive and spend millions. Some swine some day, somewhere, may say that we grafted this money. Therefore I intend that we shall have such accounting, such glass pockets, that nobody can ever harbour a suspicion of our honesty." When, after the War, accounts of over 900 million dollars were finally closed, the auditors added a voluntary statement that not one penny of these funds had ever been drawn by Hoover himself even for his travelling expenses. The overhead costs in all this vast undertaking amounted to less than one-half per cent.

Fifty million dollars in money, food and clothing were then collected in charity in America and in England. The rest came in the form of loans to the Belgian Government by France and England, and later the United States. When Hoover originally had asked the French Government for funds to feed the starving population in the occupied regions he experienced an initial rebuff. He was told that the more food in the occupied territory the longer would be the German resistance, and the northern Frenchmen, like the soldiers, would have to suffer for their country. That evening the head of an important bank called on him to ask for details, and said he might later expect to hear more from him. Hoover went to London, and two days afterward received a registered letter with

a mere request for acknowledgment and a cheque from the London correspondent of that bank to "pay to the order of Herbert Hoover twenty-five million francs." The French Government was not as yet acknowledging the principle of relief, though it did so soon afterward.

When the War was over Hoover submitted all his accounts for examination and approval. These were handsomely refused in Paris, with the simple statement that "we have tasks more pressing and fruitful than questioning the integrity of Mr. Hoover."

The mark of Belgian appreciation must also be mentioned, for it is one which reflects equal credit on Hoover and the King of the Belgians. When Hoover came to Europe in 1918, King Albert invited him to La Panne, which was then the last shred of territory in free Belgium. He asked Hoover to lunch in the tiny villa he was then occupying.¹ After lunch the King declared that as a mark of Belgian appreciation he would like to confer on him the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold. Hoover was taken aback, and with some embarrassment said that as several hundred Americans had been working in Belgium under difficult conditions, he felt that any expression of appreciation by the Belgian Government should go to them, and hoped he would not be put in the position of accepting a reward for what they had done. The King apparently acquiesced and did not further insist on pressing the decoration.

Hoover was invited to stay to dinner alone with the King and Queen. After dinner the Prime Minister, M. de Broqueville, followed by such other Ministers as were then at the front, or were in attendance on the King and Queen, entered, and all rose and stood in a semicircle before the fireplace. Hoover, seeing that the situation was more and more resembling a ceremony, became terrified, and his fears increased as the King took a roll of parchment from

(1) I owe the description of this anecdote, as well as several other points in this article, to the kindness of Mr. Hugh Gibson, now American Ambassador to Belgium, who, as Secretary at Brussels during the War, was closely associated with Mr. Hoover. I also take this opportunity to express my obligation to the books on Mr. Hoover by Vernon Kellogg and Will Irwin.

the hands of the Prime Minister and began to make a speech. He spoke touchingly of all that Hoover had done for Belgium and of Belgium's gratitude. Although he appreciated his reasons for not wishing to accept the Order of Leopold, he had none the less been disappointed at not being able to confer on him the highest Belgian decoration. As, however, it was necessary for Belgium to give some formal expression of her gratitude, it had been decided to create a new and unique honour, which was to be conferred upon Hoover. The King accordingly had signed a decree approved by his Ministers creating a new Order specially for him, with the provision that it was not to be given to anyone else. This Order conferred the title of "Honorary Citizen of Belgium and the Friend of the Belgian People."

The royal decree, duly drawn up, was handed to Hoover, who was almost too overwhelmed to express his thanks.

When America entered the War Hoover could have obtained any powers he wished. But leadership and not dictatorship has always been his goal.

Instead of the few hundred helpers he had grouped around him in Belgium, fourteen million householders in the United States now obeyed his counsels and recommendations as if they had been drastically enforced laws. His name gave birth to the new verb—to Hooverise—to suggest to the country the organising nature of his talents. His great achievement lay in placing confidence in the people. The producers and the distributors of food helped him in his gigantic task to discipline the appetite of a continent. "Ninety-five per cent. of American business gave hearty co-operation," Hoover said afterward. The few offenders as a rule were punished by a fine which went to the Red Cross.

In those troubled days in January, 1918, when the wheat crop of the previous harvest had failed, and the Allies vitally needed breadstuffs and fats, Lord Rhondda, the English Food Controller, under the stress of imperative necessity, telegraphed Hoover that without seventy-five million additional bushels of wheat he could not assure his countrymen that there would be enough food to win the

War. The latter then called on journalists and cartoonists to impress on the public imagination in the United States that "food will win the War." Churches, colleges, schools and restaurants were pledged to carry out wheatless and meatless days, and to eliminate waste. The farmers were urged to plant more. Sailing vessels, useless in the Atlantic because of submarines, were sent to the Pacific to bring Australian wheat to our western coast and release a corresponding amount for the Allies.

The following year the danger of starvation was over, for five million acres had then been added to our grain land. Europe has never realised that the reason for much of the latter discontent among our farmers, which is still felt to-day, has been due to the enormous efforts to help which they made during the War.

The Armistice found Central Europe on the brink of starvation. In twenty countries two hundred million people were suffering from hunger. More than any single influence Hoover's work then saved many lands from anarchy and Bolshevik rule. Food more than force prevailed, and no Ministry was ever more influential than the little house at 19, Rue de Lübeck, in Paris, where Hoover established his headquarters, and gave his directions with a good humour and a practical informality which would have disconcerted a bureaucracy. Hoover cut through the official mesh which entangles less courageous minds. From Armenia a Prime Minister addressed his resignation to Hoover, which he half humorously telegraphed back his refusal to accept. At Budapest, after the fall of Bela Kun, when the Archduke Joseph seized the throne in the face of pledges given by the Allies, Hoover's representative, Captain Gregory, by the mere threat of withholding supplies, forced him out, and reported success to his chief in a telegram of a few words: "Archie went through the hoop at 8 p.m. to-day."

The intricacies of post-War development with their complex and varying factors all inter-related, baffled the minds of many public men who had grown accustomed by the War to simpler channels of reasoning in terms of force. The statesman in Hoover rebelled against solutions which

he realised had ceased already to be opportune. He advised President Wilson against intervention in Russia. The opinion he then expressed of Bolshevism was that: "No greater fortune can come to the world than that these foolish ideas should have an opportunity somewhere of bankrupting themselves. The Bolshevik's land of illusion is that he can perfect these human qualities by destroying the basic processes of production and distribution, instead of devoting himself to securing a better application of the collective surplus."

When Hoover returned to the United States some of his friends made an ill-considered move to secure for him the nomination of candidate for the Presidency. But the political situation in America had already shaped itself otherwise, and the choice of the Republican Party then fell on Harding. The latter wisely offered Mr. Hoover the position of Secretary of Commerce, which he has held for the last seven and a half years.

He has acted not only as Secretary of Commerce, but as a presidential adviser in a way which has earned for him the designation of Under-Secretary in every other department. It has been President Coolidge's practice to invite his counsel in affairs of the most varied description. Hoover has been called a specialist in calamities through being asked to head relief on the occasion of every disaster. He became Director of Russian Famine Relief which in 1922 averted the starvation of fifteen million people.

He has described his own work in the recent Mississippi floods with the simple statement that he appointed ninety-one local committees to look after the flood. To each he would say that a couple of thousand refugees were coming who needed food, lodging, and medical attendance immediately. He added that the committees all set to work to secure it, only one failing in its task. What he failed to say was his own part in picking out the right men for these committees, or that he was personally on the spot at once directing his squads of aeroplanes and his fleet of small boats and establishing Red Cross camps which averted epidemics for two-thirds of a million victims.

There is a contrast between Hoover the master of efficiency, the organiser, thinking only as a great engineer

before grave problems, and Hoover the man, simple in his outlook, direct in his address, playful in his speech, and, above all, kind-hearted, benevolent, and an obliging friend under his seeming gruffness and occasionally saturnine humour. Since Roosevelt no one has such a large or enthusiastic following in the United States. Hoover has not Roosevelt's exuberant heartiness. His manner is somewhat aloof, which conceals his shyness and protects his natural timidity, though when he feels on familiar terms he talks easily, interestingly, and convincingly. No statesman in the world to-day has enjoyed the tithe of his varied experience. No one can boast of such accomplishment, and with it all no one can be so simple. He typifies much of the best in America, and particularly the American from the West. He stands for self-reliance, for audacity, courage, and broad views. He is American in knowing no superior and recognising no inferior. Equality in his mind, as in that of most Americans, is no mere mechanical pattern to be applied to everyone irrespective of their qualifications, but the equality of opportunity for all to rise to the highest eminence in accordance with their merits.

His pronouncements are as simple as they are forceful, and it is by his method and his achievement that one reads him best. He himself has defined wisdom as knowing what to do next rather than debate upon perfection. His writings other than technical are few. With his wife he has translated from the Latin Agricola's famous sixteenth-century treatise on mining. At one time, also, he had occupied himself with a study of Chinese mathematics. His views of government have been those of an intelligent and liberal individualism typical of the self-reliant energy of our West. His view of the State has been that it should apply itself to the stimulation of knowledge, foster opportunity for all, and undertake only such works as are beyond the initiative of the individual or group. Its duty is to prevent the economic domination of the few over the many, but also to interfere as little as possible with commerce. His own originality has come from his methods more than from his ideas. He has been the first engineer to apply the lesson of conservation to humanity. Cardinal Mercier

has said that he was one of the few men living to-day whose imagination was able to vision the whole, and who, having seen the goal, was able to create and to guide the mechanism necessary to its attainment.

In describing a public man there is always the tendency to slip into the easy definitions attached to a label and remain content with a sonorous phraseology, often hollow inside. Hoover does not readily lend himself to this form of description. He has never been a politician. Since he has entered public life he may have found occasion to regret his absence of such early training, but it is safe to say that had he possessed this he would not now be Hoover. As a man he is far more than the magnificently useful engineer whose activities have been carried out in the same impersonal way in which a surgeon may conduct an operation. He is far more than an abstract force of pure energy benevolently utilised. Others before him have also been great engineers. Others have shown qualities of leadership with gifts of speech and a power to touch the mass which far exceed his. But the ability of many politicians has frequently been arrested by the actual task of achievement. It has halted after the enactment of meritorious legislation satisfied with parliamentary success and without realising that the passage of laws merely renders possible ameliorations but does not secure them.

Mr. Hoover's record of a lifetime suggests the inference that his interest will not confine itself only to the legal side of legislation, but to the actual result. He will care nothing about giving the impression of successful accomplishment, but a great deal about the actual accomplishment. His view of action is too simple and straightforward to stay at words. He has little patience with the indirect methods and accommodations which too often pass for statesmanship. He has proved himself a constructor and a great human architect who has brought to his work qualities of feeling and inspiration for others. He has saved life which others around him could not save. He has enriched whatever he has touched, and he stands to-day in the maturity of his years at the threshold of the greatest office in the world.

THE BED-ROCK OF THE TORY FAITH

BY SIR REGINALD BANKS

DURING the last ten years the opinion has been growing that in the near future there will be only two parties in British politics—the party that supports and the party that opposes the doctrines of Socialism. This opinion is certainly confirmed by a good deal of evidence. We have seen an astonishing growth in the Socialist vote; we have seen the complete capture of trade union organisation by Socialist politicians; we have seen the formation of a Socialist group in the House of Lords; we have seen conspicuous desertions from the Liberal Party to the Socialist and to the Conservative benches; we have seen a Socialist Government actually in office. But perhaps the most interesting phenomenon was the obliteration of the Liberal Party at the last election, when, without doubt, the country came to the conclusion that Socialism was the vital issue, and selected the Conservatives mainly on the ground that they were its most resolute and effective opponents. On the platform, in the Press, at our respective party conferences, in the course of private conversation—at every turn we remark the strong preoccupation of politicians and the public with this controversy, so that, not unnaturally, it overshadows all other questions. I have no doubt myself that the Socialists are the enemy with whom we have immediately to deal. Where they confront us (to use the jargon of the War) we have the important “Theatre.” Upon them we must concentrate, perhaps regarding the Liberals, to pursue the analogy, as we regarded certain neutral Powers in those days—Powers that affected neutrality while secretly sympathising with and encouraging the enemy. I should, I feel, be bound to say to any young man embarking on a political career who asked me to advise him upon a course of study: “Read the history of the Socialist Movement, study its current phases and methods, search for its fallacies, prepare your defence, and

counter-attack." If war is an affair of trenches we must learn the technique of the trenches; and if it is an affair of the hills, or the jungles, or the veldt, in each case there is an appropriate technique which we must learn or perish. That is the immediate problem, no doubt. But to be an expert in one particular branch of warfare is not to be a soldier after all. And to be a mere Anti-Socialist is not to be a Tory. General Braddock (if I remember rightly) met with disaster at Fort Duquesne. He and his men had not learned the art of Indian-fighting in the forests, which was their immediate problem. But, speaking generally, the disciplined soldier, steeped in regimental traditions, with a high sense of military duty, will maintain the highest record of achievement over a long period. The Guards have never failed.

And history teaches us that the Tory Party is always in danger of losing its creative qualities and forgetting its highest ideals at those very moments when the nation suffers from panic and calls upon it to concentrate on the destruction of the Jacobin. The tragedy of William Pitt's life is that the energy and genius which would otherwise have been devoted to securing reforms, for which his adversaries got the credit long after he was dead, were perforce deflected to defending his country against the Bolsheviks of a hundred and thirty years ago. It was his duty to put into action that hatred of the Jacobin which his countrymen felt and which Burke, with unsurpassed eloquence, expressed. It was his duty, in fact, to be a pure Conservative, and that too often only means to be a Liberal in a fright. He did his duty and died of it, having no doubt saved his country and left undone nearly all the things which it was his heart's desire to do.

So Mr. Baldwin's Party to-day is faced with an almost identical situation. Once more a great people has practically reproduced the phenomena of the French Revolution; has called upon the world to worship its idols; has established its agencies everywhere; has recognised in Britain its natural enemy; has practised murder and theft whilst preaching mercy and equity; has said to mankind "*Soyez, mon frère, ou je te tuerai*," and has (just as in 1794) commanded the tremulous allegiance of the modern Foxes

and Paines. The Jacobin Clubs of those days are represented by the Communist "nuclei" of our own; he who turns to read the speeches of Danton and Robespierre might fancy himself perusing the *Pravda*; whilst our Snowdens and MacDonalds attitudinise like Charles James Fox. So Mr. Baldwin has Mr. Pitt's place and Mr. Pitt's task, and Burke's speeches are once more "up-to-date." And there, of course, is precisely where the danger lies. When a ferocious mob threatens to burn down the old chateau we have to defend it, with all its faults, and put off until quieter times the reparations and improvements we have designed. And thus we may easily be accused of being (and we may very easily become) the champions of dirty rooms and obsolete sanitation simply because we have no time to decorate and put in new bathrooms while we are fighting the flames. Briefly, it is in crises like those of Mr. Pitt's time and Mr. Baldwin's time that the Conservative spirit is most necessary, most popular, and *most dangerous*! Our neighbours rally round, the mob disperses, the old mansion is saved, and—we are too exhausted to continue the repairs. We have also, in all probability, fraternised with and come under obligations to quite a number of odd people who have come to our assistance, and now claim to be our friends, though they are not very congenial and we never saw them before. They are, of course, Liberals in a fright. Most of them in their time have curried favour with the mob by cursing the chateau and the seigneur. Now the mob means business, and their villas and factories are likely to share the bonfire. They instantly become Conservatives; and while they certainly save the situation for the moment their adherence to their new cause generally destroys its real character for at least a generation.

We must keep our heads, therefore: we must learn not only how to fight Socialism, but why it is that we are fighting it. We must learn from past experience the true nature of our ideals, and recognise the familiar signs which mean that those ideals are being abused. "Lost causes and impossible loyalties" are often found, a few centuries later, to be causes that have won and loyalties that have

survived; while, on the other hand, our party has sometimes "gained the whole world and lost its own soul."

It is therefore extraordinarily encouraging to see how many books have been recently published upon the history and tradition of our party, books rich in scholarship, historical imagination, and philosophical grasp of principles: books, too, written by men who have obviously been examining these traditions not merely with the object of recording the dead past, but of distilling from it all that is of practical value for the future. And it is remarkable that most of the writers have emphasised, after the manner of Disraeli, the Tory tradition as the most important element in the composition of our modern creed.

I should urgently impress upon my young student the desirability of studying this literature in order that he may appreciate the dangers of a purely negative attitude, and be prepared to offer to the sorely perplexed men of our time some better ideals in the place of the Socialist system he is urging them to reject. I am now only attempting to give him an outline of the characteristics and ideals of Toryism as I have gathered them both from these recent works and my study of the sources. I prefer the phrase "characteristics and ideals" to the word "principles," for it should be noted at the outset that the Tory mind has always had a distaste for those abstract principles so dear to the Jacobin, the Radical, the Socialist, and the Communist. "The Rights of Man," the "Holiness of Democracy," "Abstract Justice," "Social Contracts," all the stock-in-trade of the Encyclopædist and the Doctrinaire, are to the Tory mind dangerous idols upon whose altars the happiness of peoples has been sacrificed over and over again. Walter Elliot in his brilliant little book *Toryism and the Twentieth Century* has pointed out that our method is that of the biologist and not of the mathematician. Maurice Woods expresses the same idea by saying that we are Aristotelians, not Platonists. And Disraeli was thinking on these lines when he insisted on the importance of race, of the national character, and of the "sublime instincts of an ancient people."

It is for this reason, then, that the Tory Party tends to

be national. It is concerned not with the rights of man, an abstract idea which may have no correspondence with any actual experience, but with the rights of Englishmen which exist and are ascertainable. These latter "rights" have grown with the development of social and political life in our own country, and the Tory feels a loyalty, now almost an instinct, for certain institutions which he thinks have helped to make and preserve them. They are not unalterable, of course, but they have grown and developed, as the Common Law has grown and developed; and it is most significant in this connection to note how the innate Toryism of the English has preferred a law based mainly on judicial decisions, on the cases as they have actually occurred, to a great codex based on the principles of jurists. An obvious consequence of this tendency is a respect for continuity. A violent break with the past means one of two things—either we must begin afresh to build up, disdaining the assistance of past experience, laboriously and painfully, another structure of rights and duties—and it is certain that the old problems will confront us again, and the old mistakes be repeated; or we must start on a basis of abstract rights, and draw rigidly logical inferences therefrom, on an *a priori* method, which the Tory feels sure will mean putting poor human nature on a social "bed of Procrustes." Nature does not act so; she has ways of her own which the philosopher cannot explain. But the Tory, like the biologist, watches and observes, and remarks that her method is evolutionary, not revolutionary. Evolution in itself involves change, and sheer Conservatism, by fixing our present state immutably, would as certainly mean the death of society as an arrest of tissue-changes means the death of the individual body. Is it not said that the whole cell structure of a human being is destroyed and replaced in seven years? Stop that process and you kill your man. But the individuality of the man persists in spite of the change; and hence we derive one of the chief characteristics of Toryism—its acceptance of change with its devotion to continuity.

From the religious and political chaos which marks the

end of mediæval society and the mediæval church one institution emerged in which this continuity could be observed—the Crown. Loyalty to the Crown, therefore, became the first characteristic of the Tory. And for this very reason it is not in its origin or in its instincts a party of the aristocracy, or, to be more precise, a party of the nobility. On the contrary, it has looked, and generally not in vain, to the Crown as the protector of the people at large against the oppression of a noble caste. Heads flew off under the Tudors, it is true, but they were the heads of barons, not of burgesses.

Indissolubly linked with this loyalty to the Crown, and on the same ground—continuity—was loyalty to the Church of England. There is little doubt that the English left the unity of the Catholic Church with reluctance and clung to the old faith; there is equally little doubt that the Papacy was unpopular, and the peculiar circumstances of the Reformation in this country caused in no long time a general and a sincere belief in the Catholic and Apostolic continuity of the Church of England. Now if the King was head of the Church he was the protector thereof, and before long it was this above all his other functions that the people prized. When James I said "No Bishop, no King," he would have expressed the opinion of most of his subjects better by saying "No King, no Bishop." So that by the time we arrive at the great Civil War the faith of the Cavalier had become "Church and King," not "King and Church." With the curious perversion of this faith in the doctrine of "divine right" we need not be too much troubled. However it may have been elaborated and exaggerated by some Tory statesmen and ecclesiastics, it probably never meant very much more to the average Tory than a belief that sovereignty is divine ("the divine right of Government," in Disraeli's phrase), that sovereignty, by the custom of England, resided in the King in his Council, and that departure from the strict principle of heredity would be apt to lead to an elective system, under which the King would only be a sort of Doge in the hands of a Parliament controlled by a

powerful clique. Which is exactly what, for a time, the King became.

The Cavaliers, then, in the great Civil War, who are truly our political ancestors, were not, as Whig historians have tried to represent them, a body of aristocrats striving to obstruct the liberties of the people. They fought in the well-founded belief that the destruction of Church and Crown, so far from clearing the way for sound Parliamentary development, would lead to that "horrid arbitrariness" from which they emerged "like unto them that dream" in the year 1660, with universal popular joy in the resumption of continuity in their religious, social and political life.

They had a hard choice to make in 1688 and again in 1714, and on both occasions, not without reluctance, it is true, they chose wisely in accepting William III and George I. The Church of England on both occasions was in danger. You could not, they believed, destroy the Church and preserve any religious continuity. But you could, after all, get rid of the legitimate King and preserve the continuity of the Crown. It was a case of following the Letter or the Spirit, and they followed the Spirit, at the expense, of course, of shedding some valuable and chivalrous elements in the Jacobites and Non-Jurors—the "Die-Hards" of their age. It is superfluous to follow the later historical episodes through which these ideas of loyalty to the Church and the Crown have persisted, and in which they have played their part. Suffice it to say that they are still enjoying a vigorous life, and anybody who supposes them to be defunct is making a mistake for which he will certainly pay the penalty. The Crown of Britain is the most popular and the most important political institution in the world, as a symbol of continuity, as a link with the Dominions, and it may be the most effective barrier against class-tyranny once again.

In the case of the Church of England, too, one can only remark that "the reports of its death have been very much exaggerated." It has recently been manifesting remarkable vitality for a corpse. How it contrives to maintain

the paradoxical position of being at once Protestant and Catholic is and must remain a mystery to the Latin Catholic. He feels inclined to say to it, in the words of Somerset to "Zero," "the touching confusion of your mind disarms me." And, no doubt, the Protestant water and the Catholic oil periodically threaten to separate and are doing so now. But just when something shakes them badly they come together again. So long, in fact, as English people still speak (quite inaccurately) of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, it is certain that Tory loyalty will cling lovingly to the former. It is national, as the Crown is national; it is the People's Church, for the dissenting churches are much more truly "class institutions" than the Establishment; it is (in English eyes) the repository of tradition; in its voice alone rings some tone of authority.

In this last word, too, we discern another characteristic of Tory mentality. Repudiating, as it does, the tyranny of abstract ideas and *a priori* reasoning, but keenly responsive to human nature in general and English nature in particular, it realises that "private judgment" may be pushed to excess in practice and result in anarchy. It has not forgotten the extravagances which characterised the rule of "the Saints," and it leans to a confidence in the Qualified Man as the authoritative interpreter in his own sphere. Once England acknowledged an infallible Church, claiming to speak with a divine voice—*Roma locuta, causa finita*. Its abolition has left a void, but the old creeds were still repeated, the Apostolic foundations still acknowledged, the doctors still invoked, and while infallibility was no longer conceded it was still felt that the bishops and priests of the Anglican Church were the proper trustees and expositors of the national faith. It is indeed easy to see why the Tory clings to nationality and suspects the cosmopolitan: for the two things the Tory has loved best and served most faithfully, the Crown of England and the Church of England, are entirely peculiar to his own country, and no foreigner has ever begun to understand them.

On the great question of private property the Tory is

equally reluctant to appeal to abstract rights. He declines to embark upon the question whether a man has a right to possessions of his own: he is content to assert that nobody has the right to deprive an Englishman of his property. He knows that neither the Pope nor King has ever succeeded in asserting such a right. Even when the country is in danger, and the King, to preserve the country, must commandeer my house or my stores, it is settled law that he must pay a rent for my house and the price of my stores.

Once this principle, acknowledged by the Church and enforced by the Law from time immemorial, is abandoned, then, it is plain, there is nothing to prevent some tyrant, or group of tyrants, from pulling the boots off my feet in the name of some abstract principle which has superseded (for the moment) the Ten Commandments and the common law. Even Whigs (like Macaulay) could see that there is no distinction in principle between the right of a landowner to his land or a bondholder to his bonds, and the right of an artisan to his coat and his hat. But it does not in the least follow that the Tory Party is the champion of the Capitalists, or concerned to defend the methods of Big Business and Modern Finance. On these, in fact, its antecedents incline it to look askance, for it must be admitted that it has shown a special tenderness for property in land. That is not because the great landowners of the past were Tories. On the contrary, the greatest landowners of all have very generally been Whigs and Liberals, but simply because ownership in land connoted certain services on the part of the owner. That property "has its duties as well as its rights" is a maxim, as Disraeli pointed out, founded on feudalism. Even bad landlords have to do some service in the countryside: even good capitalists need do nothing. And it is a fact that the disappearance of the lesser landed gentry, under stupid and crushing taxation, is even now producing deplorable effects upon English rural life. The wider distribution of ownership, and particularly of ownership in land, which tends to produce stability and continuity in society, will therefore make a powerful appeal to the Tory

sympathies. From the seventeenth century, at least, the Tory has tended to be a "blue water" man. With good historical reasons for dreading big standing armies, with equally good reasons for disliking to be mixed up in European imbroglio, he has looked ever to the Navy to keep out unpleasant visitors, and he has been justified over and over again in this policy. And to-day, more than ever, he sees the Navy as the guardian of the Empire. The Empire is a national affair. English speech, English law, English religion, English constitutional methods, the English Crown—these things stir his pride and affection, as they stir the emotions of men in the Dominions. It is not pride in governing the Dominions: that is not what the scarlet on the atlas symbolises at all. Here the Tory finds loyalties, and probably loyalty is the word dearest to his heart. In spite of the cynics and the philosophers the character of the loyal man, who sticks to his friends and his family and his country, will always command respect, even when his loyalty is misplaced.

For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun
Although it be not shined upon.

Respect for continuity and authority: loyalty to national institutions, especially the national Crown, the national Church, and the national ties within the Empire: a belief in private property of every kind as the best basis of the State: a preference for the practical as opposed to the theoretic: the defence of popular interests against those of wealth or caste: here are the characteristics and ideals of Toryism. I make no pretence to originality in these remarks; they are intended to be no more than a summary of those ideas which recent writers have developed in a series of valuable treatises, and even these writers have built on the foundations laid by Bolingbroke, Burke and Disraeli.

LIBERALISM AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

BY HUBERT PHILLIPS

I

PROGRESS—with which Liberalism is identified—implies, among other things, the evolution of order out of chaos. The need for progress, in this sense, is in no sphere of social relationships more evident than in that of industry. The interacting antagonisms of "master" and "man," of profits and wages, of the classes and the masses, find therein a common focus. There is thus disclosed a problem which has been for long a prominent object in the political landscape—for so long, indeed, that there is developing among some schools of thought a tendency to ignore it. But it will not allow itself to be thus dismissed from view. Its magnitude, and the complications which beset the solution of it, are alike apparent to anyone who will take the trouble to glance backward at the chequered history of the last hundred years.

What is the problem? Briefly, that industry, in the narrower sense (*i.e.*, large-scale production under factory conditions), is a thing of recent development, which has been struggling for a century to civilise itself, and has not yet succeeded. The industrial order of to-day took root in an age of social anarchy; feudalism was crumbling, with all its established traditions, and there was nothing comparable to put in its place. Men flocked from the country to the towns to become—literally—wage-slaves, and a mechanistic order took command, against a social background that was void of directive ideas. And this void, to the social critic of the day, seemed good. *Laissez-faire*, said the philosophers: in the pursuit of their individual self-interest will men collectively find happiness. Here is progress, said the lawyers: fixity of status is giving way to liberty of contract. The way is cleared, said the economists, for the setting-up of nature's harmonies: the invisible hand has taken charge. With such fine words—

while greed, masquerading as abstinence, took a commanding place among social virtues—were buttered the parsnips of misery and degradation. The devil took the hindmost according to plan, but the community grew no happier; nor was freedom of contract appreciated when all it seemed to imply was a freedom for loaves of bread to sell themselves dear to empty stomachs. And so, as industry and large-scale production waxed fat and prospered, labour unrest waxed fat and prospered too.

But labour unrest, though latent in industry a hundred years ago, was long in gathering momentum. The triumph of the new anarchy was at first too complete. And hence the "invisible hand" would have pointed the way inexorably to a social revolution, such as Russia has recently experienced, had it not been for two things. One was the gradual surrender of the governing classes to the onward surge of political democracy. The other was the persistent social criticism of the Ricardian Utopia by cultured men and women of the rentier class. There was not (until later the voice of Karl Marx raised itself in the wilderness) a direct frontal attack on the theory of salvation by profits—the Golden Rule that one must do the other fellow, as one hoped to avoid being done by him. But the irregular warfare—the twisting of *laissez-faire's* vulnerable tail—conducted on varying principles and from varying motives by such men as Charles Kingsley, Ashley Cooper, Stuart Mill, and Frederic Harrison began early to yield tangible results.

These results found expression, in the main, in one or other of two ways. One way was that of direct State interference with the conditions under which industry was carried on. The industrial order conceived in accordance with Bastiat's harmonies was born (as some insects are alleged to be) the ultimate arbiter of its own doom; destined, sooner or later, to sting itself to death. The placing of Factory Acts on the Statute Book ran almost *pari passu* with the increasing glorification, in economic text-books, of the blessings of "self-interest" and "enterprise." Employers protested, as they have continued and will continue to protest, against red tape, paternalism, and the wastefulness of "hordes of officials"; but the social

standards incidental to factory production were slowly and painfully raised. The employment of young children was forbidden; the employment of women by night, or underground, was forbidden; factories were ventilated; some semblance of sanitation was insisted on; dangerous machinery was fenced. At every stage in the enforcement of these modest standards the ruin of British industry was predicted by some of its self-appointed "leaders"—so much so that Liberals have long taken for granted a heartening cry of "Wolf!" as the first item on the industrial agenda.

The early advancement of factory standards was not always—though it can fairly be claimed to have been mainly—the work of Liberal Governments. A constant, if for long ineffectual, pressure was maintained, to which men of all parties from time to time proved susceptible. But an unprecedented stride forward was taken in the early years of the present century, under the guidance of the Liberal (and liberalising) Government of 1906-10. The identification of the Liberalism of to-day with the substitution of order for chaos in industry, dates properly from that epoch.

The Statute Books of those fruitful years are largely devoted to measures directly designed to the amelioration of industrial conditions. Of some of these more must be said when we pass to the consideration of the broad problems of social reform. But one at least is of major significance here: the Trade Boards Act of 1909. The historian of the future will see, in that one measure, a social landmark comparable with the Education Act of 1870, with the first Irish Land Act, and with the Works Councils Act which a Liberal (or Liberal-minded) Government will place, in the near future, on the Statute Book. Each of these measures marks the acceptance by the legislature of a revolutionary principle, long resisted, and having—once its acceptance has been secured—far-reaching social consequences. In the case of the Trade Boards Act, the principle in question is the right of the State to interfere directly in the wage-contract. In 1909 it became, for the first time, illegal—it became under Statute a criminal offence—to employ men and women in certain

occupations (however willing they themselves might be so to be employed) at wage-rates which failed to conform to standards that the State itself had approved. Thus drastically was finally exorcised the pitiful ghost of Nassau Senior, which had haunted the industrial graveyard for so long.

The importance of the first Trade Boards Act can hardly be over-emphasised. It marks the initial acknowledgment (by the Legislature) of a number of principles which to-day have a greatly enhanced significance. The aim, the method, and the implications of the Act alike call for notice. As regards the first, Mr. Asquith's Government achieved in 1909 the crossing of a Rubicon from which there could be no looking back, and which could only lead ultimately to the goal (now in sight) of defined wage-minima for every industry. As regards method, the principles of the Act deserve statement: they are (1) quasi-legislation by *ad hoc* negotiating bodies; (2) enforcement of agreed decisions by statutory order; (3) equal representation of the two "sides" to a wage-contract; (4) a "neutral" arbitral element (including the chairman of each Board), which (5) proceeds, however, rather by way of conciliation than by that of arbitration; (6) full and frank discussion of the circumstances relevant to a wage-bargain in the light of agreed facts. The part which these principles are to play in the industrial order of the future will, it is hoped, presently be made apparent.

The second tangible result of the reaction against *laissez-faire* was the slow growth of trade unionism. But here the evolution of a social technique appropriate to the requirements of an industrial community has found itself strangely obstructed. For this three circumstances must be held mainly responsible. First, there is the rigidity of our common law, which, by persistently subjecting trade unions to social outlawry, has firmly imbued them with the notion that every concession they have won has been won in the teeth of the opposition of the governing classes. Secondly, there is the development of organised labour as a political entity—a circumstance largely provoked by that to which reference has just been made. And, finally,

there is the acceptance, by some elements in organised labour, and with varying degrees of whole-heartedness, of economic doctrines deriving originally from Marx—doctrines which are far from intelligible, and which do not square with observed facts, but which are none the less attractive, since they are presented in a framework of moral indignation which well reflects our industrial discontents. As things stand to-day no Liberal is entitled to complain of the popularity of such doctrines. As long as a community as wealthy as ours is—a community that can spend collectively what ours spends upon luxury and pleasure—tolerates, side by side with the misery and degradation in which many workers dwell, the unchecked accumulation of fortunes by irresponsible persons, and the unchecked waste of fortunes so accumulated—so long will there exist an industrial discontent that is rooted in envy and bitterness and a hatred of things as they exist. To such discontent, which, if it is not right in itself, is at least not less wrong than the circumstances that provoke it, the exposure of the economic fallacies of *Das Kapital* is no answer; deeds, not words, can alone give convincing proof that there is a sane alternative to the class-war.

What is the attitude of Liberals to trade unionism? It is, I suggest, implicit in what has just been said. Trade unionism is to be regarded, essentially, as a civilising, and not as a disruptive, element in the social structure, since unionism primarily implies organisation, and where there is organisation there is at least the possibility of order. This assumption is the starting point of our argument. Trade unionism came into existence to protect the wage-earner against the intolerable conditions of nineteenth-century industrialism. It has been responsible—at times almost solely responsible—for some remarkable achievements. There is an ever-present temptation to criticise its glaring weaknesses and mistakes of policy; but do not let us forget, in criticising, what the unions have accomplished. They have forced employers so to organise industry as to conform to an advancing standard of wages. They have done much towards the initiation and development of the machinery of industrial peace. They have

secured to the wage-earner the continual statement and criticism in the Legislature of problems affecting his welfare. They have done something towards the international organisation of opinion in regard to the wage-earner's needs.

These are real achievements, and if in the course of them the unions have made conspicuous mistakes, that does not destroy their value. The blunders and crimes of trade unionism, which culminated in the unhappy events of May, 1926, are to be regarded, not as incidental to those constructive activities by which industry has gained so much, but as a consequence of those unfortunate inhibitions from which the movement has never set itself free. Industrial conflict, and the waste and ill-will to which industrial conflict inevitably leads, are largely the product of circumstances which we have already condemned. There are our antiquated rules of law. The living thing, which is industrial civilisation, cannot rest happily on that procrustean bed. There is the confusion of trade unionism in its industrial, with trade unionism in its political, aspects. This is a temporary phase in our social evolution which cannot last indefinitely. There is the dogma of the class-war. Hardly any of those (a diminishing band) who pay lip service to this dogma have a coherent idea in their own minds of what they suppose it to mean. It is a prolific parent of ambiguity and misunderstanding. At one end of the scale there is the "inevitability of gradualness"; at the other end an inarticulate belief—a sort of repressed complex often allied to a ferocious pacifism—that something might be done with machine-guns. This confusion of outlook is a stumbling block to Labour politicians, and leads to recriminations in their own ranks which are a sad waste of time and temper. But this is not its most serious consequence. Its most serious consequence is that organised labour cannot co-operate as effectively as its capacities and its record entitle it to do in the pursuit of those advancing social standards which are its primary justification.

The General Strike of 1926 afforded an opportunity—which was thrown away—of reconsidering the place of

trade unionism in the modern State. The General Strike was provoked by gross mismanagement of the coal problem, and thus the responsibility for it rests largely with the present Government. For this, if for no better, reason the collapse of the strike ought not to have been followed, as it was, by the vindictive attack upon the status and privileges of trade unions which finds expression in the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act of 1927. That Act cannot remain on the Statute Book; or, if it does remain on the Statute Book, those sections of it which seek to penalise certain strikes cannot, in the only circumstances to which they are relevant, be made operative. But these mitigating facts do not excuse the passing of the Act into law; it stands as an example of the abnegation of statesmanship under circumstances in which statesmanship would have been peculiarly well worth while. What would have been the statesmanlike reaction to the events of May, 1926?

The statesmanlike reaction—the Liberal reaction, as I think—would have been as follows. Here (we should have said) is forced an unmistakable issue: the future of trade unionism. In terms of what general conceptions is that future to be envisaged? Are we to try to put the clock back fifty years, and in doing so to set the stage for a colourable imitation of a class-war? Or can we not rather seize this opportunity to revise our fundamental notions of the part which trade unions can fairly be asked to play in our industrial life?

To this second question an affirmative answer would have been given. The collapse of the General Strike carried with it its own moral; there was no further need for vindictiveness, or panic, or repression. But the spectacle of the wastage, in industrial strife, of so much energy, so much enthusiasm, so much loyalty—so great a capacity to wait and to endure—should surely have drawn attention, not to the dangers of trade unionism in an ill-balanced society, but to its constructive possibilities in a well-balanced one. Its status—its responsibilities—its place in a well-ordered industrial structure—should have been considered *de novo*.

It is from this standpoint that Liberals to-day envisage its future. The better organisation of industrial peace; the better organisation of production within the individual workshop; the better distribution of the ownership of wealth; a revision of the relationships of industry and education; the great latent energies of organised labour might have been mobilised for the co-operative solution of these problems. The events of May, 1926, might, like the events which led up to the Treaty of Vereeniging and its sequel, have exemplified the possibility of turning to fruitful account enmity and ill-will when the occasion which called them forth has passed away. The grant of self-government to South Africa is, indeed, not a far-fetched precedent for that grant of self-government to industry (all those whom industry serves alike participating) which must ultimately prove the solvent for its troubles.

The Liberal policy for industry—formulated in detail in *Britain's Industrial Future*, the Report of a Committee of Inquiry, and ratified by the overwhelming vote of a representative meeting of the National Liberal Federation in March, 1928—is based upon considerations which have, it is hoped, made themselves evident in the course of the above analysis. Its starting-point, as far as industrial relations are concerned, was an intensive study of those methods of industrial organisation which culminated in the Trade Boards Act of 1909, in the Whitleyism of the post-war years, and in countless fruitful experiments carried out in individual industries and concerns. To this has been added the determination to work effectively into the social framework upon which industry depends the constructive possibilities of trade unionism and of the machinery of the collective bargain. Only in terms of such a fusion of possibilities can significance be given to that much-abused phrase "industrial self-government."

In the sphere of industrial relations Liberal policy has six major proposals to put forward. These are respectively concerned with:

(1) The creation of a Ministry of Industry, having attached to it a representative Council of Industry discharging important advisory functions.

(2) The establishment, throughout the industrial field, of representative negotiating bodies in each industry, differing, if need be, among themselves as the circumstances of industry may differ, but discharging, under the general guidance of the Council of Industry, certain common functions.

(3) The elaboration of special schemes, along more or less well-defined lines, for ensuring the maintenance of industrial peace in certain essential public services—this proposal being a practical alternative to that illegalising of sympathetic strikes with which the Trade Disputes, etc., Act, 1927, is largely concerned.

(4) The elaboration of principles of wage policy, which lend themselves to statutory application as far as minimum wages are concerned, and to a progressive improvement in the technique of collective wage ascertainment as regards wages other than statutory minima.

(5) The establishment by law of representative Works Councils in all industrial concerns, such Councils having defined privileges and defined responsibilities.

(6) The enactment of legislation designed to protect the individual wage-earner against some of the worst abuses now arising in the course of his employment, and so conferring upon him, in his capacity as wage-earner, a status not incompatible with that which he enjoys as a free citizen in a democratic State.

In my next article I shall hope to explain more fully what these half-dozen proposals imply.

THE ENTENTE AND GERMANY

By "AUGUR"

GERMANY, now that she is a member of the League of Nations, has the right of claiming full equality with the other Great Powers in Europe. The limitations imposed by the Treaty of Versailles either, like the Rhineland occupation, have become an anachronism, or need to be revised according to the spirit of the Covenant, like disarmament. The Dawes Plan for German reparations payments is now in need of revision, not only for reasons of a financial nature, but also and as much because it imposes upon the Republic a control contrary to the sovereign rights of a nation equal among equals. The trend of things is towards a sweeping away of the restrictions imposed upon Germany by what we have already described as the period of probation foreseen in the Peace Treaty. The sooner this change is brought about the better for all parties concerned. But a speedy solution is impossible without the full co-operation between Great Britain and France—that is, of the two Great Powers which jointly hold the key to the final settlement of Europe. The Anglo-French Entente, therefore, more than ever is an essential thing, more necessary, perhaps, to-day than ever before, because at last the object before it is not a defensive alliance for war but a constructive co-operation for peace.

The last weeks have brought out in this country the latent opposition which exists in certain circles to a binding agreement with France. The pretext was the clumsy disclosure of the details of Anglo-French naval compromise, or rather of the agreement between Paris and London for an attitude in common on the question of naval disarmament when the latter comes up for international discussion. It is too late to-day to explain that only the love of the Foreign Office for secrecy is to blame for the transformation of an innocent episode in

Anglo-French relations into a mysterious conspiracy against the peace of the world. The fact remains that certain circles in Great Britain welcomed with joy this occasion to let loose (for the thousandth time) their anger against any entente with France. If the intrigue had been successful, if Paris and London had been made to quarrel, the hopes of those who want to see a settlement with Germany within the next months would have been shattered, because this stupendous task is beyond the forces of any single Great Power.

The key-points of the situation are: first, the conversation of M. Poincaré with Herr Stresemann on August 27th in Paris and then the meeting a few weeks ago, also in Paris, between M. Poincaré and Mr. Baldwin, when the latter was on his way back to London after his cure at Aix-les-Bains. Herr Stresemann came to the French capital to sign the Kellogg Pact for outlawing war. The important things which M. Poincaré told him were: (1) that he approved the *rapprochement* between France and Germany, because it was not only in the interest of the two countries, but also in the interest of Europe, and (2) that the occupation of the Rhineland was linked up together with the question of the revision of the Dawes Plan for reparations. The results obtained at Geneva during the conversations of the Allied delegates with Herr Muller, the Chancellor of the Reich, were foreshadowed in this momentous statement. Then Mr. Baldwin came to Paris and, discussing the problem of reparations with M. Poincaré, told him that the British Government, although not optimistic on the question of the marketing of the German bonds, would not dissociate itself from a French attempt to achieve a speedy settlement with Germany, provided that the British taxpayer did not find himself burdened anew as a result of the new agreement now to be made. This established on a firm basis British co-operation with France in the proposed attempt to revise the Dawes Plan so as to allow Germany's creditors to know exactly what they had to expect, and to relieve Germany of obligations which, if not to-day then to-morrow, would obviously become too heavy to carry.

This result, the effect of which should become apparent before the year is out, was possible only because the Anglo-French Entente is a real thing, and is considered, both by British and French statesmen, as the starting-point for an international settlement in Europe.

The Anglo-French naval compromise, or rather the Anglo-French agreement to adopt an attitude in common when the question of naval disarmament comes up again for discussion, has been represented by its critics in this country as the result of the subservience of the British Government to France. But its terms are so favourable to the British point of view that it became necessary to drag in other considerations to support this accusation. The scapegoat was discovered in the promise of the British Government to support the French thesis on the question of trained reserves for land armies. But the essence of all agreement between equals, therefore the essence of the Anglo-French Entente also, is compromise between extreme views. M. Poincaré and his colleagues could not have defended the terms of the naval compromise before French public opinion if they had been left to stand alone in their one-sided backing of the British point of view. There would have been, and with better reason, an outcry in France against the "subserviency" of the Government to London. For—and this the critics of the Entente seem unable to discover—there are as many Frenchmen opposed to a binding agreement with Great Britain as *mutatis mutandis* there are people holding the same view in this country. The critics of the Entente here forget that we need France as much as she needs us. The meetings of the Council of the League of Nations in Geneva, of which there have been already two score and more, prove that nothing has served the cause of peace in Europe more than the frank co-operation between the British and French delegations. Each time when it has been absent, mostly for reasons of personal nature, the settlement of Europe has been retarded. The best proof of the truth of this we see in the fact that the German Government has given up the idea of obtaining advantages by dividing Paris from London. On the contrary, we

have already seen the nervous anxiety with which the Wilhelmstrasse has watched the several occasions when the two Governments seemed to be ready to oppose each other on issues of importance. To those among the critics who wish well to Germany we say: "Beware, without the Anglo-French Entente there can be no swift settlement of the problem of reparations and of all the others which are linked up with it."

Delicate negotiations are proceeding between Paris and Berlin with the object of preparing the ground before the new Commission for Reparations is constituted. The technique of the thing has to be worked out: who is to take the initiative in calling the new body into being? Who are to be its members? What are to be their terms of reference? M. Poincaré stands in the centre of the picture, and from him depends nearly everything. In a speech he made not so long ago at Chambéry he said that he would not have people think that it was the intention of the French Government to let the negotiations be drawn out indefinitely. Evidently his mind is made up and he is ready to act with swift decision as soon as the preparatory stage is set. Those who are in the inner circle of knowledge are aware of M. Poincaré's close connection with Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparations, who has been in Paris more often than it has been said in the Press, and he is also in contact with Mr. Winston Churchill. The Governors of the Central banks in Europe are in close touch with each other in respect to the matter, and will play an important part in the work of the new Commission. The British Treasury, falling in with the spirit of the Entente, has so far receded from its original position that it is ready to admit the technical possibility of taking the issue of reparations into consideration before that of inter-allied debts with which in principle it remains interlinked. If anything useful will be done between this November and next March, when British interest in foreign affairs will be lamed by the oncoming General Election, it will be solely because the Anglo-French Entente has made the thing possible. The danger we see in this direction is the yet unsolved problem of the

ratification of the French debt agreement of 1926, which M. Poincaré still does not see his way to put through.

Let us now consider the Entente from the old point of view of British security. There is a point well understood by a few experts at the Admiralty, but which the public has not grasped yet. How could it have grasped it if the admirals have not been able to digest it completely? The point is this: the capital ship is dead. It is as dead as was dead the sailing man-of-war in the thirties of last century, after the victorious advent of steam-propelled vessels. The same applies to the capital ship to-day after the triumphant advent of the air-borne bomb. The terrifying results of the experimental bombing of above-water targets from the air by swift aeroplanes have sounded the knell of the armoured monsters with their crews of a thousand men. Probably the offensive force of the Navy will soon be lifted into the air. War-like operations will proceed at a speed several times greater than that of the present battle fleets. This means, too, that the existing line of delimitation between land and sea will tend to disappear. Whether on land, or on sea, the increase of speed in all ages has always meant the extension of the limits of the battlefield. Compare the area of Jutland with that of Trafalgar. This being so, every hundred miles which we can add to the distance between London and a potential enemy is of advantage. To-day there are no French aerial forces near the Channel. On the other hand, the advantage to France of not having to bother about the rear of her aerial front is obvious.

The peoples of Europe want to live well, to live better. They hate war not so much because of its bloodiness, but because under modern conditions it means economic ruin and the lowering of the standard of life. The general demand for disarmament is based on the idea that it will not only reduce current expenditure, but make it more difficult for war to start. For years the Governments have been struggling with the problem of disarmament. At Geneva the question has been discussed and circumnavigated and delicately sampled like cat touching milk in a strange saucer. The results achieved until now are far

from satisfying. If we investigate the reasons for this delay we see that the principal one is in the tug-of-war between the British and the French military and naval experts on the principles to be applied. At last the spirit of the Entente wins through, and the Governments work out a compromise which permits them to take a step in the right direction. Immediately there is an outcry against the Entente which has made this progress possible. One suspects that the critics, whose inspirers are to be sought in the party which has the least chance to regain power, are guided not by the love of peace, but by a passionate desire to find a whip to drive Mr. Baldwin out of office. We note that the Labour Party are more circumspect in their criticism. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, when some time ago he condemned the methods of the Foreign Office, hastened to say that this should not be taken to mean that he was against France in any way. We remember that during his term of office Mr. MacDonald proved to be a fervent adherent of the Entente, and, thanks to this, scored one of the finest successes of modern British diplomacy: the London Agreement in 1924 for the establishment of the Dawes Plan, which lifted Europe out of a slough of despond. If to-day we soon can look forward to a final settlement of relations with Germany it is because Mr. MacDonald applied the principle of the Entente with such signal success.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE LABOUR PARTY?

BY JAMES CORBETT

I HAVE never confessed any extraordinary love for the Socialists, yet am frankly distressed with the confusion that exists in the Labour Party to-day. Nothing has caused me greater sorrow than the spectacle of Mr. Maxton and Mr. Cook. To think these two singularly clever men are unhappy is most annoying, and I shall not be satisfied until I have inquired into the cause of their discomfiture. I have always been convinced that Mr. Cook was the most contented man alive, because he is recognised as the most intelligent member of the mining community—that is, when Mr. Frank Hodges is soundly asleep—and apparently he is only a Bolshevik by name. Guess my surprise, then, to find Mr. Cook firing machine-gun bullets into the Labour Party, and working himself up into such a temper that Mr. Maxton had to come to his assistance. Obviously Mr. Maxton could not quell the tumult of passion under Mr. Cook's waistcoat, so reinforcements arrived at the last moment in the shape of Mr. Wheatley. These three gentlemen have now formed a limited company. I sincerely trust their political aspirations are also limited. If not, we will have to inform the Home Secretary without delay.

I am fervently hoping that "Jix" will not get any more brilliant ideas. A little bird has whispered that the Home Secretary is really the despair of the Cabinet. It has not been revealed what Mr. Baldwin thinks of his colleague in private, but it seems that "Jix" is destined to bring desolation to the Conservative Party. He has already caused much wailing and gnashing of teeth, and particularly in the ranks of Labour, who regard themselves, for some reason, as the sole custodians of democracy. When poor "Jix" comes to die may he be buried with all due solemnity in Hyde Park. Already it may have marked the grave of all his hopes. Indeed, I am wondering if it

was this Cabinet Minister who first caused the wrath of Mr. Cook? The leader of the miners seemed absolutely quiescent until the Money case commenced, then the spectacle of two innocent constables being reprimanded offended him more than anything else. Or was it sympathy with Sir Leo Chiozza Money who confessed he was a man of substance? Whatever it was, Mr. Cook took off his coat and attacked the Labour Party. Friction between him and Mr. Thomas developed almost into a case of assault, and how strange for the peaceable Thomas to have the glint of murder in his eye! Hardly had this little passage of arms subsided when Mr. Wheatley entered the fray, only to discover that Mr. Thomas was still in the fighting mood, so much so, indeed, that Mr. Wheatley was asked to step on the mat and explain everything from the day of his birth. It appears to me that Mr. Thomas is more than a leader of the railwaymen. He is another individual who is ready at any moment to obey the "stern call to duty," which means that under the surface he is a born strategist. He has educated himself in the subtle art of psychology, for he has a most uncanny habit of knowing the weakest part of his opponent's armour. "Jimmy Thomas" is a bit of a lad!

I am wondering if the heat wave was responsible for all those recent animadversions? It may in the first instance have disturbed the settled equanimity of Mr. Cook, and perhaps it similarly affected the placid temperament of the Home Secretary? At any rate, Sir William Horwood selected a most dramatic moment to announce his resignation, and Lord Byng still appears uncertain whether the "call to duty" was not a joke. Mr. Baldwin has remained discreetly silent on the point. Indeed, the Prime Minister gives one the impression that he is profoundly grateful to "Jix" for everything he has done. The Home Secretary at least has distracted public attention from Downing Street, and Mr. Baldwin has been able to pursue his classical studies in a realm of uninterrupted peace. "Jix" can be relied on to speak on any subject from the Prayer Book downward, and, if necessary, explain the metaphysical side of every argument.

Perhaps this "tight-rope" walking on the part of the Home Secretary angered Mr. Cook beyond endurance, for, according to his system of philosophy, no member of the "hated bourgeoisie" is possessed of brain-power. I am therefore assuming that "Jix" started all the mischief in the Labour camp, just as I anticipate that the same gentleman may be responsible for the fall of the Government. When that dreadful event occurs in the political history of these islands I shall look forward to "Jix" becoming a minister in earnest, but not attached to the Cabinet. He will take his ancient Prayer Book and commence to study assiduously for the Church.

Now to return to Mr. Cook. Why has this gentleman plunged the Labour Party in such a fervour of unsettlement? And why has Mr. Wheatley walked so significantly to the extreme Left group? What caused the sudden attitude of antagonism on the part of Mr. Thomas, and why was Mr. MacDonald so strangely silent about the whole business? Those are questions I should like to examine in this article.

In the first place, Mr. Cook is singularly leopard-like in this strange *mêlée* of temperaments. He resolutely refuses to change a single one of his spots, and I suppose we must respect him for this outstanding honesty of outlook. Cook has never been a colleague of compromise or arbitration. He has always scented the battle of political warfare, and that is why he so much admired the Russian revolution. Revolt against established practice has been in his blood since infancy, and he can no more help his indiscretions than the Home Secretary. "Jix," if nothing else, is always amazingly candid. Cook is so downright sincere about "class war" that he dreams of it day and night. He has never tried to "bolster up" Capitalism, and has always regarded private enterprise with positive hate. He is the enemy of the individualist, with Karl Marx as his god and no other. That is plain for all to read, and he has never tried to deceive us. However much we disagree with his mental attitude, we must respect Cook for his downright honesty of purpose. It is better to fight a man like this in the open. When all is

said and done, Cook has appealed to the fighting instinct of the miners. Mr. Frank Hodges has appealed more to them as an intellectual, but Cook has proved the veritable leader of men. I am sorry, therefore, that any attempt was made to ostracise Cook from the assembly of trade union leaders. He could not be looked upon as the uninvited guest for he was the direct delegate of the miners. We cannot afford to ignore the miners. It was a pity that a squabble occurred over this point, and I regret the short-sightedness that proposed his expulsion. It is better to recognise Cook as a sincere firebrand and extremist, better to placate him and lead him to reason than to violence, better to extend to him the utmost limit of patience. He cannot be thrown aside until the miners reject him themselves. Until the folly of "Cookism" is thoroughly exposed we must recognise him as the accredited official of the miners.

Now, what does Cook say in his latest diatribe against the Labour Party? He hints that all Labour politicians are as dead as mutton, and probably more useless. He accused Labour leaders of softly acquiescing to the demands of the hated Capitalist class, of seeking to consolidate Capital instead of undermining the system, of playing into the hands of opportunists like Mr. Lloyd George. Evidently Cook anticipates that some alliance with the Liberals is inevitable, therefore he is up in arms against compromise of any kind. He is not prepared to yield an inch to the "Melchettites," "Mondites," or other "ites." He is prepared to surrender only to the Bolshevik element within him, and has resolved to go on working for the complete destruction of Capitalism. Lord Melchett has affrighted all his intellectual senses. He knows that "Mondism" may bring peace to all ranks of the industrial community, so has therefore vowed to fight it to the death. Cook will ever remain a disturbing element in our social organism. He is even a worse opponent than Maxton, for the latter is merely a stern realist, but Cook is an avowed revolutionary, and has told us so in the plainest possible terms. He wants to see a split in the Labour Party at all cost, and that is why he was overjoyed

when Maxton and Wheatley joined him. It is a strange trinity, and I am wondering if it will not soon be dissolved.

Mr. Maxton is a Socialist by conviction. He is a man whom I personally respect very much, because he has passed through bitter hardship and agony of soul, but why should the iron have entered his heart against the unfortunate capitalist? Surely Mr. Maxton can be classed amongst the intellectuals of the Party? If so, why can he not see the need for reform instead of revolution? All honest men are working day and night for such reform, because the industrial machine is bound to bring us forward along the path of progress, but it must be a gradual evolution and not a chaotic disturbance. Mr. Maxton does not see eye to eye with Mr. Cook in many respects, but agrees with the leader of the miners that there must be no compromise with the capitalist class. He is also a diehard of the extreme group of Socialists. It seems to me that Maxton is more a collectivist than a revolutionary. He is more resolved upon a communal system of society than some abstract thing called Socialism. He has never called himself a Communist in Parliament, yet this, I fancy, is really his proper label. He thinks that Communism is within the zone of possibility.

Mr. Wheatley walks into a different category. I regard Mr. Wheatley as a full-blooded Socialist, more resolved upon "Socialism in our time" than Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or other Labour leaders. He considers himself the "uncrowned king" of the Labour Party, and if anything happened to wrest leadership from Mr. MacDonald to-morrow, we can visualise what a tussle would occur between Wheatley and J. H. Thomas. In that eventuality I am still prepared to place my shirt at the feet of Mr. Thomas, although perhaps the odds in his favour might not be so startling as I imagine. Mr. Thomas claims the affectionate admiration of many Labour politicians. They all know where to place him, and they are proud of the distinctive position he holds in British society. Yet at times I doubt whether he is so popular amongst the rank and file of the Labour Party. As

a matter of fact, Mr. Thomas is too big for the age in which we live. He really belongs to the advanced type of Labour leadership which will one day evolve. It is only slowly that the working-class community are beginning to appreciate Thomas as a potential statesman. He has never honestly had his chance in the world of politics, but I should not be surprised if he rises one day to the dizzy height of Premiership. Mr. Wheatley has always regarded Thomas as his most formidable rival, and to those who study political psychology it would seem that the great test between Wheatley and Thomas has arrived. It is more than a test of personalities. It is a conflict of political wills. The chasm between both men is vast and deep, for Thomas is a gradualist to the finger-tips, while Wheatley would be resolved on a bold stroke for the Socialists. That fact has been apparent on more than one occasion. What has always amazed me, however, is the magnetism exercised over Wheatley by Mr. MacDonald. What accounts for it? It is a well-known fact that both these men have no political sympathy for each other. They are even opposed on many points of principle, yet there is a strange understanding between them. Only rarely has Wheatley come out into the open to attack MacDonald, but he scampers quickly back to the shade when MacDonald replies to him. Wheatley has remained the dark horse of the Labour Party. He prefers to wait that supreme moment when political power may come into his hands, then I think he will be worth watching. Mr. Wheatley is not a man to disclose his plans beforehand. He will have the mine carefully laid and nothing will be left to chance.

May I therefore ask what Wheatley, Maxton, and Cook are planning at present? Apparently they are working for the disruption of the Labour Party as a political force. They are strange bedfellows, called together by a singular Fate, but they understand each other perfectly. They are checkmated by MacDonald, Thomas, and Snowden, and the tug-of-war between these six men is delightfully interesting. I fancy the rope will break in the hands of Mr. Cook. The leader of the miners will

be left one day in a state of complete humiliation and despair, for the miners are not fools, and they may throw him overboard before the General Election. In that event Mr. Cook, I suggest, should approach Lady Astor and obtain another special passport for Russia. England may be too hot to hold him at that moment, and he may find more congenial company in the land of the red flag.

The political position is intriguing, but I am surprised that even men like Thomas cannot see the real state of affairs. As a matter of truth, there are few Socialists in Parliament to-day. The men we have been prone to regard as Socialists are camouflaged Liberals, and the politicians we formerly called Liberals are now respectable Radicals, while only Lord Grey and an exclusive few can be reckoned amongst the old Liberal element. Indeed, Lord Grey, if questioned, would probably call himself one of the ancient, antediluvian Whigs, but we know better. He is still a staunch Liberal of the Asquithian school. This development represents the new orientation in British politics, and the sooner Labour men in Parliament wake up to the fact the better. The Labour school is donning the mantle of an advanced Liberalism, while the Lloyd George Radical group believe they are respectable Progressives, and they are not far wrong, providing they mean it.

It will therefore be seen that a junction of thought and action between Radical and Liberal cannot be so repulsive. Socialists like Maxton, Wheatley, and Cook will still talk vaguely about revolution, but they will be merely relegated to the Left-wing Group, and will prove as innocuous as ever so far as political power is concerned. Lloyd George will prove the great magnet of the future. He will draw all men unto him, even the Conservatives if necessary, for with or without political power he can prove a mighty force at Westminster. If after the General Election he is surrounded with his phalanx of eighty Radicals, he can then dictate his own terms with a vengeance. That is why far-seeing men like Rothermere and Beaverbrook realise the potentiality of the little

Welshman. With Lloyd George back in power at Westminster it would not matter what a trinity of people like Cook, Maxton, and Wheatley called themselves, and their actions will prove just as insignificant. We must go definitely forward within the next few years, irrespective of all political faction, and I believe the driving force will be a revived Lloyd George.

To me this is the real explanation of the strange divergence of thought in the Labour Party. Labour politicians know instinctively that they are destined to be absorbed by the new Radical group, and I hardly imagine the majority of them are displeased at the prospect. They foolishly imagine that Mr. Lloyd George will climb down one day over nationalisation, but do not let us disturb them out of such an erroneous delusion. The awakening to reality will be all the more stupendous when it comes. At present we are witnessing a conflict of thought between two groups: one believes wholeheartedly in the infallibility of the State, the other trusts implicitly in the evolution of the individualist system. Labour can think of nothing else than a central authority for dealing with unemployment; Radicals believe that the evils of unemployment can be lessened by the adoption of the Industrial Report and the application of their Land Policy. Labour fondly thinks that a communal system of society means ultimate perfection of government; Radicals and Conservatives maintain that the soul of man cannot be changed by the State. Human nature defies the officialdom of the machine, and selfishness cannot be eradicated from the human mind by a certain number of State officials. Therein lies the big distinction between the creed of the Socialists and the intellectualism of the Radicals.

Mr. Snowden is the "odd child" of the family. He occupies the most anomalous position of any member of Parliament, for really he is a Whig with a passionate yearning for slum clearance and social reform. He does not believe in Socialist finance, and never did. Nothing more laughable has appealed to him than the phantasy of the surtax. He smiles it out of court. It shocks all his

financial prudence, and he shudders at the men who conceived it. I have never discovered what Mr. Snowden is doing in the Labour Party, except to expose the fallacy of its concepts. He has proved very useful in that respect, and his cynicism is dreaded by every member in the House. I should like to hear a battle of words between him and Mr. Cook at Westminster. I think the smokers room would be deserted for at least one hour on such an occasion. This politician has never believed in "Socialism in our time." He is the very incarnation of gradualistic reform, which explains why he is often at loggerheads with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Possibly Snowden would be the safest man to arrange a pact or understanding with the Radical group, for he understands the Radicals perfectly, and has placed a correct valuation upon their intelligence and good faith. He knows that the Radicals are full of promises and good intentions, but it is just men like Snowden who would keep them to the letter of their bond. Mr. Lloyd George will always find Snowden a formidable factor in politics, but they are not inimical in temperament, and could possibly work together. It would be difficult, of course, if Winston Churchill was in the same group, for I surmise that Winston has metamorphosed into Snowden's worst enemy. In the eyes of Philip Snowden the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to be the very apotheosis of evil, but this, of course, is only a surface enmity. I understand that both men are quite the best of friends outside the political firmament. It is just part of the strange Westminster psychology.

Sometimes I wonder if Mr. MacDonald will ever get back to the Premiership, or will his health stand the strain of modern politics? He is really a sinister figure when the occasion demands, for no individual has ever fathomed the content of his mind, and few have had the privilege of getting behind that icy reserve of manner. I am told this aloofness was one great stumbling-block when he was Labour Prime Minister. He is respected and feared by all groups, for he does not yield to the opportunist, and has proved himself honest in debate. Now and then, like Mr. Baldwin, he can astound the assembly at Westminster with his classical thought and mode of expression, and at

these times he wins the esteem of all politicians. It has been said often that Mr. MacDonald is a gradualist, but the more I study him the more confused I think he is with political affairs. He is the target of so many conflicting groups, and he has borne the brunt of conciliation and appeasement for such a long period that I fear he may break down under the continued strain. I sincerely hope that I am wrong in that prophecy. He may be quite a different individual when he returns once again from America. He has at least retained the leadership of the party against all comers, but this, I think, is due more to his silence than his speech. He has not always been able to see eye to eye with Thomas or Snowden, and at times he has been violently opposed to the Clydeside group of extremists. What he is thinking at present no man knows. I should hardly imagine that a working arrangement with the Radicals is going to be his counsel of perfection, but it seems the path of destiny along which he must travel. He will doubtless fight against it up to the last moment, yet the attraction of office and power may appeal to one side of his nature. Rather than witness the disruption of the Labour group in faction and strife I think MacDonald will be prepared to enter into some bargain with Mr. Lloyd George. He will be able to dictate his own terms to a certain extent, for the Radicals on this next occasion cannot afford to be too independent. If both Opposition groups defeat the Conservatives they will be lucky indeed. I have already hinted that Mr. Baldwin may bring off a surprise move. He is not the kind of individual who will smoke his pipe up to the moment of defeat, and if the rumours that reach me are correct then we may witness the greatest political contest that has ever been recorded in history. Apparently the German cartel scheme is threatening our iron and steel trades, and Mr. Baldwin may claim exemption from his political promise when he confronts a new electorate, which means that we are all destined to see a stupendous struggle on Safeguarding and tariff barriers. Mr. Lloyd George is determined to attack the rating reform scheme with all his political acumen, which will probably recall to us the days of Limehouse and his bitter attack against the landlord class. In his opinion

this may be the safest way to win the sympathy of the Socialists, for he is the last individual to err on the side of political discernment.

The Cook-Maxton-Wheatley phase may remain a disturbing factor until after the General Election. I cannot see how they are going to claim many adherents to their group, for, as I have already stated, Parliamentary Socialists are now merging gradually towards the Radical perspective, but first they must pass through the grooves of Liberalism into a wider area of citizenship for all classes of the community. Cook is merely a portent of revolution and disorder; nothing pleases him more than class hatred, class warfare and bitter partisanship. He is the enemy of compromise with the forces of sanity, and, for that reason alone, every honest Labour man may soon throw him overboard. I believe Mr. Maxton will return to the Labour group of fighting stalwarts, men who will evolve into true Liberals by the mere process of time, for to rule out competition in modern industry is to rob us of enterprise and all initiative. The world to-day is not a huge co-operative store, nor can it ever exist as a federated communal-system of society. We must have our pioneers of thought and action, and these individuals must have liberty to work out salvation for the rest of humanity. State dictatorship would turn us all into slaves in a fortnight, and communal sloth would wipe out national existence in a year. Labour in the days ahead has a great future. It can demonstrate the real meaning of the word, which is work, and it can secure for England the just reward of that labour.

Even Mr. Cook may repent of being a chronic revolutionary. He has fought a splendid fight for the miners according to his own ideals of right and wrong. Let him become a real leader in their eyes by confessing that force has never yet proved a solution. We are a generous nation, and can afford to forget the man who might have led us to disaster.

THE LATIN ANTHOLOGY

BY LAURIE MAGNUS

IN 1880 Andrew Lang "rendered into English prose with an Introductory Essay" the idylls, epigrams, and poetic fragments of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. The choice of prose, by the way, for this rendering, and for the same eminent scholar's famous rendering, with Walter Leaf, Ernest Myers, and S. H. Butcher, of the epics of Homer, is an odd commentary on Matthew Arnold's contemporary scorn for the age of "prose and reason," in which Dryden and Pope had rendered Virgil and Homer into English verse. In 1889 Lang's *Theocritus* was added to the Golden Treasury Series, in which it has been several times reprinted. Æschylus, Plato, and other Greeks were likewise represented in that library, and there were selections from French and German poets. But it was not till 1909 that it was enhanced by a Latin anthology—a score of years later than the Greek idyllists, and two score and five years later than *Songs and Lyrics* which had inaugurated it in 1864.

The second half of the nineteenth century—the most definitely Victorian epoch—was not a Latin age in England. Munro's *Lucretius*, Conington and Nettleship's *Virgil*, and Robinson Ellis's *Catullus* all belong to it; but on the Hellenists' side we count Gaisford, who died in 1855; Benjamin Hall Kennedy, who, despite his Latin grammars, was Cambridge Professor of Greek from 1867 to 1889; Christopher Wordsworth, nephew of one poet-laureate, and J. W. Blakesley, the "clear-headed friend" of another; Edmund Law Lushington, of whom Tennyson, again, wrote that he wore "all that weight of learning lightly as a flower"; Paley, Jebb, Liddell and Scott, Jowett, Campbell, D. B. Monro, Butcher, W. G. Rutherford, W. D. Geddes, and many more. There is no English Mommsen comparable to Grote, and it may be noted that Gomperz's *Greek Thinkers* is prefaced by a quotation from Sir Henry Maine: "Except the blind forces of Nature,

nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin."

Nor was it only in pure scholarship that the Victorian age chose Greek above Latin learning. Hellenism was chosen before Latinity by our novelists and poets. Matthew Arnold's apposition of the Greek and Hebrew in our consciousness is well known: he even invited us to "Hellenise with free trade." Tennyson himself, for all his Virgil-worship, so generously and musically confessed, followed Keats back to Hellas, and was much more Greek than Roman. The Brownings were Greek through and through. Ruskin commended four Greeks and no Roman among "some books which we all need" in his *Letters to Beginners*, 1857, and Swinburne wrote of Landor that

Through the trumpet of a child of Rome
Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece.

These names typify the Victorian age, which, perhaps, turned more readily to the Greeks because of its reaction from what it misprized as the eighteenth century. Who last quoted Horace in the House of Commons I forget, but the habit was disused, and Cicero on friendship and old age lost his former vogue.

It was appropriate when, at long last, a Latin anthology was added to the Golden Treasury Series—a double process of selection—that its editor should have been taken from among the masters at Colet's School, for that greatest Dean of St. Paul's knew that Latin was invented before the rules of the Latin grammar, which he caused and helped William Lily, his first high-master, to prepare. This Latin anthology was anonymous, but its compiler was the late A. M. Cook (1858-1921), an elder brother of Sir Edward Cook, the biographer of Ruskin and Florence Nightingale, and sometime editor of the *Daily News*. A. M. Cook spent his active years at St. Paul's School, where the record of his character and humanism must be pleasant to the shades of the reformers associated with the foundation of the school early in the sixteenth century. One "Old Pauline" wrote to *The Times* on the morrow of Cook's death, that he first gave his pupils "a sense of

the dignity of work and of the splendours of culture in its widest aspects," and "exercised his fine influence without preaching and almost without teaching"; and another, who is almost certainly Sir Murray Coutts Trotter, Chief Justice of Madras, wrote in the *Pauline* that "it was not that he taught you more or taught you better than other masters: it was that your whole outlook was changed and a new world was opened to you"—a genuine gift of the Renaissance. By this gentle, unambitious, but resolute and firm schoolmaster-scholar, the *Latin Anthology* was collected in 1909.

We like to think that our present century, fulfilling itself through change, is moving back to the standards which flourished in the mid-eighteenth century, and that it will repair in its second half, for our children's delectation, the omissions of the Victorian age. "Power, from Piety divorced," wrote George Meredith at the extreme edge of that epoch, "shall sink on envy of a wayside flower"; and piety, as every schoolboy used to know, was the typical Roman virtue. "Tantum ferro quantum pietate potentes stamus," declared Propertius, in a phrase closely parallel to Meredith's; Æneas was "pius" by métier; and it was not in blind pride that our earliest historians sought to loop up the threads of British legend with the loose ends of the history of Roman kings. If, as some indications seem to show, we are beginning to seize more securely the second factor in the Propertian equation, and are admitting a reciprocity of duty—dutifulness in its social relation—as an equal girder with steel in State-construction, we shall be following the road of the generation after 1750 back to the Latin classics. The later Victorians smeared duty with sentiment, till they lost their parsnips in fine words, still repeated in the shibboleths of Socialism. The pragmatic piety of men like Johnson, Burke and the younger Pitt belonged to a different type of vision, more Latin than Greek in its origin; nor was it from a commonplace-book, but from a mind stored with patterns of Roman manliness, that Pitt extracted for the close of his great speech in the

House of Commons in 1792, on the abolition of the slave-trade, a distich from the first Georgic:

Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

The morning sunshine was streaming into the chamber after an all-night sitting, and the dusky evening of native Africans was illuminated. We recall in this connection another Pitt—Christopher, of Winchester and New College—who died in 1748, and was just a year older than the century, and who left us his translations of the *Æneid* and of Vida's *Latin Art of Poetry*. Pope, it will be remembered, conjoined the two in an apostrophe to "immortal Vida," whose birthplace

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name
As next in place in Mantua, next in fame.

The eulogy, which may have inspired the translator, was characteristic of the times; and one of the first books to usher in a new Roman era in England will be an anthology of Latin poems written by Italians in the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. They are represented in old volumes of *Delitiae*, and parts of them have been translated from time to time, but Politian's *Sylvæ*, which Dr. Johnson wanted to translate, Sannazaro's idylls, Bembo, Sadoletto, Navagero, Frascastrò, and others, deserve a golden treasury of their own. We recall, too, among those older scholars, Richard Hurd, commentator on Horace, Thomas Gray, Thomas Tyrwhitt, Thomas Twining, Samuel Parr, whom F. A. Wolf described as displaying, in his Latin prose, "mehr echt Römische Farbe" than any other Englishman, and others. They were contemporary with Porson of Hecuba, and, like him, were learned in Hellenics; but that their genius was dominantly Roman may be judged from the tone of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*—a grave tone, in the Latin and Saxon senses. Above all, we recall Edward Gibbon, whose pragmatism is illustrated by his remark that the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers had not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire, whose piety is illustrated by his tireless devotion to his texts, who customarily travelled, "on every march, in every journey," with a copy of

Horace in his pocket, and often in his hand, and whose *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is the fine flower of Latin scholarship in the eighteenth century.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio—

Horace's testimony stands to the credit of the Greek account, but there is some confusion in the terms, and Latium never forgot her rustic gods. "Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes," Virgil had sung in the famous passage of the second Georgic, which should be compared, in its rejection of luxury and its praise of native ideals, with the yet more famous passage in the sixth *Æneid*, where the rule of art was laid down for Rome: "Hæ tibi erunt artes"—no foreign Grecian importation.

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et frater, sic fortis Etruria crevit
Scilicet et verum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

Rome, the paragon of beauty, had her legacy equally with Greece,¹ and the life, or type of civilisation, which Virgil recommended to his countrymen, is etched-in in a dozen arresting phrases. It was a "nescia fallere vita"; it expatiated in "latis otia fundis"; its youth was "patiens operum exiguoque adsueta"; it could enjoy soft sleep after manual toil. Again and again this idea of bliss recurs in the Latin anthology, and is repeated in later European literature. It was contaminated in every country with meretricious, adventitious ornaments; with fleeces dyed to an artificial whiteness and smocks draped over urban mannequins. The rural illusion was invoked for the disguise of civil vices, till shepherds spoke with adulterers' tongues and courtesans masqueraded as milkmaids.

"Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi," sang Virgil, opening the first Eclogue, but George Crabbe, in his *Village*, in 1783, was sick to death of the convention:

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong? . . .

(1) The legacies are distinguished, of course, in the Oxford volumes under those titles.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
 For him that grazes or for him that farms;
 But, when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
 The poor laborious natives to the place,
 And see the midday sun, with fervid ray,
 On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
 While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,
 Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts:
 Then shall I dare these real ills to hide
 In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

But the primary Roman note had been independent of Greek art and Sicilian artifice. Virgil struck it with a sure hand—the note of the great mother of fruits and men—when he renewed “*Romana per oppida*,” the song of Hesiod of old (*Georgics II*, 173-77). It was not by the fault of the Latin mother that modern nations acquired a distaste for “mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song.”

The history of Latin literature, despite the proper halting-place of the historians, does not fade in the long dawn of the Christian era. Latin literature was composed by Milton—to select no later example—less than three hundred years ago. We have no source other than his *Seventh Elegy* to establish an adventure of Cupid in Milton’s twenty-first year:

Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam . . .
 Uxor amans intus, flammaque totus eram . . .
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciters arsit;
 Ponor in exemplo primus et unus ego.

For this unique and solitary experience in the emotional life of an English poet, we possess no authority but a Latin poem. We depend, too, on Milton’s epistle to Manso and on his elegy to Diodati, which one great Miltonian at any rate ranks higher than the elegy to King, for facts in the poet’s autobiography not ascertainable elsewhere. To poets like Petrarch and Milton, in the fourteenth and in the seventeenth century, Latin was still a living language, and Boëthius, the last of the Romans, was by no means the last of the Latin writers. The Italian Latinists of the Medicean Court have been mentioned above; Sir Thomas More translated his *Utopia* from Latin into English; Johann Locher translated Brandt’s *Narrenschiff* from German into Latin; Calvin wrote his *Institution*

Chrétienne first in Latin, then in French; the Dutch schoolmasters composed acting, Latin plays; in every country where literature was cultivated, Latin was written as readily as the vulgar tongue.

But it is not only by works written in Latin that the history of Latin literature is continuous through well-nigh two thousand years. As we turn the leaves of the Latin anthology we feel ourselves comfortably at home. We sojourn with the modern, not the ancients, when we read:

Pyramus et Thisbe, juvenum pulcherrimus alter,
 Altera, quas oriens habuit, prælata puellis,
 Contiguas tenuere domos.

We have assimilated familiarly:—

“Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
 Favete linguis: carmina non prius
 Audita musarum sacerdos
 Virginibus puerisque canto.”
 “Æquam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem.”
 “Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
 Versatur urna serius ocus
 Sors exitura.”
 “Exegi monumentum ære perennius . . .
 Non omnis moriar.”

Hardly, if at all, less familiar than the honeyed romance of Ovid and the moral felicity of Horace is the passionate heat of Catullus:—

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
 Rumoresque senum severiorum
 Omnes unius æstimemus assis.
 Soles occidere et redire possunt:
 Nos cum semel occidit brevis lux,
 Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
 Da mihi basia mille, deinde centum.

The later and even the anonymous poetry of the Romans is imbedded in our own. Whoever wrote the *Pervigilium Veneris* helped Tennyson to write *Locksley Hall*; helped him at once to his metre and to his theme:—

“In the Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to
 thoughts of love. . . .”
 “Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet!
 Ver novum, ver jam canorum, vere natus orbis est;
 Vere concordant amores, vere nubunt alites.”
 “In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish’d dove.”

Three hundred years earlier, as distant as Chaucer from Dryden, Lucretius had addressed the same goddess:—

Denique per maria ac montes fluviosque rapaces
Frondiverasque domos avium camposque virentes
Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem
Efficit ut cupide generatim saecula propagent.

Latin are we, by our descent from Petrarch, in every expression of our being. Even our Bible acquired character from the Latin stepmother, who nursed it alone and vigilantly through many centuries. For drama, declared Shakespeare, its chief practitioner, Seneca and Plautus were the only men. Dante took Virgil as his guide, and Virgil, again, was the prime exemplar of that idea of the heroic poem which haunted Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, and even Milton, who piled Sinai on Helicon. The *satura lanx*, or platter of satire, was heaped up in Rome. Horace decoded poetics to eager fellow-countrymen in modern Italy. Out of Cicero came the dream-motive, which opened so many doors, from the *Romance of the Rose* through Langland to Bunyan; and Cicero, again, *im Wandel der Jahrhunderte*, was patriot, statesman, moralist, and the pattern of forensic eloquence, to successive generations of imitators and disciples. Ovid invented the rules of Love for court and camp in the Middle Ages, and delighted the Renaissance not by his stories alone, but by his conviction, equal to Horace's and equally justified, that he had left a memorial

quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.

Rome, indestructibly grave, corrosive time cannot devour. Europe forgot her conveniently in the nineteenth century, when the false glitter of Louis Quatorze was twice revived by militant emperors in the name but not the spirit of the Roman Empire, and the fallen sceptre of the Habsburg, meretriciously changed by Napoleon, became the lure of the Hohenzollern. But the leaves of the Latin anthology, traced with history as well as poetry, recall us, as they recalled our ancestors, to the *mos pacis* which was the art of Rome.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

By C. WHITAKER-WILSON

ON November 19th of this year it will be exactly one hundred years since he went. In every shop where sheet music or gramophone records are sold his name will be read; in every concert-hall all over the civilised parts of the globe will his songs be sung and his instrumental music be played; the sweetness of his harmonies will float out on the ether from "the flood unto the world's end"; the papers will emblazon his name. For Schubert has come into his own—at last. *Yet—in his day—he went hungry!* Such a thought might well be the text from which a thousand sermons could be preached on the man who never wasted time.

Fate may have meant him to have a good beginning; at least it would appear so, because she ordained that he should be born upon Viennese soil. And where else in the world for a composer? Vienna, the City of Dances, has attracted more musicians than any other two cities put together. Beethoven spent his last thirty-five years in it; Brahms his last twenty-five; Gluck and Mozart each their last ten. Liszt went there for his first piano lessons (from Czerny, who lived in Vienna all his life); Chopin absorbed the atmosphere of the place for his *Valses*; Schumann thought out his ideas for the *Carnival Jests from Vienna* during a visit; Mendelssohn learnt much from the Viennese. So that Schubert began life in suitable surroundings.

He came of a humble stock. His grandfather was a Moravian peasant and his father a schoolmaster. The school—in the suburbs of Vienna—flourished in its day, and had the appointment carried a capitation fee with it. Schubert's father might have been comfortably off; as it was, it is a matter of amazement that he managed to rear a family of *nineteen* upon his slender stipend.

Franz himself was the thirteenth of the family. He began his musical life early; he sang his baby tunes before

he could stand upon his feet. His father taught him the violin, and his elder brother Ignaz the piano. It is the usual story; very soon there was nothing further that they themselves could teach him. So he was given into the care of Michael Holzer, the organist of the parish church, for musical tuition. It was a bad move, simply because Holzer did nothing but gape in astonishment at the little fellow's performances. He admitted that he had taught him nothing. But a vacancy occurred in the ranks of the choristers at the Emperor's chapel, and Franz was taken there in order that he might compete for it.

His mother dressed him in an appalling light grey suit—which subsequently earned for him the nickname of "The Miller"—and he was sent to the chapel vestry. He was desperately nervous in any case; when he found that not only the boys were laughing at his appearance but even the masters also, his confusion was about complete.

He certainly was an odd little creature. We may as well describe him at this age as at any other, so far as his features and general make-up goes. He was short—he only reached the height of one inch over five feet as a man—with fat, puffy cheeks and very thick lips. His nose was practically shapeless, and his hair dark and frizzy. Added to which he wore a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles which sat awry on his nose and seemed to have been constructed for someone else. And so they laughed at him.

Then came the solo test-pieces. Each boy sang before the judges. Some of the performances were execrable—they always are on these occasions. When Franz stood up he was received with indulgent smiles—until he began to sing. With that superb concentration (which he never lost) he blotted out all that was before him; he forgot that they had laughed at him, forgot even where he was; he simply sang from his brave little soul. His voice rang round the whole building; masters and boys stood there like statues. And when it was all over and he had triumphed, the boys realised that they had been beaten in a perfectly honourable contest, and came forward to offer their felicitations.

The education at the "Convict" school (which was

attached to the foundation) was simply that for a choir-boy. In this particular case it might have been a good deal more if only by reason of the fact that Salieri was one of the professors. Salieri was a personage in Vienna. He had already given lessons to Beethoven; ultimately he gave them to Liszt. Apart from which one of his operas had rivalled the popularity of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* for the whole of a season.

So that the parents thought Franz was in excellent hands. But Salieri was inert. When little Schubert showed him his first composition he ought to have told him that he must study counterpoint—the business of a composer—before beginning to write. Instead of which he merely kept up a kind of running commentary upon anything Franz chose to show him. Consequently Schubert never righted himself in the deeper technical sense all his life; indeed, he was considering the matter of taking counterpoint lessons the very last week of it—after having written at least eight hundred works.

The burning desire to compose assailed him before he was eleven. Fortunately he had made some friends at the school. One day he confided in Joseph Spaun, a lad slightly his senior, that he "wanted to compose so badly," but that he had no manuscript music paper. "They are too poor at home to send me money for such things," he said. Spaun went out there and then and bought him enough for the purposes of his first work—a fantasy for the piano. And when, later, he found it a little difficult to continue to give such practical expression to his generous feelings, he consulted two other boys (Stadler and Holzapfel), who came to the rescue. These three remained closely associated with Schubert all his life.

The career at the school was a brilliant one all through; it was not every chorister at the Emperor's chapel who delivered himself—in his second term—of a pianoforte fantasia, or who ended his career there by the production of a full-blown symphony. Schubert's voice broke when he was sixteen, and his days were then numbered at the "Convict." He could have stayed on another year had he

chosen, but he preferred to enter his father's school as a teacher. Not that such work attracted him in the very least; there was another reason, and a very sound one—conscription faced him.

Austria as a whole detested conscription, and many a young man sought what we came to know (in the Great War) as an "exempted occupation." Schubert had no leanings towards the Army: thus the school work had to be faced for the two years. His father was very understanding where he was concerned, but it is to Schubert's honour that it can be said that he tried hard to keep to his part of the bargain. But it was more than he dared do to set his boys to "write an exercise"; as soon as he did so, out came a sheet of MS. paper, a pen became busy, and the boys "faded out."

Salieri had made rather an unwise suggestion: it was that Franz should write an opera. It was a stupid suggestion to have made at that time, in any case; it simply meant that Schubert would sit and dream of Gluck's *Iphigenia* with Vogl and Anna Milder in the leading parts, and long for the day when he could engage them for a work of his own. Then he would hurl his music paper into his desk, teach desperately for the best part of a day, and do his best to blot out those visions of the stage which were gradually laying such hold upon him. And so the two years went by.

During the Christmas holidays (1815-16) Spaun called in to see what Franz was doing with his time. He found him seated at his desk; he had no collar on and his hair was standing out like a furze bush. A copy of Goethe's *Erl-King* was propped up against a pile of exercise books, and Schubert was literally slinging the song on to paper as fast as his pen could travel. He held out his left hand to Spaun while he completed a bar or two with his right.

The two had kept up their friendship since the "Convict" days, and Schubert now opened his heart to Spaun. He told him that he wanted to "please father," but that he found the work very irksome. Spaun listened sympathetically, but had no solution to offer. The two years required by the military service acts were not yet completed

and there seemed nothing for it but to go on at the school until they were.

A few weeks later Franz had another visitor in the person of Franz von Schober, a pleasant young fellow studying law at the University. The object of Von Schober's visit was to invite Schubert to come and live with him so that he could work in peace. Spaun had evidently told him all about Schubert. The school had to be considered, of course, and it was arranged that Franz should continue to teach for another term; by Easter he had taken up residence with Von Schober.

Schubert was now free to write as he pleased: he was just twenty. We propose to review his life from this point onwards as a study in character rather than as a strict chronology of events.

Rarely has there been such fluency as that of Schubert. The year 1815—his nineteenth—has no parallel in the history of art. In that year alone Schubert wrote two symphonies, two masses, a *Dona nobis pacem*, a *Salve Regina*, a *Stabat Mater*, two quartets, five operas (two were left incomplete, but he finished the other three), four piano sonatas and a host of other smaller works for the same instrument, and no less than one hundred and forty-six songs. A fairly good output for a lad of just over eighteen!

The story of his opera-writing is pathetic in the extreme. In this one year he set five *libretti* simply because five happened to come his way. It never occurred to him to obtain a sound opinion upon any one of them before beginning to work; indeed, it is doubtful if he could have brought himself to trouble a friend to read one for him. He wrote, or began to write, eighteen altogether, of which he finished ten. Of these, six obtained a hearing, but not one of them a success. No composer, not even Mendelssohn, ever attempted more forms of composition than Schubert; certainly no composer failed in so many.

Song-writing was as simple to his lyrical mind as writing a letter: he wrote fifteen songs in two days in October, 1815. Shakespeare's *Hark, hark, the Lark* was committed

to paper in a few minutes in a beer-garden; *Who is Sylvia?* was set the same evening in something like half an hour. When his friend Lachner called on him one morning he found him without any money in the house. Schubert begged him to take half a dozen songs down to a publisher and sell them for him. "Don't come back without having sold them," he said; "I have no money in the house, not even enough for a cup of coffee." Lachner went to each of the publishers in turn. The only one who would look at the songs was Haslinger, who generously offered five shillings for the six—*tenpence each!* Lachner tried to make him see the value of them, but he was told to take it or leave it as he chose. He took the five shillings and made up his mind to augment the sum before handing it over to Schubert. Then he thought of the contract which would follow and give away the deception, and he had to content himself with cursing Haslinger.

It was always the way: his friends knew Franz to be penniless; yet it was more than any one of them dared do to suggest that (as beggars could not be choosers) he ought to have continued in the school, which did, at least, bring him in regular money. Instead, they realised his genius and combined to keep him from absolute want. Von Schober never charged him a penny-piece for board and lodging all the time he was under his roof; Spaun and Stadler saw to it that he was supplied with writing materials; Holzappel and Doppler would take him for a walk of an evening and see that he had a square meal.

Even then one of them had to take him off while another paid; they dared not suggest that he came the next evening. One of the others would "look in" and lure him away from his desk, and the evening would end up the same way as the previous one.

Michael Vogl, the famous baritone, who was devoted to Schubert and who toured with him on two occasions, would periodically become indignant at the lack of recognition upon the part of the publishers. He almost dragged Diabelli to hear a concert at which he was singing the

Erl-King. He proceeded to deliver it with such a force of declamation that the audience roared its applause. "That will make Diabelli publish it," he said to Schubert afterwards. In which he was right: Diabelli engraved it eventually, offering Schubert a ridiculous sum for it. But Schubert could never argue on a business matter: he was far too nervous. He simply took what was offered him and went home to write more. Schumann said that he could "set a placard to music." As a matter of fact, no one more than Schumann realised Schubert's fluency. Ten years after Schubert had gone, Schumann arrived in Vienna bent upon making some sort of survey of his compositions. The originals were dispersed all over the town: the most unexpected people had something to show him. He unearthed a bulky-looking parcel, inches thick in dust, from the recesses of a cupboard. He beat the dust out of it and proceeded to examine his find. When he realised that he had found Schubert's crowning work—*The C Major Symphony*—tears coursed down his cheeks. He thought of Mendelssohn and of all his triumphant successes—he may not have been unmindful of his own—and compared it with the lot of poor Schubert who had never heard a bar of that wonderful work performed. He took a copy back with him to Leipzig and showed it to Mendelssohn, who was amazed. Mendelssohn subsequently performed it at one of the *Gewandhaus* concerts with immense success.

Beethoven was living in Vienna throughout Schubert's lifetime. For thirty years they never met. It was Schindler (afterwards Beethoven's biographer) who suggested the meeting. Schubert had consistently worshipped Beethoven from afar all his life. It had never entered his head to try to come to know him. "Well," said Schindler, "you have dedicated those variations for piano duet to him; why don't you take him a copy?" Schubert promised to think it over. In about a week's time he hinted to Schindler that he was prepared to visit Beethoven if an appointment could be made. "Appointment?" said Schindler. "What do you want an appointment for? Let us go round to-night and see if he is at home." They

went round—and he *was* at home. And, seemingly, quite pleased to see them. Schubert was too nervous to speak and Schindler had to do all the talking for the first few minutes. He nudged Schubert and pointed to the variations. Schubert laid them before Beethoven. The great Master had gradually been shrinking within himself for some years now: his appalling deafness made it a matter of utter impossibility to carry on a conversation with him. He pushed a pad of paper and a pencil towards Schubert for him to write down anything which he wished to say. This terrified Schubert so much that he could not write a word. Beethoven, seeing that he was nervous, turned and examined the variations. He pointed to a passage which had attracted his notice, obviously with the intention of remarking upon it. But Schubert had gone. Unable to endure seeing his idol's affliction he fled the room and the house. But Beethoven kept the variations, which he always liked.

When Beethoven fell ill all Vienna became anxious. No one could believe that he was going to die: they had grown so accustomed to seeing him taking his evening walk in one or other of the parks. When he lay at death's door Schindler took him some of Schubert's songs to look at. Beethoven was surprised at the number: there were about sixty. When Schindler told him that there were over 600 of them altogether he was amazed. "There is no doubt about it," he said; "Schubert has the divine spark." Beethoven greatly regretted that he had not troubled to know Schubert more intimately.

Franz was one of the pall-bearers at Beethoven's funeral. Twenty thousand people witnessed it: it took two hours for the *cortège* to proceed from the house to the church, a matter of a few hundred yards. As Schubert walked back with Lachner and Randhartinger they called at a tavern. After they had drunk a solemn toast to the memory of the great soul who had just passed away Schubert suddenly raised his glass again. "Now," he said, "let us drink to the next of us three who shall follow him." They did so—to Schubert himself.

As a matter of fact, he had been ailing for some time.

The following year he, too, was seized with illness—a kind of typhoid; within a fortnight he was dead. Outside Austria his death caused little comment. But two understanding souls wept for his loss—Schumann burst into tears at the news, Mendelssohn also. But these men knew him for what he was; they knew that he had worked long hours for his art, striving to leave the world a little richer than he found it. As for his funeral, it does not do to compare or contrast it with that of Beethoven. Where were the twenty thousand people? There were scarcely more than twenty, let alone twenty thousand. When we think of the public funeral of Mendelssohn, when the shops were shut and the streets draped in black, or of that of Chopin in Paris—the most moving event of Parisian life in 1849—our hearts go out to this poor soul whom Fate had managed to cheat out of everything during his life and even after his death.

But his friends felt his loss. Many were the gatherings—*Schubertiaden* they had once been called—when whole evenings were given up to his music, and many were the stories told of him and his quaint, shy ways.

The poet Mayrhofer, with whom Schubert had lived for some time, recalled the happy days they spent in a dingy room together. He remembered how they worked every morning, he at his lyrical poems and Schubert at his music. He remembered how, on one occasion, Schubert had purloined a sheet upon which the ink was not yet dry. "By the time it *was* dry," said Mayrhofer, "he had set it to music."

It seems strange that Schubert should be remembered by a symphony called *Unfinished*, and yet not strange: his whole life was unfinished. His education, his technique, his development—all *unfinished*. He had genius enough for a dozen: he never had a real chance. He wrote 600 songs: he did not make so much as six hundred pounds all his life.

Eighteen operas, eight symphonies, fourteen quartets, six masses, and hundreds of pianoforte works bore his signature; he never earned enough by them to keep himself. It is unique in the history of art; most of the com-

posers managed to earn their daily bread; he alone seems to have been the exception.

He had no more business acumen than a child: whenever he was called upon to discuss "terms" he trembled like a leaf. He would take anything he was offered rather than argue: it is to be feared that his publishers knew it and acted accordingly.

He sustained something of a shock when, in 1828, he gave a concert—the only one of his life which he himself promoted and which consisted entirely of his own works. He made thirty-two pounds out of it. For the settings of Scott's *Lady of the Lake* songs he received twenty pounds; for the *Divertissement à la Hongroise*, twelve pounds. But such payments were the exception, not the rule.

When the Lichtenthal Church Choir wanted a new Mass they asked for one; when anyone had a birthday he was honoured with a name-day cantata; when Schubert wanted to get an opera performed he was lucky if he obtained an appointment to discuss it; when he wanted to sell his songs the publishers told him they would not take them at a gift.

He would have given away anything he had: it so chanced that he had very little; but he probably gave more pleasure to his friends as it was—at any rate they seemed as though they could not bear to be away from him.

His whole life is a record of works and friendships—both numbered by the hundred. He came into the world for one purpose—just to sing to mankind on paper. Everything of his that has lasted these hundred years was written at white heat and at top speed, and every bar of it is lyrical: Schubert is the Prince of Songsters, who has come into his own at long last.

In this, the year of his centenary, honour will be paid where honour is more than due: already there have been processions in the streets of Vienna and a huge effigy of him drawn by ponies and followed by children in the costume of the period. And so the world of *our* day honours the God-sent Songster of Vienna. Yet—in *his* day, *he went hungry!*

THE PEACE OF THE BALTIC

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

TEN years have passed since the region of the Baltic underwent the great political changes which, resulting directly or indirectly from the World War, took shape in the establishment of the Republics of Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland, and the Free City of Danzig, all with more or less considerable frontages and important ports on the east and south-east of that sea. Of the five Republics, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania are often called the New Baltic States; the phrase originated from the fact that large parts of the first and second were styled the Baltic Provinces by Russia in pre-War days, and is, besides, inexact, because the third is an old State which, like Poland, has been brought to life again. Finland was autonomous, having as its sovereign the Tsar as Grand Duke. In or about 1918 the five States severally proclaimed their independence, a status that has been recognised by the other States on the Baltic and throughout the world in general. Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania separated themselves from Russia; later Lithuania acquired Memelland, which had been German; Poland got its small Baltic front and Pomerania—the top of the so-called Corridor—from Germany, which also lost Danzig. Russia was deprived of hundreds of miles of the Baltic littoral, of the whole of it which it had possessed except the eastern end of the Gulf of Finland, which does little more than provide a sea fairway to Leningrad, its sole remaining port in that area, Reval, Baltic Port and Pernau having gone to Estonia, and Riga, Windau and Libau to Latvia, with the consequent political dislocation of its through-railway system to the sea. Compared with Russia, Germany lost little of the Baltic coast, but what was lost was not unimportant, for it cut off East Prussia from the rest of the Reich. After trying hard to take their territories from them, despite its dogma of self-determination, Soviet

Russia was forced to make peace by and with the five States, though not with all at the same time, the process coming to an end in 1920 with the Treaty of Riga which settled its relations with Poland. The Treaty of Versailles was not concerned with Finland, Estonia and Latvia, but did affect Poland (Pomerania) and afterwards Lithuania (Memelland), Germany suffering accordingly. The "New Baltic States," therefore, came into being at the expense of Soviet Russia and Germany—Poland inherited Galicia from Austria-Hungary, but as that Empire has disappeared it does not need to be taken into account. It is with Soviet Russia and Germany, then, that these States may have to reckon. Will they have to? It is an anxious, a deeply serious question.

Soviet Russia violated the principle of self-determination which it had preached, but so far it has not broken the peace treaties made with the Baltic States, that is, broken them in the letter, though it has not even yet carried out all their provisions; it has, however, not kept them in spirit, for it has promoted *putsches*, as at Reval, in Estonia, in 1924, or plots, as at Riga, in Latvia, in August last, for the subversion of these States, and its intrigues have been incessant. The early days of the history of the five States were dark and terrible because of the outrages perpetrated by Bolshevik invaders. Finland, Estonia and the others know very well what Sovietism means, and notwithstanding that they compelled the Soviet to make peace and—perhaps all the more for that very reason—Soviet Russia has been their constant preoccupation. They have sought to avoid giving it any pretext for hostility; this is notably true of Estonia and Latvia, who have made the Russians as free of their ports as are their own citizens, and place no impediment whatever in the way of the transit of Russian goods inward or outward. It is true that they were bound to do this by their treaties with the Soviet, but they have implemented very amply the provisions that apply by giving large free zones, with warehouses and the requisite machinery, in their harbours, and by low rates on their railways to the Russians, who thus suffer little or no economic loss from having possession no longer of these

- countries. Not a few observers thought when Estonia and Latvia were first established as States that these fine ports would be an irresistible temptation to the Soviet, and they prophesied the speedy demise of these republics. But the generous transit policy outlined above greatly lessened the temptation, and in any case there has been no direct attack by the Russians. As already indicated, the Soviet has worked against the Baltic States indirectly and "underground," separately and individually. But it has also worked against them by preventing their union. It has done its utmost to make a Baltic League impossible, and to a large extent it has succeeded in this effort.

With the exception of Poland the Baltic States are small republics, with a total population of about ten millions, Finland, the largest, having upwards of three millions and a half, and Estonia, the smallest, less than one million and a quarter. Apart from each other they are weak politically, and the Soviet's policy has aimed at keeping them apart, on the easily intelligible principle, *Divide et impera*. The various attempts of the States to form a Baltic League have not been devoid of result altogether, but only two of them, Estonia and Latvia, have formed a defensive alliance. In 1922 it looked as if a League of Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Poland in a defensive union had been brought about, as the Foreign Ministers of these States had signed a treaty at Warsaw to that end, but Finland declined to ratify it, and accordingly it fell through. At that time Finland professed that it had no fear of the Soviet, and, while acknowledging its racial tie with Estonia, was inclined to orient itself towards Scandinavia, particularly Sweden, as in the light of its history and the partly Swedish composition of its people was eminently natural. Nor did it have any special liking for connecting itself with Poland, embarrassed by the Vilna controversy and uncertain relations with Germany. All along the question of Vilna has been a serious hindrance to the making of a Baltic League, affecting not only Poland and Lithuania, but also Latvia, because the trunk railway from Libau to Romny, in Russia—the line which in pre-War days had contributed most in creating a great port at

Libau—passes over a few miles of Lithuanian territory before entering Poland, and has been rendered inoperative by the “closing” of the Lithuanian-Polish frontier by Lithuania in its hostility to Poland. But these are not the only difficulties that confront a Baltic League. Two years ago Latvia, with the idea of getting a largely increased trade with Russia, made a commercial treaty with the Soviet by which goods coming from Russia were given tariff preferences far in excess of the most-favoured-nation sort, and this has had the inevitable effect of holding up the negotiations for a Customs union between this State and Estonia which otherwise would have come to a successful conclusion. In all these troubles the hand—by no means the “fine, Italian hand” of diplomacy—of the Soviet was to be discerned readily enough, for it took scarcely any pains to disguise its objectives.

Germany has moved in most of the Baltic States much more indirectly than has Soviet Russia. In Finland, German influence is not so strong as it was before the War, but Finnish relations with Germany are friendly. The other Baltic States had good reason to remember the rigour of the German occupation during the War; nor have Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania forgotten the hard struggle they had to get rid of German forces in 1918-19. But the three States are on good terms with Germany, which is one of their chief customers, and takes large quantities of their products in exchange for its commodities and cash, the balance generally being against it. Through this trade Germany quietly pursues “pacific penetration” of these States, and reinforces it by persistent cultural and other methods at once clever and not too obtrusive. Though Estonia and Latvia belonged to Tsarist Russia, political power locally was exercised by their large landowners, the “Baltic Barons,” who were German. One of the first things these two States did was to pass agrarian legislation which dispossessed these gentry of much the greater part of their estates. Some compensation was given, but the majority of the Barons retired disgruntled into Germany, whence they keep up an agitation which finds support among the German Nationalists and has its repercussion

- in these countries themselves, where there is, therefore, a certain distrust of Germany. Lithuania is not in the same case, for most of its pre-War big landowners were Poles; but there is the question of Memel, still a distinctively German town, to divide it from Germany. It is difficult to imagine that Germany is sincerely desirous of seeing a settlement of the Vilna question—it is too good a card against Poland. As for Poland, the nature of its relations with the Reich is so well known as to need neither description nor characterisation here. It is not easy to believe that Germany would like to see a Baltic League, based on Poland, come into existence. In any case a Baltic League of the five States, with a total population of forty millions, would be an important political, regional combination, and were it to function with the same solidarity as does the Little Entente, another regional combination of about equal numerical strength, would undoubtedly be a highly significant factor in Europe. A Baltic League would from the nature of things be defensive; for years to come the evident and, indeed, inexorable condition of its being would be peace founded on the present status of the various Baltic countries.

Last spring reports, not lacking substance apparently, were current that large Soviet forces had been concentrated on the Finnish frontier. There was at least enough truth in these statements to excite alarm in Finland, where it had hitherto been thought there was no need to regard the Soviet with any apprehension. Afterwards the accumulation of Red troops on the frontier was explained as merely the transference of regiments from other parts of Russia in exchange for regiments that had been stationed there and withdrawn, but the fact was established that the strength of the new arrivals was much greater than that of the force they replaced. In June and July last reports of a different kind appeared in the Press affecting the whole immense Baltic region. These were to the effect that a cold and wet spring, followed by an equally cold and wet summer, had been disastrous to the crops. The Baltic States are in the main agricultural—they may be described as Peasant States for the most part. Poland has

great timber, coal and oil industries, and some of the other States, as, for example, Finland, exploit their forest wealth; but it remains true, even as regards Poland, that they depend for their living chiefly on successful harvests. Now, some of these States had poor crops in the two preceding years. It will therefore be readily understood that the failure of the crops this year would materially impair their economic position. This does not apply to Poland, which, relatively to its area, has a very small frontage on the Baltic, and much the greater part of which lies outside Baltic weather conditions. As a matter of fact, Poland, away from the Baltic, has good crops. Everybody now knows how the economic and the political tend to coincide, and it was to be feared that a crop-catastrophe in the other States might have serious political as well as economic consequences. It was possible there might be a crisis.

I visited most of these States in 1921 and again in 1925, and spent some weeks in Poland and Danzig in 1926. In other ways I kept myself well informed about them, and last summer (1928) I made a tour of the New Baltic States' ports—Danzig, Gdynia, Memel, Libau, Riga, Reval and Helsingfors, the last three being the capitals respectively of Latvia, Estonia and Finland. Included in the itinerary was a flying trip to Kovno. I selected the ports because I thought it probable that in them I should get into quickest touch with the economic position and the political too. And so it was. I made a round of each of the harbours, noted what improvements had recently been made, saw what shipping was in port, and was given all the statistical information available. But I also saw and had long talks with several of the political leaders of the States, among them being President Smetona of Lithuania, President Toennissen of Estonia, MM. Balodis, Rébané and Prokopé, the respective Foreign Ministers of Latvia, Estonia and Finland, several Vice-Ministers, Chiefs of the Press sections, important members of Opposition groups, and a number of journalists of note, the best known of whom were M. Erkko, Editor of the *Helsinkiin Sanomat*, the foremost paper of Finland, and M. Shaitas, Editor of *Lieutovos Aidas*, the organ of M. Voldemaras, Prime

Minister of Lithuania. M. Voldemaras I did not see, but I had had a lengthy conversation with him in London in the early summer. I also met industrialists and merchants, and had the further advantage of talking freely with quite humble folk who had their own points of view. The tour began with Danzig at the end of July, and thence continued northwards throughout August till Helsingfors was reached. As it is impossible in the space allotted to this article to go into details, the results of the enquiry are presented in a summary dealing first with the economic position and next with the political.

Unfortunately the reports of the generally bad state of the crops were true. Northern Lithuania, Central Latvia and Southern Estonia had suffered from floods owing to the excessive rains. On July 31st the crops in Latvia were two months late: it was thought then that the winter-sown would mature and be saved, but that the spring-sown would be fit only for fodder. However, of the Baltic States Latvia was in the worst case. Happily the weather in the Baltic region totally changed in August. Blue skies, with warm and sometimes hot suns, with only occasional showers, took the place of the unchanging heavy banks of cloud and the persistent cold rains that had made havoc of the hopes of the people. The crops improved steadily, and the harvest, though it will scarcely be good, will be much better than had been expected. The peasants—the mainstay of these States—will have enough for their needs. This is the same as saying that while the economic position must to some extent be affected, there is nothing in the least desperate about it. The Reds across the frontier will certainly not find there that congenial soil of misery and unrest they know well how to cultivate. Nearly all the States give special attention to dairy farming, and are usually considerable exporters of butter and other dairy products; no doubt there may be some reduction in the quantity coming forward. The lumber industry in the Baltic was described as "rather quiet," but this comes not from lack of supply; it is the demand that lags behind this year, and prices have fallen. In this matter, of course, the market is governed by factors that are outside the

Baltic altogether; the present situation is "fair to middling," and is not really disquieting. Polish trade and commerce have transformed Danzig into a great port again; its total exports and imports approximated eight million tons in 1927, or four times more than in 1913, its best year before the World War. Gdynia, Poland's new port on the Baltic, approaches completion, and has already more shipping than Königsberg. And if Memel is dull, Libau stagnant, and Riga much less busy than of yore, Reval and particularly Helsingfors show a good deal of activity. So, on balance, the economic situation does not threaten the peace of the Baltic, so far, at least, as the New Baltic States are concerned.

Besides being a great centre of commerce, Danzig is highly "political," but the relations of the Danzigers and the Poles have undoubtedly improved, because the former could not fail to see how little Germany could do for them, and how their beautiful and romantic city really depends for its existence, to say nothing of its prosperity, on its hinterland, which is the basin of the Vistula or, in brief, Poland. They now also see that they have not been very nice to the Poles in the past, and therefore are looking with no little anxiety, which in private they do not conceal, at the construction of nearby Gdynia that is proceeding apace. Two years will see the completion of the port, which will then have a capacity as great as that of Danzig. Small wonder that the Danzigers are inclined to regard it doubtfully, but though Poland might make use of it as a lever if they do not come to a completely satisfactory arrangement, the most far-sighted Poles proclaim their conviction that with the constant development of their country both ports will before very long have plenty to do. During the last two years the growth of Gdynia, both as port and embryo city, has been remarkable. In 1926 considerable progress had been made; the general outline and some features of the port could be discerned easily, and there was some shipping. To-day the port, with its basins, quays, railways, warehouses and other up-to-date equipment, is a magnificent reality on which Poland can be heartily congratulated. The population of what was a

small fishing village five years ago has increased to 15,000, and buildings, some of them of six storeys, are rising up on all sides with a speed that recalls to an old Westerner like myself a hustling American city "on the boom." The "Captain of the Port" and his men are now housed in a two-storey block with a high tower overlooking the whole place instead of in the small fisherman's hut which was their headquarters two years ago. Perhaps most striking of all is the separate "war-harbour" which has been constructed under the northern mole for the Polish Navy, and is already in use; on the slope of the adjoining headland—one of the horns of the crescent-shaped Bay of Gdynia—stand the new and substantial offices of the Port Commander and his staff. In a word, Gdynia is a great fact—and the other great cognate fact is Danzig. Both inevitably indicate that the question of the Corridor is *settling itself* more and more unmistakably in favour of Poland in a perfectly legitimate way.

Outside Finland the question of a Baltic League seemed to be inextricably entangled at present with that of Vilna. I heard a great deal about Vilna wherever I went, except in that small part of Poland I visited—it is the Corridor that is of main interest there. Even in Finland Vilna was a subject of animated discussion. Nothing has been changed for the better in this unfortunate controversy, despite Lithuania's agreement given to the Council of the League last December to drop the "state of war" it maintained against Poland, and to reopen the frontier. The frontier is still closed, after the meeting of various Polish-Lithuanian Commissions which had no result, and after months of recrimination in the Press of the two countries. The affair moves in a vicious circle from which any reasonable issue looks impossible. Yet many rumours of a settlement were afloat in the Baltic, Lithuania not excepted. One of these suggested a money indemnity for Lithuania; the objection was that any Lithuanian who supported that idea would infallibly be accused of selling his country to the Poles. Another rumour alleged that a formula had been discovered that would save the face of Lithuania; a clause was to be inserted in a peace treaty reserving the

Vilna question for fifty years, and permitting friendly relations meanwhile. But this meant the admission by Poland that the question was open, whereas every Pole holds it is closed for ever. A third rumour declared that Marshal Pilsudski had determined to turn Poland into a federal republic, with the hope in the background that Lithuania would join the federation. A fourth rumour which had wide currency was that the League of Nations would bring such unanimous pressure to bear on Lithuania that M. Voldemaras would give in, justifying his action to his countrymen on the ground that this pressure was irresistible. And so forth. From this dense haze of speculation one thing stood out, and this was that the other Baltic States had lost whatever sympathy they had previously had for Lithuania, as is obviously the case with most other European States. Regarding Vilna a prominent Baltic statesman remarked to me: "In England much is said about Vilna, but very little, if anything, about the Ukraine; yet the latter is the far more important question as regards the peace of Europe. I say to you: 'Watch Ukraina!'"

This counsel brought up the subject of Soviet Russia, but in its more general aspect, a theme outside the scope of this article. The attitude of the Baltic States as a whole to the Soviet, now that the "Finnish scare" has died down, is based on the belief that it has no present intention of attacking any of them, though it will continue its policy of keeping them apart and of doing as much mischief in each of them as it possibly can. They are thoroughly well-informed regarding the preparedness or unpreparedness of the Soviet Army, as well as the actual state of things, both political and economic, in Russia. They know that the vast bulk of the Russian people—85 per cent.—are peasants who are absolutely indifferent to anything but their own immediate daily needs. They are convinced that bad as things are in Russia they will have to be much worse before a situation will arise that might perhaps cause a war out of sheer desperation on the part of the Soviet Government. But they keep a wary eye on the Soviet all the time. They have their peasants from

the frontier to the shores of the Baltic armed with rifles and drilled as "Civic Guards" on the Finnish model—all the peasants, in addition to the regular forces, in Estonia and Latvia, are fighting men, if necessary. The States deplore the money this costs, for they feel it could be spent in a much better way, but they do not hesitate to vote it in their Parliaments. They would infinitely prefer to see a genuinely friendly Russia, but they are "taking no chances." Meanwhile the sentiment in favour of the Baltic League is growing. Finnish ideas appear to be undergoing a change; Finland now admits that its own interest would require it to go at once with all its resources to the assistance of Estonia and Latvia were they attacked; it orients itself a little less to Sweden—which, in fact, is now talking of the formation of a Scandinavian League—"Scandia Major"—covering Sweden, Norway and Denmark. The Finns speak regretfully, however, of the Swedes as being "so passive." Yet Sweden is not altogether free from Soviet propaganda and intrigue. However it may be with Sweden, it does not seem too much to say that were the wretched Vilna question out of the way, and Poles and Lithuanians the friends and allies they ought to be, there would be no difficulty in the five States on the eastern littoral of the Baltic forming a strong League in a very short time. Such a League would naturally have cordial and close relations with any Scandinavian League, as the recent exchange of visits between the King of Sweden and the President of Estonia serves to indicate.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SITUATION

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

A PRESIDENTIAL election will take place in the United States on November 6th. This approaching election of 1928 has aroused unusual interest among the people of other countries, as is indicated in the widespread comment and speculation in the foreign Press since the candidates of the two great parties, Republican and Democratic, were chosen by the representatives of the voters. The questions which are under discussion of most lively interest to Europeans are Prohibition, the position which will be taken by the incoming Administration towards a possible revision of war debts, and the religious controversy aroused by the Republicans nominating a Protestant and the Democrats a Catholic for the office of President. While each of these questions will have some influence in determining the result, they cut both ways, as they are not party issues. The loss or gain of one party by reason of these issues will be largely offset by the loss or gain of the other party for the same reasons. In other words, they cut across party lines. It will not be these issues, therefore, which will determine the political fate of the aspirants for Presidential office.

In the widest possible sense of the term these Presidential contests which occur every four years are "General Elections," for the tenure of practically every holder of an elective office expires automatically with the advent of a new Administration, whether it be the re-election of the same person to office or not. The Senate alone retains two-thirds of its previous membership, but the House of Representatives goes out in entirety. In every State are elected new officials, legislators, judges and what not, down to the most unimportant township office-holders. While it is true that the personality of the candidate has some effect upon the result, especially in purely local contests, it is also true that the attitude of the public mind towards

the national issues of the day is strongly reflected in the vote cast in these General Elections, be it for President or for State and local officials. The decision of the voters as to whom shall preside at the White House in Washington creates a momentum which carries into office many candidates of like political persuasion who might otherwise fall by the wayside. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that the result of a General Election indicates the attitude of mind of a majority of the people of the United States towards the issues involved, whether they be positive or negative.

For some years past the tyranny of the party vote has lessened. Probably at least one-third of all the voters hold party ties in light regard, and this independent or floating vote now determines the outcome at the polls. Another undetermined factor is the large number of new votes which come into being every four years through the coming of age of a younger generation. There are now in the United States about fifty-five million men and women who are entitled to vote. The potential male voters exceed the female voters by about one million. About thirty million votes will be cast, as the non-voting element is very large, especially in some of the older States. This is due mostly to indifference, although, of course, a large number are prevented from voting by circumstances beyond their control. When the issues at stake are not clearly defined, or of passing character, the total vote is less than at other times, and as a rule this smaller vote indicates satisfaction with things as they are, and a lack of fear that any change in the Administration will result from the election. An example of this was in 1924, when Mr. Coolidge received about sixteen million votes and his Democratic opponent only about nine millions. The people were satisfied with things as they were; with the character and policies of the candidate, and took it for granted there would be no change.

In 1928 both of the candidates are men who have played no part in national politics, and it may be said that what is known of them by a vast majority of the voters is only

a matter of hearsay. There are no clear-cut issues between the two parties. In the matter of Prohibition it is known that the Republican candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Herbert Hoover, and the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Charles Curtiss, are outspoken in advocating a continuance of the present restrictions; while the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Alfred E. Smith, is in favour of modifying the law, and the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Joseph Robinson, opposes his colleague in that he is a Prohibitionist. It is also quite generally believed that, no matter what the views of the incoming President might be, it would be practically impossible to secure from Congress any legislation which would change the present status of liquor control. This belief is based upon the knowledge that if a general plebiscite were taken in the country as a whole a large majority would be found for Prohibition, and many members of Congress who personally would not object to a liberalisation of the laws governing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks would not favour such a move, either out of respect or in fear of the sentiment prevailing in their constituencies. A "wet" President might possibly soften the rigour of enforcement, but he could not do so without arousing criticism. The results of the election this year will not be a test of public sentiment on the question of Prohibition, notwithstanding the widespread belief in some places inside and outside of the United States that such will be the case.

The people of Europe regard the coming election with interest for the reason also that with a new Administration in Washington may come a new orientation of the question of war debts. While this may in time prove to be the case, this matter has no real standing as an issue in the campaign. During the first year of the new Administration the question of German reparations and the French war debt will come up for reconsideration. The reappearance of these matters in the field of international controversy will be the signal for urgent appeals for the revision of certain paragraphs in the treaties of peace. The Treaty

of Trianon calls loudly for revision, and it will be difficult to open the question of revision in one direction and deny it in another. The makers of the Dawes Plan predicted further action later on, and as America is now a heavily interested creditor in German affairs the attitude that will be assumed by the new Administration will be of the greatest importance to Europe. From this point of view it is possible that the people of Europe would be better served by Mr. Hoover than by Mr. Smith, as the former is well versed and more widely experienced in international affairs than his opponent. As stated, however, this matter will have but slight influence upon the American voters, and the final attitude of Washington towards the whole question of American financial interest in European affairs will be determined by the events and circumstances of the next two years rather than by any present opinions or speculations. The American people have invested over three thousand million dollars in Europe since the Armistice, and now have a very practical interest in the affairs of that part of the world, to say nothing of the less material interest which is much greater than is given credit by those who do not know them on terms of intimacy. In the matter of Prohibition European economic interest and quite generally the sympathies of the European peoples are with Mr. Smith, but their hopes for benefits to come from a possible modification of the present restrictions are not well founded, regardless of whether Mr. Smith reaches the White House or not.

The religious controversy which has entered into the campaign is deplored by many people in both parties, but that it has been made an issue by extremists is unfortunately true. The anti-Catholics are the attacking party, and the Democrats, with their Catholic candidate for the Presidency, are on the defensive. There are more Catholics in the United States than any other single sect, but the combined forces of Protestantism greatly outnumber the adherents of the Church of Rome. As this question of religion has never before entered into the controversies engendered by a Presidential election as a direct

issue it is a new factor and it is difficult to estimate its true significance. If any votes are cast for Mr. Smith because he is a Catholic it will be done quietly. Following its usual policy in the United States, the Catholic Church as a Church will take no part in politics, knowing that such action would militate against the chances of the Catholic candidate and strengthen the opposition.

The more extreme element among the Protestants, knowing that it has nothing to lose and possibly something to gain, is making open warfare. Whether in the end this religious question will make much difference in the vote is an open question. It might deter some people who were originally inclined to vote Republican but who were dissatisfied with the actions or policies of their party from shifting their allegiance. It is doubtful whether many voters will, however, determine the direction of their support on this issue alone. It must also be taken into consideration that a majority of the Catholics have always voted with the Democratic Party. This is due to the fact that many of them are of Irish extraction, and also because the industrial populations have been recruited largely from immigration from Catholic countries, and this is where the greatest strength of the Democratic Party is to be found. As a rule the population of the farming areas is Republican and Protestant, and the only effect the religious controversy might have is to confirm these people in their Republicanism, although they might have been inclined to vote Democratic this year as a protest against the agrarian policy or lack of policy of the present Republican Administration. It is an interesting fact that while the present day is credited with a widespread and increasing indifference to religion, as represented by the churches, there has been a very large annual gain in church membership in the United States, and the Protestant organisations have increased their membership in greater proportion than have the Catholics. At no time in the history of the country have the churches included a larger percentage of the population on their rolls. It cannot be said, therefore, that this question of religious belief, as it has arisen in this political situation, is of any

less importance than it would have been in the days when less liberality of thought was allowed expression.

The real issue in this contest is as to whether the nation is content to allow the Republicans to carry on notwithstanding certain antagonisms created, or whether these antagonisms are deep-seated enough to bring about a change to what would be a largely experimental direction of affairs in Washington. There has been the usual defection of more or less prominent men from both parties. These defections, however much advertised, carry few votes with them. The American public is somewhat cynical as to motives in cases of this kind. In some European countries public men have a large personal following, and when one of these men changes his political base he takes with him his own army. Theodore Roosevelt was the only man in recent years in public life in the United States who could have been credited with a following of this character; one which would accept his leadership under any banner. Even Mr. Roosevelt overestimated his power, however, for when he raised his standard in rebellion he and his men failed in their objective, and the only thing they accomplished was the defeat of the party from which they had seceded, by splitting the vote. No man since his time or for many years before has given evidence of possessing sufficient personal influence with the American voters to determine the outcome of an election.

The Republicans are appealing for votes on their record of accomplishment. The Democrats can only criticise what has been done and promise to do better. Had the late President Harding lived out his term of office the result of the coming election might have been in greater doubt than it is, for in his brief Administration there were unfortunate developments which destroyed the confidence of the people and gave the opposition effective material for an attack. The death of the President relieved him of all personal responsibility and the prompt and fearless steps taken by Mr. Coolidge when he succeeded to the Presidency cleared him of all suspicion of being politically contaminated. That this is so was shown in 1924

when he received the largest majority in the Electoral College given to a candidate in recent years. Speaking generally, the record of the Republican Party during the past eight years is favourable to a continuance in office. The weakest point in their armour is an alleged lack of consideration for the agrarian industries. Certain measures of a paternalistic character were enacted by Congress and vetoed by President Coolidge. In this the President showed great political courage, and this is generally acknowledged. On the other hand, the farming industry has recently been through a period of depression as compared with the prosperous times of a few years ago, and the farmers are asking for a constructive programme for the betterment of conditions.

In his speech of acceptance Mr. Hoover suggests a revision of import duties in such directions as to benefit agriculture, the construction of waterways to cheapen transportation, and such other legislation as might benefit. Mr. Smith contents himself with a criticism of the actions of his opponents, and promises relief without specifying even as vaguely as does Mr. Hoover just how it is to be secured. The truth of the matter is, excepting the possibility of improving all facilities and removing any legislative discriminations, the farming industry of the United States will stand or fall on its own merits and its competitive power, as this industry does in other parts of the world. It is not a political but an economic problem, to be worked out in connection with world conditions. Each succeeding Government of the United States, whether it be Republican or Democratic, will do what it can, and no Government will commit itself to direct subsidy, which is, in fact, theoretically at least, more obnoxious to Democratic policy than to Republican theories. During the past year the conditions in the agricultural industry in the United States have improved over those which prevailed in the two previous years, and many observers in touch with the farmers and concerned for their welfare are of the opinion that the feeling against the Government which was marked at one time has softened to a considerable extent.

The farmers have been strongly Republican in their sympathies ever since the Civil War, and notwithstanding the obvious discrimination or neglect of their interests in much of the fiscal legislation fathered by the Republican Party they have, as a rule, remained faithful. This is specially true of the farmers of the Middle West, and since that section of the United States has, through increase of population, acquired the balance of power in an election, it is regarded as the Republican stronghold. There are five million votes in the Middle West, predominantly agrarian in character, and there now appears no serious defection in the customary political allegiance. In the South, that erstwhile Democratic stronghold, the people have accepted the nomination by their party of a "wet" and Catholic candidate with ill-concealed dissatisfaction. The people of the South have benefited more than in any other section by Prohibition. To deprive the negroes of liquor, even if the law was often evaded, has improved social and economic conditions beyond measure. It has introduced an element of safety in some communities entirely lacking hitherto, and to support a candidate for the Presidency who proposes a return to recent insecurity is not to their liking. Also the people of the South are fanatically Protestant, and here again their candidate offends their taste. This feeling will not be strong enough to bring the truly Southern States into the Republican column, but it may affect the border States to a noticeable degree.

A summary of the issues discussed in these pre-election days would lead to confusion, for after all is said and done the man who is elected President can do no more than express his opinion. The final decision as to what action shall be taken rests with Congress. Even if the President vetoes a measure it can be made into a law by a two-thirds vote of the legislative power. Pre-election promises are rarely fulfilled unless there is an absolute need for their enactment into law and a majority public sentiment is strongly behind them. There is at the moment no widespread demand for any radical changes in

the existing laws. Both parties are proclaiming the same objectives, only differing in the routes to be followed or the means to be employed. The Republicans are in and the Democrats are out; the great game is to reverse this position. The Republicans are in the fortress, however, and well supplied. The besiegers are at a disadvantage not only in their present position but in their past record of ineffectiveness when given the fortress to hold, for they have soon been defeated largely through dissensions within their own ranks.

An interesting feature of the election this year will be the outcome of the contest for seats in Congress. The present or Seventieth Congress is Republican by a narrow margin. There are ninety-six senators, of whom forty-eight are Republicans, forty-seven are Democrats, and one is Farmer-Labour. In case of a tie the President of the Senate, who is the Vice-President of the United States, has the deciding vote. In the organisation of the Senate at the beginning of the session the Farmer-Labour member voted with the Republicans, thus giving them a majority. If he had voted with the Democrats Vice-President Dawes, by his deciding vote, would have been able to achieve the same result. There are 435 members in the House of Representatives, and in the present House the Republicans have a majority of forty-two. All of the House is to be elected, and one-third of the Senate. In the Senate twenty-two Democrats go out of office, nine Republicans, and one Farmer-Labour. It seems probable that the Republicans will retain control of the House and attain a safer majority in the Senate. From many points of view it is always better for the country if the party in power has a clear working majority in Congress.

A fierce controversy now rages in the United States as to whether the country is prosperous or not. For several years past there has been a marvellous development in almost every line of industry and finance. Unemployment was at a minimum, fortunes were quickly and easily made, and the national wealth reached a point which

astonished the world and excited its envy. For some time past there has been a feeling that a time of reaction must come soon, for history shows that such reactions have followed every period of great national prosperity. It was expected two years ago by some of the best-informed men of affairs in the United States, but it did not materialise to a noticeable degree until this year. There has been a gradual slackening in the speed of material progress, and in some lines a distinct depression has appeared. Coming as it does on the eve of a General Election, it is difficult to estimate the real seriousness of the slump. Unemployment has increased and the number of commercial failures is greater in the past twelve months than for some time.

As has always been the case, the political party in power is blamed for the reaction; it has in other years been blamed and held responsible for bad crops. The average intelligent citizen knows that hard times are not as a rule caused by any political maladministration, but human nature likes to find a culprit to blame for misfortune, and politicians are quick to take advantage. Hence to-day in the United States the Republicans are trying to minimise the extent of the slump and the Democrats are exaggerating it to the utmost. The truth lies between the two and has nothing to do with politics. The farmers have had a rather thin time for the past three years; in certain lines of industry there has been over-production, and quite generally a limit has been found for the extension of foreign markets. These causes have brought about more unemployment than of late; the home market has been restricted in consequence, and with a decrease in the surplus of export over import has come the beginning at least of a period of comparative dullness in the national activities. This has resulted also in a more restricted money market, a shrinking of credit facilities and dearer money. Many of these phenomena are merely precautionary measures inspired by the banks, but they are indicative of a general condition.

Just how far this slump will go and how long it will last no one can say, but the best opinion is that it is merely a pause in the breathless pace which has marked American

national progress in the past six years. During that time the United States has made such sound progress and increased the permanent national wealth to such a degree that there can be no serious backsliding. In certain important lines of industry there is no evidence of any slump, and the real financial strength of the country is carefully conserved and unassailable. It will not be until the smoke of the political battle has cleared away that it will be possible to make a true estimate as to the real situation. Those in control of the major finances of the country and the heads of the great industrial enterprises have no fear as to the final outcome, in which the people of Europe are also deeply concerned, for at the moment American money is financing the recovery of nearly a score of European countries and it is most important that this flow of capital should continue.

The Republican Party in the person of Mr. Coolidge and his proposed successor, Mr. Hoover, stands for the conservation of the business interests of the country, and there is a general feeling of satisfaction among these interests with the way in which the Government has conducted its affairs. Mr. Hoover undoubtedly has the goodwill of these interests; he has the traditional Republicanism of the farmers at work on his behalf; he has the support of Mr. Coolidge and the entire Republican Administration, and he himself has demonstrated a genius for organisation which has been acknowledged and experienced by the people of Europe, who have benefited therefrom. The Democratic candidate has none of these forces at work for him; his only strength is his own admirable personality, his picturesque career, and his appeal to such dissatisfaction with the present controlling political power as may exist. It would seem that when Mr. Coolidge remarked succinctly and without a quaver of doubt, "Mr. Hoover will be elected," that his statement was in the nature of a prophecy.

NITROGEN AND THE PASTURES OF ENGLAND

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

NOTHING more remarkable occurred in the first period of the twentieth century than the rapid expansion of the production of artificial nitrates. Still more remarkable is the fact that almost the whole of this expansion took place within a decade. In 1913 ninety-three per cent. of the world production of nitrates was of organic origin. Twelve years later the consumption had nearly doubled, and of the increase all but six per cent. was synthetic, a considerable quantity of which was derived from the air.

Atmospheric nitrogen was first isolated during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Nearly one hundred and fifty years elapsed before practical processes were evolved for its production on a great scale. The incentive for their discovery arose from the needs of war; nitrates are as indispensable for the manufacture of high explosives as for the nutrition of the soil, as requisite for destruction as for creation. It is sad to think that the stimulation to manufacture them came only when the nations sought to exterminate one another, only when universal carnage caused imperative demand. Up till then the soil of all lands had been deteriorating from an insufficiency of nitrogen, of which the air contained inexhaustible supplies. It was a certainty that unless access to these inexhaustible supplies became possible catastrophic results would follow; Crookes foresaw no other alternative than awful famine, the sequel to which would be the overthrow of the hegemony of the white races; 1931 was his critical date. More was being taken out of the soil than was being put back into it; in other words, contemporary generations were subsisting by incurring colossal debt, which it would be hopeless for future generations to think of discharging. The Great War came just in time to save the world from the hunger predicted by Crookes. Nitrogen fixation, its

prime invention, salvaged incalculably more lives than it sacrificed; millions were killed by high explosives, but hundreds of millions survived because of the increased fertility of the earth. Had it not been for this discovery famine would have followed upon the ruin of the War. Not merely was immediate famine averted, but a means was devised by which famine could be averted in the future. To say this is not to suggest that scarcity will never occur again. As yet only enlightened farmers understand the advantages of nitrogen. Much educational work has yet to be done before knowledge on the subject becomes widespread. Then there is the economic factor to be considered. Expenditure on nitrogen is profitable. It is the duty, therefore, of those concerned with agriculture to see that the farmer is placed in a financial position such as will enable him to incur this expenditure. In Western Europe and America the value of nitrogen is much appreciated. In Russia and other countries, where agriculture remains in a primitive state, the peasants are ignorant of its properties. In these regions vast tracts of territory have gone out of cultivation for the want of it. A sufficiency of nitrogen presupposes an abundance of enlightenment, and there is more of the one in the air than of the other on the earth. Enough has been said, I think, to show that atmospheric nitrogen is one of the most important factors for the solution of the world-wide agricultural crisis now taking place, and for bringing about that world-wide agricultural renaissance, the signs of which are so clearly evident.

We shall speak first of Great Britain, for naturally our chief concern is to find out where our own country stands in this great transformation. Here the outstanding fact is the conversion of arable into pasture-land. This conversion has now been persistent throughout nearly sixty years. Whereas in 1871 three-fifths of the agricultural area was under arable, at the present time three-fifths is under permanent pasture. To-day we only produce forty per cent. of the meat which we eat. And more and more we become dependent on foreign foodstuffs, for which the gigantic sum of £340,000,000 is paid yearly. Cattle herds, notably

for dairy purposes, increased until this year, when they showed a marked decrease on 1927. Sheep flocks have decreased uninterruptedly. Beef production declined—partly because of the increase of dairy herds.

Such facts are not new. They have been set forth repeatedly. Because they are so well known, it is strange that the conclusions to be drawn from them should have been so widely ignored. It was economic reality that forced the farmer to convert his arable into grazing land. Prices of cereals were unfavourable compared with those of animal products. Competition with the great corn-growing countries became a hopeless business. Less labour was required for tending cattle than for raising corn. In the sixty years of which we are speaking the population nearly doubled, but the number of workers on the land steadily diminished.

The increase of cattle, prior to the present year, as a consequence of the growth of pasture-land, has been noted. It should be added that this increase has not kept pace with the rise of population. In no sphere of agriculture, therefore, is there any sign of the country becoming self-supporting. The substitution of pasture for arable land has been followed by increased importations of those commodities which such a transformation ought to have averted. Yet nothing is more evident than that the trend of British agriculture is fixed and unalterable. It is true that agriculture in this country is characterised by great diversity arising from localised conditions. But when full allowance has been made on this account the conclusion is warranted that the growth of pasture-land will continue. The problem is not, as some people imagine it to be, to seek a means of arresting these changes, of reversing the current of the last sixty years by replacing arable for pasture-land. Rather should we strive to facilitate in every possible way the great transformation which is taking place under our very eyes and which has already made so much progress as to render its permanence and continuation inevitable. As things are now, British agriculture would appear to be stranded at a half-way house. It has largely substituted cattle-raising for grain production, but

has not yet learned how to make the most profit from the change.

A century and a half ago England produced all the food which she needed and exported a surplus, and for many years afterwards—until 1840—she produced most of the food required for home consumption. Since then the population has vastly increased, and nearly all these additional people have crowded into the towns. To-day nothing is more dismal than a picture of the English countryside, roads occupied with noisy motors scurrying from place to place, field after field empty or but thinly populated with cattle. Once these fields were ploughed and covered with corn. Driven by economic stress to convert them into pasture, farmers have yet been unable to make the best use of them in this new form. Thus England is neither one thing nor the other—neither a good arable country nor a good pasture country. She is rapidly becoming a green wilderness.

Let us consider what are the most practical measures which need to be taken. Frequently—too frequently, perhaps—the case of Denmark is quoted. The Danish farmer, as is well known, when faced with the competition of foreign grain resorted to methods quite opposite to those of the British farmer. Instead of diminishing, he increased his arable land; to-day only about one-seventh of the cultivated area of Denmark is devoted to grazing. The remainder is used largely for the production of fresh food for cattle, roots, green fodder, and corn which is also fed to stock when prices are unfavourable. For the rest, the animals are sustained by imported corn, bran, and cake. Thus cheap foreign grain, instead of causing the decline of agriculture as it did with Great Britain, was the foundation of Denmark's agricultural prosperity. Upon it was built the unique dairy-farming system of Denmark.

In stating these facts I am merely recapitulating what has been said before. My motive in so doing is to justify a distinction rather than a comparison between England and Denmark. The soil of this country is superior to that of the greater part of Denmark. And much British pasture land is of a high quality. However disputable it may be

as to whether conversion from arable to grazing land on so vast a scale was wise in the past, there can be no doubt that, provided knowledge is made use of, it may now turn out immensely to the advantage of the nation.

Here nitrogen is of first importance. Experiments in its scientific use have taken place in eighty widely distributed centres, and the results obtained were of a very remarkable character. Precise balance sheets were kept, and it was demonstrated that money expended on nitrates yielded substantial profit. Not merely was the grazing season considerably prolonged, but the quantity of herbage was substantially increased. The consequences should be of incalculable benefit to British agriculture.

Under the conventional system of grassland management the quantity of herbage reaches its maximum about June. Towards the end of the grazing season the stock-carrying capacity of the land falls; in early spring it is also restricted. Under the new system stock can be turned out about three weeks or a month earlier than usual, and the season can be prolonged later into the autumn, extending its period altogether to about six months.

It has been found that the successive application of nitrogenous fertilisers, in conjunction with phosphates and potash, causes rich, leafy growth and prolongs nutritive qualities. When the grass grows higher than about four inches nitrate assimilation slows down, and subsequent growth goes to form indigestible fibre. The leaf is superior to the stem, it contains more feeding value, more essential minerals, and is altogether more palatable to the stock. When cut in the young leafy stage grasses hitherto regarded as inferior and looked upon as weeds have a feeding value not less than those grasses considered to be of first quality. Since nitrogen induces leafy growth, it enables them also to have an economic value.

The peculiar merit of nitrogen, as I have said, is that it promotes and prolongs this rich, leafy growth which is so nutritious to the stock. When applied to poor herbage both quantity and quality are increased. A levelling-up process takes place, and poor grass is raised to the standard of good grass. Experiments are in progress in regard

to individual species of grass, and the results so far obtained, though not finally conclusive, suggest that nitrogen application exerts upon these a levelling-up effect in the same manner as it does upon grassland as a whole.

When the grass reaches about four inches in height—when, in other words, nitrogen assimilation is about to cease and indigestible fibre is due to appear—then the fields are closely grazed to ensure a renewal of young grass. For this purpose the land is divided into small paddocks which are grazed in succession and stocked so heavily as to be eaten down in about a week.

Recently it has been established that young grass is as nutritive as cattle cakes, the purchase of which constitutes a large item in the farmer's bill. Under the new system of management by which continuous crops of young grass are ensured for six months, cattle cakes can be dispensed with altogether for some animals. For milch cows and fattening stock a supplementary ration is desirable, but this need only consist of starchy cakes, the cost of which is not high. An intensively fertilised pasture, such as is created by the new system, contains sufficient protein for a cow with a daily yield of five gallons of milk, but only a starch equivalent sufficient to enable it to produce three gallons. The starch cakes are, therefore, required to make up the balance. The result is a considerable addition to the production of milk.

It is possible that one day all the food required for stock will be found within the country, and that the importation of foreign concentrates will cease altogether. Such is the ideal towards which we are moving. Already, as we have seen, the grazing season can be extended by the use of nitrogen, and experiments are taking place with a view to seeing whether it is possible to make cattle cakes composed of dried and compressed grass.

But enough has been accomplished already to show how beneficial are the results following upon an intelligent use of nitrogen. Reference has been made to the increase of milk from cows grazed in fields treated under the new system. It should be added that, whereas two or even three acres are required to graze a

• cow or its equivalent according to the old system, the average area of intensively treated grassland needed for this purpose is only 0.72 acre, and in some instances half an acre or less. The possibility, therefore, now exists for increasing enormously the output of meat and dairy products and for lowering their cost to the consumer. It is an axiom that the more home food produced for beasts the more home food is available for men. Hitherto, it has been considered hopeless for British agriculture to think of competing with foreign imports. Such a pessimistic view may, perhaps, apply to wheat and other cereals; it certainly cannot any longer hold good in regard to many of the products associated with stock raising. I see no reason why Great Britain should not have in proportion to her population as many cattle as Denmark possesses. The difficulties to be overcome are not nearly so great as those which confronted the Danish farmers. Whereas they had to plough up pastures and convert them into arable land in order to provide food for their stock, no such task has to be faced in this country. Here experiments with nitrogen have shown that the stock-carrying capacity of pasture land can be considerably increased, and fully 60 per cent., if not more, of the cultivated area consists of permanent pasture. Providing advantage is taken of this knowledge I repeat that, far from being disastrous, as some people suppose, the continuous conversion of arable into pasture land during the last sixty years may prove to be highly beneficial. Assuming that no more land be transformed from arable to pasture the intensive system would provide grazing sufficient for the maintenance of at least eight times the number of cattle that at present exist in the country. It is not difficult to imagine that so vast an increase would enable Great Britain to render herself very largely independent of foreign dairy imports and also to diminish considerably her foreign meat imports. At the same time the opportunities for labour on the land would be multiplied, and a remedy found for unemployment.

Another aspect of the matter may be dwelt upon.

The more productive pasture becomes the more land is made available for other purposes, notably for growing winter food for stock. It is conceivable that such an improvement might put a stop to the decline in the acreage of arable land. Were this to be so, it is possible that the area under cereals could be increased. More wheat, for instance, might be grown and the example of Denmark followed in regard to its disposal. Denmark, as has been said, feeds home-grown wheat to stock when its prices are unfavourable. The Great War showed how perilous was the situation of this country in time of emergency because of its dependence upon foreign food imports. The intelligent cultivation of pasture land would go a long way towards allaying apprehension. It could, if widely applied, render the country self-sufficient in dairy products. It could result in a very large increase of home-produced meat. And finally it could lead to a considerable addition to the quantity of cereals available. No one pretends that it would make the country wholly self-supporting, but it would certainly go a considerable way in this direction. It would seem that no alternative solution offers itself. Great Britain has definitely become a pasture country, and grass has been assigned a place in the category of cultivated crops. The new methods which I have described are based upon recognition of these facts. They are in harmony with the changing basis of agriculture. They seek to make the most out of conditions as they are, conditions which a variety of complex circumstances has created.

When the prospects outside Great Britain are examined the need for development on lines such as I have indicated becomes still more apparent. It is evident that the food-exporting countries will have diminishing surpluses to dispose of abroad in future years. Everywhere domestic consumption is increasing and the standard of living is rising. Everywhere the people are flocking from the country into the towns. In America much arable land is reverting to bush; the harvest crop acreage in the United States fell by nineteen million acres in the last five years. Although the nations of the European continent

are striving to make themselves self-sufficient, they continue to import more food than before the War. The explanation is to be found in the fact that despite remarkable expansion, agricultural production has not yet reached the pre-War standard, in increased populations, and in the higher standard of living which has already been noted. From the dilemma here described there is no escape without resort to intensification. And one of the chief factors in bringing about intensification is the use of nitrates. Providing they are applied in sufficient quantities, there need be no apprehension as to a shortage of food. The world's population is growing at the rate of 11.5 millions per annum. Assuming that this rate be maintained, 68.7 million additional mouths will have to be fed during the next three years. The quantity of nitrogen available ought to ensure increased crop yields more than sufficient to sustain this larger population. There are some experts who say that since nitrogen-fixation has become a great manufacturing industry, the world could easily supply food for double the present population; others even assert that four times the present population could be sustained. Yet the possibility of hunger appearing somewhere again is not altogether precluded. Science can only provide solutions—it cannot compel men to accept them.

TEN YEARS AFTER

BY JOHN BELL

TEN years have elapsed since the last shot in the War was fired and the Armistice was signed. The Peace Treaty has been in operation nine and a half years. What has happened in the interval has not been without its notes of tragedy for most of the nations who were at war, and no one can say what may conceivably occur in the future. What has happened? What do the nations expect of the future?

These are questions which may well arrest attention at this moment when six of the Powers have decided to enter into negotiations on the basis that Germany has fulfilled her treaty obligations and therefore ought to secure the liberation of her territory. The negotiations will be of long duration. That is certain. And it will be surprising if they proceed smoothly, for the negotiators have different points of view on the problems to be solved.

Let us hark back and endeavour to study from certain angles the questions that have to be settled. Take the German position. At first Germany claimed the evacuation of the Rhineland as a right. She argued that she was disarmed, that she had executed the military clauses of the Peace Treaty. We know the difficulties that were experienced by the Inter-Allied Commission of Military Control in effecting her disarmament. Germany was not willing to disarm. She concealed guns, ammunition and machines for turning out engines of war. All these things were found and destroyed, and in the end the Inter-Allied Military Commission at Versailles, of which Marshal Foch was the President, was moved to report, not without pressure from certain Governments (for there were doubts on the matter, and they still exist), that Germany had at last executed the military clauses of the Peace Treaty. The Ambassadors' Conference therefore proclaimed that Germany was disarmed.

The next, and probably the most difficult, problem

before the Allies was the enforcement of the reparation payments by Germany. And here again Germany adopted the same policy of tergiversation that she had followed in regard to disarmament. She did not desire to shoulder the burden that had been put upon her. It was a heavy load, but the damage she had caused, wilfully and in a spirit of sheer destruction, was enormous, and had to be repaired. Let us be just to the Germans. They had a motive for defaulting in their reparation payments, for they were never informed, and have not up to now been told, how much they would be called upon to pay. They were not told because the Peace plenipotentiaries were unable to fix the damages. Be that as it may, Germany defaulted in 1922, and France, as her largest creditor, and in spite of the opposition of the British representative on the Reparation Commission, secured a majority vote which entitled her to take action.

The occupation of the Ruhr by French and Belgian military forces in 1923 has always been held to have been a great mistake. France and Belgium used compulsion in order to obtain reparation payments in kind from Germany. Beyond a number of Italian engineers who worked with the French and Belgian engineers in exploiting the Ruhr industries they had neither assistance nor sympathy in what was a most disagreeable task undertaken, not for themselves alone, but for all the Allies who participated in the profits of the enterprise. And let not this fact be forgotten: those Governments which were against the occupation of the Ruhr did not hesitate to accept their share of the profits. In the light of what has occurred the action of France and Belgium had a good result, for without it it is doubtful whether there would have been a Dawes Plan.

When, by her policy of passive resistance pursued in order to avoid paying what she had agreed to pay, Germany precipitated her bankruptcy, which was fraudulent, it was her former enemies who came to her rescue, put her on her feet again, and prepared a scheme for enabling her to discharge her obligations. The Dawes Plan has worked remarkably well up to now, but those who conceived it

never regarded it as a final settlement of the reparations problem, and now that the complete annual payments have begun as from September last (they are fixed at 2,500,000,000 gold marks) Germany is clamouring for a revision of the scheme, and is coupling with her demand the request that the Rhineland shall be entirely evacuated.

As regards her demand for revision she has logic on her side. Seven years ago the total of her indebtedness was fixed at 132,000,000,000 gold marks. This is an impossible figure, for it has been shown beyond any manner of doubt that if she continued to make her annual payments without default she would never be able to free herself. Therefore her demand for a revision of the Dawes Plan is perfectly justified. She has a right to know where she stands; her creditors cannot hold her in bondage for ever.

In spite of her woeful position after the War, notwithstanding her policy, which was stupid from the point of view of hastening the peace era and facilitating the economic reconstruction of Europe, a work in which all the nations had to co-operate if the ravages of the War had to be removed, Germany has achieved wonders in ten years. Her population is six and a half millions more than in 1914; she has increased her coal, lignite and coke production enormously; with the exception of the transport of coal her railway traffic is from 120 to 130 per cent. more than that of 1913; and at the end of the first six months of the present year her savings banks showed deposits of six milliard gold marks as compared with three milliards for the same period in 1926. Her economic prosperity is therefore unquestioned despite the fact that she has over half a million of unemployed.

This apparent paradox is not due to any deficiency in production, but rather because production has not increased in proportion to the increase of her population. And if it has not increased it is because enterprise is hindered by the heavy interest charges which German industry has to pay for loans. This handicap is only momentary. The rapid growth of German industry will command less onerous loan conditions in the future. There does not exist any reason why this growth should be

arrested. It will certainly not be stopped by labour troubles, for employers and workmen have realised the necessity for avoiding disastrous strikes and of pinning their faith to arbitration settlements. Satisfactory as is the German position economically, Chancellor Müller has stated that it is not the result of "a sound and fertile soil, but has sprung out of borrowed money." Does he think of what would have been Germany's lot if the money had not been forthcoming? She was down and out and would have remained crushed and without hope had not loans been granted to her. Now, thanks to this assistance, she is holding up her head proudly, and conscious of her resuscitation, of her growing power in every domain of activity, she has put forward demands which had to be discussed.

Article 431 of the Peace Treaty provides for the evacuation of the Rhineland before the expiration of the period of fifteen years if Germany fulfils all her obligations. This Article has been variously interpreted. France held the view that it could not be a question of evacuation until reparations had been paid, but it is significant that she has modified her attitude, and is now prepared to withdraw her soldiers from the Rhine if she is given two guarantees: (1) that reparations payments will be assured; (2) that there can be no possible doubt of her security in the future.

At one time, and not so long ago, the French idea was that Germany could obtain her liberation if she was prepared to accelerate her reparation payments. It was a case of making advance payments which would enable France to meet the cost of reconstructing her devastated departments and at the same time wipe off her debt to America. She wanted to join the evacuation problem with that of debts, arguing that she would only be able to pay America and England with the money she obtained from Germany.

The position of France has to be considered in connection with the evacuation problem, the solution of which is contingent on a revision of the Dawes Plan. Two years ago France was on the edge of bankruptcy. The franc threatened to go the way of the mark. Radical and Socialist politicians, bent on governing the country in

accordance with party ideals and without taking heed of the necessities of the moment, had wrecked the finances. In twenty-six months M. Poincaré's Government of National Union has straightened things out. The finances have been nearly restored, but the enormous internal debt remains, though arrangements have been made for its gradual reduction, and by measures of consolidation the floating debt has already fallen from 79 to 33 milliard francs. From the economic point of view France is enjoying remarkable prosperity. The surest proof of this is furnished by the labour barometer. At the time of writing there are, throughout the whole of France, only 500 people in receipt of out-of-work allowances. The indications are that France will enter upon a period of even greater prosperity. Steps have been taken for increasing her production, and it may be said that she is in the way of becoming a highly industrialised country. The industries that were created for the duration of the War are still flourishing, and the intention is to keep them going, even if stronger measures of protection have to be taken.

A stable Government with a specific goal before it has accomplished great things for France, which, economically, is one of the most prosperous countries in Europe at this moment. At the present rate of progress it is not too much to say that in a few years French taxation, which is higher than many people imagine, will be considerably reduced. French preoccupations of the moment are to preserve the peace and to obtain just reparation from Germany, and it is in this spirit that France has consented to discuss the German demand for the evacuation of the Rhineland. But she is prudent. She has given eloquent proofs of her desire for improved relations with Germany, and the policy of M. Briand, the Foreign Minister, who ranks among the most ardent peace idealists in Europe, is approved not only by the Government, but by the entire country. If, therefore, the general expectation is that the evacuation of the Rhineland is desirable in the general interest, France will not be opposed to it, if the guarantees she has postulated and to which she is entitled are secured. There is an entirely new outlook in France since November 11th, 1918.

In ten years there has been a gradual evolution of French opinion, and its most eloquent manifestation is the universal desire to co-operate in maintaining world peace.

When we turn to the position in England as it presents itself ten years after the Armistice we are confronted with a totally different set of facts. Of all countries which took part in the mighty struggle, is there one whose economic situation is worse than that of England? The War not only impoverished us, but it created a distressing situation of industrial paralysis from which we do not seem able to emerge. Other countries are forging ahead, fighting for markets and gaining them, but England has found many of her trade outlets closed, with the result that for years a million and a quarter of workless people have been a charge on the State. Successive Governments have endeavoured to solve this tragic problem of unemployment, but the solution has yet to be found, and, in truth, no real solution is in prospect.

The British coal trade is gradually diminishing. The heavy subventions given to it were but palliatives. It is an industry that cannot be safeguarded, and for lack of orders pits are closing down. What we are doing now is to try to safeguard other industries, to adopt a policy pursued by other countries: in other words, to engage in a tariff war. Who would have thought that after the Armistice another struggle was to begin, a war not of trenches but of tariff walls. The beautiful dream of the economic reconstruction of Europe has not been realised. Nor has that other dream of the United States of Europe connoting economic co-operation, by which was implied a sort of Customs Union which would permit every country to live and work out its industrial and commercial destiny. Instead of following the example of America, where there are no tariff barriers protecting the trade of the different States, the European countries, in spite of the warnings of economists, bankers, and industrialists, have preferred to adopt the policy of stark protection, the effect of which, in most countries where it is practised *à outrance*, has been to increase the cost of living.

The League of Nations was created in order that there

should be no more military conflicts in the future. But it will find that it has other things to do besides promoting disarmament conferences. It is desirable to limit naval and military armaments in the interest of over-burdened taxpayers, but what about the economic armaments which to many students of the situation in Europe to-day stand in equal need of limitation? England is the hardest hit by these tariff barriers which have throttled her trade. Without doubt she is the greatest sufferer of the War, for we have the spectacle of her industrial economy being mercilessly attacked by those whom she helped to victory.

The internal problem of England is indissolubly bound up with the European problem of the moment, the evacuation of the Rhineland, for somehow British statesmen seem to think that when once this is solved there will be a general settling down. Here, again, we are assuming the *rôle* which has not always been happily played in the past. It is the *rôle* of magnanimity towards a beaten foe. It was the British Government which hastened the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference that Germany had been disarmed, and it looks as if our Foreign Office will play a prominent part in accelerating the evacuation of the Rhineland. Lord Cushendun, as the mouthpiece of the British Government at Geneva, would not associate himself with the French thesis that the reparation payments to be received from Germany should be allied to the payment of inter-Allied debts. We stand by the Balfour Note on this matter: the payments we receive from those countries to whom we lent money for prosecuting the War shall not be less than those we have engaged to make to America in accordance with the debt settlement effected with that country. Further, we shall take no steps to induce America to modify that settlement.

The question is: how will this dignified attitude affect the proposed revision of the Dawes Plan, and how will it square with the French idea of receiving accelerated payments in return for her consent to withdraw her troops from the Rhine? Evidently the total German debt provisionally fixed in 1921 at 132 milliard gold marks will have to be rigorously reduced, and when this is done the

- Financial Commission appointed at Geneva will have before it the delicate and difficult task of finding ways and means of securing the guarantees of payment that will satisfy France. A French authority on this question of German reparations is M. Jacques Seydoux, who was formerly the financial expert at the Quai d'Orsay, and he has suggested that a definite settlement would be to grant an abatement of the German debt fixed by the Reparations Commission by nearly three-fourths, even if Germany paid to the Allies two and a half milliard gold marks a year for the whole period during which they have to pay their own debts to America. He argues that this settlement would give a margin of 480 to 500 million gold marks a year, sufficient for the service of a loan which would furnish almost half of the expenses incurred in reconstructing the devastated regions.

A settlement on this basis would be of great advantage to Germany, who, however, would have to accord an advantage in turn. This, it is suggested, could be obtained by placing loans or selling the railway and industrial bonds of the Dawes Plan, thus putting at the disposal of France capital with which she would be able to liquidate immediately or in a few years the whole of her debt to America. The Germans are jibbing at the annuity of two and a half million gold marks, declaring that it is too heavy for them to pay. But this is not the opinion of Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for the Payment of Reparations, who, it has to be admitted, has supervised the execution of the Dawes Plan with remarkable ability. If France has to accept less from Germany she can only do so if her debt to America is reduced, for M. Seydoux insists that the margin between what she receives and what she pays in liquidating her war debts must remain the same.

The negotiations for a revision of the Dawes Plan on which the evacuation of the Rhine is contingent will be long and tedious, and it is conceivable that they will give rise to serious divisions of opinion among the experts of the six Powers who will conduct them. However, the will to come to a decision exists; and just as the Dawes Plan was

accepted, grudgingly, it is true, by Germany, so it is hoped that she will agree to the new plan which will secure for her the liberation of her territory.

But just as the elaboration of a revised plan for the payment of reparations will occupy the experts for a very long time, so will the discussion of the proposed Commission of Verification and Conciliation, to be appointed for the purpose of keeping an eye on the Franco-Belgian-German frontier zone. The fact that the Allied Powers considered it necessary that a body of this sort should be set up implies doubts as to Germany's attitude after the foreign forces have been withdrawn from the Rhine. Germany has accepted this Commission in principle, but she is hostile to the idea that it shall continue to function after 1935, by which date the occupation of the Rhineland was supposed to come to an end if the Treaty obligations had been fulfilled. This Commission of Verification and Conciliation has, of course, been suggested in the interest of French and Belgian security. Whatever be the British views on this matter—and as we are not the near neighbour of Germany we look at it from a different angle—the fact must not be ignored that France and Belgium are in mortal dread of another aggression. They want to be quite certain of their safety, and in the light of the past, and also having regard to their special knowledge of the complexity of German psychology (for even now no foreigner can indicate the real state of the German mind), who can blame them for insisting on precautions? The fact that they are anxious about the future is the surest proof of their pacifism, of their solicitude to maintain the peace of Europe.

For her part, France has decided that she will take no risks. She is fortifying her frontier, spending millions of francs on an elaborate scheme of defence, the execution of which is to be directed by Marshal Petain. Are these precautions unnecessary, when we find the newspaper *Germania*, the organ of the Catholic Centre Party, which is associated with Chancellor Müller's Government, thus expressing itself: "We are ten years from the Armistice. French power, after having been dominant in Europe, is

now at a standstill. The reflux has even begun. It is for resuscitated Germany to resume the preponderance." As we have seen, Germany was put on her economic legs again by the assistance of the Allies, and it is now claimed that her industry could be mobilised for war purposes more easily and rapidly than that of any other country. The German Government is paying a heavy subvention for the air fleet; motor cars and tractors are placed under strict military control, and about one hundred thousand ex-German officers are affiliated with military preparation societies.

It is a singular and uncomfortable fact that after all that has been done in ten years to safeguard peace the nations are still ill at ease. The Locarno agreements, the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, the signing of the Pact for the Outlawry of War, the preparatory work for a scheme of general disarmament, the dithyrambic peace speeches of European statesmen—all these happenings have not served to dissipate the fear of another war. Naval, army and air manœuvres are planned in keeping with a possible eventuality, and all sorts of experiments are being made with chemicals and machinery. These peace speeches of the statesmen have ironical echoes. It all amounts to this: ten years after the Armistice, and despite the aspirations and strivings for a stable atmosphere of international concord, Europe is still in an unsettled state, fighting against direful apprehensions, which are real, and esoteric forces which seem to retard every initiative undertaken for the general weal.

THE CULT OF THE SEA CRUISE

BY CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE

A GLANCE through the prints and volumes of any old curiosity shop cannot fail to give the impression, rightly or wrongly, that the climate of England has changed—at least during the winter months. The long spells of sharp frost and deep snow must have ceased slowly and almost imperceptibly with the transition from horse-drawn coach to steam train, electric car and automobile. Whether this change—about which there is so much controversy—is for the better or worse it is difficult to determine. The blue skies, ruddy sunsets, white landscapes, log fires and *churchwardens*, so frequently and graphically depicted by artists and authors of a past age, have certainly given place to long periods of gloom, with grey clouds, rain-drenched fields and streets, and—well, for most of us, thoughts and keen longings for lands bathed in the golden, life-giving rays which the ancients worshipped openly.

Those who shake their heads at change, even when made inevitable by changing Nature herself, can take comfort, however, from the fact that, withal, the inborn characteristics of this race of island-seamen are as they were. The South Seas call and a fleet sails each year in search of sunshine and adventure. It is *the same fleet*, century after century, only the form and purpose change. In this year of grace 1928-29 over forty ships are leaving English shores during the autumn and winter months to satisfy the deep-rooted craving of the sailor-race—for it is quite safe to predict that there will be few of other nationalities or types on board—and so the rover, the merchant-adventurer, and the barque in which they sail, take new forms and purposes, but nevertheless combine to answer, readily and eagerly, the old call which in this age of luxury makes itself manifest in this new cult of the sea cruise.

Each year, when chill winds and fog spread over the British Isles, an ever-increasing army of sun-worshippers

migrate with the swallows to almost every tropical and semi-tropical beauty spot in the world. No improvement in the realm of foreign travel has rendered this southward pilgrimage in search of warmth, light, colour, and romance so easy of accomplishment as the development of the sea cruise.

In addition to the pleasure of visiting new lands and peoples, often far away from the beaten track, there is the charm of congenial companionship under ideal conditions and the entire absence of worry. There is the daily sunshine in the place of cold and gloom, the palms waving in the tepid trade wind, the momentary flash of the flying fish, the restful ease on the awninged decks, the morning bathe in the ship's deck pool, the excitement of shore expeditions amid novel surroundings, the dancing on moonlit decks, and, above all, the mysterious lure of the ocean. The sea cruise provides the thrill of foreign travel without the reaction.

BOUND FOR THE AMAZON

For those seeking winter sunshine in a new world of glamour and romance the amazing region of tropical forests, rivers, lagoons, islands and beautiful birds, butterflies and flowers, known by the generic name of *Amazonia*—a tropical paradise of Northern Brazil—provides an almost perfect playground which at present has the added charm of being unspoiled and still veiled in mystery.

Contrary to general belief, this land of wondrous tropical lights and shades, palm-fringed beaches, vivid colouring and queer natives, enjoys a delightful winter climate. One famous Harley Street specialist has called it an ideal winter health resort, and many now send patients requiring warmth, sea breezes and rest with interest on what is comparatively a calm water cruise to this beautiful region, where sun-stroke is almost unknown, in spite of its position near the Equator.

There is a local saying that he who first tastes of the juice of the *Assai* palm will be lured back to Amazonia

again and again. However this may be, anyone in normal health, whether old or young, who is seeking a pleasure cruise off the beaten track, can board a fine Booth liner in the Mersey, travel for a thousand miles up the Amazon River, and return to the starting point without even having experienced the discomfort of changing cabins. During this unique six-weeks' cruise many of the world's beauty spots are visited.

There is first the Portuguese Riviera, with its violet sunsets and its vine-clad shores. Glimpses of Oporto, Lisbon, Cintra and Mont Estoril. Then comes Madeira, the island of flowers in the azure wastes of the South Atlantic. This is followed by sunny days on a china-blue sea, usually spent deck-bathing, reading, listening to the ship's orchestra, or playing sea-tennis or golf, with evenings of dancing, while the great vessel is crossing a southern sea to the tropics of the New World.

From Para, an interesting old city of Northern Brazil, for over a thousand miles, the Liverpool liner winds her way through narrow lanes of sunlit flood, between the green walls of the great forest, past curious native pile-dwellings, birds of bright plumage, huge butterflies and night moths, orchids, palms of every variety, and vast watery fields of the giant Victoria Regia lily. There are days ashore amid all the wonders of the greatest tropical forest in the world. It is a new and fantastic realm that is entered through the majestic green portals of the Amazonian "Narrows," a marvellous series of tropical fjords, with an atmosphere peculiarly their own; and it offers a novel experience to the most *blasé* traveller.

TO CEYLON AND INDIA

There is always a thrill of anticipation in the thought of being outward bound, and this is certainly not diminished by the knowledge that one is going to the East in a fine Bibby liner. The way lies south to the coast of Portugal, reached in about forty hours from Land's End. Within this brief space of time cold and gloom have passed into

the haze astern, and the blue ocean is broken only by distant, lofty headlands.

After passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, where the night-enshrouded waters are usually agleam with phosphorescent light, there is a day of sight-seeing ashore at Marseilles. This is followed by a cruise through the entire length of the isle-dotted Central Sea before the prosaic West is exchanged for the gorgeous East. At Port Said a momentary glimpse is obtained of Egyptian life and colour before the ship passes through the Suez Canal, with the tawny desert stretching away on both sides. Then comes a call at the fine coral harbour of Port Sudan—gateway of the vast land of deserts, equatorial forests, picturesque natives and big game, through which tourists can now travel in luxury on Government railways and steamers—and a week of bright, sparkling days followed by starlit nights in the calm waters of the Indian Ocean.

A lofty peak in the filmy haze is usually the ocean voyager's first glimpse of the Island of Ceylon, which lies moist, green, and rugged of outline in the sapphire blue of a southern sea. We are now in the land of coral reefs, palms, temples, and queer natives of distinctly feminine appearance. Ceylon is justly celebrated as one of the most beautiful lands in the world. At Colombo the great liner is exchanged for a palatial hotel on shore, and there are days of rickshaw riding and motoring through the most wonderful scenery in and around Colombo to Mount Lavinia and its bathing beach, Newara Eliya, the cool hill station, Peredeniya, and its magnificent botanical gardens, Kandy, the picturesque old capital of the Cingalese kings, the Plains of the Moon, the great ruined cities of old Ceylon, tea gardens, temples, and other places of interest. Having plenty of time in which to enjoy the novel surroundings, after the Island of Ceylon has been explored, the traveller can pass, by means of rail and ferry, into Southern India. Here the choice of routes all over our Eastern Empire is almost unlimited, but few will miss seeing the great temple of Madura before catching the homeward bound mail boat.

IN AND AROUND SOUTH AMERICA

Far out in the blue expanse of the South Pacific, some 300 miles to the westward of Valparaíso, stands the lonely, romantic little island of Juan Fernandez, and the forthcoming cruise of the Pacific liner *Orduña* offers, among many other attractions, a visit to this beautiful Pacific island, which was, beyond doubt, the home of Robinson Crusoe. Combined with this, however, is a cruise round South America, visiting some twenty-four different places in eleven different countries, and traversing about 22,000 miles between January and March—the three worst months of the English winter.

After leaving Liverpool and crossing the much-maligned Bay of Biscay, the first port of call is La Rochelle-Pallice, a town with constant reminders of the long ago, when it was the stronghold of the Huguenots. Then comes the Spanish ports of Santander, Coruña, and Vigo, with interesting glimpses of Spanish life and scenery, a royal seaside resort of the Peninsula, the famous ramparts and burial place of Sir John Moore, and one of the largest and most picturesque natural harbours in the world.

Curiously enough the factors which make it difficult to adequately describe this cruise completely round South America are, in reality, its principal attraction. So many are the ports and places visited, and so varied the points of interest, that to compress an account of them all into the small compass demanded by modern journalism is almost impossible if a mere gazetteer of Latin-American place-names is to be avoided.

Following in the track of the navigators of old, the next place to be visited is in the New World. The Bay of Rio de Janeiro is generally admitted to afford one of the most beautiful views in existence, and the city which lies around its shores is equally as picturesque and interesting. From Rio the way lies south to Monte Video, the seaside capital of Uruguay, where the fine ocean liner is temporarily exchanged for one of the most palatial river steamers in the world, and a flying visit is paid to Buenos Aires, the millionaire city of the Argentine.

Resuming her southward course, the *Orduña* reaches the

lonely Antarctic Falkland Islands, and then rounds the southern portion of the great American Continent by way of the glacier-bordered Magellan Straits. Here is the isolated but interesting little town of Punta Arenas, which has now been renamed Magallanes. It is the southernmost town in the world. Beyond it lies the snow-covered wastes of Tierra del Fuego, Cape Horn, and the Antarctic ice. The scenery in the Magellan Straits is both grand and awe-inspiring.

Turning north up the Pacific coast Puerto Montt is reached, and a spell ashore is allowed in the wild region known as "The Switzerland of Chile." Then comes several small but interesting ports before Valparaíso is reached.

The time spent in this centre of the trade of the South Pacific is sufficient to allow the traveller to explore the principal sights of Chile before departing for the Island of Juan Fernandez. When beautiful Santiago and other interesting spots have been seen, the ship heads out into the broad Pacific for the island of romance. Here, amid the palms, there are the places made familiar by the famous story of adventure. High up on Crusoe's look-out there is the memorial tablet erected by the officers of H.M.S. *Topaz* in 1868 to the memory of Alexander Selkirk, who was landed on this island from the *Cinque Ports* galley in 1704 and taken off in the *Duke* privateer on February 12th, 1709. It was the story of this Scottish mariner, a native of Largo, Fife, which inspired Defoe to write the immortal romance of *Robinson Crusoe*.

The homeward route of the *Orduña* is by way of the ports of the Chilean nitrate fields; then Callao, a few miles from Lima, the interesting and old capital of Peru, to the Panama Canal, Cuba, the Azores, Spain, and home—but not before the primroses have dappled with yellow the green English countryside.

ISLES OF THE WEST

Of cruises to the West Indies there are a great variety. In addition to the usual pleasure voyages by the popular *Arcadian* of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, the

Cunard liner *Lancastria* is to cruise in the blue Caribbean. Then there are the excellent five weeks' voyages to Barbados, Trinidad, Grenada, and British Honduras by the vessels of the Harrison Line; and a series of cruises by the fine vessels of the Pacific Line, the Netherlands Steamship Company, the French Line, and Messrs. Elders and Fyffes.

During these voyages to the Isles of the West the traveller will live in an atmosphere of sunlight, colour and old romance. The Caribbean, or Spanish Main, was the sea of adventure from the days of Drake to those of Nelson, and still retains much of its old glamour. Here and there throughout these beautiful tropical islands are reminders of England's sea power, both legitimate and illegitimate.

These sunny days of cruising and sight-seeing will include, besides the usual round of shipboard amusements, visits to Barbados, with its sea-anemone caves; Trinidad and its royal palms and its pitch lake; La Guayra, the port for the old Spanish-colonial city of Caracas, now the capital of Venezuela; a glimpse of Curaçoa, in the Dutch West Indies; Cristobal and the Panama Canal; Jamaica, the jewel of the British West Indies, with its gorgeous tropical scenery; Havana, capital of the beautiful island of Cuba; and Bermuda, with its quaint little coral-built towns, big hotels, motorless streets and bathing beaches.

ROUND AND ABOUT THE WORLD

For those who require an even more ambitious cruise than any described in the foregoing pages there is the wonderful round-the-world voyage by the C.P.R. liner *Empress of Australia*. To follow here this extensive sea tour of the world's beauty spots is obviously impossible, but lucky travellers in this fine ship are promised 136 days of cruising and sight-seeing along the great highway from Gibraltar to Japan, and from the Far East to Honolulu, New York and Southampton.

Another forthcoming pleasure voyage organised by the C.P.R. is to South America and Africa. This has been

aptly termed "The cruise of contrasts." First there is New York, the real starting-point, which is left in January, then comes Jamaica, explored leisurely during a stay of eleven days. Next a few hours will be spent ashore in beautiful Trinidad; three days in Rio de Janeiro, the wonder city of Brazil; a day at Santos; a tour of Monte Video, capital of Uruguay; three days in Buenos Aires; and then a week on a summer sea crossing the South Atlantic from America to Africa—the first great change of life and scenery.

With Cape Town comes a round of sight-seeing in the Union of South Africa lasting many days. Next comes a brief visit to Port Elizabeth, followed by nine days at Durban for an exploration of beautiful Natal. Then Dar-es-Salaam is reached, and a glimpse obtained of Equatorial Africa. Like the magic carpet, this great ship transports her passengers from one interesting scene to another. After Zanzibar, the "island of cloves," comes a short stay in Mombasa, the port for Kenya Colony; and then the third great change of scenery.

Here, at Port Sudan, the traveller is on the fringe of the great desert, and will certainly not miss the overland tour to Khartoum and the mud-walled city of Omdurman—home of 100,000 people of almost every North and Central African tribe—then up the Nile Valley to Luxor and on to Cairo. Still the leisurely cruise continues, and Naples, Monte Carlo and Gibraltar are visited. After 22,614 miles of sea cruising and many hundreds of miles of overland travel, the white cliffs of old England appear out of the April haze.

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE CAPE

For those people who require only a brief respite from cold and gloom there are cruises to the Mediterranean by the Cunard liner *Lancastria*, the P. and O. liner *Ranchi*, the 20,000-ton Orient vessels *Orford* and *Otranto*, and the popular R.M.S.P. Co.'s *Arcadian*. Most of these cruises take place in the autumn or spring, when ideal weather can be expected in the Mediterranean. An excel-

lent Christmas cruise is that arranged by the Union-Castle line to the Cape; and during the mid-winter months there are regular sailings by Yeoward vessels from Liverpool to Madeira and the Canary Islands. For some years now it has been the custom to go to the Riviera by the great Eastern liners of the P. and O. Company, thus obtaining the advantages of a short sea cruise out and home in addition to a sojourn on the Côte d'Azur. Then there is a most delightful cruise round Africa to India and home by way of the Mediterranean in the fine Ellerman liner *City of Nagpur*.

It is interesting to note that an average of at least one large vessel devoted entirely to pleasure cruising leaves English shores every week throughout the year. This does not include the hundreds of voyages made by passenger vessels following their usual vocation on the high seas, and in which special arrangements have now been made for tourists. This means that the population of a town of considerable size is always afloat on pleasure bent. From the fact that the first cruise by an ocean liner took place in the year 1896 some idea can be obtained of recent developments in this new maritime trade of pleasure travel.

It is significant that the sea cruise appeals only to those races, or nationalities, who for centuries have been closely associated with the sea. On almost every cruising ship there is to be found a vast majority of British and American travellers, and it would therefore seem reasonable to think that the growing popularity of the pleasure voyage is due not only to the fact that it provides the most comfortable and economical form of foreign travel, but also because it offers a subtle attraction which appeals to something, not easily defined in words, deep in the subconscious mind of many thousands who now annually answer this call of the sea.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

M. POINCARÉ'S speech at Chambéry on the last day of September was treated by the French Press as something of special importance by reason of its carefully phrased references to the negotiations between France and Germany which may or may not lead to evacuation of the occupied territory. It interested me for rather different reasons, since I was then in that region. All its towns, Aix-les-Bains, Annecy, and above all Chambéry itself, the old capital of Savoy, were elaborately decorated for the Prime Minister's visit; and the Mayors put out notices asking all citizens to attend without regard to party ties. The occasion, indeed, was of a nature to revive the *Union Sacrée*, for M. Poincaré came to inaugurate a monument to Savoy's dead soldiers; and the range of that appeal was so wide that it even touched M. Poincaré himself. It is difficult to conceive of him as having body, parts or passions, or anything but an intense narrow intelligence, directed by a will which has not enough consciousness of strength to allow some give and take. At least, that is M. Poincaré as the public record of his speeches presents him to us. But in this particular instance the public record, even in Paris newspapers, left out four-fifths of his discourse. It left out the humanity. It left out all that would help an Englishman to understand who M. Poincaré is and what he stands for.

Theoretically, of course, we all know that M. Poincaré has been a soldier, because he is a Frenchman. But when one learns that he was a *Chasseur Alpin* that gives a very different aspect to the facts. For the Chasseurs Alpains are, if possible, a little more proud of themselves and of their distinctive costume than the men of a Highland regiment, and their pride is as well justified. M. Poincaré

spoke as an officer of the reserve, who had done his training with the 11th Battalion of the Chasseurs at Annecy, in the mountains a few miles north of Chambéry; and his speech began with a review of his own battalion's history since the early part of 1914, when he had seen it engaged in peace-time manœuvres over the very ground where his training had been done. He saw it next in January, 1915, in hard fighting on the Vosges; half its effectives were gone, and only one of the officers was left under whom it began the War. Later came the Somme, then Italy, then France again, for the counter-offensive of July, 1918, which was the beginning of the end. M. Poincaré is always the statistician, but a glow suffused his recital of the great deeds of his old corps and of the military honours accorded to it.

Nor had the other battalions whose bases are in Savoy any cause to be jealous of the attention which the Prime Minister bestowed on his own unit. One by one he set out their record with almost the same fullness of acknowledgment. That was only natural, for all Savoy was there to bid him welcome; yet, as M. Poincaré reminded them, it was only sixty-eight years, the exact space of his own lifetime, since Savoy became part of France.

If one asks what bond has been most efficacious in welding so new an acquisition into so close a solidarity (for who now remembers that Savoy was not always French?) the answer must be, I think, in great part, the French tradition of universal military service. "Liberty, equality and fraternity" are words which have more reality to the French than Englishmen suppose. Liberty has to be protected; there is equality in the obligation to help in that protection which neither M. Poincaré nor any other young man, however distinguished, can escape; and in the organisation which we call the army there is a living fraternity of comradeship.

Chance sometimes reveals this. Getting hurriedly into a local train the other day I found myself in the compartment with two railway workers who were full of the talk of their own trade, till suddenly at a station one of them caught sight of a uniform and hailed its wearer

instantly, "*Hé, toi du dixseptième, monte par ici.*" And in got the unknown soldier lad, whose only introduction was the figure 17 on his cap; and he had to explain to the young mechanic exactly where the 17th was lying, and how they were getting on. I had not believed that there was so much of the regimental spirit in these short-service conscripts after they had returned to civil life.

Just in those days, too, the railways were crowded with reservists going home after their annual period with their unit, and the talk among them was surprisingly free from "grousing"! The food was all right, and sometimes "*on a bien bu.*" One major, who seemed to be a popular character, had mustered them on the first parade and told them, "Now, boys, we're going to have a fine outing at the Government's expense." And they did not add that he had made them sweat for it—though no doubt he did. Whatever else the French conscript may do or not do, he has to march very long distances under the pack. Of course, these mountainy people would be the very last to feel that a great oppression.

That is the French Army in its social aspect. But there is another and even more important side to the question. It would be a great matter if the British Labour Party, who devote so much attention to Russia and to Germany, would occupy themselves a little with the conditions of well-established democracy as they exist in France—or, for that matter, in Switzerland, where the democratic theory is pushed to its last limits. M. Paul Boncour, who represented France at Geneva in the September meetings, found it desirable to defend the position which he had taken up there on behalf of France. So, in an interview given to *L'Œuvre*, he spoke out very plain. He was, he said, not only a Frenchman, who had taken his full part in the War, but a Socialist. As a Frenchman, and as a Socialist, he wanted to make peace a reality. The first step necessary was to limit armaments. Once the "race in armaments" begins, the end of that race is war. How to stop its beginning? Before there is talk of reducing armaments, he holds that it is necessary to get a guarantee that they shall not be increased. France has reduced her

effectives by reducing the term of service from three years to eighteen months; it will soon be one year. But (and here is the essential point to note), as a Frenchman, and as a Socialist, M. Boncour will hear of nothing but an equality of limitation. France will not have a professional army: France will not admit exemptions or privileges. Universal and obligatory service is the bedrock. "I can imagine a type of army," M. Boncour says, "in which a further reduction of the period record would be possible. But that is the one and only way. I will hear of no other, not because the Government will have it so, but because I must conform to my own reason, and must remain faithful to the lesson taught me by generations of Republicans who fought to make it the law."

In plain terms, then, there is no use in asking France to depart from the principle that every Frenchman must accept the obligation to bear arms. It is part of the national religion. It does not mean that France is militarist, but that France is democratic. This expenditure of service in person is part of the constitution; it is part of the Frenchman's conception of liberty. If other States—that is to say, Great Britain and America, which do not impose service on their people, set out to strike a balance between this universal service and the service which they buy from a limited number of citizens, and which they supplement by a great outlay on material, no real conclusion can be reached. There is disparity in the very basis of the two conceptions.

Yet one thing ought to be understood. In a country like France all wars are necessarily unpopular; the Minister who makes a war, even a war of limited liability, raises up a cry among the women of the country that he is killing their young men. In a country like England the Minister who makes such a war is giving the young men their chance, for he is popular with the class from which the professional army is drawn. He is unpopular with the general public only if the bill to be footed is too heavy. No doubt there is a marked change of feeling since 1914. Nowhere in Great Britain would you find the temper which was so widespread in the beginning of the South

African struggle. But England's attitude to the idea of war is other than that of France, because service is largely professional.

America is different. There is not there any professional military class or caste. The Spanish-American War had a great popular success, but it got a moving impetus from the incident of the Maine, and there was no series of reverses to check enthusiasm. Still, no class in America wants war for any reason. Yet the fact is to-day that America seems to present the chief obstacle to that immediate limitation of armament which M. Paul Boncour insists on. Matters are somewhat confused because America insists upon benevolent intervention in world politics to help struggling nations—all of which are so largely in her debt. The Washington Conference was a case in point. Looking at it now, it would seem better that the European Powers should have been allowed to make their own attempt at agreement among themselves, and that America should have said simply, We will build up to your limit. If there is to be competition in expenditure, there is no doubt at all that America can break Europe's back; and even now the wisest course would be to ignore the United States. However powerful their fleet, it cannot be used for war without the vote of a two-thirds majority in the Senate, and that is always hard to come by—though beyond any doubt it would be easier for an attack on Great Britain than for any other purpose. That also is one of the ultimate realities.

In a certain sense England is bound to live between two apprehensions—not phantoms, because they have certain solidity—yet both in a certain sense illusory. There is, on the one hand, the menace of the American Navy, which the United States are determined shall be the biggest in creation. If they are so determined nobody can stop them, and England must accept the situation. Yet America's fleet will be no more danger to the British than was the British to America when England's Navy was supreme. On the other hand, the French Army is bound to be measured by the total available population, and Great Britain refuses to undertake this burden. The

guarantee here against danger is chiefly that France cannot more easily than America be committed to war. And it is fair to say that France would probably rejoice to see Great Britain adopt conscription.

The French principle breaks down at one important point. If universal military service is enjoined upon France by the theory of democracy, why is Germany to be barred from the application of this dogma? No doubt there is the question of war guilt; but even admitting that Germany has to pay for her past conduct by submitting to restraint, plainly this cannot last for ever. M. Paul Boncour cannot indefinitely, as a French Socialist, deny to republican Germany what he claims for republican France. He may insist on a penal period, but a period has limits. Besides, the French are well aware that they cannot, even if they would, prevent all Germans from learning the soldiers' lesson. M. Paul Boncour is so well aware of this that he insists once more that international security is possible only on one assumption. All nations must submit to arbitration, and all nations must be pledged to combine against the one whom an arbitration court shall decide to be the aggressor. Once again, it becomes much more possible to reach an effective agreement in this sense if the United States are left out of the reckoning. In large general asseverations, which commit no one to any particular action, America can take part, and, indeed, can even take the lead. But when approach is made to any of the great world problems, the thing discloses itself as a series of tangles which must be dealt with one by one, and for these purposes action must be localised. There are two facts hopeful for the conclusion of the negotiations about evacuation of the occupied territory: first, that French and Germans are meeting to discuss the question; secondly, that Americans are not involved—it looks also as if a discussion on the question of naval armament might take place, in which Europe and Japan might reach a conclusion binding on themselves only and leaving the United States free to spend their dollars as they will.

For many people even outside France a new play by M. Sacha Guitry is an event. This admirable but thin-

skinned artist is always at war with the critics, and apparently he has felt and resented some imputation of indolence; for the programme of his latest work contains the statement that in twenty-four years he has given us sixty-four productions. Even deducting revivals, we are in his debt for close on fifty pieces; and I, for one, wish I had seen all of them. The latest, *Mariette*, is not exclusively his work: it is a musical comedy, and M. Oscar Straus provides the music—about which I am not competent to speak—but I should like to know what was the real germ of this production. Was M. Guitry tempted by the queer, elusive figure of Napoleon III, and did he set out to make a play about him? or did he simply look about for a subject in which his heroine would be an opera singer so that Mlle. Yvonne Printemps should have the chance to show what she could do, not only as an actress but a singer? I think Napoleon came first, and then M. Guitry invented a romance for him; and the romance got the better of the portrait, and, because it was M. Guitry's invention, turned into an ironical but affectionate study of the Napoleonic legend, in whose evolution the lesser Napoleon surely played a part. M. Guitry is not like the typical French dramatist, such as M. Brieux, who hammers and chisels and files and consolidates till at the end he presents us with a problem set and worked out, neatly, masterly, and completely, in the space of four acts. That is perhaps why the French critics quarrel so much with M. Guitry, who has much more likeness to Alfred de Musset than to any Frenchman who ever wrote for the stage. Musset's comedies are more sympathetic to an English reader than any others of the nineteenth century; they have at times a freshness of note that is like Shakespeare's pastorals. But then, Musset lacked what Shakespeare had, and M. Guitry has supremely—the special craft of theatrical production. Musset would have given his eyes to be able to do what M. Guitry does so easily, and never more skilfully than in *Mariette*—that is, to express the play of his wit and fancy as much through the movement, the pageant, the action in short, as through the words. For that reason M. Guitry can manage his purpose with a great deal less talk than ever Musset did.

He manages, then, to show us Louis Napoleon at two significant moments: first, when he is returning to France with the way paved to a leading place in the Republican Government of 1848—elected as the representative of four great constituencies; and secondly, on the eve of the *coup d'état* which transformed him into an Emperor. In the first, he is at Rouen, incognito, waiting for the word that shall call him to Paris. To pass the time he has gone to the theatre, and has seen Mariette—the girl who plays a swaggering page in a way that makes us long to see her as Rosalind in *As You Like It*. For in the first act the opera is going on; we see it from behind the stage, and we see one of the boxes in which the mysterious stranger sits like a sphinx. The company is all agog about him, as we learn when the scene shifts to the green room—for he has been there three nights, and nobody knows whether he comes for the leading lady, whose lovers are legion, or for Mariette, who has the odd distinction of having no lover at all. In the middle of the talk, in comes the stranger, immaculate in evening dress, with equerry accompanying him, impressive as the hero of a Disraeli novel, until he opens his mouth, and pays a string of formal compliments to everybody; all very pleasant, but Louis Philippe, whose bust is on the mantelpiece, could have done it as well. Still, he makes it plain that his homage is specially for Mariette, and the company go off the stage leaving him and her together. He says very little now; but she is impressed—though she will not come to supper. He tells her then that if she still refuses he will know by instinct that very great matters will go wrong with him. She is the symbol of his destiny—one can see that he touches the imagination of his little *gamine*, who moves so confidently and boldly, like a town-bred sparrow, yet just as swift to be off. She refuses again before she goes on to sing a verse in the wings. But she refuses *à regret*. And then, in comes Persigny with the message that was waited for: all is ready, and the Prince must take the train at once for Paris. He refuses. He will not do the obvious thing. He has made up his mind that much may be achieved by the man who remains still. Silence fascinates. Persigny

- has to be content with that, and disappears before Mariette comes back, having sung her verse. The Prince gets her to sing to him, and she hums and sings, but the burden of her singing is all *Non, non, non*, until at last he tells her who he is, and the burden of her song quivers, wavers, varies, until it changes into a cry of "*Oui*." The legend has captured her.

Three years later we see her, not the *gamine* in doublet and hose, but a young and beautiful woman waiting for her lover. Mlle. Printemps is not at all beautiful, if her features are considered, but she looks as if she were, which is deadlier; and her slenderness rising out of the vast crinoline is adorable. She waits with apprehension, and when the Prince comes in she reads in his eyes. She has learnt that she must read there: she has learnt that she must accept. Their farewells are being said when Jerome Bonaparte bursts into the room; the real Emperor's brother tells the would-be Emperor what he thinks of him, in front of the real Emperor's marble bust. I should like to read over what M. Aquistapace sung with so much vigour; it had its bearing on the legend. But in the end the nephew, with his passive air and his monosyllabic phrases, gets the better of the exuberant uncle, who next day must ride through Paris, immediately behind the new Emperor. And Napoleon goes out and Mariette is left to sing once more her song of the first act, "*Adieu, mon amour*."

All that happened in December, 1851. The next act passes to 1928—in the same house at St. Cloud, which was the Emperor's parting gift, with the same furniture. Mariette still lives there, with her great-grandchildren. They are curious about the bust of Louis Napoleon which stands on the mantelpiece—where Napoleon I used to stand. She is now exactly a hundred years old, and a journalist (M. Guitry) hearing of this phenomenon comes in to beg for an interview. So we see Mariette again, a thin ghost of her youth, a thin ghost of a voice. She tells her story with ample detail—none of which corresponds to what we saw happening in the last act. (The sub-title of this play is *How History is Written*.) The journalist writes it all down with avidity—loud in praise of her

memory. But when he has put the question "Was anyone else there?" and gets the answer, "Yes, a king," he throws down his pencil. The one real detail that is true and is important upsets this seeker after documents. And when she tells him that it was "a German king, a King of Saxony," he is certain that she dotes. But an idea flashes on him. Of course, it was a plot of the Kaiser to destroy the Republic: the whole *coup d'état* was engineered from Berlin; and his pencil works furiously, setting down the materials for history as it is written. In short, the legend is still there—just as Mariette is still alive after a hundred years. But nobody realises now what the amazing period was which made kings all over Europe.

At all events, that, I think, is what M. Guitry wants to suggest. Other matters are not in doubt. He is a dramatist who is also an admirable actor, but he spends his talent in producing plays in which he shall be the foil or background against which his heroine flutters, darts and poises. Here he has given her the chance to show us the same person first as an honest rogue of a girl, then as a young woman lifted into dignity by love, and, lastly (by an extraordinary *tour de force*), the same woman dried up, shrivelled, faded, yet not extinguished—lighting up into a pathetic semblance of the old vitality when she sings once again for her interviewer with quavering voice the song of *Adieu*.

The curtain falls on that: when it went up again it was a pleasure to see Mlle. Printemps straighten herself up and caper like a wild filly as she curtsied to the applause.

M. Guitry is, I suppose, a licentious writer; at least, he makes his people say and do all manner of most improper things. But one never feels in his work the obsession of ugliness; and in the last analysis, though his wit can be mordant as vitriol, the atmosphere in which his plays move is impregnated with a delicacy and a charm which are as virile as they are graceful. It is the delicacy and the charm of a swordsman's play.

THE "WHISTLING PLOVER"

By DOUGLAS GORDON

OF all the bird voices that may still be heard upon the high moorlands or the winter shore there is not a call which conveys a stronger appeal than the sweet, plaintive whistle of the Golden Plover, or the "Whistling Plover," as he is appropriately named by the country people. To many people, no doubt, this most fascinating bird is but a voice, unclassified, and as elusive as that of the fabled *Wandergest*, mingling, perhaps, with the sea-bird's scream, or heard in the stillness of night at migration time. Others, again, take a purely sporting interest in his comings and goings, while an even greater number of people know him only as the choicest of table-birds, procured from the poulterer with little thought about his life-story or the manner of his death. The golden plover, indeed, is not a bird that comes everybody's way, his being a wild as well as a wandering spirit, and they who would make his acquaintance must seek him in the wild places to which he belongs, and of which he forms so essential a feature.

This bird's main breeding-grounds are the wilds of Arctic Europe, though a considerable number of nests may be found on the Derbyshire and Yorkshire moors, throughout the Highlands, and northwards to the Hebrides. The species is resident in many parts of Ireland, but, as far as Great Britain is concerned, it rarely, if ever, nests south of the grouse line. Upon Dartmoor, its great stronghold in the West, it ranks as a winter visitor only, and even as the curlew's call heralds the spring so the tuneful whistle of the plover, sounding from the hills when the bracken is reddening, may be regarded as a certain sign of winter's nearness. The note, indeed, is occasionally heard as early as mid-September, when large flocks may be observed, either upon the wing or resting quietly on some high ridge, from which they rise, when flushed, with obvious reluctance. These birds, however, are merely travellers, bound for more southern lands, who linger for a while in suitable localities, probably awaiting favourable winds before proceeding towards the Mediterranean. Of the birds which winter upon the Devonshire uplands the first flights arrive early in October, and "years ago" their coming was eagerly awaited by amateur and professional sportsmen alike.

Incidentally, the "professional sportsman," by which I mean the type of man who in the olden days more or less lived by his gun, must have done well "when the plovers came." Eightpence, I am told, was about the price obtained per head in local markets, and as forty or fifty birds frequently fell to one gun in the course of a day, irrespective of other game, the calling appears to have been tolerably remunerative. Now, according to the older moor-men, "it isn't a bit the same," and the flocks, or "wings," to use the old technical

term, which one sees to-day cut a sorry figure when compared numerically with the teeming multitudes of former years. "I have seen," wrote the late Mr. E. T. Daubeny, "vast companies, each of which must have numbered as many as thirty thousand birds," whereas nowadays one would look with considerable surprise at a flock numbering as many hundreds. But, however that may be, the bright little Northerners still come, and doubtless will continue to do so for many seasons yet, though never again, I fear, in the "exceeding great flocks" described by writers of long ago.

From a bird-lover's point of view there is no finer spectacle than a large flight of plover under full headway. The soul-stirring thunder of wings and the wild, free tumult of cries are sufficiently impressive, but it is the marvellous uniformity of time and action which, above all things, stamps itself upon the mind's eye with unforgettable vividness. A thousand birds appear to have but one mind between them. Or, more literally, their movements would seem to be governed by a common impulse that enables them to execute the most bewildering evolutions with an orderly precision at which one never ceases to marvel. By what mysterious agency, one wonders, are the numberless changes rung? How is every bird informed of the psychological moment at which to swerve, cant, sweep round in a breathless circle, or surrender itself to the wind to be whirled through space, still-winged and at a terrifying speed. So far as one can judge there is no signal given, no word of command. There is only that wonderful unity of purpose for which the most ingenious theory as yet advanced has entirely failed to account.

Of my own impressions, perhaps the most memorable was obtained one bright spring morning when crossing a high shoulder of Fur Tor, accompanied by an old moor-man—incidentally, one of the most observant naturalists of his day. As I write, the whole scene returns in vivid detail—the brown, billowy waste of heather and whortleberry across which the cloud-shadows were coursing, the little mountain sheep which fled like deer at our approach, the grotesque, rugged outline of the Tor with its raven-topped pinnacles towering like the ruins of some giant castle against the April sky, and immediately before us a burned and arid slope where a lark could scarcely have found cover.

My companion was relating an interesting tale of old forest life when a gunshot ahead there sounded an unmistakable call-note which was echoed instantly from every quarter of the heath, and, all within the same second, as it seemed, a fine flock of golden plover many hundreds strong was on the wing. The birds circled once or twice over the ridge, as though to take their bearings, after which they were heading straight away, when the man beside me gave a clear and curiously realistic whistle, whereupon we had the satisfaction of seeing the entire flock wheel like one bird and come sweeping back in our direction. Far larger flights are seen, of course; mightier aeronauts may create a more imposing pageant; none the less, there was something about this fine company in full wedding dress, black and gold

and evanescent white in the noonday sunlight, hurtling down wind to the tune of whirring pinions and a babel of eager, questioning cries, which in the case of one spectator at least still quickens the pulses whenever the name "Golden Plover" is mentioned. We crouched low among the rocks and the flock passed over us, only to wheel again, as once more the deluding whistle sounded; and so they continued to sweep backwards and forth for several minutes, gradually mounting to a height so great that the eye could no longer follow their evolutions.

"They are false birds," said the same moor-man to me upon another occasion, and he spoke upon the strength of an experience unequalled upon Dartmoor. "False," it should be observed, in this case does not imply infidelity, or the common interpretation of the word in any sense whatsoever. In old Devon parlance it merely stands for craft or guile, and the speaker used the term when describing some of the difficulties which he encountered in circumventing the wily plover of long ago. The particular incident which gave rise to the remark is, perhaps, worthy of record. For several seasons he had been on the track of a large flock which during the winter months rested daily on the western slope of Hangingstone, the hump-backed, peaty mountain which overlooks the wilds of Dartmoor. So difficult was the approach, however, that the wary game invariably took alarm long before he could get within range, and year after year passed without his getting a single shot at them. At last, in sheer desperation, he hit upon a plan, and early in the season, with much labour and patience, he set to work to cut a lane through the peat which by insidious windings approached and commanded the high plateaux where the birds mainly alighted. The undertaking involved some subterfuge, it being necessary to hoodwink certain kindred spirits who haunted the moor during those mellow autumn days in search of black game, and would not scruple, as he well knew, to take advantage of his labours, even to the extent of forestalling him. For the benefit of such gentry he allowed it to be understood that his work was in connection with the artillery practice, which fiction obtained the more ready credence as he was known to undertake certain duties on the ranges. To cut a long story short, he carried out his design, waited until a considerable number of birds were "in," then, one misty morning, by means of his trench, crept into the very heart of the flock and gave the dismayed birds the full benefit of both barrels as they rose.

He only did it once, however, and therein lay the "falseness" of which he complained. Taking warning from the signal disaster, not only the flock actually concerned, but all succeeding flights ever after forsook the place, frequenting instead the more exposed ridges where they were entirely safe from surprise. "That was twelve years ago," he said, when concluding the story, "and I have never seen a plover there since."

The foregoing is only one of innumerable tales which he has to tell of the period when shooting rights upon Dartmoor were not only

purchasable but worth purchasing, and upon the day which he considers to have yielded the best sport of his life his total bag amounted to no fewer than fifty plover, two hares, nine snipe, and three brace of partridges—a fine performance for one gun walking the heather with no other assistance than a pointer. During that season his bag of plover alone upon many occasions exceeded the "half-hundred" in a day, and so great was his success that the local markets proved unable to cope with the supply of birds.

When in pursuit of plover he once scored a distinctly unusual right and left. He had marked down "a brave covey" in an open place which could be approached by no other means than by creeping along one of the many heathery trenches or "leats," the same being the tracks of ancient waterways, cut perhaps centuries ago for "tin-streaming" and other forgotten industries. The trench being shallow, it was necessary to proceed upon all fours—no easy matter when carrying a gun. He managed it, however, crawled to within what he considered a fair shooting distance of the birds, and was about to disclose himself, when, reaching forward for the last time, he rested the barrels of his gun squarely upon the back of a hare which was squatting close in the heather. The hare, of course, was up and dashing away long before he had recovered from his astonishment; none the less, he found time to scramble to his feet and roll her over before she was out of range. At the sound of the shot the plover, into whose midst he had crept, arose on all sides of him, and he brought down no fewer than nine with the second barrel.

Like the man with the punt-gun, the "professional sportsman" appears to fire into the brown of a flock as a matter of course, his object being to procure as many birds as possible. It is not a commendable practice, but the actual cruelty is, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated. True, a certain number of birds escape "pricked," but there can be little doubt that the percentage would compare favourably with the corresponding total were ordinary methods employed. This applies not only to plover, but to wild fowl of every description. A popular notion prevails to the effect that a "good shot" either kills or misses his bird, and that it is the bungler who wounds. This, I fear, holds good only to a very limited extent. Indeed, it is rather the reverse of the truth. Curious as it may seem, the consistently bad shot seldom offends in this way. As a rule, his ineffective shooting is due to some chronic fault—usually a tendency to aim high—a clean miss being the most frequent result of his efforts. On the other hand, few birds indeed escape untouched from a really first-class marksman. His eye is too true, his timing too accurate, and though he may err upon occasions like anyone else, or may be deceived to some extent by a sudden turn or variation of pace, he is still tolerably sure to be somewhere thereabouts. Again, a great deal depends upon the angle of a bird's flight, which in many cases makes a dead shot nearly impossible, and, even lacking any such handicap, unless the object happens to be comparatively near, there is always the possibility of the pellets failing to reach a vital spot, in which

case strong fliers like golden plover, mallards, or woodpigeons, though hard hit, may carry on for a considerable distance. All considered, therefore, from a humane point of view there is very little to choose between "browning" and the most careful selection of one's bird, though sentiment naturally inclines towards the more sportsmanlike course. One might add that the principle of "aiming forward," so plausible in theory, is not always practicable, and in the case of skimming birds, flying at a height about level with the gun, it becomes an obvious impossibility.

The "falseness," or, in plain English, the wariness of the plover is to a large extent offset by the bird's astonishing credulity. I have already described how a whistle resembling the call of one of its members will bring an entire flock back again and again, and according to Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, it is a common practice in Heligoland to entrap migrating flights by the same simple means. A wounded bird, after dropping to earth, is very apt to whistle—a pathetic little S O S—and rarely indeed does the call of distress fail to bring back its fellows. Upon this account the somewhat cruel trick of allowing winged birds to remain upon the ground to act as decoys is occasionally advocated, but the end scarcely justifies the means. When flushed, even a single bird rarely omits to sound the alarm note for the benefit of any others that may be within hearing, and when feeding at night, particularly in strange country, they make frequent use of a low, piping call, presumably for the purpose of keeping in touch with one another. Incidentally, I have noticed that sporting dogs recognise the plover's whistle even at a considerable distance, and can distinguish it from the curlew's call, the crying of sea-birds, and even the note of the sandpiper.

Unlike its congeners, the golden plover is essentially a bird of high altitudes. Bleak moorland and wild mountain sides constitute its chosen habitat, and severe must be the winter that compels it to forsake the uplands. Night is its principal feeding time, when, under cover of darkness, a large proportion of the moor birds descend to cultivated fields, alighting for choice upon newly sown land or fields of green corn. Like curlews, they display a marked preference for certain localities, and, being conservative birds, are not easily expelled from their favourite haunts. Even the reclaiming of moorland, as a rule so fatal to its avifauna, seldom appears to drive away the plover, and as long as they can find conditions suitable to their economy, the wild birds remain true to immemorial custom, and return year after year, regardless of persecution.

During hard weather, or when winter is far advanced, they fly long distances in search of food, and on still nights it is nothing unusual to hear them in districts where they are entirely unknown by day. Quite recently an "in-country" farmer, knowing my interest in natural history, told me about some strange birds, "partridge-natured things," he called them, who "made a funny old noise," and followed him about like chicken when he went his nightly round of the sheep. They came, he said, after the "lambs' meat," by which he

did not mean mutton, but the waste oats, cake, or root-pulp littered round the feeding-troughs, "meat" standing for anything edible in West Country dialect. From his description I had no doubt that the birds were golden plover, and was glad to accept an invitation to accompany him one night upon his round and see the strange visitors for myself.

The night fixed proved propitious, being overcast, still and mild, ideal both for sound and the vivid contrast so necessary to make lantern-light effective. When we entered the field all seemed quiet. On some rising ground the sheep were resting, a huddle of dim forms, ghost-white in the gloom; not another living thing, as far as one could see or hear, stirred in the old pasture, but as my companion swung his lantern round, flashing its rays into all parts of the field, there was a sudden rush of wings, and in a moment the air seemed full of whistling plover wheeling excitedly about in the bright circle of light.

There was a curious unreality about the scene which can be better imagined than described—the beautiful wild birds, looking unnaturally big and white as they swept to and fro across the lighted area; the weird cries and the rapid winnowing of pinions which filled the surrounding darkness, rendered all the more effective by the occasional transient gleam of a silver breast or the turn of a wing flashing back some chance ray cast by the lantern; but at the moment the astonishing fearlessness displayed by the birds dwarfed every other impression. I should hesitate to say how near they came, but it occurred to me afterwards that my companion had struck at more than one of them with his stick. Neither could one do more than guess at the number of birds or the length of the performance. It might have been a matter of either seconds or minutes that we stood there while they circled about us, for time always seems long upon such occasions, and the flock might have mustered anything from fifty to a hundred. Many or few, however, they did not appear to be in the least alarmed at our presence, and, after a while, having exhausted the wonder of the light, they took ground again at a farther end of the field, where they could be seen with the aid of the lantern, running or rather creeping about for as long as we cared to watch them. One could not but think of the destruction that a gun in unscrupulous hands might have effected, not to mention one of the long "leap-nets" of which old-time fowlers made free use. Such a contrivance, skilfully manipulated, would have accounted for the entire flock beyond a doubt.

All ground birds have numerous enemies with which to contend, but Nature in many respects has been particularly kind to the plover, providing both young and adult birds with a plumage so admirably adapted to the conditions in which they live that they can become invisible almost at will. As spring advances the pure white waistcoat which during the upland winter has enabled the wearer either to vanish into a snowstorm or to couch in perfect safety on a bare hillside, indistinguishable from the scattered flint, for the most part disappears, giving place to a sooty black, which, relieved in its turn by

the perennial splashes and edgings of gold and brown, is in perfect harmony with the moorland vegetation. It requires a very keen pair of eyes to detect a squatting plover, and this wonderful colouring doubtless constitutes the birds' main protection against the peregrine, the harrier, and the more rapacious but less agile raven.

One snowy afternoon in late March, when crossing the lonely "Oggermaunt" of sinister repute, I chanced to spring some fifty plover who were sheltering deep among the peat-veins. They rose reluctantly, as birds always do when the dangerous snow-mist shrouds the uplands, and, after wheeling a turn or two, I heard them re-alight on some rising ground ahead, where, judging from their cries, they seemed to be settling. As my way lay over the same ground, I expected to see them again. Progress across the peat was slow, however; some little time passed, during which the whistling calls ceased entirely, and when at last I reached the place, the birds themselves had disappeared in the mysterious way of their kind, the little foot-marks which dimpled the newly fallen snow in every direction throwing no light upon the riddle. One could only suppose that they had taken flight unheard, and I was moving on, when there sounded the swishing of far mightier wings, and through the mist there loomed the form of some large bird, skimming low, and evidently quartering the ground in search of the plover.

I think he must have been a hen harrier, but there was little time for identification—just a suggestion of long shadowy wings, a lean grey body evolving from the whirling snow-dust, and without even taking definite form the apparition had espied me and was gone. At the same moment the plover, who had been crouching unseen all round me, now realising that the danger was over so far as the hawk was concerned, burst up with one accord, mounting rapidly until their cries were lost in the wail of the wind sweeping across Cranmere.

When a few days later I again crossed the bog, the sun shone brightly; every trace of snow had disappeared from the high ridges, and there was nothing to indicate that such a thing as a golden plover had ever set foot in that solitary place. The flock had flown northwards in the track of the storm, and, in place of the sweet clear whistle, the curlew's trill sounding across the waste announced that spring had come.

SEVEN

BY ALEX MATSON

(Translated from the Finnish by Aino Kallas)

THERE were seven of them drifting on an upturned boat. They had made some efforts to right it, but without success. Some time passed before they became conscious of one another. Then one of them spoke: "Comrades, tell us your names." They all told them, except one, and he merely answered: "My name doesn't matter now." This man apart, three of them were stokers, one a cook's mate, and two were deck passengers who spoke nothing but their own languages and did not even understand each other. And so they sat, back to back, three on one side, four on the other, shivering in their dripping clothes.

The sea was calm and satisfied; in the sky there were stars by the thousand, but no moon. The water came up to their knees, but whenever they tried to draw up their legs, they seemed impossibly heavy, and alien, like lumps of ice.

Suddenly the cook's mate said aloud:

"Oh God, God!"

No one answered him. And then he went on complaining, at first quite softly, and from his broken phrases they understood that he was cold. But as they were all shivering just as violently, no one thought to comfort him; they only clenched their teeth, to avoid crying out themselves.

"I'm freezing!" he cried, again and again. "I'm so cold."

And his voice was young like a growing boy's, wonderfully young, clear as a woman's; at times it broke as in adolescence.

The others went on listening in silence to his cries; soon they relapsed into a childish sobbing.

"Do you feel cold?" one of the firemen asked at last.

But without directly replying to the question, the cook's boy continued complaining, and called on his mother to help him, then on God, then again on his mother. At last he only said, over and over again: "I'm cold, mother, mother!" like a child snuggling down into the warmth of its mother's body.

And each of them felt his earliest memory, the warmth of another human body, revive for a moment in his mind.

"Let's pray aloud!" said one of the firemen.

Then they all prayed together, the deck passengers each in his own tongue, and every time the boat rocked, they began again, each praying to his own god; all except the unknown passenger, who was silent, and the cook's boy, who never ceased calling on his mother.

After that they began to shout together at intervals, to keep their

minds from dwelling on the cold, for they knew quite well that their shouting was vain. But to hear their own voices gave a sense of security, so long as the sound sent forth from their throats went rolling through the calm air; and gladly would they have bid it stay and recalled it from space, where it disintegrated into millions and millions of ever-diminishing waves of sound.

Shouting was more to their minds than common prayer, and they all took part in it, regardless of their different languages. But they shouted merely to pass the time, for they knew that rescue was not to be expected before morning.

"Who holds out till morning will be saved," said the unknown passenger.

The others read in the sound of his voice that he intended to be saved, and each asked himself: "Shall I be saved?" and some counted the stars in the sky, as though an eternal problem had been fixed to a dark blue board overhead with golden nails.

The cook's boy still moaned, even more faintly:

"I'm cold—mother, mother!"

All of a sudden his cries began to grow much weaker, and the man beside him supported his fainting body with one hand as it collapsed into a shapeless and as it were boneless mass. Gradually it began to slip downward and became so terribly heavy that the man relaxed his hold; then, in alarm, clutching at it again, his hand gripped wet curly hair and nothing more. For a moment he supported the sinking body by the hair, but, being near to overbalancing himself, he let go, and the body slid under the boat.

"One," said the unknown passenger.

The harshness of his voice made the others start, yet each felt relieved, now that the moaning was no longer heard.

They sat silent for a time, not even praying. The stars were at a great height above them; twice they saw a shooting star. The night was marvellously fine and calm, filled with cold and death. An almost imperceptible swell carried their boat along, in what direction they did not know.

Suddenly one of the deck passengers said something incomprehensible.

"What did you say?" asked the man beside him.

The deck passenger tried to translate his remark into English, stammered a few words in an outlandish accent, and continued his incomprehensible speech. No one understood him. They did not know whether he was praying, or confessing, or uttering his last wishes; they only heard the passion in his tone, and they shuddered at the sound of this human voice filling the air with words they could not understand.

And he went on talking, utterly alone, to companions who understood him as little as the deaf stars in the heavens.

All at once he began to undo the lashings of his lifebelt. As he was sitting farthest to the right, on the swaying keel of the boat, the others could not have prevented him even if they had wished. They

guessed his intention, and those who sat nearest to him in the faint light saw his massive head with its jutting cheek-bones. He was a middle-aged man, bearded, and dressed like a workman.

After untying the lashings of his lifebelt with his numbed fingers, he folded his arms and sat for a time in silence. His neighbour nudged him, but he did not move. Suddenly he covered his eyes with his hands and slipped into the sea and disappeared.

"Two!" said the unknown passenger calmly.

And they all repeated the word, but very softly, merely moving their lips, without one tremor of their vocal cords.

There were now five men left, and there was a little more room. The cold was piercing in its rigidity. It was still dark, and now, with every other minute, the comb of a wave wetted them to their waists.

Suddenly one of the firemen said:

"Friends, my legs have gone."

The others said to him:

"Lift your feet; move them, in God's name!"

But still he declared that he had no feet left; he could only feel down as far as his knees; below that, his legs seemed to be cut off.

Nevertheless, he tried to follow the advice of his companions, and it seemed to him that he only moved the stumps of his legs. They no longer felt cold, and there was no pain in them.

And after a while he said:

"Friends, my arms are dying!"

Like his feet, his hands now were losing touch with his body; they ceased to belong to him.

"Bind me fast," he prayed.

They tried to tie a rope-end round him, but as his frozen hands were of no help, the rope slipped and he began to slide into the water.

As he slid into the water he said, quite distinctly, and in full possession of his senses: "Good-bye, mates, hold out! I would have liked to live!" His body did not sink, for the lifebelt kept it floating on the surface; long they saw it, whether they would or no, bumping continually against the boat's side, until at last the waves carried it farther away.

"Three!" said the unknown passenger.

They hated and feared this firm, clear voice, betraying not the faintest tremor, which counted the strokes of their fate, sure of its own salvation. And now they were placed so that he sat alone; the other survivors were on the opposite side of the boat with their backs turned towards him, and a queer assurance possessed them: they would never see this man's face. It seemed to them as though in some way he was the cause of their misfortune, and they hated him with a weak, ineffectual hate, because he alone amongst them was strong.

And their silent struggle against the cold went on. Each time a wave splashed over them, they held their breath and tightly closed their mouths, while their hearts beat faintly. But it was when the wave fell back that they felt the cold most keenly; they heard the

water seep from their clothes, which stiffened into ice around them, and the freezing air penetrated every pore of their skin.

Time passed, how long they could not tell. Not one of them wanted to give way to him who sat behind, waiting with the next number on his lips.

Then it began to seem to the two men who sat on either side of the second deck passenger that they were supporting a lifeless body. The man between them sat still and straight, and they saw his rime-covered grey beard hanging stiffly on his bare chest.

They tried shaking him gently; he swayed from side to side, unyielding and heavy as a lump of ice, and they heard the crackle of his frozen garments.

A dumb terror assailed them, and as though by a wordless agreement they went on supporting the stiffened corpse, afraid to confess that one more had died. A quarter of an hour passed, and no one spoke a word.

At last the weight grew too heavy and uncomfortable to bear, and the younger fireman, who sat on the left, said in a faint voice:

"He seems to be dead!"

With that, by common consent, they pushed him with their numbed hands and he tumbled into the sea, heavily, and with a splash, like a great heavy stone.

"Four!" said the unknown passenger in the same calm voice.

The words struck the others like an icy rope; no one repeated them.

And now there were three of them left. The boat, having lost part of its freight, rode higher now in the water; they guessed that they had been drifting for nearly two hours. A great stupor overcame them. They fought against sleep, which bore down on them irresistibly, for they knew that sleep denoted certain death.

The younger fireman let his head sink on the other's shoulder; he was beginning to see broken and delirious dreams, and each time his comrade awakened him he immediately closed his eyes again.

Nothing could keep him awake. He wished for sleep. Wonderful dreams, such as he had never seen before, spun themselves in his benumbed brain; he felt so happy. And he muttered angrily: "Let me sleep."

He awoke for a moment to feel an icy, shuddering cold, which stung his body; eager to escape from it, he closed his eyes.

He saw colours gleam from crystal, sunlit ice, as he wandered, insensible to cold, through rainbow caverns.

Suddenly, he saw that the light was not pouring down from the sun; all was shining behind the glittering shell of ice, as though a blazing fire burned all around, and he marvelled that the ice did not melt.

All these different lights warmed him, each raying down warmth of different colour and degree that entered deliciously into his veins; he was full of red and green and purple and yellow warmth.

"Blue warmth—blue warmth," he seemed to be saying.

And he slept, an ever deeper, ever more delightful sleep, while deadly cold pressed round his feebly beating heart.

His comrade pushed the body into the water. Some time after the unknown passenger said:

"Five!"

"Stop that," said the surviving fireman darkly. "If you die before me, it will be my turn to say 'six.'"

"I shall outlive you," said the unknown passenger.

"How do you know that?" said the fireman. He was a big, burly man in the prime of life.

And they exchanged no more words. The stars began to pale slightly, but the cold and darkness remained unchanged. Some hard object bumped against the boat, and they recognised it as a chair; they drifted along in company with it until the chair again bore away and was left behind. The wind had freshened a little.

Suddenly the fireman heard a faint gurgle coming from the other side of the boat.

"You have brandy there," he said, becoming alert. "For Christ's sake give me some, too!"

"I'll drink my brandy myself," said the other. "What good would it be when there isn't in any case enough for two?"

"You're right," muttered the fireman.

He tried to avoid leaning against his companion's back, but the other pressed so hard from his own side that he was forced to thrust back, even at the risk of slipping into the water.

And it seemed to him that he was wrestling with Death, and as though a mighty will issued from the man sitting back to back with him, compelling his death.

"You might hold on to me," he said of a sudden, weakly. "I feel as though I were beginning to slip."

"I need my strength for myself," the passenger said.

The fireman fumbled in his pocket for a knife and stuck it into the boat's bottom plank. His head began to reel in a strange, unaccustomed fashion. He felt as though he wanted to say something important, something on which hung immeasurable things, but his mouth refused to obey. He repeated in his thoughts: "I must hold on . . . hold on . . ." and he believed he said it aloud.

He had a wife in Southampton, and children, the youngest still unborn, and for their sakes he wished to live. All this he said in the same voiceless fashion, though he believed he was shouting it aloud.

Suddenly he became clearly aware that the other man was pushing him from behind. He shouted: "What are you pushing for?" and slid lower, filled with powerless rage.

But at that moment the word "Six!" rang in his ears, and, unable to keep his hold, he slipped into the water.

A little later two lights appeared on the horizon; rescue had come.

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE SWEDISH NATION

By S. M. ELLIS

SWEDEN, of course, is one of the oldest civilisations, and it was an inhabited country long before the word would be applicable. Scandinavia in the age of glaciation was frequently covered by vast sheets of inland ice, and the great Swedish archæologist, Oscar Montelius, has stated that after the final glaciation there soon followed an immigration of man from Central Europe, which means that Sweden has been continuously inhabited for 15,000 years. The settlers spread north, and to all parts of the country before the end of the Stone Age. They were practised in primitive art, particularly in sculpture, for rock carvings of the period showing animals, such as the reindeer and elk, have been discovered in Norrland. The Swedes are thus a very ancient people, and can establish proofs of their continuous inhabitation of their country from long before the first faint dawn of history. And then, as history evolves, Tacitus speaks of "the Suiones, who may be said to inhabit the ocean itself"—the ocean, from his context, obviously being the Baltic—"are mighty, not only through the strength of their armies, but also through their powerful naval force." The continuous status, too, of Sweden as a kingdom is also of remarkable length of time. Dr. Rolf Nordenstreng observes:—

"Sverige as a kingdom has now lived for about two thousand years, and to-day stands upright as Europe's indisputably oldest State. From the very beginning to the present time it has been a kingdom, and a constitutional kingdom, not an absolute monarchy . . . but the oldest known limited monarchy in the world."

The same stability is found in the racial characteristics of the Swedes, who are, in the main, a combination of the Nordic and East Baltic races. The former approximates to the Teutonic or Germanic types, while the East Baltic signs are seen in the natives of Finland and Lapland and their connections.

The peculiar national attribute of naval enterprise and adventure found its most historical expression in the period of the Vikings, during the ninth and tenth centuries, when the seafaring Swedes made journeys and forays to countries both near and remote. These gallant marauders took home foreign women as wives and foreign males as thralls. In due course the prisoners were released from their thrall-dom, promiscuous propagation with their hosts took place, and the descendants of such unions are now an integral part of the Swedish nation. Among other interesting racial grafts must be remembered the Scotch. Many Scots gentlemen, soldiers of fortune, served in the armies of Gustavus Adolphus (1611-1632) during the wonderful years when all the Russian territory on the Baltic, and Livonia and Polish

Prussia, fell before the victorious arms of the Protestant Champion. These Scotch soldiers remained and settled in Sweden, and that is why a name like Hamilton is indigenous in the country to-day.

Thus it is that the anthropology of Sweden is of extraordinary interest. Its ramifications and details can all be read in a monumental work just issued by the Swedish State Institute for Race Biology.¹ The editors, Professor H. Lundborg, of Uppsala, and Dr. F. J. Linders, have assembled a vast mass of tabulated statistics, together with very interesting historical and geographical essays, and a fine series of illustrations exhibiting the racial characteristics of the Swedes. Military conscripts have been a particular field of study, and investigation made of some 47,000 young men and their physical formation, this number representing about half the average population of males between the ages of 20 and 22. Ever enterprising and thorough, Sweden can claim to have produced one of the pioneers of the science of anthropology in Anders Retzius (1769-1860), and the present work is indispensable to all students of the subject. Apart from this book's scientific value, it is interlinked with the more romantic aspects of the land of the later and dark forests, even though the troll be absent from its survey.

(1) *The Racial Characters of the Swedish Nation*, Anthropologia Suecica MCMXXVI. Uppsala.

* * * *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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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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IN MEMORIAM: W. L. COURTNEY

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

MOST readily, but with a heavy heart, I comply with the suggestion that I should contribute to THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW a few pages in memory of the man who for thirty-four years was its editor, and for fifty years was my friend.

Among the literary men of our time Courtney had, by general admission, a place all his own. A headmaster at three-and-twenty, for nearly fifteen years (1876-1890) a brilliantly successful college tutor and lecturer, treasurer of the O.U.B.C. and coach of the college eight, a leading figure in the social world of the University, the life of the Senior Common Room of New College, the foster father of the O.U.D.S., hail-fellow-well-met with the undergraduates, but at the same time a philosopher of no mean merit and a promising aspirant to one of the Philosophical Chairs, the friend of Jowett as well as of Irving, Tree and Toole—all this before, at the age of forty, he migrated from Oxford to London to become, for a full generation, one of the most prominent figures in the literary world of London.

When I first went up to New College as an undergraduate Courtney had but lately returned to Oxford as a Tutorial Fellow of the College and lecturer in philosophy. For exactly half a century he and I were friends; from time to time we were closely associated in work and play, and it is therefore a special gratification to me to be allowed to lay a wreath of affectionate remembrance upon his tomb.

Born in India in 1850, the son of a civil servant, Courtney was educated at Somersetshire College, Bath, and University College, Oxford, whence, after a successful undergraduate career, he was elected into a Fellowship at Merton. But he was anxious to marry, and

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after a year's tenure of his Merton Fellowship he accepted, with characteristic courage, the headmastership of his old school (1873). He was not, however, born to be a schoolmaster, and three years later he returned to Oxford as a married don, and on terms so flattering that after a specified period of service he had the option of retiring and at the same time retaining the rights and emoluments of a Fellowship. He exercised the option, and thus died, at the age of seventy-eight, a Fellow of New College, having in the meantime accomplished nearly forty years of literary work in London.

At Oxford Courtney will be long remembered as one of a small group of tutors who transformed New College from an annexe of Winchester into one of the largest, most popular and, in both sport and work, one of the most successful colleges in the University. The present Warden (Mr. H. A. L. Fisher), who was his pupil, has been kind enough to send me a short note on Courtney's work at New College. "I used," he writes, "to attend his lectures on philosophy when I was an undergraduate, and I also wrote essays for him. He was, I think, a most admirable lecturer, very clear and methodical, never wasting a moment of anyone's time and most helpful for the schools. His lectures were always crowded—indeed, he and Alfred Robinson and Pelham of Exeter were, I think, the most popular lecturers in their different subjects in the School of Literæ Humaniores during my undergraduate time. Some people, it is true, thought that Courtney's lectures were too cut and dried, but I confess that I found them thoroughly interesting, and that they put me in the way of a good deal of profitable philosophical reading on my own account. He had an easy command of the general outline of philosophical thinking which was very impressive to the tyro, but, of course, philosophy was, as we all realised, only one of his very many interests.

"When I was elected to a Fellowship in 1888 I found Courtney the life of the Common Room. He was always ready to talk on literature or the drama, and to excite conversation in others. I think that he rendered a very great

service to New College, and that it is largely owing to his teaching that the College established its tradition, which has been so successfully maintained ever since, of sending year by year a number of well-trained men into the Greats School."

I was not myself a pupil of Courtney's, but the undergraduate opinion of my day was entirely consonant with Mr. Fisher's recollections. What he says of him as the "life of the Common Room" I can personally confirm. Yet I think all his colleagues felt that the atmosphere of a Common Room was not wholly congenial to Courtney. A generation earlier it would indeed have been infinitely more distasteful, for already the old order was rapidly passing away, and university life was broadening with the progress of "reform." Courtney's return to Oxford synchronised with the beginning of those changes which have gone far to transform a university city into a residential suburb: the home not only of married dons and their families, but of retired clergymen, civilians and soldiers. In the seventies Oxford had just begun geographically to expand. Goldwin Smith and Max Müller were, I believe, among the first of university professors to take up their residence north of the "Parks." But Parktown itself was still an isolated suburb; Summertown was a rural village.

In the new society of "North Oxford," no less than in that of the College and University, Courtney was an outstanding figure. He and his young wife made their house in the "Parks" a centre of social activity, and particularly were they to the fore in College or University balls and theatricals.

Of the drama Courtney was throughout life a devotee, and no man did more to secure for it its due place among the intellectual activities of undergraduate Oxford. He began diplomatically with a revival of Greek plays, and with F. R. (now Sir Frank) Benson, George Lawrence of Corpus, and C. N. Bruce of Balliol, was mainly responsible for the production of the *Agamemnon*, first in the hall of Balliol College and afterwards at St. George's Hall in London.

Then came the establishment of the O.U.D.S., with Arthur Bouchier, Alan Mackinnon, and (somewhat later) young Harry Irving as his principal lieutenants. The *Merchant of Venice* was produced by the Society in the Town Hall, with Bouchier as Shylock, Mrs. Courtney as Portia (and an admirable Portia she made), Mrs. Margaret L. Woods as Jessica, W. (now Sir William) Bromley-Davenport as Old Gobbo, while Courtney himself was a splendidly handsome Bassanio. The Archbishop designate of Canterbury was also (if my memory serves me) in the cast.

As yet, however, Oxford lacked a theatre, though entertainments of a kind were given in a wretched tumble-down structure called the "Old Vic," which was chiefly memorable as the scene of undergraduate rags, and mainly profitable to University finance as a happy hunting ground for the proctors. But at last Courtney found a staunch ally in Jowett, the broad-minded Master of Balliol, and with his full concurrence as Vice-Chancellor, a handsome little theatre was opened in 1886.

The battle of the drama in Oxford was won, and won largely by the persistent yet tactful efforts of the young tutor of New College. From that day onwards the annual productions of the O.U.D.S.—confined at first to classical and Shakespearean drama—have been among the most interesting events of the academical year.

Yet, despite his growing reputation as a teacher and as a writer of philosophy, despite his many-sided social activities, Courtney was becoming increasingly restless in Oxford. He had formed friendships with Irving and J. L. Toole—both of whom he entertained in Oxford—and other leading actors; he was already contributing to *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, and perhaps to other reviews, though he by no means neglected his own specialised studies. He published *The Metaphysics of John Stuart Mill* in 1879, *Studies in Philosophy* in 1882, *Constructive Ethics* in 1886, and a short life of J. S. Mill in 1889. Such solid work, coupled with his high repute as a teacher, gave him a serious claim to consideration for one of the philosophical professorships. Twice, however, he was, to his chagrin,

passed over, and under the shock of this disappointment he decided to leave Oxford for London. It was not a decision to be lightly taken by a man of middle age with a large and young family. On the contrary, it was an act of faith and adventure.

Well do I remember the dismay caused to his colleagues at New College by the announcement that Courtney was going to join the editorial staff of *The Daily Telegraph* and migrate to London. In January, 1890, however, the migration was accomplished, and thenceforward London was his home and the centre of all his interests.

He never regretted, nor, I think, had he any cause to regret, a decision which caused more surprise than it would to-day. Was it Andrew Lang who said that only those sons of Oxford cease to love her who linger in her quadrangles too long? It may well have been, for Lang's own career was largely parallel with Courtney's. Like Courtney, Lang was a Fellow of Merton, vacated his fellowship on marriage, and deserted the academic life for that of a London journalist. Courtney, at any rate, was a far happier man in London than ever he had been in Oxford. In Oxford he was always (so it seemed to me) somewhat artificial, a trifle self-conscious, and almost, at times, ill at ease. In an environment only partially sympathetic a man is apt to be half unconsciously on the defensive. In London, on the contrary, Courtney was perfectly natural, wholly at his ease. Always the most courteous of men and the kindest of friends, he seemed in London to gain perceptibly in simplicity and humanity. His clubs, the Garrick and the Beefsteak, were far more to him than ever the Common Rooms of Oxford had been. The change in his temperament was subtle, but to me it was clearly apparent, and others who knew him well, both in Oxford and London, were not slow to detect it.

Nor was it remarkable. In London he could indulge to the full his lifelong passion for the theatre. It would have been an added joy to him could he have written a really successful play. His *Kit Marlowe* was, indeed, produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1893, and was praised by discerning critics; Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced his *Undine* and H. B. Irving his *Markheim*;

but his hand was just a little too heavy for successful play-writing. Minor disappointments failed, however, to embitter him. There was, in truth, little room in his busy life for bitterness. For thirty-four years (1890-1924) he was on the staff of *The Daily Telegraph*, and, as that great journal wrote on the morrow of his death: "There was no field of journalism to which he was not ready to turn his hand. He wrote leaders, columns of descriptive notes, whole volumes of literary criticism. He was dramatic critic for years; he consulted Viceroy and discussed political situations in high places. Whenever a delicate piece of work had to be done Courtney was the man to do it. He was tact and diplomacy personified. He was also the very kindest of critics, generous, perhaps, to a fault." That is truly said.

The Daily Telegraph did not, however, absorb all his activities. For over thirty years he was a director, and for some time chairman, of the publishing house of Chapman and Hall, and from 1894 until his death he edited this REVIEW. Both as publisher and editor he was constantly on the look out for a live voice in literature. One of the earliest of his discoveries was that of a young Newcastle journalist who has since attained world fame as a publicist, Mr. J. L. Garvin, of the *Observer*. There are many who retain recollections of those brilliant essays on European diplomacy which Cowen's pupil contributed to THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW over the pseudonym of "Calchas." Sir James Barrie, whose first serious play, *The Wedding Guest*, was published in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, and Mr. Eden Phillpotts were also encouraged, if not actually discovered, by Courtney. These are, however, only a few of many young writers who in later days have achieved success, and are to-day anxious to bear grateful testimony to the encouragement which as beginners they received from one of the best editors of this generation. If, as an editor, Courtney had a fault it was perhaps his generosity. He hated to give pain; but he never allowed his REVIEW to suffer for his own temperament; rigid in the application of a high standard in his own work, he exacted it in that of others. Always well-groomed in

person, he was the sworn foe of slovenliness in art. He was essentially an epicure, as his *Studies New and Old* clearly indicate. For illustration I would instance his charming Essay on *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. But his daintiness was not limited to things of the mind. He prided himself, not without reason, on his knowledge of gastronomy. Well do I recall the "Courtney breakfasts" at New College. In those days it was the custom (it may be still) for the tutorial staff to meet after early chapel on Tuesdays to compare notes on the work of the undergraduates. That duty done, they breakfasted together in Common Room. The menu was Courtney's job. A less robust generation may think this a light matter. Not so Courtney. He took his duty seriously, and I still remember with relish the products of his dainty and discriminating taste.

Leviora cano. These were the more trivial expressions of a nature which was singularly compounded of the gay and the grave. But Courtney had such a hold over himself that he rarely, if ever, permitted either to predominate. Nevertheless, despite some superficial characteristics, he was essentially a serious man, a man of deep, if restrained, feelings, with a high and definite purpose in life. If I had need to prove this statement I should put into the box his friend and mine, Dr. R. F. Horton, the eminent Nonconformist preacher and divine. Theologically the two men were, I suppose, poles asunder. Courtney's opinions, at any rate in early life, were the result of a violent reaction against the stern Calvinism of his immediate forbears. Nathaniel Hawthorne had something of the same experience, but he confesses in one of his inimitable and self-revealing Prefaces (it may be to *The Scarlet Letter*) that the fibres of those Puritan ancestors of his were closely intertwined with his own. Who and what, they seemed to say to him, is this degenerate scion of a respectable stock? A writer of story-books? Of what use is he in the serious business of life? Yet, disown me as they may, I am truly their child. So in effect said Hawthorne. I often thought that Courtney might, in similar fashion, have held converse with that

stern old Puritan his father, or his grandfather, the Rev. Septimus Courtney, whose strict evangelicalism brought him into unequal conflict with his Tractarian Bishop. Be that as it may, Courtney's mind increasingly turned towards "serious" things, as his *Literary Man's Bible* (1907), the *Literary Man's New Testament* (1915), and *The Bedside Bible* (1925) cumulatively testify. In the last two years of his life the New Testament in Greek was never far from his hand. This is not, however, the place for developing this theme. Let me add only the expression of a hope that should a life of Courtney be written, his pupil, colleague and friend, Dr. Horton, may be induced to contribute a chapter to it. Without such a chapter the volume would, I am confident, be lamentably incomplete.

* * * * *

Meantime, those who would know the real Courtney, those who would penetrate beneath the highly polished surface to the tenderness and wisdom of a man who was pre-eminently a "gentle philosopher," should read his latest book, *The Passing Hour*, published just three years before his death. It contains a series of self-revealing autobiographical sketches. It opens with a beautiful sketch of that elder sister who to him was "mother, sister, guardian, protector, friend, and, I may even add, lover." It closes with a wonderful chapter, pregnant with a mellow and tender philosophy on old age. He apologises for the platitudinous character of "An Old Man's Thoughts," but the apology is uncalled for. It is, indeed, plain that he is feeling the chill of winter: a premonition of the end, not far distant, is clearly indicated. Yet few men can more successfully have kept, almost to the end, the "dew of their youth." He points to Anchises and Priam as fine examples of "old age triumphant even in decline," but he admits that "all things in their decline are unlovely and pitiable, whether we are dealing with empires, or art-periods, or our own failing powers." If that be so, Courtney, it is certain, had learnt some of the prophylactic secrets and could confidently prescribe them to his fellow-sufferers. "Keep the heart going; preserve your interests;

find points of sympathy with the young; do not allow yourself to be old-fashioned; and beware of selfishness—there are no better recipes for securing a contented old age."

Courtney was a living example of the validity of his own precepts. To the very end he was the friend and playmate of his grandchildren and *their* friends. The grandchildren never even thought of him as an old man; they talked to him as if he were their own contemporary, instinctively realising that he was frankly interested in the things which interested them, fully sympathetic with their point of view, while drawing for their benefit upon his own plenteous stores of wisdom and experience.

One concluding word. The "Old Man's Thoughts" brought him inevitably to a consideration of the final mystery. When first I read that concluding chapter of the autobiography, three years ago, it struck a chill to my heart. So obvious was it that my old friend had seen the beckoning hand. Re-reading it to-day, I find it singularly consoling. In particular I note his approving reference to Pascal's well-known saying: "'There is a logic of the heart as well as of the head'; and faith, to those who have it, carries men more deeply into the mysteries of life and death than all the speculations of all the philosophic doctors."

No one who knew the Oxford Courtney—the brilliant teacher, the keen metaphysician—doubted that he had a logic of the head; no one who knew him in his later and mellow and happier years could ever question the truth and depth of his "philosophy of the heart." *In pace requiescat.*

LIBERALISM AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

BY HUBERT PHILLIPS

II

IN my article last month I summarised certain proposals put forward in the Report of the Liberal Industrial Inquiry and adopted by the party. I propose now to indicate the kind of political action contemplated under these proposals, and the reasons for believing it to be necessary. The natural bias of the Liberal mind is *against* interference in industry; every proposal involving interference must therefore be justified—as I suggest that each of the measures now to be discussed can be justified—on the ground that it makes, on the whole, for freedom, opportunity, and progress.

(1) THE CREATION OF A MINISTRY OF INDUSTRY, HAVING ATTACHED TO IT A REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The proposed transformation of the Ministry of Labour into a Ministry of Industry would imply far more than a change of name and a redistribution of departmental functions. It is important that the exercise of governmental activities affecting industry should not—as is at present the case—be a matter for several unco-ordinated departments; as things stand, officials working in related fields, or even in the same field, report to different authorities at Whitehall, and this means waste and ineffectiveness. It is important that the Ministry which is primarily concerned with the nation's economic life should acquire a status superior to that which the Ministry of Labour now enjoys. Industrial affairs are perhaps not less worthy of the attention of Parliament than foreign affairs, and certainly not less worthy of that attention than what are vaguely called "home affairs." But more important still is it that the whole field of industrial activity should be envisaged by our law makers from an entirely fresh point of view.

Industrial activity is a large part of the nation's life, and almost the whole of its livelihood. If the country, then, is to be well governed it must be somebody's job to see that activity steadily and to see it whole. A Minister of Industry's labours would not end with the administering of enactments and the collection of statistics. He would do these things; but also he would make it his business continually to survey the industrial field, continually to take stock of industrial progress, continually to avail himself of those opportunities, which come only to persons in high authority, of initiative, of counsel, and of guidance. What is wanted, in short, is not regimentation, but leadership—the sort of leadership that American industry has for seven years enjoyed under the guidance of the great administrator whom it has just chosen as its President. We cannot, of course, always make sure of getting a Hoover for our Minister of Industry, but we shall not be able to make use of our Hoovers, when they do come forward, if we deny them the opportunities that intelligently devised machinery would open up for them.

If the functions of the Ministry, thus envisaged, are to be effectively discharged there will need to be adequate representation in Whitehall of the moods and purposes of industry itself. Industry cannot be effectively regulated by bureaucratic interference; the civil servant, however well-informed, however sympathetic, cannot hope always to get its problems into the right perspective. But neither can it be effectively regulated without such interference; there must, as we have shown, be order, since without order there cannot be progress, and order cannot be attained in a political democracy independently of the will of the community as expressed in Parliament. A line of compromise, therefore, must be found. The establishment of a representative Council of Industry is the only effective compromise that has so far been devised.

The Council of Industry will in form be advisory only; it is not proposed to multiply the estates of the realm. Its membership will include, in addition to representative industrialists and trade union leaders, a small official element. Its chairman will be called upon to exercise one

of the most responsible positions in the State; his conditions of appointment must be commensurate with such an office. The Council is not envisaged as a "talking shop" such as has sometimes been recommended as a cure for industrial discontent. It will be a body of about the same size as the Cabinet; it will meet under the same sort of conditions; rhetoric and appeal to prejudice will have no proper place in its deliberations. It is sometimes asked whether a representative Council can in point of fact be brought into existence on these lines. It seems to be assumed, says the sceptic, that the best men will be available—but will the best men be ready to serve? The answer is simple and conclusive. The functions which the Council of Industry will discharge are of such importance, from the point of view of employers and workers alike, that the services of those who are best fitted to perform them are certain to be forthcoming. *The keynote of the Liberal proposals is a distribution of responsibilities, in the sphere of industrial relations, which in itself provides at every stage the strongest incentive to co-operation on the part of every interest affected.* This, it is hoped, will become evident in the course of the discussion which follows.

(2) THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A REPRESENTATIVE NEGOTIATING BODY IN EACH INDUSTRY

The Liberal conception of industrial government implies not only the organised discussion of common problems by a representative Council, but also the setting up of a comparable body within each industry to deal with its domestic affairs. Most industries, of course, already tackle their common problems more or less along these lines. In a large number of industries of considerable, though not on the whole of major, importance, there are Joint Industrial Councils, modelled on the lines recommended by the Whitley Committee in 1917. For a number of minor industries (as also for a number of trades which are not industrially self-contained) wage minima are determined by the discussions of representative bodies set up under the Trade Boards Acts, to which reference has

already been made. And, finally, there exist in most of our principal industries *ad hoc* negotiating bodies of various types, designed, in effect, to interpret those principles of collective bargaining which have shaped themselves experimentally during two generations of conflict. Transport, iron and steel, cotton, engineering, shipbuilding (coal is a glaring exception)—each has painfully hammered out a technique of negotiation, in terms of which, in face of many difficulties and discouragements, industrial peace is, on the whole, maintained.

This is the foundation upon which we have to build. Along what lines can progress in the erection of a satisfactory and enduring structure most readily be attained?

To begin with, every industry must be given an incentive to perfect its bargaining machinery and to bring it into line with the Liberal conception. It is not proposed that compulsion should be brought to bear. To convene representative employers and trade union leaders in a given industry and to *order* them to settle their common problems by amicable discussion along pre-arranged lines would be to court disaster. What is proposed, and what is far more likely to ensure the desired result, is that each industry should be offered the enjoyment of considerable privileges, which will make it to a large extent self-governing, provided it will organise its domestic affairs along acceptable lines. Each industry—within limits defined by the Council of Industry and along lines to which, in general terms, the Council has given its approval—is to be invited to legislate for itself.

In effect, the Minister of Industry (with the advice and concurrence of his representative Council) will say to the responsible leaders of employers' and workpeople's organisations: "Get together if you can—I can help to bring you together if you like—and devise for the industry that you represent a working constitution. Adapt that constitution as closely as you can to the special character and requirements of your industry; there is not the least reason why you should copy slavishly what others have done, or accept, if you do not care for them, the recommendations of the Whitley or any other committee.

When you have got the constitution that satisfies you, send it along to me. If it conforms to certain requirements which the Council of Industry lays down, you will have the right of legislating (subject to the approval of the Council of Industry and of Parliament) in regard to your internal affairs. You will thus be able to enforce such standards in regard to conditions of employment as you may deem appropriate to your needs. In particular, you will be able—nay, you will be expected—to lay down wage minima for all those employed in the industry, which minima, once they have received Parliamentary sanction, will be enforceable by legal process.”

Here, it will at once be evident, is an incentive to internal organisation in every industry which can only be resisted where there is a positive bias in favour of anarchy or an active urge towards class warfare. Each industry, conscious that the betterment of industrial relations has been made a matter of national concern, is to be invited to play an active part in their development in respect of its own affairs. It is urged to become industrially self-conscious; it is offered, within necessary limits, self-determination. It can only refuse such an invitation on the plea that it is unfit to participate in the regulation of its own affairs.

What are the “requirements,” in regard to the technique of negotiation, that the Council of Industry will lay down? They will be few, but they will be important. The Council will insist that the representative body for each industry is representative; that it is organised on lines that do justice to minority interests; that it makes provision for the discussion of its domestic affairs in the light of full knowledge of the relevant facts. It will insist also that where proposals regarding wages or conditions of employment are put forward which it is sought to enforce by statute, these have the approval not only of both “sides” to the bargain but also of “neutral” members participating in the business of negotiation in accordance with some approved plan. Liberal thought attaches great importance to the part which the neutral member has played,

and is playing, in industrial negotiation; it regards the concurrence of expert “outside” opinion in the recommendations of a representative body as an invaluable safeguard against an obvious danger: the danger that, in the pursuit of the immediate interests of the industry, the wider interests of the public as a whole may tend to be overlooked. Not less important to the representative body itself is the co-operation of “neutral” members in the formulation of policy. Their endorsement of its recommendations is a guarantee to the Ministry of Industry that what is proposed is reasonable; without such guarantee the proposals put forward by representative bodies would in many cases need to be reargued before the Ministry itself, and the status and independence of these bodies would to that extent be impaired.

The reaction of these innovations upon the methods and machinery of collective bargaining will now be fairly evident. Negotiating bodies, as they exist to-day, will fit themselves, in diverse ways suited to their diverse needs, into the framework indicated. Joint Industrial Councils, acquiring the right which they have long sought to make their decisions enforceable, will handle realities where so far they have often toyed with shadows. Trade Boards, which do in fact exercise a right of *quasi*-legislation, but within very narrow and rigid limits, will assume a more representative character, will develop a sense of responsibility that addresses itself not to the requirements of processes but to the requirements of industries as a whole, and will gradually widen the scope of their activities. Finally, the bargaining machinery of our major industries will be developed along comparable lines. In some cases—*e.g.*, that of the railways—very little change from the position as it now stands need be occasioned; in other cases, and in particular in the case of coal, the means to self-government will need to be built up almost *ab initio*. Indeed, it is conceivable that the coal industry will prove altogether recalcitrant, and that something like a Trade Board, or rather a system of Trade Boards, will need to be imposed upon it before circumstances are favourable (as in most

industries they are favourable) to the growth of a due sense of responsibility.

The task of guiding and stimulating the evolution of an ordered structure out of the chaos and conflict of the present day will be the primary concern of the Council of Industry. It will be responsible, for example, for the demarcation of industries; it must place its advice and experience freely at the disposal of employers and employed alike. It will exercise, in fact though not in form, powers that industrial ill-will or apathy will alike be reluctant to provoke.

Incidentally, it should now be abundantly clear that the personnel of the Council of Industry is a matter with which all interested parties will be deeply concerned, and that neither employers nor employed will dare to delegate to other than their best minds the task of participation in its functions.

(3) THE MAINTENANCE OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE IN CERTAIN ESSENTIAL PUBLIC SERVICES

The above closely interrelated proposals for setting up a Council of Industry, and for establishing in separate industries representative negotiating bodies, are calculated to ensure, in themselves, the promotion and the maintenance of better relations between worker and employer than our generation has known. But, be it observed, they do not deny the right of the employer to lock men out or the right of the worker to strike. The Liberal view has always been that the "right to strike," *i.e.*, the right of the worker to refuse employment under conditions of which he disapproves, is a right. We ought not to envisage, in our code of industrial legislation, interference with it; to do so is to base our conception of the industrial order, in the last resort, upon a political tyranny. For this and for other reasons the Report of the Liberal Industrial Inquiry rejects the principle of compulsory arbitration. It will be part of the job of the representative bodies which it is proposed to set up to perfect the machinery of *voluntary* arbitration, as many industries

already have done. But it is too much to hope that the methods which they will devise will immediately secure a complete adjustment of differences. There will still lurk in the background the possibility of arbitrament by the cessation of work on the one hand or by the refusal to employ on the other.

In regard, however, to a limited number of industries there is an important consideration which is not generally applicable, but which in their case must be taken into account, namely, the protection of the public against sudden stoppages of work. All stoppages are socially harmful; but, as a rule, the damage done to the community is not sufficiently great to justify so drastic an interference with individual liberty as the illegalising of strikes and lock-outs would imply. If, for example, umbrella manufacturers lock out their employees, or if their employees strike for better conditions, there is an economic loss which reacts ultimately upon the general welfare; there is a comparable, though a much greater, loss if there is protracted stoppage of work in the cotton or the coal-mining industry. But the methods of collective bargaining already foreshadowed will enable public opinion to be brought to bear with the maximum degree of effectiveness in situations such as these. To prohibit stoppages of work in the umbrella-making industry would be to impose a petty tyranny provocative only of industrial ill-will; to prohibit stoppages of work in the coal-mining industry would inevitably mean bringing the law into contempt, as it has already been brought into contempt in Australia. The most that can usefully be done in either case is to provide every incentive to better industrial relations consistent with the well-being of the community.

But in the case of a few industries—sanitation, transport, light, power—the respective claims of "individual liberty" and of "social well-being" evaluate themselves differently in relation to one another. A stoppage of work in one of these industries, or even over a very small part of it, may, if it is precipitate, inflict damage upon the community at large out of all proportion to its immediate occasion. It is for this reason that certain clauses were inserted in the

Conspiracy, etc., Act, 1875, and in the Electricity (Supply) Act, 1921, which provided special penalties for breach of contract in certain public services. But this legislation, as we all know to our cost, has not proved effective. For example, the relevance of Section 5 of the Conspiracy, etc., Act, 1875, to the events of May, 1926, was hardly even discussed; that section is, to all intents and purposes, a dead letter.

Liberals accept the view that the latitude in respect to the "right to strike" which other industries enjoy cannot be extended to the essential public services mentioned above. They therefore propose that it shall be a function of the Council of Industry to schedule such essential services, and to call upon them to produce schemes for the maintenance of industrial peace in which the overriding interest of the community is safeguarded by the provision of adequate penalties for "lightning" strikes. It is urged that the essential services should organise themselves, rather as the Police Force is organised, on an "establishment" basis; the acceptance by the worker of more exacting conditions of employment than usually obtain should be compensated for by the enjoyment of special privileges as regards status and tenure. The precise character of the scheme to be sanctioned for each industry is, however, to be left to its own negotiating body.

The adoption of these proposals ought to ensure that the community is not again held to ransom, as it has been held to ransom in the past, by industries, or sections of an industry, which have taken advantage of their special position to bully those who are relatively defenceless. There is, of course, a possible difficulty—that negotiating bodies in scheduled industries will fail to present, for the sanction of the Minister and of Parliament, schemes which adequately safeguard the public interest. In that case the duty of protecting the public must devolve upon the Minister and his advisory Council. The case of the recalcitrant industry must be tried in the High Court of Parliament. And if a verdict is established which is unfavourable to its pretensions, Parliament must make its will effective by legislation.

Contrast the policy here outlined with that which finds expression in the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act, 1927. That Act has been characterised (above) as "a vindictive attack upon the status and privileges of trade unions." It addresses itself, not to the narrow range of problems which in fact merit legislative attention, but to the whole field of trade union activity. It seeks to obviate a repetition of the events of May, 1926, by penalising acts which, but for its provisions, would be lawful in themselves, and with which it is contrary to public policy for the legislature to interfere. It alienates trade union opinion at almost every point. And yet, in spite of all this, it does not touch the one issue in regard to which legislative interference is called for. It should be a cardinal point of Liberal industrial policy to ensure that the 1927 Act, and other obsolete legislation which still cumbers the ground, are swept away in the course of a comprehensive revision of the law as it affects workers' and employers' organisations. The field within which it may be legally possible to bring compulsion to bear upon their activities should be reduced—as reduced it is in these proposals—to the narrowest limits compatible with social well-being.

(To be concluded.)

JOHN BUNYAN: 1628-1688

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS

CANDIDATES at a Civil Service examination a few years ago were required by the examiners to discuss whether a general review of history pointed to the conclusion that "Great men are the product of their time" or that "History is the biography of great men." Whether either of these formulæ would survive the test of general application is open to argument: but individual instances can be found to fit both, and perhaps no more fitting illustration could be found of the former than John Bunyan.

Bunyan was pre-eminently a product of his time. He was only one of many, though perhaps in his day the most prominent and influential, to be caught up in a current of thought the drift of which was apparent long before the Reformation. To the Puritan movement Bunyan was incidental rather than essential. It is as absurd to suppose that that movement which had been gathering momentum for centuries would have stopped had Bunyan not lived to play a part in it as to suppose that there would have been no Parliamentary system in England had Simon de Montfort and Edward I never been born, or that there would have been no Civil War had Charles I never sat on the throne. Just as the English desire for representative government would some time or another have found practical expression, and just as the theory of monarchy current in the seventeenth century would inevitably have produced a conflict with the Parliament, so Puritanism in England, though its progress was possibly hastened by Bunyan's advent, would still, in his absence, have lived on to exercise a lasting influence on English manners and character.

It is necessary in order to understand Bunyan's place in history to enquire into the nature of the forces to which he responded. Broadly speaking, they were two. First was the firm belief that prevailed in the material Hell of

the Old Testament: it is difficult for us to realise the extent to which the idea of a hell in which the damned were to suffer for all time the most horrible physical tortures had gripped the human mind in the Middle Ages. A reference to the sculptures on many of our Gothic Cathedrals and to some of the early Church wall paintings will convince the most incredulous that the terrors of Hell were then a lively reality. We get an assurance of the persistence of this belief in the works of Bunyan himself. In *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* he tells us that he "suffered in his early youth by thoughts of the fearful torment of hell-fire, and he feared it would be his lot to be found at last amongst those devils and hellish fiends who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the Great Day." Again, in *Pilgrim's Progress* he pictures the several yawning gates of Hell, the burning lake, the bottomless pit, "whence come smoke and coals of fire." Much of *The World to Come* is taken up by a detailed description of the hideous torments endured by the damned. To those who were convinced of their own sin, the prospect of eternity spent in the hell of their belief exerted a profound influence—an influence not wholly realised until after the Reformation.

Before the Reformation the means of escape was through the Roman Catholic Church. A belief in the efficacy of the power of "Holy Church" and its Indulgences and Pardons, an acceptance of the nature of the Sacrament as taught by Rome, provided for the sinner the road to Salvation. But with the Reformation, which had in England no origin in the life of the common people and the effect of which was not realised by them at the time, all the elaborate machinery of Rome and much of its doctrine was swept aside. It was through those who were at the head of affairs in England that the great change in the religious life of the country was accomplished, and it was not till many years later that the common folk awoke to the realisation that the road their fathers had travelled was barred to them. With the thought of a material hell as the inevitable fate of the

damned always torturing the imagination, there followed then a feverish and frantic search for the true road—a search which reached its greatest activity in and about Bunyan's day.

Bunyan was, of course, a whole-hearted supporter of the doctrinal change effected at the Reformation. Filled with a conviction of his own sin, and in terror of what awaited him if he could find no way of escape from the City of Destruction, he set himself to seek out how Salvation might be achieved. That he found it to his own satisfaction and to that of many thousands in succeeding generations, both here and abroad, the existence of *Pilgrim's Progress* and its immense popularity show. The message he had to give to the world is one not easily condensed. It is outlined in the discourse he held with Hopeful, the discourse undertaken to defeat the drowsiness that stole over them when crossing the enchanted land. The Reformation opened to every man the door of direct approach to God. Bunyan pressed this lesson home and revealed how he had found and how any might find the way of approach.

It has been objected that Bunyan's is a doctrine of violent egoism: that even when he was preaching and saving the souls of others from the burning, he was still thinking of the door which stood open for him. It is quite true that if *Grace Abounding* and *Pilgrim's Progress* are read together—and they must be read together since the latter is but the former cast in the mould of a dramatic narrative—the central idea, unifying the whole, may be compressed into the question, "What must *I* do to be saved?" but to read into this idea a violent egoism is surely to misunderstand both Bunyan and his time. It was, as has already been indicated, an age in which realisation had come that the road to Salvation had been lost, and thousands up and down the country were in active and continuous search for it. That road, if the seekers were ever to find it, would appear only as the result of an individual analysis, in the light of Christian teaching, of each his own physical and spiritual experiences. There were, of course, many who would seek and never find*the

road for themselves: it is the good fortune of humanity that Bunyan with his rare gift of introspection and his ability to subject his every thought and action to the test of the doctrines of the Christian faith was one of the seekers. That the power of self analysis is a rare one more than one writer bears witness. The Marquise de la Tour du Pin, when she sat down to write her *Recollections of the Revolution and the Empire*, wrote, "If I were to relate events, a few sheets of paper would suffice for a record of so little interest. The journal of my heart is more difficult, for to depict oneself, self-knowledge is essential, and one does not begin to acquire that at fifty years of age." Yet Bunyan was only thirty-eight when *Grace Abounding* was published, and *Grace Abounding* is probably unrivalled save by the *Confessions of St. Augustine* as an essay in spiritual analysis. Moreover, once Bunyan had found the way he gave to the world not only the way itself but a narrative of every process that went to its discovery, and so was instrumental in starting off on the right road thousands who were to come after him. That Bunyan had such a thought in mind in writing is very plain. At the conclusion of the preface to the Second Part of *Pilgrim's Progress* he says:—

Now may this little book a blessing be
To those that love this little book and me,
And may it persuade some that go astray
To turn their foot and heart to the right way.

Bunyan's apparent egoism is also in part explained in Christian's encounter with Simple, Sloth and Presumption, and in his attempts to persuade his wife and children to accompany him on his pilgrimage. He held the view that "there is no persuasion will do if God openeth not the eyes." To what end then to endeavour to persuade those whose eyes are not opened? Faithful elaborates this doctrine a little in his conversation with Talkative: "Heavenly knowledge," he said, "of a need of faith and the necessity of a work of grace in the Soul, is a gift of God; no man attaineth to them by human industry." This is a doctrine to which few would now subscribe—human persuasion has happily been instrumental in opening the

eyes of millions—but it does not help to explain away what some have found to be an unlovely trait in a character that contained much that was lovable.

The circumstances in which Bunyan allowed himself to be imprisoned have often been adduced as evidence that he was occupied with thoughts of himself to the exclusion of all others. It will be remembered that in 1660 he was arrested for preaching to a congregation, though he was not in holy orders. It is quite clear from his *Relation of his Imprisonment* that his Judges were reluctant to be the instruments of his imprisonment, and offered what appeared to them, and what has appeared to others, to be an honourable compromise. In effect he was told that if he would agree to abandon public preaching they would let him go, and there would be no interference with his exhorting people in private. Bunyan refused to give any such undertaking, and for twelve years he lay in prison. At the time of his imprisonment Bunyan had just married his second wife, and had four young children, one of whom was blind, dependent on him. His critics have urged that it was his first duty to support his family, and that he should have abandoned his preaching rather than desert them. So set was he, they hold, on his own salvation that he preferred to leave his family destitute and starving rather than imperil his own chances of arriving safely in the Celestial City. Many, and probably the majority, will profoundly disagree with this interpretation. In all ages there have been found those ready to sacrifice possessions, place, family and even life for an ideal or for a principle, and their strength of purpose has aroused the admiration and respect of the world. Galileo is lowered rather than raised in our estimation by his recantation before the Inquisition, whereas the names of Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and of a host of others, who endured martyrdom at the stake for an ideal, are now become centres of veneration. Do we enquire whether they abandoned and left destitute wives and children? Do we accuse them of violent egoism and stigmatise their stand for the truth as the action of persons blind to anything but their own spiritual advancement? Had Bunyan accepted

the compromise offered him, the critics would equally have found material for traducing him. He could have been attacked as one infirm of purpose, as one ready to sacrifice his principles to escape imprisonment, as one in whom at the first trial the flesh triumphed over the spirit.

It is worth while to examine Bunyan's mind on this matter. In the first place, he was influenced largely by considerations of his congregation. The issue of a warrant for his arrest was known, and he could have avoided imprisonment by flight. He stayed, however, because, in his own words, flight would "make an ill savour in the county," and "might be a discouragement to the whole body that followed after." If he ran before a warrant others might run before "great words." So he stayed. He had estimated, too, the price of staying. "I was made to see," he wrote, "that if I would suffer rightly I must pass sentence of death upon anything that can properly be called a thing of this life, even to reckon myself, my wife, my children, my enjoyments, and all as dead to me, and myself as dead to them. . . . The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the parting of my flesh from my bones: and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the hardships, miseries, and wants my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer to my heart than all I had besides." This does not seem to be the mind of a man wholly concerned with the thoughts of his own salvation, and it is possible to understand something of the struggle that must have torn him before he could reject the way of escape opened to him by his judges. To them he replied, "The law has provided two ways of obeying—one to obey actively, and, if he could not bring his conscience to that, to suffer whatever penalty the law enacted." The picture presented is not of one indifferent to the sufferings of others provided he himself climbed to salvation. We see a very human man with his heart distracted by conflicting thoughts of his family's destitution and of his congregation's needs, who found the strength to sacrifice to

the upholding of a principle everything that "can properly be called a thing of this life."

What has been the degree of Bunyan's influence either in this country or abroad it is quite impossible to estimate. His published works, including pamphlets and the like, number close on sixty, but it is as the author of *Pilgrim's Progress* that his name will live, and it is through that work that his influence principally exerted itself. *Pilgrim's Progress* was even during his lifetime widely read at home and in other countries. As he naïvely remarks in the preface to the Second Part:—

In France and Flanders where men kill each other
My Pilgrim is esteemed a Friend, a Brother.
In Holland too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is with some worth more than gold.
Highlanders and Wild Irish can agree
My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.
'Tis in New England under such advance
Receives there so much loving countenance
As to be trimm'd, new-cloth'd and deck't with gems. . . .

As early as 1682 there was a Dutch edition and 1685 a French edition, and now the book has been translated into eighty different languages and dialects. But what the degree of his own personal influence was on subsequent history, apart, that is, from the general effects which flowed from the Puritan movement as a whole, it is impossible to measure, though the rapid popularity that his preaching and books attained shows that it must have been considerable. One effect, at any rate, for which Bunyan must have been largely responsible was that the core of religion in England became, in Trevelyan's words, "the life of family prayer and Bible study."

The view is sometimes put forward that *Pilgrim's Progress* was aimed at one target and hit another: that it is read not for edification, but for its fable. If this be true, then much of Bunyan's influence over the spiritual life of his own and other generations must be discounted. It is, of course, true that *Pilgrim's Progress* is a very good romance of the road "with the open-air blowing through its pages"—the sort of romance in which children take,

and always will take, delight. Huckleberry Finn found that "the statements were interesting but tough," but, then, Huckleberry Finn was a rather unusual child. Probably the book's greatest charm is that it is so easily read and with such enjoyment: it may, indeed, be read primarily for its fable, but the mere reading of it is bound in the end to bring edification even to the least receptive mind. *Pilgrim's Progress* was written for common folk—until comparatively late all the editions were printed on cheap, common paper with a vile letterpress: they were books for the cottage, and they had no place in the libraries of gentle folk. Whereas Milton represented cultured Puritanism, Bunyan spoke for and to the great mass of people who had no intellectual qualifications or aspirations. If *Pilgrim's Progress* had been written simply as a doctrinal religious treatise, dealing in abstract terms with abstract conceptions, it would have been little read by the common folk and still less understood. The primal needs of both body and spirit pressed too closely on the poor to allow them any leisure or inclination for a study of what Winstanley called mere "word-divinity." Bunyan's message was presented in the form of a continuous vivid and often exciting narrative, and in a language with which those in humble circumstances were familiar. It may well be argued that the only way by which to awaken their understanding was the way Bunyan chose.

Of Bunyan's literary merit much has been written, but however critics may differ as to the source of his inspiration, the extent of his education or the influence on him of contemporary writers, on one point they are all agreed—that he was a distinguished master of that style of composition—the allegory which, as Walter Scott observes, has so often "gained without suspicion those passes of the human heart which were vigilantly guarded against the direct force of truth by self-interest, prejudice, or pride." It is curious how many there are who read *Pilgrim's Progress* in the belief that it was Bunyan's sole allegorical work. *The Holy War* has to most nothing like the same appeal as *Pilgrim's Progress*, but its literary merit is unmistakable. Macaulay thought it would have ranked

as the first of religious allegories had *Pilgrim's Progress* never been written. This estimation of its worth is perhaps a little exuberant, and the general opinion would be that Froude has hit nearer the mark. In his view, *The Holy War*, while it would have entitled Bunyan to a place amongst the masters of English literature, would never have made his name a household word in any English-speaking family on the globe.

But Bunyan was more than a master of a certain style of composition. To tell a bad story well is worth little: to tell a good story badly is worth less: but the telling of a good story well is a notable achievement—and *Pilgrim's Progress* is a wonderful story superbly told. Much of Bunyan's charm lies in the vivid play of his imagination, and in his capacity for clothing his images in the simplest language. Southey has written of him, "His is a home-spun style, not a manufactured one . . . if it is not a well of English undefiled . . . it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and strength." It is noteworthy that in the whole of *Pilgrim's Progress* there are very few words which are now obsolete, and a comparison in this respect between *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Fairy Queen* or any of Shakespeare's plays brings forcibly home the simplicity of Bunyan's language—a simplicity that was at once natural and deliberate. He says himself:—

. . . thine only way
Before them all is to say out thy say
In thine own native language. . . .

It is always difficult to analyse an author's power over his readers, and in Bunyan's case this difficulty is pronounced. Few who read *Pilgrim's Progress* put the book down without at the end having quite a definite mental picture of the country through which Christian travelled and of the scenes in which he figured. But the story, when searched through, yields no sentences or particular conjunction of words which succeed in evoking a particular

mental image. Bunyan had none of that gift of painting a picture with a few strokes of the pen. Neither does he seek to build up a mental picture by detailed description; it may be doubted whether there has ever been written a dramatic narrative which contains so little descriptive detail. Probably Southey has hit on the secret of Bunyan's power. He thought that the reader saw the things of which Bunyan was writing more satisfactorily to himself "because the outline only of the picture is presented to him and, the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers."

But, while he was a master of prose, it cannot be said that he was successful as a poet. In common with many great writers of prose—in especial Cicero—he had a considerable notion of himself as a poet, though it may be inferred that he suspected at times that his poetry had not all the excellences he could have wished. In his preface to his *Book for Boys and Girls* he wrote:—

Wherefore if men have now a mind to look
Perhaps their graver fancies may be took
With what is here, though but in homely rhymes;
But he who pleases all must rise betimes;
Some I persuade me will be finding fault
Concluding here I trip and there I halt.

But though the general level of his poems is far from high—"tinker's tetrastics," Southey calls them—there are lines which do possess considerable merit, in particular the lines recommending *Pilgrim's Progress* beginning "Would'st thou divert thyself from melancholy," and the song of the sheep boy that Christiana and the children hear on entering the Valley of Humiliation.

It is somewhat a matter for wonder that *Pilgrim's Progress*, though written for the common folk, did not by sheer merit win at an earlier date universal recognition. Even as late as 1830, Scott could write, of a new edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*: "Thus decorated and recommended by the taste and criticism of Mr. Southey, it might

seem certain that the established favourite of the common people should be well received among the upper classes." His prognostication has proved correct; in fact the universal popularity of the book has perhaps lessened the chances of people reading it; books, the names of which are familiar from childhood, are often passed by unread. Lord Asquith in his memoirs said with regret that he feared *Pilgrim's Progress* had passed into the class which are taken as read.

The fact that Bunyan's books were little read until recently by "the upper classes" arises probably from the intense unpopularity of the Puritans which persisted through the latter half of the seventeenth century, through the whole of the eighteenth century—in fact until the Puritan revival in the middle of the nineteenth century. The persecution of the Nonconformists in the years of the Restoration was generally popular, though acute observers viewed it with misgiving. Pepys wrote on August 18th, 1662: "I hear that next Sunday will be the last of a great many Presbyterian Ministers in Towne, who, I hear, will give up all: I pray God the issue may be good, for the discontent is great." A few days later—on August 31st—he wrote: "To Mr. Rawlinson's, and there supped with him. Our discourse of the discontents that are abroad among and byreason of the Presbyters. Somewere clapped up to-day. God preserve us, for all these things bode very ill." But generally the opinion expressed in Butler's *Hudibras* prevailed.

The Puritan abhorrence of Sunday games and of much else that seemed innocent enough irritated a generation that was enjoying or remembering the licence of the Restoration, and provoked cruel ridicule. There is a hint of this in *Pilgrim's Progress*, where Faithful recounts his conversation with "Shame," how that Shame had said "that a tender conscience was an unmanly thing, and that for a man to watch over his words and ways so as to tye up himself from that hectoring liberty that the brave spirits of the times accustom themselves unto, would make him the ridicule of the times." Nearly 100 years after Bunyan's

death Cowper dared hardly mention him. In *Tirocinium* he wrote:—

Ingenious dreamer in whose well told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail.

I name thee not lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame.
Yet even in transitory life's late day
That mingles all my brown with sober grey
Revere the man whose "Pilgrim" marks the road
And guides the "progress" of the soul to God.

Cowper's admiration was shared in some degree by the more enlightened of the century. Dr. Johnson, a generation earlier, had told Boswell that he knew of only three books which a man might read and wish they had been longer—*Don Quixote*, *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Boswell also relates the following anecdote which pointedly illustrates the estimation in which the Doctor held *Pilgrim's Progress*. Bishop Percy was at one time on a very intimate footing with Dr. Johnson, and the Doctor one day took Percy's little daughter upon his knee and asked her what she thought of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The child answered that she had not read it. "No," replied the Doctor, "then I would not give one farthing for you," and he set her down and took no further notice of her.

Now that Bunyan has taken his place in the ranks of English writers he has become the centre of quite a considerable literature, to which, amongst others, Southey, Froude, Macaulay, Bernard Shaw and Augustine Birrell have contributed. In time, no doubt, the literary critics, theologians and psycho-analysts will have dissolved Bunyan, his mental and spiritual composition, in the acid of their craft, and the resultant solutions will be labelled with a string of formulæ well-nigh unintelligible to the lay mind. But the average man will still continue to read *Pilgrim's Progress* undisturbed by these experiments. Its appeal will not be lessened by suggestions that Bunyan derived his ideas from some earlier writer, or that his theology is now out of line with modern thought. The

book is read, and will continue to be read, because it presents in the gallery of human types portrayed a conspectus of human nature. Human nature does not change much in three centuries, and in every large community there will still be found Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Timorous, Mr. Talkative, Mr. Ignorance and all the others—no more alive than the figures which move across the pages of *Pilgrim's Progress*. But it is not only the types that are familiar. Looking back over the years, especially in the latter days of life, there must be few who will not find that the hazards that beset the path of their own pilgrimage are much the same as those that Christian met with. Most people have fallen into the Slough of Despond, and not all have had the strength to win through to the bank; most have encountered Appolyon in the Valley of Humiliation, and not all have triumphed; most have been faced with the ascent of Hill Difficulty, and not all have climbed to see the downward slope from the summit. At the end of the journey lies the River of Death: if each one, inspired and heartened by Hopeful's example, can face the great adventure of the crossing with the same tranquillity and fortitude, then Bunyan will not have lived in vain.

FOREIGN POLICY WITHOUT SENTIMENT.

BY "TRUVOR"

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most unfortunate things which have happened in British foreign policy in recent times was the disproportionate share of publicity given to Sir Austen Chamberlain for his work in connection with the Locarno Treaty; for it entirely spoilt him for any constructive work in the future. Since then he has given the impression that he no longer considers himself a plodding diplomat, but a Bismarck impatient of advice. This attitude is encouraged by the French, who are able to inspire him with their own policy, knowing well that his obstinacy will prevent him from weakening.

If Locarno gave Sir Austen the feelings of a Bismarck, it unfortunately left him without the latter's clear-sighted, unbiased judgment, and his sturdy independence. Too weak to stand alone, he has clung ever since to the Continental country which he knows best. For Sir Austen received a part of his education in France. Now it is not a sin to be educated in France, nor, indeed, in any foreign country, but it is, nevertheless, extremely dangerous for a British Foreign Secretary. For, if he has a somewhat closer acquaintance with one foreign country, we may be quite sure that he knows practically nothing of any other. It was one of Sir Edward Grey's strong qualities that he was equally detached from all countries outside his own. He was able, therefore, to treat all countries equally, and appreciate their policies without any admixture of sentiment or prejudice. With Sir Austen it is, alas, very different. Not only does he not appreciate the German point of view, but he thinks that he does appreciate the French point of view. And with that he is, apparently, content.

Drawn to France by memories of his youth; flattered by the French for his prowess in their language; unable to frame a policy of his own—an English policy—he has

finished by becoming the catspaw of the Quai d'Orsay. The Foreign Office cannot decide the simplest questions nowadays without requesting a French opinion—one might almost say a French decision. Sir Austen trots along, keeping a firm grasp of M. Briand's coat tails, and of necessity reaches the post at least a head behind, and usually, into the bargain, saddled with the blame for the whole of any delay. Most emphatically it should be laid down that anyone who knows more of one of the two chief Continental languages (French and German) than is sufficient to pass the time of day is inadmissible as Foreign Secretary unless he knows the other language (and country) equally well.

There was only one important factor in the Locarno *rapprochement*—namely the willingness of Germany and France to be reasonable. Both countries were quite astute enough to realise the importance of a *rapprochement*, and we may be quite sure that Dr. Stresemann and Monsieur Briand had fully decided—in agreement with their colleagues—how far they could go to achieve this desirable end. Some sort of an intermediary to clear up minor points and assist in finding “formulae” (the chief occupation of modern diplomacy) was indispensable: for this purpose Sir Austen—a man of obvious “good will”—was excellent. But to make of that subsidiary roll a star part—a part such as Sir Edward Grey played in 1914—was to distort it to an extent which was ridiculous.

The essential thing in our foreign policy should be the will and the power to appreciate the German point of view. In this we have conspicuously failed, and Sir Austen and the Foreign Office permanent staff must share the blame.

The latest example of Sir Austen's dependence on France is the most unfortunate of the series.

The Disarmament Congress in Geneva last year left a very distinct feeling of irritation between England and America. It was another example of the weakness of the control policy by the Foreign Office that it did not speak to the Admiralty firmly in somewhat the following terms: “Whatever happens, there is no point in having the

slightest unpleasantness with America. We are convinced that it can never come to blows between us, but, in any case, to put it on the lowest plane, she has unlimited money and we could not under any conditions compete with her in a building programme, even if we wished to do so.” This is a fair expression of the views of most people who are capable of looking at the question in a matter-of-fact way. What did our representatives do, however? They squabbled and bargained, and tried to combine with Japan, and twisted and turned in order to get America to agree to an arrangement which it was quite clear from the first she had no intention of agreeing to, and which, moreover, she would have been very foolish to agree to.

For if we were justified (as we probably were) in maintaining that a large number of small cruisers was essential to us, America was equally justified in regarding larger cruisers as essential to her. If, then, we were sincere in saying that it was unthinkable that we should arm against America, we only had to say: “Build what you find to be necessary, and good luck to you. We find it necessary to have a rather larger number of cruisers, owing to our far-flung Empire, but they will be smaller—a further proof (if one is necessary) that they are never meant, under any circumstances, to be ranged against yours.” If, on the other hand, we were not sincere in saying that we and America could never be opposed, it only remained for us to give at least the impression of sincerity. There was no alternative; America held all the cards, and bluff was out of the question. These, then, were the instructions which the Cabinet should have given to our representatives on the urgent advice of our Foreign Secretary. What actually happened was that we haggled, and in the end parted without achieving anything but mutual irritation.

This irritation between America and England persisted. Then came the Kellogg Note. Now, the matter-of-fact man in England was, perhaps, not quite so optimistic as Mr. Kellogg as to the results of the proposed pact. But he had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that at least there was no harm in it. If it had any result at all it

could only be a good one. And, moreover, the matter-of-fact man came to this conclusion in five minutes; it was, after all, a very simple question. Therefore, one would have expected an immediate and enthusiastic answer to Mr. Kellogg, welcoming America's re-entrance into European politics and expressing at once our agreement in principle (which could never have been in question by anyone out of bedlam), while indicating the points which required further discussion. What actually happened? The Foreign Office drew its curtains, surrounded itself with an impenetrable smoke screen and sat down with an air of mystery to consider the question. We do not know whether Sir Austen slept at the F.O. during this period of stress, but the wires hummed between London and Paris—it was Sir Austen asking for instructions. Meanwhile, he could do nothing; he hardly dared admit to the House that he had even received a Note; everything was arranged as nearly as possible like a play by Sardou: there must be complete silence! Sir Austen is listening-in for his master's voice. It wasn't convenient for M. Briand to accept Mr. Kellogg's proposal at once; there were for him all sorts of difficulties. Perhaps America would disapprove of France's chauvinistic policy towards Germany; perhaps the pact would lead to an earlier evacuation of the Rhine Army. So Sir Austen, as ever, kept hold of M. Briand's coat tails and waited to see what he would do. Finding no escape, M. Briand decided to accept, but managed to get in a little ahead of faithful Sir Austen, who remained at the very tail of the queue. However, the ingenuity of the two of them was not yet exhausted: M. Briand issued another summons to action, loyally obeyed by his dependant, and, at the dramatic moment, Sir Austen and M. Briand, like two naughty boys producing a squib, announced the Anglo-French pact. What other object they may have had beyond sheer mischief it is difficult to imagine, for Lord Cushendun has spent most of his days since in explaining to journalists that there really isn't anything at all in the pact. As far as one can understand him, it is to the effect that "France and England agree that if at some future time they shall agree

(about something or other only vaguely defined) they are prepared to discuss an agreement." If this is all, why the dramatic disclosure to a spellbound House of Commons? Why the choice of the exact moment when the Kellogg proposal was on the carpet? Surely it would have been better to let the egg—if it be an egg—hatch? No, one is forced by the whole of the circumstances to the sad conclusion that it was meant as a snub—only a little snub, be it understood, but still an authentic snub—to America. "You can't teach us old diplomats anything—watch us!"

The final result is that America is perplexed and angry, and the one sure advantage of the pact—the improvement of Anglo-American relations—has been frittered away. And now to crown everything we are told that the whole thing is to be dropped.

Of course, Sir Austen did not mean to offend America; in a sense that is the sad part of it. He never does realise where M. Briand is leading him. The Foreign Office seems, in fact, to be profoundly surprised (although nobody else is) that America is offended. Yet it is safe to say it is a long time since there has been such an instance of gross bungling in our affairs. M. Briand's position is clear. Realising that France has little to expect from an America which she is continually shocking by her chauvinism, he wishes to prevent England from drifting ("drifting" is the right word) towards America and maybe through her towards Germany.

That brings us to the crux of the matter. It is our possible attitude towards Germany which most concerns France. Up to the present she has been successful in preventing the Anglo-German *rapprochement* from progressing, and just at present it is in a thoroughly stagnant and unsatisfactory condition.

The history of Anglo-German relations since the War is a painful record of wonderful opportunities lost. From the first, Englishmen were met in Berlin with a reserved friendliness which amounted to real dignity, and was, under the circumstances, nothing short of marvellous. The Germans, regarding us as their most dangerous enemies in the War and the ones chiefly responsible for

their final defeat, were yet sufficiently detached to recognise those good qualities with which we are proud to credit ourselves—fairness and sportsmanship. This friendly spirit was encouraged by the work of Lord D'Abernon, but, as usual, our finest ambassadors were our own troops of occupation, who managed to win the hearts of the very people whom they had been fighting a few months before. Then came the Ruhr adventure, when our abstention and disapproval (at least unofficially) brought the two nations still nearer.

Since then, unfortunately, we have had no policy of our own, and leave the whole initiative to France. Is it not time that we examined the question impartially: "What is our goal?" M. Briand made his speech in Geneva on the Rhine occupation, and the general disappointment which it caused may make Englishmen more ready to ask themselves, "Why exactly are our troops in Wiesbaden?" The French say, "To secure disarmament and Reparations"; but this will not satisfy anyone who examines the question dispassionately. To take first the question of war. The best security, indeed the only one, of peace is Germany's desire for it. This becomes clear if we ask ourselves what would we do if Germany were to defy the ex-Allies to-morrow? Is the Rhine Army to advance on Berlin? Ask the British taxpayer for the answer. Our troops are, then, pawnbrokers sitting on the German pledges. They could not prevent war, and if war were to break out they would be futile. At Geneva M. Briand is reported to have pointed an accusing finger at the German Chancellor and said, "You have reduced your armed forces to 100,000, but your country is teeming with patriotic men who could quickly be trained to form a terribly dangerous force." He is then said to have called attention to Germany's quick recovery in her mercantile marine.

It is quite true; there is a plentiful supply of patriotic men in Germany. And, moreover, the weapons of the next war (gas and aeroplanes) can be forged for them, if necessary, without the long preparation which big guns and shells require. All the more reason, then, for establishing

friendly relations with Germany instead of irritating her by maintaining a futile army of occupation.

Unfortunately, it is the irritation and humiliation which furnish the attraction for France. But that is no reason why England should conform. If M. Briand's views, as expressed at Geneva, are to influence our policy, we had better build permanent barracks at Wiesbaden. Although what we should really need is not an army of occupation, but a lethal chamber for able-bodied men of military age, and the confiscation of German merchant tonnage every five years.

Furthermore, to pursue our enquiry without sentiment, who said that in the next war (if there must be one) England and Germany are to be opposed? Our soldiers and politicians seem unable to realise that international relationships are dynamic and not static. Let us by all means disarm, but let it be a general movement and not simply the disarming of the nation which may be our next ally.

As regards Reparations, the only guarantee is Germany's good will and international credit. She couldn't afford to default even if she wanted to. If she were so stupid she would suffer the same penalty as we ourselves. Were we to default in our debt payments to America her international credit would disappear. The futilities of troops preparing frightfulness on the Rhine would be insignificant compared with this. No, the sole reason why we continue to participate in the occupation is that our military authorities are governed by principles which were effective fifty years ago (it is useless to expect anything more up to date than that), and our Foreign Office is governed by one principle only—follow France.

Now be it noted that our *entente* with France grew—as was quite proper and has always been traditional in English foreign policy—out of severely practical considerations. We found it impossible to arrive at an *entente* with Germany, owing—as we were assiduously told, and probably with truth—to the unreasonableness of the German Kaiser and the military class. We therefore turned to France as the only alternative, because isolation was too dangerous. But now we cling to France in a spirit

of wishy-washy sentiment (so far as it is not pure thoughtlessness) which we should not flatter ourselves is reciprocated. France is not sentimental, and her real feelings about England would astonish those English who take their information from interviews with visiting celebrities and speeches at Chamber of Commerce banquets. The truth is that France has no affection for England, and she wouldn't sacrifice a franc or a single soldier for the sake of our *beaux yeux*. And she is quite right; why should she? She well knows that we didn't enter the War out of love for her, but because we thought it would be bad for us if she were defeated (see the memoirs of all our leading statesmen).

But, collect opinions from the masses, and if possible through people of a third nationality so that they may be expressed freely, without restraint of politeness, and they will be found to bear out the above.

There is no need for this to upset us, but we can at least face the fact and feel ourselves free to plan our own foreign policy in the way which suits us best.

The policy which suits us best is a rapid *rapprochement* with the country which means so much to us in every material way—Germany. There is no sentiment involved (although it is not unpleasing to find in Germany a genuine respect for us), merely a matter-of-fact weighing up of the pros and cons. Let us at last come out with an unmistakable declaration in favour of a closer understanding with Germany. Let us withdraw our troops from the Rhine and leave France to follow suit for once. Let us again be in the happy position of having an English foreign policy.

Let us get back to the habit of building our foreign policy on a basis of common sense free from out-of-date sentimentality (either of love or hate). Let us re-establish the Anglo-French relations as they existed in 1914: friendliness combined with freedom. Then let us build up the same relationship with Germany.

France may not be able to do so; we can.

THE AIR DEFENCE OF BRITAIN

By LT.-COL. H. DE WATTEVILLE

THE 1928 Air Manœuvres held over the London Air Defence Area did not differ very greatly in general outline from those that took place in 1927, although many more aircraft were employed in both attack and defence, while the ground organisation in support of the defending aircraft was approaching still nearer to its final shape. It is, moreover, evident to any who may have witnessed or participated in the aerial campaign that was directed against London during the Great War that this whole aspect of air warfare is now being treated with great thoroughness; that it is, in fact, meeting with the consideration which it deserves. There seems to prevail a clear conception of the gravity of the problem on hand, while in execution there is being shown a greater dash and sureness in handling the whole business of aerial war. Discrimination and courage seemed to have marked the exercises throughout.

So far all is to the good. None the less the onlooker is left wondering what might not be in reserve for a great city like London in the event of any outbreak of war to-day. The Air Staff may, with full justice, reiterate the statement that these manœuvres were in no way intended to represent the defence of London as it would materialise in the event of actual hostilities. This bald assertion, however, cannot altogether satisfy any who still retain recollections of the air war of 1914-18. Many others who remain utterly indifferent to any former naval or military exercises cannot fail to have been deeply impressed by the spectacular element of these manœuvres. Their realism is too telling.

It is, of course, obvious that the recent exercises could not simulate aerial warfare of the future in that reprisals on the enemy could not be brought into the picture. The defence of London was exhibited as a purely one-sided and passive phase of a future war. Further, the moral

factor was of necessity entirely absent, so that there could have been no deterrent influence at work to discourage the attack from renewing its attempts after having once been repelled with loss. Lastly, it might be claimed that the attack was based on aerodromes which were more favourably situated for the purpose of reaching London undiscovered than might be the case in actual hostilities. So much may be argued in favour of the defence.

On the other hand, there would be equal justice in maintaining that the necessary limitations imposed on the attack more than counterbalanced these disadvantages. The lines of approach were much too confined; the maximum height of flight over London was arbitrarily fixed, as were the targets for the bombs. In addition, we have to admit the outstanding fact that, the manœuvres being limited to the space of four days, it was an absolute certainty that attacks by a known number of aircraft must take place within known days and hours, with the consequence that the defence system was keyed up for the purpose and ready for instant action, while it ran little risk of breakdown owing to war strain. Finally, the defence would appear to have suffered hypothetical losses on an appreciable scale, which might have exercised an important reaction on its efficiency in war. For these various reasons the contention of the Air Staff that the manœuvres should not be regarded as giving a precise picture of the attack and defence of London by air seems more than well grounded.

Accordingly, it is not without interest to look back to our experiences of the Great War and to draw a few conclusions therefrom.

The story of the German air raids is soon told. For eighteen months the enemy's naval airships maintained a series of sporadic attacks against London which terminated with the complete success of the defence in September, 1916. The incendiary bullet fired from the aeroplane proved so deadly a peril to the attacking airship that London, with the exception of a single attack, was never troubled by it again.

Then came the Gotha aeroplane. One squadron of these bombing machines was brought by the Germans from

Macedonia and Italy early in 1917 and established at Ghent. From that base the squadron began its operations, after two abortive attempts, with daytime raids over London in July. Then, with the approach of autumn, they changed over to raids on moonlight nights. A series of such raids was carried out by the six flights of that squadron on ten all but consecutive nights in September, 1917. During this period the flights worked mostly individually and in rotation, so that the number of attacking planes was never great. Yet the moral effect of that series of attacks on the population of the East End of London was astounding. Underground stations, the Blackwall Tunnel, and all possible similar shelters were congested nightly, while one district after being bombed three nights in succession ended in being virtually abandoned by its inhabitants every evening during moonlight periods long afterwards. The West End can offer no parallel to the state of affairs witnessed in East London. Another fortnight of these attacks might have occasioned a crisis fraught with the gravest results for the whole conduct of the War. Fortunately the German squadron grew weary and greatly weakened not only by fighting casualties, but still more by flying accidents. The raids petered out for the time being.

To some extent this result must be ascribed to the increased efficacy of the defence. But the main reason for the German failure to press home their advantage is undoubtedly due to three reasons: first, the enormous drain on the German Air Forces to keep up their aerial units in France; secondly, their unwillingness to devote more aircraft to attacking London; lastly, to the rapid deterioration of the Ghent bombing squadron. Incredible tales were on several occasions obtained from captured German aviators as to the state of affairs prevalent at Ghent—stories of men being retrieved from drinking saloons and other like haunts in the early evening just after an "England flight" had suddenly been ordered. The service records found on these prisoners and on their dead comrades amply testified both to their much-abbreviated training and to the manner in which the *personnel* for the

Gothas was being "combed out" from elsewhere. This squadron, which was never popular, had a poor reputation in the enemy's Air Service. That was not all. The Gotha aeroplane (Mark IV) with which the attacking squadron was equipped was in reality an indifferent machine and never improved; its speed was less than 100 m.p.h.; its ceiling¹ when fully loaded was sometimes far under 10,000 feet. The few "giant" planes used by the Germans during the winter 1917-18 to stiffen the Gotha formation, although more formidable, proved little more successful, while the huge machines were even more unhandy and liable to crash on their return home. That the enemy fully realised these shortcomings was demonstrated by his attempt to produce, for the summer of 1918, a new type of craft possessing a ceiling of 18,000 feet. For various reasons—and very fortunately—it never materialised.

The outstanding feature, then, of that aerial campaign against London is the formidable moral effect which this type of attack can exercise on a civil population exposed to repeated or sustained spells of promiscuous bombing from even a very few aircraft, particularly by night. The two daylight raids of July, 1917, were carried out by more numerous aeroplanes, and proved infinitely more destructive; yet they did not prove so demoralising. The grand "mass attack" against London or Paris never took place; still, the lessons deduced from the behaviour of the inhabitants of both cities, particularly of the latter, when subjected to long-range daylight shelling by the "Berthas," and to night aeroplane raids in April-May, 1918, is much the same.

But Paris was "covered" by the French air forces on the Western front: London was virtually open to attack. So the case of our capital is the more noteworthy. Here we find a single inefficient squadron, indifferently equipped, poorly manned—that is, according to present-day standards—able to immobilise never less than about five times its own equivalent of air power, and, in addition, a vast

(1) *I.e.*, the maximum altitude to which an aeroplane can attain.

number of searchlights, anti-aircraft artillery, not to mention valuable *personnel*. In this regard the Germans may be said to have achieved their purpose. To liken the aerial forces attacking London in 1917-18 to those which figured in the same *rôle* during the recent manœuvres would be to compare an elderly cat to a young and hungry tiger. We are thus more and more driven to the conclusion that the power of offence in the case of modern air forces must be regarded, under given conditions, as being far in excess of the capacity of the defence for successful resistance. Nor is this disproportion likely to change. It is said that fighting machines of greater speed are required for effective defence. But surely if such speedier machines are constructed for the defending side, is it not possible that the attack may also evolve new types on similar lines?

Conditions existing in actual hostilities, such as prevailed in 1917-18, seem to suggest that the depreciation caused by war must tell in other respects against the defence. Also it might be remembered that during the late manœuvres the attack was cramped by the task of making for specified targets; neither could they release bombs. In the Great War the German raiders, when sighted, made a constant practice of discharging their bombs in order to enhance their speed and obtain a higher ceiling. Yet the bombs were, generally speaking, none the less effective for being unaimed. Then there remains the possibility that scientific development may find means whereby the aeroplane may be rendered more nearly inaudible to ground observation than is now the case, in addition to other mechanical possibilities. The silent—or virtually silent—machine would transform the problem in favour of the attack. Again, it does not appear that the field for the employment of the older types of bombers, or of slower commercial aircraft, has altogether closed with the advent of the speedy fighting plane. If the air war of the future should be inaugurated by fierce fighting in the course of attacks on great towns, the losses—as now appears probable on the basis of the deductions made at the close of the late manœuvres—would be extremely heavy on both

sides. There must thus ensue a period during which definite bombing tasks could be allotted to what might be termed these "second line" air forces. A study of the German aerial campaign against England shows the glimmerings of an appreciation of these various possibilities in the conduct of aerial warfare, when in 1917-18 the enemy still found repeated occasion to harass the North and the Midlands with his Zeppelin airships long after these had been found incapable of facing the London defences. From a purely strategic point of view the openings for a skilful and bold control of aerial armadas opens a fascinating field for speculation.

To return to the problem of London. It seems by no means improbable, in the event of an attack on the metropolis appearing unlikely to effect a surprise or to yield a remunerative success, that the aerial campaign might not open with a series of attacks on secondary objectives, such as Portsmouth Dockyard, the Southampton Docks, the military mobilization centre of Aldershot, a railway junction like Reading, or even an important city such as Oxford—any objective, in short, the attack on which might distract the attention of the defence of the capital. As the radius of action of modern machines improves, as it is certain to do, so these feint attacks might be delivered further afield. For all that it is obvious that the protection of London must unquestionably remain the all-important focus of any scheme of national defence by air. The prize of success which London offers to an enemy is too great to be neglected.

It would be idle to hark back to 1914 and to stigmatise such warfare as mere baby-killing. The principle of the attack on great cities is now recognised by the fighting services of all Great Powers. This same fact is virtually admitted in the detailed provisions embodied in the new French law dealing with "the organisation of the nation in time of war," while the technical Press of both Germany and Italy, no less than of America, assumes the inevitability of such action. It is forgotten, too, that the first act of the war on land in 1914 was the bombing of Liège by a German airship on August 6th, while a similar attack

was delivered on Antwerp not many days later. On both occasions bombs were thrown from the airship by hand without any pretence of being aimed. The bombing of a civilian enemy population must be accepted as a measure of warfare.

What is the true defence against this form of attack? Total security could only be obtained by the defeat, if not actual annihilation, of the enemy's aircraft. Failing this solution, there comes the question of the infliction of reprisals with a view to deferring attack. This whole topic is, at the present time at any rate, so far bound up with the identity of any potential or future enemies as to make its further discussion from every point of view unsatisfactory. It would be better to study the problem from the purely academic aspect of passive defence.

Statements have lately appeared in the Press that there exists no absolute form of defence for a huge city like London against aerial attack; that, consequently, preparation should be made for the transfer of the vital organs of government to other more secure spots in England, while the population should be largely evacuated. If not, then the civil population should be ready to proceed to vast underground shelters that are to be constructed to serve as garages in normal times. This whole proposition, however, is open to the gravest objections; it could certainly never be approved—even in theory—without the most careful and thorough study. This course, moreover, leaves altogether out of account the blow to prestige and to national *moral* resulting from the flight of the organs of government. This in itself is no light matter. As a more general objection it must be urged that the dislocation of the daily routine of an urban population of some millions of inhabitants by being forced to live underground "for some days" might end in chaos and the breakdown of everyday existence, if not in actual starvation. It has already been found that the hardy tribesmen of the North-West frontier of India have been unable to hold out when thus attacked by air and driven to take refuge in the vast caverns that abound in their mountains. The disorganisation of their daily life has sufficed to bring about their

submission. How much more would a highly delicate organism like the population of London, so largely dependent on its daily work for its livelihood, withstand an ordeal which the primitive Pathan has failed to survive? If further details were required to bear out this view it might suffice to draw attention to the difficulties in the way of feeding a troglodyte population of millions; and what of the problems of sewerage and heating these gigantic shelters? The lessons of the East End of London in September, 1917, are there for all to study. But there are even greater difficulties to the alternative scheme of abandoning London. To evacuate such a great city would be virtually impossible under modern conditions. The food supply of the country could not be reorganised so rapidly or so completely as to stand such a strain. The housing of millions is no light matter. Lastly, there are two objections that cannot be overlooked. First, London is a food-distributing centre of vital importance to the whole South of England. Deptford, for instance, alone possesses more refrigerating accommodation for imported meat than any British port except Birkenhead. As a result of the desertion of London millions might be in danger of ultimate starvation. Then there is the further obstacle in that London has become, and is rapidly growing as, a great centre of industry which must supply a large proportion of indispensable material for our combatant services. The aircraft industry is deeply interested in the new industrial zone of London. Such, in a few words, is the situation as it was found to be at the close of the Great War, and it is not likely that its peculiarities are being simplified by the passage of time.

The protection of small towns must fall in with the scheme for national defence as a whole. It is, of course, a much easier matter to adopt passive defensive measures for the protection of a small town of little industrial importance. The instance of Dunkirk, which suffered severely from air attacks during the Great War, is not without interest. In the case of this port of about 40,000 inhabitants, it was found feasible to minimise the effects of aircraft attack by the use of smoke clouds and balloon aprons,

while the population grew expert in taking cover at the sound of well-organised alarm signals in bombproof shelters. The latter were mostly situated in the old fortifications, and were individually of moderate size and so situated that the population could reach their refuges with the minimum of delay. So Dunkirk managed to struggle through the War. The lesson to be drawn from this fact is clear. Bombproof shelters must be close to the residences or workshops of the people whom they are designed to protect; their entrances must be such as to avoid a stampede of those trying to enter; they must be of moderate size. These conditions do not accord with the proposal for the erection of monster garages under the London parks.

The construction of shelters leads naturally to the question of the necessity of rendering these gasproof. Much has recently been written on the subject of the employment of gas bombs in the attack on towns. Nevertheless, there does not exist any real degree of unanimity among either scientists or chemical warfare experts as to this form of attack being either truly practicable or effective. The probability is that the dangers of such gas attacks have been somewhat exaggerated. Nevertheless, the prospect of gas bombs being employed in aerial warfare appears to be growing. During the Great War the hostile aviation service pinned its faith to the high explosive projectile; but this practice might well be modified, and it seems wiser to anticipate that a future attack might employ both kinds of bombs alternately. Preparation should consequently be made to withstand both forms of attack.

The weapons with which the defence of a great city could meet the bombing attacks need but little discussion. The fast, single-seater aeroplane is unquestionably the ideal instrument for the defeat of the heavier bombing machine. Fixed defences of balloon aprons, as well as devices such as smoke clouds, will chiefly be used in the case of much smaller objectives where the attack must descend in order to obtain accuracy of aim. Anti-aircraft artillery proved its value against the slower Zeppelin, which never attacked London at a much greater altitude than 11,000 feet. Sub-

sequently against the Gotha the artillery barrage was once more moderately effective. But, in the case of faster bombing machines flying at 15,000 feet altitude and more, it may be doubted if the utility of the gun has not vastly decreased. In addition, there is the short life of modern high velocity ordnance, such as is used in the defence of cities, to take into account. As it is, in September, 1917, the result of firing continuous barrages night after night at the attacking Gothas caused so great an erosion of the gun barrels that charges had to be decreased, with the result that the barrages were placed at a lower altitude. The consumption of ammunition also attained such a scale as to threaten a shortage. Lastly, there is the serious consideration of a mass of *débris* of exploded shell—not to mention such unexploded projectiles—falling back on the town it is proposed to protect.

The efficiency of the defence must depend very largely on the rapidity and certainty in the control of its aeroplanes. This result can only be secured by almost instantaneous transmission of information by skilled use of searchlight and of gun to light up and indicate the target to the defending aircraft. This part of the existing defence scheme of London seems based on sure foundations, and admirable results are to be expected from our present organisation which, in a less complete form, was actually tested in the Great War with success.

Two considerations, however, seem to present themselves. How far is the controlling personnel of the defence adequate either in numbers or in resources to undergo the test of supreme vigilance and instant readiness for action over a long period of time? In this respect the Great War cannot be held up as a standard for the future. It has to be recognised that war conditions promise to become far more exacting and far more complex than the recent four-day test of the London defences. Mistakes were made in 1915-1918 under war conditions, and these may well recur; erroneous identification of attacking and defending aircraft were not unknown—far from it. The task is not likely to be growing easier. Secondly, would it not be better for the Observer Corps, on whom so much

depends, to be given a military status? It is doubtful whether, as Special Constables, they may not be regarded by an enemy as non-combatants engaged in active operations. If so, then they are liable to be shot if caught; or reprisals of another kind might be provoked. The latter possibility should be excluded in a type of warfare which already at bottom verges on methods of barbarism.

Lastly, there remains to be considered the question of policy that must underlie the organisation of the aerial defence of Britain and of London in particular. This matter may be said to constitute the pith of the problem. If London be exposed to such attack as the protagonists of the air warfare of the future maintain, then there would appear little reason for the country continuing to expend millions on those branches of fleets and armies which may never obtain a chance of ever demonstrating their possible utility in a European or world-wide conflict. Without going so far, there must exist some definite and logical principles on which the needs of the three defence services can be co-ordinated on a rational basis. Some scheme should be found according to which it may be feasible to distribute the energy and moneys that are being expended on our Defence Services. The older Services may chafe, but it is rapidly becoming difficult to comprehend how it may be much longer justifiable to create and maintain expensive engines of warfare to meet every hypothetical contingency of the future. Each fighting Service will eventually have to learn to fall into its proper place in a new order of things, and to co-operate not only in word but in deed in a well-considered scheme of National Defence.

A dispassionate review of the position thus tends to prove that the defence of London by air must become a cornerstone of our national defence policy. If so, all measures of security must fall into line with this thesis. Again, it may be shown that the true form of protection for the metropolis lies in obviating the effects of attack by early offence. If so, then the air forces selected for the defence of the capital may find employment elsewhere. The danger of systematic and devastating attacks will thus be

greatly reduced. It may be that the liability of London to be bombed may finally reduce itself to the incidence of minor sporadic raids. To protect ourselves against this form of attack must be the object of our defence policy.

Secondly, if it be admitted that London is exposed even to these minor forms of air attack, then the whole question must be fairly and publicly faced. The population of London should be informed of the risks it runs in air warfare, and measures must be openly taken to meet the new situation. It would, of course, be impossible for a single Government Department to undertake the initiation of any such great scheme of defence. It would need the united influence of the highest authorities and skilled advice of many administrative services to carry through any plan for safeguarding the civil population of London. This task could only be undertaken by some body entitled the London Defence Commission, on which Government Departments, fighting services and civil authorities must in some form or another find representation. Since the total evacuation of the civil population appears to rest on a dangerous and perhaps unattainable ideal; since the advisability of the construction of gigantic shelters may be questioned, if only on the count of expense, the next thing to do would be to utilise for defence purposes such facilities as are at hand. Underground shelters exist or can be improved; there are fire-fighting services to be organised; police forces to be adapted and supplemented; anti-gas personnel to be enrolled; a system of public warnings to be instituted: in fact, it is only necessary to go back to the experiences of 1917-18 in London to reconstruct a useful framework which only needs gradual elaboration and completion to meet changed conditions of future air defence. The old Defence of the Realm Regulations contain all the legal powers that are required for these purposes. That this scheme is ideal no sane person will dare to assert. But, if nothing is done, there arises the immeasurable risk of a stampede out of London of a panic-stricken population. One or two London railway stations beheld the germs of such in September, 1917.

Lastly, it has to be remembered that future air fighting

may entail wastage on an unprecedented scale. If the permanent air forces that first come into conflict are used up in the opening phases of a campaign, then the war will undoubtedly be continued by older machines, slower commercial planes, and the product of the aviation industry manned by war-time pilots who may not show the endurance or skill of the "first line" aviator. The defence of Britain must unquestionably gain from such a state of affairs, even if the problem be not wholly solved and the risk of attack completely eliminated. The position might then more closely resemble that of 1917-18. So the measures of defence could never be relaxed.

Such are the deductions that seem to be evoked by the recent air manoeuvres when these are regarded in conjunction with the lessons of 1914-18. If there be one final conclusion of a quite general nature that might be put forward, it is that another European War must be avoided at all costs. Since the war of 1870 every campaign has shown the modern industrial state to be ill-adapted to withstand the evil results of war. Since it has become the place of the factory wage-earner to feed the ranks of armies in addition to the agricultural worker, the navy, or even the frontiersman, the economic life of civilised nations has been convulsed in increasing measure by war. Now industry itself appears to be taking its revenge by producing weapons of a potency for destruction so great that a war threatens to end in the wholesale suicide of modern civilisation. Certain it is that aerial warfare, such as is even now being considered possible, must end in a universal cataclysm. And should Europe survive a struggle, in which promiscuous bombing of great cities may form a leading feature, there must be left behind a legacy of ferocious hatred between nations beside which all the lamentable consequences of the Great War must sink into insignificance.

THE NEW FINLAND

BY MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

THE new Republic of Finland is now about to celebrate the eleventh anniversary of her independence, which was proclaimed on December 6th, 1917, and constitutes one of the most important events in the life of the Finnish people. Although the circumstances in which the Finns obtained their independence are now a matter of history, it is necessary to bear them in mind when viewing the changed conditions prevailing in Finland to-day.

For centuries the Finns had led a nationally conscious life, but at the outbreak of the Great War Finland was still united with the Russian Empire. The Finns were, however, convinced that the top-heavy structure of Imperial Russia could not successfully resist the onslaught of superior and more up-to-date forces, or survive the economic strain of war on a great scale; and they believed that Russia could not avoid an internal revolution. In the Great War, therefore, they looked for the realisation of their hopes. The War seriously affected the economic life of Finland as a dependent Grand Duchy, and the country could not but suffer from having to accept the Russian paper currency at its face value, and from the general requisition of food supplies and other material needed for the supply and equipment of the Russian armies. But, although these hardships were far from being appreciated at the time, especially as they had to be endured for the benefit of a dominating race which was heartily disliked by every patriotic Finn, they have proved to be for the ultimate benefit of the country. Agriculture and industry received a great stimulus, and necessity became the encouragement to enterprise in directions hitherto unexploited. The Finns were quick to realise the benefits to be derived from the industrial experience gained during the Great War, and from the increase of their productive power; and they only needed

to secure their independence as a sovereign state in order to put these efforts to the best advantage for their own people instead of for the benefit of Imperial Russia. Naturally the Finns hoped for the overthrow of Russia, and for this reason it is easily understood that, during their period of waiting, their sympathies were inclined towards the Central Powers. At the outbreak of the first Russian revolution, when the Kerensky Government was set up, Finland recovered her right of autonomy, and the Finnish Diet, which had lost most of its powers in 1914 owing to efforts to Russianise the country, was again convoked. But it was not long before the Diet came into conflict with the Petrograd Government, and was dissolved; and by the time the new Diet met in December, 1917, affairs in Russia had gone from bad to worse, and the Bolshevist régime, which was rapidly developing, found no sympathy in the Finnish Chamber. Finland chose this moment to declare her independence, which was then recognised by the Governments of Russia, Germany, Sweden and France.

But it was not until the following year, after a sanguinary struggle with Bolshevism in which the Red forces were utterly routed, that Finland could really be regarded as a free and independent state. No sooner had Finnish independence been proclaimed than certain radical elements of the population, in close collaboration with the most evil elements in Russia, made a supreme attempt to suck Finland into the whirlpool in which Russia was being engulfed. Red Guards, with a good stiffening of Russian troops, with Russian instructors and supplied with Russian arms, ammunition and material, were formed in all the chief centres, and Finland was rapidly converted into a state of anarchy closely resembling that prevailing across her eastern frontier. By January, 1918, the Reds carried matters to such a pitch that the Government had to take desperate measures. The already existing White Guards were officially legalised, and definite resistance was offered to the forces of revolution which were menacing the civilisation and very existence of the country. The Reds occupied the south and south-west, including Helsinki,

Turku, Tampere and Viipuri¹ (by far the most prosperous part of the country), while the White Guards held Central and North Finland. There followed a most desperate struggle, in which the Red forces were driven across the Russian frontier with heavy casualties in killed and wounded, besides the loss of a large number of guns and great quantities of ammunition and stores. Although this successful conflict with the Reds was supremely important to Finland, it is scarcely realised in other countries that the Finns also performed a very significant service to Europe by definitely closing one important door against the forces of Red revolution, which threatened to burst westward and carry everything before them.

These last eleven years have been eventful ones for this new sovereign State, whose remarkable progress constitutes one of the most significant features of the last decade. The Finns are studious, eager to acquire the latest information, and very nationally minded. They are slow and deliberate, industrious, not very fond of the pleasures of life, thrifty and very democratic in their ideas. Their sense of humour is heavy, and what pleasures they take they seem to take rather seriously. The Finnish national character is largely influenced by the attitude of the people to Russia and everything Russian; and there was a note of tragedy, mingled with pride and hope, in the words of President Relander to me, as we sat discussing the Finnish nation in what was once the palace of the Tsars in Helsinki (Helsingfors). "The Finnish character," he said, "as you see it to-day is the outcome of centuries of adversity." First under Sweden and then under Russia, the Finns have trod a thorny path ever since the Middle Ages, while the geographical position of their country made it for centuries the cockpit of Northern Europe. Hence Finland has produced a virile race with staunch qualities and well-defined characteristics, which are the direct result of the difficult conditions imposed upon the people from the fifteenth to the twentieth century.

Besides being scrupulously honest, the Finns are very

(1) In Swedish: Helsingfors, Åbo, Tammerfors and Viborg.

sincere and outspoken. When a Finn promises to do a thing he does it; and when he says a thing he means it. He wastes no time or words on superficial politenesses, but his utterances represent truly what he thinks irrespective of whether they find favour with the listener. Generally speaking, the Finns are reliable in a marked degree, although their conception of time is scarcely in keeping with this quality. They have an unusual capacity for collaboration, and prefer to put their heads together to arrive at decisions rather than to confer and leave the decision to a representative superior. In the government of the country they have a great liking for committees, and the administrative officials co-operate in a remarkable way. The co-operative movement, which is probably more successful and more advanced in Finland than almost anywhere else in the world, is an example of the capacity of the Finns to achieve the best results from united effort. The people are naturally suited to such a system, by which they produce better results than they would by independent endeavour. The Finnish conception of liberty differs widely from that prevailing in England, the Finn viewing it in a national sense, while the Englishman regards it from the individual standpoint. For this reason the Finnish nation has achieved a considerable degree of consolidation, which has been facilitated by the almost complete absence of class distinctions. Living and working as one entity, the Finns find power in unity and cohesion, while Englishmen have the tendency only to unite on the event of some national crisis. Yet there are many ways in which the British and Finnish mentalities are very similar. English ways and methods, which in many countries are liable to be misunderstood, find favour in Finland, and the calm, dispassionate outlook of the average Finn is very closely allied to that of the thinking Englishman. But while education, in so far as the term is used to imply the acquirement of knowledge, has reached a higher average standard in Finland than it has in this country, the Finns have not yet reached our level in the application of knowledge in their national system. Yet they have introduced a form of government based on the most modern, democratic

foundations, they are developing their natural resources on the best economic and scientific lines; and they are organising their industries so as to ensure the greatest output with the least possible expenditure of labour. Electricity, generated from the abundant sources of water power, plays an ever increasing part in the life of industrial Finland; agriculture, of which forestry forms a very important part, is closely supervised by the Government with a view to the country's future; and legislation protects the interests of Finland's natural resources. In few countries do the workers live under such favourable conditions. There has been no unemployment for many years, there is little illiteracy, and the cities have no slums. By means of education, technical instruction and the co-operative movement, the status of the workers has been raised to a very high standard, while woman and child welfare is receiving scientific attention on the most up-to-date lines. The position of woman is a striking feature of the Finnish social system, and the women's contribution to the welfare and progress of the country is almost equal to that of the men. The Lotta Svard, an organisation attached to the Civic Guards, which deals with the clothing and equipment of the troops, besides attending to their feeding during manœuvres, is entirely in the hands of women.

The peasants, who form the great majority of the population, are renowned for their high intellectual capacity. They study political questions in a most objective way, taking the newspapers of their political opponents as well as those of the party to which they belong, and they spend the long winter evenings in enlarging their knowledge, not only of what concerns their own country but also of world affairs in general. While their knowledge of Finland is profound, their interest in foreign affairs is considerable. While visiting the homestead of a small farmer near Porvoo (Borgå) I was more than surprised to find that he possessed a library of over three hundred volumes, most of which dealt with serious subjects, and many of which were translations of foreign works. The Finnish peasant is conservative in one way, and yet not in another. Although he prefers the more or less primi-

tive life on the farms in Finland, he admires the more modern system and the accumulation of wealth which he finds on emigration to America. On return to Finland, however, he resumes his old life, and has no respect for wealth in his native country, a tendency possibly due to the influence of the lakes and surroundings generally, which cannot but have a strong effect on the people who dwell in their midst. Yet, in spite of the conservative atmosphere in which he lives, he seems to adapt himself easily to modern agricultural improvements and to any new invention which is likely to contribute to his success and efficiency. Perhaps the co-operative society has contributed more than anything else towards this end, and it has the whole-hearted support of the Finnish farmer, who obtains better prices for his produce than he otherwise would, and is encouraged to increase his financial return by payment based on quality as well as quantity. Finland is practically governed by the peasants for the peasants, and the fact that the Finns are essentially a highly educated peasant nation seems to have prevented any class distinctions in the ordinary sense of the word. This, combined with the fact that there is no great wealth and comparatively no poverty, has greatly contributed to that quality of solidarity to which I have already referred.

The fact that the greatest enemy of the average Finn is alcohol, which incites him to perpetrate the more serious crimes, has led to the introduction of a prohibition policy. While some claim that crime has decreased since prohibition was introduced, others assert that the evil results of "bootlegging" have produced the opposite result. It is difficult to say whether the crime statistics have been influenced to any appreciable extent by the prohibition laws, but there is little doubt that the peasants drink less owing to the difficulty of obtaining liquor. I should say that the less the Finns drink the better, but the present system, which is not carried out effectively, leads to contempt of the law even by those who ought to support it by their personal example. It seems that some form of liquor control would be more successful, but the position is such that no political party can oppose the prohibition

movement without losing its power in the country, and the women's vote is the determining factor.

Owing to Finland's position as a next-door neighbour of Soviet Russia the question of defence is one which not only occupies the serious attention of the Government, but also is of special interest to every Finn from one end of the country to the other. The army, recruited on the principle of universal service, is a military force in the making, which, thanks to a very efficient and up-to-date General Staff, is already showing signs of substantial efficiency founded on the best methods employed in the great European armies. The material from which the men are drawn is first class, the Finnish non-commissioned officer and private soldier being very fine examples of manhood. They are mentally and physically healthy, and their national disposition is such that military service is not an irksome duty. The officers may be divided into two grades—those who have received a thorough training with the Jäger Battalion that went to Germany under the auspices of the Finnish national movement in 1915-17, and now form the nucleus of the new military organisation; and those who have become officers since that time and are receiving their experience in the new Finnish units. While the former may be regarded as a highly trained and experienced corps of officers, the latter are being trained on a thorough and carefully thought-out system which should in time ensure a high standard of military knowledge. But national feeling on the matter of defence finds expression chiefly in the Schutzcorps, or volunteer civic guards, which are recruited only from the most reliable citizens and occupy a very important position in Finnish national life. The training of these volunteer officers and soldiers is conducted on lines no less advanced than those of the army; and the methods of instruction, especially the system of indoor training devised for the long winter months, are striking in their novelty and attraction. Throughout Finland the Schutzcorps is exceedingly popular, and so enthusiastic are the people to support its interests that those who cannot serve in its ranks contribute to its funds in a most generous way. During my recent visit to Finland I was impressed by the spirit of self-sacrificing

patriotism which permeates the whole Finnish nation. Finnish patriotism is not one of the fine-weather varieties, but the kind that puts love of country before love of self, and is one of the qualities that make nations great.

Of all the serious problems which face the Finns in working out their own destiny perhaps the most difficult are the language question and that of the under-population. While it is impossible in a few words to describe the history of the Finnish- and Swedish-speaking elements and their relationships to one another, suffice it to say that the Swedish element is chiefly confined to the towns and to the south and south-west, and only represents about 10 per cent. of the population, while the Finnish element predominates in most of the country districts and has become the national language of Finland. Although the Swedish-speaking Finns form a small minority with privileges probably greater than any other minority in Europe, they consider that they have a grievance and do not hesitate to make the most of it. It is a perfectly natural situation in which the Swedes who previously held most of the important positions in the country, and are now on the decline, resent the growing influence of the Finns and where the former, rightly or wrongly, find grievances in the attitude and actions of the latter. I would not go so far as to say that all these grievances are unfounded, but it seems that the Swedish minority are largely responsible for their own misfortunes and are making a profound mistake in not accepting a situation which they cannot alter.¹ The generous policy of the Finnish-speaking people in this question is almost without parallel, but the Swedish minority have not yet realised that their true interests lie in co-operation with the majority, and prefer to resort to propaganda in their attempt to resist a movement which is the outcome of national evolution. Although there is this difference of

(1) The more extreme elements of the Swedish Party have pursued a policy both at home and abroad which places the language question before the fundamental interests of Finland as a whole; and by so doing have proved themselves quite unfit to hold many positions of responsibility for which they would otherwise be eligible. It is also noteworthy that many of these extreme Swedes are only removed by few generations from pure Finnish peasant stock.

language there is complete unity of culture and nationality, so that, without a knowledge of either language, it is quite impossible to distinguish the one from the other. It is a question to be settled by time alone, and one in which legislative measures are at present likely to do more harm than good, but there is little doubt that Finnish is destined to be the language of Finland in spite of the linguistic isolation which this entails.

The other problem of under-population is one which cannot escape the notice of the most casual observer who penetrates any distance into the interior of the country. While two-thirds of the total population of Finland are concentrated in the south and south-west provinces of Uusimaa, Turku, Vaasa and Viipuri,¹ the remaining third is scattered over an area nearly three times as great. Whereas the population per square mile in the Province of Uusimaa (Nyland) is 105.8, it is only 6.0 in the Northern Province of Oulu (Uleåborg), which is almost as large as all the other provinces combined. In the northern districts it is possible to motor for long distances without seeing any sign of human habitation, and even in Central Finland it is not unusual to travel for many miles without meeting a human being. But the fact which stands out in all statistics is that the total population of Finland is only 26.4 per square mile. This is a serious consideration for the Finns who possess large tracts of undeveloped territory in the north, and need more man-power for the defence of a country which is nearly three times the size of England. The population question is one which the Finnish Government will have to face sooner or later in order to strengthen the Northern Province of Oulu (Uleåborg) and to ensure that the utmost benefit is derived from the natural resources of the country.

Finland's chief source of wealth is her timber, and almost one-fifth of the total population of the country is wholly or mainly dependent on the timber industry, which is of special importance in Finland's foreign trade. Although the Finns have lost their principal market, Russia, they have more than made up for that loss by extending their commercial relations in Europe, the Far

(1) In Swedish Nyland, Åbo, Vasa and Viborg.

East, and the American Continent. Moreover, the volume of Finland's foreign trade is showing a steady tendency to increase, and Great Britain is one of her chief customers. About 40 per cent. of Finland's total exports find their way to British ports, the greater proportion of which consists of timber and wood products; but, while England is Finland's best customer, our export trade to Finland falls very short of what one might have reason to expect. There is no doubt that we enjoy Finnish commercial goodwill and financial friendship, and that there does exist in Finland a desire for high-class goods and a readiness to spend. But British firms do not exert themselves to provide for Finnish wants, and they do not send to the country suitable or sufficient representatives. In some cases they appoint sub-agents under Stockholm, which offends Finnish susceptibilities, while in other cases men are chosen owing to their knowledge of Russian and Russian methods for work in a country which has just thrown off the yoke of Russian domination. Neither course is likely to lead to good results. Finnish merchants complain that British manufacturers expect to be approached from the Finnish side, and make no effort on their part to obtain a footing in the market. For every British commercial traveller in Finland there are at least ten Germans, who push their goods with vigour and are successful. Yet the Finns seem to want to trade with us and prefer dealing with us, but are compelled to buy from Germany and America in order to obtain the goods they want, although they would willingly pay up to 10 per cent. more to have British goods. The superior attitude of British firms is depriving them of a ready market in Finland, and they have only themselves to blame for the loss of what must be added to the long list of lost opportunities which have characterised British foreign trade since the end of the Great War.

Finland can look to the future with confidence. Built on sure foundations and relying on the enterprise, caution and true patriotism of her men and women, she should steadily increase in prosperity and gain a high prestige among the nations of the world.

CLASSICS INTO FILMS

BY M. WILLSON DISHER

No truth is more definite than the truth of fiction. While you may question the facts in a biography of the Duke of Marlborough, you cannot doubt Dickens' word concerning Oliver Twist. About the lives of the heroes of history there is very often an air of inaccuracy, since neither their contemporaries nor they themselves could always be quite certain what they were up to. But in a novel there is one mind to make itself up for all the rest, so that what is written is written. Even should the why, the when, and the how of the deed be in dispute, the deed itself is not to be denied. Hamlet still commits his impossibilities no matter how the textual critics may rage together.

Until now intelligent people have all been agreed that it would be as easy to alter the stars in their courses as to reprieve Romeo and Juliet, or psycho-analyse Don Quixote before he can mount Rosinante. But the directors of films have begun to change all that. Inversion of destiny now awaits all the characters of fiction, and it is all the more likely to happen if they dwell in the hundred best books. This is not due to accident or ignorance. The idea is now accepted that before a classic can be changed into a film, the story, the characters, and the setting must be altered to suit the camera. There was once an attempt at fidelity. For a time French "pictures" dealt honourably by their authors: the film of *Les Misérables*, in particular, was almost meticulously exact. But faithful films were dull, and that policy ended. On the other hand, profits were made by those which played the wildest pranks with history, legend, or story.

The case of John Barrymore is particularly distressing. When playgoers saw him play Hamlet they respected him as a conscientious actor. But when they see his shadow acting other famous rôles on the screen, they are almost forced to pray for the return of his sanity. When he represents himself to be Don Juan, we can only ask,

"Why?" Surely, if a familiar name were wanted for a hero who goes through fire and water to win a blooming bride, Crusoe, Columbus, or Charlie Peace would be more suitable. Perhaps you may think the point has been missed, and that this is a deliberate burlesque. But the proud pomp of the scenes (even though a cabaret is included) carries the glory of John Barrymore's invincibility in arms and love beyond the relief of laughter. At climbing to fair ones' balconies; at duelling, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber; at escaping from a condemned cell; at rescuing beauty from the torture chamber; at leaping with his lovely prize from the tower's top; at carrying her off with a squadron in pursuit; at bowling all the troopers from their saddles like ninepins; at making love or waging war, John Barrymore is livelier than any personage appearing in medicinal advertisements. But that "Barrymore feeling" stops at no obstacle. With those pretty legs of his—which ought to be insured for a larger sum than any in musical comedy—he springs over anything and everything, not excepting the rails before the altar of sacred truth. He is, in more senses than one, a bounder. Rushing up to the illustrious of legend or literature, he inflicts himself upon them until they seem to be as foolish as he is. If he were to film *Eric, or Little by Little*, all would be well. Or even if he employed his whitewash upon characters such as the Duke of Marlborough, whose shades would appreciate such attention, no great harm would be done. But why did he insist that Don Juan, of all people, was so keen on having honourable intentions? And why should he pick François Villon as a soul full of the spirit of Samuel Smiles and self-help? This vandalism demands no light protest. Providence made Villon a rogue in order that all rogues might henceforth be able to say:—

If we call upon you, brothers, to forgive,
You should not hold our prayer in scorn, though we
Were slain by law; ye know that all alive
Have not wit to walk righteously.

Villon was things almost unmentionable. His poems teach us that he was these things perforce. There runs through

them a strain of pessimism too real for wistfulness, too deep for regrets. But now, if you please, we must know that Villon rose from the gutter to be the counsellor of a king and the bridegroom of a great lady.

Even the "movie mind" may turn when trod upon by Barrymore. But he is an extreme case. The trouble really arises when we see the work of a film director whose vandalism is not ridiculous. Barrymore's version of *Manon Lescaut* is not worth considering since it is mainly acrobatics and swordplay. But the German version states our problem. How much of Prévost's "*exemple terrible de la force des passions*" can be illustrated? No one should expect, for a start, to see the delicacy of his unconscious humour in the pictures. His charmingly provoking idea that Manon is a sort of sugarstick, bound to be tasted by somebody or other if left lying about, could not be made visible without destroying romance. What is left should be a sort of erotic equivalent of *Robinson Crusoe*. Instead of storm and desert island, there are the "*force des passions*" and social exile. From the wreck of his hopes after Manon has him in her spell, the Chevalier des Grieux borrows the means of livelihood as assiduously as the mariner ransacked his ship. For the rest, it is just a matter of taste whether the glamour of an uninhabited island or of flesh clinging to flesh appeals to you the more. . . . Now forget Prévost. Once, and for all, the "pictures" will not illustrate. Not a single episode in this film obeys his words. Nevertheless, if you can grant to the camera absolute liberty to alter as fancy pleases, there is plenty of pleasure here. Manon is now frankly a conventional heroine, very much sinned against and never sinning. Her misfortunes arise rather from conventional misunderstandings than from her amoral mind. Whatever misdemeanours she commits are for love of des Grieux, and the respectability of the lovers' union is prevented only by the conspiracy of a lecherous old marquis, who is really her two wealthy admirers rolled into one.

There are yet more startling examples of what film intellect can do to masterpieces of words. When Murnau

laid violent hands on *Tartuffe*, he tried to make us forget it was Molière's. We are not very willing to try, and yet we cannot ignore a travesty that is acted by Jannings as Tartuffe, Werner Kraus as Orgon and Lil Dagover as Elmire. Jannings' study of lecherous hypocrisy is, in its broad, emphatic way, forceful enough to make us forget all our complaints. There is nothing of France or of the seventeenth century in the portrait; it belongs to the Germany of Dürer. At his first glance the lovely Elmire that Dagover gives us covers her bosom in shame; and while we laugh with him we shudder with her. This creature's lusts are monstrous; when you see him eat you understand why gluttony was accounted a sin—even the gluttony of his eyes is a crime against humanity. Orgon loses blood in his presence and quails. Elmire sacrifices the peace of her life when she endures his embrace in order to expose him. That done, he is beaten—but this will not do. A hypocrite so prodigious is not Tartuffe, but a devil in barely human shape that must be utterly destroyed. He needed to be set in a mediæval story. Turn, then, to Jannings in *Faust*.

Each age must have its own Devil. Ours was on its way directly the bass in Gounod's opera began to enjoy his part light-heartedly. Now no more will he cross arms, tap elbow with forefinger and cry "Ha, ha!" like an eminent Victorian. We moderns can withstand the tempter in that shape. But who could resist this new Mephisto of the screen? Lewd of eye, round of face, and royally paunched, Emil Jannings is the confidence man or three-card trickster of the racecourse mounted into the firmament. Unlike the old Mephisto who dandled glittering prizes before the learned doctor's eyes, in the manner of a bold, bad sailor betraying a South-Sea maid, this Devil beguiles. First he visits the town with plague; then, while aged Faust is vainly concocting antidotes, he offers him curative powers in exchange for a day's loan of his soul. After performing his miracles, Faust is stoned. He pours out a bowl of poison, but sees in its shining blackness the image of his own youth. There are still

several hours to run and he might just as well receive the full interest on his loan. So Mephisto jovially argues, and Faust, convinced, mounts himself to scale Olympus' top. Travelling through the air on the Devil's mantle he is whirled over mountains, forest, and torrent to Parma, bright with bridal lamps. Faust comes to earth as an Eastern prince borne on dazzling white elephants and served by polished black slaves. The blazing jewel he presents blinds bridegroom and court, while he carries away the bride. In the moment of her yielding Mephisto exacts the full price of damnation throughout eternity. How boisterously he chuckles—nothing sardonic here.

Enchanted though these scenes of the supernatural are, the pictures of life in a German town round about the time of the Reformation arouse more wonder still. The buildings are as dreamlike as the roofs of Nuremburg when you look down upon them from the Keep; and the people bear in their faces that stamp of individual character which is to be noted in the paintings of the period. On the other hand, both Emil Jannings' Devil and Yvette Guilbert's Martha are a reminder of the sympathy between that age and our own time. People then liked Satan to be comic, almost (but not quite) as we do; and there is a hearty old-world way about his wooing of the buxom lady which should make you guffaw as loudly as your forefathers did. In the end, however, the "movie mind" triumphs. Since we had to have a new Devil, we must be prepared for a new legend, since we cannot associate this rotund personage with hell-fire. Having an enormous capacity for lying (due to our readiness to believe whatever we "see with our own eyes"), the film informs us that Faust was not damned. When Marguerite is at the stake he staggers into the flames, once more an aged man, though still young and handsome in her eyes. Together their spirits mount into the skies, while a guardian angel answers the Devil's claim to his bond, by saying "Faust is saved by one word. That word is—LOVE."

No story is safe from such treatment—not even one so unsuitable as *Robinson Crusoe*, which an Englishman, a

certain Mr. Wetherell, has filmed. How deeply we loved this book a thumbled but carefully tended copy shows; inside is a map that was drawn, strictly according to clues in the text, below a desk at school. Whatever failures and penalties resulted, Defoe was worth it. Rather a big undertaking, isn't it, to picture those long, long thoughts on the screen? Mr. Wetherell went all the way to Tobago to shoot the right kind of creeks and caves, but he should have travelled not westwards, but backwards, to reach "the island," and then he would have arrived with the right sort of luggage. "Very useful" it should have been—"as, first, in the carpenter's store I found two or three bags of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone." These were the sentences we gloated over, pages of details about the hogshead of bread, the sprit-sailyard, and the mizzen-yard, the wet gunpowder, and the great roll of sheet lead, "with all the ironwork I could get." This was also Crusoe's view of the matter: "I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessities so great." But instead of this "general magazine of all necessary things," the film Crusoe surrounds himself with tropical greengrocery. Instead of appealing to that peculiar emotion in us which finds delight in watching roads taken up or wrecks ransacked, Mr. Wetherell sentimentalises at length over the death and burial of the dog. Now Crusoe himself was very careless about that. He would number the gunner's bequests and the runlets of rum, but not the days of either of his dogs. The reason is plain enough; we need not go to an uninhabited island to be upset over the loss of a dumb friend. It lacks the local colour of the loss of some useful lumps of iron.

Mr. Wells also has been translated—which reminds me that under "Wells, H. G." in a bookseller's catalogue appears the entry: —, *Plan for Sinking in Wastelands of America*. At first you dismiss this threat of doing grievous bodily harm to one of His Majesty's subjects as a slip. After seeing what Hollywood has done to

Marriage you scent an intent diabolical. Travesty of the novel by the film is what we expect, but here is worse. While aware that neither the intimately ordinary opening of a Wells story nor the whirlpool of intelligence that brings it to a close can be screened, we may at least demand that his name should not appear on a label of the stuff that has made Hollywood notorious. Even though he does give the taste of the movies in such sentences as "Came dawn, with the noise of birds, and afterwards a little sleep," we cannot let our Wells be sunk as low as that.

"The disillusionment about marriage which had discovered Trafford a thwarted, overworked, and worried man, had revealed Marjorie with time on her hands, superabundant imaginative energy, and no clear intimation of any occupation." That may be, more or less, the gist of the film, but there its fidelity to the original ends. In the novel Marjorie is full of fine ideas about everything, from Bokhara hangings to a Samuraian sense of duty, that dignify her inability to consume her energy, "merely in not spending money." Because she is so decidedly worth having, Trafford's desire to work for her instead of mankind seems right. Here, therefore, is a puzzle affecting your own future and the future of the world: What shall it profit a man if he gain his whole wife and lose his soul? However optimistic Mr. Wells may be about transmuting Trafford in the fires of marriage from a perfectly good scientist into a wealthy chemist who wants to "write criticism" as a hobby, our nerve has been badly shaken. In place of this the film tells a story that is very cheap and rather nasty. Trafford is a poor fool whose sole aim in life is nothing more than to make artificial rubber and give the secret away. Marjorie is all "sex appeal," and lives not so much for dress as for dressing up like a cross between a Ziegfeld Folly and a jeweller's dummy. Her "old ambition to see Sir Roderick Dover in her house" becomes—by changing the professor into a financier—an unpleasant exhibition of salamandering. Feeling thoroughly wronged, Trafford rushes off with his retorts and bottle-washer to the Congo (just the place to show

artificial rubber how to grow), where a frisky lion destroys his entire stock of food while looking, we suppose, for the condensed milk. Probably a tin-opener held aloft and a soft voice calling "liony-piony" in the fashion of Shaw's *Androcles*, would have saved a lot of trouble. But Trafford chooses instead a wrestling match in the lion-tamer's best manner. In consequence he becomes the usual delirious invalid, calling out the name of "Marjorie" until he finds she is nursing him back to life.

Tolstoy has fared better; in fact, *Resurrection* made an exceptionally intelligent film, although it started at a great disadvantage. Nightingales trilling while the moon rises over the barn, the cracking of sorrel stalks as a colt gallops from the scented meadow, the sound of the villagers' arguments borne along the river—these give life in the book to Tolstoy's arguments that no man has a right to own land. Similarly the convicting of Maslova through the impatience of judge and stupidity of jury expresses what he thought of legal justice. Characters and events exist in the novel in order to give tangible form to theory. How, then, can Tolstoy be filmed? Bearing but this one great difficulty in mind, we may well be astonished at what Hollywood people, with Count Ilya Tolstoy as their literary adviser, have accomplished. Much, of course, is altered—but altered in so intelligent a manner that something of what Russia's prophet had to say survives. How Prince Nekhludoff becomes interested in Maslova, "half-ward, half-servant" of his aunts, is idealised. How he makes a fine art of debauchery while an officer of the bodyguard of the Tsar is also, but less aptly, painted in bright colours. He returns to the house of his aunts with the deliberate intention of seducing Maslova. That is not in keeping with the novel, which takes no stern view of their stolen joys, but blames the state of society for the girl's future misfortunes. As a melodramatic short cut, however, this serves its purpose. Nothing more is seen of her until Prince Nekhludoff is on the jury that convicts her. Though he follows her to Siberia, she refuses his offer of marriage, because she wishes him "to work for humanity." At first sight this

may seem a little strange. It is, however, as intelligent a compromise as could be found, since a statement that the Prince would in future order his life according to the Sermon on the Mount would convey nothing to audiences of self-styled Christians. In any case *Resurrection* marks the day when Hollywood tried to find its soul. The struggle is summed up in the acting of Rod la Rocque, who, while giving an excellent performance as Prince Nekhludoff on the whole, could not resist a few farcical touches in a drunken scene.

But whether delicately done or clumsily done, this business of altering the world's store of stories to suit the picture-maker's purpose is serious enough to arouse alarm. Yesterday's despair was that the reader of elementary education was so swamped with cheap publications that he grew up in ignorance of the bookshelves' classics. To-day's despair is deeper by far. The generation that is growing up will not merely be ignorant: it will have a very fantastic idea that what famous authors write is very much like what Hollywood's authors write—only not so good.

THE FUTURE OF MANCHURIA

BY GEORGE LESLIE SHAW

TWENTY-TWO years' residence in Antung, with exceptional opportunities and many channels for gaining knowledge of affairs and conditions in Manchuria, entitle me, I imagine, to claim some authority on the problems which emerge when the future of Manchuria is under discussion. Does that future depend upon Japan? It is generally recognised that, as between Japan and China, Manchuria is a "vital question." Japan's action in Manchuria after the war of 1904-5 has been unmistakable in its quality and direction. No careful observer on the spot, at least, has been under any misapprehension as to her policy. Japan's policy was dictated by her needs. Let it be said at once that her greatest need was not an outlet for her surplus population. Japan has ample vacant spaces in her homeland. Japan's real need was for the raw materials vital to her industrial prosperity, nay, existence. Coal, iron, foodstuffs—all were urgently needed, and Japan knew enough about Manchuria to know that in that vast province—an area of over 330,000 square miles—there was room enough and to spare for her surplus population—potential agricultural products to supply with ample foodstuffs the ever-growing population of Japan, masses of mineral wealth waiting to be exploited to render Japan independent of any foreign supplies. No one in the West will fail to see that astute Japanese statesmen saw in Manchuria a glittering prize to be won by such means and measures as were at their disposal.

Unfortunately there were obstacles, Russia being the most formidable. Russian forces occupied the province during the Boxer rising in 1900, and they remained there despite the Manchurian Convention (1902). Korea was another obstacle—one to be dealt with before the greatest could be attacked. That is another story. But it is one which demonstrates that Japanese means and measures

were highly effective. Indeed, Korea is, in the Far East, held up as at once an example of the efficiency of Japanese means and measures, *and a warning!* It is true that the ancient Korean State was in a derelict condition, governed by an effete dynasty, that her statesmen were corrupt, that her people were untutored in modern ways, and that they were ultra-pacific. As our American friends would say—*Korea was easy fruit!* For ten years before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War (1904) Japan had slowly but surely gained a stranglehold on Korea, and was in a position before she declared war to force a treaty which marked out Korea as a jumping-off ground for Japanese military operations against Russia. That treaty stipulated for the withdrawal of all Japanese forces at the termination of hostilities. In defiance of treaty pledges they were maintained there, and Japan subsequently usurped all authority, political and administrative, and, finally, annexed in 1910 the whole peninsula. It is now an integral part of the Japanese Empire.

The bearing of all this is what I want to emphasise. In the West it is not properly understood that Manchuria now is bounded by two powerful States whose interests, political as well as economic, have already violently clashed in very recent years—on the North and East by Russia, and on the South, beyond the Yalu River, is Korea. Manchuria at the time Japan annexed Korea was but sparsely populated, especially in the North and West. It became a matter of primary importance to Japan that she should secure some very solid advantages from the proximity of this huge stretch of uninhabited country. The result of the war left Japan in occupation of South Manchuria—master of Port Arthur and possessor of all the territories, leases, concessions Russia had gained by conquest and treaty—in a word, the entire fruits of Russia's activities in Manchuria for over a quarter of a century. China's sovereignty of the soil hardly entered into the questions argued about and fought over. The Imperial Government at Peking had really lost authority, which, so far as any Chinese authority was exercised, passed into

the hands of ambitious soldiers who acquired authority in given areas, and at their local capitals ignored or defied the Central Government at Peking. *The authority Peking could not retain Japan planned to acquire and exercise.*

Japanese activity in the years following the war was confined mainly to the consolidation of her gains, the settlement of the Korean question, culminating later in the annexation of the entire country, and in the development of her newly acquired Manchurian railway system. Even in those years—preparatory we may regard them—it was obviously the ambition of the military clique which at that period ruled Japan to convert the Gulf of Pechili into a Japanese lake, and to reserve South Manchuria for their own people. This feverish activity on the part of Japan did not escape the notice of the Imperial Government at Peking. In 1907-8 it awoke to the importance of Manchuria, and made efforts to strengthen China's hold on the province. Accordingly it placed at Mukden some of its most brilliant statesmen, amongst these His Excellency Taing shao Yi. He swiftly grasped the vital importance of railways and agricultural development, and gathered around him a small but select group of foreign advisers. Unfortunately he had but limited financial backing, but he sent Mr. Parker, an American expert, over the whole of the undeveloped area on a tour of inspection. Parker's report contained a prophetic declaration that Manchuria would yet be the granary of the world. Willard Straight, the brilliant young Consul-General at Mukden—said to be the author of Senator Knox's neutralisation scheme—was the sponsor of the Fakumen Railway. These proposals brought together the Russian Governor and the Japanese Governor in their joint reply to Secretary of State Knox, which was to the effect that neither party would brook interference.

Prince Ito, the first Resident Governor in Korea, was assassinated by a Korean in Harbin. He was succeeded by General Terauchi (later Count and Prime Minister of Japan) as Governor-General of Korea in October, 1909. Prince Ito was a staunch advocate of a better under-

standing with Russia. Terauchi adopted that policy. He made an agreement with Russia on the basis of North Manchuria as an exclusive sphere of influence for Russia and the South and East for Japan. Her position being thus strengthened in Manchuria, Japan used her powers to the utmost. Naturally endless disputes ensued with China, the gravest being the dispute which followed the reconstruction of the Antung-Mukden line from a narrow-gauge military transport affair to the standard-gauge system. The Japan-Korean agreement with China (1905) provided for this reconstruction. But money was dear then in Japan, and the appointed date was allowed to lapse. Suddenly the enterprise was begun vigorously. The Chinese authorities at Mukden very properly objected, and there were disturbances all along the line of operations. But Japan was determined, and despatched troops to several points. Japan formally told China she had decided to proceed with the work, and it went on. In due course it was completed, being opened for traffic in November, 1910. The great Yalu river bridge was the next step in the march towards China. This bridge, 3,090 feet long, was officially opened in October, 1912. I may add a personal note here. The original plans for the bridge made no provision for a swing span. That would have cut off the upper part of the river from the sea. It had been done, I have no doubt, deliberately and of set purpose. It would have put the trade of the whole area served by the river at the mercy of the Japanese. I brought this serious matter to the notice of their high officials, and ultimately the swing span was built. When finished a high Japanese official sneeringly asked me "if you are satisfied now?" The Japanese military clique had thus accomplished successfully one of their most cherished plans—another steel road through Korea towards the heart of China.

During all this period there was more or less chaos in the administrative machinery of the Chinese authorities, due to the advent of the Republic. Advantage was taken of this to conclude a *local* agreement between China and

Japan on the basis of the most-favoured-nation clause in other treaties, viz., preferential treatment of railway or overland-borne traffic, that is, a reduction of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of a very modest tariff. This was the beginning of the intensive competition against Lancashire cotton goods. To-day Japan's cotton goods, as Lancashire knows only too well, are supreme in this important and rapidly increasing market. But, on the other hand, the agreement contained other clauses and conditions which strictly limited the advantages conferred by it on Japan—conditions and clauses tending to "slow down" Japan's growing predominance. However, they were quickly ignored by Japanese officials, who at the same time tenaciously insisted upon the rebate of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. on both exports and imports. It was of incalculable advantage to Japan. It greatly increased the volume of rail-borne traffic of Japanese merchandise. Had it not been for this advantage the Japanese railway system all the way from Osaka, across the Korean Channel, through Korea and up through Manchuria would never have been in the economic position to have regulated their freights, carrying capacity and facilities for this trade route. The foresight of the Japanese military clique that compelled their civilian authorities to rebuild this Antung-Mukden line has been fully justified from their national point of view—the capture of the immense market in both South and North Manchuria. Furthermore, the line has been a good paying investment.

But it is important to recall how the turn of events in Manchuria and China gave extraordinary assistance to Japan's plans. The factious intriguing of rival leaders—among others the famous war-lord Chang Tso-lin—gave Terauchi what he deemed to be the mathematically correct moment to annex South Manchuria. The much-abused Anglo-Japanese Alliance acted as an effective check on this ambitious policy. Terauchi then developed his policy along another line. He was still ambitious, and his new idea was to rule from Mukden both Korea and South Manchuria. A vast scheme for the development of the Kwantung Peninsula, including Port Arthur and Darien

(a rapidly growing seaport), was inaugurated. The railway from Chanchun to Darien, its terminus, was developed at immense cost. Darien was practically rebuilt, and other towns along the entire railway route were greatly improved. Labourers from congested Shantung and Chihli provinces flocked into the area affected, and with these came Koreans. The Koreans were welcomed not because they were good cultivators and industrious, but because wherever they settled Japan had a legitimate claim—they were Japanese citizens—in other words, it is an example of what Putnam Weale calls "infiltration tactics"—creating areas where trouble may arise affording Japanese military authorities a valid reason for occupying those areas!

Whilst Japan was strenuously pursuing this policy with one end in view, viz., the strengthening of her hold upon Manchuria, each year lessened her chances of gaining her objective. Abundant crops were harvested in 1913-14-15, with the result that wider areas were coming under the plough, and ever more and more Chinese were settling on the immense tracts of vacant land. Equally true is it that other Chinese elements were asserting themselves—commercial elements. Bankers, merchants, shopkeepers were competing more keenly year by year with their Japanese rivals. Their growing numbers, increasing wealth and influence gave them a grip on the country which has become indisputable. That was the actual situation in Manchuria confronting the Japanese administrators as the result of a decade of strenuous exertion and endless intrigue.

In 1914 Terauchi was still in power on the mainland of Asia. The pacifist Okama was in power in Tokyo, but he had the strong military clique to contend with. When the Great War broke out the military party in Japan was certain Germany would emerge victorious. There could be no doubt either as to the trend of popular sympathies. They were with the Central Powers. Again the Anglo-Japanese Alliance functioned. The attitude of the Imperial Government was correct, and it remained so in letter if not in spirit. But it must not be forgotten that it

was precisely when the European War situation appeared to be most unfavourable to the Allies that Japan presented her famous "Twenty-one Demands" to Yuan Shih Kai. Had he yielded Japan would have become controller of China, politically and economically. The full story cannot be told here. Strong pressure from outside was followed by their withdrawal. But the effect upon Chinese opinion was prodigious and permanent. In Manchuria there was great commotion. Japan's goal stood revealed; her plans were unmasked. So evident became the antagonism of the Chinese that extra levies of Japanese troops were rushed to all important centres, and every preparation was made by Japan to cope with any emergency. To later Demands Yuan Shih Kai capitulated. The chief of those new Demands was the extension of Japanese railway bases, fresh leases of territory for ninety-nine years replacing the twenty-five-year leases originally granted to Russia by China in 1896. Defeated in the direct attack on the Central Government, they were forced to be content with minor gains which strengthened their hold upon Manchuria, and again they settled down to the policy of "peaceful penetration" of the whole province.

Terauchi came into power in Japan in 1917. He still had dreams of a great empire. Manchuria was still his immediate objective. He was not willing to recognise that what could not be accomplished in 1915 had an even smaller chance in 1917. It is true that changes had taken place which encouraged Terauchi to believe new conditions existed which would favour Japanese plans. Yuan Shih Kai was dead—thus a formidable opponent was removed. Then a pro-Japanese Administration had attained power in Peking. It was confronted with serious financial difficulties. The so-called "Nishihara" loans were handed over to it on the doubtful security of certain forestry, mineral, and agricultural concessions in Manchuria. It had an unlooked-for effect—the inhabitants of Kirin province rose in a body and protested against the mortgaging of their forests and minerals. Their protest was of such an effective character that the working of these concessions is obscure to this day. I have never

been able to ascertain if they have been exploited. These "loans" have formed the subject of prolonged discussions between the various Powers and Japan and China. The strong Japanese attitude over the 2½ per cent. surtax conceded by the Washington Convention of 1921 to China is due to these "Nishihara" loans. They are unsecured, and before Japan will agree to the Chinese collecting this extra source of revenue they wish to be assured that the proceeds will be devoted to the redemption of these and other unsecured loans.

It is hardly necessary to dilate upon the extraordinary economic results of the World War upon Japan. This amazing prosperity spread to Manchuria. With this unparalleled increase of national wealth came a revival of Japanese hopes for predominance there. Japanese were urged to come to the country, to invest in land, to be patriotic—in a word, the "peaceful penetration" through War prosperity had a new lease of life. But the sudden end of the War in November, 1918, shattered all these hopes during the ensuing twelve months. Their banks had most unwisely made such heavy advances against real estate that the bottom dropped out of the property market. These banks were and are still faced with large losses. With only an exception here and there the great industrial expansion has ceased. With the advent of peace the real testing of Japan's herculean toils began—in the political as well as in the economic sphere. Can Japan be satisfied with the results of that decade of diplomatic intrigue and economic activity? I doubt it.

It is necessary, on the other hand, to mark the effect of the Chinese Civil Wars on both Japanese policy and the future of Manchuria—if only in the briefest manner. First of all, it is important to point out that the widespread misery consequent upon unending strife, especially in over-populated Shantung, where rain is rare and famine the rule rather than the exception, had swollen the tide of emigrants which flowed northwards. They discovered that the virgin soil of the north and east of Manchuria more adequately maintains life and rewards toil. Their industry immensely increased the productivity of the area

and materially affected the prosperity of the Russian and Chinese system known as the Eastern Railway. That line owes its inception and construction to the Russians. China contributed very little hard cash towards the building of the Trans-Siberian line even for the section which runs through Chinese territory. The Russian Revolution and the Civil Wars have disastrously affected its prosperity, its development, its expansion. Recovery was hindered because for four years China refused to recognise or negotiate with new Russia, and even when the Sino-Russian Treaty of March 14th, 1924, was signed, the Mukden authorities did not see eye to eye with the Peking Government. It was generally said that Chang Tso Lin wanted the complete control of this railway. This was not unlikely, for Chang knew that the Russo-Chinese system would play a more decisive part in the development of the country than the Japanese system. But when agreement was reached finally the management of the Eastern Railway made it clear that it was a purely commercial line, and that *they would not be a party to any restrictive agreements the Japanese may have been able to impose or extort in the past!* How has it operated already? An agreement was in existence by which 55 per cent. of all freight traffic in the area had to be diverted south to the Japanese system and to the Japanese Port of Darien, and 45 per cent. to the east and the Russian Port of Vladivostock. Practically that has been set aside, though *officially* the division proceeds upon the same basis! The real significance of this is that it emphasises the fact that Japanese dominancy has not merely been shaken but shattered by the events and developments of the past three or four years. Politically she has had to stand aside in Manchuria—to act in unison, if she acts at all, with the other Powers. She had to play the part of ringkeeper whilst Chinese armies marched and fought. Even in South Manchuria, where a decade ago Japanese influence was irresistible and her civil and military staffs masters of the entire situation, to-day they are fighting desperately to maintain their hold on their material interests. I do not think that the most optimistic pro-Japanese in Mukden

would hazard much on the chances of the Japanese dream of empire on the mainland of Asia—at the expense of China—being fulfilled.

Let me summarise the situation as I see it. Admitting for the moment the legitimacy of Japan's policy she has to reckon with:—

(1) The fixed hostility of the Chinese people, different in quality and quantity from that entertained for "foreign devils" in the mass. I know what I am talking about when this matter is under discussion. The truth is that the Japanese in Manchuria have been arrogant and ruthless, and the Chinese will never forget the attitude and temper displayed at the time China was incapable of resisting Japan's high-handed action, nor will they ever forgive the "Twenty-one Demands." That was a blunder of the first magnitude.

(2) The overwhelming preponderance of that population. I am informed now that it is approximately not far from forty millions, and that the proportion of Chinese to Japanese is one hundred to one. Anyhow, it is impossible for Japan, in any event, to enforce her will against a population definitely and bitterly against her.

(3) The steady growth of the wealth of the Chinese elements in Manchuria which throws the influence of the Chinese population on the side of law and order. The weight of wealth and all that flows from it is against Japan and Japan's interests and claims. Admittedly Japan has done wonders for the country in developing its vast resources, and has created for herself vast interests—said to represent £235,000,000—by her energy and enterprise. Japan thereby has been able in the past to exercise far-reaching authority from Mukden, and to have exercised it without any successful challenge from the distracted Chinese leaders. But China is fast recovering. The New Central Government at Nanking, unstable as it may appear to be, justifies an informed observer in declaring that a new day has dawned for China. Significantly enough the first action almost of Nanking was to *reassert* its authority, as sovereign of the soil, at Mukden. Dr. Wang and his colleagues may have acted

unwisely in denouncing the Chinese-Japanese Treaty of July 21st, 1896, if only because it gave Japan reasonable grounds for the "warning" served upon China in her Note of July 31st last to the effect that if Nanking does supplant treaty arrangements "by unilateral provisional regulations," the Japanese Government may be obliged "to take such measures as it deems suitable to safeguard its rights and interests assured by treaties." No one will mistake the "warning" for anything else but what it is—a *threat*. Can it be that Japanese officials believe that they played a big trump card in sending that Note? Nanking was unmoved by the big bluff put up by Tokyo.

(4) Most important of all Japan has to reckon with the fact that she cannot in 1928 count upon the acquiescence either of the United States or Great Britain should she attempt to repeat the bold stroke of 1910 by which she annexed Korea. Sir Austen Chamberlain made that clear once for all when he declared on the floor of the House of Commons, on July 30th, that His Majesty's Government regarded Manchuria as being part of China; they did not recognise Japan as having any special interest in that territory other than that conferred by treaty. Mr. Lloyd George cordially supported Sir Austen later in the debate, when he said he "was delighted to hear that declaration that Manchuria was an integral part of China." Any policy which envisages violation of China's territory is foredoomed to failure.

Japan's future policy in Manchuria I cannot forecast. Japan's statesmen are realists, and, I imagine, will cut their coat according to their cloth—in other words, make the best of adverse conditions, be content to get the utmost in return for their expenditure of blood and treasure—and on the mainland of Asia in Korea and Manchuria they have spent both prodigally—in vaster measure than the Western world dreams.

AUSTRALIA AND ITALIAN IMMIGRATION

BY PERCY F. MARTIN, F.R.G.S.

By one of those strokes of policy—prescient, peremptory and plucky—that have distinguished Signor Mussolini, the head of the Italian Government has settled a question which might have become, quite conceivably, as awkward for Italy as for Australia and other immigrant countries.

In suddenly arresting, by simple decree, the stream of emigration which at one time he had strongly advocated and as actively assisted to flow, Signor Mussolini has made a complete *volte face*. He admits the impeachment, but cares nothing for the charge. Believing like Livy—*necessitas ultimum et maximum telum est*—he has not hesitated to use to good purpose one of the many weapons in his well-provided arsenal. By this act he has solved at one coup all that foreign critics most objected to; for the protests of disgruntled ones at home he cares nothing.

The story of Italian emigration to Australia is not without interest, nor is it devoid of a certain value in the direction of experience—our only teacher in war or peace.

As far back as 1905 the Hon. Odescalchi, speaking in the Italian Senate, had declared that “many of our emigrants reach their destination in extreme misery; due to their ignorance and the development of bad instincts, they increase the criminality.” Such an admission upon the part of a distinguished statesman is sufficiently candid to arouse the apprehensions of any young country upon which a horde of undesirable immigrants threatens to descend. Almost from the beginning of the Italian movement to Australia objection upon the part of the settled colonists was rife.

And the grievance grew, was converted into a subject of Commonwealth governmental policy, provided a handy weapon for trade agitators, and threatened finally to involve the long-existing relations of friendship between England and Italy.

Six years ago the Commonwealth began to show signs

of concurrent restiveness against the ever-augmenting stream of Italian immigrants, who, for a great part inexperienced, ill-disciplined and ill-equipped, were being dumped upon Australian territory as they had been unloaded in the United States and Argentina until forcibly stopped by special legislation.

The imagination of Italians had been excited by the glowing descriptions sent home to them by compatriots as to the plenty to be found in the land of Australia. A party, not seeking for work but engaged upon a tour of the principal settlements in Queensland, had caused to be published in the Italian Press most enthusiastic descriptions of this new Eldorado, declaring that “there was no farm which we visited where we were not entertained with chicken and champagne.”

No sooner had the Fascist Government taken office (1922) than they were confronted—among other difficulties—with this question of unrestricted emigration of Italians to Australia. The Government despatched to Melbourne, almost at once, a special official, who, attached to the Consulate-General in that city as Inspector of Immigration for the whole of Australasia, took up the matter energetically with the Victorian immigration authorities. The principal cause of complaint at this time was the arrival, towards the end of December, at Melbourne, Victoria, on the steamer *Ré d'Italia*, of 120 unexpected and unwanted immigrants, who were followed immediately afterwards by over 400 other Italians at Freemantle, Western Australia, bound for Sydney. It was found impossible to place this influx of labour, notwithstanding the many vacancies that existed among prosperous Italian farmers and fruit-growers already settled in Victoria, Queensland and New South Wales, estimated at not fewer than 4,500 or 5,000. Few among them, however, expressed willingness to absorb any of their newly arrived compatriots.

The people of New South Wales appeared no more favourably disposed than the Victorians or the Queenslanders to the Italians arriving at Sydney in batches, looking fruitlessly for settlement blocks. Coming to the

Commonwealth entirely on their own initiative, these immigrants, many of whom had neither means nor agricultural knowledge, often proved a burden rather than an assistance to the community. With the justice of the complaints of the colonists even the Italian Vice-Consul in Sydney agreed, while giving an assurance that no more immigrants should come from Italy unless preparations had been made for them beforehand.

During the previous two or three years hardly an Orient liner had arrived at Brisbane without bringing several scores of young and inexperienced Italian farm-labourers whose passages had been paid by friends, compatriots, or, perhaps, employers in the northern sugar areas. While the Queenslanders could find no fault with Italian immigration *per se*—and many of the new arrivals were said not only “to work hard but to save money, buy land and enter upon careers which often proved successful”—they preferred, not unnaturally, to receive British immigrants. Representations to this effect were made to the Agent of the Italian Government in Brisbane, Dr. dell’Oro, who, in reply, stated that “he himself considered that the Italian immigration into Australia was too rapid, and that he would do his best to steady the influx and regulate it so as to keep pace, as far as possible, with the actual need of agricultural industries in Northern Australia.”

At the instance of the Queensland Labour Government a Royal Commission was then appointed to enquire into the admission of all immigrants, but particularly the Italians, who had made the sugar districts of that State their goal. As a result a nomination system, by which the Italian Government could ensure that its nationals should not become a charge upon the Australian State, was arranged; while in his report the Royal Commissioner suggested that the immigration of Italians “was sometimes abused.” “An Italian farmer tells me,” he wrote, “that nominations are filled in and sold in Italy for one pound apiece,” while another Italian farmer had declared:

(1) Royal Commissioner’s Report.

“I think there is something wrong with the present system; young men come here, and, after two or three months, although they themselves do not understand the conditions and have no work to do, send home for friends.” The Commissioner added: “The arrival of hundreds of Southern Europeans, unable to speak the English language, with very little money and looking for employment, is creating an anti-foreign feeling in Australia which may lead to serious trouble.” Fortunately, disturbances were averted by the fact that in most cases the new arrivals disappeared into the country, and for a time lived in barracks on farms.

At a later period (1925) the rate of Italian influx was 10,000 per annum,¹ with indications of the stream increasing. Senator Wilson, the Queensland Minister for Markets and Migration, who had expressed himself frequently as favourably disposed towards Italian agriculturists—describing them as “industrious and invaluable settlers”—now voiced the opinion that the worth of the latter depended largely upon their becoming speedily Australianised. But how little this was likely to occur appeared from the fact that Italian-speaking schools and Italian-printed newspapers were being established—as always—wherever an Italian colony had grown up. To see foreign spots in their midst, such as have been created in the United States, where, again and again, they have been denounced as “undigested masses of alien thought, alien growth and alien purpose,” was the very last thing that the Australians wanted.

Objections, almost similar, had been voiced in former years in the United States and Argentina. Senator Lodge, who died in November, 1924, not alone disapproved of Italians as immigrants because so many of them were “illiterates,” but because they settled down in unsociable and exclusive communities, a fact, however, which did not prevent many of them from becoming at election time the easy prey of cheap politicians,

(1) Royal Commissioner’s Report.

and thereby disturbing the political atmosphere of the country. In the Argentine the feeling against preponderating Italian immigration was so strong at one time that further landings at La Plata had to be suspended, an act leading to much acrimonious correspondence between the two Governments interested, and—very nearly—to a rupture of diplomatic relations.

All parties in Australia are unalterably determined upon a policy of racial purity, that is to say, admixtures must not exceed the capacity of complete absorption. Among the stream of immigrants pouring into the country from all parts of Europe there has been a proportion considered little likely to mix harmoniously with the Australians themselves. Among these undesirables may be mentioned Greeks, Yugoslavs, Maltese, and Levantines; until some years ago Italians had not been regarded in this light. But certain propensities have served to make their increase unpopular. It is said that instead of becoming Australian in thought and action, these foreign immigrants are encouraged to retain the customs, speech, and traditions of their own land by the establishment of Italian clubs, while it is specifically asserted that industrial awards in labour arrangements between employers and Italian employed are studiously ignored.

In Queensland Italian immigrants formed an Italo-Australian Union under the auspices of the Roman Catholic bishops, who had busied themselves previously with the launching of purely Italian newspapers and establishing exclusively Italian schools, pretending that their action was taken with "the approval of Mr. Gillies, the Premier," and Dr. Cappelletti, the Bishop of Kimberley, "who had promised to assist the moral and economic needs of his compatriots." Mr. Gillies strenuously denied that the bishops were acting in any way with his approval, and expressed, on the contrary, his emphatic condemnation of the Italo-Australian Union. Nor would he even speak in favour of a compromise so far as the newspapers were concerned. It had been proposed by the bishops to print a newspaper "partly in Italian and partly in English," in furtherance of the Union's object to assist immigrants to acquire a better knowledge of the laws, customs, and

language of their adopted country. But the Australians would have none of it. . .

In 1923 no fewer than 4,492 Italian immigrants had been absorbed into the Commonwealth; nearly all, moreover, remained in Australia, only 575 leaving during that period. In 1924 2,285 Italians arrived and 338 departed, a number far in excess of any other nationality. Yugoslav arrivals, for example, totalled no more than 636, and the departures 297; Greeks, 408 arrivals and 146 departures; Maltese, 187 arrivals and 68 departures. The number of Italians arriving in 1925 was 6,000; in 1926 it was a little over 4,000, while to-day it has fallen to practically *nil*.

By the end of August, 1926, friction between Italian and Australian workers resulted in an effort to prevent sugar-cane grown by Italians from being ground in the Government mills at North Eton. Several truck-loads of the produce were rejected by the Australian millhands and the produce left to perish. The hostility displayed by the millhands was tacitly approved by the Australian Workers' Union; but, at the same time, it endeavoured to throw oil upon the troubled waters, and eventually Italian-grown cane was again crushed at the Government mill. Other mills in the Mackay district, however, refused persistently to touch Italian-grown produce of any kind, one reason being that "Italian farming communities steadfastly ignore the wages conditions prescribed by the Industrial Courts of Queensland." Italian peasants were earning as much as twenty shillings a day for six months of the year in the sugar-cane fields of Queensland, and in cutting cane as much as thirty shillings a day.

In vain did Signor Grossardi, the Italian Consul, attempt to abolish the boycott. Much to his chagrin he found that the northern unions of Queensland were debarring all Italians who had arrived since 1924, and were threatening even to put upon them a permanent embargo. Rome was officially advised not to send any more emigrants to Queensland. The Consul-General was reported to have also said: "It is disgusting to think that there are some people in an intelligent country like Australia who are ignorant enough to regard Italians as 'black men.'"

In June, 1925, the Australian Prime Minister had himself given instructions to limit the number of passports issued to Italian immigrants from Italy, but his orders had not been attended to. At the same time Mr. Bruce expressed disapproval of the setting up of Italian national schools which he declared "would serve only to prevent immigrants from becoming fully absorbed into Australian life." While the method of selection had resulted in some of the Italian *émigrés* being well received and even admired for their exemplary behaviour, a great deal of persuasive work among the working classes had been necessary before these would consent to foreign immigration in general or to that from Italy in particular.

Unhappily things became no better. In the autumn of 1927 a further report upon the whole question was submitted to Signor Mussolini by the Italian Commissioner-General of Immigration in Australia. In that statement it was admitted that Italian immigration into the Commonwealth in large numbers must no longer be thought of.

When in June last an arrangement was entered into between the Federal Prime Minister (Mr. Bruce) and the Italian—among other European—Governments, by which a limited number of their respective nationals could enter Australia yearly, both cordiality and good-will prevailed. In suggesting a quota system Australia succeeded in still maintaining the British character of her population and this without throwing out a ridiculous defiance *à la* Hughes¹ to the whole world.

Dating from last June fewer than one-half the number of immigrants entering Australia in previous years have been permitted to come in. During the twelve months (ending May, 1929) 3,000 Italians would have been admitted ordinarily—had they cared to enter Australia; but these emigrants would have been confined to the relatives of Italians already resident in the Commonwealth, comprising mostly women, the only men allowed to leave Italy being the fathers or sons of actual residents. This arrangement was made not with the Italian Government

(1) The Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, ex-Prime Minister of Australia, addressing the Nationalist Party in March last, described the Italian immigrant as a "dago."

at Rome, but with the Italian Consul-General in Australia, who expressed his intention of communicating with his Government to ensure that no possibility of misunderstanding could arise.

Up to this period there had been no quota for Italians as there had been for Greeks and Yugoslavs, and it was not thought that it would be necessary in the case of Italy if the Government at Rome would but consent to control and apportion its flow of immigration. The Italian Commissioner-General in Melbourne pointed to the necessity for organising and amplifying Italian immigration services on its own account, since the Commonwealth Government had expressed its determination "not to expend a single cent to increase or facilitate in any way non-British immigration."

Now, Benito Mussolini, like a second Alexander, has solved all difficulties; not, however, with the sword, but by a single stroke of his pen. To paraphrase a well-known rhyme:—

Much praise has "Mussolini" got
For having cut the Gordian knot.

Since the Australians object to too many Italians settling among them, there should be but one thing to do—stop the flow at the source! And that is precisely what the Duce has decided. There will be no more free, unfettered emigration for Italians either to Australia or any other overseas colony; and if Australia will appreciate the relief so will other lands. Even Italy itself will benefit, for in few other countries of Europe are there so many provinces where manufactures are lacking, agriculture languishes, the population is so thin and labour so scarce. In these less-fortunate regions, against every reasonable prevision and for very complex causes, the phenomenon of emigration had assumed entirely undue proportions. It is now recognised that Italy can absorb all the labour that the would-be emigrants can supply. Let the country prosper, let the national wealth increase, let manufactures flourish and labour find sure and adequate compensation, and emigration will no longer be necessary.

ALEXANDER SCRIBIN

BY ROBERT H. HULL

FEW composers have been the subject of such intense critical disagreement as Scriabin. Indeed, it is partly the fierceness of the struggle round about his music which makes any study of Scriabin's work so baffling. The battles fought by the protagonists of Wagner are easier to understand. It was inevitable that so great a figure should bring strife in his train, as Beethoven had done before him. But Scriabin, despite any qualities which we may account to his credit, is scarcely comparable to Wagner except, possibly, in point of derivation. He is definitely of another order, and yet, by reason of his method, undeniably important. Our present purpose is concerned with a determination of that method and its critical reception.

Alexander Scriabin was born in Moscow on December 25th, 1871. Of the parents, his mother, Lubov Petrovna, alone had any remarkable musical talent. She had studied under Leschetizki at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, finally winning a gold medal before setting out upon her career as a concert-pianist. Sometime early in 1871 she married Nicolai Alexandrovich Scriabin, a law student at Moscow University. For a while both of them continued their studies, but later in the year they settled at Saratov, on the Volga, where Nicolai Alexandrovich started business as a lawyer, his wife devoting her attention to concert-playing. In late December they went to Moscow to visit their relations, and it was in the house of Alexander Ivanovitch Scriabin, on the day of their arrival, that Lubov Petrovna gave birth to a son—Alexander, the composer.

The boy was not destined to have his mother's care for long. She soon developed signs of consumption; removal to a warmer climate brought little relief, and in April, 1873, she died at Arco, in the Southern Tyrol.

The father now entered the diplomatic service, leaving Alexander in the charge of his grandmother and aunt. The latter, especially, devoted herself unremittingly to

her nephew's upbringing. She and her mother throughout Alexander's early years allowed him to develop as he would, yet without spoiling him, so that from the first his artistic instincts were permitted free play. His young life was happy and unrestrained. As soon as he could play the piano he improvised extensively; in the beginning, as in the end, restlessness and marked individuality characterised his every utterance.

At the age of ten Scriabin entered the Military School at Moscow where his uncle had gone before him. Happy though he was in these new surroundings, extremely successful, too, among his fellows, it became clear that he had not there found his true bent. His pianistic talent had been advancing remarkably, and in 1883 he began to take piano lessons privately from Konus, a professor attached to the Moscow Conservatoire.

This step may be regarded as the beginning of his regular musical apprenticeship. After working with Konus he underwent severe but salutary training at the hands of Zverev. From 1886-1888 Scriabin was mainly occupied in theoretical work with Taneiev in preparation for his entry to the Conservatoire, which took place in January, 1888.

Under Safonov his pianistic abilities developed to such a remarkable degree that there was no question, if ever there had been, that Scriabin was becoming a pianist of the first order. After 1889 his course at the military school came to an end, so that he was at liberty to give to his music the attention which it now so urgently required. His technical mastery of the piano was no less astonishing than his interpretative talent. In 1891 these powers were recognised by his having conferred upon him the Gold Medal for piano-playing. Unfortunately his theoretical studies were not attended with equal success. Arensky apparently failed to appreciate the possibilities of Scriabin's talent, even suggesting that there was little justification for his following the career of composer. The upshot of their disagreements was that Scriabin left the Conservatoire after one term in Arensky's class.

So far we have considered Scriabin as a pianist rather

than as a composer. His earliest works, although bearing certain characteristics of their own, are rather similar in feeling to those of Chopin. Furthermore, Scriabin was definitely influenced at different times by the music of Liszt and Wagner, so that the works written in his first few years of active composition cannot fairly be reckoned as being truly representative of his outlook. Nevertheless, very early in his career there were those who perceived in him signs of a developing genius. Shortly after leaving the Conservatoire he had the good fortune to attract the attention of Belaiev, the famous publisher, who not only secured the right of printing Scriabin's works, but arranged for him to tour Europe as a concert-pianist. This tour, which included Amsterdam and Berlin, had a dual significance. It brought Scriabin fame both as executant and composer. He played on this occasion his own compositions only, including his First Sonata, which was the most extended work he had written up to this time. The years 1893-1897 were divided between composition and the giving of concerts.

At the end of this period Scriabin had written three Sonatas, a Pianoforte Concerto, and his First Symphony, apart from a host of smaller piano pieces. The Symphony, which received its first London performance under Safonov at a Royal Philharmonic concert in 1913, is a powerful and masterly work. It is constructed in six movements with a Choral Finale, but this final movement, which is academic rather than musicianly, has generally been omitted in performance. For a young composer—Scriabin was about nineteen when he wrote it—the Symphony is a remarkable achievement.

The First Sonata, though finely constructed with much imaginative details, contains, as one might expect, several traces of Chopin. Its successor, the Second Sonata, is considerably more advanced both in individuality and harmonic thought. It is contained in two movements, the first of which was written in 1892 and the second in 1897. The latter is perhaps one of the noblest which Scriabin ever conceived. There is in it a fine pianistic sense, inventive power of a high order, and exalted melodic inspiration. It

shows very definitely that Scriabin had now left behind him those influences which one associates with his earliest works.

The Pianoforte Concerto has endured a popularity which it is a little hard to understand. It has neither the strength nor the inventive ability of the Second Sonata. The thematic material is hardly noteworthy, and the work as a whole makes no considerable contribution to Scriabin's reputation as a composer. The Third Sonata, on the other hand, apart from a certain formality, shows a gain in technical power and imagination, marking the highest point of achievement in this period of Scriabin's career.

In 1897 Safonov offered Scriabin the post of Professor of Piano-Playing at Moscow Conservatoire. From financial considerations the offer was accepted, but this step was unfortunate. Scriabin had not those qualities which combine to make a satisfactory teacher. He found the work uninteresting, and except in the case of talented pupils regarded the business of teaching as boring and monotonous. During his six years as Professor he composed very little, the principal work being his Second Symphony. It was about this time that he married the brilliant pianist Vera Ivanovna Isakovich. She did her best to make his home agreeable to him, but Scriabin, restless by nature, was not altogether suited for marriage. The alliance did not prove particularly happy, and later was dissolved.

The Second Symphony was produced in Moscow by Safonov in March, 1903. It is arranged in five movements, well wrought and imaginative. Yet it was accorded a very mixed reception. The players disliked the work, while others, outraged by its so-called modernity, expressed active indignation at its performance. There was at this time a definitely "anti-Scriabin" movement in Moscow which lasted, in a greater or lesser degree, for the rest of his life.

In 1903 it became clear that Scriabin must choose between composition and the continuance of his professional duties. There was in his mind no doubt that he

would do well to relinquish the latter. Accordingly he resigned his post, and this release was followed by the flood of works which marks this period, including the "Divine Poem" for orchestra, the Fourth Sonata, the "Poeme Satanique," and many other piano pieces.

To the student of Scriabin the importance of the "Divine Poem" is contained not so much in any remarkable qualities of expression as in the fact that it may be regarded as the rough material from which the two later and more important orchestral works were fashioned. I do not mean to suggest that there is entire melodic coincidence, although a theme is used in this work which certainly appeared again in *Prometheus*. Rather it is that in the "Divine Poem" is emphasised that period of transition which preceded the final development of Scriabin's powers. Indeed, in later years, the conclusion has been almost forced upon us that much of the "Divine Poem" is intolerably dull. It must be admitted that Scriabin, by his rigid adherence to form, has handicapped himself to quite an unnecessary extent. Nevertheless this composition has certain qualities of grandeur and nobility which it would be futile to deny. It was well received when presented in Paris, though the performances in England have not aroused any particular enthusiasm.

After 1903 Scriabin left Moscow and spent the following years in travel, part of the time being devoted to visits to Beattenburg. After a concert tour in America he returned to Paris, and later proceeded to Lausanne. This brings us to a point when the composer can be regarded as having advanced, harmonically, from the period to which the "Divine Poem" belongs, though still a little distant from those experiments in harmonics and dissonance which were so characteristic of his latest works. It was at Lausanne at the beginning of 1908 that Scriabin completed "The Poem of Ecstasy" for orchestra, and since it is according to this work that he is principally known and judged it may be expedient, perhaps, here to examine some of those acute questions so often raised in regard to its structure and æsthetic values.

The pattern of "The Poem of Ecstasy" is simple enough. There is a Prologue and brief Epilogue: the body of the work is in Sonata form, and built rigidly according to that plan. The germ of the harmonic treatment is the superimposition of appoggiaturas on different positions of a chord which, basically, is the chord of the thirteenth. Many critics have been at pains to point out the restricted scope involved by this scheme. Certainly the restrictions are evident, but, granted these limitations, it is surely of interest to observe how Scriabin deals with his material. He has been accused by one writer at least of being unable to produce a continuous melodic line. As a matter of fact it is perfectly easy to find continuous melody in both "The Poem of Ecstasy" and *Prometheus*.

Scriabin's orchestral writing is theoretically far from perfect, and yet in point of results it is undeniably effective. To that extent the critic may be excused for finding the issue obscure. Delius is often clumsy on paper though his music is nearly always of extreme beauty. It is not difficult to discover other parallel cases. But in any event, as more than one writer has pointed out, "The Poem of Ecstasy" is not to be judged solely according to the score.

Æsthetic values are rather hard to determine. It seems that those who are acquainted with "The Poem of Ecstasy" for the most part are either violently opposed to it or vigorous in their efforts to champion the work. There are few who regard it from a moderate angle. Scriabin's opponents—and there are many—declare that from start to finish "The Poem of Ecstasy" is an hysterical, artificial, and neurotic production, barren of original thought. Others find it a masterpiece of expressionist writing, of great power and greater sense. In a consideration of Scriabin's association with theosophy I propose to discuss briefly what appears to be the basis for these widely divergent views, since they occur almost similarly in connection with Scriabin's last completed work for the orchestra—*Prometheus*.

The Fifth Piano Sonata, written immediately after "The Poem of Ecstasy," is almost identical with it in
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musical thought. After a short stay in Biarritz Scriabin journeyed to Brussels in September, 1908, remaining there for two years. It was in this centre of Science and Art that he started to write *Prometheus*, finishing it on his return to Moscow early in 1910. The feeling in Russia towards Scriabin had begun to change. Although there were always those who were opposed to him and his works, he had now a definite following. The conductor, Sergius Kussevitzy, has perhaps done more than anybody to gain recognition for Scriabin by repeated performances of the orchestral poems. He now suggested that Scriabin should accompany him on a tour of the Volga, an offer which the composer was prompt to accept. He returned to Moscow for a short time during the latter part of 1910, then retired to the country for some months, returning again to Moscow in the winter. In March, 1911, *Prometheus* received its first performance.

The form of *Prometheus* is very similar to that according to which "The Poem of Ecstasy" is constructed. It is scored for full orchestra, requiring in addition both organ and chorus for the Finale, and a pianoforte and "Colour-Organ" to be used throughout the performance. Scriabin directed, however, that if necessary the chorus and "Colour-Organ" might be dispensed with.

Prometheus, like "The Poem of Ecstasy," is full of nervous strength. It works up to a wonderful climax in the Finale, and, though far from being an unqualified worshipper of Scriabin, my feeling is that in this conclusion he really achieves greatness. In *Prometheus* there is something more than hysteria.

Briefly described, the idea of the "Colour-Organ" is that colours and a combination of colours shall be directed on to a screen during the performance of *Prometheus* in accordance with the temper of the music. *Prometheus* has been performed in New York with the "Colour-Organ," but it cannot be allowed that the attempt at unity of media is successful. Apart from other considerations, the association of colour and sound has a different significance for each individual, and it in no way follows that an audience, or any part of it, could accept Scriabin's

idea of what was appropriate. To take only one instance: Rimsky-Korsakov associated "white" with the key of C major, but in Scriabin's table of key-colours C major is described as "red." In fact, there is no reason to suppose that any two people associate C major with the same colour. It is clear, therefore, that any arbitrary system of colour association, as suggested in *Prometheus*, is likely to be useless from the point of view of practical aesthetics. Fortunately the understanding of *Prometheus* does not depend upon its accessories. The composer may have realised this. At all events, his directions imply that he did not regard the "Colour-Organ" as inseparable from the performance of the work.

After the production of *Prometheus* Scriabin retired to Beattenburg. It was there that he completed the Sixth and Seventh Piano Sonatas. Gloom, ferocity and sombre colour are characteristics of these works. He also made a sketch for the Ninth Sonata which is, by comparison, a cheerful piece of writing. After touring with Mengelberg, the famous conductor, Scriabin returned to Russia, and, subsequently, to Moscow. There he wrote the Eighth and Tenth Piano Sonatas. The latter work is, musically, closely associated with *Prometheus*. In 1914 the composer visited England. Sir Henry Wood, who had presented *Prometheus* in 1913 to a puzzled audience, did so again in the following year with Scriabin at the piano. Scriabin's visit may be accounted a success, but one cannot pretend that *Prometheus* was generally understood. He returned to Moscow for further concerts and further success. The continued strain weakened his health. On April 7th, 1915, after the second Volga tour, Scriabin retired to bed, a dangerous boil attended with great pain having reappeared on his lip. The infection spread; the fever rose. He grew steadily worse, pleurisy set in, and, with the development of blood-poisoning, hope was finally abandoned. On April 14th Scriabin died.

The intense unpopularity of Scriabin's mature works in certain quarters—particularly "The Poem of Ecstasy" and *Prometheus*—is due largely to the fact that the composer insisted that his music possessed a theosophical

significance. By many he was promptly acclaimed as a prophet; to others he appeared as nothing more than a charlatan. But with the theosophical aspect the musical critic can have little concern. Scriabin, as a composer, must be assessed strictly according to his music, without external confusion of the issue. It is just this point which is so often lost sight of by Scriabin's commentators. The fact remains, whatever may be urged to the contrary, that the music does not depend upon theosophy for its critical understanding. Scriabin's work, judged simply as music without programme, then becomes easier to estimate.

The outstanding feature of Scriabin's development is its logic. It is this characteristic which gives to his work more than temporary importance. On this account, too, the bulk of his piano music has not here been considered. Except in his later writings Scriabin's music is self-explanatory. Attention has been concentrated upon the idiom of the transition and final periods, because it is in these that Scriabin's logic leads him to such interesting results. A further examination of the harmonic import of the last phase may help to make clearer the historical significance of Scriabin's contribution to contemporary musical thought.

The early works are, on the whole, diatonic. Until the appearance of "The Poem of Ecstasy" there was no very clear sign that Scriabin was definitely working towards absolute chromaticism. Even in that work we find passages which reflect the earlier phases, as, for instance, the diatonic Finale. *Prometheus* marked a step further from tradition. In it is represented a wider expansion of harmonic formulæ. Chromaticism becomes the rule rather than the exception. But the development, to Scriabin's mind, had not gone far enough. He had worked out, from his basic chord of accumulated fourths, a number of harmonic variations. In the final piano pieces these were brought into play. The question of the ultimate worth of these excursions is fairly presented in the Five Preludes (*Op.* 74), the last piano pieces which the composer wrote before his death. Cacophony is rampant, but it is cacophony arrived at by logic. Certain characteristics are obvious. The octave is almost entirely disallowed, being replaced

by an octave plus an additional semitone. This feature is consistently found. Other intervals are proportioned accordingly. The effect is dissonant in the extreme, but compelling. Critically these piano pieces are difficult to approach. Theoretically they are convincing enough; their æsthetic value is less easy to determine. Provided that one can accept the idiom a certain power, even beauty, is apparent. The problem remains as to whether a further development would have resulted in music so divorced from tradition that it would have evaded entirely the ordinary standard of æsthetics.

It seems doubtful whether Scriabin could have further expanded his system while remaining within the boundaries of recognised musical possibility. Following his original line he would have required ultimately a new system of scales in which to express himself. And notwithstanding the tolerance of the twentieth century in regard to novelties it is doubtful whether such extremes could have attained any permanent value. From any angle *Prometheus* showed clearly the inexpediency of associating colour and sound. Scriabin's projected "Mystery," which was planned more as a theosophical rite than as an orchestral composition, scarcely begun at the time of his death, aimed at an elaboration of the Promethean idea. It was well for the composer, perhaps, and our estimation of him, that this extravagance was not developed.

The faults of Scriabin have been demonstrated fully by different writers, but the attitude is not born of intelligence. To understand the composer it is necessary to learn what not to expect. Admittedly this is difficult, because the faults, such as they are, are extremely obvious. Scriabin had no very clear understanding of orchestration and even less of rhythm. It is elsewhere that his qualities must be sought. His exceptional knowledge of the piano resulted in some magnificent writing for that instrument; and within his peculiar limits there is much of poetry throughout his work. To-day musical disorder is widespread and often irrational. The disorder of Scriabin, even in extremes, is always logical, and therein surely lies the ultimate distinction.

THE AMERICAN ELECTION

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

THE recent National Election in the United States was a trying time for many of the voters. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic candidate made an absolute appeal to a very great number of those called upon to choose a successor to Mr. Coolidge. Both candidates had their enthusiastic followings, but probably the Democratic Mr. Smith brought to his standard a more emotional support than did his Republican opponent Mr. Hoover. Weighed in the balance, both candidates lacked certain qualities which the thoughtful men and women of the nation would have liked to find in an aspirant for the highest position within their gift. It was to such voters a choice between two evils, and the Democratic candidate, what he was and what he stood for, was so much the greater evil that there was no question as to whom support should be given.

Not a word of just criticism could be uttered as to the personality of either man. They were the very best, each of his kind, that could be found. It was not, therefore, in character or quality they were lacking. Both of unimpeachable honesty and ability; both filling every requirement as men for the office to which they aspired; it was not the candidates themselves who caused the doubt to arise in the minds of the voters as to whether all was well with the nation. The voters had no other choice. Their candidates were machine made, and one or the other had to go to the White House. The Democratic candidate stood for slack enforcement of the Prohibition laws and a more or less narrow viewpoint in religious affairs. His political origins were such as to cast some doubt upon the probable breadth of his nationalism and as to his experience and knowledge of foreign affairs, and this made it unwise to go to the trouble of giving him a course of instruction at the expense of the nation. The voters, therefore, with startling unanimity decided that the man from

"The Side Walks of New York" was an impossibility, and he was buried under an avalanche of opposition votes.

The fact that Mr. Hoover was in consequence elected by an overwhelming majority does not mean, however, that the people gave their support to a national idol. He was and is far from being in that position. He has had and still has many critics, and certain strong national forces are antagonistic to his methods and his viewpoint of the affairs of life as well as those of the nation. In a recent speech Mr. Hoover said: "The most potent force in society is its ideals. But for the next several generations we dare not abandon self-interest as a motive force to leadership and to production, lest we die." There are great spiritual forces at work among the American people far stronger and more generally diffused throughout the nation than many seem to be aware. These forces are for the moment lacking in organisation, and are more or less inarticulate. They are submerged under a flood tide of great material wealth and prosperity, and the strident tongue of speculation drowns their voices. What they lack and what they need is a formula and a spokesman to give effect to their strength and to make them articulate.

The rationalisation of industry and commerce is the street cry of the present time. Some day a demand will be formulated for the rationalisation of the great moral and spiritual elements latent in this community of over one hundred million people. There are now many Americans who believe that to wait "several generations," as Mr. Hoover suggests, for more attention to be paid to the spiritual is more dangerous than to give it greater scope in the present, and, apparently contrary to his opinion, they believe this should be done, "lest we die." The tendency of all nations since the War has been, and still is, along the same lines as America is now travelling, and while the people of Great Britain are being forced into the procession by certain increasingly powerful influences more slowly than some others, there is no question as to the strength of the forces which are slowly but surely rationalising British industry at the expense of the culture and spiritual quality which has so long been a dominant

feature of much of British life. A nation cannot concentrate upon development along one line to the exclusion of others, for when the time comes that it is considered wise and "safe" to make the attempt to achieve a balance it may then be too late. The man who works day and night for many years to accumulate wealth, and, having done so, decides to turn his attention to other things, generally finds that his other faculties have become atrophied in the meantime. Theodore Roosevelt led a revolt against the forces now dominant in American politics, and won his battle for a time. In the end, however, the machine broke him, and he went down, fighting furiously, it is true, but without avail. The mechanising of life was to go on for years to come, and what he was fighting was too impersonal, too resourceful, and too skilled in its appeal to the predatory and acquisitive instincts of man to be overcome from without. Since his time no man has appeared in American public life who has had the courage, vitality, energy, or vision to rally to his banner those who are eagerly, though sadly, scanning the horizon for the appearance of a champion. Whether it is within the power of any man to defeat the system as now entrenched is questionable. It may be that the American people will have to follow their destined course as a nation, and in the end acquire wisdom through suffering rather than through any reasoned and concentrated effort.

The expected happened on November 6th when Mr. Herbert Hoover was elected President of the United States to succeed Mr. Coolidge on March 4th, 1929. The only unexpected feature of the election for many was the catastrophic character of the Democratic defeat. There were, however, numberless reasons why Mr. Hoover should have succeeded, and not a single valid reason why his rival should have been elected. There are about fifty-five million potential voters in the United States. About forty-three million of these registered, and about thirty-three million actually voted, or about four million more votes than were cast in 1924. Mr. Hoover received about twenty million votes and Mr.

Smith about thirteen millions. The results are even more decided from the standpoint of the Electoral College, for Mr. Hoover carried forty States out of forty-eight, securing 444 electoral votes out of a possible 531, thus giving him the greatest victory ever recorded of an American Presidential contest.

The results of this election have been interpreted in many ways, according to the personal predilections of the interpreter, but out of it all certain salient features are easily recognised. Prohibition will never again be made a national political issue, for it has come to stay, as a great majority of the people are in favour of it. If there were any doubts as to this before the election these doubts have now been set at rest, and the "bootlegging" industry is sure to gradually decline in importance and profit, and finally to die a natural death as new and non-alcoholic generations come to maturity. It has also been decided that the ruling power in the White House must not be an adherent of the Church of Rome. There are more Roman Catholics in the United States than in any other country, and there is no prejudice against them in the ordinary walks of life, but a majority of Americans, as do the British, prefer that no man should occupy the highest place in the Government who belongs to an organisation which quite openly demands an allegiance rising superior to the claims of the State. The Roman Catholic Church as an organisation has for centuries sought and held temporal power, and the people are not yet convinced that it has entirely abandoned such ambitions.

The Democratic Party had no lack of funds in this campaign as has been the case in other years. Certain leaders of great industrial organisations gave it their blessing; its candidate was a man of attractive personality with magnetism to inspire his audiences. In this respect he had the advantage of his opponent, for Mr. Hoover is a comparatively cheerless leader. Curiously enough, however, broadcasting, now a great factor in political publicity, favoured Mr. Hoover's calm, logical and passionless utterances rather

than the more emotional appeals of Mr. Smith. The attraction of Mr. Smith as an orator was based upon his genial personality and his human touch with his audience. Both of these were lost in transmission, and there remained the words alone, which possessed no hint of the learning, culture or wide experience of great affairs that were conveyed by the simple statements of Mr. Hoover. It might quite easily come about in the future that some attention will be paid to the broadcasting capabilities of a man in the final choice of a candidate for high office, for it is upon the microphone a candidate will depend in the future to reach the scattered millions of voters in the United States.

Not only was Mr. Hoover elected President, but an overwhelming majority of Republicans were elected to the House of Representatives, and there will be a Republican working majority in the Senate of about fourteen where, during Mr. Coolidge's last Administration, there was only a majority of one for the Republican Party. The stage is now set for a completely Republican rule during the four years from March 4th, and this is as it should be, for no matter which party is in the ascendant it is more satisfactory that it should stand or fall by its accomplishments or lack thereof. It is possible that the Congressional election which comes in 1930 might register a reaction from Republicanism, but this is improbable. Barring accidents and fulfilling precedents, Mr. Hoover will be renominated by his Party in 1932, and present indications are that he may safely count upon eight years in the White House.

Some of the comparatively minor results of the election are of interest. For the first time the Republicans have broken into what has been known as the "Solid South." Texas and Florida have voted for Mr. Hoover, and five of the so-called border States, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, North Carolina and Tennessee, have gone Republican. The notable influx of settlers from the North may account for the change in Florida, but in Texas and other erstwhile Democratic strongholds it is evident that thousands of voters formerly giving allegiance to the Democratic Party shifted their votes to the opposition. This must have been entirely on the issues involved.

Kentucky, the great whiskey-producing State of other days, has reaffirmed its adherence to Prohibition, and declared its Protestant belief. The most amazing change of all has taken place in Texas, where only four years ago the State gave a majority of 350,000 for the defeated Democratic candidate, Mr. John Davis, or about seventy per cent. of the total vote. Texas has been a rock-ribbed Democratic stronghold ever since the Civil War. The Democratic vote was so large as to exclude the possibility of a Republican being elected, with the result that all political warfare or rivalry was within the ranks of the Democrats rather than between Democrats and Republicans. The Republican organisation was maintained in the State merely for place-getting, for when a Republican President was in the White House certain Federal appointments were distributed among the faithful in this Democratic waste.

Realising the strong temperance and Protestant sentiment in Texas, the Democrats held their nominating convention in that State, but even this high compliment was not sufficient to stem the tide of protest which was made to the nomination of a "wet" and Roman Catholic candidate. Not only must the new generation of Texas voters have given their first allegiance to the Republican Party, but thousands of men who had voted the Democratic ticket all their lives must have violated the tradition of their families and cast their votes for a Republican. To be a Republican in Texas twenty years ago was asking for social ostracism. No greater political change has come about in any section of the United States than in Texas, and it is probable that this recent election marks the beginning of an epoch in American politics, for there is no longer a "Solid South," and the voters of the United States have proclaimed their independence of party ties for all time. It will be far more difficult in the future to forecast the probable outcome of an election than it has been in years gone by.

The greatest surprise the Democrats sustained was the outcome of the election in New York State, where Mr. Smith was defeated by a large majority. He ran well

behind his ticket, for a Democratic Governor was elected, and the present Democratic Senator, Mr. Copeland, was re-elected. This latter feature of the election has some interest for Europe, as, Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador in London, was the Republican candidate to succeed Mr. Copeland. Mr. Houghton now returns to London, as his resignation of the London post has not been accepted by the President, and he will at least serve out his full term. Rumour is again busy with his name as a possible member of Mr. Hoover's Cabinet. This is as it may be, however, for Mr. Hoover will build his own Cabinet according to his own liking, and while it is announced that he will carry on the Coolidge policies, this does not and will not prevent him from administering the fundamentals in a different manner and in a different form from the habit of his predecessor.

It has been so with every President who succeeded a man of his own political adherence. To say that existing policies will be continued is a gesture of political politeness to the outgoing President, and as a rule it is nothing more, so far as actual practice is concerned, when the new Administration is firmly seated in the saddle. President Roosevelt announced a continuation of McKinley policies, but hardly one of these survived longer than the time necessary for the new President to adopt a line peculiarly his own. Mr. Taft declared his intention to adhere to the Roosevelt policies, but he soon departed so widely from them as to break his friendship with his former patron. Mr. Coolidge, following Mr. Harding, declared the same apparent satisfaction with what his predecessor had done, but this did not prevent him from giving the country an Administration the antithesis of that of his former chief.

In his pre-election speeches Mr. Hoover has dealt with public questions only in a most general way. He has expressed no definite opinions on foreign affairs or domestic problems. In only one direction has he committed himself, and that is upon the immediate need of some relief for the farmers. Only in a general way has he suggested what form this relief should take, but he has said that if the present Congress does not do something in

this direction he will call a special session of the new Congress which comes into being on March 4th, 1929, to consider the matter. This is a serious commitment, and circumstances may later determine him that such an extra session is not necessary. Special sessions of Congress are not popular. They are expensive and more or less unsettling to business. They have never been called excepting in what were considered great national emergencies, and it is hardly true that the farming industry of the United States is in such parlous state as to be considered from this point of view. The farmers' vote in the recent election was looked upon as the most vital factor in determining the result, and great efforts were made by both parties to capture its approval. It is doubtful whether even Mr. Hoover would have committed himself to an extra session of Congress had the party managers believed his success to have been so assured as it was, for it may give rise to a more or less awkward position later on.

It will be natural if with his wide experience in the affairs of other countries Mr. Hoover devotes more than a perfunctory interest to the foreign relations of the United States. Evidence of this is already at hand, for he now proposes to make a lengthy visit to Central and South America to study at first hand in his character of President-Elect the complications of American relations in that direction. It is known also that disturbing rumours of loss of American prestige and business in the Latin American countries, and dissatisfaction with the Monroe Doctrine, have reached Washington, and as Mr. Hoover could not well go there in person after he became President he is hastening to acquire needed first-hand knowledge that will be useful later on. Such a trip will also give him a much-needed rest, and will free him for the time from the importunities of would-be office-holders. When he returns from his southern voyage he will probably have a tentative list of his Cabinet officers in his despatch bag, and a more or less well-formulated outline of his policies for the immediate future.

When he and Mrs. Hoover step on board the battleship *Maryland* for their voyage to the south he will surely

heave a sigh of relief at the escape from many of the unavoidable but nevertheless exhausting demands made upon a man who has been chosen to that high place in Washington from which later on he is to direct the important and delicate affairs of the most powerful country in the world. That he will show intelligence and efficiency in the direction of these affairs is a foregone conclusion. It will be a business Administration conducted along such lines of safety as will appeal to those concerned with the material welfare of the United States. What the attitude of Washington will be towards international affairs is yet to be developed. The hope of Europe lies in Mr. Hoover's wide experience and knowledge of the affairs and conditions in other countries, an experience and knowledge far greater than has been possessed by any preceding President of the United States. The fact that he has had the ardent support of men like Senator Borah, who is more than a little internationalist in his point of view, gives colour to the belief held in many quarters that Mr. Hoover's views on such matters are more liberal than those of the man he succeeds.

The great responsibilities which fall upon the shoulders of a man as soon as he comes into such power as that possessed by the President of the United States have a sobering effect and tend to induce a caution and conservatism in action which may not be entirely natural to the nature of the man holding the office. No radical changes in the domestic or foreign policies of the United States are to be expected in the immediate future. If such are to come they will be the result of a slow development along natural and graduated lines.

FRANÇOIS VILLON¹

POET AND VAGABOND

BY L. J. LLOYD

AT the close of a summer's afternoon in the year of grace 1455 three persons, a woman and two men, were sitting on a stone bench by the Rue St. Jaques, in the city of Paris. Upon the arrival of a priest and his companion the younger of the men rose from the bench and courteously offered them his place, but the priest, for no apparent reason, discharged a volley of oaths and struck the other to the ground. Pale with anger the young man rose slowly to his feet, feeling for the dagger which hung at his belt: at this the companions of both disappeared, fearing complicity in a duel. The priest drew first blood, wounding the other in the mouth, and received a deep thrust in the thigh, which in his excitement he scarcely seemed to feel; then his companion, whose courage had returned, ran back and succeeded in disarming the young man, who, finding himself helpless before two enemies, suddenly picked up a heavy stone lying at his feet, hurled it with all his force at the priest, made off, and was lost to sight in a moment. The priest, whose name was Phillipe Chermoie, or Sermoise, was removed to a hospital, where he expired. The name of his companion was Jehan le Mardi, and the young man whose departure had been so precipitate was one Master François Villon, alias Montcorbier, alias Desloges, alias "Michel Mouton," master of arts, the first poet in France and the greatest rogue in the history of literature.

When we hear of him again, in 1456, he has obtained a pardon from Charles VII for this "accident," to be granted, says the document . . .

Attendu que en autres choses, il s'est bien et honorablement gouverné, sans avoir jamais été atteint, reprins, ne convaincu d'aucun vilain cas, blame, ou reproche.

With this pardon the poet returned in triumph to Paris,

(1) A useful edition of Villon is that of M. Louis Moland, Garnier Frères, Paris. The poems have been translated by Mr. De Vere Stacpoole.

where one night he scaled with five companions the walls of the Collège Navarre, rifled two iron-bound coffers, and decamped to Angers with his share of the proceeds, now fairly launched on his career of crime.

It was about this time that he produced his *Petit Testament*, in which, in the fashion of the time, he bequeaths a series of imaginary legacies to a host of companions whose names alone have survived. Beyond a certain pleasant if cynical waggery and a few striking phrases the worth of the *Petit Testament* is practically negligible, but it is interesting in that it proves beyond any doubt that its author was by now perfectly familiar with the foulest dens of fifteenth century Paris, at a time when Paris, torn by interminable wars and wrung by foreign occupation, was notorious in an age of licence.

It was not long before his accomplices in the robbery had been arrested. One Guy Tabarie was apprehended, and by confessions under torture implicated Villon, whom we find arraigned before the justices of Paris on the 23rd of October, 1460, as a "*larron, crocheteur, pilleur et sacrilège incorrigible*," fallen "*in Profundum malorum*" and ripe for the gallows. An appeal to the Parlement commuted his sentence to banishment, and he wandered about aimlessly in Poitou, meeting in the course of his travels the courtly prince and poet Charles of Orleans, who entertained him until he discovered what kind of person his guest was. Then he disappears again until 1461, having spent the summer in the dungeons of Meung, by order of the bishop of Orleans, for what misdemeanour we do not know. A fortunate visit of Louis XI in October left him free to return to Paris, with the manuscript of his *Grand Testament* in his pocket, and for two years he remained in obscurity. In November, 1463, he appears for the last time, tortured and condemned to death for his share in a street row; that any patience the provost possessed had long ago been exhausted is obvious from the severity of the sentence. Yet Villon was to cheat the gallows again; his appeal to the Parlement, supported no doubt by some influential patron, once more commuted his sentence to banishment, and there we take our leave of him. It is impossible to

believe that he lived much longer; he wrote nothing more, and prison records are silent. In any case, mediæval dungeons were far from salubrious, and in the underworld which he knew sudden disappearances were not uncommon.

With the advent of Villon mediævalism breathed its last, and with the death of mediævalism was born the modern poetry of France. Though it may be a little difficult to see why Villon should be regarded as the father of French poetry, why, for instance, Deschamps, with his voluminous output, or Charles of Orleans, with his elegantly turned verse, is not looked to as the real "*précurseur*," the explanation lies almost wholly in the fact that the two hundred verses of the *Grand Testament* present for the first time in the literature of France a distinct and striking personality, a personality distinct because he is alone, a being of real flesh and blood among a crowd of shadows.

The little manuscript which Villon had in his pocket when he returned to Paris in the winter of 1461 is in some sort a continuation of the *Petit Testament*; there are the same incomprehensible witticisms, the same sarcastic bequests to unknown characters, the same freedom of thought and expression. But side by side with all this there is a new element, indefinable and light as gossamer—Villon had ceased to be a versifier and become a poet.

It is hardly surprising yet curious to find that the *Grand Testament* breathes a spirit of repentance and remorse, for these things were not likely to be found in the dens of Paris, and fifteenth century justice had small mercy on the unfortunate. It is from the contemplation of his own experience that the poet speaks; like one born half a century later he "looked in his heart and wrote," and his life is the theme of that writing. He sees himself the victim of his own folly and shortsightedness—his sojourn in the noisome *cachots* at Meung had given him ample time for reflection—and there is no lack of sincerity in his remorse:—

"Hé, Dieu, si j'eusse étudié,
Au temps de ma jeunesse folle,
Et à bonnes mœurs dédié
J'aurais maison et couche molle."

His envy of good fare is as great as his poverty; he was born with expensive tastes, and he enumerates his favourite dishes with a relish which would be amusing were it not pathetic:—

Sauces, bruets, et gros poissons,
Tartes, flans, œufs frits et pochés
Perdus, et en toutes façons.

It is not difficult to see that he was a criminal by accident and not by predilection: he can speak with tenderness of his mother, praying to our Lady of Paris:—

Femme je suis, pouverette et ancienne,
Que rien ne sais, onques lettre ne lus.

He recognises with gratitude and a touch of shame the kindness of his guardian, and he is one of the first to do honour to Joan of Arc, *la bonne Lorraine*, in a burst of patriotism defying the enemies of France, for he was a good patriot if but an indifferent citizen. His fame, however, does not rest upon these things, though their appeal is undeniably strong: it rests upon his extraordinary and masterly treatment of the theme of death, of which his interpretation is as unique as it is unapproached.

Yet he can never face death with courage: his attitude is always one of intense loathing tempered by abject terror. The dungeons of Meung and the *tréteaux* of Paris may have unnerved him: certainly any shreds of bravado he might possess desert him utterly when he considers his end: he breaks down, and wails for mercy. In death he can see nothing but the horrors of dissolution: the bodies of his friends swinging *morts et roidis* in chains, washed by cold dews and shrivelled in the heat. His imagination is that of an unflinching realist, and if his pen is gross, and he lacks taste, it is because he never felt the need of it. In brighter moments he may seek to console himself by a kind of philosophy, that all beauty must perish, that life is but fleeting, and so on. . . .

“Où sont les neiges d'antan?”

he asks himself in an incomparable lyric, but even while he speaks his teeth are chattering, and there rise up before his eyes the creaking gibbets of Montfaucon, with his own place prepared and ready, and he hears the hollow croaks of the magpies rising hoarse upon the night air.

A GENEVA POSTSCRIPT

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

I AM sending a postscript to my last letter, because it left the story of the Ninth Assembly and the Rhineland negotiations incomplete. You have, of course, read the agreement which was finally arrived at between Herr Müller for Germany and the representatives of the Powers responsible for the occupation, by which official negotiations are to be opened for the early evacuation of the Rhineland, and a committee of financial experts is to be nominated to consider plans for a complete and definite settlement of the reparations problem. The Germans, while agreeing that it would be a good thing if their total liability could be fixed, and payment accelerated by the floating of the German railway bonds which form part of the guarantee under the Dawes Scheme, protested to the last that there was no connection between reparations and the occupation, and that, as for the establishment of a commission of control in the demilitarised area after the troops were withdrawn, there was absolutely no justification in the Treaty of Versailles. It was only after a hard tussle that they gave way on this last point so far as to admit the principle of some form of supervision until the end of 1935, the Treaty date for the evacuation of the third zone of occupation, the Palatinate. Beyond this date Herr Müller would not go, for his view was that no German Government dare consent to the establishment of a permanent commission of control in the Rhineland. It would, of course, be another matter if the French would consent to demilitarise a similar area on their side of the frontier, and submit to some supervision over it. But I need hardly say that the French will do nothing of the kind. Moreover they point to the closing paragraph of Article 429 of the Treaty of Versailles, which says that if at any date the guarantees against unprovoked aggression are not considered sufficient by the Allied Governments the evacuation of the

occupying troops may be delayed to the extent regarded necessary for the purpose of obtaining the required guarantees. This means, declare the French, that they are entitled, if they think necessary, to demand a permanent commission of "Constataion et Conciliation," as the controlling body is rather oddly called in the agreement which was arrived at in Geneva in September.

This was a clear intimation to Herr Müller that he had better come to terms or the occupation might be indefinitely delayed. Thus the Germans are in a cleft stick, and I think that they had better accept Lord Cushendun's suggestion that they should accept the commission of "Verification and Conciliation" until 1935, with the proviso that the question shall then be reopened. If the occupation is brought to an end in the meantime the relations of France and Germany may have so improved by that date that the French will no longer insist on prolonging the existence of the Commission of Control. The constitution of this Commission has not yet been discussed; but if there are any complaints against Germany she would presumably have the right to appeal for a public discussion of the matter before the Council of the League. I cannot see, therefore, why there should be any question of a Commission of Control, because if there were any ground to suspect that the Germans were violating the demilitarised area by introducing troops into it the Council could always be brought on the scenes. But M. Briand has to satisfy public opinion in France that he is taking no risks in agreeing to evacuation.

If the French insist on the Germans accepting a permanent element of supervision over the Rhineland the negotiations may prove difficult. Nor is it easy to see how a "complete and definite" settlement of the reparations problem is to be obtained if the French insist on this being mixed up with Inter-Allied and Associated debts. Lord Cushendun, as I told you in my last letter, headed the French off the idea that anything could be done to facilitate the settlement of the reparations question by appealing to America to reduce her claims on Europe. At the same time we cannot accept less than our allotted proportion

of the German reparation payments so long as we have to pay America. We stand by the Balfour Note, by which we require only so much from our European debtors as will balance our debt to America. But that does not help the French, who see themselves engaged in paying an increasingly large annual sum to the Americans until everything that they obtain from Germany will be handed across the Atlantic. This is the explanation of their anxiety to obtain a revision of the Dawes Plan, so that they may have something over and above their payments to the Americans and ourselves. It is quite natural that they should take this course, but if they think that they are likely to persuade the Americans to reduce their claims by threatening to hold up the evacuation of German territory, because the reparation problem cannot be settled until the Americans are more reasonable, they will irritate American opinion to such a degree that there will be no chance of obtaining any assistance from American financiers for the flotation of the German bonds.

The question of what America will do must be left to the future when circumstances economic and sentimental will probably induce America to alter its present point of view. From what I hear the French will not in any event leave the third Rhineland zone until their generals are satisfied that the military preparations for the defence of the French frontier are so advanced that the French troops can be safely withdrawn. But I do not see why the British should continue to share in the odium of maintaining the occupation. Why, if we are convinced that the Germans have a good title to the freedom of their soil, should we not withdraw our small garrison, or at least refuse to continue our share of the occupation after the evacuation of the third zone, which must take place in any event at the end of 1930?

A last word about the Anglo-French naval compromise. I have never felt so "blue" about any move on the part of British diplomacy since the War. To pick out the one point on which we differed most with Americans at the Geneva Conference last year and select that for an agreement with the French really seems a superfluous piece of

blundering. If one thing was certain it was that the Americans would not agree to the limitation of eight-inch gun cruisers while leaving the number of six-inch gun cruisers unlimited. Greatly to the relief of all those who believe that Anglo-American friendship is the corner-stone of world peace, Washington, after rejecting the compromise as a basis for discussion, has suggested that the conversations for further naval limitations should begin anew. The American representative is coming to the next meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, and I hope that all concerned will be able to place this complex problem on a better footing. For the Americans appear to hint that they are prepared to make some allowance for the special requirements of the British and the French in the matter of smaller cruisers. It seems to me, however, that in spite of all the clamour which our naval people raised at the Geneva Conference about handing the predominance on the seas to America if she were allowed to build what cruisers she liked within an agreed tonnage, we shall have to give way on the eight-inch gun cruisers if another breakdown, which might lead this time to a race in naval armaments, is to be avoided. Why should it matter if Great Britain and America really meant what they said when they signed the Paris Peace Pact, whether America has a few more eight-inch gun cruisers or not? If we and the Americans are in earnest in ruling out war for all time between our two countries why should we regard our fleets from the competitive point of view? Limitations or no limitations, we shall never settle the naval problem in this way. If we got our gun measurements equal we should begin to wrangle about the elevation at which they might be fired or the explosives which they should use. The only solution of the naval problem is to co-operate and not to compete. This opens up the whole question of the rights of neutrals, which is at the bottom of the breakdown of the Geneva Conference. But if this has to be faced to avoid a naval competition between ourselves and the Americans the sooner it is done the better.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

To judge by the interest shown here, America's Presidential Election was a matter of intimate concern for Great Britain. Yet both candidates made as clear as they could a complete detachment from Europe, and if either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Smith had a partiality for the parent stock of the English-speaking race it was well concealed. Now that Mr. Hoover is in, we recognise that things are as they were, only more so. We recognise also that if Mr. Smith had won, Europe and Great Britain would have been not much the better or the worse. Yet there was regret. Mr. Smith contrived to rally a great deal of English sympathy to his personality, which was no small achievement for a product of Tammany. As the struggle developed it looked more and more like a fight between the man and the machine. The part played by machinery in American life increases, and the human mechanism of committees and caucuses and organisations will be always bigger. Mr. Smith was far better supported in money and otherwise than was Mr. Bryan when that apostle set out to deliver mankind "crucified on a cross of gold"; he is also, so far as one can judge, a far abler and more experienced politician than ever Bryan became, and yet Bryan came near to winning while Mr. Smith is "snowed under." We do not know, and cannot, what chiefly caused the defeat: Prohibition (sedulously backed by the bootleggers), Protestantism, or property on the grand scale, for all these were up against Mr. Smith. We do know that America has been able to produce a magnetic personality, and has been able to defy its magnetism. We have also good grounds for believing that Mr. Hoover, in spite of his smugness, is a notable administrator, and he is certainly acquainted with Europe's difficulties and necessities, though there is no evidence that he will take account of them to serve anybody in Europe.

It is a little hard, to see why, when America so emphatically disinterests herself, we should be so concerned to please America. There was the usual rally of politicians before Parliament reassembled to open its last session, and the Government was trounced by Liberal and by Labour alike for having ventured to leave America out of the reckoning, when the object was to settle naval perplexities with France. Lord Grey was very strong on the subject. If his case had been that it was foolish to publish the fact of this tentative agreement before knowing what Italy would say, and Japan, one could understand. But what is the objection to seeking agreement among the nations which accept a degree of solidarity, or to leaving out of sight the nation which refuses solidarity?

Perhaps the greatest value of Mr. Baldwin as Prime Minister is that he keeps the temperature down. There has seldom been less excitement about proceedings in Parliament than just now. Public opinion has been much more stirred by Lord Birkenhead's retirement from the Ministry than by anything that the Ministry has said or done. The thing took place with the maximum of splash, for Lord Birkenhead desired to make propaganda on behalf of the underpaid class with which he has been associating—Cabinet Ministers and judges. We learnt with interest that a judge cannot educate his sons and keep a motor car on five thousand a year, and therefore that he should be provided with an income adequate to these purposes. Undoubtedly if there is a difficulty in securing the best men for the bench at the present salaries, something should be done, and in this matter Lord Birkenhead speaks with authority, for it is agreed that no better Lord Chancellor has been seen. But when it comes to paying statesmen, we need not believe that hitherto many have held back from office by reason of the inadequacy of the pay. Not many men know so clearly as Lord Birkenhead what they want, and very, very few have his ability to get it. Yet he may be exaggerating the necessary rewards of efficiency. What, for instance, is M. Poincaré paid? And is a judge with five thousand a year really

unable to keep a motor car if he gives his sons an education equal to that which Lord Birkenhead, for instance, received? Of course, if he chooses to pay from three to five hundred a year for each of them at school, matters become complicated. But must a judge with a family spend more than five thousand a year to live as an English judge should in the society of modern England? If it were firmly established that he must, something would need to be done—but perhaps not in the way of raising salaries.

Dean Inge turned a good deal of sympathy to Lord Birkenhead's side by an attack which was hardly discreet. If a statesman is not content with £5,000 a year and the honour of serving, we are better without him, he said. These austerities of judgment do not come well from a Dean of St. Paul's who is also a prolific journalist. It is perfectly right and laudable that a dean, if he has spare time, should contribute like any other thinker to the formation of public opinion. This, however, could be done anonymously; and it were well it were so done, because every time Dean Inge signs an article he calls attention to the fact that a dean's office is a half-time job; and for a half-time job it is highly paid. There is the further consideration that people are liable to think him influenced by the extra payment which he will undoubtedly receive by reason of his office. However able his articles, Dean Inge as a layman would be less highly paid for them than he presumably is, because of the extra publicity attaching to the opinions of a man in his post.

In the heat of this not very edifying discussion nobody cared to speculate exactly what Lord Birkenhead was going to do. Yet the announcement has extraordinary significance. He joins the Imperial Chemicals Association, in which Lord Melchett is the chief figure. That means that two of the ablest men who have been British Ministers within this century are now engaged in a huge enterprise, which, for one thing, is fighting the Germans in an industry that nearly decided the War. Such a concern must have far-reaching political reactions; for instance, it

is hard to see how its products can be disposed of unless British agriculture becomes much more progressive and much more prosperous. Then there is the question of the Dominions. Already Lord Melchett has declared himself a convert to Mr. Chamberlain's policy of an economic league of the British Empire—tariff-walled. There is probably no one living better fit than Lord Birkenhead to push such a propaganda in Parliament and out of Parliament. Again, Lord Melchett is the head of a group of employers who are trying to establish co-operation between the interests of capital and labour, instead of the "class war." Lord Birkenhead is credited with having brought the Tory Party to agree to an Irish settlement, and, further, with making the actual settlement in its last and thorniest details. It is moderate to say that Lord Melchett's chances of bringing about peace in the industrial world would be doubled by having this associate. Few of us who had watched his career believed that in leaving the Ministry Lord Birkenhead was withdrawing from politics, but not many guessed what powerful activities would at once be open to him.—It is to be hoped they will keep him out of journalism, which he does not do at all so well as Dean Inge, and not much better than Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Churchill's is the only real pen among these front-bench performers.

In France things have been happening. M. Poincaré's effect on the atmosphere is singularly unlike Mr. Baldwin's. Wherever he appears, bristles go up. But, like M. Poincaré or dislike him, no one can deny that he is a fighting man. On the other hand, there are always parties out looking for his scalp. This time they thought they had got it—at the end of a long chain of events. The French Prime Minister has, of course, to govern with a coalition, and, being a patriotic Radical, he had to get support from patriotic persons who, though Republicans, might be described as Clerical. An accommodation was made, allowing five or six teaching establishments to be opened by religious orders in France—strictly for the training of missionaries. The influence of France in many

regions had been extended greatly through the ability and zeal of French missionaries, many of whom have been marvellous; but the supply running short, since the religious orders were driven out, at the bidding of M. Combes, other nationalities were cutting in on their ground, for instance, the Irish in China. M. Poincaré could fortify himself also with the example of Gambetta, who did a famous deal with Cardinal Lavignerie, the great African. "Anti-clericalism is not an article for export," was Gambetta's way of putting it, which probably M. Combes would have disapproved. M. Combes, I take it, was *un pur*—no half measures for him; and the Combist, even to-day, is France's equivalent for a Belfast or Liverpool Orangeman. It was natural, then, that Combist mutterings should be heard against this thin end of the wedge, and consequently that special importance should be given to the unveiling of a statue of Combes by M. Herriot somewhere in the Cognac region. As a counter-demonstration some forty *camelots du roi* (young enthusiasts for an unspecified monarch, and for the Pope who has put them under a ban) burst in on the proceedings and broke the marble nose of M. Combes with a hammer. If they had been content to break M. Herriot's head, only a passing unpleasantness would have resulted, for heads mend, and human nature takes account of that fact; but to disfigure a monument makes lasting bad blood.—Under the influence of these events the party caucus of the Radicals met at Angers. Four of M. Poincaré's colleagues attended, including M. Herriot; they resisted successfully attempts to carry resolutions protesting against the concession to the orders, and otherwise challenging what M. Poincaré considered essential. Then, with the important agenda finished, the Ministers went back to Paris, many of the delegates withdrew, and a rump was left to wind up certain minor matters. But M. Caillaux was the chairman of the rump, and under his chairmanship next day new resolutions were submitted, allowed, and carried, in complete contradiction to those adopted by the full meeting. The four Ministers, finding themselves officially disavowed by their party if they continued to support the Prime Minister, resigned in a batch, and M. Caillaux and his good friends

went about rubbing their hands. This time, they said, *nous l'avons eu*.

But next day M. Poincaré resigned, leaving Caillaux and Company to face an angry France. Not one bald old Combist in any back corner of the provinces but was horrified by the news that Poincaré had gone. In the Chamber itself, the authors of the manoeuvre were hooted as dirty dogs; for a parliament likes to do its own upsetting of ministers, and not see them hamstrung by a hole-and-corner caucus. The decenter men among the Radical-Socialists speak of the result as a catastrophe; the rest call it *une gaffe*.

There seems to be no sort of doubt that M. Poincaré's firm guidance is still essential to France, and that France knows it. But the result of his own work in stabilising the franc has had two results. First, it stereotyped, or intensified, the dearness of living; and next it gave a cry to all the job-hunters who said, Now the franc is steady, your taxes should come off. And so, what with promising the farmers a high price for their corn, and the working-men a cheap loaf, they started a campaign against the budget, on which stabilisation depends. But finance was too technical a subject to stampede a party congress, and so for months this old anti-clerical passion was whipped up, and the meeting was induced to protest against the irregularity of "letting the orders back" by a clause in the finance bill which made restitution of certain confiscated property as a fund for their establishment.

So the mine went off; but it was not M. Poincaré who was blown up. The only question in France was whether he would face the strain of leadership again, or be content to serve under another man as finance minister. His doctor would probably have advised the latter, but his personal ascendancy is so great that he would be an embarrassing first-lieutenant for any captain. Some Frenchmen, indeed, who know him to be a supreme tactician, hold that M. Herriot and the rest resigned with his approval, thus opening the way to the kind of informal plebiscite by which he is replaced in power.

"Be not weary in well-doing" is a hard precept, for nothing else is so fatiguing, and Parliaments know it to their cost. Redfessing one grievance is the sure way to breed a crop of others, not less urgent, to be dealt with. Successive legislators have been trying their hands, very honestly, to amend matters in India that cause discontent; they only find that what they have done there—and even what they have done elsewhere, for instance in Ireland—creates new difficulties. Reports of the Simon Commission's sittings remind us from time to time that problems are there to be faced, if not by Mr. Baldwin's Government, then by someone else's; and the apprehension of what that someone else may do intensifies the pressure. Evidently we stand committed to a large extension of the already admitted principle of self-government for British India. Instantly there arises the problem of the Native States—with seventy millions of people in them. For these seventy millions Parliament has a responsibility, not so direct as that for the balance of some two hundred and fifty millions, but still a responsibility which cannot be escaped. All of these people have access by right to the centres of education in Western thought which Great Britain has set up in India. More than that: we have given them the idea of a common nationality; we have given the idea of India. No intelligent Indian will deny that the only unity which India ever knew was union under the British raj. None the less, princes of the Native States, no less than their subjects, or than the intelligentsia of British India, declare: India must not be partitioned. The Jam Sahib, whom England still reveres as Ranjitsinghi, headed a deputation the other day on behalf of the Native princes, and was emphatic that there must be no Ulster in India.

The princes, taking time by the forelock, have been making their case in this country, and making it very effectually. They want, whatever happens, to be preserved in their existing rights; they do not choose to be forced under democratic institutions. They have been heard with sympathy, for hundreds of highly placed and

highly intelligent persons regard the mechanism of democracy without enthusiasm as applied to the Western world, and are absolutely convinced that it is mischievous in the East. There is plenty of evidence to bear out their conviction; but all the same, the East refuses to listen to such philosophising. Native princes, no doubt, accept it; but what of their subjects? These say: We are entitled to receive what you think good for British Indians.

Then comes the answer, that Britain is bound by treaties to the native princes. The retort of educated Indians is one which cannot be safely ignored: Subjects of the native princes are denied rights which Europeans consider elementary—such as that of free meetings. Admittedly, Oriental rulers governed despotically; but throughout the East in the last resort subjects could get rid of a ruler who oppressed them. In the Native States any uprising against a prince has to face not only his power but that of the British Raj behind him. Parliament, which controls the British power, is therefore responsible for maintaining the refusal of elementary political rights to seventy millions of Indian people.

Parliament is not likely to listen to any such abstract argument, while it remains abstract. But we know, and what is more to the point India knows, how Parliament could be induced to listen to argument about Ireland. It was a hateful linking up of reason with unreason, and whoever has seen the process working will loathe recurrence of it. But the only way to avoid that is to act in time. You cannot introduce Western representative institutions into British India without creating a demand for similar enlargements of freedom in the Native States; and unless the demand is met by foresight, the end will be trouble of the worst kind, with which Parliament will only begin to cope when it has grown incurable.

British India apart, all the East is following Western examples, and Indians, seemingly without irony, quote China as an encouragement. They may thank their stars that they are not likely to be able to do as China did and set up a new democratic government to control three or

four hundred millions of people. Such masses can be ruled by a bureaucracy—which indeed brought India as a unit into being. • Under a central bureaucracy, very different in kind, China reached a high development of civilisation. But the nearest approach to these numbers under representative institutions is found in America, and there the States existed before the Union. Nationalism in India and in China may have to choose between democracy and partition—possibly with a United States of India or of China in the far future.

Indian Nationalists would be well advised to read Mlle. Simone Téry's *Fièvre Jaune: la Chine Convulsée*, for it is the work of an able observer, anything but Anglo-Saxon in her sympathies and fervently Nationalist. She had been in Ireland in the heyday of Sinn Féin, and she came to China, as she says, "chanting 'Ireland for the Irish, China for the Chinese'." After six months' travels she was still chanting the same song, but with a mitigated enthusiasm.—The truth is that Mlle. Téry had found Ireland full of men after her own heart, Erskine Childers, Michael Collins, Arthur Griffiths, and the rest; but she could not find anybody at all in China to fall in love with. The most distinguished man of letters that she met, who had lived a great part of his life in Europe, told her that she and all other Europeans were not barbarians but worse: they were anarchists. She suggested that China offered a tolerable example of anarchy: but that, he told her, was a mere passing phase; not at all so serious a symptom as that Mlle. Téry—at an age which she confessed to him but not to us—was still unmarried. "That is what Europe is dying of, and America too," he said. "You must restore the family. The modern young girl is the worst plague of the West, she spells destruction for the race and for the family. . . . Go away and get married, or you will be the death of Europe."

But this female portent has invaded even the tranquillity of China. At Canton Mlle. Téry asked to see the famous cadet corps which produced the revolution-makers. They were accordingly paraded before her; and as she marched down the line, a young officer had the audacity to wink.

Mlle. Téry, scanning this impertinent personage, suddenly recognised a young Chinese lady with whom she had dined the night before. Later she called on this Amazon whose father was a merchant in America, and who, off parade, in mufti, was tightly swathed in blue and white silk, with wide sleeves opening like a butterfly's wings from the insect body. She was determined to fight Imperialism and Capitalism—and to deliver her sex from the oppression of man.—It is a vivid picture in Mlle. Téry's pages, one of scores; but most are by no means so pretty. She saw horrors, she heard of worse; she saw all the leading men and could not make much out of any of them. Plain to be seen is her desire to sympathise, and her difficulty in finding any man or any cause to sympathise with. But above all stands out the hopeless muddle of the whole, the utter disorganisation. Hers is not an encouraging book for the advocates of an unlimited application of democracy even in a land where very many products of the oldest civilisation have added to their culture all that Paris, London or New York can offer to make it serviceable for a modern China.

The Acting Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW greatly regrets that, owing to an unfortunate transposition of words, the story "Seven," by Madame Aino Kallas, translated from her original Finnish by Alex Matson, appeared in the November number as though the translator were the author. The reverse is, of course, the case, as those who know Madame Kallas's earlier work will easily have recognised.

THE INVALID

BY NUGENT BARKER

"DERE he is agäun! Hark at 'n! Hark at 'n! Knockin' below!"
Her sister went up to the bed. With loving eyes Mary gazed down at the distorted, frightened face of Ann.

"Hark at 'n, Mary! Döan't ye hear en now? Bangin' at de kitchen door? He's standin' below! 'Tis gittin' much nearer and louder! Oh, why döan't ye spik? Why döan't ye spik and do summat, Mary, instead of gazin' dere?"

Her sister bent over the bed. With loving fingers Mary smoothed back some of the wild, dishevelled hair of Ann. Time was passing very slowly in that room.

But suddenly Mary straightened up her back, and walked towards the locked and bolted door, in front of which a great pile of furniture was standing, a monstrous barricade. She put up a hand with an aimless gesture, touched the leg of a chair or a table, dropped her hand again.

"Dere aün't no more I can do, Ann; what more can I do? Lookee, my purty, what I've done in here. I've piled up de two chairs, and de big täable, and de liddle täable, and de liddle chest."

"Den pile um up agäun, Mary! Täake um all down, and push yer bed agäunst de door as you done yasterday, and pile up de farniture säafer and tighter!" Mary took down a chair, and hugged her thin arms round the little chest; Ann encouraged her with two bright eyes peeping from the bedclothes: "So's naun shall git in! So's *he* shan't git in! Do ye know what he's lik, Mary? He's lik a gurt skelinton, wud a gurt skull and gurt smilin' teeth, and he's naun but a passel o' böans!"

"Dat be only what de picturs say, surelye. How shud a marn know what he looks lik? May be dere aün't no such a pusson, Ann."

"Adonc-do, wud yer blasphemous tark! Aün't us two bin hearin' all dat knockin' down below, time and often, dunnamany days?"

"Reckon it bëan't no more use tellin' ye dat 'twas me you heerd yasterday, out in de wood-house, gittin' logs fur yer fire—and when 'taün't me, 'tis de wind: you döan't believe dat no longer."

The invalid laughed scornfully, a clear and lusty laugh. Mary crept up to the bedside, and poured out a glass of her sister's medicine.

"Dr. Lollie wull be comin' dis evenun, or if he can't git away, den tomorrer marnin' he wull be comin'. He's darter said so, and dat's an unaccountable good marn, always doin' as he says. And do you know, Ann, Dr. Lollie says dere bëan't so very much de matter wud ye, ye'll soon be up agäun and gooin' about."

"Dat's a hem purty doctor!"

"Büt 'tis true, Ann! Ye'd no ought to miscall Dr. Lollie. By Job!"

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Reckon dere's a tidy number of years to goo yit, afore us finds ourselves lyin' in de churchyard!"

"Mary!" cried Ann, "when be ye g'wine to give me dat medicine, instead of tarkin' dere? It justabout does kip me from gooin' to pieces. Eh, dearie, dearie, what a larmentable poor crittur I be!"

The candle made a grotesque shadow of the bottle and Mary's moving hand.

"Hrrglp!" gulped the invalid.

Three minutes later she was sleeping soundly.

Early in the afternoon Ann waked again; starting up from the bed-clothes, she cried that she could hear a great knocking at the cottage door below.

"Dere's bin no knockin', Ann," said Mary. "'Twas you dreamin'."

Nevertheless she held one of the chairs in her hand; she was standing near the barricade of furniture, and Ann began to scold her for such deceiving words.

"'Tis no use pertendin'," the sick woman answered—"no use whatsumdever. Dere's bin knockin' agäun, and you were gittin' a new holt to de farniture afore I caught yer!"

"'Twud höald a giant," said Mary.

"But it wudn't höald *him*! And ye dudn't think so, nuther—dat's hem certain! Build en up, Mary! Pull en all down, and build 'en all up agäun, säafer and tighter!"

So Mary took it all down, and built it all up again until it was as strong and as safe as a prison door. She did this very slowly, pausing at little intervals in which she stood still, and dropped her arms, to think; for it was an important and a difficult thing to do. And once her sister cried: "What a time you do täake! Who knows when he mightn't be on us, knockin' at de door!" But it was built up at last. The bed was at the bottom, and the chairs were at the top; and Ann, finding that the work had been done as near as possible to her satisfaction, began to fill in the long period of waiting by staring about the room, listening to the rising wind as it swept over the roof and rattled the curtained windows, and at frequent intervals calling to Mary in her querulous voice: "Come here, Mary. No. Goo back to de door. I can just manage to pour en out fur myself. . . . Wheer are ye, Mary? Wheer ye got to? Come over. No. Goo bide by de door. It mustn't be left fur one moment now; you shud ought to know dat as well as I do!" Presently she asked for a fresh candle to be lit; and a blue-bottle fly made the queerest big shadows swirl over the room, while the invalid lay on her back for two hours, staring at the ceiling.

Towards sunset Ann grew restless again; she began to fret over the tiniest things—her pillow was uncomfortable, Mary must come and pat it; the medicine had left such a taste in her mouth, why hadn't Mary made her a cup of the weakest tea? But her greatest trouble was to wonder why the knocking had ceased, and when it would come again.

"D'ye think we can't hear en, perhaps, wud all dat farniture stuck up dere? Better täake en down agäun, Mary; aye, täake a liddle bit of en down: den we shud ought to hear de knockin' below, surelye."

"Guess it aün't naun to do wud de farniture," said Mary.

Yet she went to the door, and, standing on tiptoe, reached for the highest chair. She coaxed it forward by curling a finger round one of its legs, and pulled until it tipped over into her other hand. This she did, though with less difficulty, to the second chair; then she slid the chest to the edge of the smaller table and opened out her thin, weak, receiving arms.

"How slow you be!" said the younger woman.

The chest tilted forward; a drawer fell out; over the floor bright, useless things were scattered.

"Oh, no!" said Ann, with her hand to her ear, "I can't hear naun. And de chairs and täables wudn't mäake no gurt difference, nuther—we've heerd dat knockin' so often wud um all stacked up dere. Better put um back quick, Mary—quick! quick! afore he comes! Aye, put um back, Mary, do! Aün't I töald ye dunnamany times to kip a good holt on de door?"

"Mayhap he'll not be comin' agäun," said Mary.

"Dat's no answer whatsumdever," said Ann.

Mary stooped slowly, and picked up one of the scattered trinkets that had fallen to the floor. It was tarnished and broken; and she was about to put it back into the chest, but changed her mind, and slipped it into the pocket of her blue print apron.

"Bëan't ye g'wine to do as I tell ye?"

"I be just g'wine, Ann. . . ." The voice trailed off. Then she went over, and sat upon the edge of her sister's bed.

"I was just thinkin'," she said softly, "when Dr. Lollie comes to-night, I wull be pushin' de dresser away from de kitchen door to let en in?"

"You wull," said Ann.

"And de round täable, and de fower chairs, and de heavy bread-pan?"

"You got um all heaped up?"

"Dey're all heaped up into a gurt mountin, säum as in here."

"Den döan't ye have um down a moment longer dan be needful; and if dere's knockin' gooin' about when Dr. Lollie comes, wait until 'tis over."

"I've töald ye it won't be comin' agäun!" cried Mary, a flush mantling into her cheeks. Ann shifted a foot. Her sister was in her way. She hated people sitting on the edge of her bed.

"I'm dyin'," she snapped pettishly. "You and Dr. Lollie knows very well as I'm dyin'."

"Eh, Ann, I cudn't bear to lose ye!" cried Mary, putting out her hand as though to touch her sister's hair. But Ann wriggled down more cosily into the bed; and with the mouth hidden, Mary was unable to fathom the look in her sister's wrinkling eyes.

"Well, maybe you *won't* lose me," said the muffled voice, "if

only you kip *him* away. 'Tis a good thing I reminded ye of de kitchen door, sureye! So now goo back and do as I toald ye: goo stack up de täables and chairs: by Job!" cried the invalid lady, poking out her chin, and digging its rather angular point into the top of the bedclothes, "de devil hisself cud have walked in, wud you tarkin' here!"

So Mary went back to the door, and picking up the scattered trinkets, put them into the drawer of the chest, and stood the chest upon the little table; then she placed the two chairs in their former positions, coaxing them gently, and standing somewhat insecurely on the tips of her toes; and Ann, soothed in a small measure by the recent conversation, slept. She slept through half of the guttering candle, and spanned a million evolutions of the blue-bottle's whirl; and when she awoke at last, letting her eyes wander over the room, and fixing them lazily upon a sight that took many moments to arouse and astonish her, there was her sister Mary, asleep in a chair.

Impossible to believe it. How could she believe it?

"Mary! Come here!"

"I'm comin', Ann."

From the immediate answer, and the absence of any startled movement in the figure, or sign of guilt, it was clear that Mary had not been sleeping, but resting only, upon a chair; yet wasn't that bad enough—the mere fact of taking the tiniest stick of furniture away from the door? And this was what Mary had been going to do, of course, a few hours earlier, when Ann had awakened to find her sister standing near the great pile, holding a chair in her hand . . .

"Mary! Mary!" But Mary would not come; and the younger woman stared at her speechlessly from the bed.

"I be thinkin' . . . thinkin' . . ." said Mary, and the candle went out.

"Fetch another candle!" called Ann timorously.

"I wull in a moment, sureye," whispered Mary from the darkness.

"Mary!" cried Ann.

"Yes?" said Mary.

The night lengthened. Sundry small voices came up from the village; old Pilbeam's rookery was disturbed, setting up a great caw; and the wind, which had fallen away towards sunset, now began to rustle the hill-top cottage garden. But over by the doorway the silence was deep.

"Mary?" whispered the sick woman.

"I be thinkin' . . . thinkin' . . ."

The dumbness of terror seized Ann. A moonbeam, freed by the rising wind from its cloud-prison, stole through a rent in the curtain and crept round the room. Its path was too high to show Mary; but in due course it lit upon the great pile of furniture, that monstrous barricade: and the shapeless mass stood sentinel for a long while over the two sisters, until later the moonbeam was taken away. And later still, when the wind was at its highest, and it was difficult to distinguish its wild claps from the door-knocks, when hearts are lowest, and folks die—he came.

He came in through the door, walking gently through the carefully heaped up furniture as though it had not been there. His appearance did not tally in any respect with that found in pictures. But his presence made itself felt in the room, and Mary fancied that this could not be said of the few pictures of him that she had seen. The fact that struck her particularly was her tranquil heart: she was not wondering what he would do. He went by her chair, and up to the bed, and with his pitying, disdainful eyes looked down upon the hidden face of Ann. Then he turned, and gazed at Mary. He walked up to her, and they smiled together.

"Wull 'ee come?" he whispered.

Old Pilbeam's rookery broke out again. It went up in a great cry, a chorus of voices, and ascending black wings, harsh, tender, uneasy, triumphant, reaching Heaven . . .

"Oh, lookee, my purty!"

He bent over the chair. With loving fingers, Death smoothed back some of the dark, dishevelled hair of Mary.

Some time later Ann's lean face peeped from the bedclothes; and finding that the room seemed emptier than she had supposed, she was seized with a fresh and unnameable fear.

"Wheer are ye, Mary? Mary? Wheer ye got to? And what's become of *him*? He dudn't täake me, Mary! He dudn't täake me! Ho ho! Ho ho!" But, in spite of her sudden triumph, alarm seized her again, and she gazed fearfully around; and until Dr. Lollie came, knocking at the kitchen door below, and pushing against the dresser, her fretting ran races with the wind.

CURRENT LITERATURE

L. E. L., MRS. CARLYLE, CHELSEA

BY S. M. ELLIS

THE supply of biography increases more and more. The provender is good, bad, and indifferent. Sometimes the meal is served in the good old-fashioned solid way of plain narrative of facts with the sauces of letters and diaries; more often now as a light, imaginative repast garnished by savoury and piquant kickshaws of firework wit at the expense of the unfortunate subject; while the coming fashion promises to be virulent "biography" in the form of a novel. The great figures of the past, such as Byron and Disraeli, have to suffer an almost annual *réchauffé*: failing such standing dishes, the biographer looks around for a half-forgotten person, and serves him or her up with all the available art and flavouring of the new literary cuisine. To conclude this culinary metaphor, the biographical stock-pot has lately received the remains of the once famous L. E. L.,¹ and after a vigorous stewing down, and whitewashing before serving, quite a presentable meal is the result.

The author of this book has adopted the staccato, "realistic" manner, with here and there some imaginary scraps of conversation. As a rule, I abominate this style in biography—certainly when it is applied to great personalities; but in this case it is successful, and an acceptable medium for presenting the "agreeable rattle" character of Letitia Landon, that artificial but hard-working young woman who, without any genius of her own, succeeded in making her contemporaries accept her (after Byron's death) as the pre-eminent poet of passionate and blighted love, with an ensuing early grave—"blighted feelings, hopes destroyed."

The maiden grew beside the tomb,

Perhaps 'twas that which touched her bloom . . .

I ever had, from earliest youth, a feeling what my fate would be.

Such was ever her theme, and as Mrs. Browning expressed it in her poem, *L. E. L.'s Last Question*:—

Love-learn'd she had sung of love and love . . .

Hers was the hand that played for many a year

Love's silver phrase for England, smooth and well.

If L. E. L. were living at the present time she would be one of those industrious, omniscient ladies who write the "Pages for Women" in weekly papers—articles combining love, sentiment, household recipes, and rhapsodies on London sunsets or autumn leaves. But L. E. L. differs from these generally anonymous females in that she secured contemporary fame and posthumous remembrance by "living" and

(1) *L. E. L., A Mystery of the Thirties*, by D. E. Enfield. (The Hogarth Press.)

"dying" her particular brand of literary work. She left a trail of amorous adventure in the London Society of her time, and then went off to Cape Coast Castle to meet, at the age of thirty-six, that strange, sudden death which remains a mystery to this day and so entirely in keeping with her poetical imaginings.

As is well known, Letitia Elizabeth Landon was the literary *protégée* of William Jerdan, who published her early poems in *The Literary Gazette* during the last years of the Regency. Here she became famous, and the adored of young Oxford, for, as Bulwer Lytton stated, "there was always in the reading-room of the Union a rush every Saturday afternoon for *The Literary Gazette*"—to see that corner of the paper which contained "The Three Magical Letters, L. E. L." Bulwer Lytton penned a boyish effusion to the lady, commencing "Fair Spirit!" And years later he was destined to give her away at her ill-starred marriage with George Maclean, the saturnine Governor of Cape Coast Castle. This was in June, 1838. Three years earlier had occurred the unhappy episode of the breaking of L. E. L.'s engagement to marry John Forster, and the concurrent scandalous rumours that circulated to the detriment of Miss Landon's moral reputation. The author of the present work asserts "there can be little doubt that Letitia remained to the day of her marriage a stainless virgin." Such a statement is too categorical, in view of the fact that no evidence is possible. It is quite likely she was guilty in view of her curious circumstances and the society she frequented. Her three most valued friends were Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Bulwer Lytton, and Lady Blessington, and all these ladies had lost the epithet of "virtuous." On the other hand, L. E. L. may have only been indiscreet—and very indiscreet she certainly was in her relations with Dr. Maginn, Daniel Maclise, and William Jerdan. There is extant a letter from Lady Bulwer Lytton relating how she unwittingly discovered L. E. L. in a most compromising position on the lap of Jerdan, with some other damning detail evidently unknown to Miss Enfield.

One cannot quite accept the author's suggestion that English literature was altogether, if briefly, eclipsed at the time of Miss Landon's greatest success. A year she mentions, 1824, witnessed the publication of one of Scott's best novels, *Redgauntlet*; Peacock was writing; Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Wordsworth were still alive. But in other respects she is to be congratulated for her careful work, particularly in her vivid reconstruction of the scenic aspects of her theme. Her picture of one of Miss Spence's "Lit'ry Wednesdays" could not be better.

There are many ghosts in old Chelsea; and Hans Place must always bring to mind the plaintive little figure of poor L. E. L., and her sad, mysterious fate. At No. 25 she was born; at No. 22 she spent most of her working life. Four years before L. E. L. left Chelsea, to die four months later in Africa, there arrived, namely, in June, 1834, in another part of the parish, at No. 5, Cheyne Row, a woman who will be remembered longer than Miss Landon—Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Mrs. Carlyle has been the victim of a posthumous notoriety more painful than that of L. E. L., for, though a woman of unblemished reputation, the most private and intimate facts of her married life have been pried into and made matters of speculation by her vagarious biographers. It is the penalty of being the wife of a famous man. The matter originated with J. A. Froude, who, seeking to establish his thesis that Carlyle's marriage was an unhappy one, advanced as the main fact for its failure the impotency of the husband. Froude was attacked in Mr. Alexander Carlyle's work, *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*; but his statement was revived by Mr. Frank Harris in *The English Review* in 1911, who advanced some further alleged proof in 1925. So the controversy has raged. The case for both sides is very fairly put in a new and condensed life of Mrs. Carlyle,¹ for although the author, Miss Drew, is an anti-Froudean in all disputed points relating to the Carlyles, she states his points. Miss Drew is both sympathetic and critical in her attitude to Mrs. Carlyle, and advances that she was as much to blame as Carlyle for the jars and "blue-pill" moods that afflicted that strange menage in Cheyne Row; but she is clear in her belief, supported by documentary evidence, that these two highly strung and acutely sensitive people loved each other truly and devotedly to the end, despite all their differences and ill words to each other. She does not attach much importance to the episode of Carlyle's friendship with Lady Ashburton; deeply and naturally as Mrs. Carlyle resented some of its developments, this association between two cultivated people never warranted the contemporary gossip that circled around it, and, crow-like, fed upon the acid comments that fell from the neglected—not wronged—wife. Chronic ill-health explains all the misunderstandings and mischances that darkened the home life of No. 5, Cheyne Row through thirty years; till strange and tragic death in Hyde Park brought piteous desolation to the man who survived that clever woman, she whose piquant talk still seems to echo in that long-silent little house.

Another old house of Chelsea has been revived in a strangely artistic way by a remarkable novel entitled *A Book with Seven Seals*.² This is a great deal more than a novel, and not only by reason of its immense length; more than the reconstruction by memory of life in a clergyman's house at Chelsea during the mid-Victorian period: it is a saga of that time, preserving all its detail of life and outlook and thought and conversation, painting types of human nature, clergy, servants, tradespeople, quality, that are now extinct. Written with unpretentious art, and pathos for all that is lost and gone, this book will have real value in future years as an historical interpretation of middle-class life during that era when the widowed Queen Victoria was the symbolical figure of a sombre, quiet, retired (but comfortable) England.

(1) *Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle*, by Elizabeth Drew. With five illustrations. (Cape, 7s. 6d. net.)

(2) *A Book with Seven Seals* (Anonymous). (The Cayme Press, ros. 6d.)

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

THE CAVE MAN'S LEGACY. By E. Hanbury Hankin, M.A.Sc.D. (Kegan Paul. 5s. net.)

The author of this very interesting treatise, written with originality and vivacity, frankly accepts Mr. H. G. Wells' "running ape" as a much more formidably pugnacious ancestor than his immediate forerunner of the trees. Logically, then, he stresses the big toe rather than the convolutions of the brain cells, holding that the running ape was not much more intelligent than his arboreal ancestry. Trained in the open, he had to defend himself in the open, and, when his influence returns to us in the spasms and convulsions of history, it is always on the side of remorseless ferocity. Mr. Hankin traces this influence through the blind rage of the French Revolution and the Commune, claiming that in both these historic instances it was directed against the theory of private property. It may be urged that only the second of these two examples is to the point, but, in any case, the Russian Revolution, avowedly against private property, furnishes instances of the cave man's ferocity which dwarf the homicidal manias of Robespierre and Marat.

Mr. Hankin is on very sure ground when he contrasts with revolution against private property the American Revolution which was admittedly in its defence. Cave man influence was conspicuously absent from the American Revolution in all its aspects. The book, indeed, makes out a very good case for the acquisition of private property as "a true specific instinct," the stifling of which has been shown to produce very bad effects in certain charity schools in this country. It is apparently in the desire to batter down this overwhelming inherited instinct that the cave man's worst fury is only too likely to be aroused in its collective barbarism, manipulated by individual homicidal maniacs.

THE UNDERWATER WORLD. By E. C. Boulenger. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

The *dramatis personæ* of this volume are infinitely varied from mere sponges to giant fish, and from coelenterates and echinoderms to aquatic amphibians and aquatic mammals. But they are all tinged with a wholly unexpected vivacity, and many popular estimates of the water underworld are flatly contradicted. The whale shark, for instance, is not at all the murderous monster that its ten thousand teeth suggest: "On the contrary, it is quite harmless, never having been known to make a meal off a luckless bather, its menu being restricted to quite small cuttlefish." The limpet is not quite so stationary as is supposed, but is as certain of finding his way home after a voyage

with the tide as a carrying pigeon. The oyster does not confine himself to being swallowed, but can on occasion turn swallower on opening his valves. The giant clam "is a veritable man-trap, and the diver putting his foot in the gap between each valve is usually doomed."

Fish out of water are by no means as hopeless as the phrase suggests. The climbing perch of India is not only a traveller on land but has climbed palm trees, using its gill covers as climbing-irons. The eel is an intrepid explorer, as the fact that he is found in the Swiss lakes proves. But he is a true patriot, and after years in fresh water returns to his home by the sea, "covering the thousands of miles without taking a single meal on the journey." For the rest, this admirable and entertaining book pleads repeatedly, directly and indirectly, that *homo sapiens* should hesitate before obliterating the wonders of the deep.

THE SHIP IN THE SWAMP. By W. Townend. (Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.)

That pleasantly laughing philosopher, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, pays a warm tribute to Mr. Townend in his introduction to this volume, but he leaves the reader scarcely prepared for the power of this bundle of stories. It is a very varied collection, but in no single one of them is the power missing; rarely is it even at low pressure. The tale that gives its title to the book is an extraordinary blend of impressionism with stark reality. It is difficult to shake off the almost physical presence of the murderer as he talks with the man whom he believes to be the ghost of his victim. "Overseas for Flanders" is a heart-rending plea for ex-war horses in their relations with Belgian knackers. "In the Stokehold" brings you gasping into the stokehold elbow to elbow with Dogfish, Darkie and the boy Micky. But Mr. Wodehouse is abundantly right when he signals "Bolshevik" as "one of the greatest short stories written in the last few years." Sandy Lucas and the German, who had been his prisoner in Flanders, are as real as though the author had somehow or other skipped the medium of his art and brought them living to your very eyes. And when the opulent German is turned out by the man who had refused his "Judas money," as it seemed to the starving Highlander, one understands why he still persists in befriending, in spite of himself, the "most soundest man in der whole worldt!"

TRAVELS IN FRENCH INDO-CHINA. By Harry Hervey. (Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is not merely a well-written and animated book of travel, but an unusually discriminating investigation of French rule in the East. Mr. Hervey is not only an acute observer who can evoke, without the faintest hint of the ordinary tripper's self-satisfied *bien-être*, the glamour of ruined cities; he can also bring the reader in direct contact with a very interesting form of a transplanted civilisation. For, in the most isolated places, he has been able to detect the influence of French culture. And he has learned for himself at first hand "that a Frenchman can live among brown people, even as one of them in habits,

without deteriorating, whereas the average Englishman or American cannot do it without being a superior tyrant or a degenerate."

Particularly interesting is the author's account of a visit to Prince Phetsarath's house in Laos:

Before we left for the club he took me under the house, and by the light of a lantern showed me a pet tiger he kept there. It was a young female, and with the rattle of her chain and a low purring growl she slunk forward out of fetid gloom, her eyes opaque in the light. She rubbed against the prince's legs like a great amorous cat. He said he got her when she was a cub; instead of caging her, he kept her on a leash, and he did not allow her to eat meat or see blood. As a consequence she was quite gentle.

This, to the author, seemed the very secret of French rule in Laos.

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE. (Gollancz. 21s. net.)

Writing from Geneva in August, 1867, to the poet Maïkov, Dostoyevsky sums up his strange honeymoon with his second wife in these words: "I left but I carried death in my soul. I had no faith in Europe, or rather, I believed that the moral influence of the Continent would be very bad, alone, without provision for the future, with a young being who looked forward with a naïve joy to sharing my wandering life; but I saw that in this naïve joy there was much inexperience and primitive emotion, and that troubled and tormented me a great deal. I was afraid that Anna Grigoryevna would be bored, all alone with me."

In this volume, complementary to her *Reminiscences*, Anna Grigoryevna herself presents this extraordinary honeymoon from her shorthand diaries day by day, frequently hour by hour. The result is a composite picture of a man of genius to which there is probably no real parallel in all literature. Dostoyevsky has admitted frankly in his correspondence his passion for roulette: "I began to lose my last resources, enraging myself to fever point. I lost. I pawned my clothes, Anna Grigoryevna has pawned everything that she has, her last trinkets (what an angel!). How she consoled me; how she wearied in that accursed Baden, in our two little rooms above the forge, where we had to take refuge!"

Mme. Dostoyevsky gives in infinitely minute detail the sequence from the difficult days in Dresden to the interminable nightmare of Baden, a period between April 14th, 1867, and August 12th of the same year. And the curious part of her book is that her own character emerges just as clearly as that of her complicated, tormented husband. We see her enduring the miseries of her lot, smiling at them, rarely rebuking the man who caused them, always believing in his genius, thinking nothing of herself and yet seeing the whole picture of her married life with clear, resolute eyes. "Our quarrels," she notes significantly, "always end in peace restored, and our squabbles are never remembered." But sometimes their tragic squalor came home to her in its blank despair:

We lay on the bed discussing our miserable plight, and looking it, once and for all, in the face; outside, a grizzling heat, squalling children all

around us, an unbearable hammering in the smithy, not one coin of ready money, all our things pawned and most probably lost, miserable little rooms, this intolerable jingling sound that never stops, no books, and the prospect of having to go without our mid-day meal.

And that very year, 1867, Dostoyevsky published *The Gambler*, which he had dictated to Anna Grigoryevna, who was his stenographer before the marriage. Readers of the *Reminiscences* will recall the fact of Dostoyevsky's complete rescue from the veritable madness of roulette, but the present volume closes at the escape from Baden-Baden to Switzerland. It is a peculiarly fascinating book with the stamp of reality on every page, and it is the work of a beautiful, forgiving, and, at the same time, comprehending soul.

WINTER SONATA. By Dorothy Edwards. (Wishart. 6s. net.)

As one commences to read this curiously alluring impression of still life one is afraid of being caught in the meshes of some imitation of Chekhov. One searches involuntarily for those "hidden dynamics" which are of the very essence of the Russian's seemingly mere static force; yet *Winter Sonata* is in no way derivative but is, on the contrary, an individual impression of country life, blending with the English people almost as naturally, in its very different key, as seasons and humanity blend in St. Reymont's amazing Polish saga of peasant life.

From the moment that Mr. Arnold Nettle, the new telegraph clerk, catches the eye of Olivia in the country telegraph office one starts weaving all sorts of possible romances, every one of which this sensitive and fastidious writer declines to discuss. For life, in her pages, like the earth itself, is frozen. Love hovers frozen all around like the glittering icicles on the trees. There is no contact but only approach in the luminous, icy solitude, not so much of earth as of the soul. Yet, within this difficult medium, the characters of the men and women are so clearly clear, even as human beings. Pauline, in particular, the daughter of Mr. Nettle's landlady—is sufficient proof of what Miss Edwards could do, if she willed, with warm-blooded humanity in a less stunted environment.

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

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