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THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JULY 1, 1931.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

The Parting of the Ways in Europe

BY WICKHAM STEED

FOR the peculiar chaos in the world to-day there is no precedent. It is economic and political, yet even more a chaos of ideas. Men are vaguely conscious that a many-sided revolution is going on; and, as they see no sure "way out," their minds cling obstinately to old "values" and to shreds of outworn formulas. They look back to what they think the high visibility of a distant and less distant past as a relief from the low visibility of the future. Few seek to plan a course through the mist ahead or resolve to turn what might be into what shall be.

It is easy to blame the Great War, the Peace Settlements, the "Balkanisation of Europe" and the division of the world into fiscal gardens forbiddingly walled around, and to aver that, if these things had not been or were not, all would be well. But these things have been and are. The task is to find out how to master them, how to bring a beginning of order out of perplexing chaos.

When the Great War broke out some called it a "revolution," unwitting of the truth they spoke. Because it came upon most people as a thief in the night, and startled them by its devastating effects, they forgot the signs that had pointed to it for many a year. And because it overthrew three great Empires and set up a number of new, or new-old, States they imagined that incompetent statecraft struggling against blind chance had been to blame. Of the mighty historical processes that were at work they saw little.

These historical processes were centuries old. In the inexorable logic of events, the gradual decline of the Ottoman power in Europe was bound to reverse tendencies and conditions which the growth of the Ottoman power had set up. One of those tendencies led to the discovery

of the New World in 1492 because the Turkish capture of Constantinople in 1453 had blocked the old trade route to the East. Within a few years, that is to say in 1497 and 1498, the same "urge" drove John and Sebastian Cabot to Newfoundland and Canada, and Vasco da Gama round the Cape of Good Hope. An analogous tendency, though working in a contrary direction, started, or re-started, the struggle in Europe for the command of the land route to the East. The struggle went on between Prussia, Austria, Russia and, in some measure, between England and France, after John Sobieski, King of Poland, had saved the Hapsburgs from the Turks at the siege of Vienna in 1683 and had turned back the tide of Islamic invasion. As the main bulwark of Western Christendom against the Ottomans, the Hapsburg Empire found a life purpose; but when it betrayed this purpose in 1772, and instead of helping to solve the "Eastern Question," joined Russia and Prussia in the partition of Poland, it linked its own existence, nay, its ultimate title to survive, with the fate of the Ottoman power in Europe.

Stronger and more fatal did this link become when Hapsburg and Hohenzollern fought for mastery in German lands. The outcome of that fight made the Hapsburgs—through the Austro-Hungarian Dual System of 1867—at once the prisoners and indispensable allies of the Hohenzollerns. For fear of losing the Hapsburg alliance, the Emperor William II allowed himself to be drawn into a world war on an issue which Bismarck had always refused to fight for—an issue, moreover, not obscurely connected with the failure of the Hapsburgs to foster the welfare of the Balkan peoples which had been emancipated from Ottoman rule. As seers had long foretold, the final decline of the Ottoman power in Europe opened the question of the Hapsburg Monarchy itself. This question was solved at the end of a mighty upheaval in which Hapsburg, Hohenzollern and Romanoff alike bit the dust, the New World came in to redress the balance of the Old, Bohemia was re-born in the form of Czecho-Slovakia, and dismembered Poland was at length reunited.

If the Great War and its probable consequences could be

and were foreseen, it is fair to ask whether the workings of present tendencies can also be foreshadowed. Though their course cannot be determined with certainty, their character is known. It is already plain that Europe, as the heart and head of a Western civilisation which extends, in its essentials, to the United States, the British Dominions and to large portions of Latin America, has a choice between two main alternatives. There is little time to lose. The choice may be, in Carlyle's words, "brief and yet endless"; but the chance of making it is not gone beyond recall. Europe has to choose between a pertinacious clinging to the unregenerate methods and ideas of the pre-war world, and holding fast to the things that were seen to be good at the end and on the morrow of the war itself. Some men in most countries then caught glimpses of a better order of human society, international and national, political, social and economic. A few of them strove to bring their vision down to earth and to give it form and substance. Even they scarcely guessed how obstinate would be the adversity of circumstance, how hard the eradication of old ways of thought and deed. Yet they and their successors have held on until, at length, they feel that the hour of supreme decision is at hand, an hour when Europe and the world will either slide backward into confusion worse confounded or toil painfully onward and upward to a new level of concerted endeavour.

Some weeks ago, on the morrow of Mr. Snowden's Budget speech, I chanced to hear a distinguished economist lay down the law upon the choice before the people of this country. As is the way of his kind, he looked upon human affairs as one vast economic conundrum, forgetful of the truth that there are more things in the hearts of men than are dreamt of in any economic philosophy. "Nowadays," he said, "everybody has to take a stand either on the Right or on the Left. There is no middle course." By "taking a stand on the Right" he meant, in particular, advocacy of some form of fiscal defence, either in the shape of a revenue tariff or of a general tariff with frankly protectionist aims. He himself had taken his stand on "the Right" after long association with "the Left."

As he spoke, I fell to wondering whether belief in a tariff, or in any economic dogma, is or can be a test of "Rightness" and "Leftness." A liberal outlook which, I presume, is what "the Left" implies, is rather a matter of mental and moral poise than of "free trade" or of anti-free trade orthodoxy. It is compounded of tolerance, of a belief in individual freedom, of a conviction that all things human are relative, and that the tyranny of fixed absolutes cramps men's minds. It recognises that, within given limits of space and time, certain principles may be accepted as rules of unquestioned expediency—subject always to alteration when circumstances change. It regards tariffs as neither right nor wrong in themselves and solely as means to an end, the only question being whether the means will serve the end.

To me the true dividing line between Right and Left seems not to run through any debatable fiscal land but to mark off those who believe that war still is, and those who would make of peace, the major probability of the future. It separates, further, those who do lip-service to peace, negatively conceived as a state of non-war, from those who interpret peace as a constructive adventure, infinitely dangerous and therefore infinitely attractive and worth while. The method of any war, apart from its purpose, is illiberal, for war is active, violent intolerance, not to be contemplated save as an escape from greater evil. The Allied and Associated Powers fought the Great War for aims not illiberal; and as the professed champions of the rights of small nations, and as the defenders of Europe against Prussian militarism, they had some claim to the support of liberal minds. They ended by dictating a Treaty of Peace which, despite its blemishes, was redeemed by certain liberal features—the Covenant of the League of Nations; real, albeit imperfect, protection for minorities, and a promise of disarmament. The object of these provisions was to give the world greater security against war without precluding warless readjustments.

The main test of our standing on the Right or on the Left is whether we look upon these things as pious futilities and believe war indispensable "as an instrument of national

policy," or whether we make the repudiation of war by the League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact the chief article of our political creed, and are determined both to see that it is observed by our own country and to insist that other countries observe it.

If this test were applied to our politicians it would give many of them a bad headache. The muddleheaded are legion. They form the bulk of all our political parties, not excluding most of the leaders. They can be got to shout for disarmament but they boggle at "security," which is its antecedent condition. They are ready to denounce high tariffs as unnecessary obstacles to trade, without facing the question whether, in Europe at least, high tariffs may not be due in large measure to a desire for "security" and to the assumption that, since war is likely to break out again one day, prudence lays upon every country the duty of increasing its "war potential" by creating and maintaining industries susceptible of rapid transformation into industries of war. They do not see that the problem of freer trade cannot be stated fairly, let alone solved, without reference to the larger problem of peace. They revel in vague emotions and hazy notions; and if perchance they give intellectual assent to a sound principle, they wonder whether the electorate would "stand" its implications, and straightway begin to "hedge."

By common consent next year's Disarmament Conference will be a fateful gathering, if it meets; and if it does not meet, the lack of it may be more fateful still. It will not meet with any prospect of success unless British policy is founded on the principle that disarmament postulates security, and defines security itself. "Security" is a feeling, not a concrete fact. The strongest armaments cannot ensure it. Reduced to its simplest expression, the feeling of "security" proceeds from disbelief in the likelihood of attack from outside; and the task of those who would promote disarmament is to lessen the likelihood of attack. Among our public men Lord Cecil of Chelwood has come nearest to a frank statement of this truth, for he has gone through longer years of harder training than any

other British worker for peace. True, he is wont to be cautious and to speak in parables lest the muddleheaded blaspheme. Yet, not long ago, he said : " We are engaged in a tremendous speculation. I do not know whether any greater choice has ever been submitted to the peoples of the world." Should the Disarmament Conference induce the nations to " give a definite pledge of their sincerity," he thought that an entirely new chapter in international relations would begin. But should the Conference fail, " things will not remain as they are ; there will be an immense step backward."

This is sound sense. Still, it is fair to remind Lord Cecil that, since he returned from Geneva last December, he himself has not gone forward, in public at any rate. Then, in a broadcast address, he made no secret of his conviction that security is the price of disarmament, and that the people of this country have to make up their minds whether they will pay the price. Exactly what he meant by " security " he did not say. He may have found that the very word " security " gave a shock to many ostensible lovers of peace. Sentimental pacifists hate it. Not a few of them, who think they stand on " the Left," look upon " security " as another name for French militarism. Lord Cecil owes it to them, to himself and to the country to say precisely what he has in mind.

On the other hand, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Arthur Henderson, now President-Elect of the Disarmament Conference, has made some progress of late. His Burge Memorial lecture on June 4 marked an advance as compared with the speech with which he opened a popular campaign in favour of disarmament at the Queen's Hall last February. In the lecture, he said :—

> Those who were called upon to rebuild the international system at Versailles realised that if a suitable structure of European peace was to be created two things were plainly required. First, a real balance of power must be restored, a balance which would genuinely ensure that the common interest should prevail against the unmeasured aggrandisement of any aggressor Power ; a balance which must rest, not on the unstable equilibrium of competing armaments but on the very opposite, on disarmament, on the control of armaments by international agreement. It must be a balance deriving its power and its solidity not from force, but from respect for treaties, from adequate protection against aggression, from the due regard for the rights of smaller nations, and from equal justice secured to racial minorities within the various States. Second, a permanent machinery must be created which would render effective a real concert of the Powers, and which must be founded on a conscious and determined attempt to build up constructive co-operation.

As far as it goes this statement is unexceptionable. The doctrine of a new " balance of power " is salutary, because it includes " power." It is far better than Mr. Henderson's declaration at the Queen's Hall that " To us the Pact of Paris (the Kellogg Pact) is the renunciation of force in international affairs, and we believe that the renunciation of force should carry with it the renunciation of the means of war." Under the League Covenant the nations did not renounce the use of concerted force ; and under the Kellogg Pact they have only renounced its use in war waged " as an instrument of national policy," that is to say, for specific national ends. By the very article of the League Covenant on which the obligation to reduce armaments chiefly rests—Article 8—the enforcement of international obligations by common action is cited, together with " national safety," as limiting disarmament. What " common action " may have to be, other articles of the Covenant suggest ; but none of them bears out the view that the renunciation of force should carry with it the renunciation of the means of war.

Disarmament is not a matter of renouncing the means of war but of deciding how those means shall be used, and for what purposes. Since 58 nations have solemnly declared that those means shall not be used for attack, it is pertinent to ask what their function is to be. War in self-defence is admitted. But self-defence presupposes an aggressor against whom the victim of aggression is entitled to use national armaments as an individual police force. Is the victim to be left to fend for himself ? What of the national armaments of his co-signatories of the League Covenant and/or of the Kellogg Pact ? As long as he does not know " beyond a peradventure " whether those armaments will serve to help him, actively or passively, he will not feel secure.

Too little attention has been paid to the effect of the Kellogg Pact upon the legal status of war. The League Covenant did not outlaw war ; and, partly for this reason, it has failed to give " security." It left open four possibilities of lawful war which disputant members of the League would be entitled to wage against each other, after a certain lapse of time, if the League Council had been unable to compose their differences. Therefore, it preserved for non-belligerent members the right to behave as neutrals, inasmuch as legal rights exist in respect of a legal institution. But the renunciation of war under the Kellogg Pact, commonly called " the outlawry of war," has stamped war as a highly improper if not a juridically illegal undertaking. Hence no signatory of the Kellogg Pact can be entitled to claim or to exercise neutral rights in favour of a pact-breaker. As the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Hamaguchi, urged in his broadcast speech upon the ratification of the London Naval Treaty towards the end of last October, it is morally impossible that the other signatories of the Kellogg Pact should not help the victim of a pledge-breaker ; or that, if they did not feel bound to give active aid, they could not recognise the pledge-breaker as a lawful belligerent by allowing him to interfere with their commerce.

Though broadcast in the United States and in England by the Japanese Ambassadors to Washington and to London, the enunciation of this principle has evoked no protest—perhaps for the sound reason that it is flawless. Once the renunciation of war is accepted as having put war outside the law, there is no escape from the conclusion that it involves at the very least the renunciation of neutral rights in favour of any pledge-breaker.

From this conclusion several interesting consequences flow. It lends real significance to Mr. Henderson's " balance of power." Actively or passively, this " power " would be thrown into the scale against the " power " of a pledge-breaker ; and no country, not even Soviet Russia, would care to plan a war in which it would be certain of having so overwhelming a balance against it. War would cease to be a major probability of the future, and a feeling of security, justifying reductions of armaments, would begin

to prevail. Further, it would matter little if, for a time, the armaments of one country were somewhat stronger than those of another. The strongest individual country could not hope to withstand the rest of the world ; and if all armaments were earmarked for the eventual discharge of an international police function, there would be no need for a disarmament conference carefully to weigh, in terms of " war potential," the fears and suspicions of one nation against those of others. Ultimately the very fact that national armaments were looked upon as the elements of an international " balance of power " against pledge-breakers, would set up a tendency among taxpayers in all countries to insist that outlay on armaments should be reduced to the lowest level compatible with general safety. Then real disarmament might begin.

Stripped to its bare bones, the problem of disarmament depends upon security ; security depends upon recognition that the renunciation of war implies the renunciation of neutrality ; and this recognition depends upon the clear-sightedness and courage of the principal Governments of the world. In this sense it is true that the forthcoming Disarmament Conference is " a tremendous speculation " and that, should the Conference fail, " things will not remain as they are ; there will be an immense step backward."

It lies in the power of Great Britain, either single-handed or jointly with France and others, to ensure the success of the Disarmament Conference by taking a stand on the principle that the renunciation of war entails the renunciation of neutrality, and by inviting the Conference to adopt this principle as the foundation of the security needed for a real reduction of armaments. The principle would not be adopted without painful searchings of heart, in many quarters, for it goes to the root of the evil of armaments, and it would act as a two-edged sword dividing asunder the joints and the marrow. It might not be welcomed by the United States ; and German, French, and Italian Nationalists would hardly give it an enthusiastic reception. But the masses of the French people and the large numbers of Germans would hail it as the dawn of freedom from the

obsession of the war idea. It would serve as what President Wilson used to call an "acid test" of the readiness of Governments and nations to take some risks for the sake of the peace which they profess ardently to desire.

Without strong leadership in this direction it seems to me unlikely that the Disarmament Conference will or can succeed. The alternative would be to fill in the blank spaces in the Draft Disarmament Convention with figures so high that the result would be a mockery. Western civilisation cannot afford to court this danger; for if armaments be not reduced they will go on increasing, with another great war as the certain sequel. Have Western nations an interest in proving up to the hilt the Marxist dogma that "the capitalist order of society" is condemned, by the faultiness of its structure, to bring forth war after war until it is replaced by a universal dictatorship of the proletariat? Do not politicians, whether they think they stand on the Right or on the Left, see that the only sure way of escape from the semi-religious fanaticism which the Communist gospel engenders is to create a national and international order, economic and social, that shall be a standing refutation of Communist teachings? If not, they and the present order of things will merit the fate which blindness will have prepared.

We have to enter upon the great adventure of peace clear-eyed and with stout hearts. Great Britain can give the lead that will save the world if she has the pluck and the vision to give it.

THE FUTURE OF SPAIN

By G. K. Chesterton

IT is a traditional taunt against the Spaniards that they always talk about To-morrow. It is apparently founded on the notable fact that the Spanish language contains a word for to-morrow; *manana*, I believe; and the Nordic critic naturally treats it as the key-word of the Spanish language, because it is the only Spanish word he knows. It is supposed to prove that all the Spaniards are procrastinating, unpractical unproductive, futile. It is supposed to be a denial of the solid business maxim: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." As I profoundly disbelieve in this maxim, I also gravely doubt any international criticism founded upon it. The maxim seems to me to have been made up by some wealthy person, who never did a stroke of work; whose days were so blank and empty that he was actually driven to the dreary frivolity of amusing himself by writing essays on Effort and Efficiency and Work and the Way to Succeed. Anybody who has really had a hard day, with a great deal to do in it, knows that the really sensible advice is exactly the opposite. "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow"; that is the real motto of the really busy and business-like person. It is but a variant of the ancient text "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I therefore have my doubts about whether the critics have got the right translation of *manana*. I suspect they have made a muddle of it somewhere; just as they used to go about saying that the peasants of Spain and Italy never did any work; the simple explanation being that the peasants had done three-quarters of their work while the critics were still snoring in bed. Also, that the peasants, being generally peasant proprietors, could take their holidays when they liked; whereas the critics were generally working for a salary and could not. Anyhow, if the critics

will try the experiment of trying to live on a scrap or two of orchard and vineyard, with hardly any hired labour, they will find out whether it requires any work or not.

But there is a certain irony in the notion, which I am tempted to entertain, that the Spaniards are in another sense already talking about To-morrow. I am not sure they are not talking about it more practically than we are in the commercial and industrial countries; where it is by no means clear at the moment what is likely to happen to-morrow; and where most of us are worrying about To-day, and occasionally bragging about Yesterday. In other words, I venture to advance the paradox that Spain has a future, and that in some ways the future is more clear and straight and logical than our own. A nation that has not lost its normal basis on the land, its roots in the historic soil, and the personal dignity of its individual citizens, may yet prove to have been actually benefited by a period of the sort of peace that is mistaken for stagnation, and the sort of intensive cultivation that is mistaken for insignificance. Fifty years hence, the industrial cities may be still flaunting their newspaper type of news as fresh, when it has long been stale; repeating more and more wearily and weakly the slogans in which nobody believes, hopelessly boosting and pushing the goods that nobody wants, producing more than they want and remaining in want even of the things they produce; living in the dullest of all periods, the recent or immediate past. It would be amusing indeed if they were startled by an invasion of vigorous, hopeful and convinced peasants hurling back the ancient taunt in a shout as ringing as a trumpet: "*Manana!* To-morrow!"

It will be well not to exaggerate either way the disturbance of the recent Revolution in any such fundamental development. Nobody knows very much about the real meaning of the Revolution as yet; but there are at least certain fashionable fallacies that can be avoided. Some of them concern that original Revolution to which this is in some ways a reaction or a counter-revolution. When a Dictatorship was declared in Spain, following on the dramatic achievement of a Dictatorship in Italy, it was too

easily assumed that the two were exactly alike. But there are Dictatorships and Dictatorships; just as there are Democracies and Democracies. The mere name of a Republic tells us little about whether a commonwealth is as aristocratic as the old Republic of Venice or as turbulent as the old Republic of Haiti, as Socialist as the Republic of Russia or as anti-Socialist as the Republic of America. And one reason, I think, why the personal rule of Primo did not last like the personal rule of Mussolini, is that it was really a very different sort of rule by a very different sort of person. The average Englishman would find Mussolini too revolutionary in one way and too reactionary in another. He is a man of the people; and he is not the son of an old Communist blacksmith for nothing. He is, even by his own account, a Syndicalist; he is very like a good many people's notion of a Socialist. He is anti-democratic in the sense that he believes ruling to be a specialist and not a normal function; but so were Lenin and Trotsky. He is not anti-democratic in the vague sense of supporting Capital against Labour, or being specially distrustful of the working classes. His rule was not, of course, a Dictatorship of the Proletariat; but it really is on some points a Dictatorship for the Proletariat. It was not so with the Spanish Dictatorship. It had many great merits; it gained the support of many good men; it called the bluff of a professional politics pretty corrupt everywhere. But it was really reactionary in the sense of being old-fashioned, military and aristocratic. It was as we say in England, a Tory movement. Mussolini may be a tyrant, but he is certainly not a Tory. And from this arose what I, for one, suspect of being the real blunder and ruin of the régime. I mean the fact that the Spanish Tories were what we in England called Unionists; and misunderstood the problem of Catalonia very much as we misunderstood the problem of Ireland. For Unionism makes a sort of mistake which Toryism does not necessarily make. Toryism may unduly oppress the new and revolutionary elements in its own people. Unionism is always tempted to oppress the old and conservative elements in another people. It is true that there were

new and rebellious elements in the Catalan Nationalism; that they were mixed up with French Radicalism and anti-clericalism. But the Spanish reactionaries did not merely repress French Radicalism or anti-clericalism or any new and rebellious elements. They also repressed things that were older and more traditional than the kingdom of Spain; ancient Catalan songs and dances against which there was nothing to say except that they were Catalan. We English fell into that sort of folly in the old days, when we were really hanging men and women for wearing of the Green. But everywhere and always it is folly; for it means that a government, already struggling with revolutionists, has also to struggle with traditionalists.

Also, in dealing with the future of Spain, we must beware of that futurism which is not knowledge of the future, so much as ignorance of the past. In that sense our own futurists are always talking about to-morrow, when they have half forgotten yesterday, and entirely forgotten the day before yesterday. Alas! it is our own "Anglo-Saxon" social prophets and progressive novelists who are always saying "Manana." It is they who are always prophesying a good time coming, in defiance of a bad time obviously and obstinately staying. It is intelligible to live in the present; and it is done with great success and satisfaction by puppy-dogs, neo-Pagans, butterflies, human and otherwise, hedonists, society beauties, incurable inebriates and many others. But it is idiotic to live in the future which you cannot study, without ever studying the past which you can study. And anybody who knows anything of the past of Spain or of Italy will know that the two Dictatorships were not at all likely to run on perfectly parallel lines. There was nothing particularly new or abnormal about Mussolini, in Italian history as a whole; Italian history has swarmed with Mussolinies. Italy constantly adopted Dictatorship as a form of government; we might be tempted to say that it never had any other form of government. The Roman Empire, which made the modern world, was a military dictatorship, with some soldier or adventurer as the dictator. We might almost say that the Roman rule was one [illegible] *m*, between

the last legitimate Tarquin and the first King of the new nineteenth-century kingdom. All sorts of men, ranging from Rienzi to Cæsar Borgia, have tried to dig up the Fasces and use the rods and axes for a stroke at once despotic and democratic. But there was nothing of this sort in the history of Spain. The Spanish kings were true mediæval kings, chosen out of the chivalry of the Crusades, annointed sacramentally by the Church; and it was the whole point of *that* sort of king that he should himself rule and be responsible for ruling. I think, therefore, that the ancient monarchy of Spain could not afford to be overshadowed like the new monarchy of Italy. If the monarchy could not be a monarchy, through various misfortunes, most of which were not the fault of the monarch, it was useless to offer a dictator instead of a monarch. He suffered as the mediæval regents suffered; simply from not being the King. It does not trouble the Italians that Mussolini is not the king; because their cities have had all kinds of republican and military and mercantile princes who were not kings. But Spain in the sixteenth century grew great as a kingdom; in the seventeenth century it declined as a kingdom; but it could only have been saved by a king.

It is well to remember that Spain is much more advanced than we; more progressive than we, according to the strict meaning of the metaphor of progress. If we are content to advance along a certain road, the Spaniards have advanced much further along that road, having begun the advance long before we did. And if Spain found bankruptcy or defeat further along that road, it is by no means certain that we are not beginning to do the same. If we ever fail as they failed, it is only fair to say that they sinned very much as we are sinning. A great deal of the merely romantic pity or patronage extended to Spain is really much too flattering to Spain. Even so intuitive and imaginative a poet as Mr. Vachell Lindsay, in a spirited poem about the galleons of Spain, falls into the generous error of supposing that every Spaniard was like Don Quixote. He writes as if the national hero had followed a merely glamorous vision against reason and reality, until the wandering fire misled him and his galleon was really on

the rocks. But the later history of Spanish Imperialism was not too romantic, but rather too realistic. It was never so vulgar as modern Imperialism; but then vulgarity is rather a modern thing. We may proudly claim that it was one of the great discoveries of the nineteenth century. But in the matter of money-grubbing, greed, corruption and bribery, the decaying monarchy might have disputed the supremacy of the most liberal political constitutions or the most enlightened economic system that we enjoy.

Spain was not wrecked by romance and superstition. Spain was wrecked by Business Government, by Big Business, by a Boom in Trade, by a Trust in Bankers, by all the things that have left our own civilisation at this moment in a most bewildering mess. It was the gradual victory of the new commercial forces over the old chivalric forces, in the Spanish Empire, that marked and steadily accompanied the decline of that Empire. A modern financier had much more influence over one of the Spanish Bourbons in the eighteenth century than such a man would have had over Ferdinand and Isabella. Ferdinand and Isabella had less finance; only they had more money. It may have been noticed that the financiers' intelligent advice generally becomes most influential and important when people have no money. The amazing and in many ways brilliant organisation of international finance, a cosmopolitan power which now makes the Spanish Empire and the British Empire look like small nationalities, is largely due to the relative impoverishment of all nationalities, small and big. The great financier is greater than he was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when England was really rich, or at the beginning of the twentieth century, when America was really rich. In that sense we might almost say that finance is the antithesis of wealth. Our time will be known in history as the Age of Bankers, because it was the Age of Bankrupts.

The people who can best survive such a condition are those who have what the legal text-books very rightly call Real Property. Perhaps "Real Property" are the only two words in the legal text-book that are really true. Those who have, in any shape or degree, the habit of producing

what they consume and consuming what they produce are outside the trick of the Trade Cycle, and cannot claim the common cosmopolitan right to be ruined by somebody they never saw. If the peasantries of Europe will only stick to their land and their long tradition, they will outlast the whole commercial and industrial phase of history; but to do this certain strong and special moral elements are required. A man must be in a very eccentric and independent frame of mind; in which he would actually rather see his own cattle going to pasture, or his own apples ripening on the tree, than pay a small sum to see cattle moving a little quicker than life, or large heaps of somebody else's apples, reproduced by the marvellous photography of the "Cosmopolis Cinema." It is, as the financier will say, a matter of sentiment. But the peasant is sentimental about wealth that really exists. The financier is often calm and scientific about wealth that does not exist. I happen to be convinced, therefore, that the real future of the world lies with whatever society has most of the habit of sticking to real possessions; and at the same time has *least* of the influences and suggestions that have drawn men away into unreal speculations and indirect dependence. If there be anywhere in the world a social type specially tied by honour or domestic tradition to his own possessions, it is exactly that type which will in such a welter give an exhibition of the survival of the fittest. The future will be with the man who cares most for the farm and who cares least for the film. In that sense what has been least progressive in the immediate past will be most progressive in the immediate future.

There is a story in Spanish history, which I have read somewhere, which gives us a glimpse of the older struggle between the two spirits; as revealing as a snapshot of the crisis of a crime. The story may not be true; but it sums up and symbolises a whole tangle of truths. It tells how a Spanish king told one of his gentlemen to entertain in his castle one of the new nobility, a millionaire of the colonial sort: a figure of brass covered with gold. And the Spanish gentleman, accepting obedience as a part of his loyalty, said: "Sire, I will entertain him with all

This article was written before the recent anti-clerical outrages; but they do not greatly alter its moral. It is quite obvious to me that they are staged by a very stale sort of party politics; possibly backed by the politicians; certainly not backed by the people; and about as representative of the real religious position to-day as a dingy old Guy carried by gutter-boys on the fifth of November is representative of the existing culture of England.

THE CRANES GO HOME

—❀❀❀—

Over the paddy-fields
  A sigh of smoke
Against the crimsoned dusk
  Stirred and woke,

And threw its veil across
  A land inlaid
With crazy-patterned shapes
  Of shimmering jade. . . .

A land in stillness deep,
  Where no sound steals
But the Kohls' lilting song
  Across the jheels;

Where, when the day has sunk
  To meet the night
In the soft stillness of
  The swift twilight,

The world is lulled to sleep,
  And only they,
The cranes, as paling smoke,
  Hasten away.

A. R. UBSDELL

THE ENGLISH DINNER

BY T. EARLE WELBY

THE truth about the English Dinner is that, in strictness, and with apologies to Mr. Edward Shanks, who has the poet's privilege of believing in the meal that never was on sea or land, there has never been any such thing.

To begin with, it may be assumed that had the English Dinner truly existed, it would have had its proper hour. Well, the English Dinner has been eaten down the centuries at every hour from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. When a movable feast is so movable that it shifts from Easter to Christmas, its mobility is more evident than its right to be called a definite feast. To be sure, there have been wise men among us in the past who stood out against monstrous, fashionable fixing of the hours at which to incur indigestion: Sir Isaac Newton, for one, bravely declared, "I take my dinner at supper," meaning that he dined rationally somewhere between seven and eight. But such men have been rare; and some eminent persons who have seemed gastronomic reformers have been actuated really by social or political considerations. Thus, to speak of royalty, George IV, as Prince Regent, made seven o'clock fashionable only because he could not earlier get hold of the Duke of Wellington: and it was of high importance for one who imagined he had been present at the Battle of Waterloo to secure even ambiguous confirmation in the Duke's "I have often *heard* Your Royal Highness say so." Queen Victoria, but during the period when she had no influence on other society than that of the Court, made the hour 9 p.m., only because she liked to work as late as possible. In short, there has been no classical hour for the English Dinner.

Then, again strictly speaking, there has never been a

complete and, if the necessary phrase may be allowed me, a contoured English menu, or, say, bill of fare. Very early in last century Lord Dudley laid it down that " a good soup, a small turbot, ducklings with green peas or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor." Except in the eyes of a republican, is it? Venison and duck are so strong that no subtle wine can be drunk with them, and the male adult who wished to consume apricot tart before going on to, the then inevitable, Port must have been a person grown up only in years.

But if, except " in periods known to historical novelists rather than to history," there has been no genuinely English Dinner, there have been, and in God's kindness still survive for the unworthy, a number of characteristic and excellent English dishes. The origin of the most of them is as difficult to ascertain as what song the syrens sang, and what name Ulysses assumed when he hid himself among women, and who cleft the devil's foot: this one thing we know, or plausibly assume, that boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce was the invention of one William Rabisha, a Cornishman of the seventeenth century. The man who invented steak and kidney pudding is as unknown as the author of what we now call the corkscrew, and what was called at the time of its invention, in the eighteenth century, the bottlescrew; and Yorkshire's still unerected monument to the inventor of Yorkshire pudding can only be inscribed, when it is erected, " To the Unknown Cook."

It was the pride of Yorkshire pudding that it accompanied roast beef: it no longer does so, for except it be done in secret by some antiquarian, there is no longer any roast beef in Engliand. What happens in " this ghastly, thin-faced time of ours " is that roasts are in fact baked, in a confined space instead of in freely circulating air, and usually with a little gas fume to give them flavour. Grilling is still understood in a good many places in England; and I recall with insular pride a very great French chef remarking to me that when an English cook could grill, he could grill better than any other human being engaged in these noble tasks.

The Early Victorian English epicure who said that what was good in English cookery was old or else French was not far wrong. It is the peculiarity of the English Dinner that it never developed, as it apparently might have, on the lines laid down by its earlier masters. When Robert May produced *The Accomplisht Cook*, 1665, French cookery was by no means perfected; and Louis XIV is reported to have said that he who had read May's book had no need to read any other on the subject. Certainly, May struck a great blow in establishing soup as a substitute for the horror of pulped meat as the initial course at the meal; but nothing followed on his work. Hack writer to hack writer, the historical novelists and popular social historians always drag in Gervaise Markham, whose *English Housewife* appeared in 1631 and was reprinted with disgraceful frequency to the end of the century, but who was no more than a hasher-up of other people's work and willing to turn out a book on any subject.

From time to time, dishes were introduced from the Continent, mostly to be mis-cooked or misnamed. A case in point is historic; Cavalier's Broil, called a carbonade of mutton, which was merely in England a devilled grill of previously part-cooked meat, whereas the true, the Flemish, the still surviving, the admirable, carbonade is meat braised with a special acid beer in place of the ordinary braising wine. Beef and beer, we are told, made our nation: here was an opportunity of combining them. Was it taken? Not at all; though all that needed to be done, and it would have been an improvement on the Flemish recipe, would have been to braise beef instead of mutton, to use bitter instead of sour beer, and at the last moment before serving to add a very little malt vinegar. Nothing of the sort was done; and, indeed, it is very difficult to find, in the history of English cookery, instances of artists pursuing that " continual slight novelty " which in cookery as in poetry is the ambition of true genius. In the very remote past some innominate English cook achieves a good thing, but his successors do not, curiously, refine upon it. Thus, in that serious matter of Yorkshire pudding, to accompany beef, it occurs to no one to mingle spinach with the batter,

and convert it into an excellent accompaniment to mutton. There is no progress: some of the good things stolidly abide, but others are lost.

In the eighteenth century virtually nothing is added, except by importation, to English cookery; from about the middle of the nineteenth century dish after old national dish is dismissed as vulgar or ceases to be prepared on the traditional principles. Improvement in the raw material continues, especially after the introduction of root vegetables on which cattle can be sustained during the winter and the consequent ending of the wholesale slaughter and pickling that used to go on before that period. It is not until much later, and in truth well within living memory, that the glory of English mutton departs, as it ceases to be profitable to keep sheep alive long enough to produce the close-grained, sweet, finely-flavoured mutton known to our fathers and, in youth, to some of the luckier of ourselves.* The range with its closed oven, and then the gas cooker, pretty well made an end of whatever until then remained of traditional English cookery. Presently there came the epoch in which so essentially masculine a concern was handed over to women, and to women advised by persons of their own sex writing in women's papers, with the ambition that everything should be made to look and taste like something else. Last of all came the age, in which we dwell, of the canned food of Old England, provided most frequently at the inns that boast of their antiquity.

Meanwhile, and nobly, ambassadors of civilization, though of a civilization not precisely suited to our country, the French, had broken in upon us. There was Carême, who told George IV that it was his business to tempt the Regent's appetite and not his business to answer for the consequences of gluttony. There was Ude, whose *French Cook*, published in 1822, was a landmark, and who when his employer, the Duke of York, died, cried out, "Ah, how he will miss my sauces wherever he is gone!" There was Francatelli, a pupil of Carême, an excellent teacher, but a little too fond of the costly and elaborate. There

*But English grass lamb is still at least the equal of Pauillac.

was Soyer, an organiser, a man of ideas, certainly something of a wit, since he wrote the epitaph eventually put on his tomb in England, "Soyer tranquil," but probably not quite a first-rate practitioner. About 1850 so good a judge as Count d'Orsay could justly remark that nearly all the best Parisian cooks were in England. They were in England, but they were not here to labour at traditional English cookery, or alive to the finest possibilities latent in it.

From 1870 onwards, for good and evil, the restaurant managed in London by a Frenchman or an Italian exercised a marked influence on taste. To the great educative work of the Café Royal, during the life of its founder, Nicols, and for some years more, no words of mine can do justice. But even Nicols was not impeccable: in the dreadful year 1876 he effected the innovation of music at dinner, and we know what horrors have come from that. In the late 'eighties Romano left the Café Royal to teach another, a more theatrical and journalistic, set of Bohemians the art of good living in the Strand. Verrey's had from a still earlier date been an academy of gastronomic taste for a clientèle in which were persons of the great world and persons of the demi-monde. Kettner's, established by an Alsatian, and eventually managed by an Italian head-waiter who married the founder's widow, was also of some use to a not very different public. The good work was extended to the well-to-do, and after a while to the not so well-to-do bourgeoisie, with the establishment in the late 'eighties by Frederick Gordon of Frascati's, and in 1896 by Joseph Lyons of the Trocadero. In 1888 the greatest of all hotel managers, Ritz, created the Savoy; and presently M. Escoffier was ministering at the Carlton to the most refined gourmets in London and bringing about such a simplification of menus as two generations earlier Walker, Thackeray, and other reformers had vainly demanded.

Now, though the development of the better type of restaurant made generally known in England scores of admirable Continental dishes which would otherwise have been found on the tables of no more than thirty or forty great private houses, and enabled the man of modest means

to be at least an occasional epicure instead of forcing him to choose between habitually living above his means and never gastronomically living at all, it also caused considerable confusion in ideas of good living. A great many people did not pause to think that certain restaurant practices were adopted, not because the true gourmet preferred them, but because of the conditions of restaurant enterprise. For a small instance, take that matter of *hors d'œuvres*. The masters of gastronomy all agree that *hors d'œuvres* are in place at lunch, but not at dinner, for at dinner soup is a substitute. But restaurants into which diners hustle, without warning, to order *à la carte*, must provide some amusement for Tennyson's " waiting gentlemen who trifle with the cruet." And so diners were encouraged to believe that *hors d'œuvres* were very much in place at dinner. Take a much graver matter, the temperature at which wine should be served. Red wine requires to be brought to the temperature of the room, and the process takes the better part of three hours. The diner who has not made his choice long beforehand but is prepared to wait three hours has never been discovered ; whence the wicked practice of plunging a bottle of delicate old Claret, just snatched from a temperature of about fifty-five degrees in the cellar, into almost boiling water for five minutes, " to take the chill off." Tricks of this sort, reluctantly adopted by the better restaurants under compulsion, have far too often been voluntarily adopted in private households, as if they were part of gastronomic wisdom.

And it is to the post-war restaurants that we must look for the disastrous increase in feminine influence over eating and drinking. Those restaurants, though it may be oftener than not the man who pays the bill, are dominated by the women guests. Hence the theory that the cocktail, which is utterly and invariably fatal to the appreciation of any good wine served subsequently, should always, even in a private house, be prelude to a meal. Hence, too, the theory which caused even a certain adept in good hospitality to give a party in his new home at which there were professional entertainers, a sort of miniature cabaret, whereas

his good kitchen, his better cellar, and the conversation of some at least of his guests, would have provided all the entertainment necessary.

The restaurants, then, though in certain ways they did great good between, say, 1870 and 1914, must bear the indirect or direct responsibility for a good many crimes or confusions. In any event, they could hardly have helped to save or improve the few good things logically capable of being included in the English Dinner. Not that the wisest of the French chefs despised those things, though some they misunderstood : the most elaborate, respectful, and satisfactory recipe for humble Irish stew, " Ragout Irlandais," that I have ever come upon is in a French chef's manual of household cookery. But they, and especially in late years the cheaper and more popular of them, encouraged the belief that a bad menu is somehow better than a good bill of fare. To this suggestion there has been virtually no retort except from antiquarian pedantry, of the kind which Mr. Edward Shanks once soundly trounced, or from the fool who waves away " foreign kickshaws " instead of valuing excellence in every category.

Two courses, and I am not punning, were open to the defenders of English food, when Walker and Thackeray and Sir Henry Thompson, and other such good men, had lifted its constituents out of danger of the reproach which the great and learned Carême, after exhaustive researches, directed against the cookery of the Romans, " *foncièrement mauvaise et atrocement lourde.*" They might have held their position in valiantly conserving the traditional dishes, cooked in the traditional manner ; or, they might have developed some of those dishes in accordance with the law of their being. They did neither. Half, or more, of the traditional dishes they forgot, and the other half they took to cooking otherwise than traditionally, either out of laziness or out of feeble pretence of giving them a Continental savour as well as name. For example, one out of a hundred, that wonderful mutton ham which some say used to be made in Northumberland and others say in Cumberland, and which I have encountered but once, is so wholly forgotten that I sometimes wonder

if any man of my acquaintance except myself has ever tasted it—

> And when I crumble who will remember
> That dainty of the north country?

I choose this example because it bears on the whole question of the old and sometimes crude but occasionally splendid English art of pickling.

When, as already noted, there occurred the benevolent revolution in the feeding of cattle whereby it was possible for everyone to have freshly killed beef and mutton during the winter months, the old English spice box disappeared. Not so the taste acquired over many centuries for sharply flavoured good. To satisfy this persisting demand for a no longer strictly necessary corrective of mustiness in preserved meat, our forefathers might well have handed down to all of us some of the excellent freshly made sauces, and in particular that Cumberland sauce the formula of which is very seldom to be found in any but the most enlightened books of cookery (by French chefs). They did nothing of the sort. What happened was that there sprang into existence those specialities of England, the bottled sauces, so that whereas on the Continent sauce usually means something newly made with particular regard to the needs of the dish in question, in England it is a liquid out of a bottle to be spattered indiscriminately into soup, on to fish and butcher's meat and poultry, and even in some wicked households in and on a salad.

To be sure, at least two of the English bottled sauces, each aristocratic in origin, are among the more considerable achievements of our race. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Captain Charles Combers, a follower of the Quorn Hunt, had the habit of staying at the George Inn, Bedford, always accompanied by a bottle of his special sauce. On an occasion, he left the precious bottle there against his imminent return; the host, Peter Harvey, brother of the eventually not less celebrated Elizabeth Lazenby, rashly served some of it to a company of strangers, who insisted on finishing the lot. On Captain Combers's return, there followed apologies, and the Captain's good-natured offer to give the landlord the recipe, and eventually

a sale by Harvey of the recipe for an annuity of £400. Many years later, round about 1830, "a Nobleman of the County" accidentally left his recipe for Worcester sauce on the counter of a chemist with a mere and vile medical prescription. But the bottle sauces achieved, no thought was given to the fresh—the specific sauces.

In short, English cookery lost its battle without every really fighting it. The survival of a few chop houses, some of them meritorious enough but others now playing the worst of all cards in "Ye Olde Englishe Fare" and spurious old oak, really does not affect this contention, for there is no purely English establishment known to me which has evolved either a number of desirable dishes out of the national legacy or devised something that could reasonably be called both a dinner and truly English.

We are back to the already made complaint that what even some of the wisest of our conservative epicures have called a dinner is not sufficiently contoured. Mercifully we have long ago escaped from the dreadful and unending dinners so bitterly described by Thackeray, when he said, "Everybody has the same dinner in London, the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls, tongues, entrées, and so forth." That supposedly picturesque system which caused the board to groan at dinner, and the company to groan next morning, has gone; but, significantly, what has succeeded it was long known as "service à la Russe." Brevity, simplicity, delicacy, service from kitchen or side-table instead of from the dinner table with a host interminably carving: these improvements cannot be described as English in origin.

To-day there is a welcome if limited revival of interest in English regional cooking, in what little survives of it; and within the last few months we have seen both the publication, by *Country Life*, of an excellent volume of traditional English recipes, and the formation, independently, of a society which is collecting recipes with the zeal that some have given to the collection of English folk-songs. But all this, though eminently deserving of support, will not take us far unless we understand and act upon the truth that evolution is the principle of life and cookery.

The mere revival of things individually good and English, much as it is to be applauded, will not give us the English Dinner. For a dinner is not simply an assemblage of separately tempting dishes but a composition ; and it is to this art of composition, of considered crescendo and diminuendo, that we must apply our national energy, if at Geneva and at other gatherings of the nations we are to hold up our heads and say proudly that we too have a cookery, and are not still in the condition of Mr. George Saintsbury's friend who invited an Italian artist to dinner and offered him maccaroni, to be properly rebuked with, "When you dine with me in Naples I will not offer you beef-steak."

MALAISIE*

By Henri Fauconnier

(Translated by Eric Sutton)

I

PLANTER

THE anniversary of the Armistice was celebrated at Kuala Paya by two minutes' silence and two days' orgy. But the orgies of the second day, which was a Sunday, were decently confined to the club and the houses of the little Japanese girls who pretend to drink tea, and only serious cases of drunkenness were to be seen in the streets.

I shall never forget those two solemn minutes on the Saturday morning : then it was I saw him—the man I had been seeking and never hoped to meet again. He appeared on the veranda of the club where the British Resident, the officials, and all the local inhabitants who considered themselves important, stood in frozen rigidity ; and bewilderment was in his eyes. The club secretary shook a fat and agitated hand in his direction, but he did not seem to notice, and came and leaned against the balustrade. No one moved, but from the corners of their eyes they glared at him.

He watched the Sikh soldiers on the esplanade in front of us, delicately aligned on their slim legs swathed in green and straight as young bamboos. They were framed in a crowd whose skins were as various as their dress : brown Malays, black Tamils, Chinese whose yellow faces, beneath the equator, ripen suddenly like an orange.

At that moment there was a rush for the bar. In my emotion I could not bring myself to go up to one whom I loved in my recollection as one loves the memory of someone dead. I had abandoned the idea of seeing him again because he had not answered my letters, and because the

**Henri Fauconnier the author of* Malaisie *was awarded the Prix Goncourt o Paris. The book will be published by Messrs. Elkin Mathews & Marrot this autumn.*

planters regarded him as an unapproachable misanthropist ; at least I thought I had abandoned it. Now I understood that I had preferred not to see him again. Those fugitive war-time contacts that suddenly revealed the abysses of a man's soul, are an estranging influence afterwards, from fear of the overlay of habit. Him I always saw in the light of the flares that seared the treacherous night around us. We were alone in a shell hole ; a chance encounter on the evening of a day of massacre. Our machine-gun post was stationed near one of those calvaries that stand just outside every Picardy village. There the struggle is hotter, and much blood flows at the feet of a crucifix. At that moment a vast silence fell, and the stranger realised that I was overwhelmed by that awful silence. He talked to me and asked me questions. He knew what I was going through. He probed my flayed soul with the gentle fingers of a hand that pours out a corrosive drug. It seemed to please him to observe that I was as empty as that plain was ravaged. I had lost faith, love, and even self-respect ; I had gone beyond contempt, which is in some sort a support. I knew no longer why I suffered since I was indifferent to life and to death. . . .

I was silent because I distrusted my voice, and it is ridiculous to choke with emotion while uttering Stoic catch-words. I wondered if I were not like those old women who do not weep when they think of their misfortunes but only when they talk about them. The man's insight humiliated me and I should have liked to have gone away. But he, who understood everything, came to my rescue :

" At any rate you aren't one of those who say that it would not matter if one could be sure of keeping a whole skin. A mean attitude. Listen, my young friend ; it is delightful to be alive, and more delightful still to live on the edge of death. You breathe—haven't you yet discovered that danger is only terrible at a distance ? But here it is all around us, in the shadows, and it so enhances our sensations that the mere act of breathing is a joy. The moments of most perfect happiness are just those that are deliciously touched with fear. . . ."

But this is a perversion of our talk ; it did not consist so much of words, as of all that hovered in the intervals between them. It was like a direct contact between us, and with something that cannot be expressed—with everything. But it is hard to recapture such matters afterwards ; they are like a forgotten phrase of music. . . .

Then—after, I think, some time had passed—he spoke of far off lands that he had known, of a free and spacious life in the great equatorial forests. In that life, too, there had been anguished moments like those we then were going through. He told me of some great beast, tracked down for days, that suddenly turns and charges its pursuers ; of a canoe spinning out of control round the bend of a river, when the jungle tips and turns as though the axis of the earth had shifted.

" But why," he said, " are you so excited by such stories ? They are no finer than this very immediate minute, and they hold no more of mystery. This is the hour of surprise attacks when the darkness begins to lift. Before I have finished this sentence, perhaps—— "

" Stop ! " I cried. " You'll bring them down on us ! "

" Did you ever find yourself," he went on calmly, " in open country, standing in front of an enemy line that is sparkling with machine-gun fire ? And the earth clatters and quakes. You feel in so close a mesh of metal that it seems impossible that it should not pass through you. Then you have the impression of being immaterial, and you want to laugh. That is what is called heroism. It is no more than that."

" Then you like war ? "

" No, I hate it. You haven't understood me in the least. It's as if you said I wanted to die."

He got up and went. Went like a man who has been insulted. It was just light enough to see one's way and he disappeared down a trench half silted up by a long bombardment. I could now see, at the edge of my shell hole, the grass stir under the acid wind of morning, and further away a helmet moving off at the level of the ground, and I thought : It's a tortoise—a tortoise—Lady Tortoise. My head was going round, and my body was no more than a

skin with nothing inside it. But someone brought me a drink that smelt of ether, and pierced like a cold keen blade.

That night of menace and the dreadful days that followed, I can now recall without horror at the recollection. Was it to my encounter with the stranger that I owed the state of calm exaltation in which I endured them? Happiness in time of war consists in forgetting that you are an ineffective little machine, and ceasing to observe the vermin that are devouring you body and soul. I had only been a short time at the front, and my enthusiasm of the first few days had been no more than a sort of despair. Experienced troops are those who have acquired both prudence and indifference. But they must also have recovered their love of life, for only those who love life are not afraid to die.

From that day forward I lived in the war like a man who walks the roofs in his sleep. I set before my eyes a great vision, unreal yet very clear, that dazzled me. Malaya, evoked in the cold and the darkness by one to whom it seemed like a dream, though he had indeed lived there for ten years, became for me a reality. I invented Malaya. I saw it in all its details, and their abundance and precision prevented me feeling their absurdity. My abode was a conical hut with a door like that of a dog kennel. Accompanied by moustachioed Malays, armed with krises and corkscrew daggers, I explored a jungle carpeted with reptiles and starred with humming birds.

Henceforth I knew that I should be given a chance of going there. It is useless to strain the will; for a will that is always tense loses its elasticity. It is enough to be ready to welcome the vaguest call of destiny, and then to realise the future in the depths of your own heart. Events will arrange themselves in due time. Thus I lived in a sort of active fatalism; I clung to nothing, but my hands were open and ready to take hold.

The chance was given. When the war was over I went to Malaya; and I lived there for three years without ever falling in with the man who had made me want to go there. Now, at a stroke, he stood before me, like an incarnation of the dead that day commemorated.

He did not seem to recognise me and made as though to go away. I hurried up to him.

"Excuse me, sir."

"Why, it's my little friend!" he cried. "Look here, don't call me 'sir'; it makes me feel so old."

He had put his two hands on my shoulders and the hand I had given him was left in the air.

"The fact it," said I, "I'm not even sure I know your name. Rolain, is it?"

He seemed to acquiesce, but his only answer was a faint frown and a sort of spark in his look that struck me straight between the eyes.

"Did you get my letters? Letters signed Lescale?"

"Possibly," he answered. "I don't open many letters."

Once again I was at a loss. He added as if to excuse himself:

"You see, I don't live quite like everybody else. To-day, for instance, I had to go to the bank to get the coolies' pay, and I arrive like a fool on a holiday. A curious ceremony. But I'm glad to have seen an extraordinary thing: Europeans motionless and silent. What did it mean?"

"It's the anniversary of the Armistice. It's in honour of the dead."

"They looked very uncomfortable. Were they thinking of the dead, do you suppose?"

"Yes," I said. "They were thinking about looking as if they were thinking about them. I speak from personal experience."

He seemed depressed, and said slowly:

"Anniversary—anniversary—— Do men so distrust their own memory?"

II

Rolain's plantation overlooks the Sanggor river at the point where it describes a great curve before emerging into the alluvial plain. The distance, from Kuala Paya, is only about a hundred miles. I offered to drive him back in my car.

He was not greatly impressed with my ancient motor.

Though I bought it second-hand, it represented the savings of two years. Its organs were held together by wire and bits of string, but, once started, she carried on by sub-conscious process. We clattered victoriously up to the plantation in a cloud of petrol vapour.

An invisible plantation. At the end of an hibiscus avenue stood a little bungalow in a little garden on a little hill, all lost in an immensity of jungle that stretched away to the horizon like a storm-swept sea, above which lowered towards the north the sombre mass of mountains.

" Where is your plantation ? "

" On the other bank," said Rolain. " My idea was that a planter ought to have something else to look at besides rubber when his day's work was over. A profession must not be allowed to become a prison. If I planted coco-trees, I should put hevea in my garden. It is a fine tree in isolation ; and its flowers have a pleasant smell."

We were now on the veranda, and behind a curtain of trees that edged the river, I could see the paler foliage of the heveas.

I understood how Rolain had come to choose that site, but I was puzzled by the bungalow. It was old and ram-shackle. There was little furniture, and that was scattered about the place in what looked like such aimless disorder that some of it had strayed on to the veranda. A decayed crocodile skin, some melancholy stuffed animals, and a few snakes floating in turbid jars of alcohol, died a slow and second death. Mouldering sun-helmets, like mush-rooms on a debris of newspapers, lay haphazard on the tables. And over everything a layer of dust, and nipa leaves which had fallen from the thatch.

On a placard attached very conspicuously to a partition wall, I read the following declaration :

BEFORE GOD AND BEFORE MEN
ON MY FAITH AND MY HONOUR
I SOLEMNLY SWEAR
NEVER AGAIN TO TOUCH
ANY INTOXICATING DRINK
MAY GOD HELP ME !

Bukit Sampah Estate.
November 6th, 1922.

This was written in large capitals, a little unsteady in spite of the pencilled strokes that held them up. The word GOD was underlined in red ink, and the word INTOXICATING underlined twice. Signature, illegible. Through the windows of the other rooms that opened on to the veranda, other such placards could be seen.

" I don't understand," I said ; " where are we ? "

" It's Stark who lives here," answered Rolain ; " if you can call it ' living.' He is my manager, a half-caste."

" Forgive me, Rolain. I had been told you were mad, and when I saw this extraordinary house I believed for an instant it was true."

" Perhaps I am, if madness consists in acting differently to other people. But Stark is a reasonable man. He pursues, from a distance, it is true, a moral ideal. His placards bear this out. Ah, here he is."

All that I saw at first was a vast two-storied sun-helmet, like an iron-plated dome. Then, as the man mounted the veranda steps, appeared a long sallow Eurasian face, a khaki shirt stained with two large discs of sweat over the chest, shorts, and red knees covered with little tufts of hair. Stark was carrying a gun, a large towel of some spongy material, and with his other hand was dragging the long and flabby corpse of a monkey.

Rolain started. His expression, usually indolent and remote, became suddenly brutal. I saw his eyes grow black and his nostrils whiten.

" Stark—— Are you killing monkeys ? "

" Hullo," said Stark. " I didn't know you were here. Yes, I'm taking up my collections again. But I've only killed one. What can I do with myself ? A man must do something. Otherwise, ideas get into one's head, and one thinks and thinks—and then come cravings—— But I don't drink now, that's finished. Finished for good and all. Thank God."

His eyeballs quivered in a sort of mystic ecstacy, and he blew his nose in his towel.

" If you only knew how happy it makes a man to feel he really is reformed ! I wrote to my dear old father yesterday, and I said : Your son has at last found the Way

again, the straight Way between the rocks of life. . . . Will you introduce me to this gentleman ? "

And suddenly he burst into a sort of bellow :

" Boooy ! "

A prolonged cry on the same note answered him from the depths of the kitchen, and a Chinaman appeared, hurriedly donning a white jacket, and smoothing the needle-like points of his matted hair.

" What were you doing ? " said Stark, in Malay. " Here are two Tuans who have been waiting for an hour. Were you asleep ? Or smoking your opium ?—those blasted Chinese wallow in vice, they have no sense of human dignity—— Bring the drinks. I can only offer you ginger beer. I had a new case of whisky, but it's at the bottom of the river. That's what everyone ought to do. Now I am at peace. Besides, I've sworn. Alcohol no longer tempts me. You know the saying : ' The word of a white man is worth its weight in fine gold.' "

As he spoke, he kept on wiping his face and neck, and wrung the sweat out of his soaking linen.

" We won't take anything," said Rolain, watching the boy approach with a tray garnished with immense glasses. " I just wanted to tell you that I haven't got the pay-money. I'll send you a cheque next week."

" That's a pity," put in Stark.

" Why ? Can't the coolies wait a bit ? "

" Certainly they can. But they have to prepare for a festival, and get their offerings for the Devil."

" That's all right," said Rolain ; " the festival of Ti-Vali is not for a fortnight. We are going on to my place. The car can stay here until Monday, can't it ? "

Stark followed us, wagging his head.

" It's annoying, very annoying. You can't go without having something to drink."

As we were turning into the hibiscus avenue, he touched Rolain's sleeve, confidentially.

" I say, Monsieur Rolain, you wouldn't have any objection to Joseph, the book-keeper, going to Kuala Paya with the cheque ? "

" Joseph ? Why Joseph ? "

" Well—it bothers me a bit to go—because of the Club. It's such a dangerous place for me."

" I understand," said Rolain. " Well, we'll try to fix that for you."

Rolain crossed the road, and plunged into a half-hidden path that climbed straight up the side of the mountain.

The jungle closed behind us.

We had not gone twenty steps before I stopped in astonishment.

Living as I did on the plains, I had known only those marshy forests where a man must walk thigh-deep in water, and with infinite effort because his feet catch in the network of roots ; where the palm trunks bristle and the lianas cling ; hostile, silent forests that seem forbidden to all living things but mosquitoes and leeches.

I knew nothing of the splendour of the mountain jungle, with its red moss-strewn earth and ferns with hot blue shadows ; its tree stems white and smooth or brown and rugged, shooting straight up for fifty yards without a branch. That jungle lives and breathes and murmurs. One feels it permeated with a happiness too deep not to wear the disguise of indifference.

The forest greeted me as though I had been an ant and absorbed me like a raindrop. I was in it and I felt its remoteness, I observed, without understanding it. Beyond the narrow circle of trees that barred my vision began the vast domain of mystery, and even around me in the play of shadow and the shafts of sunlight, among the shivering palm fronds and the rustle of the foliage that no wind can reach, in the dim agitation that surrounded me as subtle as the circulation of the blood beneath the skin, I discovered stranger mirages than those of the desert and felt the faint pressure of unknown forces.

Rolain, too, had stopped and stood silently behind me as though he feared that the sight of him might distract me. He knew I would have preferred to be alone. I wanted to thank him for having understood, and laid my hand on his arm.

The presence of another human being can be so embarrassing because it makes one realise that to express what

one is feeling is both impossible and essential. I thought this gesture would absolve me from speaking. But I saw that it expressed more than words. I pretended to be looking at the jungle when I was but looking at the dark confusion in my own self. I did not know how to withdraw my hand. I must find a diversion to break the spell.

" I thought you lived on your plantation," I said to Rolain.

" No," he answered ; " I left it a little while ago. The war disgusted me with orders and obedience. I could no longer give an order without thinking it futile or unfair. I half thought of selling the plantation, but that is difficult at the moment as it isn't worth very much. And then I felt I should be selling the coolies as well."

The path took some sharp turns on its climb up the slope, and now and then used a great prostrate tree trunk to span a ravine. As we advanced into the recesses of the jungle, my first impression deepened. I saw no living being, and yet I felt I was at the very heart of an intense life ; so startling an anomaly, that I could now better understand why the old legends peopled the forests with invisible beings with a sentient plant-like life. And as the light began to fail I guessed that those mysterious presences were to become more real and encompass us more closely with the darkness.

Soon, however, I became aware of a clearing just in front of us. The air moved more freely among the high branches, and seemed to efface them from the smooth surface of the sky as it might dissolve a cloud. A snowfall of light dappled the undergrowth. Rolain stepped aside to let me come up with him, and said in rather a solemn tone :

" Here is my ' House of Palms.' "

We stood at the edge of an open space, and I saw a Malayan house, quite small and completely overshadowed by two great trees ; a Kompas, with a stem so straight and tall that it looked slender, and an *ara* that spread its bastioned roots to the border of the jungle as though to check its encroachments. All the rest of the vegetation had been cleared except the palms, which had been spared, and the place was like a vast hothouse glistening with

delicate little blades of silver. Tufts of *bertam* shot up from the ground on all sides like firework bouquets beneath the cascaded foliage of the slim nibongs.

It was a house such as is still possessed by certain Rajahs who hold to tradition : built of red varnished wood, with a pierced balustrade to its veranda, the design of which was repeated over the doors and partitions, long, low windows barred with carved slats, and an overhanging roof broadening at the edge into a curve like the side of a tent. Within, no furniture, nor ornaments ; but a profusion of mats and cushions and costly stuffs embroidered in gold.

A young Malay, with bare torso and legs, and a silk sarong swathed about his hips, appeared in answer to Rolain's call. He still had the jolly round face that beams through the great innocent eyes of the small boys who run naked under the coco-trees in the kampongs.

" Get a bath ready for us, Smail, put out some evening clothes, and make us a good curried chicken."

III

My first night in the depths of the jungle !

Smail had put out the lights. The night was dark. Lying near a window to get the cooler air I could not distinguish its outline, the silence around the house had changed into a quiet murmur, like the sound of a flowing river, with distant noises on its banks. I felt lulled and lost. It recalled my first night on board the steamer that had brought me here. But the impression of embarking into the unknown was now more marked. Then I passed gradually into a vague dream in which I seemed to recover the boyish pleasure of crouching in some narrow hiding place.

And later on I heard the awakening of the jungle at the moment when the light of the rising moon began to filter through the foliage. It stirred into a myriad rustlings that rose like a tide rippling on sand. One feels that innumerable furtive beasts are everywhere in movement. It is a soundless tumult. But sometimes it grows distinct. Thus, for a while I heard a clear, persistent signal, like a short, sharp bark, and then an answering bark. It was a pair of

panthers hunting together, but that I did not know, and I tried in vain to decipher that strange music.

No better did I understand what then began to move in the long oblong of the window. It was full of baffling shadows. At one time I could clearly distinguish the trunk of a palm ; then it vanished as I looked at it and reappeared further off. Strange shapes became visible between the trees—a swaying elephant's trunk, a motionless head behind the bars with eyes that watched me. I felt quite safe and yet I was aware of an uneasiness that recalled the feelings of children playing at hide-and-seek in dark corners. Remembering certain words of Rolain on the lure of mystery, I said to myself as I fell asleep : " One might almost suppose that he had come to live here to enjoy the sensation of fear. . . ."

" So you heard all that, did you ? And you didn't hear the tapir. He certainly turned up last night. He was rooting and snuffling under the bungalow for a whole hour. He came to see if he could not find an odd bit of soap. A greedy fellow, the tapir."

There were, indeed, large paw marks all round the kitchen.

" But if elephants came this way," I said, " couldn't they destroy your house ? "

" They could," said Rolain ; " but I hope they would not want to. I am less afraid of the intrusions of animals than of the most harmless human beings."

We were drinking our early morning tea on the veranda, and flinging banana skins to the tri-coloured squirrels playing round the trunk of the great Kompas tree. A troop of monkeys chattered in the branches. All around us were none but familiar animals and normal trees that did not move about. The summit of a ravine abutted on to the front of the house, opening a deep cleft through which could be seen the fall of the hills down to a silver line that was the sea. The ridges were covered with a rich fur of jungle, marred here and there by minute patches of mange where men had scratched the surface.

" Civilisation is climbing up to you," I said ; " but from here its labours look very futile."

" Men always believe," he answered, " that their civilisation is the true and final one that will never come to an end. Some do admit that a cataclysm may defeat it. But no one notices that all civilisations end by dying of boredom because the human ideal is always changing. We are in the age of machinery. It is very amusing, but it will not interest humanity for long. We shall apply ourselves to subtler sciences. Children must grow up. This jungle will witness other follies—— "

A discreet cough under the veranda.

" What is it, Karuppan ? "

A tall Tamil, very dark and very loose of limb, salaamed, and offered Rolain a sealed letter which he held in both his hands.

" A letter from Joseph. He's my book-keeper, a Pondicherry man. I wonder what he wants now—he's always whining about something."

He handed me the letter when he had read it.

" I'm going down to the plantation. Will you come ? But read that letter first."

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

The new manager does nothing but persecute me, and my trouble is such as I cannot describe. He considers nobody and nothing. He bursts out into a fury over the merest trifles, until I begin to think I should be well advised to hang myself.

I am in great distress of mind, and I cannot work as I am also afflicted with an infirmity which decency forbids me to mention to you, Sir, but which prevents me from sitting down. I am thus plunged in the depths of misery.

Having regard to my weak health, I have told my wife, who weeps all day and all night, that we shall leave by the boat of the 30th inst., and I have thus succeeded in comforting my wife and children, who were in fear for my life.

Dear and most respected Sir, your Honour's plantation is, however, the only one on which I should care to stay, as it is the most interesting and reputable of all the plantations. But you have abandoned your devoted servants. Many of the coolies are weeping day and night.

Dear Sir, I beg you very humbly to take pity on my dreadful misery and to come and see the new manager, for I dare not tell you in what a shameful state he is to-day, as you may see for yourself, and you shall deliver me from this dragon.

For this act of charity my family and I will pray eternally for your Honour's prosperity. Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH.

" These half-caste swine," said Rolain, turning into the hibiscus avenue, " must always be revenging themselves on somebody. But I don't much believe in Joseph's martyrdom. In my time he was always in a misery of some kind—— Quick—look to your left."

I turned my head just in time to see, at the windows of a little house set below to the path, a whole array of black heads and shining eyes, the tribe of Joseph on the look out. They all vanished in an instant, but under the house a few goats stood motionless and watched us.

" It's a nest of spies," said Rolain ; " I expect that's what infuriates Stark."

As we approached the bungalow, a group of Tamils who were waiting at the foot of the staircase, got up.

" What are you doing there ? " asked Rolain in Tamil.

One of the men answered for the rest. He was apparently an important enough personage on the plantation to have the right to dress in an absurd fashion, like a European. The only garment missing was the trousers. His black jacket descended on to a shirt that fanned his bare thighs. But the modesty of the rest was draped in rich red and white stuffs. A little aloof, crouched in attitudes of indifference, waited a little circle of attentive women.

" Master, there has been a great riot on the Master's plantation."

And he plunged into voluble explanations. He seemed to be able to talk indefinitely without drawing breath. His sentences, with their gamut of intonations, seethed like a swarm of wood-lice, and his voice rasped like scattered pebbles down a torrent-bed.

" . . . Then the wife of Sinnathemby said to the wife of Sinnasamy. . . ."

At these words the group of women began to cluck and twitter like a flock of guinea fowl.

" Tchi—Tchi—Tchi," cried the men, turning indignantly round with the palms of their hands in the air.

" Where is the master, Stark ? " asked Rolain.

" The Master sleeps."

" The judge is asleep when justice is needed," said

Rolain to me ; " it is really always his fault. I have a good mind to go and pull him out by the feet."

He walked up the staircase, and I followed him.

In the middle of the veranda, beside the corpse of his monkey, lay Stark prostrate, dead drunk. I noticed that the placards had been turned with their faces to the wall, and that the snakes had sunk to the bottom of the preserving jars ; they floated no longer, for the jars were dry.

There we stood, stiff and stupid. At last I turned away, for my stomach was rising into my throat.

We sat down on the steps, and the Tamils, whose eyes, at the level of the planking, had been watching us, moved away.

Rolain wiped his forehead.

" I'll put him into a bullock cart," he said, " and send him off. He's got a brother somewhere in the district. But afterwards—I shall have to come and live here again. I hate the prospect, I admit. What a pity you aren't free. I would have taken you on."

" But I'll come," I cried. " I didn't like to tell you, but I'm afraid of being out of a job any day. Rubber, as you know, isn't doing well. Expenses will have to be cut down, and it will be found that I am not indispensable. Potter defends me as well as he can, but he is only a plantation manager, and they will force him to dismiss me."

" Very well, my lad," said Rolain ; " go back to Potter, and explain. He will be very pleased. Come back to-morrow. I rely on you. Now I must settle this business."

And turning towards his men, he began to address them in Tamil : stern at first, and their eyeballs slid across their eyes, then ironical, and they hid their mouths with their hands ; paternal last of all, and they departed appeased.

The young planter's experiences when he comes to live amongst the Tamils will be told in the August number of the Fortnightly Review.

THE EUROPEAN CRUCIBLE

By C. F. Melville

The Austro-German Customs Union project was referred last May by the League Council to the Hague Court, which will, it is expected, give an advisory opinion in time for the League Council to deal with the matter finally next September. The following article deals with the political implications behind the legal and economic arguments put forth by the principal protagonists.

I

THE Austro-German Customs Union project, and the French counter-scheme for a system of economic preferences amongst the Danubian States, represent between them a test case in the struggle between the forces of Treaty Revisionism and the defenders of the Status Quo.

Both sides claim that their respective schemes constitute the only genuine practical contribution to the formula of the United States of Europe. The German and Austrian Governments emphasised this point by exploding their bombshell on the eve of the European Union meeting in Paris. Herr Von Hoersch, the German Ambassador, in presenting his Government's Note to the French Foreign Minister, said : " Excellency, this constitutes an important contribution to your own plan for European union "; and M. Briand, furious at the way in which Herren Curtius and Schober had stolen his thunder, replied angrily : " What *cochonerie* is this, that they have taken my name in vain ? "

The same formula, indeed, but how different the interpretations made in Paris and in Berlin ! The French interpretation means, in effect, the preservation in a new form of system of the European *status quo*, while the German interpretation means, in effect, the setting up of a *Mitteleuropa* under German control. Behind all the arguments which took place last May at Geneva as to legality, and the subsequent polemics on both sides as to the economic advantages or disadvantages of the two plans, is the larger and more vital question of the political struggle between two rival European conceptions.

II

The proposed Customs Union, if carried out, would abolish the economic frontier between Austria and Germany, and this, following as it would upon the process (which has been going on for some time) of the gradual assimilation of Austrian laws and administrative regulations to those of Germany, would mean the union *de facto*, if not *de jure*, of the two countries. In a word : the political union, or *Anschluss*, in all but name ! It would mean the first successful challenge of the Germanic Powers to the Peace Settlement. It is this aspect of the question which has drawn forth from France and her European allies unqualified opposition to the Customs Union project.

In this connection it is pertinent to recall the opinion expressed by M. Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister in 1928, that Germany would seek to pursue a revisionist policy in three moves : (1) Rhineland Evacuation, (2) The *Anschluss*, and (3) Revision of the Eastern Frontier (Polish Corridor). Since then Move No. 1 has take place, and Move No. 2 has been essayed. The Quai d'Orsai is alarmed at the possibility of Move No. 3 being attempted at some not too distant date.

In the light of what has been attempted so far with the Austro-German Union project, and the formula of European Union under cover of which it has been put forth, the following words spoken to me by an official of the Austrian Ballplatz, or Foreign Office, in 1927 assume in retrospect a prophetic tone, besides providing the key to the ideology and aim of the Pan-German advocates of *Anschluss* :—

" I do not (he said) regard the *Anschluss* as the solution in itself of Austria's problem ; but I consider that Austria will find that solution through the *Anschluss*. Austria will then assume again her historic mission, through union with the German Reich. Perhaps such a union could eventually form part of a greater European Union. For Austria will be Austria again when Europe is Europe again."

That, in spite of the official assurances of Herren Curtius and Schober to the contrary, the ideology is that of a Greater Germania, and the aim the penetration of German politico-economic influence in Danubian Europe (through the setting up of a German controlled *Mitteleuropa*, with Austria as the outpost of a new Germanic *drang nach osten*), is made perfectly clear by the statements of the German and Austrian advocates of the *Anschluss*, all of whom insist that an economic or customs union would be useless unless completed by a political union.

Thus, Dr. Herbart Höper, in his *Oesterreichs Weg zum Anschluss* (" Austria's Way to Union "), says that " a simple Customs Union cannot be entertained, since as a more distant aim in the amalgamation of the two economic systems, the political union is to follow." In *Die Anschlussfrage* (" The Anschluss Question "), edited by Kleinwachter and Paller, and sponsored by Herr Loebe, the President of the Reichstag, it is stated that " amalgamation of the German and Austrian economic systems can only succeed if the political union has been attained." Similar views are expressed by Dr. Scheffer, in his *Oesterreichs wirtschaftliche Sendung* (" Austria's Economic Mission "). He writes : " The idea of economic union absolutely presupposes the idea of political union."

These are typical examples, selected at random, from the German politico-economic writings on this subject, published before the Austro-German Customs Union project was openly presented to Europe. Further reference to these and similar authorities not only reinforces the conception of Germanic penetration in the Danubian area, but also throws an interesting light on the aim behind the invitations of Herren Curtius and Schober to other countries to join in the proposed *Zollunion* (showing also how these invitations obviously referred not to great and non-contiguous states like Britain and France, but to the smaller States grouped in proximity in Central and South Eastern Europe.)

Thus, Dr. Höper, to whom I have previously referred, writes that " The Austro-German Customs Union would be a big step in the direction of a Pan-German economic

entity embracing the Germans living in connected areas—for example, Switzerland and the German peopled districts in Czechoslovakia which belong to the future Pan-German economic system " ; while Sieveking, in his *Grundzüge der neueren Wirtschaftsgeschichte* (" Outlines of Modern Economic History "), says : " The Zollverein should expand further and ought to develop outwards." Referring to the ideas of List and Möser, he indicates an " expansion to the East via Austria and Turkey," and adds (a matter of special interest for us British) that " the Continental Powers would have a common interest in seeing that the two routes from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf do not fall into the exclusive possession of England." Dr. Höper, again, referring to the advantages for Germany to be gained from union, puts this aspect of the question in a nutshell in the following phrase : " Economic—mineral wealth, huge water-power resources, first-class tourist regions, trade connections with the Balkans and the Orient ; Political—the ultimate dominance over the centre of Europe, new frontiers with Hungary, Jugoslavia and Italy."

Finally, there is this statement in the *Anschlussfrage* volume to the effect that " into the first zone of the Austro-German sphere of power would doubtless fall the States of Hungary, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia and Roumania " ; while throughout the works of these various German authorities are to be found references to the necessity of bringing in Czechoslovakia. The eventual aim clearly is, as Dr. Höper says quite openly, that Germany become " the leader of the Central European Economic Union, whether the world wishes it or not."

III

The above quotations are representative of the outlook on the *Anschluss* from the German side. A comparison of these post-war statements with the pre-war German writings on the subject of *Mitteleuropa* would demonstrate that the aims to-day are not dissimilar to those of yesterday. On the Austrian side, the apostles of the German mission

idea in Austria bring out the same eventual aims even when they are at pains to quarrel with the *German* Germans for their attitude of contempt towards the Austro-Germans. Thus the Austrian Kaindle goes to great lengths to prove that Hapsburg Austria fulfilled the German mission in opposition to the idea of the Czech Palacký, who advocated a federated Austria in which German, Slav and Magyar should have an equal voice. It would seem that Kaindle was all the more concerned to justify Austria's German mission in the face of Treitschke's famous jibe at the "lazy" Austrians of whom he wrote: "With these so-called brethren in Austria it is possible for us Germans to come to an understanding only with the sword."

Doubtless my informant of 1927, whose words I have quoted, saw things through the same political spectacles as Kaindle. Many Austrians to-day are dreaming these political dreams. For on the purely economic side Austrian opinion is very divided on the Customs Union question, at least fifty per cent. of the Austrian industrialists being opposed to it out of fear of being swamped by the larger and better organised German industries. The pro-*Anschluss* elements undoubtedly regard the question more from the political than from the purely economic angle.

But there is also the opposition school to be considered, comprising Mgr. Seipel, the ex-Chancellor, and his adherents amongst the Clericalist Christian-Socials and certain sections in the Heimwehr, who are opposed to the *Anschluss*, or even the Customs Union, because they desire some kind of restoration in a new form, political if possible, or quasi-economic if needs be, of the old Monarchy. These elements in Austria are in touch with those Hungarian legitimists who believe in the continued validity of the Pragmatic Sanction, and would fain have Otto Hapsburg as Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, although, at a pinch, Mgr. Seipel might content himself with a Bavarian Wittlesbach.

Whereas, Herr Schober's slogan is "*Mit Deutschland über all, ohne Deutschland nirgends*" (With Germany we can go everywhere, without her, nowhere), that of Mgr. Seipel is "*Die Interessen Oesterreichs gehen Donau*

abwärts, und nicht .Donau aufwärts" (The interests of Austria go down the Danube, not up it).

The set-back experienced by Herr Schober, and his German colleague, Herr Curtius, at Geneva in May, when Austria and Germany were confronted with virtually a united front on the part of the Powers opposed to the Customs Union, may have had the effect of hardening the German resolve for effecting that union, but in Austria it appears to have had the effect of strengthening the opposite school of thought. At all events, I gather from certain well-informed circles in Austria that official Vienna, envisaging the possibility (I do not say the probability) of the final defeat of the Customs Union project at the hands of France, Italy and the Little Entente, is already preparing a counter-scheme, a new surprise to spring upon Europe. This counter scheme is said to be the formation of a close politico-economic understanding between Austria, Hungary and Italy, with Germany adhering, and with the Hapsburg restorationist idea in the background.

Italy is said to be favouring, *en arrière scène*, this idea, as she would prefer it to the menace (to her) of a Greater Germania on the Brenner, and there are some observers of the situation who feel that this alternative idea would constitute a greater potential threat to the Little Entente States than would the *Anschluss*. According to this school of thought, the *Anschluss*, or even the preliminary *Zollunion*, would mean a Germanic penetration in the direction of Trieste, and would menace Italy rather than France or the Little Entente, which countries could look with calm upon the reinforcement of Catholic South Germany against the Prussian hegemony, but would have reason to fear the penetration possibilities of a resurrected Imperial Austria-Hungary under the patronage of Italy. Likewise the view is taken in these circles that certain French advocates of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchial idea (M. Jules Sauerwien, of the *Matin*, has recently been advocating this in Vienna and Budapest) are but storing up trouble for France's Danubian allies.

It is to be remarked, moreover, that certain *milieux* in Roumania and Jugoslavia are in favour of their countries

coming to some special kind of preferential arrangement with the Austro-German *Zollunion*, in the event of that union taking place, on the grounds that this would ensure increased markets for their grain and other exports. French influence, however, has been sufficiently strong—fortified by both financial and political considerations of some weight —to encourage the predominant elements in Bucharest and Belgrade in their opposition to this idea, and both Jugoslavia and Roumania have given their official support to the Briand-Benesh plan for the setting up of a general preferential system in Danubian Europe designed, in effect, to establish something on the lines of a Danubian Economic Federation in which Austria would figure without a definite combination with Germany.

With regard to this Briand-Benesh scheme one is tempted to wonder whether it has not, perhaps, come too late? Had this proposal been made some years ago it would have been possible to have obtained the adherence of Austria without Germany. But that earlier opportunity was let slip, and it is now more or less certain that whichever way Austria seeks out of her present situation—Anschluss or Restoration—she will not consent, or rather Germany would not allow her to consent, to any Danubian arrangement which left Germany out of account.

How to apportion the blame? It is difficult to say. When, in 1927 and in 1929, I asked the opinions of the various interested Governments on the subject of a Danubian economic federation, I was met with the following replies:

Already, at the Ballplatz, the answer was: "No arrangement which does not include Germany." At the Hungarian Foreign Office, it was said that the idea was a good one provided Budapest and not Vienna were the centre of gravity (a preposterous suggestion typical of the Magyar lack of reality). In Prague, M. Benesh himself told me that he personally favoured the idea, but the trouble was that Czechoslovak industries had been built up behind tariff walls and would have to be safeguarded. In Belgrade I was informed that while there was much to be said for the idea, public opinion was not yet ripe to consider it.

Then, again, Italy ever played a dog-in-the-manger game, vetoing both the Anschluss and the Danubian Confederation, and while sponsoring Hungarian treaty revisionism, to annoy the Little Entente and more especially to threaten Jugoslavia, she absolutely refused to take her own medicine and accord justice to her Austro-German and Solvene minorities. Owing to her anti-French and anti-Jugoslav policy she sat on the fence over the Customs Union project, finally coming down on the side against it at Geneva.

France, too, must take her measure of blame. French logic has lacked elasticity. The cardinal French mistake was in underestimating the historic and natural forces which must inevitably result in Austria having a larger and more comprehensive destiny than the restricted and artificial one envisaged by the Peace Settlement. Had France in the first place envisaged the eventual possibility of the *Anschluss*, instead of adopting the short-sighted attitude that it was impossible of realisation merely because it was proscribed by the Peace Treaties, safeguarding arrangement both in respect of territory and of reparations might have been made to the advantage of the Little Entente against the time when the *Anschluss* would become a reality. Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia might have had a corridor. Or Jugoslavia might have had Zone A of Carinthia. Alternatively, France might have actively promoted the Danubian Confederation at a time when it was easier to have done so. Instead she stood rigidly on the thesis that the *Anschluss* was "not actual" (according to Treaty), and the statesmen of the Little Entente duly and dutifully echoed Paris, and so it came to pass that a practical, positive alternative to Austro-German Union, in the form of some kind of egalitarian economic Danubian arrangement, was not actively promoted by Paris until after the Austro-German horse had virtually bolted.

IV

The main political preoccupation of the Little Entente States, both as a group and individually, is the preservation

of their war-created liberties and the prevention of these being threatened either by a restoration in a new form of the old Danubian Monarchy, or by the creation of a *Mitteleuropa* under German control, for in either case they feel that the main drive would be Pan-German. On the other hand, they have to consider their separate economic situations, and in the case of agrarian states like Jugoslavia and Rumania, if these are not to come to an arrangement with the Austro-German bloc, then something equally advantageous to them as grain-exporting countries will have to be put in its place. This is realised by M. Briand, and the amendments subsequently made by his original scheme made some kind of provision for this. Czechoslovakia has a some-what different problem, inasmuch as although agrarian to a certain extent, she is mainly an industrial country and the Austro-German *Zollunion* would, on the economic side, confront her with the loss of the greater part of her Austrian market, and on the political side with the possibility of being surrounded in a Germanic sea.

Hungary is in a different position again, being mainly an agricultural country, but possessing also an industrial life. Hungarians, other than the more extreme political revisionists, take the view that Hungary's economic relations with Austria-Germany lie through the route of Prague, and Hungarian-Czechoslovak relations have accordingly improved of late. Political considerations draw Hungary in the direction of Berlin and Vienna; whereas economic considerations draw her in the direction of Prague.

Poland is not so directly affected, either politically or economically, but in a broad sense it may be said that one of the effects of the Austro-German move has been to draw that country and the Little Entente States closer together.

From this it will be seen that although on the main political issue of Treaty Revisionism versus Status Quo, France, Poland, and the Little Entente have common interests, nevertheless, in the economic minutiæ of the Austro-German question, all these States have varied interests.

With regard to the effect of the Austro-German move

upon the general European groupings, it has certainly arrested the growth of a revisionist bloc, led by Germany and Italy in consort, with Soviet Russia in the background, against France and her European allies. On the other hand, however, there is the possibility, to which I have previously alluded, of Italy sponsoring the creation of the Rome-Vienna-Budapest "triangle," which would be potentially dangerous to the Little Entente in general and Jugoslavia in particular.

There is also to be considered the effect of the Austro-German move upon the prospects of the Disarmament Conference. This, from Mr. Henderson's point of view, is disquieting, for it has stiffened up the French attitude on Disarmament and Security at the very moment when the British Foreign Secretary was hoping for an easier attitude in Paris. The method of the Austro-German move gave M. Briand the opportunity to say to Mr. Henderson, not without reason, that his schemes for European conciliation had received a set-back and his position at home vis-à-vis the more intransigeant French nationalists made more difficult. According to one point of view, the Germans showed themselves in this to be poor psychologists, while others hold that Germany saw in such a method the only means of breaking through the Versailles ring peacefully, and of finding also an effective lever in respect of disarmament.

The Austro-German question seems also destined to play a part, as a bargaining factor, in the German negotiations with the creditor States, in respect of reparation revision. Already, it appears, Herren Brüning and Curtius have seized upon the possibility of counterbalancing the check sustained by their Customs Union policy at Geneva by making it one of the considerations of their arguments with the creditor States in respect of Reparations. And France, on her part, already envisages, it would seem, the possibility of bargaining a certain amount of Reparations relief against a German engagement not to conclude political or economic arrangements with neighbouring countries calculated to infringe the independence of those countries (*i.e.*, with Austria). Thus, within a few months of its

inception, the *Zollunion* project is already in the diplomatic market.

Finally, there is the important abstraction of the Vatican's attitude. The Vatican, in spite of the Lateran Treaty, is experiencing internal difficulties with Fascismo, and the Spanish Revolution has weakened the position of the Church in her erstwhile Spanish stronghold. Will, therefore, the Holy See favour the *Anschluss* as the means of strengthening the Catholic element in the Reich by the addition of six million Catholic Austrians, or will it prefer Mgr. Seipel's conception of a rehabilitated Austria wielding a Catholic influence down the banks of the Danube? Probably the answer lies largely with Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Secretary of State, who was once Nuncio at Berlin, and whose influence in this matter one way or the other is bound to carry weight with the Pope. For all we know, the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire may even now be stalking reverentially and with quiet footfall along the corridors of the Vatican City.

To sum up: the brighter side to this otherwise gloomy picture is to be found in the fact that although the *Zollunion* project itself does not appear to be productive of appreciable economic advantages, except perhaps for Germany, while on the political side it has stirred up a veritable hornet's nest, nevertheless it has given a most desirable impetus to the broad movements towards general European economic collaboration which otherwise might have been deflected into the side-channels of abortive Genevan sub-committees. In this connection the most practicable solution would appear to be found not in any purely sectional arrangement, but through the promotion of a general European economic collaboration beginning in the Danubian Basin. Such a solution would ensure wider markets for the exports of agrarian countries like Jugoslavia, and capital investment for their internal development, with correspondingly increased capacities in such countries for the purchase of manufactures from their industrial neighbours. The particular difficulties of Austria would be the object of specially devised means of assistance, until that country could in time naturally reap the advantages of association with

the Danubian economic entity: German, Austrian and Czechoslovak industrial technique and British and French capital could all collaborate for productive (and development) purposes in Central and South Eastern Europe. In this way, the economic interests of all the States concerned would be promoted, without political complication, and the edge taken off the animosity between the Revisionist and the Status Quo States.

Enlightened statesmanship on both sides can extract something beneficial for Europe as a whole out of this situation, if the will and the vision are not wanting. The present danger lies in the predominance of the political over the economic, or rather the dressing up of political motives in economic guises.

France would do well to realise on her part that European politics are necessarily dynamic and not static; in a word, that life goes on, and that the life of nations, like that of individuals, is a matter of development. And Germany and Austria would also be well advised to realise on their part that although there is in this country an ever growing body of thoughtful opinion which has every sympathy with the aspirations of the German speaking peoples for national emancipation and rehabilitation, nevertheless they must take into account the right of other peoples in Europe besides themselves to live their own lives.

In the final instance, I think it may be said that if France and Germany could but bridge the political gulf which divides them, the present tangle in the Danubian Basin would unravel itself. Then would politics and economics fall into their proper spheres, and the solution of Germany's problem become part of the wider question of the solution of Europe's problem. In this manner the way would be cleared for the realisation—without prejudice to the security of nations—of the no less practical than idealistic British desire for a liberal measure of all-round disarmament. We might in this case live to see also the realisation of that final understanding and collaboration between London, Paris and Berlin which alone can provide the basis for lasting peace in Europe.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TRAVEL

By G. R. Stirling Taylor

THERE are certain people, unhappily growing in number, who make it their professional habit to design new methods of living, by which the world will be "reformed," as they temptingly express it. It is an alluring and hypnotic word; and it is only regrettable that the results, when won, are not always an adequate reward for the labours of the reformers. It must be a depressing fact, for those who make a living by devising things and ideas that are new, to realise that so many of the permanently wise decisions of the world were thought of several centuries ago. That is why so much of the brightest wit and wisdom of mankind, when traced back to its origin, will be found to begin with a proverb that is so old that it has no date, and no other father than anonymous time itself.

A very good example of this may be found in the matter of education. In mediæval times there was an admirable custom, termed the *wander-years*, by which students and craftsmen wandered about the world, picking up knowledge, almost as less ambitious maidens gathered nosegays on their way from school. Of course these students were not always travelling; for they settled long enough to learn their scholarship or their craft. But speaking broadly, they educated themselves by travelling from one place to another. Their college was a university in a geographical sense which we do not now attach to that term. It was an age when they talked Latin; and that classical proverb, *solvitur ambulando*, may have been somehow connected with this happy idea.

It was a good custom which did not altogether die. During the eighteenth century, at least, the aristocrats were still sending their sons to make "the grand tour" on the Continent. It was an age when ruling was in the hands of that small oligarchy; and it did not need much foresight to see that a visit to the great cities of France and Italy and Germany would be more helpful in the education of statesmen than a residence at the Oxford or Cambridge of Gibbon's time. But in the humbler world of the crafts the "wander year" had, unhappily, ended; for trade had got into the hands of masters who did not need craftsmen, since machines and automatons can make profits—their sole object—more dutifully than educated men could do.

The school of the wide world has obvious advantages which the parochial system of an Oxford quad cannot supply. So in the most intelligent places this wandering idea had never been forgotten; and there are signs that at this moment it is reviving in a new form. There have been recent references in the Press to the parties of school children who are being taken abroad by their masters and mistresses—presumably with some professional intention. One hears of excursions to Chartres and Fontainebleau. A few weeks ago the present writer saw a party of English school boys in the charge of two or three masters getting into the Rome-Paris express at Aix-les-Bains. By their jovial alertness it was obvious that they had not been visiting that famous spa with any desire to rid themselves of gout. It is possible that they had no more scholastic designs on Aix than using it as a convenient entraining station at the end of a walking tour on the hills. Nevertheless, one hopes that if the party included a master on the classical side, he reminded his boys that Aix-les-Bains had been a fashionable spa since the time of the early Roman Empire, of which it still possesses architectural remains. In a few well-chosen words, he might have pointed out that Aix is only one of a great collection of towns that are still existing evidence that the Romans had once conquered and inhabited a large area of western and central Europe. It is possible that this historical fact, though often enough repeated in their text-books, had never yet been regarded

by the youthful minds, which he now addressed, as of vital importance or even of substantial reality. It is, unhappily, only rarely that the serious information of a text-book is accepted with the conviction it deserves. History is not regarded as being as impressive as the romances of fiction; a fact which is palpably proved by the simple arithmetical difference between the sales of history books and novels. But to be told the above-mentioned historical fact in Aix itself, with the stones of Roman buildings before their eyes, would be a much more convincing lesson. It would alone be worth the railway fare to Aix if the boys really understood at last that the Romans conquered western Europe; for that is almost the most fundamental fact in Latin civilisation. It would be interesting to learn whether Mr. Hilaire Belloc learned this during one of his many walking tours. His history certainly has the freshness of the open air.

War is a very ghastly and disreputable affair, but it taught many people for the first time that there was a world beyond their national boundaries. Certainly, the growth of tourist agencies since the Great War of 1914 is a very obvious fact, more important, if less conspicuous, than the growth of sweet-shops. People of all classes are going to the Continent for their holidays when they would never have thought of such an adventure before. At the present moment Western Europe is united by a link of knowledge such as it never had even when the Latin language was the common use of its scholars, and a Latin Church was the common practice of its peasants. Never before did so many people have such a wide knowledge of other countries than their own.

It is fairly obvious that if this educative process can be extended still further, the international affairs will be on a new basis. If the peasants of Normandy or of the Pyrenees knew the peasants of Kent and Norfolk with any moderate intimacy, it would be almost inconceivable that the political government of either of them would be able to persuade the one to fight the other. Foreign Offices have only succeeded in their historical profession of stirring up wars —which, with characteristic diplomacy, they describe as

the keeping of the peace—because they have been able to rely on a vast mass of ignorance of the conditions behind the opposing frontiers. The trade of diplomacy would dissolve into laughter (or perhaps something harsher) if the people knew half of what the diplomats try to conceal. But let us not be too hard on these gentlemen—for they are often so childishly ignorant themselves. It is even possible that there would not have been any Great War of 1914-1918 if we had possessed a Foreign Secretary whose hobby was foreign travel instead of fishing and tennis. The day may come when a degree from Paris or Berlin, from Rome or Madrid, will be a necessary qualification for a post at the Foreign Office. It will have many advantages over a more patriotic training at Winchester and Balliol. An ardent and parochial patriotism is apt to upset that fine balance of mind which is so necessary in international affairs.

To put it briefly: it is suggested that a course of intelligent foreign travel is of the highest educational value. The unfortunate thing is that those who have hitherto had the means to travel have so often neglected their opportunities. Instead of going to Paris or Rome or Florence, as young Horace Walpole did, to be made a polished man of the cultured world of art and literature, the young plutocrat (and the degenerates of the aristocracy have unfortunately copied their richer successors) have not, apparently, enough energy to take them further than the sun-bathing beaches of the Riviera or the Casinos of the winter resorts. But sun baths and gaming tables are only travel for the children and the childish.

There was a time when travel in slow stages, by horse or carriage or on foot, was almost an education in itself; for the process was so leisurely that only the blind and the deaf could have failed to see and hear on the way. But applied science, with its usual reckless disregard for ultimate consequences, put an end to this stately mode of progress; and it became possible to be carried from Paris to the South of France in a night. So the passenger, in pursuit of sun and laziness, could go to sleep in Paris and wake up near Monte Carlo; and half Europe which lay

between them was never seen except in a passing glimpse through a railway carriage window. That is no more travel than transport in an ambulance van is travel. Transport is merely a passive and mechanical affair; travel requires consciousness.

This unconscious movement is much to be regretted. For it happens that the few hundred miles between Paris and Marseilles are the pages of the most interesting history book in the world. It is a book that has been almost unopened by the hundreds of thousands of travellers who have made that journey since the railway was built. It is one of the many examples of the intellectual chaos that has frequently followed the growth of Science. But an outraged Nature has taken a paradoxical revenge, for the later invention of the motor car has had the unexpected result that the traveller from England to the Riviera now often spends six days on the road instead of thirty hours. It may be that the next scientific improvement in transport –for example, the stationary house might be turned into a complete movable caravan—will induce the pursuer of pleasure to take six weeks on the road. He may discover that the adventures of the highway are more enjoyable than the hectic joys at his journey's end. It is even possible that the educative value of travel may be so high that a caravan load of semi-barbarians will leave London, and arrive at Nice as cultured men and women. Science will then have performed a worthy miracle at last.

Consider for a few minutes the possibility of that journey from Paris to Marseilles, if done with sufficient deliberation to observe a little more than the flashing telegraph poles. At least let the journey be made by day instead of by the customary night express. It will be possible, from the carriage windows, to point out what a delightful holiday one could make by doing the journey more slowly by car; or considering the matter as a piece of mere educational practice, it is interesting to consider what an intelligent tutor could do with a pupil who had won a travelling-scholarship that allowed him to spend a whole term between Paris and the Mediterranean.

During that term, he might easily learn the foundation

of the history of European civilisation. It would be difficult to discover a more useful lesson; for a knowledge of our past would go a long way in assisting us to climb out of the awkward pit into which we have fallen since the war.

To put it in the broadest way, in going from Paris to Marseilles we go from the civilisation of the North, with its Teutonic or Nordic base (in spite of the Latin polish of Paris) to the culture of the almost pure Latin South. The watershed dividing these two great human systems is the high ground to the north-west of Dijon. When we plunge into the tunnel of Blaisy at its north end we are in Northern Europe; when we come out of it at the other end we are in the valley of the Saône, which is the neutral ground between the North and the South. The river and its valley made one of the great highways by which the northern barbarians invaded the more civilised South. This highway linked the Rhine valley with the Rhone valley; the former being the river of the Teutons, flowing north, while the Rhone was the river of the Mediterranean people, flowing south. It is when we pass through the next important tunnel—just before reaching Lyons, that we burst forth into the South in its completion.

Such are the main outlines of this remarkable day's journey through history; which begins in Paris, a city founded by the northern race of the Franks, and ends in the city of Marseilles, founded by the Greeks (or perhaps the Phœnicians) from the extreme south-east corner of Europe. We have thus passed from the civilisation of the North Sea to the civilisation of the Mediterranean, having passed on the way through what an enthusiastic French book calls *une musée en plein air*.

Now there are many perfectly healthily-minded people who do not like museums of the orthodox kind, all sorted into rows in cases. But they ought to give at least a trial to this open air collection in which a valley is a gallery, and a whole town takes the place of a glass case. Of course there are people who have no desire to be educated; and, indeed, are beyond the possibility of it, failing a miracle in pedagogy. The mind that derives more than very temporary satisfaction from jazz tunes or roulette

will probably be indifferent to anything that may be passed on the way to Monte Carlo or whatever may be the Paradise in view. But there must be some who are willing to give up a day to travelling through the history of Europe.

Within an hour or so from Paris the train is running beside the Seine, with the ancient town of Melun on its bank. To give a sketch of the history of this city would occupy the rest of the day's journey to Marseilles: for it is a very long story. Julius Cæsar's army, under Labienus, attacked it on the way to capture Paris, then a small island on the Seine. Even then Paris was a strategic point to seize. Skipping centuries of engaging history one recalls that the English held Melun between 1420 and 1430, when Joan of Arc drove them out. The Bourbon Henri Quatre took it from the Catholic League in 1590. This little town is a miniature history of France; and it is not a ruin or even a museum, but a very living place still.

Another ten miles or so, and the train is passing the forest of Fontainebleau, with its great country palace. To do justice to its glory, its serious history and its lighter scandals, it would be necessary to continue the journey beyond Marseilles, to India! It has a far older story, but as it now appears it is essentially the creation of Francis I, who stands for the Renaissance in France, with all its vast artistic and literary associations. But that is only a part of its history; for that very vigorous King Henri Quatre went on building; and likewise did his son Louis XIII. Here Louis XIV signed the doom of his dynasty by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—for that was the fact which decided that the Bourbons were no longer fit to rule a great state. Long afterwards it was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon I abdicated and went to Elba; and those sensible people who are rather bored by the noisy careers of great soldiers may retire into the remoter parts of this forest to Barbizon, where Corot and Rousseau and their group began a new school of landscape painting—which is probably of more lasting importance than founding a new political constitution.

Then the journey has a quieter interlude as the train travels over the beautiful plains of eastern France. But

have continued in this Saône valley as a permanent barrier between the French and the Germans; and Europe might have been spared a deal of vulgar squabbling and barbaric fighting. Then the Treaty of Verdun made in A.D. 843 might have continued, with its plan of the Middle Kingdom. But the military mind has almost always been the enemy of common sense.

Dijon was probably first founded by the Romans as a resting place on the great road made by Agrippa. This Saône valley was a network of such roads. As already said, it was itself a highway of history. Beaune, the next important town, was also probably Roman in origin, and for the same reason. But the greatest Roman city of these parts was Autun, lying behind the hills to the west. It was a halting place on the highway that led from Lyons to Boulogne; and the modern motor car is reviving that ancient practice.

Chalon-sur-Saône, the next important place on the P.L.M. line, began its career long before the Romans arrived. So likewise did Tournus, with its great abbey that is half a fortress, half a house of peace—which was so obviously advisable in a valley that was continually filled by marching and invading armies on this world's highway. To-day Tournus is chiefly concerned with the peaceful matters of famous wines and very plump poultry, both of which are renowned on far away dinner tables. Macon, the next centre, was a seat of the Aedui before the Romans arrived; and it seems to have been attacked by almost every invading army that Europe has produced, except the Turks! The charming fact is that, like most of the historical places we have been passing, it is still prosperous.

It is when we get to the end of this Saône valley, and plunge through a tunnel which emerges in Lyons, that we arrive at the head of the Rhone valley which is the beginning of the great chapters of the history of southern civilisation. One expects to find Roman monuments in Italy; but the important historical fact to realise is that Roman civilisation conquered the greater part of western Europe. Of this Latin culture, the Rhone valley is the most representative

museum. Incidentally, it is also one of the most beautiful places in the world, which was perhaps why the Romans chose it. It has only one earthly trouble, the Mistral wind. But that only blows occasionally; and the traveller, if he has reasonable luck, will experience one of the most delightful sensations of life in his sudden entry into the land of southern sunshine and fruit, when he has passed through the Lyons tunnel and entered this wonderful valley of the Rhone.

Rome had made the Rhone a home of charming peace and prosperity when most of the rest of Europe was still inhabited by very rude men. In the days to come, when everybody will have time to be educated properly, the school children will be introduced to classics by a term in the Rhone valley—or they may take it on the way back from Rome itself. Even to-day, the university student might get new ideas of old things if he walked down the Rhone from Lyons to Marseilles. Let him buy *Les Villes Romaines*, by Messieurs Sautel and Imbert, which is learned and beautifully illustrated; and the first part of Mr. Douglas Goldring's *The French Riviera* is as charming as the Rhone to which it introduces its readers.

The most imposing town on the Rhone is Avignon; which was once a Roman colony. But practically nothing of it has survived *in situ*. The paradoxical reason for this is that about 1309 Rome migrated to Avignon in bulk, or at least that very large part of Rome that was the Catholic Church; and Avignon was the home of the Papacy until 1402. This ecclesiastical invasion was so overpowering that the city was rebuilt as a mediæval town instead of leaving it full of classical remains, as at Nimes or Arles. It has left us, instead, a great Papal Palace and all the history which gathered round it. If the traveller cannot become enraptured by the tale (as it is told, for example, by Professor Okey in his *The Story of Avignon*, in the *Mediæval Towns Series*), then this form of pleasure is clearly not in his line of life, and he had better push on to Cannes or Juan les Pins with their roulette and sun baths. Nevertheless, if he misses the story of Petrarch and Laura, which centres round Avignon and Vaucluse, then he should

be warned that it is a romance that the fiction writers can rarely create—though, of course, there are some authorities who say that Petrarch was romancing when he wrote of Laura. And if the latter is a heroine of too spiritual a kind, then Joanne, Queen of Naples, who sold Avignon to the Popes, can outdo the films for excitement. She was accused of murdering her first husband, and answered the charge in Avignon—which was then her feudal property. Having first charmed the cardinal judges by her loveliness, she then fascinated them by the graces of her Latin rhetoric; and finally made certain of the verdict by offering to sell Avignon to the Papacy for a very modest sum. Not unnaturally, the Holy Church declared she was an innocent woman. She had three more husbands, and was finally strangled by the man who considered he should have been made her heir. Even Hollywood films have not often beaten that story. But Avignon can supply enough local tales to keep a traveller thrilled for months; while the easily reached surrounding cities will give a professor of history enough subjects to last a three years' course.

The above mere outline of the historical possibilities of the journey from Paris to Marseilles is only offered as a convenient example of what may be done for education by travel. Of course it would need organisation; for example, hostels and resident lectures, and above all, a new literature of specially written guide books which will make the student into a traveller and the traveller into a student. That would make scholarship more attractive, and by no means make travel more tedious. For nothing is so boring as aimless wandering without any object in view, except motion. That can be done at home, on a switchback or the nearest local railway. Real travel must have a more important end than movement through space.

One day the whole matter may be gathered together in a new University, in the fullest sense of that term, for it will have colleges or hostels all over Europe—perhaps over the world—and students will do their terms at the most appropriate centres. Then it may well happen that the greatest scholar will turn out to be he who has travelled the longest distance with the greatest intelligence.

JOURNEY TO MECCA

By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah

I

IN a fierce midday heat, enveloped in clouds of choking dust, sweating and with jaded face, I was among a heterogeneous mass of Moslem pilgrims as we lumbered on our way towards the harbour of Bombay. Afghans, Persians, Javanese, Indians and Uzbeks, we all stood staring at one another and endeavouring to follow diverse languages we had never heard before. On the arrival of the medical officer, the babel of tongues died away, as all sat on the floor of the shed and were vaccinated. But as soon as a medical certificate was granted and the pilgrim was free to move, you could see him hurrying along the passage with his left shirt arm folded. A moment later you noticed him behind the shed, washing the wound inflicted by the vaccinator. Many think that the lymph is "an impurity of cow", and hence not fit to be absorbed by the skin of a Faithful bound for sacred Mecca, the mystic city of Arabia where only the Moslems can go.

Close by the quay platform lay the pilgrim boat to Jeddeh on the Red Sea, and when the final word of "depart" was given by the medical authorities, there was a rush to the gangway. Stalwart Pathans of the frontier, weak and ill-fed Bengalis, sleepy-eyed men of Bokhara, veiled women bearing children in their arms, made one dash. They carried their valuables along with them, in sacks, crudely made tin boxes, or bulging baskets insecurely tied with ropes. The sacks, however, were in predominance as items of "portable luggage" intended for "cabin only." All the passengers were excited, and the noise and smell of the East blended with the sanctified air of the pilgrim boat. They rushed the gangway, people pushing into the sacks, and bundles and baskets being pushed into the people,

a water receptacle now peeping out of a sack, now pushed up by the jolting crowd, and then slipping out of the hands of its owner into the sea. Thus the narrow pathway led the Faithful to the deck and away down to enormous cavernous depths.

II

Three shrill blasts, a thud of the engines, and slowly we moved away from the Indian shores amid the cries of "*Allaho—Akbar! Allaho—Akbar!* God is Great! God is Great!" As a pious Moslem, I had a craving to visit the Holy City of my faith. Taking, therefore, little or no account of the future, believing that what is written is written, relying on the philosophy of my fathers, I resolved to face the discomforts and perils inseparable from a pilgrimage to Mecca as stoically as possible.

Existence on the pilgrim ship, to one used to the ordinary comforts of life, was, to say the least of it, harassing. And although much has recently been done by the Wahabi Government to provide liveable conditions, the devotees were packed like sardines in a tin. The worst phase of the voyage began on the third day after we had left Karachi for Jeddeh. Then practically every pilgrim was in the throes of *mal de mer;* and one of them, who only the day before had told me he could not be seasick, was prostrated and praying loudly for death to release him. The shouting and harrying scenes had come to a standstill, for the sky was now gray, the wind swept the vessel, and the waves beat on the sides with more than ordinary force. Corpse-like men lay on the deck, on their charcoal sacks, on coiled ropes, everywhere, uttering not a word, hardly interested in existence and readily denying food and drink. They thought an evil spirit had come upon the boat. But it takes more than a rough sea to hide life altogether, for as soon as the waves subsided the corpse-like ones rolled up their beddings, sat up, cooked their food; the Persians made tea, the Bengalis skinned fish, the Pathan was busy with his Palaw rice of excellent flavour.

During the spell of the sea-sickness the pilgrims had lost all clear idea of their purpose; but on recovering they

soon remembered the solemn idea that had induced them to journey to the city of their childhood dreams and lifelong prayers. The air on the boat was "thick with religion," prayer carpets were spread, recitations of the Koran were chanted, doctors of theology were busy reading to the devotees those chapters of the Holy Book of Islam which related to that part of the journey of the pilgrimage. In the afternoons, religious discussions took place, even political, and both used to end where they began. And thus the life of the pious on a pilgrim ship was spent, until one day, soon after dawn, the captain appeared on the deck and pointed out to us in the haze of distance a dark blue line, the Holy Land of Islam! The Arabian coast! The port of Jeddeh!

We could hardly speak for excitement. Little by little it became clearer, as we stood watching it in our *ahram*—our regulation pilgrim costume—till the white city of minarets and domes of Jeddeh lay as cut in marble when the boat dropped anchor some two miles from the shore. No ship could go nearer than that point, as the reefs are very numerous, and many traversed that portion in tiny sail boats, tossing like cockle shells on the crests of the waves.

The first sight of Jeddeh entranced me. I gazed at it, as a Moslem does, with pleasure mingled with awe and reverence. Beyond that city, at the distance of fifty miles or more, lay Mecca, the goal of my hopes. The Holy of Holies of every Moslem. Life's dream, I thought, had at last been realised. The pallor of my face and those tears that dimmed my eyes were indications of my emotions. The scene was strangely familiar, for had I not faced the Holy City five times every day of my life in prayer? Absorbed in these thoughts, I remained in Jeddeh for the night, and next day in a motor car started towards Mecca, the Cradle of Islam.

III

Those of us who had more money than sense were bundled into a large motor car, and were told that by this means we were to travel the fifty miles to Mecca. We had not proceeded far when a halt was made at the reputed

tomb of Eve. She must have been a lady of formidable proportions, for the original grave, I was told, was some eight feet long. On payment of a fee, I learned, one could receive an oracular message from the buried progenitress of suffering humanity. This was, of course, supplied by a confederate in an underground crypt, who for a shilling or two droned out a "prophecy." Fortunately, since the advent of the Wahabis, the evil practice is now stopped.

As we trundled over the sandy tract, we felt the grilling heat of the desert overpoweringly. I was dressed in the traditional *ahram*, which consists of two sheets, one for the upper part of the body, another for the lower, knotted together, as pins or sewing are frowned on by Moslem law. In accordance with immemorial custom, too, my head was shaved and unprotected from the merciless sun. To make matters worse, no water was to be had. At last, after twenty-five miles of torture, with parched lips and baking limbs, we drew up at the post of Bahra, where, we were told, there was a well, and, thanks to the Wahabi King, we found not only water, but even cool drinks; a heaven-sent thing in the grilling heat of the desert.

Hardly had we journeyed three miles beyond the well, when the rear wheels of our car sank deep in a sand heap. We alighted, and strove to move the venerable vehicle, but to no purpose, and much to the contemptuous amusement of a passing Bedouin, who from the back of his swift-trotting camel, jeered at us unmercifully.

"It serves you right for bringing that creation of Satan into the sacred land," he yelled. "Why can't you travel on camel-back like other folk? See, I can make my camel stop when I want and go when I wish him to. Take that iron contraption back to the devil who made it."

By this time I was well in the grip of fever, and it was with pounding head and swaying legs that I made the seven-fold circumambulations of the sacred Kaaba, that Holy of Holies, believed to have been built by Adam, which contains the sacred black stone set in silver. The Haram, or sacred enclosure in which it is situated, is surrounded on all sides by graceful colonnades, surmounted by white domes, forming Mecca's sacred mosque. On the day in

question it was crowded by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the East, eager to kiss the holy relic.

IV

From the moment the pilgrim enters Mecca to the time of his departure he is kept in a fever of excitement and pious frenzy. Ceremony after ceremony claims his constant and unfaltering attention. He is for hours wedged in swaying and seething crowds. One of the most arduous rites is the passing seven times between the space of Safa and Marwa, the alleged tombs of Hagar and Ishmael, a distance of perhaps three hundred yards, which is known as the Sai Ceremony, and from which one may acquire much merit. The road is not narrow, but it is constantly crowded with pilgrims. Add to this, prayers five times a day, and one has not much time to see the sights of Mecca. Not that there is really much to see. Moreover, Ibn Saud has rightly banned all diabolical amusements. Mecca is drier than Milwaukee by many degrees, and to light a cigarette is to call down anathema from pious Moslems.

The most striking picture in Mecca is that provided by the vivid and colourful life of its wonderful bazaars. The most celebrated of these is the Soayqa, which occupies one side of the Haram, and which has a great reputation throughout the East for its fine silks, its wonderful beadwork and its rich and choice perfumes. The latter are a necessity of life in Mecca, where the sanitation of the rest-houses, till lately, was most execrable. Indeed, scented woods had constantly to be burned in these houses to keep down the effluvia of overcrowded humanity.

Purchasing an article in Mecca is scarcely the same sort of business that it is in Fifth Avenue or the Strand. Goods in the bazaars are unticketed, and if you fancy anything the merchant will ask six or eight times its value. Of course, he knows that you will at once depreciate it, which you proceed to do, if you are skilful, with a flow of rhetoric which dazzles him. But when he has recovered, he comes back at you with an eloquence of praise for his goods worthy of a Hafiz. So it goes on until one or the other is exhausted. On one occasion I bought a melon which,

the merchant assured me, was "sweeter than the honeycombs on the hills of Paradise." On finding the inside blacker than Eblis, I returned it to the seller, who looked at me pityingly.

"Oh, my unwise brother," he chanted, "the melon was made by Allah. Why not complain to him about it? His house is hard by!"

One might describe Mecca under Wahabi rule as a "Calvinistic" city, the metropolis of the Moslem purists. It has no lighter side to its austerities. Indeed, Mecca should be nothing else. Yet the very colourfulness of its crowded and enthusiastic life, and the sight of thousands of devotees massed together from all the lands of the East, cannot fail to rouse a lasting sense of the picturesque and the devout, never to be effaced; and the security it offers has been possible only since the Wahabi régime.

After much prayer and meditation in the Holy City of Islam, I resolved to trek northward, not as a scientific explorer, but as a wanderer, without knowing that the raiding season of recalcitrant Bedouins begins in the desert at the termination of the Pilgrimage.

V.

Caravans for Basra and Mecca were now constantly passing across the desert to and from the Moslem Holy City, on the termination of the world-wide pilgrim season there. Those who pay tribute to the Bedouins are immune. If they do not—well, sand leaves no traces, even of green turbans. It was during this season that I fell into the hands of the bandits, about whom much has been heard lately as raiding the British mandatory region of Irak. The only way to get out of their clutches was to play the brigand, and then watch for an opportunity to make good one's escape.

Three ruffians stood before me with loaded rifles. "I shall shed no blood," I protested, "if you insist upon my becoming one of you." After that there was nothing for it but to "savvy," and I fell into line. I must explain that the Government of Irak at the time had about as much authority in its south-western outposts as the London

police have in the Scilly Isles. It has been said that the desert Arabs do not abuse their fellows—no; perhaps as much as Rob Roy did not abuse fellow Christians, I fancy.

About a couple of days after I had unwillingly joined up for safety's sake, a rumour ran through the camp that a caravan from Koweit was crossing the desert to Medina, and that it would hold by that part of the frontier where we were situated before striking south for the sacred places. Naturally the news aroused the wildest enthusiasm among the eighty odd blackguards who composed the band. Life in the camp had been somnolent enough before, a matter of occasional scouting, interspersed with coffee-drinking and smoking dried tobacco slightly mixed with hashish. Now vedettes were sent out all over the horizon and an extraordinary feverish activity prevailed. Even so, it was another three days before we got reliable news of the whereabouts of the caravan, and this necessitated a camel ride of more than thirty miles.

It was in the evening that we got our first sight of it, a thin black streak on the pale face of the limitless sands, a moving thread of life among the far hills of the desert. Down we swooped with a wild whooping calculated to scare an *impi* of Zulus.

The caravan came to a dead halt, and the ends drew back on the centre. Not a shot was fired, for the payment of the tribute was the usual custom. Shortly we came up with our victims, who were obviously demoralised. The leader of the train rode out and explained to us that it was composed of exceptionally poor pilgrims, who were unable to pay anything in the way of blackmail. In the name of all that is holy, would the Chief not allow them to pass?

But the Chief had heard that story before. "We shall investigate their poverty," he said sternly, and then the fun began. Fat Hadjis and portly merchants were manhandled and forced to part with their personal jewellery, money, and other belongings. Bales of costly merchandise were unwrapped and hypothecated. Camels of pedigree and valuable dromedaries were impounded. Fine Arab horses were selected. And those who complained or resisted were badly beaten up and mauled. Cries of fear and

indignation, curses and malediction, resounded on all sides.

I felt the Chief's eye on the man standing next to me. He strode up to a little wizened fellow who was making more uproar than half a dozen others. The Chief presented his Arab blade near the old man's head. "Pay up," he yelled, "or by the beard of the holy priest I shall scratch your neck in a fashion of my own."

"Brother," he shrieked, "I have nothing, nothing, but the holy memory of my aunt, which I carry to the shrines; let the angels hear me."

"Off with your turban," growled the Arab menacingly, "or the devils will hear you quick."

Weeping, protesting, he drew off his greasy headgear. Within its folds was a handful of choice turquoises from Persia. On these the brigand chief swooped like a hawk, giving him a look of commendation.

It was a sorry train that was left in the desert after we rode back. But now came my opportunity. That night as the raiders sat in the moonlight dividing their loot, and much too busy to notice me, I quietly mounted my camel and made off. By morning I was well on my way to where I thought lay the track to Basra in Irak, and, endeavouring to avoid all Black Tent dwellers of the desert, I rode on till dusk had swallowed the shimmering sand dunes, and I lay down utterly exhausted beside my camel.

I had been asleep, and woke to find the end of a jezail rifle rammed so hard into my neck as to be near breaking the skin. I struggled into a sitting posture and saw a lean dark face peering through the opening of the tent curtains into mine.

"Hallo," I said. "What about it? Take that rifle away from my neck, will you?"

"Peace be with you!" said my visitor devoutly. "I thought for a moment that you were an infidel."

"There's another think coming to you," I told him; "but what's it all about?"

"Truly you are a man of strange words," replied my new Arab friend. "Don't you know that in the country of the Bedouins sleeping men are apt to be rudely awakened?"

I assured him that I had gathered the idea previously, but had resolved to ignore it. And as the trusting son of Shaitan laughed consumedly, I raised my heavily-sandalled foot and kicked him hard on the chin.

I roped him up, and knowing that some of the crowd would be along soon, took his camel and left him mine. His was a fleet one of the desert, one of the best, I saw at a glance. The camel, however, is a forward beast. He will obey his master grudgingly, but being lawless at heart, he is only too prone to rebel against others. And before I had well mounted him this demon of the desert made off like the tempest towards the place of sunrise, bumping me at every stride. But with every bump I thought of escape and gave thanks to Allah for the gift of even that unspeakable beast.

THE CASE FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS

ABOLITION

By J. H. Harley

THE Prime Minister has again made a living question of the abolition of the House of Lords. Threatened lives, of course, proverbially live long, and the British House of Lords has profited more than most from the verifications of this ancient apophthegm. Hitherto in British policy and tactics the accepted tendency among all parties on this question has been to postpone the day of decision. "Let the House of Lords fill up the cup!" says one who favours abolition. "Let us wait a more convenient opportunity!" says another who favours reform. "Protest first and then register afterwards!" was the cynical advice given to this threatened life in the famous Unauthorised Radical Programme of 1885. And if the House of Lords was content ultimately to register it was felt that the Radicals need not seriously concern themselves about its protests. Its continued existence might be inglorious, but it might be suffered to prolong itself. At the long last the developing forces of the country would be sure to sweep it out of existence.

Accomplished Parliamentarians like the late Mr. Gladstone were, of course, aware of the dangers of such a course. Lord Rosebery, especially, tried hard to persuade his lordly colleagues to agree to the necessity of immediate reform. The leaders of the House of Lords, however, preferred to stave off the evil day by being especially cautious and careful. In 1906, however, when a large number of young and enthusiastic men had appeared in the Commons, the Lords began a more aggressive campaign by rejecting Mr. Birrell's Education Bill of that particular

year. In 1909 they challenged the supremacy of the House of Commons by rejecting a Finance Bill. In both actions the British Second Chamber was revealing itself in the character which constitutes the strongest argument for its abolition—that of being a Tory caucus always content to work in the interests of one particular party which may yet have been discredited at the polls.

The result was the Parliament Act of 1911. And it may be submitted at this point that the effect of the Parliament Act of 1911 has been to withdraw the question of the abolition of the House of Lords from the purview of practical politics. What more can you desire than this? The House of Lords may be objectionable, but it has had its fangs drawn! The House of Lords may be a Tory caucus, but if the House of Commons is of an opposite opinion, the House of Commons will now in the end prevail. Such an argument might have had more force and power had the late Lord Oxford and Asquith been of the same opinion as Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, who, in 1907, believed that the House of Commons should be suffered to effect its purpose during the continuance of a single Parliament. Unfortunately, Lord Oxford and Asquith, whose cautious temporising and Olympian calm were his principal disqualifications as a reforming statesman, was of a different opinion. Though the Labour Party were already beginning to be a thorn in his side, he was ready to give the Lords a large amount of time in which to hold up advanced legislation. At least two sessions of Parliament had to be consumed before the demands of the Commons might be met and a Bill could be passed in the face of the suspensory veto of the Second Chamber. What might well have been anticipated has now accordingly happened. The time allowed the Lords for holding up reform is far too ample, and the consequence is that when again they have become active in the work of destruction, they have produced such a congestion of business in the Commons that the relief offered by the Parliament Act appears too far off in the future to give any great consolation in the present. Nor is it unimportant in considering the case against the House of Lords that the

present crisis has been provoked by a wrecking attitude on two of the same subjects which in the first instance provoked the Act of 1911—those of Education and the Land. It is natural, of course, that a hereditary caste should view with a certain critical detachment the extension of popular educational facilities, though it is certainly one of the ironies of the situation that the son of the founder of the London Polytechnic should be the leader in this new wrecking crusade. And as for the Land Question, that has always been one which most powerfully appealed to the vested interest of a phalanx of titled landowners, though it could hardly have been predicted beforehand that they would be so infatuated as to suppose that, while they were doing their utmost to wreck the prospects of the Commons, they could have retained sufficient influence to induce these same Commons to forgo any of their ancient privileges on the question of finance.

The question now is, as Lord Morley put it in his pre-coronetted days, whether the House of Lords shall be mended or ended? And the reply to this question which at once comes to hand is this: that as the House of Lords by the suffrages of its friends has never been satisfactorily mended, there can be no conclusion left but that kindly and painlessly it should be ended. The field of practical politics is strewn with efforts to put a more modern appearance on the ancient façade. The Bryce Report is a remarkable *tour de force*, but the Bryce Report has carried nobody away. Lord Rosebery exerted the resources of his ingenuity and the magic of his appeal on the same subject, but all to no useful effect. The Coalition proposals of 1922 were the interesting bantlings of a day. Lord Cave, in 1927, disinterred, with modifications designed to gain more control of Finance for the titled legislators, the proposals of 1922, but this time the whole subject was again dropped in mysterious silence. Conservative associations clamoured for some action on the subject, but Mr. Baldwin held up his warning hands and there ensued a great calm.

It is not difficult to discover why all these efforts failed and why the present House of Lords could never be satis-

factorily mended. All of them presupposed to some extent the continuance of hereditary legislators. In all of these, indeed, the number of the hereditary peers would have been greatly reduced. In the Rosebery scheme of 1908 the great body of Peers were to select some two hundred Peers of special fitness and quality to represent the rest and, if necessary, to destroy the legislative efforts of the Commons. We have seen, however, that the gravamen of the charge against the original electors is that to all intents and purposes they have acted as a Tory caucus. Now, an elector elects people to represent him, and to represent him as exactly as possible. A general Tory caucus could only elect a more select Tory caucus. The last state would, therefore, be worse than the first, because the new House, thinking itself to have obtained a more secure mandate, would be bolder in the work of destruction and would excite tenfold more bitter enmity and opposition than the old one ever had done.

The fact is that no proposal to perpetuate to any extent the hereditary principle in legislation could survive the unfriendly attitude of these later days. The Preamble to the Parliament Act anticipated an eventual Second Chamber on an elective basis, and it was known at the time that the Liberal leaders desired a Second Chamber selected by exactly the same electors as functioned for the House of Commons. But the spirit of the age has gone steadily against the hereditary idea. Even Mendelism cannot galvanise it into any sort of spurious life. Democratic America gazes on our House of Lords as it would on an ancient monument. The Dominions have no love for our titles. European Constituent Assemblies drew up new articles of constitutional faith for the States freshly created by the Treaty of Versailles, but they would have nothing to do with the theory which attributes legislative competency from father to son. In fact, unless we are going to become a kind of museum among the nations, our plain course is drastically to end the House of Lords by abolishing all kinds of hereditary titles whatsoever.

There is, indeed, an obscure consciousness that the day for purely hereditary legislators is past in the proposals

of 1922 and 1927. Only the framers of both of these schemes could not really make up their minds to dispense with an hereditary principle altogether. Lord Birkenhead, who was downright above everything, indeed declared emphatically for his own part that they should stand steadfastly at all costs by the principle of hereditary Peers. This is, perhaps, sufficient in itself to put each of these proposals out of account to-day; but there is an additional and even a more serious reason for regarding them as the last words of failure in the abortive efforts to put some mending touches to the House of Lords. If carried out as their authors propose they should be carried out, these schemes of 1922 and 1927 would have brought our law-abiding people nearer than it has ever been to the inevitability of actual revolution.

This is how it would have happened. There was no guarantee in these schemes that non-hereditary legislators would be in the majority. Indeed, a larger band of hereditary electors were to select a more select band to represent them in the Second Chamber, but the select band would be no more nor less hereditary legislators than their more numerous colleagues. They would be a smaller and more refined Tory caucus, but they would be a Tory caucus all the same; and as any changes in their composition could not be wrought under the benefit of the Parliament Act, and as they were unlikely to commit suicide by their own free will, there would be no further means of turning them into any better than a Tory caucus. Supposing, then, that in the future, emboldened by the sense of being more select and refined, they began to wreck Bills sent up to them by the House of Commons, what could the people do? Any new peers created would not be Lords of Parliament. There would be no adequate constitutional remedy whatsoever. It would be impossible, then as now, to tolerate the unconscionable delay as measure after measure was successively wrecked; and the cry against the impotence of Parliament would gather force and volume in every part of the country. To-day there is this hostile scrutiny of the Parliamentary machine in every circle of progressive activity. What, then, would be the case to-morrow?

A pessimistic answer to such a question can only really be avoided if the House of Lords is ended and the hereditary principle frankly renounced as a principle of its composition. But does this mean that we must give up Second Chamber government altogether? We have seen that our adoption of the hereditary principle in legislation makes us solitary among the nations. Yet only Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria and Turkey have been content with a single-Chamber government among the new nations of Europe. Are there any principles, then, on which a Second Chamber could be constituted to survive the criticism of modern democratic opinion? Only two such principles can be recognised and considered. First, that which justifies a Second Chamber to represent in a modern federal constitution the separate constituent States; and secondly, that which justifies a Second Chamber in a modern unitary constitution to represent the older as contrasted with the younger generation. Of the first the most arresting example is the Australian Commonwealth. Of the second a most notable example is the Senate of Poland, where voters above the age of thirty have a second vote for an Assembly whose every member must be above the age of forty.

Can either or both of these principles be dovetailed into the British Constitution? Obviously the first is inadmissible because Great Britain is a unitary and not a federal State. Still, the principle itself cannot be dismissed so cavalierly as this, because there are many theorists who have regaled themselves with a vision of the House of Lords which shall include Colonial representatives. But now that these Colonies have obtained full-blown Dominion status, would they thank such theorists for their kindly suggestion? In the first place, as we have seen, the people of the Dominions are not specially enthusiastic for peerages at all. In the second place, if they are to be represented at all, they would desire to be represented in an Imperial Senate rather than in a resuscitated House of Lords. In such a Senate, no doubt, New Zealand would have an equal vote with India; but, of course, this would be very far either from a re-constitution of the House of

Lords or even from the fresh establishment of a Second Chamber in Great Britain.

There remains only the Polish principle—the principle of age. Does age require special protection to guarantee it from the tyranny of impetuous youth? Or, as Dean Inge obviously thinks, will the older generation inevitably triumph with or without the delaying assistance of another kind of Second Chamber? There is no doubt a great deal to be said for this principle, and it was especially valid just after the War, where in most of the European countries a whole middle-generation was obliterated and youth starkly confronted an older generation which hardly understood its obscurer aspirations and hopes. Only in the case of Great Britain there are one or two things to be carefully remembered. In the first place, there is something to be said for the Dean Inge contention that age in its own strength is well qualified to win its own way in the long run. In the second place, political debates in the future will be more keen in the constituencies than in Parliament. In the third place, the Second Chamber under this scheme would only have a delaying power within the course of a single session of Parliament. In the fourth place, the Ministry under such a scheme would be responsible to the House of Commons, and to the House of Commons alone.

It is not, therefore, absolutely necessary, even if the House of Lords be abolished forthwith, to renounce all thoughts of any kind of Second Chamber whatever. But it is really necessary, as the Prime Minister evidently proposes, to place firmly before the people at the earliest possible opportunity the question of the abolition of the House of Lords. The old attitude of drift has been prevalent far too long. Only constitutional danger awaits us in the future if we suffer another Parliament, deeply possessed by the necessity of drastic reform, to be again thwarted by the prejudices of hereditary legislators.

THE CASE FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS

REFORM

By Sir John Marriott

"THE *cure* for admiring the House of Lords was to go and look at it." This advice, given by "a severe though not unfriendly critic of our institutions," was quoted, with qualified approval, in an article contributed to this *Review* by Walter Bagehot some sixty-five years ago.

I have often wondered whether Bagehot would give even a qualified approval to that suggestion were he writing to-day for *The Fortnightly Review*. For my own part, I can only say this: Many a time I have deserted the debates in the House of Commons to go and listen to the proceedings in "another place," and rarely, if ever, without a saddened sense of the superiority of the Upper House over the Lower in all matters pertaining to the conduct of business in a Legislative and Deliberative Assembly.

Nor are the reasons far to seek. The first and most obvious is that the House of Lords does its work in a business-like way. Can the same be said of the House of Commons? Secondly, a peer rarely speaks unless he is thoroughly conversant with the matter in hand. Is not the House of Commons, on the contrary, too often an arena for the display of invincible ignorance, coupled with the conceit which ignorance so frequently begets? Then contrast the personnel of the two Houses. The Upper House contains the most eminent representatives of all the learned professions: the Church, the Law and Medicine; of industry and finance; there also are to be found almost all the men who have rendered conspicuous service to the State as pro-consuls, soldiers, sailors and civil servants. There are, it is true, some conspicuous gaps. Manual

labour is inadequately represented; so is learning and scholarship—outside the rank of the episcopate. Nevertheless, whenever there is a matter of high moment under debate in Parliament, be it Imperial or Foreign affairs; be it the condition of industry, or national finance; be it education, or agriculture, or some large Constitutional issue, it is to the House of Lords that the stranger should be directed if he desires not mere dialectics but enlightenment.

Is the House of Lords worth fighting for as an integral part of our Parliamentary Constitution? Let me endeavour to answer that question, not as a party politician, but simply as a student of Comparative Institutions.

I frankly admit that the House of Lords as at present constituted is, under the circumstances of to-day, indefensible. Not, I repeat, because it does its work badly. On the contrary, I doubt whether there is a better Second Chamber in the world, though there are others—notably the Senate of the United States—which relatively play a more important part in affairs than the House of Lords. But admirable as is the work of the House of Lords, its practical value is impaired, and its legitimate activities are hampered by the palpable defects in its legal and theoretical composition. It is an oft-repeated taunt that its members are an "hereditary caste," but that, in view of the facts, is a ridiculous statement.

There is a "Caste System" in India. There is no "Caste" system in England. England is a real democracy, and with democracy Caste is incompatible. To disprove the assertion you have only to take the advice of Bagehot's friend and go and look at the House of Lords. You will see the day-to-day work of the House being done by sixty or seventy men, almost every one of whom owes his position in that House to his own abilities and exertions. Of the few "hereditary" peers among the regular attendants, nearly all have served an apprenticeship in the House of Commons, and are in that, as in other respects, admirably qualified for a place in any revising Chamber.

The real weakness, then, of the existing House of Lords is not practical, but purely theoretical. Its decisions on

important questions are invalidated by the fact that they are in theory given on behalf of nearly 800 noblemen, of whom 500 are probably unknown by sight to the attendants of the House, and owe their theoretical right, but entirely neglected privilege, to attend the debates, and to take part in the divisions, merely to the fact that they are the sons of their fathers. A rapid perusal of the "Roll of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal" now before me shows that of the 700 odd peers, about 200 are the sons of commoners, that of the rest a very large proportion are the grandsons of commoners, and, further, that among these lately ennobled peers are nearly all the men by whom the actual work of the House is done. Only once since the war have so many as 300 peers taken part in a division.[1] In the momentous division on the future of their own Chamber (in June, 1927) only 266 peers voted. Lord Iddesleigh has recently published some interesting figures which supplement and confirm the point I am endeavouring to make. He states that in 1929 only 138 peers took part in the Lords' debates, that of these, 73 owed their membership of the House to heredity, while 65, or more than 43 per cent., were recent creations, Law Lords or Bishops. Further, he shows that of the 2,131 columns in Hansard, for the same year, 1,465 were spoken by created peers and 27 by Bishops. Thus less than one-third of the time of the House was occupied by the members of an "hereditary Caste."[2]

These figures might, of course, be quoted in support of the contention that a House whose members are so careless of their privileges, so neglectful of their duties, ought forthwith to be abolished. To that contention I should respectfully demur. I interpret the figures as constituting a strong argument in favour not of abolition, but of drastic reform.

Of such a reform I have always been an ardent advocate, and I deeply regret that the Party to which I belong has in recent years neglected the opportunity of effecting it. For I am convinced that while the existing Constitution of the House of Lords serves only to invite the attack of

[1] On the Prayer Book question in December, 1927, 320 peers voted.
[2] *Nineteenth Century and After*, December, 1930, p. 724.

uni-Cameralists, a Second Chamber—and an effective Second Chamber—is an indispensable element in any well-balanced Constitution.

Can any well-informed person deny the latter proposition? Plainly, it does not lie in the mouth of any Radical to do so. Ever since the passing of the Parliament Act of 1911 we have admittedly been living under the *torso* of a Constitution. The Preamble of that Act declared that it was "intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber constituted on a popular, instead of an hereditary, basis." We ought, therefore, to be able to count on the support of all the Liberal Parties in an endeavour to give effect to their expressed intention. But the argument in favour of a reconstituted Second Chamber may be put on grounds stronger and broader than that.

(1) The civilised world has, with rare unanimity, decided in favour of a Two-Chamber Legislature. Three of the greatest nations of the modern world have, indeed, tried the experiment of uni-Cameralism. In every case the experiment speedily and ridiculously failed. The Puritan Commonwealth in England abolished the House of Lords, and attempted to establish a Single-Chamber Legislature. So palpable was the failure that Cromwell himself did his utmost to create a new Second Chamber. His failure to do it was not the least potent of the causes which precipitated the Restoration of the Stuarts. The Confederated States of America tried a similar experiment, but only to abandon it, when they framed their definitive Constitution, in favour of a Senate, which quickly established itself as one of the main bulwarks of the remarkable edifice erected by Alexander Hamilton and his colleagues. France tried the experiment in 1792; but it lasted only three years, and it is significant that in the many constitutional experiments attempted since that day, France has reverted only once—and then only for a few months—to the uni-Cameral principle. The Directorial Constitution of 1795, the Consulate, the Napoleonic Empire, restored Legitimacy, the "Citizen" Monarchy of 1830, the Second Empire, the Third Republic—these Constitutions differed widely

one from another; but each and all adopted the bi-Cameral model for the Legislature. Every Dominion Constitution has embodied the same principle. All the South American Republics have done the same, with the one exception of Nicaragua, and it is not to Nicaragua that even a Socialist England would go, I imagine, for Constitutional precedents. Nor to such post-war States in Europe as have, like Latvia and Jugo-Slavia, preferred the Nicaraguan model to that adopted in the rest of the civilised world.

(2) Few Constitutions in the modern world stand so evidently in need of a strong Second Chamber as our own. For this reason. Most of those Constitutions are buttressed by safeguards against reckless innovation embodied in Fundamental Instruments. Our own Constitution is not merely (for the most part) unwritten, but it is the most flexible Constitution in the world. Flexibility has, by general admission, certain obvious advantages. It may be twisted almost beyond recognition; but it is less liable than a "rigid" Constitution to "snap." "In France," said Napoleon III, "we know how to make revolutions, we don't know how to make reforms." Englishmen flatter themselves that by their skill in effecting timely reform they have been fortunate enough to avert revolution. That may be so; but the traditional method has thus far been conspicuously absent in dealing with the composition of the Second Chamber. Will it, however, be contended even by the most thoughtless innovator that if all the important States of the modern world whether monarchical or republican have deemed it wise, with all the safeguards furnished by fundamental laws, to provide themselves with the additional safeguard of a Second Chamber, we alone can afford to dispense with it?

In this connection, I may be permitted to refer to the Report of the Second Chamber Conference set up by the Coalition Government in 1917. The "Conference" sat, under the skilled and experienced chairmanship of Lord Bryce, for more than six months. It included men of such weight as the late Lord Lansdowne and Archbishop Davidson, Lord Selborne, the late Lord Stuart of Wortley, the late Lord Younger, the late Lord Loreburn,

the late Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Crewe, and Sir Austen Chamberlain. The practical scheme of reform outlined in its Report is never likely to be accepted in its entirety, but the Report itself is a valuable document which under the circumstances of the hour (1918), received less consideration than it deserved. Brief reference to it may therefore, be permitted.

The Report began by succinctly enumerating as follows the functions appropriate to a Second Chamber:—

(1) The examination and revision of Bills brought from the House of Commons, a function which has become more needed since, on many occasions, during the last thirty years, the House of Commons has been obliged to act under special rules limiting debate.

(2) The initiation of Bills dealing with subjects of a comparatively non-controversial character which may have an easier passage through the House of Commons if they have been fully discussed and put into a well-considered shape before being submitted to it.

(3) The interposition of so much delay (and no more) in the passing of a Bill into law as may be needed to enable the opinion of the nation to be adequately expressed upon it. This would be specially needed as regards Bills which affect the fundamentals of the Constitution or introduce new principles of legislation, or which raise issues whereon the opinion of the country may appear to be almost equally divided.

(4) Full and free discussion of large and important questions, such as those of foreign policy, at moments when the House of Commons may happen to be so much occupied that it cannot find sufficient time for them. Such discussions may often be all the more useful if conducted in an Assembly whose debates and divisions do not involve the fate of the Executive Government.

The Committee expressed an opinion that in a well-constituted Second Chamber the following elements ought to find a place:—

(1) Persons of experience in various forms of public work, such as judicial work, Local Government work, Civil Service work, Parliamentary work; persons possessing special knowledge of important departments of the national life, such as Agriculture, Commerce, Industry, Finance, Education, Naval and Military Affairs; and persons who possess a like special knowledge of what are called Imperial Questions, such as foreign affairs and matters affecting the Over-Seas Dominions.

(2) Persons who, while likely to serve efficiently in a Second Chamber, may not have the physical vigour needed to bear the increasing strain which candidacy for a seat in the House of Commons, and service in it, involve.

(3) A certain proportion of persons who are not extreme partisans, but of a cast of mind which enables them to judge political questions with calmness and comparative freedom from prejudice or bias. No Assembly can be expected to escape party spirit, but the excesses of that spirit usually can be moderated by the presence of a good many who do not yield to it.

As to the position which a Second Chamber ought to occupy in our own Constitutional system there was general agreement that —

"a Second Chamber ought not to have equal powers with the House of Commons, nor aim at becoming a rival of that assembly. In particular, it should not have the power of making or unmaking Ministries, or enjoy equal rights in dealing with finance. All precautions that could be taken ought to be taken to secure that in a Reformed Second Chamber no one set of political opinions should be likely to have a marked and permanent predominance, and that the Chamber should be so composed as not to incur the charge of habitually acting under the influence of party motives. The Second Chamber should aim at ascertaining the mind and views of the nation as a whole, and should recognise its full responsibility to the people, not setting itself to oppose the people's will, but only to comprehend and give effect to that will when adequately expressed. It should possess that moral authority which an Assembly derives not only from the fact that its members have been specially chosen to discharge important public duties but also from their personal eminence, from their acknowledged capacity to serve the nation, and from the confidence which their characters and careers are fitted to inspire.

The Conference was not, of course, content with the enunciation of these amiable, though not unimportant, generalities. It attacked the three obstinate problems of (1) Composition, (2) Powers, and (3) Methods of adjusting differences between the two Houses.

As to composition, the Conference, for one reason or another, ruled out (*a*) a purely hereditary Chamber, (*b*) a purely nominated Chamber, and (*c*) election (either direct or indirect) by local authorities, and thus, by a process of elimination, was driven to adopt a somewhat cumbrous device. It was proposed, in fact, to combine two methods: 246 members - the great majority of the new Second Chamber—were to be elected by members of the House of Commons, grouped in 13 "natural geographical areas"; the rest, 81 in number, were to be elected by

a Joint Standing Committee of both Houses. The New Chamber was to have no power in regard to Finance Bills, but otherwise to have concurrent rights of legislation with the House of Commons. Differences between the two Houses were to be settled by a Free Conference, as to the composition of which elaborate arrangements were suggested.

It is no part of my immediate purpose to discuss the recommendations of the "Bryce" Committee. They are summarised here because, although it is certain that they will never be accepted in their entirety, any consideration of Second Chamber reform in the future must start from them.

And it is for *reform*, as opposed to abolition, that I am now pleading.

There has been no attempt to minimise the defects and deficiences of the existing House of Lords as a Second Chamber. But I maintain that they are more theoretical than real, that they arise from the fact that practice does not correspond with theory, that law and convention are at variance. According to the legal theory of the Constitution *some 700 to 800* peers—mostly the sons of their noble fathers, or the recently ennobled fathers of sons who, as things are, will succeed to their places in the "hereditary" Chamber—are entitled to make laws (within the limits of the Parliament Act) for the people of the United Kingdom, and for untold millions of peoples in the Overseas Empire. As a fact they do nothing of the kind. The work at Westminster is done, as we have seen, by about 100 men, most of whom owe their places in the Senate to personal merit and eminence.

As long ago as 1908 a Select Committee of the House of Lords, which sat under the chairmanship of Lord Rosebery and was exceptionally strong in personnel, recommended that "except in case of Peers of the Blood Royal it was undesirable that the possession of a Peerage should of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords"; that henceforward "the dignity of a Peer and the dignity of a Lord of Parliament [should] be separate and distinct."

On one point all students of this subject and all sincere

reformers are agreed: that a Second Chamber, to be effective, must be relatively small. The British House of Lords is much the largest Second Chamber in the world. The Senate of the United States, of all Second Chambers perhaps the strongest, contains 96 members; the German Reichstag only 68; the French Senate 316. A drastic curtailment of the nominal membership of the House of Lords would seen to be the first essential step towards reform. To effect this all that would be necessary would be to make the theory fit the facts. *How* that is to be done is a question on which I must not embark. Evidently, however, we must begin by a frank acceptance of the fundamental principle laid down by the Rosebery Committee. The way would then be clear for reconstruction, and all the foolish vapourings about an "hereditary caste," "irresponsible legislators," and the like would be deprived of any sting which, among ignorant folk, they may still possess.

A second point which seems to emerge is this: That no great State has ever yet found it possible to dispense altogether with a Second Chamber. A lively apprehension of this truth led me to advocate, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the transformation of the House of Lords into an Imperial Senate[1]. The idea of Imperial Federation, of an organic union between the Motherland and the Self-Governing Dominions, had not at that time receded so far into the background as it has, unhappily, to-day. With the fading of that dream, the idea of an Imperial Senate, much more of a truly Imperial Parliament, has also disappeared. But the place and part of a Second Chamber in a Federal Constitution is, at this moment, the subject of acute discussion in relation to a federalised India. It might conceivably be raised again in a still larger connection.

On the other hand, we must admit that no great State, governed under a parliamentary régime, has a Second Chamber at all resembling our own. The old Prussian Herrenhaus was very like it, but Prussia was not a "parliamentary State" in the English sense. The same remark

[1] *Fortnightly Review* for June 1907.

applies to Austria and Hungary, to Spain and even perhaps (though in less degree) to Italy. Foreign analogies would seem then to point not to abolition, but to reform, and, if we are to reform, we should, I submit, keep before us the ideal suggested by the late Marquis of Lansdowne—of all Second Chamber reformers one of the sanest and most clear-sighted:—

> "We desire," he said, "to have a Second Chamber so composed that it will command the confidence of the country by its ability, its experience, its authority, and above all by its independence. We desire that it should be in close touch with public opinion, but not that it should be at the mercy of popular caprice. We desire that it should not be strong enough to resist the House of Commons when the House of Commons represents the deliberate judgment of the country, but that it should be strong enough to make a stand where there is reason to believe that the country has not had an opportunity of expressing its will clearly and deliberately; such a House we have endeavoured to construct—not upon a site from which every shred and vestige of the old structure has been removed, but preserving the soundest materials which we can find on that site, strengthened and rearranged so that the new Chamber, while faithfully serving the democracy, will be strong enough to resist the gusts of passion and prejudice with which all democracies are necessarily familiar."

To substitute for a venerable but particularly vulnerable House of Lords a strong and effective Second Chamber is a task admittedly both delicate and difficult. Nevertheless, should a clamour now arise in favour not of reform, but of abolition, history will, if I mistake not, hold mainly responsible those who, when they had the opportunity of reform, carelessly or timorously refused to redeem it.

MOSCOW AND BACK

By W. H. Hindle

WE were a mixed company in the Berlin-Moscow train: a few specialists going back to work; some American-Russian Jews returning to visit relatives; Communist delegations on the way to May Day celebrations; a few tourists. Even the tourists, however, were no tourists in the ordinary sense. (One does not, for pure pleasure, visit a country such as Soviet Russia.) They were interested in things which, while perhaps of no greater immediate value than sun-baths and casinos, were at any rate of more permanent importance. Above all, in this typical of millions everywhere, they were interested in the ideas which to them Moscow represented.

One of them, a Dutchman and a lithographer by trade, I had met and argued with on the train from Flushing. His arguments had been right it is inconceivable that any man can deny the virtues of Communism in the abstract but our ways had parted in Berlin because Communist infallibility is as irritating as any other. Now, at a wayside halt in Poland, we met again. He had found a seat with some German communists and was happy. He would have me happy, too, and refusing to believe in the pleasure I found in the company of "bourgeois Americans," he took me back to his compartment. His companions were bright-eyed, and looked clean and honest, the sort of men who in England are the pride of some Northern industrial towns. They were serious, too one was studying a Russian grammar and had already made progress and friendly to the casual stranger. It was only when they began to speak that doubt came. Had I been a master of German, they might have discussed the merits of rival ideals on a philosophic plane. As it was they soon gave up the attempt, and resorted to the kind of pictorial instruction

I had not known since schoolmastering days. One brought out a coloured lithograph of Lenin and Stalin (both shown wearing impossibly parsonical expressions). It was a bad lithograph, as the Dutchman, good Communist but better workman, could not refrain from remarking. But it served as a declaration of faith. It was followed by a large photograph of a meeting of the Red Fighting Front, in one corner of which was an inscription damning "Social Fascism." As I read this aloud its significance was explained to me in simple, effective terms which I, being a "Social Fascist," would fain have denied. Then came more lithographs of the graves of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg. "Grab—Karl Liebknecht—Rosa Luxembourg," their possessor explained. Which inspired the fifth occupant of the carriage to bring out a picture of the Lenin Mausoleum. His picture interested me less than himself. He had a Mongolian face, but said he was a Russian. After sixteen years in Germany, whither he had been taken as a prisoner of war, he was on his way back to Ufa, "to find good work and good wages." Not doubting the work, but uncertain about the wages, I silently wished him luck. I wished good luck to the Dutchman, too. He had grown tired of our bad lithographs and, looking out of the window, was commenting on the incompetence of Poles who ten years after their war had still not repaired bridges damaged by gunfire. "When we get to the other side," he said, "we shall see."

And, in due course, see we did. The force of moving eastward had been brought home to us in Poland by decreasing efficiency, poorer food, and slackness in the service. But this had been compensated by the unexpected democracy of a dining car thrown open to all comers, and at the frontier it was quite counteracted by the appearance and manners of Poles official and unofficial. It is conceivable that there are elsewhere in Poland stations as neat and clean as that of Stolpce. It is improbable that the whole of the country is so like Switzerland. The waiting-room looked brand new, and was spick and span. In the restaurant the service was prompt and polite. The food sold at the counter, of every kind, was dear, but good.

The experience of the station was repeated at the frontier post, which was not a post so much as a small camp, surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements and separated from Negoreloye by half a mile of No-Man's Land. Its guards had none of the appearance of frontier guards. Well-shaven, courteous and smart, they marched and saluted like the soldiers of a crack regiment.

After this last and (one wonders ?) intentional reminder of the quiet efficiency of Western civilisation at its best, the ways and looks of Negoreloye must come to many travellers with a shock. Those in our train had other things to think on. As the engine drew us over the last half-mile of narrow-gauge a G.P.U. band struck up the International. The Communist delegates cheered loudly, and when the Frenchmen came near to tears, some of the rest of us began to wonder whether we were there on false pretences. We all got promptly down, however, and when we had fought our way through a curious crowd to the Custom House, were in Russia at last. Of that there could be no doubt. The " welcome to the workers of the world " given to incoming travellers by the arch which spans the railway midway across No-Man's Land was here repeated in several different languages. Above us was a gallery, and around its outer rails were the familiar pictures of Lenin and Stalin, less familiar ones of Molotoff and Voroshiloff, the banners of May Day " Workers of the World, Unite "—" Onward to the World October "—" U.S.S.R. is the shock brigade of the whole world." The disadvantages of a poor country were obvious at once. The Dutchman would never pass those portraits, and the red of the banners, dull and unattractive, had nothing of the flame of revolution. The uniforms of the Customs officers, though neat and clean, were of poor quality and not often complete.

In the station restaurant—into which we wandered unchecked while waiting for the end of those endless formalities attendant on the simplest of journeys in Russia—was a mixture of old and new. Before a closed booking office stood a long line of peasants, patient, immobile, content to wait the six hours before their train set off on

the short journey to Minsk. Soon we were to wait in line, too, before a closed booking office, and for tickets which never came and were never needed—an initiation which might have been less noticed had not two men who had travelled in Russia before found a way which could only be guessed to the heart of the clerk and to good seats on the train. For the moment, however, we were content to look. For the English and Americans among us the sight of the food on the counter was enough. But the tea was excellent, and as we sat drinking it a Red officer from our guard of honour, unshaven, chinless, and browless, came and sat with us. Like everyone there, he was friendly. He was a Hungarian, " from the Soviet of Bela Kun," whom he seemed to expect us to admire, and as he left he saluted us in the name of the world revolution.

Two hours later we were in the train, and at last, three hours late, the train set off. It was a good train, as trains go in Eastern Europe, and went better than some in the Balkans. As in the Soviet tours there were no classes. But there was the distinction of international cars (the old wagons-lits), soft cars (which were upholstered) and hard. All, in their varying degrees, were comfortable, and all, surprisingly, were very clean. If there was any difference it was in the dining-car. There the food was dear and bad—sour, gritty bread, badly-cooked meat, and stale vegetables, set out on table-cloths whose grey colour contrasted with the still excellent appointments of the car. But for us there was plenty, and the tea again was good and cheap, a fact which seemed to the man sitting opposite me to compensate for all the sufferings of the Russian people.

" Vell," he asked his companion after a long and successful wrangle about their respective shares of shared expenses, " ten cents for a cup of tea in a Pullman car. Not bad, Eh ? "

Whether his satisfaction survived the prices of Moscow I cannot tell. That was the first and last time I saw him. But on my second day in the capital I met the Dutchman again. They had put him in a hostel with foreign Communists, whom he liked. But by some

mischance he had been given the same food as the Russian workman.

"How are you getting along," he said with a gloomy face. "I wish I were back in dear old Holland."

I felt sorry that he had confined his reading about Russia to whatever are the Dutch equivalents of *Moscow News* and *Daily Worker*, and glad that I had been compelled to read so many books by enemies of the Soviet régime. After their accounts the face of Moscow seemed normal, almost commonplace. I had expected to see G.P.U. agents everywhere and they were, readily picked out in their sky-blue caps. But to the foreign tourist they were as kindly as the rest, less interested in the purpose of his visit, and more efficient. I had half expected—so long do travellers' tales survive their day—to be met in person by a gigantic animal called the Typhus Louse, and I was indeed warned promptly to cauterise any bites and to drink only water that had been boiled. But I had no bites, and, from laziness, drank water often unboiled, with no apparent ill-effects. People in Moscow, I had read just before leaving, had no shoes and their feet were bound in rags. (This by a man who had really been in Moscow.) Spending one morning looking carefully at feet as I walked at random over the city, I saw no one without shoes. I had been told that food in Moscow was atrocious. It was, even to Russians if they remembered their country in the days of N.E.P. But there was plenty, and, like porridge, it filled even if it did not satisfy.

Moscow was not, of course, Europe. Under that sun and sky, after the smells of street and house, thoughts of Europe were far away. Nor was it Asia. There were courtyards Siberian, and the golden domes of innumerable churches gave an air of the East. But around the courtyards were houses in Renaissance styles, now needing paint but retaining their beauty of shape. There were Government buildings, like the War Commissariat, which were simple, dignified, well-kept and well-appointed. And under a summer sun the white-washed villas and shuttered windows of some side-streets might be those of a Mediterranean town. Moscow, in fact, remained

Moscow, with its mixture of old and new, of East and West. The people remained, too, changed in outward appearance, but in character the same. Some features were even intensified. The bureaucracy of the Soviet official was incredible and unaccountable. In Moscow time had only a relative meaning, and in all but the theatres and the more important Government offices places of business opened and closed only approximately at the times ordained by law. Therefore, going to the State travel office to buy a railway ticket, I was not disturbed by the fact that I had arrived precisely at the hour of closing. I soon discovered my error. The clerk whom I managed to corner after the usual scrimmage through a waiting crowd had European notions of efficiency. He could not sell me a ticket because it was four o'clock.

"Very well, then," I said, "you can at least reserve me a place?"

"No, I cannot do that, because to reserve you a place I must first take money from you."

I took money from my pocket.

"No," he said again, "I cannot take money from you because it is four o'clock. You must come back to-morrow."

I pointed out that to-morrow I was going early to Sergievo, and that the next day all places in the train might be taken. He agreed.

"Well, then," I begged, "Will you not, as a favour, reserve a place for me to-morrow and on Thursday I will come and pay you?

"No, I cannot do that because to reserve a place I must first take money from you——"

And thus the wheel goes round, in places more important than travel offices as well. Had I followed expert advice (given by a Russian who knew his countrymen), I should have blustered and threatened, demanded to see the manager, refused to deal with such an underling. But the clerk was a pleasant man, and there was an air of finality in his impeccable logic. Besides, I was already yielding, consciously and willingly, to the spirit of a city where "at once" means next week, and

" to-morrow " never, and I had become infected with the fatalistic optimism which has survived two revolutions and a Civil War.

Optimism in Moscow takes such curious forms that in the end one begins to wonder whether the distinction between what is and what might be is any more than an arbitrary invention of the Western mind. My hotel was excellent—with its spittoons in the corridors and radio in nearly every room like a poor but respectable relation of an American hotel—but as the tourist season was beginning I had to share a large and comfortable room with two Luxembourgeois. They, too, had read much about Russia, and, being of cautious nature, took the key of the room away with them whenever they had a chance. One day when they had done this, I arrived back late. The clerk at the office woke up enough to assure me for ten minutes and with much emphasis that in the whole world there was not a duplicate of that key. A refusal to be convinced at first depressed him, but his native optimism soon found as easy a way out. Turning to the board, he took a key at random and handed it to me as the key of my room (to which there had been, ten minutes before, no duplicate in the whole world). A second refusal to be convinced was overcome by the increasing and ingenuous earnestness of his manner. It was not the key, of course. But by the time a third argument had begun the Luxembourgeois were back.

The incident illustrated two traits made clearer by later experience : the first that, in default of reality, belief will suffice ; the second that, if right fails, argument may prevail. There are things in Moscow which are forbidden to all men, and some things, such as Butyrka, which really cannot be seen. But, with determination and a natural gift for controversy, most prohibitions can be disregarded. The Kremlin, being the seat of the Government and the home of Stalin, a suspicious man, is naturally closely guarded. To get in even the foreigner needs a pass. One fine day in May, however, a peasant woman was to be seen arguing with the guard at the Troitsky Gate. When the argument began I cannot say, and not being allowed to go within the gate, I could make out no more than the

fact that she had no pass, and, therefore, no right to enter. None the less, after an argument lasting half an hour from the time of my arrival, she was past the guard and on her way to see Kalinin, or whomsoever it was with whom she had business. To make a comparison clearer, one has only to imagine an argument with the guard at Buckingham Palace.

Because of this gulf between theory and practice, between belief and reality, it is difficult to estimate the truth of anything heard in Moscow. To say that Russians lie would be as unkind as it is untrue. Rather should one say that some things they tell are the expression of a wish whose inconsonance with the facts is imperfectly realised. A Communist in a Leningrad café complained that his clothes were bad. " But," he added, " things will get better." " And," some minutes later, " they are better than under N.E.P.," an obvious untruth from which to the next untruth—that they were already perfect—was but a short step. It must, moreover, be remembered that this trait is common to high and low, to old and new. In 1917, Litvinoff was promising the British Government in one breath that he would do no propaganda, and in the next circulating to English factories the most violent propaganda they had seen. In 1931, Molotoff, disturbed by the foreign campaign against convict labour, told foreign journalists in Moscow that they were free to inspect timber camps, while at the same time the G.P.U. was giving orders that no one was to be allowed near those camps.

Then there is the political police ; in England known as the G.P.U., in Russia, more conspiratively, as " the three letters." Half the truth about them cannot be told because the Soviet Government, has its revenge by reprisals on those still in Russia. The other half it is impossible to ascertain. Among other employees of the Soviet Government I met two who had been in the Lubyanka prison (a fact verified from outside sources). Even after a visit to the model prison of Lefortovo it was impossible to believe that the régime in Lubyanka could have been so good as the one said. It was difficult to believe it as bad as the other made out. It is difficult, too, in the

atmosphere of Russia to determine the exact position of chance acquaintances. A man met on the Kharkoff train will tell such tales of Soviet deeds as make you wonder if it is within human power to be so vile. When he has gone, another will warn you to beware lest he be an *agent-provocateur*. You, if you have caught the *genius loci*, will wonder if this second man is not himself a *provocateur*. And, finally, if you stay long enough, you will begin to wonder whether you are not a *provocateur* yourself.

Only the evidence of the eyes can be trusted, and on that the Dutchman was, from his special point of view, entirely right. He had been to workmen's flats which might have been those of his native Holland, but for the dirt and squalor inside. He had eaten the food of Moscow, and found it worse than that of the poorest home in Amsterdam. He had been to factories where work was ill done and machines ill-used. An American engineer had told him how plans go wrong, and he had seen for himself scent and powder for sale in streets where no milk, or fruit, or vegetables were to be had. Had he left his official tour, as he might have done without hindrance, he would have seen worse and heard things more terrible. Had he stopped to reflect, he would have realised that, while the Russian remained a Russian, Russia could not be transformed overnight into a better Holland. But he could not stop to reflect. For Moscow to him had been an idea, a magnificent idea of a country where the waste of capitalism was no more, and where all good workmen prospered as he had done, not at the uncertain end of a Five-Year Plan, but now.

And so he went back, disappointed at not finding what he had no reasonable right to expect. There was a Frenchman, too, who went back, I suspect, in a similar frame of mind. He was a thin, grey-haired man, from his consumptive appearance making the last journey he would ever make. Each morning of his stay I saw him in the hotel lobby with his guide, and each morning he would ask in a plaintive voice, as they discussed the programme of the day: "Mais, quand est-ce qu'on va voir le Palais du Travail?" To be appreciated to the full, his question

must be given thus in his native tongue. "Palace of Labour" sounds a little bombastic. "Palais du Travail" has a symbolic sound, and to him had a symbolic meaning. An old man, he had made a long and tiring trip to see this symbol in stone of Labour triumphant. He never saw it. In its stead they showed him an art gallery and a Tsar's jewels, a rubber factory and a cotton mill; all things they do as well in his native France. And he, who had protested so fervently in the train against the horrors of war, saw not only thousands of soldiers in uniform, but civilians being trained at street corners in the use of rifles and drill.

His feelings were comparable to my own. I had come expecting, in material things, the worst, and in that respect the worst, though also the commonest, was no worse than in some of the slums of London. What else I had come to see I could not quite say. Looking back, I could only say what it was not. It was not, first, to see a society where in café and restaurant classes seemed still sharply marked, where secret police and "shock workers" had their own special shops and their own special privileges, where the army was better clothed and better fed than civilians. It was not to see ideals cheapened down to the level of the lowest hoarding, and "tempo, tempo, tempo" screamed from loudspeakers until I myself could scream. It was not, in minor things, to find *Rose Marie* a popular musical play and, in the first number of the newest art magazine, a criticism of a painter's work based on the fact that the pigs he had painted were not the pigs of a State farm. Though I knew full well that human nature does not change, it was not to see Yaroslavsky, while children in Moscow lacked milk, driving out to his *datcha* in a Rolls-Royce car with a ten-gallon can of milk.

Especially, and above all, I had not come to find the ideals of the market place. Fairly to judge the new Russia one would have to go below this surface, live long among its servants, know its Young Communists until their thoughts were plain. A casual visitor can only set down as it seemed to him the atmosphere of the city which is the heart of Russia. For me it was typified by a high Soviet official, like many of his kind, cultured, amiable, and intelli-

gent. "No people," he said, "is so conscious as ours of the sacrifices it is making. And," before I had time to ask whether willingness went with consciousness, "do you think that the sacrifices in Moscow are as great as they say?"

I told him of the shoes.

He nodded. "Yes, and things will get better. Now all our workers have one pair of shoes. In another year they will have two pairs. When our Five-Year Plan is finished they will have three pairs."

"And is it," I could not but ask, "for three pairs of shoes that peasants die of starvation in the Crimea, that innocent men suffer in the timber camps of Karelia, that Trotsky went into a second exile?"

A Commissar's wife had told me that each man coming to Russia finds there only what he had set out to find. Of three of us at any rate, English and French and Dutch, that was not true. Each went back with his ideas a little changed, each seeing a nation where before he had seen a new world. The Germans stayed on. In a land where skilled workers are rare they had found work. Two days before I left I met them again on Sverdloff Square. "Wir," said one of them in the old baby German, "arbeiten —Vladivostok." They were decent men, and, remembering the Donetz Trial, I could have wished them work nearer home.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

The Reparations Tangle.

AFTER Geneva, Chequers—Dr. Brüning and Herr Curtius come to be welcomed, and come to discuss. The welcome is real and stands for something genial; a temperamental liking between peoples of the same blood, reinforced by England's very honourable tendency to sympathise with the underdog. The German statesmen can talk as to friends. They can complain of the iniquitous results brought about by bargains imposed in terms of pounds or dollars which have to be carried out to the letter when pound and dollar have a wholly different meaning. Say, for example, that when the Young plan was formulated, a pound meant a ton of coal; now for your ton of coal you are lucky if you get twelve shillings. And so on. There is no doubt about the inequity. The question is, what England can do. She cannot possibly remit her claim for reparations, because she is merely a duct to pass these on to the United States and is in no position to make good Germany's default.* Even suppose her willing to go to the United States and request a relief equal to the payment that has to be made by Germany, on condition that Germany is relieved in proportion, President Hoover's Government would certainly answer, that France would claim a similar wiping of the slate. It is, however, possible that England may induce France to do something by way of easing Germany's situation in the interests first of Europe, and secondly of France herself.

For it seems clear that the position of those Germans

**Mr. Stephen Gwynn's notes were, of course, written before the United States Government announced its proposal for the postponement during one year of all payments, both of interest and principal, on inter-Governmental debts. Ed. F.R.*

having established that one operative in the cotton trade should economically work eight hours instead of four, the men have refused to agree to any such arrangement. Neither in Japan, in India, nor on the Continent will production be so limited. The general public has simply been told of the refusal. Whether it is considered that this way of economising labour would throw more hands out of work, or that it would put too great a strain on the employees, is not clear. If the former reason is given, the policy seems to ignore outside competition, and the growth of unemployment in this industry must increase so long as English cottons are undersold.

However, these are details. The main point is that England, as compared with the Continent, insists on being a country of highly remunerated service, in all kinds. Whether it gets proportionate value, is not so clear. A good deal of the rough manual work does not easily find Englishmen to take it; in any gang of navvies on railway construction there will be found a considerable percentage of Irishmen; and some at least of the Irishmen think that their wages are easily earned. But in their own country, which is now managed on Continental rather than on English lines, they have not the alternative provision open to the Englishman. Unemployment insurance in Ireland is really an insurance scheme, not a draft on the general community.

It is impossible for any good European not to be concerned about the state of England. She has for so long been the country of rich and settled order; a haven of shelter; enjoying the power of a noble prestige among the nations, for which high moral qualities fitted her; yet so situated and so organised that all presumed an easy command of wealth. Even to-day, any foreigner who visits England will be perhaps most of all impressed by the signs of what to any Continental must seem affluence, for thirty or forty miles round London; houses innumerable, which imply an income ranging from one hundred to two hundred thousand francs a year. There is still a great fund of wealth to draw on; but is it being renewed? England shouldered confidently during the war an unimaginable

burden of debt: after the war, with the same confidence, she settled that whoever else might compound with creditors, that was not her way. What is more, once the war was over, once Germany was beaten, it was England's chief desire to set Germany on its feet, regardless of the formidable menace that German competition had already been to English industries. All this was noble. Again, she went into the League of Nations wholeheartedly, and having advocated disarmament, proceeded to reduce establishments so drastically that even the present highly pacifist government says that she can go no further on that road unless others move at the same pace. This is her magnificent record in the face of Europe; and it still carries prestige. None the less, England is in difficulties, and all Europe knows it. There has been weakness in domestic affairs, and probably Europe exaggerates the weakness. It could not easily exaggerate the cost of the weakness which has left unemployment benefit where it stands.

The test question is not whether unemployed workers receive subsidy on too lavish a scale. It is whether they get it too easily. So far as could be judged from what passed in debate, the Government's followers forced the Government into weakening the restrictions. The responsibility for this relaxation rests on the Labour Party and the Liberal Party, but the Conservative Party seem to show timidity in face of it. There is a leakage which certainly can be stopped, but certainly cannot be stopped without unpopularity. It is much less unpopular to advocate measures which will, or may possibly, lessen unemployment; to talk of Protection does not necessarily alienate voters; and so every judicious party manager recommends the line of least resistance and most seduction. Yet when a country is situated as England is, judicious party managers may be disastrous guides. These lines are written in a small and poor country which nevertheless balances its budget, but does so because a ministry of young men who had no political experience were set to face a desperate task and went about it desperately. They had to get support from the voters, but the only argument

they used, was to say: If you do not vote for us, you will be ruined. It is true, they had to deal with a community only just emerging from anarchy, which knew what fear was. But in the main they succeeded because they went straight for their objective and did not think in terms of votes. They did the most unpopular things; they cut down old age pensions, they put on drastic licensing laws and almost penal taxes on liquor, when it seemed most essential that they should play for safety; yet they won. But on the capital issue, people knew where they stood. The capital issue for England is this matter of the dole. We all know that Mr. Baldwin has a free hand to introduce tariffs if he is returned; but on the capital issue, we do not know what he will do. What is his policy? How does he propose to stop the leak? If he has a plan that will reduce this expense to bearable proportions, and can convince the country that he means to carry it out, careless of consequences, he will bring to the poll voters who now sit apathetically at home; and I believe that he would preach a gospel acceptable to the greater part of working men who do not desire to see relief from the necessity of working so easy as it is at present. By all means let that come, as in Australia, with an all-round reduction of salaries—not so much for the sake of the money saved, as for the moral effect. Australia, where trade unions hold sway, is a formidable example.

In so far as Mr. MacDonald's administration has been the work of Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Henderson, and two or three others, there is no fault to find; but in so far as the trade unions have decided British policy, the results are disastrous; and unless some leader has the courage to stand up against them, England will be heading for a crash. But the man or the group that took it on would need to strip for a fight that may last a generation, and certainly cannot be decided in one election. It involves vital issues, and the chief of these is to teach Englishmen that "ca' canny" is the worst form of treason. The man who does a fine full day's work and takes a pride in it is helping other men to get work; he is making jobs for them; and nobody does that by ca'ing canny.

Economy has two faces, of course, producing more, and spending less. Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond has come before the public with arguments that sound oddly from one who was distinguished in a great spending department. He also is internationally minded, but he points to the possibility of economies in a new direction. We have reached the point of limiting naval armament by diplomatic consent; yet, if I understand his argument rightly, limitation has taken the wrong direction. America and England have undertaken to fix their armament at a certain figure; the other Naval Powers are to scale theirs by that. But the standard is fixed with reference to facts as they existed at the end of the European war, when nations were building not for defence but for mastery. It includes a number of vessels, each of which costs several millions; each has no reason for existence other than the presence of similar monsters. Assume the whole of these wiped out; assume that England builds ships that will suffice to protect her commerce and to prevent invasion. Assume a guarantee that the other Powers will not exceed the tonnage and weight of guns which she standardises for her capital ships. Admiral Richmond gives his reason for holding that a vessel of 6,500 tons (as against 25,000 at present) would meet all requirements. England, according to his policy, would build in number what vessels she required. She might need to multiply the units, but would have the assurance that none of her vessels would have to meet an enemy superior in size. There could be no sudden surprise as even such a warship must take two years in building; and if standardisation were accepted in principle, he believes that types would remain fairly constant—a welcome change, since each new miracle of machinery is launched to hold the seas till something more miraculous and more costly renders it obsolete and useless. It is, however, not clear to the lay mind that the devilishness of modern invention might not produce within the standardised limits a ship so much faster and carrying guns of so much longer range than others of her class that sheer machinery would decide the battle. On the other hand, the lay mind

The Limitations of Armaments.

is much disposed to question with Admiral Richmond whether England's naval superiority was really increased by the invention of the Dreadnought; whether her great naval leaders were not hampered by finding their strength put, as it were, into parcels over-bulky and over-precious, none of which was immune against torpedo attack.

But, the presupposition of his book, that the nations should take counsel together and reshape naval armament in view of the actual needs, and not of competitive standards, surely merits grave consideration. It is rare to find a distinguished professional who can divest himself of the obsessions characteristic of a war period, and think out things as they might be if only necessities for defence were considered.

Fascimo Rampant.

In Italy, a planned attempt for the assassination of Signor Mussolini has been detected and punished with death. Fascists are in a state like bees whose queen is menaced, and they do not observe much discrimination in their aggressive defence. There have been raids on the Azione Cattolica, an organisation of young men, which offends only in that it is an organisation and is not Fascist. The Pope has had the difficult choice between giving offence by remonstrance, and on the other hand failing to uphold the right of his supporters—for the Azione Cattolica is formally authorised to exist as a non-political body. Even in the negotiations for a peaceful settlement, the Italian Government has insisted that Monsignor Pizzardo, head of the Association, shall resign, on the ground that being Papal Under-Secretary of State, he is not a native Italian but a subject of the Vatican State—and therefore a foreigner. It is logical, but scarcely friendly. The Pope, presumably, is also *ex officio* an alien. In truth the very nature of Fascism makes it hard for any body of persons holding views which do not express the Fascist creed to find even sufferance in modern Italy.

Cricket.

Cricket has begun well, with a series of attempts to liven up the game and reach decisions. This has been helped by a new method of scoring points in the championship which gives 15 for a win. But the captains have gone even beyond what was intended, cutting innings short so that one side has a sporting chance of getting the other out, but gives a counter-chance for the runs to be got. Gloucestershire was once so put to the test and succeeded in making the necessary score by free hitting. On a second occasion, when drawn against Yorkshire, two days' rain made play impossible; the third would under normal circumstances have offered no prospect of a finish; but the captains decided in effect to make it a single innings match. This, however, is not within the rules; but the English preserved constitutional forms in a manner worthy of parliamentary etiquette. Yorkshire went in first; a ball was bowled, which the batsman refrained from hitting, the wicket-keeper from stopping, and it went to the boundary for four byes. Yorkshire then declared their innings, Gloucestershire came to the wickets (presumably the batsmen were fully attired in pads and gloves). Another bye was bowled, another innings declared; nobody's average was affected; and then the single innings match began and was won by the county of the Graces, which looks like regaining its old pride of place. The spectators had their thrill, everybody was pleased—and the team was respected. The English are a remarkable people.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS.

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It is not unnatural that G. K. CHESTERTON, as a devout Catholic, should regard the seeds of religious disruption now being sown in Spain as likely to produce but a sorry flower in honour of the new republic. This defiance of religious control is also touched on by W. H. HINDLE in his article on Russia.

Whether the House of Lords shall be abolished is claiming the attention of two well-known *Fortnightly* contributors. J. H. HARLEY takes the view that its use as a Parliamentary brake is merely hindering the steps of progress. SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, who was a member of the Bryce Committee, 1917-18, strongly upholds the need for an Upper House. This is not the first time that Sir John has taken up his pen in defence of the House of Lords. Readers will be interested to hear that a new edition of his book *Second Chambers*, with additional chapters on the passing of the Parliament Act, has lately been issued.

WICKHAM STEED, one of the ablest exponents of international affairs, has just returned from Paris. As he points out in his article, the serious obligations of the Kellogg Pact are too little realised in this country. This point is also emphasised by C. F. MELVILLE in his article on the Austro-German Customs Union. Mr. Melville is a journalist of international reputation and his conclusions may be taken as authoritative.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR, who has been busy correcting the proofs of his forthcoming book on Horace Walpole, has written several travel books, and his present essay is the outcome of personal observation. Travel, of a more hazardous kind, also appeals to SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH. This author is a member of the Afghan Legation in London and was, indeed, educated in Scotland. He is, therefore, able to face the vicissitudes of oriental travel with the patience of the East and the detachment of the West.
Of the remaining two authors, neither T. EARLE WELBY nor STEPHEN GWYNN need introduction. It may not be known of Mr. Welby, however, that he is as much a connoisseur of good wine as of good literature.

JULY
1931

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

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SIR FRANCIS BURDETT AND HIS TIMES, by M. W. Patterson. (*Macmillan.*)

THE ART OF CARVED SCULPTURE, by Kineton Parkes. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

SOCIETY AT WAR, 1914–1916, by Caroline E. Playne. (*Allen & Unwin.*)

NAVAL OPERATIONS: Vol 5, by Sir Henry Newbolt. (*Longmans, Green.*)

IN THE DAYS OF MISS BEALE, by F. Cecily Steadman. (*Burrow.*)

THE SOCIOLOGY OF ISLAM, by R. Levy. (*Williams & Norgate.*)

SOUTH AFRICA, by Jan. H. Hofmeyr. (*Benn.*)

FACETS OF THE CHINESE QUESTION, by E. Manico Gull. (*Benn.*)

REMINISCENCES OF LORD KILBRACKEN. (*Macmillan.*)

EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA. Vols 3 and 4. (*Dent.*)

SOMETHING BEYOND, by A. F. Webling. (*Cambridge Univ. Press.*)

GOD WITHOUT THUNDER, by John Crowe Ransom. (*Hoae.*)

THE PASTOR OF POGGSEE, by Gustav Frenssen. (*Harrap.*)

TREASURES UPON EARTH, by David Stewart. (*Heinemann.*)

THE MAN OF DESTINY

by W. HORSFALL CARTER

STRESEMANN, by Antonina Vallentin. Translated by Eric Sutton. *Constable.* 15s.

ONE of the most surprising phenomena of this jostling age is the prevalence of hero-worship. You may go into one man's room—here in England—and see on the mantelpiece a large photograph of Benito Mussolini, into another friend's house and be confronted by the sinister features of Lenin. At the Stresemanns' house in the Tauentzien Strasse, Frau Vallentin tells us, the *lares* and *penates* were sacred to Napoleon. His face stared from every wall, in pictures and etchings, in bronze and plaster heads; a statuette to the Corsican oppressor (as he is called in Germany) stood among the books littering the writing-desk, on every little trinket table; even in the boudoir, a large head of Bonaparte was depicted on a gigantic Sèvres vase amid brightly coloured pictures of his victories. The young Stresemann was a Prussian, a Romantic, moreover, in love with the poets of the Liberation, and yet he remained constant throughout his life to this cult of Napoleon.

To us now there seems a still more potent reason for this kinship. For Gustav Stresemann was emphatically "the 'man of destiny' of our times." At this moment when Germany's future seems to be once more in the melting-pot, there is a special value in going over again those first wretched post-war years. We realise that no one else but Stresemann could have induced the German nation as a whole to travel so far on the path of peace and reconciliation with "the enemy" as to permit of the Brüning-Curtius visit to London last month. It was not merely that Stresemann was the very spit of the German middle class, with its qualities and its failings, transfused, however, by the glow of a powerful personality. He began his political life as a typical zealot of the expansion of Germany; not, indeed, a militarist but a firm believer in the doctrine that "security" consisted in the demonstration of power (*Macht*). He remained throughout the war fiercely patriotic, and in the early days of the Revolution could find no place for himself or his ideas in the new régime. In a sense he still felt himself, even after the *débâcle*, to be the trustee of popular imperialism, one day to come into its own again. As late as 1922, when Stresemann was being "slated" for the Chancellorship, he suddenly deserted the negotiations about the Great Coalition to follow the promptings of his heart and visit the exiled Crown Prince at Wieringen. And when he did achieve the position of power, his first act was to authorise the Crown Prince's return to Germany, for all the storm of protest which was bound to arise abroad.

This emotional responsiveness to the past was perhaps his most valuable attribute. He could be regarded always as the bridge from the old to the new Germany. Thus and thus alone was he able to secure what Professor Einstein in his Preface describes as his greatest achievement, namely, to induce a number of large political groups, for whom it went right against the grain, to support a comprehensive campaign of European reconciliation.

The irony of it all, too, was that the shock which set Stresemann on his new course was administered by Helfferich, the man who in his incorrigible cynicism was so dismally representative of German politics.

With all his political skill and psychological subtlety, Stresemann remained always a simple soul. The story about his wife, whose simple affection and devotion are well brought out in this book, is a delightful illustration. At one of the ceremonial political dinners which bored him so much, he found himself seated at table next to a sophisticated *grande dame* who sought desperately for any subject by which she might establish contact with her distinguished neighbour. Her eyes rested on Frau Stresemann's vivacious features, and her thin highly-painted lips lisped out "How beautiful your wife is looking to-night!" The reply came brusquely: "To-night? My wife is always beautiful."

Frau Vallentin's book leaves two main impressions: first, that Stresemann was one of those rare beings possessing an inner harmony of intellect and emotion. He was "born an optimist just as others are born poets and painters," and this optimism was the greatest factor of his success. The European scene to-day could do with a few more like him! Secondly, Stresemann recognised and preached in season and out of season the primacy of politics—in which he was more realist than any of those who still to-day hope for a solution of the world's problems from uncontrolled trans-national private enterprise.

It is a book which gives the essential quality of the man and a host of interesting details of other promising figures of the period such as Lord d'Abernon; yet it is strangely unsatisfying as a whole. Indiscriminate eulogy, especially by a woman with her full share of a woman's capacity for gush, is apt to cloy the palate, and especially so when the subject is such an outstanding yet very human figure as Gustav Stresemann. The translation has been very well done.

ENGLAND OF THE WINDMILLS, by S. P. B. Mais, with 70 drawings by F. L. Bussell. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Mais makes it quite clear at the beginning of his book that his attitude towards windmills is that they exist more as objectives for ramblers than as relics of an interesting past. If one needs an incentive to choose a route for a walking-tour through unspoilt country, let one, says this author, regard each and every windmill on the way as a goal; or, invidiously, let the windmill be the sugar on the pill. The psychology is sound; with objects of unacademic historical interest on the route, a walking-tour redoubles its fascination; a day's ramble with a definite objective will become all the more delightful and the beauties and rusticities by the way will assume additional charms. Even the rambler likes to achieve something. Mr. Mais, very certain that a windmill only will serve this end, though a village pump would answer psychologically, keeps his serviceable descriptions of the countryside to a minimum, while he writes in detail, supported by Mr. F. L. Bussell's faithful drawings, of the locations, histories, associations and technical structure of all the reasonably solid windmills in the South and East of England, concentrating upon these districts not only because here windmills are more numerous and more accessible but also because he seems to write, as do most encouragers of "hiking," mainly for Londoners. Occasionally, he turns aside from mills to deal in the commoner coinage of guide-books by loitering in old churches. But windmills and ecclesiastical buildings do not go well together; there is a vigour about the former which individualises them and makes them completely the sort of thing that should be, as Mr. Mais devoutly hopes they will be, turned into "Hostels of Youth" for the convenience of the English *Wander-Vogel.*

A. William Ellis.

WATERLOO TO WORLD WAR

By G. R. Stirling Taylor

A HISTORY OF EUROPE, 1815-1923, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

The affairs of Europe are in a condition of very grave instability; and at any moment the people of this country may be asked to make vital decisions at a General Election. To speak plainly, these electors are no more qualified for this task than a butcher would be qualified to perform a surgical operation. To govern Europe or England it is necessary to have some knowledge of the facts; and a reasonable grasp of the present state of international relations can only be obtained by a careful examination of the historical steps by which this position has been reached. Social and economic and political conditions have not been suddenly produced out of the air, or from a convenient hat, after the manner of a conjuror's trick. They are the product of innumerable slow changes which began decades or centuries or a millennium ago or more. So the first essential of a sound political judgment is a knowledge of history.

Hence the very great value of Sir J. A. R. Marriott's new book, which is a general picture of the affairs of Europe since the battle of Waterloo. It is just what is wanted to turn the well meaning, but ignorant, elector into a person of intelligence. If our politicians were not so exceedingly thoughtless they would have taken more care to make the people intelligent before they made them electors. It would have been safer to have made them pass an examination in Sir John Marriott's many history books before presenting them with the dangerous weapon of the vote. One can only suspect that our legislators were not often qualified to pass examinations themselves.

A general view of the history of Europe in its domestic relations and yet at the same time linking them with a coherent account of international affairs, is an exceedingly difficult picture to draw. This writer has succeeded most admirably. He has not only given very valuable information; he has also made a most attractive story. For example, the narrative of the history of France, told in various chapters, is so skilfully done that the reader is easily lured on as in a well-constructed romance. Further, there are new—and true—lights which even those who have a general knowledge of the facts will find illuminating. It is the same with the chapters which tell the romantic story of the Italian struggle for national unity. It is told with enthusiasm; and yet with a balanced judgment which (for example) distinguishes the transient emotions of Mazzini from the more mature action of Garibaldi, and both these unruly creatures from the subtle statecraft of Cavour. The author is fair to all three; but the reader nevertheless comes away with the valuable lesson that statesmanship is a science and not a well-meaning emotion. It is only too obvious that the men of intellect, such as Castlereagh, Bismarck and Cavour have been very rare in a world that has been more often led by dreamers and charlatans or by soldiers and orators.

Sir John Marriott shows admirable impartiality. He appears to have only one bias—towards a social decency and as much liberty as is compatible with order. Of course, as one approaches the recent period of the Great War it is difficult to avoid its passions. It is probably not scientific history to apply the words "greatest crimes" to the sinking of the *Lusitania,*

which a judicial commission now admits to have been carrying munitions of war. Again, one cannot believe that "The entrance of the United States into the war was the greatest mental effort and spiritual realisation of truth which has occurred in the whole course of secular history," which Sir John Marriott quotes as the words of Mr. Churchill, adding, "they anticipate the verdict of posterity." One imagines a more material motive will be the final judgment. Again, King Constantine of Greece is rather hastily criticised for his reluctance to join France and Britain in 1916-17; but the present reviewer is inclined to be critical on this point because he happens to possess intimate evidence which is not yet open to historians or even to Foreign Offices, perhaps, which so often only take heed of very formal documents.

But such criticisms are only of details. As a whole, this history should be made compulsory reading for every citizen before he or she again marks a ballot paper. The result would be the turning of most Governments—of all Parties—out of office. It would be interesting to have a Ministry of impartial scholars.

THE SPIRIT OF BRITISH POLICY, by Hermann Kantorowicz. *Allen & Unwin*. 25s.

ENGLAND'S CRISIS, by André Siegfried. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

Two books by distinguished foreign writers about England: one of them unreserved panegyric, the other polite but sweeping condemnation. We leave it to the taste of the individual reader to decide which is the poison and which the antidote. But no Englishman should be allowed to swallow the one without taking a course of the other. If, having read Dr. Kantorowicz, he begins to display (as is only too probable) the symptoms of a swelled head, let him cool it in the frigid douche administered by M. Siegfried. Or if he has allowed M. Siegfried to inoculate him with too virulent an inferiority complex, the pages of Dr. Kantorowicz are excellently calculated to restore him to a state of normal self-esteem.

It may be suggested that the striking contrast between the two conclusions is due in part to the different starting-points of the two writers. Dr. Kantorowicz is first and foremost an historian; and the original purpose of his book was to dispel the "myth," still current in Germany, that the "encirclement of Germany" was the aim of British policy in the early years of the twentieth century and one of the prime causes of the war. But the difference is more apparent than real. Going far beyond his original intention, Dr. Kantorowicz has embarked on a Teutonically thorough analysis of the English temperament; and the qualities which he finds so admirable in his study of pre-war England are often precisely those qualities which M. Siegfried condemns in us to-day. Nor does M. Siegfried himself pretend that they are new. The decadence of Britain, far from being the product of the present age, began at least as far back as 1880, and was plain for all to see in the early years of the present century. "When George V was Prince of Wales," writes M. Siegfried in a passage chiefly remarkable for its apparent oblivion of the interlude 1914-1918, "he concluded a speech with the direct and simple phrase: 'Wake up, England!' But even to-day England has not yet awakened."

Let us, in the endeavour to see ourselves as others see us, place side by side one or two of the judgments of our two specialists. We should disappoint both if we did not turn first to what they have to say about sport; for both are agreed on its vital importance in English life. But here their agreement ends. The German writer tells us that "sport is the only passion of

the England of to-day which can be traced back with absolute certainty . . . to the early Middle Ages," that it is the legitimate heir of chivalry and, at the present time, even to some extent a substitute for religion. For M. Siegfried, sport "claims an alarming amount of the people's energy and, from the French point of view, lowers their preoccupations almost to the level of childishness"; and he is reminded "of Byzantium which could think of nothing but the circus games." Whom should we believe? It will not do for us to be merely agnostics on this question; and it will not do for Europe either. For sport is rapidly spreading, not only in Germany but in France; and the world will have to make up its mind whether it is a symbol and cause of national vitality or a mere childish diversion from the serious business of life.

Both writers agree, in opposition to an opinion still widely held on the Continent, in acquitting British policy, domestic or foreign, of any spice of Machiavellianism. It is, in the words of M. Siegfried, "simply rather naïve"; and unless we can throw off our "incredible" mental laziness and reason about our future, we are indeed a doomed people. Dr. Kantorowicz on the other hand has a long and laudatory chapter on British "Irrationality," though he seems to regard our faith in the League of Nations as something which goes beyond the permissible limits of the irrational!

When doctors differ so profoundly, the dilemma is the patient's; and we are not sure that the most illuminating thing about these two books is not the contrast which they offer between the German and the French mentality—the German meticulous, methodical and given to mystical speculation, the Frenchman brilliant, self-assured and frankly intolerant of the irrational. Another reflection of a more cynical kind may occur to readers of an older generation. Some thirty years ago, French writers treated us with respect, if not with liking; and it was left to the German, following in Nietzsche's footsteps, to hymn our sloth and our decadence. Now we find the rôles reversed; and we draw the regrettable conclusion that a defeated enemy is a more flattering, though perhaps less salutary, companion than a victorious ally. We must hope this time, even at the risk of justifying M. Siegfried's charge of "inherent and sanctimonious optimism," that the German diagnosis may be nearer the truth.

JOHN HALLETT.

THE MYSTICS AND MAGICIANS OF TIBET, by Alexandra David-Neel. With 29 illustrations from the author's photographs. *The Bodley Head*. 15s.

THOSE who write on such a subject as the above may be divided into those who practise and those who merely observe. Madame David-Neel, a middle-aged French lady born in Paris, is definitely one of the former, and so far as her particular subject is concerned, probably the only woman of her kind. Books in plenty have been written on Tibet, the most paradoxical country in the world, but always the final mystery, the nature of the powers developed and practised by the lamas who form one-fourth of its population, is only described on hearsay. The success of the author's previous work, *My Journey to Lhasa*, produced, however, such earnest pressure from all quarters to lift at least a corner of the veil, that from the security of her French retreat Madame David-Neel wrote down at least a portion of her experiences. From earliest days she felt the call of the explorer, and having equipped herself by learning to write and speak a large proportion of Tibetan dialects, she gained admit-

tance to the country and has spent in all some fourteen years remote from Western influence. She soon persuaded the somewhat sceptical lamas that she was no mere journalist, and indeed astonished them with the breadth and depth of her knowledge of Mahayana Buddhism. She was therefore allowed to pursue her studies in the vast and untranslated libraries of the hidden monasteries, and was actually allowed, a woman, to reside in one of them for years. As she brings to her subject a mind well trained in impartial observation, it may be taken that her experiences herein described are true. The present volume is partly an account of the country as a whole as seen from the religious point of view, and partly a description of certain of the rites and practises in vogue in the monasteries. In a land of paradox it is not surprising to find the extremes of spirituality and degraded psychism existing side by side, and only the discriminative vision of the thoughtful student will keep the two poles separate. As one would expect from the pen of a careful observer, the author finds space to correct many of the popular misconceptions current in the West; for example, as to the position of the Dalai and Tashi Lamas and the relation between them, the nature of the so-called "Living Buddhas," and the distinction between the "Red" and "Yellow" sects and the indigenous Bön religion which they have largely, but never quite, replaced. Of the supernormal, but never supernatural practices herein described, perhaps the most amazing are the men who run in a self-induced and apparently timeless trance over hill and dale for twenty-four hours on end without rest or food on their way from one place to another, using a stride which involves a series of leaps of such tremendous length that the force of gravity is apparently defied. "Toumo," is the power to raise the internal temperature of the body to a point where the practiser can sit to all intents and purposes naked in the snow in the depth of winter at 12,000 feet above sea level without discomfort of any kind. That such a power is no mere fairy tale is proved by the fact that the author herself learnt it from the lamas and practised it for many years. The closing chapters of the book are dedicated to an exposition of the various schools of thought and forms of spiritual training which are found in this spiritual centre of the East. Here, then, is a most remarkable book, written by a practising Buddhist who is from any point of view one of the most remarkable Europeans who has expanded our knowledge of the immemorial East.

CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS.

BULWER: A PANORAMA, by Michael Sadleir. *Constable*. 16s.

FOR those who, as children, went to bed with *The Last of the Barons*, or *Rienzi*, under their pillow, or in their early 'teens thrilled to the high-falutin' sentiment of *My Novel*, a romantic glamour must always surround the figure of Edward Bulwer, first Baron Lytton. And Mr. Sadleir's panoramic biography will not dissipate it, though it places once and for all their hero in relation to his age. To begin with, it was a "romantic" age. Byron had set the note, and the young Bulwer, handsome, spoilt, precocious and solitary, could scarcely fail to emulate the poet so lately dead, even if he had not chanced to his own undoing to fall at the impressionable age of twenty-one into the hands of that tormentress of Byron's youth, Lady Caroline Lamb. Small wonder that in her hands the young Cambridge undergraduate blossomed for a time into a second edition of her earlier lover.

She probably soon tired of her boyish adorer; at any rate, she quickly replaced him. But he, mortified in his vanity and rendered uneasy in his relations to society, carried through life—or so Mr. Sadleir thinks—the traces of this early disillusionment. Moreover, it was not the least of Lady Caroline's disservices to him, that a couple of years later she picked him up again, and through six summer weeks at Brocket encouraged the love affair with Rosina Wheeler, which led to his disastrous marriage.

Edward and Rosina is the sub-title which Mr. Sadleir gives to these early scenes in the panorama of Edward Bulwer's life. He was barely twenty-three when his mother, at an evening party, first pointed out to him the beautiful Irish girl, Rosina Wheeler, on the arm of her elderly uncle, Sir John Doyle. But though introduced to the London world by an uncle of position, Rosina's background was poverty-stricken and raffish, and for all her beauty and cleverness of a sort, she was ignorant, selfish and badly brought up; not the woman to soothe a nervous, self-conscious, ambitious youth, already at odds with a critical public. She had married him for love, certainly, up to a point, but still more for elegance and a position, and when debt and difficulty faced the brilliant pair, at one time "among the most talked-of figures of the London social scene," she became jealous of her husband's work, violent and uncontrollable in her temper, and, in the later years, after their separation, addicted to drink and at times mentally unstable. Not that the fault was all hers. Bulwer was careless and absorbed in literary ambitions. He was sensitive, too, and suffered intensely from hostile criticism. "To the end of his life," says Mr. Sadleir, "he was a tortured soul beneath a mask of weary dignity," and if in the earlier years the dignity might have been interpreted as conceit, who, in view of his rapid success, can wonder? Such a union was fore-doomed to failure, though the detail is perhaps too petty and sordid to lift the story, as Mr. Sadleir seems to think it should be lifted, to a place "amongst the classic calamities of human frailty."

But this book is more than a recital, however impassioned and sympathetic, of the story of Edward and Rosina. It is a brilliant and most fully documented picture of the confusing literary world of the early nineteenth century. Mr. Sadleir's industry must be prodigious. He glances off, here to elucidate the mystery surrounding poor Miss Landon's reputation, there to give a considered portrait of William Maginn, the brilliant and venomous Irish journalist who was the first editor of *Fraser's*; again, to estimate Thackeray's real character as friend and as critic, or to characterise the society novel of the eighteen-twenties, "the silver-fork" school of fiction. Those who read him for refreshment will retain him for reference; the Bulwer panorama, when complete, bids fair to be one of those works, in however many volumes, that no lover of the history of literature can afford not to possess.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE LOVER'S MANUAL OF OVID, translated into English verse, by E. Phillips Barker. *Blackwell*. 10s. 6d.

OBVIOUSLY, under one of its aspects, this work of Ovid's, like any other body of Latin poetry, can be criticised only by a reviewer who is in the technical sense a Latin scholar; but if everything is to be left to the specialists there will be an end of humane criticism and presently of humane literature. The poet, after all, addresses himself primarily to all sensitive human beings with some knowledge, superficial as that know-

ledge may be, of his language; and it is legitimate, especially when the appeal of a classic to us moderns is being broadened by a translation, for the unacademic reviewer to undertake a criticism which he would not attempt on the terms of technical scholarship.

Now, whether in the Latin which so disappoints the schoolboy surreptitiously possessed of this work of Ovid's, or in the accomplished and amusing and decidedly modern version which Mr. Phillips Barker has provided for us, Ovid's *Manual of Love* is not the most delightful of amatory literature. For myself, I must frankly admit that the *Basia* of Joannes Secundus is at once more entertaining and more poetic; and if anyone should protest against the perversity of preferring to a Latin poet of the true classical period a Dutch Latinist of the sixteenth century, great names might be cited, notably Landor's, in proof that Joannes Secundus was not only a poet but a master of Latin style.

For one thing, Joannes, like the innominate and wonderful Goliardic poet who contributed to the *Carmina Burana* the gravely passionate piece beginning "Sævit auræ" in thanksgiving that mankind's times for loving are not limited like those of the animals by the seasons of the year, was not didactic: over Ovid's composition there hangs something of the atmosphere of a disreputable correspondence college prepared to produce either efficient "vamp" or efficient roué in twelve lessons. After all, there have been ideas about love other than Ovid's. Even the Latins, about whom Mr. Phillips Barker frankly and well says that their marital institutions "show an insensitive utilitarianism which must have made satisfactory personal relations hard," and, outside those relations, "signs of the uneasy grossness of the half-inhibited," have tenderness in Propertius and Tibullus, and the authentic flame in Catullus, in the great poet and great lover who anticipates some of the most terrible of Shakespeare's sonnets as he finds himself both loving and hating the one woman. And long before and far away there had been the royal poet in Palestine for whom the apparition of the beloved was as that of "an army terrible with banners"; and many centuries afterwards there was in France Baudelaire's terrific sonnet of the duel of the sexes, and in England the *Modern Love* of Meredith, with the knife turned in the wound in a dreadful science of self-torture.

How, then, can we go back to love in twelve lessons, given by a materialist with certainly a great gift, for not quite the finest elegance in phrases but with no poet's sense of the wonder and peril of the thing that he is handling? As there is false dawn before actual dawn, so there were romantic lovers before the sudden efflorescence of a new culture in Provence began the modern idea of love; but a writer like Ovid, while on the one hand he misses the higher imaginative possibilities of his subject, on the other hand fails to get much out of his simple cynicism, which is not, like that of our enchanting secondary Restoration poets, a recoil from idealism, but only a slight improvement on the gesture of the horrid man who winks an eyelid in announcing, with insult alike to human nature in general and to French civilisation in particular, that he is going this week-end to Paris.

Yet the book is in its way a document; and in the original is a kind of classical equivalent to Regency elegance; and in Mr. Phillips Barker's ingeniously modern rendering can while away an hour the better because his version shows that he is not duped by its pretensions. The translator has made his rendering a witty comment on the original if not an exact reproduction. His few notes seem to be adequate, except for missing the small point that the original contains what is perhaps the only deliberate rhyme in classical Latin poetry. The publisher has caused the book to be printed in most agreeable type. But the illustrator has surely gone beyond the needs of the occasion in fusing all the ages and giving us neither the eternal symbols of that rather vulgar commerce of the sexes nor a reconstruction of its classical conditions.

T. EARLE WELBY.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Martin Armstrong. *Secker*. 7s. 6d.

MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG was a poet long before he took to writing novels, and it is a pity that his reputation in the latter art should have tended to obscure his greater perfection in the former. Such a misfortune, however, is hardly surprising when one reviews how quiet and disciplined a poet he is. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve: he does not put all his goods in the shop-window. No wonder, then, that in these days of pep and punch it should need the publication of his whole collected poems to make us grasp the full extent of his powers. Not that the present volume is a bulky one: it ranges over twenty years but it does not fill two hundred liberally leaded pages. Mr. Armstrong never sings for the sake of singing, and he is far too good a craftsman to load his theme with more than it will bear. He knows, in fact, that discipline is the proper press out of which to wring the wine of lasting verse.

One of his best-known and most anthologised poems is *The Buzzards*. In many ways it is a characteristic piece

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of work. It illustrates his fine craftsmanship—his skill in the handling of the double rhyme, his ear for music, his sense of dramatic crescendo, and his genius in the creation of inevitable memorable lines:

"On great pied motionless moth-wings borne along,
So effortless and so strong,
Cutting each other's paths, together they glided,
Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided
Two valleys' width (as though it were delight
To part like this, being sure they could unite
So swiftly in their empty, free dominion),
Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny steep,
Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,
Swung proudly to a curve and from its height
Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep."

Here is a mastery of words so sure that they carry the very feel of that dizzying flight. The poem also illustrates Mr. Armstrong's purposeful pleasure in exploiting to the utmost a theme, an incident, a moment of pure beauty. Again and again we find him indulging this epicurean delight—in honey, tea, wine, in lamplight, candlelight, in colour, in sound. But were he no more than an epicure he would not deserve such high praise as he does: our mouths might water with envy but our stomachs would remain unfed. Mr. Armstrong does not, however, leave us in that unhappy plight. He is, what a casual acquaintance with his work would never lead one to believe he is, a passionate poet—never riotously so, never pouring forth his passion with abandon, but conserving it at the core of his poem like a strong, smouldering fire. This disciplined passion is best seen in his few war-poems (characteristically written several years after the event) and in his love-poems. There is no fierce denunciation in his poems of the war, no fury, even no satire; but they are not the less effective for their measured constraint. One of the finest of them is *Before the Battle*, and it is typical: we find the poet, confronted with the smashed limbs of war, remembering other limbs quick and gleaming against the grass as they bathed in a lost summer. And so with the love-poems. In their melodious discipline some might at first think them cold; but re-read them again and again, and they will yield up their fire, fierce and consuming. *Fog in the Channel* is one of the best poems of love in absence that modern poetry can show:

"O why do we suffer this craving for one another
To split our lives in two? Though my body lies
So safe and warm under this low white ceiling,
Dark terrors round me rise;
For my heart is out in the Channel among the wheeling
Wreaths of fog and the deep-tongued desolate cries
Of fog-bound ships; and lying here I am lost
In a darkness denser and stranger
Than any darkness of mist. . . ."

A word must be said about Mr. Armstrong's unusually vivid sense of humour. It shines out most clearly from the selection of poems with which the book ends, including the well-known *Miss Thompson Goes Shopping* and *Mrs. Reece Laughs*, than which we know no more convincing description of an old woman's lusty laughter. But it is present, too, in the quieter poems, giving to them that mature grace which can only come of knowledge and love for suffering humanity.

C. HENRY WARREN.

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SELECTED FICTION

ALL PASSION SPENT, by V. Sackville-West. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"ALL the events and progressions of Henry Holland's life were gathered up and recorded in a final burst of publicity by the papers; they were gathered together in a handful as hard as a cricket-ball, and flung in the faces of the public, from the days of his 'brilliant University career' through the days when Mr. Holland, at an astonishingly early age, had occupied a seat in the Cabinet, to this very last day when as Earl of Slane, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., etc., etc.—his diminishing honours trailing away behind him like the tail of a comet—he had drooped in his chair after dinner, and the accumulation of ninety years had receded abruptly into history."

With this passage, typical in its stateliness, its grace and humour, Miss Sackville-West sets the stage for her new novel. It concerns the last days of Lord Slane's widow and the break which that gentle but determined old lady made with the life she had led as consort to a Prime Minister and a Viceroy. Not only did she break with the life, but with those who belonged to it. Her children, who so confidently came to succour their "wonderful" mother, found that their services were not required. Instead, there was a new life, and a new home, with new friends. One of the new friends, Mr. FitzGeorge, was an old friend; but that had been a long time ago. Mr. Bucktrout and Mr. Gosheron, on the other hand, met her ladyship for the first time in Hampstead. It was from Mr. Bucktrout that she rented her house.

"The thought struck her that the Mr. Bucktrout whose name she had noted thirty years ago might well have been replaced by some efficient young son, and great was her relief when, peeping over the banisters, she saw, curiously foreshortened to her view, a safely old gentleman standing in the hall."

Then follows one of the most delightful scenes in modern fiction. Miss Sackville-West's touch is almost incredibly light and sure, and she can summon up at any time an organ roll of noble prose, which is always flexible and never ponderous. It is humour that keeps her finger-joints so supple; humour and a fantasy which she imposes boldly on the structure of ordinary life, presenting to us a view both satisfying and exciting, but measurable by no realistic instrument. In this quality, and in the sheer sustained beauty of her writing, she has no rival. Having closed *All Passion Spent*, I know regretfully that I shall not read anything at all like it until its author writes again.

Miss Sackville-West has her weak moments, but they are few and unimportant. She seems at times to be smitten with a sudden self-distrust, and at times abruptly, almost haughtily, to desert the reader whom she has taken into her confidence and retire within the walls of a private view of life. I will not deliver myself into Miss Sackville-West's hands by saying that her mind resembles a man's, but, most assuredly, *The Land* is not what the world has hitherto meant by a woman's poem, nor, though no man could have written it, is *All Passion Spent* "a woman's novel." It may be that, in an age of brilliant women writers, Miss Sackville-West is destined to set a new standard of achievement.

L. A. G. STRONG.

HATTER'S CASTLE, by A. J. Cronin. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE CAREER OF JULIAN STANLEY-WILLIAMS, by Adrian Alington. *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

HARDY, Balzac, Emily Brönte, Charlotte Brönte, George Eliot—have I omitted a name? Mr. Cronin has been lucky in his reviewers' choice of comparisons. If he is not a great writer, he may at least be pardoned for thinking so at the moment. His first book, *A History of Aneurism*, probably evoked no such superlatives. Still, it is pleasant to see reviewers, usually so restrained at their posts in select watering-places, making a sudden unanimous dive for the sea. Summer is here. Almost I feel inclined to paddle myself.

For *Hatter's Castle* is a book to let yourself go over, if it is anything at all. We live in an age of severely repressed melodrama; an occasional visit to *Maria Marten* is hardly enough to put us right; perhaps our literature all round would be the better for a dash of Hall Caine. Mr. Cronin supplies that dash in buckets, in cataracts. The result is staggering! I do not mean that *Hatter's Castle* is mere melodrama; indeed, the essential scenes of it have a granite quality far more impressive; but the whole book moves in an atmosphere of "drama" which nowadays is extremely rare. *Hatter's Castle* has a good deal in common with that fine novel, *The House with the Green Shutters*. The scene, a small Scottish town, is the same; there is the same atmosphere of Scandinavian gloom untouched by whimsy; the same living and scraping, hard drinking, obsessed pride, narrowness and cruelty, which result in both novels with bankruptcy, murder and suicide. *Hatter's Castle* is more violent and protracted, the writing is clumsier, but the story has a fine sweep and inevitability. It is, briefly, the story of a man who is a bull for pride, arrogance and stupidity; before he breaks down he is a magnificent, towering, sulky animal, obsessed by his peculiar Scottish pride. Brodie is a hatter—the best hatter in town—he builds himself a castle (really a small, turreted villa), and there he bullies his wife to her deathbed and his children to the streets or a swinging noose of rope in the kitchen. His eldest daughter Mary has an illegitimate baby and is driven out into the storm, the son tries to shoot his father and elopes with his mistress to America, the hatter's business goes bankrupt, and at the end Brodie is left alone with his mad old mother obliviously munching soft toast in the kitchen. The characters are all extraordinarily distinct, with a family resemblance which Mr. Cronin imparts admirably as the children grow up. Brodie alone is more than life-size. His presence shadows

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every scene like a thundercloud, which in a moment bursts, tearing and whipping everything at the roots. When the daughter Mary is kicked out of the house she staggers into such a caratact of the elements as few unfortunate lovers, even between sixpenny paper covers, have ever experienced. Yet even this storm, which roars for pages, violent and bombastic as it is, carries the reader on by its sheer impetus. Mr. Cronin lets himself go; but never, one feels, merely for the sake of sensation. The texture of his writing is sometimes awkward, but its intensity, quiet or disruptive, does not fail. He is certainly a remarkable writer; his faults are not those of mediocrity. In the future he will no doubt learn caution when his barometer points to storm.

The Career of Julian Stanley-Williams is a long book, which one finishes surprisingly quickly. Mr. Alington is witty, satirical, hard-bitten, but capable of directing these qualities on to human beings with whom he has at least a streak of sympathy. The title of his book, apparently innocuous, contains two first-rate sneers. Julian Stanley-Williams is a posing, lying, unsuccessful actor who is always bragging to nursemaids about his "career"; in order to fit himself for this career he inserts a hyphen into his name, making it more distinguished than plain Williams. The satire all through the book is concentrated on this actor, who in youth was beautiful and in middle-age Hamletish but growing plump; and all through the satire is as compact and alert as the title appears after one has read the book. Only I was unhappy over his suicide at the end—not that I sympathised with him, but I felt that he would have found some equally histrionic way of getting out of his tangle without (for the first time in his career) sacrificing himself.

G. W. STONIER.

THE COMPELLED HERO, by Richard Heron Ward. *Victor Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

MEN AND WIVES, by I. Compton Burnett. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

THESE two novels provide as vivid a contrast as possible. They are both fiction and they have no other common ground. Mr. Ward has an amazing competence of technique for one so young and inexperienced, and his account of the life led by an international group of undisciplined, pleasure-loving and rather ridiculous young people in Paris repels, but it is almost impossible to put down the book before one has finished it. It is one of the features of present day fiction that some of the youngest novelists possess an unusual maturity of style. Mr. John Connell's autobiographical school story, *Lyndesay*, is a pleasure to read for the excellence of the writing in it, and *The Compelled Hero*, by as young an author, is an extremely well-written book. In reading it I found myself divided between very willing admiration for Mr. Ward's achievement and the heartiest detestation for his characters and their promiscuous, haphazard way of living. One is asked to believe that all these youngsters are worth worrying about, that their talents for music, art, and literature are genuine. At least one presumes that Mr. Ward aimed at something more considerable than the mere portrayal of an insignificant phase of social history when he wrote the pitiful story of Hero, who passed easily from lover to lover, and was, apparently, prepared to give herself to any man that "needed" her. The young men, Willy, Arthur, Janus and the rest of them spend most of their time in a busy round of futility. Drunkenness, perversion and indiscriminate amours are their drugs against the realities of life. They are backboneless and entirely unhealthy, and yet Mr. Ward's literary ability compels the reader's regard for them, and I found myself obliged to read on to the very last page when Janus, in his misery at Hero's unfaithfulness, hangs himself.

Upon the outside of the wrapper of *The Compelled Hero* are quoted in large type the following words: "'He writes like an angel' wrote Arnold Bennett with characteristic generosity of *William Faulkner*. The phrase came irresistibly . . ."; and then one has to turn over to discover that the publisher feels that this eulogy, applied by Bennett to a young American novelist, may also be used of the descriptive writing in the second part of *The Compelled Hero*. Mr. Gollancz has no need to stoop to this form of advertising. Mr. Ward will receive the recognition he deserves.

The work of Miss Compton-Burnett is an odd phenomenon of contemporary fiction. I read *Brothers and Sisters* with admiration and surprise, but her new novel, *Men and Wives*, seems to me to be a piece of work much less happily conceived and executed. Miss Compton Burnett depends mainly upon dialogue for her effects and the curious mixture of staccato and florid formality that constitutes the conversations in *Men and Wives* is occasionally reminiscent of the strange observations of Mr. Salteena. Here are two unusual and provocative novels, and of the two *The Compelled Hero* is the more important.

ERIC GILLETT.

THE GETTING OF WISDOM, by Henry Handel Richardson. *Heinemann.* 3s. 6d.

THOSE who have read and admired Henry Handel Richardson's magnificent trilogy *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* will be astonished by the difference of atmosphere and treatment shown in *The Getting of Wisdom*, which was first published in 1910, and is now reprinted for the first time in a cheap edition. Very quietly it describes the life of a shy little girl in a Melbourne school some thirty years ago. The child herself is true and vividly alive, but her schoolfellows are mere stock types without individuality. We are reminded with a delightfully quiet humour how children act a thousand elaborate serial lies to escape mature reality; but are schoolchildren really such snobs as writers make them?

Although this school story cannot be classed with *Richard Mahony*, which was a brilliant description of Australia in its adolescence, still it is an entertaining and, I imagine, true chronicle of a child's reactions to a mode of education that is now happily obsolescent.

HELEN GOSSE.

CENTENARY OF MISS BEALE

Messrs. Ed. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd., the well-known publishers of Cheltenham and London, announce the publication of an important work on the life of Miss Dorothea Beale, LL.D., the founder of Cheltenham Ladies' College, and pioneer of women's education, whose centenary is to be celebrated in Cheltenham in July and in Oxford in June. The book is entitled *In the Days of Miss Beale*, a study of her work and influence. It is written by Miss F. Cecily Steadman, B.A., who has been a member of Cheltenham Ladies' College for forty-two years. She presents a picture of Miss Beale as she was seen from within the College she created, against a background of the times in which she lived.

The book is handsomely produced and fully illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 10 x 7½, full cloth, 216 pp. Nearly 100 illustrations, including coloured frontispiece, many unique photographs, twenty-nine half-tone plates, numerous line drawings, and two plans. The price is 12s. 6d. net. Obtainable from all booksellers (postage 9d).

SOLANGE STORIES, by F. Tennyson Jesse. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is to be feared that many of Miss Tennyson Jesse's deservedly large public will be disappointed by her new book. "My ambition," she announces in her amusing foreword, "is that which lies, I believe, at the heart of nearly every modern author—to write a really good detective novel, keeping strictly to the rules." The *Solange Stories* are an attempt to write crime stories to a formula, and I found them a trifle dull, machine-made, with the flavour of the mass-produced. As for Solange herself, Miss Jesse admits, "I made this detective a woman because, although I intensely dislike the modern newspaper mode of thought which considers a woman 'news,' I pandered to it so as to be able to sell my stories more easily." No, in this scampering life of ours there is no time for dead fiction. Miss Jesse has written incomparably better things. In *Moonraker* and *The Lacquer Lady* there were manifold qualities of loveliness and fantasy by which imagination was transmuted into truth. With engaging simplicity the publishers' note claims that "detective fiction is the perfect mode for the relaxation of an artist." After reading these stories, I would respectfully suggest that Miss Tennyson Jesse confine her work to such books as *The Lacquer Lady*. H. G.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the Fortnightly Review.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Siegfried's able analysis of *The Poison of Unemployment* in the May issue of the *Fortnightly Review* fails, like most inquiries into the dole system, to take into account one factor which makes the subsidy of the unemployed an economic and humane necessity in England. In M. Siegfried's native France, the unemployed industrial worker has always his own province and the land to return to; in the United States, the unemployed worker can move from district to district, from State to State, over a vast territory, avoiding centres where depression is temporarily localised, and taking advantage of places where depression temporarily lifts. In France and America industry is not localised; in England it is circumscribed by geographical limitations, so that the unemployed worker in the industrial North has no shelter open to him when the "economic blizzard" is raging. Surely it is that which makes unemployment in England a "poison" whereas in other countries it can still be regarded only as a temporary dislocation of normal affairs. The "dole" is a necessary relief where the sufferer is forced to sit and contemplate his own sufferings.

Yours faithfully,

HOWARD SMITH.

88, Redcliffe Gardens,
London, S.W.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

AUGUST 1, 1931.

SOME CURRENT PROBLEMS OF WORLD ECONOMICS

I.—POPULATION, PRODUCTION, AND OCCUPATIONAL CHANGE

BY PROFESSOR THEODOR GREGORY, D.SC.

I

THE ultimate relationships which obtain between man and his environment—relationships which affect both his needs and his satisfactions, his efforts and his rewards—are, in essence, simple enough. The object of production, that is to say, the exploitation of the environment, is to satisfy the needs of the population. Thus the *character* of production is dependent partly upon social standards, themselves influenced by tradition and custom, but also to some considerable extent a function of the other determinative upon which turns the nature of the community's output; the size and character of the population itself, its age and sex composition, and its distribution over space. And the *volume* of production, whilst profoundly affected by the development of technique, is also in its turn affected by the size, age, and sex composition of the population. These react upon production, not only directly, but indirectly as well, in so far as a growing or declining population stimulates or discourages, as the case may be, technical and social inventiveness. Yet, further, changes in the character and the volume of production, however caused, imply changes in the relative attractiveness of different occupations. Population changes are therefore a direct cause of occupational change, whilst occupational changes in their turn may react upon the size of the population, for such occupational changes are accompanied by social

changes, of physical location, status and income, which powerfully affect the desire of individuals to marry, still more, to rear families. Thus the growing urbanisation of the Western world and the changes in the occupations of individuals implied in the progressive relative decline in the importance of agriculture as a means of livelihood, affect not only the present, but the future. For the family ceased to be a productive asset in modern industry, as soon as limitations were imposed upon child-labour by factory and social legislation, whereas in agriculture, so long as agriculture is carried on in the traditional manner, just as in industry in the days of the "domestic system," a large family represents a positive advantage to the head of the undertaking. I propose to deal in what follows with some of the relations between changes in population and the changes in the character and volume of production which are now taking place.

II

We are still, in the matter of population theory, largely under the influence of ideas which have no relevance to the present state of affairs, and which, even when they were first enunciated, misrepresented the situation. Nothing is more striking in the evolution of the thought and the institutions of the nineteenth century than the contrast between the constant expansion of population and the growth of well-being on the one hand, and the pessimistic tradition in matters of population theory embodied in English Political Economy. It was the growth of population all over the world, involving a constant increase in the demand for foodstuffs, raw materials, manufactures and means of transportation which created the modern British Empire, built up the power of the United States, and that of the countries of Latin America. Upon this development of the raw material producing areas depended in large part the prosperity of European industry, the British shipping industry, and the direction of the flow of British and European savings. And yet it occurred to very few economists to ask whether it was not the growth of population

which caused the marvellous flowering of the arts of production during that age. Among the few who did assert this truth was J. R. M'Culloch, the butt of Carlyle's bitter wit. "The principle of increase," he wrote, "is not merely consistent with the continued improvement of the bulk of society, but is itself the great cause of this improvement, and of the wonderful progress made in the arts." This statement was made almost contemporaneously with the publication of John Stuart Mills' eulogy of the Stationary State and the expression of the view that "The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the fullest degree, all the advantages both of co-operation and of social intercourse has, in all the most populous countries, been attained." Half a century of enormous change intervened between the publication of Mills' *Principles* and the issue of Mr. H. G. Wells' *Mankind in the Making*, during which period the fertility rate was already falling sharply. And yet no one who has ever read this early work of Mr. Wells is likely to forget his passionate plea that there should be at least a temporary cessation of the "devastating flood of babies." At the end of the first decade of the present century it was still possible for Marshall, the *doyen* of British economists, to leave unchanged in the sixth edition of his *Principles* the remark that Malthus' "position with regard to the supply of population . . . remains substantially valid." The Malthusian position, as stated by Marshall himself, was that "every people of whose history we have a trustworthy record, has been so prolific that the growth of its numbers would have been rapid and continuous if it had not been checked either by a scarcity of the necessaries of life, or some other cause; that is, by disease, by war, by infanticide, or lastly, by voluntary restraint." In a footnote upon a later page, Marshall, somewhat rashly it might be thought, commits himself to a prophecy: "There will be great improvements in the arts of agriculture, and if so, the pressure of population on the means of subsistence may be held in check for about two hundred years, but no longer." Enough has been said to show that the dominant note, throughout the century, continued to be a pessimistic

one : the world was passing through a phase of abnormal well-being, but it was a phase which was unlikely to endure. So far as I am aware, outside the narrow circle of academic economists, the same tone prevailed among the propagandists of birth control, then much less easy a subject to preach than it is to-day. And the outbreak of the war reinforced the pessimistic tradition. For the time being, at least, the Malthusian doctrine in its most naked form held good, and the direct pecuniary advantage to the individual of a limitation of his responsibilities could be supplemented by an appeal to objective fact.

III

Neither the special considerations arising out of the circumstances of the war, nor the traditional arguments by which the case for restriction of population was supported, have any direct relevance to the immediate situation. In the first place, so far as food and raw material supplies are concerned, these have in recent years been increasing at a rate far more rapid than the growth in the population of the world. Between 1913 and 1928 the world's population increased by 10 per cent., the production of foodstuffs and of raw materials had increased by 25 per cent., though the rate of production of foodstuffs alone was less than this, viz., 16 per cent. These are the estimates of the Economic Section of the League of Nations, which, though exactitude in a matter of this sort is obviously impossible, indicate at least that the pressure of the population on the means of subsistence is not a matter of immediate urgency. In the second place, the fear that the population would become redundant unless checked by misery or " voluntary restraint " is based upon a view of human motives which is no longer valid for the Western world. For there is no reason to suppose that the *only* motives nowadays leading to a restriction of the size of families are directly economic in character, or that if all direct economic pressure were removed, the practice of birth control, which has given a new twist to the conception of " voluntary restraint," would cease. The fact

would appear to be that with the altered position of women, reduction in the size of families has become a matter of general social motivation, which is leading to the result that stationariness of the population, to be followed by a decline, is within sight for a range of countries of the Western world. Professor Bowley's estimate for the population of Great Britain, based upon the assumption of no emigration and a stationary number of births, was 48.9 millions in 1971, after which the population would remain stable till the year 2011. But the number of births shows no signs of remaining stable ; it is, in fact, still falling. A recent German estimate by Mr. Ernst Kahn, based on a fall in fertility per marriage, but taking into account improvements both in infant and adult mortality rates, asserts that the German population will have become stationary between 1935 and 1940 at 65 millions, and will have sunk to 50 millions by 1975. The latest Census Report reinforces the moral that we are fast approaching the time when John Mill's " Stationary State " will have become a reality. This change in the population outlook has so far been hardly appreciated by the public, accustomed as it has been to think in terms of birth-rates, and not in terms of the relationship between the number of births and deaths. We must, however, all die, and there is no necessity to be born ! The result is that as the proportion of older people in the population increases (as it does if the number of births diminishes), there will be an actual decline in the population in the end, unless the number of births increases again later on. There is, in fact, a dangerous tendency to think that small rates of increase of population per annum imply correspondingly long periods of years before the population would double. But that is not so ; and the very fact that it is not so has been used, e.g., by the late Sir Valentine Knibbs, the distinguished Australian statistician, as the basis of an intensified Malthusian argument, in his book, *The Shadow of the World's Future*. An annual rate of increase of 1 per cent. would double the world's population in under 70 years, an annual rate of increase of 2 per cent. would double it within 35 years. If one may regard the popula-

tion question as settled for this generation, at least, the justification lies, not in any impossibility of low absolute rates of increase resulting in population magnitudes which *would* press upon the "means of subsistence," but in the circumstance that the fundamental assumptions of the Malthusians of the old school, both positive and negative, appear not to be valid. An increasing yield from agriculture, due to great improvements in technique, is not resulting in an increase of population proportionate to the growth in the means of subsistence: on the other hand, the population is being kept down by methods which do not imply the positive sufferings, from material or psychological causes, postulated in the old teaching. Moreover, there does not seem to be any reason why the tendencies at present at work should not continue for an appreciable time to come, if the social habits which are now becoming characteristic of the Western world would become general in the world as a whole. For it must be recognised that whilst the world as a whole may not be over-populated, particular areas may be over-populated; and the changing habits of the West have not so far affected the East. The high birth rates of the East are, it is true, accompanied by high death rates, so that the rates of increase, e.g., in India and Japan, are less than is sometimes feared, but they are high enough. If migration to less densely inhabited areas were possible on a large scale to the inhabitants of such countries, it might well be the case that the high birth rates of the Oriental peoples would be accompanied, under the new conditions, by death rates less than the present ones, so that the increase of world population as a whole would be greater than it is now. In that case, unless the pressure of population itself resulted in stimulation of still further progress in the arts of production, the old Malthusian formulae might become applicable directly. As it is, one's satisfaction at the world position is tempered by the knowledge that whilst the Malthusian checks do not operate at all in the Western world, they operate, in consequence of the restrictions upon the migrations of the Oriental peoples, with more than proportional intensity, in the areas to which these populations are confined.

From another point of view the check to population growth in the West may itself be open to question. In the last decade the economic world has become accustomed to regard population from two angles: it now recognises that population may be too small to exploit resources to the maximum degree possible, as well as that population may be too large relatively to resources. May it not be that we are approaching a stage in which the rate of growth of population may be insufficient? The mere fact that welfare is increasing, given the present population situation, does not disprove the point now under discussion. With a rather more rapid increase of population, welfare might be increasing still faster. It is impossible to disprove the point directly: it is also impossible to prove it. But may it not be that the growing inelasticity and rigidity of Western economic society, which on balance, I believe, is inimical to material welfare, is in part due to the relaxation of the pressure of population? On the other hand, the present population of the Western world is, absolutely regarded, so large, whilst technological progress is now so largely a question of organised effort, that it seems difficult to believe that a somewhat larger population would result in striking advances in knowledge or in the fruitfulness with which it could be applied. The main conclusion to be drawn from the preceding discussion is not that the propaganda in favour of birth control is now unjustifiable, but that the old arguments by which it was justified are, so far as the Western world is concerned, largely out of date. For it is not the case that the favourable economic consequences *to the individual* which result from a limitation of the size of the family necessarily follow when limitation becomes *general*. On the other hand, there is no reason to suppose that a slackening of population growth will mean the cessation of economic improvement, though it is conceivable that with a stationary, or declining population, the *rate of improvement* will slacken somewhat. In any case, the movement towards restriction of births is not likely to slacken in the immediate future.

Meanwhile, the changes in the size and age and sex composition of the population are among the most potent

of the factors influencing demand and, therefore, the distribution of the occupied population among the various industries, though it is difficult in some cases at least to dissociate the effects of such changes from other and contemporaneous causes.

IV

There are certain industries the demand for whose products varies directly with the size of the population. Of these industries two stand out predominantly, agriculture and the building industry. Provided the standard of consumption remain fixed, it is clear that when population declines, the amount of wheat consumed, or the number of houses demanded, will tend to fall off. But will consumption standards remain the same?

It was said by Adam Smith in a celebrated phrase, that "the desire of food is limited in every man by the narrow capacity of the human stomach; but the desire of the conveniences and ornaments of building, dress, equipage and household furniture, seems to have no limit or certain boundary." A whole series of complex causes is operating at present on the demand side to make the position of the cereal producer more difficult: the falling off in the growth of population, the fact that a population composed more largely of older people requires less food per capita, the "slimming" craze, the growth of per capita income which leads people to prefer a more varied diet, the urbanisation of population, which reduces crude food requirements. These changes are coinciding with technological changes which make it easier to grow a larger volume on the same acreage as before; an accentuation of changes which have been going on since the dawn of history. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the wheat farmer should be depressed. Again, the demand for houses means very different things according to the number of rooms in the house; and the fall in the size of big families combines with the servant question to restrict the aggregate demand for housing accommodation, which in its turn gradually affects the demand for furniture and other sorts of equipment. It is true that in the last few years the building trades have benefited from the shortage of housing produced by the cessation of building during the war; but this shortage appears definitely to be coming to an end in all parts of the Western world. And thus, even if the demand per capita rises, the aggregate demand for certain types of products may fall. The effect upon the future demand for labour in agriculture and the building trades is thus partly a function of technique, but largely a question of the relative importance of aggregate population and individual increases in consumption in influencing total demand. It is sometimes argued that if wheat can be produced at much lower prices, an immense new market exists in the East. But then it must not be overlooked that if, e.g., China imports wheat upon a large scale because it is cheaper, that this implies considerable alterations in the local distribution of labour. Enormous issues are opened up by changes of this kind, and meanwhile it would appear clear that the slackening of population growth is likely to adversely affect the prosperity of certain areas concentrating on wheat production, for a considerable time to come. We are likely to hear a good deal less about "peopling the empty spaces" in the next generation than we did in the last; the "empty spaces" are likely to be emptier than they were before. Already the introduction of new labour-saving machinery has largely eliminated the problem of seasonal labour demand in American agriculture.

Two other points may be considered here, though they concern rather the supply of labour than the demand for it. As the population moves towards stationariness, the proportion of older people in the population increases. An important issue thus arises: at what age should individuals normally retire from work? The general tendency in this and other countries has been to argue for an earlier rather than a later age of superannuation, in order to "make room for the younger generation." I cannot help thinking that this argument fails to take account of the tendencies of population-change, and of the growing significance, therefore, of the older age-groups from the quantitative standpoint. An official German estimate, for

instance, calculates (*Wirtschaft und Statistik*, December 2, 1930) that between 1930 and 1980 the age-group, 65 years and upwards, will increase from 6.4 per cent. to 13.9 per cent. of the German population. This means that unless the older age-groups are allowed to contribute to their own support, by a raising of the superannuation age, the burden thrown upon the working population will be *pro tanto* increased. Quite apart from the general undesirability of condemning a growing proportion of the population, whose continued vigour is likely to be increased by the growth of medical knowledge and the more general adoption of hygienic methods to idleness and dissatisfaction, by being turned out of jobs, the problem arises of whether the younger generations will consent to bear the burden of increased social charges for the pensions and allowances involved by a change in the age-composition of the population by this order of magnitude.

Again, the question of women workers is largely associated with age and sex composition of the population. If women predominate in the age-groups when marriage is most likely, there is *prima facie* reason to expect an increase in the number of women workers—though changes in this respect may be masked by other changes, i.e., a falling off in the number of married women workers, for instance, due to social legislation or a rise in well-being of certain classes. (Such changes obscured the position in Great Britain in the inter-censal period 1911 and 1921: see Bowley, *Economic Consequences of the War*, p. 58.) But the change from an increasing to a stationary population exerts its influence also on the *choice* of women's occupations. Because the size of the family is falling off there will be a smaller demand for nursemaids and domestic servants generally than there was before—so that, even if women were as willing as previously to take up these particular occupations, the number of them employed in these ways would tend to diminish. As a matter of fact, the real degree of change in the occupations of women due to the decline in the number of domestic servants is less than appears at first sight. Changes in population and in social habits which are *e.g.*, causing people to consume

more meals outside the home, merely increase the number of waitresses and of cooks employed in restaurants, but does not alter the economic significance of the work which they are doing. Such changes merely carry the decline of the home as a centre of economic activity one stage further: they do not necessarily mean that the aggregate amount of particular kinds of work carried on change so much as the places where they are carried on.

V

Population changes are, however, only one of a number of causes which are producing great alterations in the distribution of the occupied population between various employments. In Great Britain during the last decade too much attention has been paid, as an explanation of occupational change, to those *special* factors which have been operating to the disadvantage of British industry. The factors which are forcing an occupational change are of much more long-standing character, and are not confined in their operation to Great Britain. In another respect the significance of occupational changes is likely to be underestimated, for people tend to pay too much attention to the *absolute numbers* employed in a particular industry or carrying on a certain occupation, forgetting that the *proportion of the total occupied population* employed in these ways may be falling, though the absolute numbers so engaged may not have changed. Small absolute changes may mark significant changes of proportion.

The most important single cause producing such occupational changes is the general increase in wealth. A growing command over resources *implies* that less effort must be spent in satisfying the cruder needs of mankind, and that more effort can and will be devoted to satisfying the more refined needs. Thus, apart altogether from population changes, the proportion of the world's population which will be employed in the production of foodstuffs and raw materials will fall relatively to this total. But the general increase in wealth will have a wider significance than this. As wealth increases, the whole of the " staple " trades and

occupations lose in relative importance, and, in so far as population does not continue to expand, in absolute importance also—though the rate of decline may be a slow one.

The fact that with the increase in wellbeing the staple trades lose in relative importance is often overlooked in discussions relating to the economic position of nations, and particularly in discussions relating to indices of "economic strength." But it will be obvious on reflection that, on the one hand, every step forward in the economy of labour will mean that the same or a larger quantity of commodities of a given kind can be produced by a smaller or the same volume of labour as before, and that, on the other hand, the desire for food, houseroom, and the more obvious forms of clothing, etc., is exhausted more rapidly than the demand for luxuries and non-necessaries. The consumption of bread by a rich man is not in proportion to his riches, and what is true of the individual is true in this particular case, of a collectivity of individuals whose economic status is improving. What used, by the older economists, to be classed as "unproductive" expenditure thus comes to be of progressively greater importance, and the growth of the industries and occupations subserving such expenditure is a natural consequence. However obvious all this may be on reflection, however, nothing is more popular than lamentations upon the growth of those industries, which, as it is said, merely exist to "satisfy the popular craze for amusement and ostentation." But an increased consumption of amusements and luxuries is exactly what the economist would expect to result from the growth of wellbeing, or from an increase in efficiency, these two things implying one another.

Technological changes also work in the same direction; in so far as they may reduce the demand for the products of particular staple trades. In the course of the nineteenth century, railway transportation gradually came to be accepted as a "staple" industry: it is so no longer. In new areas where distances are very great, and traffic is light, it may not even be worth while to build roads instead of railways, but to rely largely upon air transport. In such areas there will never have been a staple industry

of railway transportation at all, and moreover the net effect will be to reduce the demand for steel. No doubt, other and new uses for steel will arise, but technological changes are constantly altering the relative importance of different goods, not by any means always with the result of leaving the *aggregate* demand for the products of the crude industries unaffected. The result must be that the chances of occupation in the staple trades relatively to the total will decline.

The mere fact that the staple trades lose in significance has one effect upon employment which is of considerable importance. The demand for luxuries and amusements is more subject to change and variation from time to time than the demand for staple products. Employment in such industries is likely, therefore, also to be more unstable. This fact makes it very desirable that the population of working age should be mobile, so as to be able to take advantage of new openings and new demands: but it makes it very difficult to forecast in what particular direction the demand for labour will manifest itself. It is one of the least considered consequences of the changes in the age distribution of the population that it will consist more of older people, whose mobility is likely to be less than would be that of a population with a larger proportion of younger breadwinners. The requirements of the industrial situation and the movement of population are, in this respect, in direct contradiction to one another.

The second article in the series which Professor Gregory has written for the Fortnightly Review *will appear in the September number. Its title is* The Price Problem and The Stability of Economic Society.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

By G. K. Chesterton

ANYONE who has the courage to compliment Mr. Bernard Shaw upon a birthday (a festivity which he has sternly disavowed, along with so many other festivities) will at least know him well enough to be certain about three things that he would intensely dislike. The first is being treated solemnly, because he is an old institution. The second is being treated frivolously, because he is an old comedian. And the third is being treated indulgently, on the theory that he may say anything. But the man who may say anything has nothing to say. Shaw has something to say; and enjoys saying it; but he would not enjoy saying anything. When we use the conventional phrase of writing or celebrating in his honour, the first fact to emphasise is that we are honoring something that is really honourable; a very rare celebration indeed. His intellectual honour is as solid as it is splendid. He would loathe chivalric allusions to the stainless sword or the unspotted shield; and I therefore introduce them with all the malice of truth. He has written much that I think is nonsense; and much that he knew was nonsense; but he has never dodged responsibility; he has never hedged; he has never intrigued; he has never revenged attack; he has never quibbled to gain support; he has never been professionally jealous or practically vindictive; through a long and combative life he has maintained magnanimity. He has been consistent as no statesman is consistent; convinced as merely solemn people are never convinced; a Socialist more individualist than all the herds of individualism; a demagogue who insults his mob; a Puritan always puzzling to his court of Bohemians; a man always ready to get into hot water, especially by throwing cold water.

But certainly a great man; and, what is much more important, a man of honour.

Shaw appeared as a new writer chiefly as a champion of Ibsen, who was then himself, for the English at least, almost a new writer. About those new writers there was a lean or naked quality which I know not how to define except in words not worthy of their nobler qualities. I should be disposed to call them the generation of the Disinherited. I mean that they did not inherit the full culture of their own past; but had been cut off from it by curious accidents. And so, like many a son cut off with a shilling, they did literally live by their wits; and Shaw's wits were very witty. But even their boasts betrayed their limitations. When a man normally sensible like Bernard Shaw writes: "I know no man, with the possible exception of Homer, for whose intellect, when I compare it with my own, I have more contempt than Shakespeare," we only smile very faintly. It is really too funny to be funny. Shaw probably could not read Homer's poetry, because it is in Greek. Also, he could not read Shakespeare's poetry, because it is in poetry. And he had never taught himself to read poems, but only to read pamphlets. I do not say it in a superior spirit; he taught himself much more than I ever learned in one way or the other. He probably owed the first feature of ignorance to learning nothing at school, like myself; and the second feature of knowledge to learning a great deal by industry and work in the world which I could never equal. But the fact remains that these reformers grew up in narrow circumstances, intellectually speaking; and had been cheated of their full heritage of a great civilisation. For instance, they were forbidden to study its religion. Thus it happens that the most dogmatic of writers is still shocked by dogma.

Thus, Shaw was always saying that Ibsen, with his "soul-dramas" and searchings of the inner realities of psychology, made such people as Shakespeare seem superficial. And I well remember that, the very first time I saw an Ibsen play acted, it seemed to me overwhelmingly obvious that exactly the opposite is the truth. The play

was *John Gabriel Borkman*; in which there are very vivid characters, some very suggestive notions, and an admirable sense of drama. But what struck me most, in comparison with more ancient drama, was that none of the people on the stage had really any inner life at all. Borkman wants his business restored and the town placarded with his name; Mrs. Borkman wants a new success for her son and the town placarded with *his* name; the son does not care who placards the town, as long as he is allowed to paint the town red; the poet wants to be recognised as a poet, but not really to enjoy his own poetry. The deepest person of all was the sentimentalist; the aunt, who, like so many types of the time, tried to turn a romance into a religion. But what is the matter with them all is that none of them has a religion. And, as they have no religion, they have no real inner life. The play consists of real people; but of superficial people. Macbeth felt like a murderer because he had committed murder; and would have felt the same in a desert. But Borkman did not feel like a man who had committed fraud, or even not committed it; but only like a man who had been put in prison for fraud; he did not feel fraudulent. In other words, what the play really records is the decay of the Lutheran creed in Scandinavia.

This is illustrated in the way in which Shaw from the first adopted his cheery habit of bragging. True, he showed his serious sincerity by bragging of bragging. Even when he was merely an obscure musical critic, his contributions to music often consisted of blowing his own trumpet; the one form of private property in which a Socialist can freely indulge. When he became a dramatic critic, he made quite as little secret of his readiness to play the lion too, and to roar applause of his own roaring. It was, of course, partly a joke; but it was a joke he was prepared to justify in all seriousness. Now, for my part, I prefer the joke to the justification. I have a very great admiration and even affection for Bernard Shaw, but I have no great admiration for his admiration of Bernard Shaw. I know it was largely a lark, but there was a notion in it, which was not merely nonsensical, but rose to the dignity of being false.

Even when it is not amusing, it is still interesting; for it illustrates this break with the broad historic traditions, this quality of the cleverest men of that age of being, as it were, the orphans of civilisation. An Irish Calvinist who had lost his Calvinism, just as Ibsen had lost his Lutheranism, could not see the meaning of all that old idea of modesty or humility, which had once been a part of manners as well as morals. He did not see why a man should not blow his own trumpet; or pay graceful public compliments to himself. And, as in all such cases, because he could not immediately see the reason for the convention, he assumed that conventions were always unreasonable. That was the attitude of these revolutionists to all the human conventions, religion, marriage, property and incidentally humility. He must have known that the whole civilised world had in fact distrusted the man who blows his own trumpet; and regarded him as liable to appear later as the man who forges his own letters of introduction. He must have known that the Pagan as well as the Christian believed in Verecundia and the grandeur of understatement. He must have known that the great Confucius himself would have been careful to say: "Permit me to disturb blaze of philosophical facetiousness with inferior but as yet unanswered question"; as certainly as the great Professor Huxley would say: "You and I" instead of "I and you." In other words, all culture and experience is on the side of deprecating rather than praising oneself. But what was the matter with this generation of reformers was that it seriously believed that "all culture and experience" was all cant and prejudice. They really thought that thousands of millions of people having believed something true was a reason for believing it false.

Thus the fountain of the living past began to fail within them; I know that in the eighteenth century it had been rather an artificial fountain; and that towards the end of the nineteenth century it had almost turned into a feeble trickle; but it was none the less a terrible catastrophe when it dried up altogether. Huge human facts and factors; whole vast dark maps of human history, monuments and masterpieces of human art, began to be utterly unintelligible

to the brilliant intellects of the new age. Men who could not understand the idea of intercession in the priest, the idea of final defiance in the soldier, the idea of expiation for the penitent or inspiration for the poet; men who did not grasp the popular idea of legend, or the normal need of ritual, or the symbolic character of good manners; these were simply men who did not understand men. It was just about the period at which men were least able to understand men, that they first began to worship man.

It is true that Bernard Shaw would probably say that he did not worship Man but rather Superman. And Superman, or the worship of Superman, it will be agreed, is even more difficult to understand. But the truth is that these two names (coupled together in the title of one of his most famous and fascinating plays) do cover a sort of change or joint in his intellectual life; and connect a younger with an older Shaw who are really rather different people. Accompanied with the same blowing of the trumpet of laughter, the same rattle of the rapier of wit, the same delightful technique of dramatic philosophical surprises and inverted intellectual quarrels, there was in fact something very like a complete reversal of Shaw's original philosophy. For it began as a mere philosophy of living and ended with a rather mystical philosophy of life; in the sense of the Life Force. To understand this evolution, which has really been the history of Shaw's serious opinions, we must go back to the point from which I recently started; the point at which Shaw first appeared as a sort of independent interpreter of Ibsen. For men really looked to Bernard Shaw to translate Ibsen into English in the matter of thought; just as they looked to William Archer to translate him into English in the matter of speech. Shaw's first really important book was called *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*; though it might have been more correctly called "The Quintessence of Shavianism"—at least, the Shavianism of that time.

The original moral philosophy of Shaw, in the Ibsen period, might be simply described as Opportunism. It was not even sufficiently metaphysical to be called Pragmatism. Actions were to be judged, he said, by their immediate effect on happiness, and not by their relation to any ideal or general rule. So far, it was not so much that he set expediency against right, as that he denied that there was any right except expediency. Only, I suppose, it must not merely be expedient for one person, but expedient for all the persons involved. But he was clearly thinking of separate solutions for separate groups, in which there were only a few persons involved. It might be better for Nora to leave her husband; but it might be better for Candida to remain with her husband. Anyhow, it must not be decided by an ideal of married constancy or romantic love or any other idealism. Even realism must not become an idealism. That was the point of *The Wild Duck;* which might in our idiom be called "The Wild Goose"; there being the same inopportune idealism in the wild goose chase of Gregers Werle. With the truth or falsehood of this theory we may deal later; but the first point to seize is that it was, at this stage, a theory against theories.

Where Bernard Shaw stood out from the start, in striking intellectual independence and inspiriting humour, was the fact that he did apply this notion fairly; and did apply it all round. He applied it to the people on his own side as well as on the opposite side. He applied it to those associated with rationalism and reform as well as to those associated with religion or tradition. For instance, he used it as a stick to beat the scientist quite as much as the parson. This is a very important point about his high revolutionary reputation; which has not been adequately appreciated. This is where he may be sharply contrasted, for instance, with that other great Fabian of the same generation and tendency, Mr. H. G. Wells. Bernard Shaw saw at once that if bishops are to be guyed for being pompous or privileged or protected by an etiquette, the big-wigs of science are every bit as much privileged and protected as the bishops or big-wigs of religion. The medical men of *The Doctor's Dilemma* are simply the hierarchy of a mystery, not to say a mummery. The opportunist in *The Philanderer* specially insists that the Scientific Conscience is a more false ideal than the Nonconformist Conscience. Mr. H. G. Wells, on the other hand, has

always held a brief for men of science as such. He insists on that very sanctity in the scientific craft and mystery at which Shaw has always poked fun. In *The Soul of a Bishop* he punches and pommels the body of a bishop as if it were a stuffed dummy, as indeed it is. But in the debate in which Mr. Belloc caught out Sir Arthur Keith in a perfectly palpable blunder, Mr. Wells was simply shocked, and said in shuddering tones that anybody ought to be honoured by Sir Arthur Keith saying anything about him, whatever it was. A great deal of the intellectual success of Bernard Shaw is due to his really having no scientific snobbishness of this kind. He fights fairly and impartially, and hits out in all directions; and if he does not quite understand what was behind ancient mysteries, at least he does not accept mummeries merely because they are modern mummeries. He is not frightened of being cursed with bell, book and candle, merely because it is an electric bell and a biological book and a million-candle-power candle.

Touching sex and sentiment and similar things, Shaw showed the same real freedom of thought: that is, freedom from the free-thinkers. There was a hole in his philosophy, as I shall point out; but the hole was open for all. He was perhaps most severe on the silly and morbid modern woman, who wanted to be a free lover and yet to have a lover who was not free. And he gave the old generation a good innings in making her father say: "If you can't behave like a lady, by God you shall behave like a gentleman." But when we come to look at the Opportunist philosophy itself, we find that it has a weakness like most modern philosophies. It sets out to be practical and it is entirely impracticable. This was well illustrated in the War controversy, when Shaw actually praised the Prussians for "treating a scrap of paper as a scrap of paper." But it is not business-like to treat a scrap of paper as a scrap of paper. He has only to try it with a cheque or a bank-note or a business contract of any important kind, and he will soon find that the whole practical world depends on the sanctity of scraps of paper. In the same way, it would be morally and mortally impossible to go about propounding a special and separate solution of every special and separate moral dispute; carefully avoiding any sort of allusion to any sort of moral standard. It would take too long; it would come too late; it would fail in its calculations for want of a ready reckoner. It would do what opportunism always does: it would miss its opportunity.

I think that Shaw has felt this vaguely himself; and certainly his original war on idealism has slowly changed to a sort of large and rather mysterious search for a new ideal. The result has been that his later works have often almost contradicted the opportunism of his earlier works. Like all clear and independent intellects, he saw the new world's need of a religion; or at least of something to act as a religion. He found it in what he called Creative Evolution; but it is vital to insist that it was not only evolutionary but creative. It exactly ratifies what I said, about his hitting right as well as left, to note that he attacked Darwinism with a hatchet, even while he demonstrated Evolution with a geological hammer. He would be an evolutionist, but not an official or orthodox evolutionist. Wells, on the other hand, was strictly orthodox. In the earlier strata of *The Outline of History*, you will find Darwinism duly embedded, with other fossils. To Shaw natural selection seemed very unnatural selection; but in truth it is not selection at all. It is a chapter of accidents; and like a chapter in a rather improbable novel. Shaw disliked the long arm of coincidence in romantic fiction; and in the Darwinian romance it is very long indeed. In any case, Darwinism does not meet the desire to find a purpose in things; and Shaw really values evolution for providing exactly what Darwinism does not provide.

I think it very extraordinary that, amid the thousand things that have been said about Shaw, hardly anybody notices how completely he had by this time turned his original idea upside down. *Man and Superman* may well mark the summit of his achievement. But *Man and Superman* is a complete contradiction to *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*. Opportunism has been abandoned for a sort of martyrdom in honour of a mystical and remote Superman. Obviously we are *not* to judge actions by their effect on

happiness, in the common sense, but we *are* to judge them by conformity to the ideal of Creative Evolution. Tanner would be much happier if he remained a jolly bachelor, instead of being carried off kicking by a woman whom he regards as a ruthless liar. There seems no immediate happiness in everybody being sacrificed to her selfishness. But even her own defence of her own selfishness is that it will not necessarily be for her own happiness. "Perhaps it will be death"; but we must all die for the Life Force. This is not only about as far as possible from the expediency of "Ibsenism," but it is exceedingly near to the most thorough-going theological asceticism. I am not sure that the Creative Evolutionist realised all he had admitted with that dangerous word "creative."

The great and even glorious work achieved by these men of genius, like Shaw and Wells, who made the passage from the nineteenth to the twentieth century a path of pure progress, an upward evolution content that "there is always a beyond," will be found in the last resort (I think) to suffer from the fact that these progressives did not really go far enough. That is, they did not carry their own train of thought far enough. I darkly suspect that when they had got very near the nerve of the truth, they became a little nervous. If Shaw had really asked himself what is logically involved in saying that the Life Force chooses Tanner or passes by Tavy, he might have begun to lay solid foundations for that Religion which he clearly sees as needed by the world to-day. If he had set himself to answer the question (which seems to me the really challenging question) of how a mere expansion of new and nameless things in the void can possibly tell whether the novelties are improvements or not, unless there is an unchanging standard—he might have begun to build up those very Standards which the wise now demand. As it is, he has resembled Mr. Wells in this; that he has thought it enough to go on offering suggestions, without working them out into systems. A little less of their amazing intellectual fertility, and a little more of intellectual continuity and consistency, might have produced a real progress. It is *not* enough that there is

always a beyond. Intelligent people want to know what it is that is beyond, and how it can really be shown to be better than what is behind. Therefore, Shaw's ideas will be used by thousands of people rather than by Shaw; and from that gigantic quarry will be built many tiny towns. Perhaps the Superman comes first; and Man arrives later on.

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE

—∎∎∎—

I suppose I ought to run away and play
Now you've bewildered me with tales of Space,
Where myriad ordered Universes trace
Their finite orbits—where no night nor day
Exist, but viewless Ether's laws hold sway.
From microcosmic Earth all has been charted
In Space-time, from the Nebula whence we started
—No room for gods to whom men used to pray.

But I have heard that Newton erred;
P'raps Einstein, too . . . . ? . . . and even—
you?

For I have seen magic at eventide:
Through gathering darkness strident colour fades
To pallor—yields to luminescent shades,
When God's eternal cloak is spread to hide
All Heaven's rainbows. Silver-hemmed and wide,
Its folds, by centuries of service tattered,
Reveal the dancing galaxies, gem-scattered
—We drift to dreams or loving, safe inside.

EVELYN WOOD.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

The Chronicle of Events

By C. F. Melville

THE Hoover Plan for a debts and reparations holiday seemed at the time of its announcement like a dramatic inspiration out of the blue. In reality it was the outcome of the pressure of great world forces, forces which had inevitably drawn America into the orbit of European affairs. Europe, which had felt most acutely the effect of the world depression, began some months ago to show signs of the financial landslide which had been so long predicted for it ; and the rumblings of this European earthquake reached America. Only the day before, so to speak, the United States of America had been assuring herself that she was safe in her isolation ; the day after she discovered that her period of isolation was over—perhaps for ever.

As far back as last May the first ominous crack which denotes the coming earth tremble had manifested itself in Europe, when the historic Credit Anstalt suddenly failed. Then the crack widened to Berlin, where, during May and June, the German financial and economic situation started going rapidly from bad to worse.

International banking action succeeded in stopping up the crack in Vienna. In the meantime, however, a far more serious drain had started in Germany. Chancellor Brüning imposed drastic economy on the Reich by Presidential Decree, and then, accompanied by his foreign Minister, Herr Curtius, came to London for the meeting with the British Government at Chequers, to ask Britain to play the rôle of the honest broker in respect of reparations relief.

At Chequers the Germans were told by the British that although this country had every sympathy with Germany in her trouble, revision of reparations would have to be a matter of international action, and that, moreover, the centre of gravity in this matter was necessarily at Washington.

The next stage was the arrival in London of Mr. Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of the United States Treasury, on "private business." Mr. Mellon conferred in London with the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, the heads of the Treasury and the Governor of the Bank of England. In the meantime the situation in Germany had reached an even more critical condition ; foreign currency flowed out of the Reich in a stream, ever increasing in volume and rapidity. This was attributed at the time to the action of foreigners, as the result of a lack of confidence in German stability, but was afterwards found to have been due primarily both to the action of American bankers calling in short credits, and to the activities of certain extremist Germans bent upon wrecking Dr. Brüning's attempts to save Germany within the framework of international agreement by a deliberately engineered crisis. Once the flow had started, however, the psychology of panic automatically accelerated the pace.

This was the German situation during the fateful days of June 17th, 18th, and 19th, when Mr. Mellon was holding his conversations in London. In the course of these conversations the British urged upon him the gravity of the situation, and it was made clear to him that there remained about five days—no more—in which something could be done to prevent a complete breakdown in Germany, a breakdown which, considered internationally, might have the most serious consequences.

Mr. Mellon reported the result of these London conversations by telephone across the Atlantic. President Hoover was well aware of the German situation in general terms. For some time past the United States Ambassador in Berlin had been sending grave reports to Washington. And as far back as May the President had been giving serious thought to the whole question of debts, even to

the extent of recognising that relation between debts and reparations against which the United States Administration had hitherto always set its face. At that time he thought that perhaps it might be possible, in a given contingency, to negotiate debts revision against disarmament. But these considerations were changed into a new and more dynamic form by Mr. Mellon's urgent report from London. Mr. Hoover realised that the hour had struck. The result was that on June 20th the Hoover Plan for a year's debts and reparations holiday was made known to the world.

The Hoover proposal meant the sacrifice of many millions by the United States of America, the country which was the "total" creditor. But it meant also the salvation of the American money locked up in Germany. More than this, it meant the eventual recovery of world confidence and world prosperity which in the long run would react favourably upon American interests. It was a recognition that the whole comity of civilised nations is interrelated; and that the American isolation from the European section of it was now an artificiality.

The first reaction in Europe was one of grateful relief. Stocks went up in London, Paris and Berlin. Confidence appeared to be restored with the dawn of a new hope. France, it was realised, would have to sacrifice over twenty millions. Britain would have to sacrifice some eleven millions. But the longer view of the restoration of eventual prosperity was taken, especially in London, and it was thought that if stocks remained at a high level both the British and French Governments might be able to offset part of their sacrifices by means of the savings which could be effected by conversion loans. Britain signified her unqualified acceptance of the Hoover Plan.

Then came the second reaction, when it was realised that the adjustment of the Hoover Plan to the different positions of the various European creditors *vis-a-vis* the reparations question was likely to prove more difficult than had at first been imagined. The first indication of this was afforded by the attitude expressed in the French Chamber, in which vent was given to French fears for the integrity of the Young Plan and a popular apprehension, which reached a

point not far from hysteria, that the United States of America was attempting to dictate measures which might prejudice the security of France.

France which, under the Hague Agreement, had the lion's share of the unconditional annuities of the Young Plan, objected in the first place to the provision of the Hoover Plan which treated unconditional and conditional reparation payments on the same footing, and whilst expressing herself "in agreement with the lofty sentiments" which inspired the American proposal, required that the unconditional annuities should be continued to be paid during the year's Hoover moratorium.

The French reply and counter-proposals brought Mr. Mellon post-haste to Paris where he entered into negotiations with the French Government. In the course of these negotiations, which were difficult and protracted, and initiated the period of hope deferred, it became manifest that France's main consideration was not to avoid the sacrifice of the money involved in the unconditional annuities, but to preserve intact the Young Plan as an insurance that at the termination of the year's moratorium reparations payments would continue to be made. The French counter-proposal was, in the main, that Germany should continue to pay the unconditional annuities to France during the moratorium year, and that France would return the money to Germany (but to German industry, not to the German state) through the Bank for International Settlements, Germany's eventual repayment to be made over a period of years. France also wanted a small sum set aside, from the money Germany was to be released from paying, for the use of France's Central European allies who would be hit by the application of the Hoover Plan. To this America refused to agree.

The main difficulty behind the Franco-American negotiations was that whereas the United States of America was thinking purely in terms of finance, the French were thinking in terms of finance plus politics. M. Laval, the French Prime Minister, and his Finance Minister, M. Flandin, were both anxious to accede to the Hoover Plan, but there were the political difficulties in the Chamber to

be considered. It was a critical moment for M. Laval's cabinet.

Three weeks had elapsed since the making of the Hoover offer, and the Hoover Plan still hung fire in Paris. Then, suddenly, overnight, as it were, the French and the Americans reached an agreement in principle. The Laval-Mellon agreement provided that the German Government should continue to pay the unconditional annuities, but the French Government would invest these funds through the Bank for International Settlements in guaranteed German railway bonds. The original French demand for a sum to be reserved for France's Central European allies was dropped ; and compromise was found as to the number of years Germany should be allowed for repayment. In a word the integral meaning of the Hoover Plan—that Germany should be completely released from all payments during the year's debts holiday—was thus preserved ; for the French requirement that Germany should pay the money in through one " caisse," so to speak, and receive it back through another, during the year's grace, merely meant a matter of double entry instead of single entry at Basle. The French gave up the money in fact, and retained it in principle. In other words, France preserved, *hypothetically*, the Young Plan.

This signified the period of hope revived, and it was at this point that the British Government—on July 11th—invited America, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Japan to an experts' conference in London for the purpose of clearing up these remaining points at issue which Britain, like the United States, considered to be extraneous to the actual Franco-American agreement on the Hoover Plan.

It is at this point that Britain once again emerged as the initiatory Power. At the same time that she invited the Powers to the conference, having first obtained the assent of America and France, she informed the Bank for International Settlements that as far as Britain and the Dominions were concerned the British Empire would not require Germany to pay the annuities which, had there been no Hoover Plan, she would normally have had to

pay, under the provisions of the Young Plan, on July 15th. Thus, as far as she herself and the Dominions were concerned, as the British Empire, she effectively put the Hoover Plan in operation.

France did not make a similar notification to the Bank for International Settlements. She was occupied in further negotiations at Basle regarding the reparations in kind and the question of the guarantee fund, and in the meantime had sent M. Bizot, of the French Securities Transfer Department, to confer with Sir Kenneth Leith Ross of the British Treasury in London, with a view to speeding up the settlement of the various outstanding points to be studied at the London Conference. Nevertheless, the fact that she had informed her allied debtors that she would not be expecting their payments suggested that she would not take any action on what would be—if by then the Hoover Plan were not in action as far as she was concerned—a technical default of Germany towards France on July 15th.

So far then it seemed that the way was fairly clear—with the hoped-for adjustment of the minor remaining difficulties at the London Conference in view—for salvation. But once again in this arduous story of hope revived and hope deferred things took a turn for the worse. Soon after the first moment of elation in Berlin at the announcement of the Hoover Plan, the flow out of Germany of currency started again. This was partly due to the delays in putting into operation the Hoover Plan, occasioned by the protracted negotiations in Paris, and partly due to financial and psychological causes. The flow of currency—the withdrawal of credits by foreigners—and the sending of money by Germans out of Germany—all this started again, only now the flow became a flood tide.

In the meantime the French started to talk in terms of political securities, of German guarantees that the money released to Germany under the Hoover Plan should not be used for armament purposes. In this France had some measure of support from the British Government. The " City " was becoming anxious. Whereas American money in Germany was mostly in short term loans, and some of it even in loans on call, British money was mostly in long

term loans. The " City " feared it might be a case of Britain holding the financial baby. The British Government, desirous of getting France as soon as possible into an international accord to put into operation the Hoover Plan, again took action, and Mr. Henderson, the Foreign Secretary, suggested to Baron von Neurath, the German Ambassador at London, that if Germany were to agree to suspend further building of pocket-battleships for the time being, such a gesture might hasten the desired international accord and facilitate the operation of the Hoover Plan. The British Government also intimated informally to Germany that the British people had a considerable sympathy for the German people in their financial trouble, but that this sympathy might be lessened if it were thought that Germany was expending money on useless armaments at a time when her creditors were making sacrifices on her behalf. This was during the first days of July.

In the meantime the financial flood tide in Germany was beginning to carry all before it. The great industrial concern known as the North Wool Company failed, carrying in its wreckage a few days later the great German Bank, presided over by Herr Jacob Goldsmidt, the Darmstadter Bank. The failure of the wool company involved losses to a great London bank of one million and a quarter sterling, and the failure of the Darmstadter Bank involved losses in the " City " amounting to some five million sterling.

Between the failure of the North Wool Company and the smash of the Darmstadter Bank, Dr. Luther, the President of the Reichbank (which was no longer able to provide the required cover) flew to London and Paris in quest of Anglo-French-American credits to the tune of some one hundred millions.

Dr. Luther's reception by M. Moret, the Governor of the Banque de France, was cold. He was told that Germany should first put her own house in order. A similar attitude was taken up by the New York bankers who intimated that although they would be willing to leave existing credits in Germany they would not be prepared to advance new ones unless Germany first instituted a stricter system of credit

control. As far as Britain was concerned Mr. Montague Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, had already warned Dr. Luther in London of the inadvisability of his going to Paris.

At this point politics, never far behind the financial scenes, moved up stage into the limelight. The French put it to Dr. Luther that if Germany was to receive any further and additional financial aid from France, Germany not having any other securities would have to go security on certain points of political guarantee. These political guarantees included principally the suspension of the construction of pocket-battleships previously referred to and the renunciation of the proposed Austro-German Customs Union. (In this connection it is interesting to note that in the article " The European Crucible," in the June " FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW," it was predicted that the Customs Union would form part of the bargaining in connection with the reparations negotiations.)

This situation put Dr. Brüning, the Chancellor, and his Cabinet, on the horns of a dilemma. When Dr. Luther returned to Berlin and confronted Dr. Brüning with these conditions the Chancellor was faced with these alternatives: either to refuse the political conditions and not get the credits, in which case Germany would suffer complete economic breakdown, or to accept the political conditions in which case the Brüning Government would be thrown from power and a Fascist dictatorship set up by the nominees of Hitler and Huegenburg. A Nazis dictatorship would mean an avowed policy of reparations repudiation and a tearing up of the peace treaties; a triumph of those extreme Nationalist elements who have desired nothing better than the failure of the Hoover Plan, who have hoped for the worst all along, and who have to some extent been deliberately responsible for part of that tactics of currency flow which has precipitated the German financial crisis. To these elements the wrecking of Dr. Brüning's attempts to save Germany within the framework of international agreement, to which I have previously alluded, would be a signal triumph. Behind the danger of a Nazis dictatorship, moreover, is the shadow of a greater

danger, the danger of a Communist revolution. For it should be noted that the greater part of the Hitlerist rank and file are proletarianised *petit bourgoise*, exploited from on top by reactionary big business which seeks to use them as a weapon against the orthodox socialism of the Social Democratic Party (which party, by the way, is supporting Dr. Brüning and the Centre Party, because it knows that to put Brüning out would be but to put Hitler in).

The attitude of the British Government in this phase was to reiterate to Germany that with the deluge at hand it would be good policy to make the gesture demanded by the French. On the other hand the British Government likewise intimated to the French Government that with destruction so near it would be advisable to modify the demand for political guarantees and thus ease the path of Dr. Brüning.

To understand the main urge behind the present financial and economic situation, it is necessary to visualise two broad opposing political principles in Germany and in France: the German urge for national rehabilitation and the French preoccupation with security.

Those are the political factors behind the present situation. Economically, on the other hand, the Central Banks of Washington, London, and Paris feel that to advance any further large scale credits to Germany, without some kind of guarantees, would be merely a case of throwing good money after bad. Germany will be expected to make a determined effort to put her house in order, so that these guarantees—by which I mean financial, not political guarantees, for with the present rapid march of events, political guarantees seem likely to become academic—will be possible.

It is thought that the only effective method open to Germany now is the institution of some form of State control of industry and finance, and signs are not wanting that the Brüning Government is moving in this direction. The great industrialists—many of whom are behind Hitler—will doubtless resist such a move, yet it is felt to be necessary if the present financial crisis in Germany is not to develop into a *debâcle*.

Finally, a general conference of ministerial delegates from all the countries concerned, including the U.S.A., was called in London, to consider a wider and more comprehensive revision of the reparations and debts question; for it was fast becoming apparent that events were marching rapidly past even the Hoover plan, and that something on an even more courageous scale might have to be thought out if the German situation was not to become worse. Such a conference was called during the middle of July, and at the time of writing it has terminated with proposals for patching up the German situation for the next two or three months. It is not too much to say, however, that Europe is on the eve of big things, and that it will be along broader lines than have yet been conceived that the salvation of Germany, and Europe, will be sought.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

Ideals and Discords

By Frederick Hammond

AS has long been obvious even to the most casual reader of history, there have been periods when the pulse of the world has beaten exceedingly slow. And there have been other moments when the opportunity has offered to carry the glad news from Aix to Ghent, or to race with important tidings from Marathon to Athens, and thereby achieve immortality. President Hoover has gained a definite place in the indentured records of history, because he conveyed in a short, rhetorically unadorned announcement to the assembled associated Press a message from the New World to the Old. And in that message, almost incidentally, he repeated an almost forgotten warning that the Money Changers must be cast out of the Temple, and bickering in the market place cease.

It is not within the province of a monthly review to record in great detail the items and incidents which have occurred day by day since the now historic twentieth of June, 1931. That is the happy privilege of the daily press, whose essential province is to register news. A monthly review, on the other hand, can try only to portray the chief events and then try to comprehend the principal characteristics and the elementary emotional forces, national and individual, which lie behind and have created the daily news. Moreover, during the approximate three weeks that have elapsed between President Hoover's announcement and the writing of these words, the financial and political aspects of Europe have changed almost daily. Those aspects will continue to change day by day until August first, when these words

will appear in print. The actual daily march of movement between now, mid-July, and the coming August first—no one can predict.

The pace may slow down or possibly accelerate. But in spite of this apparent impossibility of forecasting the probable daily thermometric changes, one can still speak with a reasonable degree of confidence in regard to the essential tendencies and forces which, within a week or a fortnight, may make distinct changes in the complexion and political character of the civilisation of Western Europe.

To speak of a few matters, almost casually: because, after all, when events are moving so swiftly as they are now, there is among them no temporal or logical sequence.

In respect to the personality of President Hoover. He belongs to the type of American understood by only a few in England and by almost none in France. Despite Mr. Rudyard Kipling's portrayal of the American Spirit of over a generation ago, most Europeans consider that the most obvious characteristic of the Americans is that of more or less blatant self-advertisement. Really, the larger part of this apparent self-advertisement on the part of an American is due to the fact that he consciously announces that he is going to win or accomplish this or that, not because he believes it, but because he wishes to put himself in that happy optimistic mood which, of course, means half the battle. In addition there are certain types of Americans, inheriting old Puritanical New England tradition, to whom any direct expression of emotional feeling is difficult and, in fact, almost impossible. President Hoover belongs to this type. In his now famous message to the world he used simply one phrase expressive of emotion. He said "Let us be good neighbours." It must have caused him a very great effort to utter these words. To anyone who knows, even partially, the American character, these apparently simple words would mean, on the part of President Hoover and of the American people, a definite call to human brotherhood and to the amity of nations and peoples. In the critical period of the American Civil War, President Lincoln delivered his now

classic Gettysburg address in which he reiterated the memorable words — speaking then of the American States— that "A house divided against itself cannot stand." President Hoover has tried to convey the same message. A world, a civilisation, composed of antagonistic and warring states cannot stand.

Further proof of this reasonable interpretation of President Hoover's message is found in the fact that in his unfortunately prolonged negotiations with France, he returned, one might say, day by day, with the reiteration of his emphasis not upon Francs or Dollars, but upon the "Spirit" of his, and America's, message to the world.

It is unfortunate for the welfare of European civilisation that this simple, strong, call for good feeling and co-operation among the nations should have lost its warmth and clarity during its transmission across the Atlantic Ocean, and be received in a Europe obscured by the fogs of financial, economic, and political jealousy.

It is again rather unfortunate for the world that the Americans and the French should be inherently and fundamentally incapable of understanding each other. It was *en vogue* in the France of from three to seven years ago to accuse the Americans of being dollar worshippers. This was quite a misapprehension of the average American's attitude towards money. Briefly, the American loves to make money—and spend it. France, or the individual Frenchman, has, relatively speaking, little opportunity to make money on the American scale—but he loves to save it. In other words the American is prodigal. The Frenchman cautious and—even penurious. In comparison with him our traditional Scotsman is a waster and a spendthrift.

Considering for the moment the purely financial aspect of this present world crisis: President Hoover has had very clearly in mind, in the emphasis he has placed upon the "spirit" of his message—a moral tonic and stimulant for the world. During his over-prolonged negotiations with France, he frequently waved aside matters concerning a few million dollars, or a few hundred million francs that might concern some of the smaller States of Eastern

Europe. Such matters, from his point of view, could be readily adjusted if the "spirit" of his offer were wholeheartedly accepted by the great nations of Europe. The absence of such an acceptance on the part of France is the specific cause of the confusion in which Europe finds itself to-day; of the probable immediate financial collapse of Germany, and of the possible invasion of Germany by France.

Yet it would be quite unjust to blame France alone for the chaos in which Europe finds herself. America looks upon the problem as essentially financial and economic. France considers that the problem has also political aspects, and in this she is essentially correct. In a Europe so interlocked and interconnected as is now the case there are certain political factors which must enter into any extensive financial settlement.

We are apparently rushing towards the abyss. If we are to save ourselves it will not be because of the discovery of any special panacea, but by the earnest and sustained thought of our statesmen, and by the tireless and self-sacrificing work of the masses of the peoples of Europe.

A STUDY OF STUDIES

By A. Gowans Whyte

NO book that one has read can equal those classics which we have promised ourselves to read "some day"—in a period of perfect leisure that may never come, or in a spell of convalescence that is likely to leave us too passive for anything worthy of the name of reading. Likewise, among those who write, no book which has already taken body can possess, however beautiful that body may seem to our critics or even to ourselves, the charm of those works over which we are still brooding. Between the vision and the reality there is always a descent; the act of Creation itself implies the Fall. So the author keeps in his inner mind the vision of an ideal book, too good ever to be written.

It would be interesting, possibly amusing, to analyse the ideas with which authors have flirted in the course of their actual productive work. The material for such an investigation is scanty, since authors seldom confess these wayward excursions into blind alleys. Dead authors have left us little or no information on this side-issue, and in the case of living authors we are still waiting for the ingenious publicist who will discover, in such intimate confessions, a fertile field of copy.

I am prepared to be told that the field has already been surveyed and left untilled. A Literary Idol might do no more than draw captious attention to his feet if he were to become confidential over the book schemes that tempt him in secret. Worshippers do not like any departure, even in fancy, from the literary path already plotted. In addition, the ideas which make the most insistent appeal to an author in his hours of idle scheming are precisely those which appear most feeble and uninspired to the outsider. It would, for example, be unwise for a popular

author to reveal, as I do, that for five and twenty years he had trifled with the notion of writing a volume—a really big volume—on the conditions under which ancient and modern authors produced their masterpieces. Not, be it observed, the mental conditions to which their biographers give attention, but the mere physical conditions surrounding the process of creation.

Stated thus baldly, the project seems to belong to the untouchable class that aims at satisfying our love of mere gossip. Put on a slightly higher plane it might serve as an innocent occupation for my senile years; the longest twilight would be still too short for the researches involved. Making a still more ambitious effort in apology, I might claim that the data I was collecting should, when comprehensive enough, form the basis of a theory about literary production. We are still completely in the dark about the way in which a certain mind—which, when we converse with it at the dinner table or in a club lounge, does not seem more remarkable than our own—contrives to produce from the material common to all minds a work of abnormal beauty or insight. With such a puzzle confronting us, can we say that any trifle is insignificant?

In the last resort, however, my best excuse for my obsession with this material phase of literary production is that it amuses me in the desultory fashion of a hobby. I have never troubled to "pursue" it, since I have always held that a hobby pursued is a hobby lost. I have, indeed, been barely conscious that it was a hobby. As each item of information was casually encountered it was tucked away in an odd corner of memory; and many—perhaps the most important—have been lost.

My interest in the subject was roused on the first occasion when I entered a Study. It belonged to a writer of international reputation who, by virtue of a paternal friendship and the goodness of his heart, gave me the welcome that makes the threshold of London bright to the young and diffident pilgrim. In every detail it was an orthodox study, furnished according to what I may call the British standard specification. Its panelled walls, lined with bookcases or relieved with etchings; its broad table and

capacious writing-chair, flanked by a revolving bookcase and an easy chair, composed a calculated invitation to the student. Its austere and rather sombre simplicity gave precisely the right atmosphere of learning and high endeavour ; the two large windows, looking upon trees and lawn, yielded the correct blend of intimacy and space.

I contrasted it enviously with both the crowded, chattering newspaper-office in which I wrote to order, and the cramped table-corner at home where I tried to write to please myself. Even the dullest hack, I thought, would revive and glow in such an environment. Yet, when I turned away from my reverent inspection of this literary temple, the owner told me that his wife had arranged it for him, and added, with a smile : " Of course, one never does any work in a place of this sort."

Shattering as this experience was to me at the time, I was not long in discovering that my surprise was due to my ignorance of a widely prevailing law. No phase of the war between the sexes is more bitter and relentless than that between wives who expect their husbands to write in a Study and husbands who have an unconquerable preference for any other room in the house. Women, with their strictly logical minds, cannot understand why men do not delight to work in a room equipped in the most thoughtful manner for that very purpose. On the other hand, men, with their incurably romantic temperament, are chilled by a room which blatantly declares itself as a chapel of inspiration. They ask nothing more than to be allowed to follow their instinct, as a dog is permitted to adopt a particular cushion. If it pleases them to settle in the dining-room, the drawing-room, or even the nursery ; to recline in an easy-chair with their feet up, their pipes on a left-hand chair, their books on a right-hand chair, and a pad on their knees, why in heaven's name should they not be free to do so, peacefully and cheerfully ?

One of the questions I shall examine some day is whether any author has written his best work in a study conventionally furnished for him by affection. Some authors have been condemned, by the softness of their hearts and the hardness of a wifely will, to do all their work in such an inharmonious

environment, while they hankered after a corner in a box-room, the bright side of the old potting shed, or a stuffy office in the noisiest part of the city. What the world has lost by their submission to convention can never be computed. If we find their creations formal and wooden, let us remember that these were, by force of circumstances over which their authors had no more control than most husbands have over most wives, to a large extent machine-made.

Luckily, there have been many authors who openly and successfully revolted.

When Mark Twain was approached by Mr. Bigelow Paine with a proposal for compiling a biography, he replied :

" I think I should enjoy dictating to a stenographer, with some one to prompt me and to act as audience. The room adjoining this was fitted up for my study. My manuscripts and notes and private books and many of my letters are there, and there are a trunkful or two of such things in an attic. I seldom use the room myself. I do my writing and reading in bed. I will turn that room over to you for this work."

Then he showed Mr. Paine, even as my old friend showed me, the " lovely luxury of the study, with its treasures of material." And here again the luxury and the treasures were wasted. Mark Twain, like many of his brethren, was perfectly at home in his bed. He found that the physical ease, the seclusion, and the unstudied ordinariness of his surroundings set his mind and imagination free. Rest was not always imposed upon him by the state of his health ; nor is it in the case of fellow-craftsmen who, if they had the moral courage, would remain in the undress cosiness of their bedrooms until their day's work was done. I wonder whether Stevenson, who fought so gallant a battle against physical weakness, was not sometimes glad of the excuse for making his bed his study. A nomadic life forced him to carry his Study with him as an Arab does his tent ; but apart from that he was probably happier in bed than he would have been at any table. There he could indulge in the full in the untidiness which is the joy of the writer, and the bane of the women who minister to him.

William Archer gave a delightful picture of Stevenson completely at home in an hotel bedroom :

"Louis . . . still wore his hair rather long, and, as it was not very abundant, it fell in straggling wisps round his long, lank, ivory face. A claret-coloured blanket, faded and stained, hung round his shoulders ; I am not sure that it was not a poncho, or blanket with a hole cut for the head. His knees were drawn up as a rest for his writing-materials ; and, with all its gaunt.ess, there was a certain grace about the curves of the figure."

It is instructive to contrast this description with the effect which a closely similar scene had upon a woman. When Stevenson was in New York, Mrs. Van Rensselaer visited him in a "dismal chamber" where he sat in a bed littered with books and papers, things to eat and things to smoke. He wore "an old red cloak with a hole for the head in the middle (a *serape*, I supposed) which, faded and spotted with ink, looked much like a schoolroom table-cloth." The visitor had, she confessed, "seen invalids more modishly attired," and the change from the "claret-coloured blanket" to the "old red cloak" measures the gulf between the masculine and the feminine view of the Bohemianism of the artist.

Stevenson, I admit, was an extreme case. His eccentricity—that is to say, his passion for expressing himself in his own picturesque way—extended beyond his working hours and showed itself in the velvet coat he affected with the same gusto as Mr. Bernard Shaw did his knickerbockers and soft shirt in the days before these sensible garments had been adopted by other types of plutocrat. Nevertheless, the Stevensonian love of circumambient litter is so characteristic of the craft that I can never conquer a deep suspicion of the immaculate Studies with which so many authors are credited. Can one really believe those interviews with distinguished writers, illustrated by photographs of rooms which rival, in the sumptuousness of their appointments and the tidiness of every detail, the private room of a bank manager? Publicity agents have no conscience. They are quite capable of staging their victims in surroundings as incompatible with their feral nature as a back garden in Surbiton would be to a lion fresh from Africa. Somewhere,

I am convinced, there is a "set piece" to which popular authors are lured, there to be photographed with pet dogs, horses, motor cars and other accessories according to their publishers' conception of the public taste.

My scepticism extends even to the authentic cases where authors have inhabited, and worked in, Studies of the catalogue type. Forster assures us that Dickens did much of his later work in the chalet which Fechter, the actor, presented to him in ninety-four parts for erection in the garden at Gadshill. In a letter to an American correspondent, Dickens himself described it in these ecstatic terms :

"I have put five mirrors in the Chalet where I write, and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees ; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

This is indeed a most delicious vision, and I admit the possibility—though not more than the bare possibility—that Dickens was as happy at work among his obtrusive mirrors and scents and singing birds as he was in a room of a neutral type. Meredith's chalet at Box Hill was more convincing, although it, too, conformed to the theory that an author's Study should be a room with a view. It was rather a house in miniature than a Study. Of its two rooms—both free from luxury or adornment—one was a bedroom ; the other was a simple workroom stocked with the books that Meredith liked best, poetry and French novels in particular. There he could sleep, loaf, dream, or work as he pleased ; and if he found the view, with its "long green roller of the down," inspiring, we may suspect that its direct influence is confined for the most part to his poetry. Mr. Hammerton is not alone in noting the contrast between the rural peace of the prospect from the Chalet, and the tempestuous intricate psychology of the novels written there.

It is an accepted canon, among the devotees of literary

genius, that an author should seek a hill-top or a forest glade or a hollow in a moor or some other retreat apart from the world. The detachment, to be effective, should be either vertical, in an attic, or horizontal, on one of the waste places of the earth. Authors themselves have been known, when big with some tremendous idea, to seek a solitude for the act of parturition. Here again, however, a dubious tradition appears to be at work. The complete anchorite is not a productive being. He may find, in his isolated cave, the quietude he needs for meditating upon experience gained elsewhere, but his very existence as an author depends upon contact with his fellow-beings. "Literary creation" is in fact a misnomer, since it is a synthetic and analytic process and not one of materialisation out of nothing. Even Thoreau, who probably did more than anybody else to encourage the monastic view of authorship, took care to build his hut in view of a railway and within easy reach of a village and his intimate friends. It was not a dug-out he constructed, but an observation post.

Underlying all the popular conceptions of an ideal Study is the fallacious notion that a study should be a positive, compelling factor. The truth lies rather in the opposite direction. The function of a study is to provide the environment which the writer can most easily ignore. In other words, the ideal Study is a matter of temperament, not of furniture, or location, or picturesque views. So much is it an individual affair that one author may find it in conditions that would throw another into a frenzy. How many of us, for example, even though we do not suffer from Carlyle's nerves and demand an absolute silence, could share Gissing's delight in the music of barrel-organs?

Literary biography is rich in proofs of the subjective nature of the phenomenon we are discussing. Let me take first the case of Captain Shandon—a case which, although embodied in fiction, is clearly drawn from fact. In a bare but not uncheerful room in a debtors' prison, Captain Shandon sat on his bed in a torn dressing-gown, with a desk on his knees, scribbling as fast as his pen could write, while his wife sat sewing and his youngest child carried on a conversation with Mr. Bungay. Not even

the arrival of Pen and Warrington could divert the stream of inspiration; slip after slip of paper fell off the desk wet to the ground while the Captain, remote in spirit as if he dwelt upon a mountain top, composed the highly imaginative prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

At the other extreme of the literary scale stands Joseph Conrad, who has given us, in the much-quoted passage from *A Personal Record*, perhaps the most vivid description of the utter isolation of the artist. For weeks the dream-world of *Nostromo* had been the sole reality; he had been unconscious of his Study (which appears to have been correct in every detail of the standard specification) and barely conscious of those who ministered to his bodily wants. When the tailor-made lady with her dog crossed the lawn and entered the Study with the remark: "And you sit like this here writing . . . It must be perfectly delightful!" he fell from the white cloud on which his own created universe had been floating, and crashed to an awareness of his material surroundings and his fatigue of mind and body.

Some authors are able to achieve this detachment in circumstances which, to less agile or fortunate minds, seem no less discouraging than those of Captain Shandon. Jane Austen, as she wove her faithful tapestries of life while the family talk went on around her, may have made a virtue of necessity, but her success proves that the virtue came comfortably to her. She may indeed have found a stimulus in the movement and murmur; even as later writers have discovered that their imagination soars highest while they sit in an express train. Trollope was among the first to employ a corner seat as a magic carpet. His biographer (Mr. T. H. S. Escott) gives a convincing account of the ease with which he made use of it:

> "One November day, at Euston Station, he entered the compartment of the train in which I was already seated, on some journey due north. Just recognising me, he began to talk cheerily enough for some little time; then, putting on a huge fur cap, part of which fell down over his shoulders, he suddenly asked: "Do you ever sleep when you are travelling? I always do"; and forthwith, suiting the action to the word, sank into that kind of snore compared by Carlyle to a Chaldean trumpet in the new moon. Rousing himself up as we entered Gran-

tham, or Preston Station, he next inquired: "Do you ever write when you are travelling?" "No." "I always do." Quick as thought out came the tablet and the pencil, and the process of putting words on paper continued without a break till the point was reached at which, his journey done, he left the carriage."

It may be objected that Trollope, who "could have backed himself to cover more pages of two hundred and fifty words each in a working year than any writer of his time," and who produced his thousand words per hour with the regularity of a machine, was a workman, not an artist. I feel tempted to counter this by observing that some of the artists who take such a superior view may well aspire to be equally good workmen. I prefer, however, to call in evidence a supremely imaginative writer, still with us, whom I have seen, after a gargantuan luncheon in a City restaurant, take out his pad and proceed to his creative task with all the detachment and dexterity of a god.

Every author is a law unto himself in these matters. Moreover, every author with a sensitive spirit can tell, in an instant, whether a particular room offered to him will be friendly to his Muse. I had a vivid proof of this instinctive process when the opportunity came to me of choosing any one of half a dozen rooms in a house as my Study. There was one which, in most of its features, had a formal claim to be accepted. It was bright, airy, quiet, and possessed of a noble view of beech and pine tree-tops through which a wide panorama of London—the kind of spectacle Zola grew so eloquent over in his descriptions of Paris—was visible. Yet I hesitated. It was too reminiscent of the fully orthodox Study "in which no one does any work." It had the self-satisfied air of the proud fairy-tale beauties who are always—with good reason—rejected by the handsome Prince for a humbler suppliant.

The humbler suppliant in this case was humble indeed. It was a mere attic, twelve by twelve, and rendered still smaller by a steeply sloping ceiling across half its width. A range of small casement windows, each no larger than a port-hole, gave, to anyone seated in the room, glimpses of a few sections of sky. On the wall opposite the window was a large built-in cupboard, painted white, and with an

obvious past as a container of household stores. The wallpaper had a clay-coloured background peppered with nosegays of unidentifiable flowers; the fireplace was a miniature—the least thing that a fireplace could be without ceasing to claim a place in a builder's catalogue. In all visible qualities it was an absurd, an impossible room for any but a menial purpose.

Nevertheless, I felt at home in it from the first. No product of art or luxury could give me a fitter vessel for any adventure of the mind. It harmonises with every mood, encouraging alike the rigour of scientific thought, the pursuit of romance, and the idlest dream. So perfect and so inexplicable is its fitness that I have sought the solution of the mystery in the relation which Nathaniel Hawthorne so subtly suggests between a house and its inhabitants. He shows how stone and timber become more than a mere shelter for human beings; how they, by long association, form a tissue closer than a garment and less mortal than the flesh. Now that we are being taught to regard both spirit and matter as merging together in mathematical abstractions, the notion that walls may retain the influence of men and women who lived within them becomes less fantastic. At any rate, I feel free to pay my haven the tribute of having once possessed a presence whose benediction remains.

As for the nature of that presence, I am content to let my imagination have full rein, without expecting it to arrive at any conclusion. No conclusion, however romantic, could equal the sense of a presence undefined. It gives a perpetual stimulus to the creative impulse; and so makes my little room a perfect Study.

THE ENGLISH BREAKFAST

By T. Earle Welby

HE who writes of gastronomy in England, as I began to do here last month, must experience sensations comparable with those of the man in a great simile of Coventry Patmore's, the man who walks on the Wall of China,

> and sees
> On one side cities and their civilities,
> And on the other Lyons.

And for myself, editorially bidden to follow up my article on the English Dinner with a series on the other English meals, I scarcely know whether to look at such civilities as there may be in our cities or to contemplate the gastronomic practices of the extra-mural. In this matter of the English Breakfast, however, there is at least one thing on which I am completely decided: I will not begin my article with an antiquarian disquisition on the mere breaking of fast in the centuries before breakfast really was.

Now breakfast could not begin to be until two conditions were satisfied. As for the first thing necessary, Luncheon had to lose something of its likeness to Dinner and to be put back to some time after noon. Not till the beginning of the eighteenth century was there any attempt to satisfy this condition; and even when the fashionable London hour for what should have been luncheon but was actually dinner had become three o'clock, in the home of lost causes many Oxford dons and undergraduates were up in arms against the shifting of the time for the huge second meal of the day to even one minute later than noon.

As for the second condition, though breakfast could begin to be, it could not be what we understand by it until tea and coffee had been pretty generally adopted as the beverages of the morning. Being much more interested in results than in evolutionary processes, I am not concerned

to assign precise dates to the several developments in these matters. That could doubtless be done offhand by M. André Simon, who, emulating the great little group of French literary scholars celebrated for knowing more about English literature than the English know, is at once the greatest living authority on the wines of his native land and the greatest living authority on the food and beverages of old England. Let it suffice that though Messrs. Twining, still benevolently functioning on the original site of the business they founded before the eighteenth century was quite ten years old, called their house a coffee-house, they were pretty soon triumphing with tea even more than with coffee. The point is important; for as surely as white coffee is appropriate to the light Continental way of breaking the fast, and black coffee to the ending of luncheon and of dinner, tea is the perfect accompaniment of most of the dishes served at the wisely-arranged modern English breakfast.

What tea does to meat consumed with it is a subject for experts on the tanning of leather rather than a subject for an amateur of good living and decent dying. But tea does not quarrel with bacon; and when Emily Brontë wrote, "Three gods within this little frame are fighting night and day," she cannot have meant bacon and eggs and tea. They agree better than the birds in Dr. Watts's poem, "Birds in their little nests agree," and far better than the characters in Mr. Hilaire Belloc's terse and tragic poem written after a visit to a Chinese restaurant to consume birds' nest soup:

> Birds in their little nests agree
> With Chinamen but not with me.

But it is not to be supposed that because the hen product and the pig product and the vegetable product ally themselves so admirably, only the hen and the pig accord with tea. Certainly there are differences between God's edible creatures: the zoologists tell us so, and not only the zoologists but the poet who wrote:

> The feathered tribes on pinions cleave the air,
> Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear.

And to come to the point, the kipper, which is neither pork flesh nor fowl product nor good red herring, is a stout ally of tea.

People so plebeian as to be afraid of being thought plebeian tremble at the idea of eating the kipper at afternoon tea. Likely enough I shall explain in a later article of this series why under ordinary conditions afternoon tea should consist of tea and nothing else; but any man or woman who has taken enough exercise to justify some sort of high tea, and has no dinner worth mentioning in prospect, might do much worse than have a kipper at tea. But this good creature is also admirable at breakfast on occasion. Next, the haddock, which shares the negative habits of the poet's mackerel, and never raises a question as insoluble as that of whether kippers swim open or closed. The only reproach that can be directed against the haddock, which also goes very well with matutinal tea, is that it is always for middle-class England cooked in the one way, a way good enough when the material is sound and the executant not contemptuous of a cheap fish, but a way which does grave injustice to the possibilities of a fish that under encouragement can show versatility. Why, in the name of the muse of gastronomy, is previously cooked haddock not made oftener into a soufflé for breakfast? Whether it should be so given its chance without admixture of other fish must depend on the ferocity or mildness of its curing; but judiciously mitigated, or where possible unmitigated, it can yield in a soufflé for breakfast a tang most acceptable in the morning.

This may lead one to inquire why more of the dishes ordinarily appropriated by luncheon or dinner or supper are not given a chance of appearing at breakfast. Take egg dishes. In the typical middle-class English household, and in the inns and minor hotels of England, we may have only boiled eggs, poached eggs, fried eggs, and scrambled eggs; whereas the French, even without their wise borrowing from some other nations, have an immense repertoire of egg dishes. Naturally enough, seeing the character of the French breakfast, they attach nearly all those dishes to the second meal of the day: why should we, with our

different breakfast and different luncheon, do likewise? There are at least thirty ways of cooking eggs which might, at least occasionally, be remembered by the autocrats of the English breakfast table, but which in fact are totally ignored. I speak rather of eggs *sur le plat*, so pleasant to cook at the table itself, of many ways of doing eggs *en cocotte*, of eggs *à la tripe*, than of the omelette. For if there be any subject, culinary or other, on which nonsense has been more emphatically talked I do not know of it. So far from the omelette, at least as good a thing to have at breakfast as at lunch, being a miracle to which no one but a French cook, if dowered with a *tour de main*, can attain, it is a thing which anyone who obeys certain very simple rules can produce almost to perfection after a few experiments, and the results even of the experiments will not be inedible, if the rules have been obeyed. The first thing needed is a pan used for nothing but the making of omelettes. This should never be washed or scoured, merely wiped with clean kitchen paper after the butter has been poured off and then, just before the next omelette is made in it, put on the fire for a few seconds and again wiped out. There is nothing in the least insanitary in this way of treating the omelette pan, and it averts the risk of "catching." The next things needed are the best of butter and the best of eggs. Nothing else but seasoning is requisite, and wicked persons who put milk or cornflour or such noxious superfluities into an omelette have only themselves to blame for the leathery result. And as for the legendary *tour de main*, all that constitutes it is the ability, after the eggs have entered the pan, gently to pump-handle the handle of the pan in such a way, off the fire, and for only a couple of seconds, as to get the slightly-thickening omelette rolled up at the end of the pan opposite to the operator; after which the omelette should be given a few more seconds over the fire, with the pan so inclined that all the butter is then under the rolled-up delight. If there be any other secret about the omelette, it can only be that the kitchen should be very near the dining-room, and that the omelette should be dished on a dish that is warm but not more than warm, lest it should either cool to leather or lose the

creaminess of its interior through the heat of the dish on which it is served.

To pass from the requirements of the modest epicure, who so often in England must be "content to ask unlikely gifts in vain," to the requirements of the gentleman who has done himself a little too well the previous evening, why are there so few savoury things available at the average British breakfast? It will have been gathered from what I have said in parts of my article on the English dinner and of this article on the English breakfast that I am not an extreme *laudator temporis acti*, but here I must recall that our Elizabethan Massinger wrote:

> I usher
> Such an unexpected dainty but for *breakfast*
> As never yet I cooked—'tis not botargo,
> Fried frogs, potatoes marrowed, caviare . . .
> And yet a drawer on too . . .

Is there any "reason in nature" why for the weaker, or stronger, of our brethren certain of the things classically or contemporaneously served as hors d'œuvres at luncheon should not be given a chance of appearing now and then at breakfast? The French have decreed that they should appertain to déjeuner, and from their own point of view perfectly rightly; the French breakfast defines itself in the epithet prefixed to it. But we are talking of the English breakfast, and earlier we were talking of tea and coffee as beverages. Now there are many things of the hors d'oeuvres or savoury class which, unless we are madmen, we must deny ourselves when wine is to be drunk: why should we lose the opportunity of consuming them at a meal at which wine will not appear?

There is a good deal to be said for the still familiar, but I think rather less frequently met with, devilled dishes—always provided that the reference be to the devilling of things either strong flavoured enough to maintain something of their character under the treatment, or to things so lacking in flavour that they benefit by it. But it seems to me that there is more to be said for certain dishes, either very rare in England or very badly prepared here, which derive their virtue from a marinade process. The homely

soused herring and soused mackerel are common enough, though not I suppose at the breakfast table; they are far surpassed by a preparation of the same class which seems to be unknown in England and which constitutes an excellent breakfast dish for a summer morning when the breakfasters are men and have revelled over-late the previous night. For this, the fish to be treated, mackerel by preference, are placed for three or four hours between two layers of very coarse salt. At the end of that time they are taken out of the salt, roughly wiped, brushed over with olive oil, and grilled without being allowed to take on too much colour. They are then placed in a marinading vessel, the marinade is poured over them, and when it has cooled a very thin layer of olive oil is put over all. They are then left in a cool place for forty-eight hours, for not till then are they ready to be consumed. The marinade is simplicity itself, consisting merely of equal quantities of white wine, vinegar and water, some shallots, some sliced carrot, some thyme, a bay leaf, some parsley, a clove, and a few pepper corns, but no salt. All this is brought to the boil and kept simmering for twenty minutes or so before straining over the fish. Vinegar in all its forms being the deadly enemy of wine, it is pretty well denied the intelligent luncher or diner: why not seize the opportunity of having a marinaded dish at breakfast time?

But, to be sure, in our climate the number of days on which a cold dish would be attractive at breakfast is not very large. What then about hot savouries, transferred from the end of the English dinner, where they are very much out of place if any wine is being drunk, to the English breakfast? And what about adopting one or two Continental savouries? I know none more worthy of adoption than the excellent *Croque-monsieur*. This is begun by melting some butter, adding a little flour and after a minute some hot milk. This mixture is allowed to cook for about a quarter of an hour and then put aside until tepid, when eggs and grated Gruyère cheese are added to it. The mixture is then spread over pieces of lean ham reposing on slices of stale bread, and these pieces of bread are then fried until thoroughly crisp.

Crisp ! the very word is like a knell. At some date which I am unable to determine the whole British race decided that the egg, unless boiled, must be perched on toast. It is pertinent to recall an admirable drawing of Phil May's in which the visitor to a lunatic asylum was approached by one of its inmates with an inquiry as to whether he had about him a piece of toast, and to the visitor's counter-inquiry why he required toast the inmate replied that he was a poached egg and wanted to sit down. It is pertinent, I say, to recall this because only in the brain of a madman could have originated the idea that toast, the characteristic merit of which is to be crisp, should have imposed on it an egg to make it sodden.

But breakfast is not so leisurely a meal as to justify my lingering over it, and I must hasten to my conclusion, which shall be about fruit. In a fairly considerable if decidedly desultory reading of gastronomic literature I have found only one man, but he a poet and no less a man than James Hogg, in protest against fruit at the later meals of the day. If his be a prejudice, I, too, am prejudiced : Breakfast is not only medically the time, but gastronomically the only time, to eat fruit. And indeed I have it on respectable authority that the morning of the world was the morning in order that the diet should be fruitarian. Listen to Samuel Pegge, the elder, annotating in 1780 "The Forme of Cury," compiled about 1390 by the cooks of King Richard II :--

> If, according to Petavius and Le Clerc, the world was created in autumn, when the fruits of the earth were both plentiful and in the highest perfection, the first man had little occasion for much culinary knowledge ; roasting or boiling the cruder productions, with modes of preserving those which were better ripened, seem to be all that was necessary for him in the way of *Cury*. And even after he was displaced from Paradise, I conceive, as many others do, he was not permitted the use of animal food (Gen. i. 29) ; but that this was indulged to us, by an enlargement of our charter, after the Flood (Gen. ix. 3).

Yet surely in the morning of the world there must have been bacon and eggs and marmalade. Else, why did the first sleeper waken ?

THE LOVELY RHINE

By Alec Waugh

IT was by way of Aachen that I came into Germany for the first time. I was tired, stiff, cold and very hungry.

I was travelling in an unheated third-class carriage. The journey from Douai to Karlsruhe took four days. It was in the spring of 1918 and I was a prisoner of war. Every detail of that journey is clear before my mind. For days my senses had known nothing but weariness, frustration, and something that went deeper than discontent. For days my eyes had not rested on one lovely thing. Then suddenly there was the Rhine. With the hills between Bonn and Mainz a patchwork of green and brown ; with the staves of the vineyards gleaming yellow in the sun, with the sentinel Drackenfels brooding over the green-grey waters and the barges that paddled their slow way to Holland. "What a country," I thought, "to come back to afterwards !"

To-day no European country holds the imagination of the traveller with the magnet of a more diversified appeal. It has youth and it has age. It is the expression of a new idea. It is the museum of a vanished epoch. Nowhere does the spirit of the Middle Ages linger more hauntingly, more wooingly than in those small townships that for centuries the caprice of history left self-contained and self-sufficient, overlooked of empire, to retain their customs and their dress, their way of life and their way of thought. Perched with their gables and their turrets on the tops of hills, or set along the Rhine and Danube with their baroque or Gothic spires, and their crumbling fortifications wandering like a stream at hazard through the tangle of added streets, they are such toy cities as the magician's wand created in the long nursery saga of a childhood's reading, while side by side with them is the architecture

with which Germany has translated the idiom of Manhattan into the idiom of modern Europe.

Every country is a country of contrast. This is Germany's. That nowhere should the past be evoked more faithfully and nowhere should the modern idiom be so forcefully and emphatically stated. It is a contrast that has its roots in the nature of the German temperament. Caricature portrays the German either as a fat old man nodding over a mug of beer or as a fussed, unhappy little person obsequious before authority. Each picture exaggerates a basic truth. When you sit on a summer evening in a shaded beer garden, with the Rhine flowing past below you, with a band playing sentimental music, and kindly-eyed, lazy-seeming people puffing at long pipes and lifting their emptying steins, you have the same eternal feeling of time not mattering that you get on the beaches of a South Sea atoll. And "This is Germany," you think. Then, on your first evening on a German liner a bath steward will arrive. His list is marked off in quarters of an hour. He asks when you would like your morning bath. You tell him that you do not know. "But how then can I book your bath," he says. You try to explain that no man before he has dined can tell how or when he will awake next morning. But the bath steward will shake his head unhappily. If you cannot decide now when you will want a bath for every morning of your trip, he does not see how he can arrange to let you have one. And that, too, is Germany.

And it is that side of Germany, the side that expresses itself in punctuality, orderliness, a rigid respect for rules, that has found itself in tune with the modern idiom. The architectural idiom of Manhattan is one of practicality of economy in space, of the beauty of hard lines. With that idiom Germany is in tune. To see modernism at its best in architecture and decoration, one has to go to Germany. The German film is a corollary to that translation.

As the outcome of this contrast, this mingling of what is very old and very new, there is no one probably to whom Germany has not something personal and peculiar to say.

For those who are happiest with a knapsack upon their backs, an uncertain itinerary before them, but the necessity for good inns and fellowship at the fall of night, there is the Black Forest and the Bavarian Alps, with their sudden happenings on friendly hostelries. For the musician there is Munich. For the avid of new cults there are the nature-culturists. As a pleasure city, Berlin is unparalleled in Europe. It has not the light gaiety of Vienna ; it is less elaborate, less smart than Paris ; but its night life combines two characteristics that I have found in no other city except New York: it is accessible—which that of London is not, since London's night life is confined to clubs and private houses—and it is at the same time an expression of the life and tastes of its inhabitants. It is not like Montmartre, a glorified Luna Park.

As all other places, Germany can become for oneself, the thing one chooses. But it is to the Rhine and the Rhineland life that the most of us refer, I fancy, when we speak of Germany. Myself, I have often wondered where, should chance allow me, I would soonest spend those years when one's work is done, when one has become a spectator, apart from contest and ambition. Sometimes I have seen myself in the arm-chair of a London club answering the incredulous questionings of the young : "But you don't mean to say that you can remember seeing horse buses in Piccadilly" ; sometimes in Villefranche, on the verandah of the Welcome bar, watching the sailors at work upon their nets, and the brown skinned children tumbling down the narrow streets and the dark-eyed, dark-skinned girls sauntering together in the dusk along the quay ; sometimes in Tahiti, wearing like a mantle the scents and sounds and magic of Tahiti; in many places I have so seen myself. But I have often thought that nowhere during those years could one be happier than on the terrace of a Rhineland garden with the sound of sentimental music in one's ears, the flavour of cool dry wine upon one's tongue, and before one's musing eyes, the river in whose flowing Heraclitus centuries back saw symbolised the passage of human life.

POOR EGYPT

By Owen Tweedy

I

A GOOD many years ago now, our Irish nurse went on a holiday to Brighton, and in the course of a post or two, the three of us in the nursery received dazzling picture postcards to announce her safe arrival. Mine was facetious in conception. It depicted a holiday-making family, father, mother and five children, sleeping in one bed, and very precariously covered with a single lodging-house blanket. It was captioned: "We are having a lovely time. When father says turn, we all turn." I remember how sympathetically I laughed: for my elder brother and I were bed-fellows, and he always got most of the sheet. Somehow I never forgot that postcard, and when a quarter of a century later Egypt and its politics began to monopolise my interests, I one day realised that my memory had held with a purpose. That lodging-house family was political Egypt.

The Egyptian system since the days of the Pharaohs has always been patriarchal. "Fathers" have succeeded "fathers," and at their bidding all Egypt has turned; and what was true in Pharaonic and Roman days and in Arab and Turkish days, has been as consistently true since Egypt came within the orbit of modern politics. A story is told of the Khedive Ismail that towards the end of his reign, in unwilling deference to the demands of his foreign creditors, he convoked what amounted to a Chamber of Notables as a first step towards democratic and constitutional government in Egypt. As the members had not the faintest notion of what democracy—to say nothing of constitutions—meant, the Khedive in his opening speech was at pains to explain. "Constitutional and

democratic government," he said, "consists of a Parliament, and you are the Egyptian Parliament in whose deliberations I shall personally participate. A parliamentary régime ensures full liberty of speech and comprises a government and an opposition, the members of which sit facing each other in the parliament house. Now, gentlemen, you will divide yourselves, the adherents of the government to the right, the opposition to the left. I myself," he added, "shall take my seat on the government benches." He moved slowly to the right, and after a moment of blank bewilderment, there was a wild scramble in his wake; and when all were seated it was found that his government would have no opposition. The benches on the left were absolutely empty. "Father" had said, "Turn," and they had all turned, swayed not by the interests of this or that political programme, but solely by the domination of a single man who was temporarily in power.

II

Egyptians to-day have progressed far beyond the ignorance of their grandfathers of Ismail's Parliament: but it would be gross exaggeration to maintain that outside the articulate and literate 15 per cent. of the population, who control the destinies of the country, democracy and constitutional government are other than vague though oft-repeated words. The Egyptian populace is still swayed by two motives only—the price of cotton and the orders of the man who is at the moment at the head of the government. Party programmes—except where they advance hopes of an improvement in the price of cotton—provoke no interest; the *fellah* does not vote for a cause but for a man: and when a man is elected, be he never so unpopular, 85 per cent. of the inhabitants of the country will do what he tells them to do, whether they like it or not. For the Egyptian prefers those orders which tell him to do something, to those which tell him not to do this or that. Mr. Lansbury's recent words on the subject of beer gardens in the public parks are eminently applicable to the Valley of the Nile. "I have lived long enough," he said, "to

learn that ' thou shalt not ' is not so good a law as ' thou shalt.' "

Since the inauguration of parliamentary government in 1924, five parliamentary parties have registered themselves in Egypt, four of which have intermittently controlled the fortunes of the country. But it would be a mistake to infer from these statistics that there has been any marked variety in the national programme of the country. All parties have had almost identical policies and the periodical changes of government have been due, not so much to the failure of this or that policy, as to the eclipse of one or another leader. Policies are completely subordinated to personalities, and the history of Egyptian parliamentary life since 1924 has been the story of a bitter struggle between individuals for personal power. These individual " fathers " at whose behest the Egyptian public has—willingly or unwillingly—turned, have, with strangely similar programmes, produced a regrettable tension of animosity which has ended by completely bewildering their " children " as to the principles of democracy and constitutional government: and this concentration of mutual animosity has not made for that progress in Egyptian development which the " children " who pay the taxes might have considered themselves entitled to expect. Instead, the fall of one " father " and the rise of his successor has become the normal signal for an outbreak of what might be called a political vendetta. Almost automatically, officials of an outgoing régime have been summarily replaced by newcomers faithful to a new government: old laws have been rescinded; new laws have been promulgated, and the patient populace has accepted everything and anything, hoping only that somehow the price of cotton would rise. All this is, of course, the worst possible type of education for the " children " in the art of democratic government. It may be argued that they were not and are not fitted for democratic government and that democracy was thrust upon them. Be that as it may, they are doubly unfortunate in that the experiment hitherto has been almost entirely conducted on negative lines.

III

The present time is, however, not lacking in elements of hope for the future. A little over a year ago Ismail Sidky Pasha was summoned by King Fuad to form a Ministry to replace that of Nahas Pasha. The leader of the Wafdist Party had stupidly failed to clinch treaty negotiations with this country, and still more stupidly, had subsequently involved himself in a quarrel with the King over a fatuous piece of legislation, designed to legalise political vendettas. Sidky was a bold man to accept office. His accession to power was in the face of popular wishes, in the sense that the parliament to which he was to be responsible was composed almost entirely of persons of Wafdist sympathies. But with King Fuad behind him, he first prorogued and subsequently dissolved it, and then embarked on a programme of legislative reform designed on the one hand to give the country a more practical constitution, and on the other to produce a parliament which would be less unwieldy and more representative—in Sidky's own words, " a parliament in which quality would be represented rather than quantity." He and his Royal Master were at once violently attacked by the Wafdist elements in the country. There were riots; blood was spilled: for a week, revolution was in the offing: indeed, under less resolute leadership the government would have fallen. Happily for Egypt, Sidky was fully equal to the occasion. He countered force by force, and by September the country was again calm, and he was able to concentrate on the major lines of his policy, the amendment of the Constitution and of the Electoral Law.

Constitutions are vague and complicated things, uninteresting and mainly unintelligible to the average man in the street. And they are peculiarly remote from the British mentality, as we have no written constitution and have a perfect genius for amending our constitutional status without realising that we are doing anything of the kind. The curtailment of the powers of the House of Lords in 1911 was a nine-days' wonder at the time, but now, to a younger generation, it is accepted as a *fait accompli*

of remote importance, while "votes for women" during the war and the more recent enfranchisement of flappers were generally interpreted either as party manœuvres or as normal evolutions. All, actually, were radical amendments to our unwritten constitution, and gave further proof to European students of our mentality, that the British are so stupid that they have constitutional revolutions without knowing it.

These recent constitutional amendments of ours have admittedly been in the direction of wider democracy, whereas the Egyptian amendments tend, as admittedly, in the opposite direction. They have been prompted by a feeling, felt, not only by Sidky, but by many of his present opponents, that the original Egyptian Constitution of 1923 was framed on lines of liberality, far too advanced for a people whose political education was only beginning. This digression into British politics is designed to introduce a discussion of the Egyptian reaction to Sidky's so-called reactionary policy. He is publicly charged by the majority of the political leaders who in the past have controlled the destinies of the country of being the oppressor of the people's rights, of a tendency towards the undue reinforcement of the Royal prerogative, and of dictatorial designs. He is depicted as forcing these reactionary measures on the country with the support of the British army of occupation. The British government is described as his treacherous partner in an anti-democratic movement in Egypt which we ought, if there was any sincerity in British democracy, to be opposing tooth and nail. To what extent the poor Egyptian *fellahim* appreciate these reasonings I am not in a position to estimate, beyond expressing an opinion that they are probably quite as unintelligible to them as to the average Briton in the street. On the other side, however, I feel that I can speak with some assurance. The instinct of the British public to-day is at all costs to refrain from interference in what is palpably an Egyptian domestic problem; while our reading of the role of the British Army in Egypt is that it is there, not to bolster up this or that Egyptian government, but to safeguard foreign interests in the country pending the conclusion

of some agreement between the two governments which establishes alternative and equally satisfactory guarantees.

IV

Sidky has been relentlessly and not unsuccessfully attacked by his opponents, and although he and his government may one day be described in Egyptian history as the creators of independent Egypt, the fact remains that at the moment, he is not popular. The real reason for his unpopularity is to be found not in Egyptian, but in world problems. Sidky inherited a cotton situation which his predecessors had embarrassed by futile wholesale buyings. He quickly appreciated that the solution of the Egyptian cotton crisis depended on world, and not on local developments, and he has not plunged deeper in the market. But the world crisis has not ended and cotton has dropped further in price since his accession to power. Egyptians have two tiresome characteristics. In the first place, they love to be able to blame someone for everything. If our recent earthquakes had extended to Egypt, most probably there would have been a movement to attack the responsibility for the phenomenon either to King Fuad or Sidky. In the second place, they are intensely "parish pump." They see little beyond Egypt, and as a result they imagine that what goes wrong in Egypt is always due to extraneous malevolence directed against them personally. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's visit to America last summer coincided with an alarming slump in the price of Egyptian cotton. At once the story went round that the object of his mission was not to discuss disarmament with Mr. Hoover, but the creation of an Anglo-American ring of cotton buyers to starve Egyptian cultivators into an acceptance of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, in return for which our government would allow America to build as large a navy as Uncle Sam wished. It is well that such stories should be told, as they illustrate the difficulty of government in Egypt: and they go far to explain Sidky's reputed unpopularity the extent of which his opponents, at present in England, are so studiously disseminating.

A rise in the world-price of cotton and Sidky would lose 85 per cent. of his present unpopularity.

Sidky very wisely has made a point of replying promptly to all attacks. He has countered manifesto by manifesto, manœuvre by manœuvre, charge by countercharge; and his tactics have preserved public order in the country, and he has won his elections. But what the average Egyptian *fellah* thinks of it all, goodness only knows. He has been told black was white and green red, until he must be well nigh colour blind; and before his bewildered eyes has been played what amounts to a club war game of strategy.

Much ink has been spilled regarding these latest Egyptian elections. Sidky is represented as having coerced the simple voter and forcibly prevented the leaders of the opposition from touring the constituencies. The bald recitation of these charges rings ominously in British ears, and it is quite true that if elections were to be conducted in this country on lines similar to those followed by Sidky last May, there would be prompt public outcry. But Egypt is not Great Britain, nor is there any similarity between the party systems in the two countries. The charge of "coercion" is not so serious as it sounds. Just as children have to be forced to assimilate the habit of washing their teeth in the morning before breakfast, so had the Egyptian *fellah* to be induced to fulfil his duty as a voter. His education started in 1923. At first, he was wildly suspicious. He had no idea what his voting paper meant, and goodness knows what horrors he might not be letting himself in for if he signed it. But eight years has taught him much. During election times not only could he sell his vote after a nice haggle, but he had the pleasure of being courted by the great man of his village who normally bullied him; and in the process he acquired a pleasant importance as a voter. In 1923 his instinct had been not to vote: in 1931, he was almost keen. And in 1931, the Egyptian mentality demonstrated the characteristic to which I have already alluded. Sidky Pasha's political opponents decided to boycott the elections, and set out to try to prevent their former supporters from voting. "Thou shalt not," they said. "Thou shalt," said Sidky. And the *fellahim* did. The second charge,

the forcible prevention of leaders of the opposition from visiting the constituencies, is frankly silly. These gentlemen were not standing for parliament: they were boycotting it; and their visits to the constituencies were bluntly designed to "coerce" the simple voter *not* to vote. They were, of course, prevented and their subsequent outburst of indignation savours only of "the pot calling the kettle black."

V

It is hard to follow the reasoning of Sidky's opponents in their decision to boycott the elections. As they had made no secret of their opposition to his proposed amendments to the constitution and the electoral law, it would appear that their normal duty lay in ventilating their opposition from the hustings. Undoubtedly they hoped that their boycott would stultify the elections or even make them impossible, in which case, they would have achieved their ends automatically. But they reckoned without proper appreciation of Sidky's adroitness and courage, and in the end played wholesale into his hands. He has profited to the full from the long series of their blunders and has proved himself to be a political strategist of the highest calibre, and a hard-working, astute and ruthless administrator. I may be permitted to quote the comment of a German resident in Cairo: "Admittedly his opponents were poor stuff, as ridiculous and as inefficient as we found the Rumanians in 1916; but he has revealed a tactical genius which any general would envy. You ought to have had him in France before the Somme, and the war would have been over in 1917."

No one, however—least of all, Sidky himself—imagines that he can now sit back and rest on his laurels. He has come through the first stages of a bitter struggle, a new Egyptian "father" at whose bidding Egypt has once again turned. But he has difficult days ahead of him. Cotton is still a wretched market; the tourists, on whom the country depends so much, are staying at home to economise; and his political opponents will strain every nerve to perpetuate the belief in his "family," that he is responsible for

all their woes. But in one respect, Egypt is momentarily happy. For almost the first time since 1922, the country is "out of the news." What is happening there is of domestic, and not of world interest; and for the first time since the declaration of Egyptian independence, the country is set to solve for itself a series of issues which are purely Egyptian and which have nothing to do with foreign politics. This state of affairs is as favourable to Sidky, as it is unfavourable to the plans of his opponents. They have failed to beat him on his own ground, and although their hope is that somehow or other he may become involved in some complication with a foreign power—preferably Great Britain, outside Egypt, their recriminations fall on apathetic ears. This is as it should be. We have no call to fight the domestic battles of Sidky's opponents and he may rest assured that neither we nor any other nation wish to embarrass him gratuitously. This does not mean that we consider him, what his rivals call him, "Our man."

The fact is that we, like the majority of Egyptians themselves, are heartily weary of the sterility of Anglo-Egyptian politics, and whether Egyptians believe it or not, we are, and it is to be hoped, we shall remain, absolutely neutral in the present conflict.

It is strange, on reaching the concluding paragraph of an article on Egypt, to discover that it contains no discussion of treaty terms. The reason is that this year, so absorbed were most of my Egyptian friends, in blackguarding their own countrymen from King Fuad downwards, that interest waned on the topic of Anglo-Egyptian relations. Only once did I get to grips about the future. I was talking to an extremely disgruntled Wafdist leader, who waxed eloquent in his disgust over Nahas' pig-headed failure to reach an agreement in London a year ago. "But," he went on "when we again come to power, things will go quite smoothly. Public opinion has swung right round. Once we wanted to get rid of you all so intensely, that we were ready to bribe you out of the country. Now, although we want the British occupation to be ended, we feel we need your alliance so intensely in this wicked world, that your friendship as an ally is worth real sacrifice on our part."

Later, discussion turned on the stumbling block of the Sudan. "What I cannot understand," continued my friend, "is why anyone wants the Sudan. Cotton or no cotton, it is a ghastly place, full of sand and savages, and malaria and lions. If I were King Fuad, I would say to the British Government: "So long as you let the Nile go on flowing into my Valley and Delta, you may keep the beastly Sudan, and good luck to you. I'm going to stay in Cairo."

MOROCCO

The Graveyard of the Spanish Monarchy

By Walter Fox-Strangways

IT may be said that, for the final collapse of the last of the Bourbons, France is much to blame; for, had it not been for the success of French adventures in Morocco, Don Alfonso would never have thought of embarking on the perilous Colonial adventure which led at last to exile.

The disaster to Silvestre's forces at Annual was the prelude to a long and hopeless losing battle fought principally by the Regulares and the Foreign Legion, both of them in essence non-Spanish troops, against an enemy equally determined with that which faced the French, and in a terrain incomparably more difficult.

The Spanish line troops who had yet to be tried in battle soon showed that, in any guerilla warfare such as the Riff country demands, they were worse than useless.

What was the result? Battalion after battalion of Spanish line regiments were poured into Morocco, only to waste their energies and the nation's money on garrison duties in Melilla, Tetuan, Ceuta and Larache, while the mere handful of Legionaries and native troops (Regulares) suffered in the unremitting strife against Abdel Krim and others casualties which vied with the worst records of the Great War. Thus, on more than one occasion, a battalion of the Legion or of the Regulares lost in one action more than 75 per cent. of its effectives, both officers and men.

The financial position of Spain after the Great War was exceptionally good, thanks to the wise use of neutrality, so that the immediate drain on the national resources in Morocco was not very noticeable, the more so as it was

pesetas and not lives which were being spent. The loss in life was practically limited to foreign "volunteers" and native levies.

The time soon came, however, when the difficulty of filling the cadres of the depleted auxiliary forces became an urgent one. In 1922, the situation was further complicated by the action of the British Government, who, in view of the unsatisfactory conditions of service in the Spanish Foreign Legion, decided to take the unprecedented step of withdrawing such of their nationals as were then serving in that force, and forbidding the engagement of others. At least one other Government took action of a similar sort, and the result was soon felt, although, as in the French Foreign Legion, the majority of the recruits were of German nationality.

About this time, a few months after the Melilla disaster, Don Alfonso made a further desperate bid for success in Morocco and for the retention of his waning popularity. General Damaso Berenguer, a real "die-hard" and staunch supporter of the Monarchy, was appointed High Commissioner for the Spanish Zone of Morocco, with residence at Tetuan, whither the centre of interest in the Moroccan scene had now shifted.

The Tetuan region was less susceptible to Abdel Krim's influence and was, indeed, largely under the sway of the famous Raisuli, now staging a "come-back" after his earlier and better-known exploits, including the kidnapping of Walter Harris, the *Times* correspondent. This region, however, was equally unsettled, and the terrain was, if possible, more difficult than that in the surroundings of Melilla. The Regulares and the Foreign Legion were still operating, the latter favoured by the proximity of its chief base at Dar-Riffien, between Tetuan and Ceuta.

But proximity breeds contempt. A few short weeks after Berenguer's arrival, no Spaniard, civilian or soldier, could show his nose outside the walls of Tetuan without at once becoming a target for snipers safely ensconced on the fronting foothills of the G'mara range. Communications between Rio Martin, the "toy" port of Tetuan, and the "capital," and between the latter and the Ceuta

base were repeatedly cut ; so often, in fact, that it was a standing subject for wagers among the gambling population of Tetuan whether the evening express from Ceuta (20 miles—1½ hours) or from Rio Martin (5 miles—1 hour), would arrive, not to time, but at all. The only train that, on principle, was never interfered with was the early morning "fish-express" from Rio Martin to Tetuan (the Moors have always been great fish-eaters).

Matters, therefore got worse rather than better. Nor did a show-visit arranged for Admiral Pelly, then commanding the Gibraltar station, meet with anything more than a *succès d'estime*, in so far as the cavalcade or cortège of cars passed from Ceuta to Tetuan and vice-versa amid an almost continuous double-hedge of legionaries, posted at intervals of about one hundred yards.

Matters were further complicated by the fact that, among the more energetic and lively supporters of Raisuli and the other dissidents were some of the more important Moorish families in the town of Tetuan itself ; the situation was rendered doubly difficult in that most of these were British Subjects or Semsars.

The "Semsar" almost needs a paragraph to himself, in the sense that he is neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring ; he is an anomaly which has never existed elsewhere than in Morocco, and still drags out a painful, precarious but continued existence to-day, despite the open war declared on him in the French zone. Roughly speaking, the position is this : Messrs. Jones, Abuzeid, Brown, Abitbol, and Robinson, the eminent cotton-brokers of Manchester, have done business with Morocco ever since Grandpa Abuzeid first saw the light of day. Naturally, they have a local agent in each chief town of Morocco ; and they naturally want this agent to be protected, to a certain extent, from the depredations of local kaids, brigands, or even Governments. What more simple, then (a lenient Sultan originally permitting) than to declare him (for the purposes of business only, be it mentioned) a "British protected Subject" (locally—"Semsar")? The whole trouble is, of course, that, in practice, it is not only for the purpose of business ; hence continual conflicts of opinion between

the unfortunate local Consul, and the even more unfortunate local authorities.

These Subjects and Semsars, then, were a continual thorn in the flesh of Berenguer, and, indeed, in that of Raisuli and other revolutionary chieftains, in that they "stung" both sides with the greatest freedom and impartiality. Nor were protests to the Legation at Tangier of any avail, since Raisuli, being, as everyone knew, a reformed character since his kidnapping of Harris, could obviously do no wrong. The blame therefore recoiled on Berenguer, and thence, by easy stages, to the steps of the Throne.

Utterly exaggerated claims for compensation filed by these Subjects and Semsars further complicated the position. A man would have possessed a couple of acres of barren and untilled land on the outskirts of Tetuan, on which, perhaps, a couple of miserable fig-trees eked out a precarious existence. This was quite ground enough on which to base a claim against the Spanish Government for many thousands of pesetas, or "douros," for damages caused by the insurrectionary movement, which was largely financed and wholly abetted by the claimants. At one time, the writer had filed in his office claims from British Subjects and Semsars (not one of whom were pure British nationality) running into millions of pesetas.

Complacent in the idea of their immunity, under British protection, the members of one of the most influential Moorish families in Tetuan actually connived with Raisuli in the accomplishment of one of the most spectacular "coups" ever staged in Morocco—nothing less than the carrying off and holding to ransom of one of the Khalifa's Ministry. (The Khalifa is the direct representative of the Sultan in the Spanish zone, a kind of Viceroy, save that he is of Royal blood.) This having been accomplished, the ringleaders then had the audacity to use one of their own servants as the go-between for the purpose of fixing the amount of the ransom payable !

On the rare occasions when the British Minister at Tangier did pay a visit to the Spanish Zone, he was well shepherded by the Subjects and Semsars, even to the point

of not being allowed to pay a courtesy call on the Spanish High Commissioner, a lack of tact which naturally rankled with Berenguer. Our Minister was probably quite unaware of this further slighting of Spanish prestige, but it hardly encouraged the Spaniards in the belief that, as the French undoubtedly did in their Zone, they enjoyed the moral support of Europe in their efforts to colonise an intractable country.

The Concert of Europe, if it could then be said to exist, was content to play drawing-room music in Tangier, the happy consonance of which was scarcely disturbed by the re-assuring reports regularly issued by Lyautey from his Zone. The mutterings of war from the Spanish Zone were conveniently drowned in the harmonious International Zone concerto.

The idea of a " French " Sultan had ever been fostered sedulously by the Quai d'Orsay, so much so that many of our countrymen, including some of those in high official positions, were under the impression that the Sultan himself was under French protection and administered the whole of Morocco as a vassal of France. Conflicts between the French and Spanish authorities in the so-called " International " Zone of Tangier were of frequent occurrence, and were treated as normal. Whereas, the facts were that the Sultan was Sultan of the whole country, under nobody's protection ; that he administered the French Zone in collaboration with and, if you will, under the protection of the French ; that his Khalifa administered the Spanish Zone in collaboration with and under the protection of Spain ; and that he was Sultan in and of the International Zone, in which no single power could claim to exercise protection. This, however, did not prevent the French and Spanish from having their own police force in this Zone and generally trying to incorporate it in their own particular Zone.

Nor, in spite of its vaunted superior colonisation and administration, were matters much more satisfactory in the French Zone than in the Spanish. Agadir was still a closed port, so much so that even the British Vice-Consul, in whose district it lay, was not allowed to visit it. The

cars of the Compagnie des Transports Marocains assured, it is true, a regular and comfortable service between Rabat, Casablanca, Fez, Meknes, Marrakesh, Mazagan, Saffi, and Mogador ; but, once the foothills of the Atlas were reached, the French were facing a guerilla just as ruthless and sustained as that waged by Abdel Krim and Raisuli in the Spanish Zone.

Early in 1923, Mr. Bertie Corcos, a well-known resident of Mogador, a British Subject and an ex-officer, was kidnapped in broad daylight by the Kaid Hajji, a gentleman who " administered " the zone between Saffi and Mogador, under French " protection," and it was only by the armed intervention of certain of his friends and relatives that he escaped the usual fate of kidnappees in the Near or Far East. The French pooh-poohed the affair, and, although the local Contrôleur Civil had, in the end, to be relieved of his office, the satisfaction obtained through our Foreign Office by the victim of the outrage and his family was nil.

Yet, it should have been obvious that, considering the advantages they enjoyed in their Zone through superior means of communication, the French had an altogether easier country in which to operate. Besides, they enjoyed the very strongly-expressed moral support of Europe, yet they made no better a job of it than the Spaniards.

It seems misplaced, so near the end of an article, to call all that has preceded a prelude, yet such it is in fact, a prelude quite necessary to the clear understanding of the gigantic problem which Spain, incorporated by its Throne, had to face in Morocco, a problem complicated by the fact that the dice from the start were loaded against them.

Spain had to combat not only an extremely mobile enemy, operating in a very difficult country, but also the tacit and open enmity of the Powers, secretly expressed by a hundred petty hindrances and discouragements, openly expressed by (to put it euphemistically) the failure of certain Powers to control the actions of some of their nationals, who furnished the rebels with arms, ammunition, aircraft, and officers. Furthermore, when the Spaniards really thought they had their foe cornered, the latter only too often sought

sanctuary by crossing the borders of the French and International Zones.

It was another Boer War all over again, undertaken this time by a nation which had considerably less experience of Colonial warfare than had Great Britain in South Africa, and which had to face an even more openly-expressed hostile opinion and active collaboration on the part of the Powers than that which confronted England in her South African struggle.

Into this hopeless cause King Alfonso, urged on by Berenguer and the other die-hards, threw himself with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause. It was, if you will, a gambler's throw, in the sense that other forces were already at work in the Peninsula undermining the prestige of the Throne; and in this sense, it may be said to have had some justification. The upshot of it was to deal a mortal blow to the tottering Monarchy and, though the final effect of that blow has only just been felt, ten years after Annual and nine years after Sheshuan, there is no doubt but that it was the tragic Morocco adventure, and that alone, which was responsible for Don Alfonso's flight and exile.

Probing the matter to its depths, one may say that there is no fundamental difference between the southern Spaniard and the Moor. The ties of blood bind them; religion separates them: the Moor was fighting for a Cause; the Spaniard was striving to support a tottering Throne. The one was heartened by the encouragement always accorded to the weaker combatant; the other was disheartened by the vocal disapprobation and the active interference of Europe.

The cause was prejudged, and defeat stared Spain in the face before ever a blow was struck.

Sic transit Alfonso . . .

But the carefully-camouflaged trouble in the French Zone will also come to a head.

THE RECORD OF RECENT BYE-ELECTIONS

By J. H. Harley

I

BYE-ELECTIONS have always had their lessons for those who are interested in political meteorology and the fate of Governments. What is the real state of the political weather to-day? And what will be the state of the political weather to-morrow? Is a depression from lack of political achievement slowly settling on the land? Will politics never again occupy the same place in our lives as they did in the halcyon days of Victoria? Above all, and more especially relevant to the circumstances of to-day, what may we expect to be the result of a coming General Election? Do the policy and records of the parties in the successive bye-elections, which have been held since the beginning of the year, entitle us to make any confident prognostications as to the result when the day is formally declared and the issue is finally determined?

Certainly there is a large amount of material on which to base our tentative calculations for the future. The year is only half through its course, but already there have been no less than eighteen bye-elections. These contests have been held in very different parts of the country, and towards the close of our period there have been something like a succession of typical bye-elections in the industrial North of England. *Prima facie* they have seemed to witness to the triumph in the minds of the Conservative and a large number of the former Liberal voters of what is regarded as a moderate policy of Tariff Reform so that, whereas at the beginning of the year the prospect of an immediate General Election was regarded with some amount of trepidation by most of the Conservative leaders, it may now be said that their combined efforts are directed towards securing a speedy appeal to the polls.

II

At first sight, indeed, the arithmetical evidence appears to leave us in no doubt as to what ought to be our ultimate conclusion. In the earlier elections of the year, such as those in East Islington and St. George's, Westminster, the Conservatives were hopelessly divided amongst themselves, and personalities prevented the development of a purely political issue. In Fareham, for example, although the seat was won by a supporter of Mr. Baldwin, the figures showed an actual retrogression from those totalled by the Tory candidate at the last General Election. But by the end of March these Conservative differences began to exercise less harmful results and at Pontypridd the Tory candidate increased his vote by 1,522 over the figures of 1929. At Sunderland, where there was a Tory gain of a seat, the increase of votes was 1,317; at Woolwich it was 451; at Ashton-under-Lyne, where the new Mosley party complicated the issue, it was 2,657; and at Scarborough, where there was a clean fight with a Liberal candidate, the increased Tory vote over the figures of 1929 was 908. Then there was a pause because St. Rollux, the scene of a past bye-election, was in Scotland and the Tory poll decreased by 2,768. This, however, was only like the lull before the storm. In Rutherglen, another Glasgow seat, the Tory responded with an increased poll of 3,604; and although Stroud, a seat retained by the Conservative, showed an apparent drop of votes of 59, this decline was speedily wiped out, on a straight issue between Labour and the Tories, by an increase of Tory votes over those cast in the General Election amounting to 9,857 in Gateshead, to 1,803 in the Ardwick Division of Manchester, and to 1,807 at Wavertree.

III

All the time, too, this arithmetical argument, based on the growing hosts of Conservatism, was strongly reinforced by the concomitant decline of the Labour voters as compared with those who came to the polls at the last General Election. A first glance, indeed, at these ominously significant figures would lead us to infer that we are on the eve of a great Labour *debâcle*. In East Bristol, the Labour candidate lost 4,936 votes, as compared with the figures of 1929; in East Toxteth, 4,359 votes; in East Islington, 4,608 votes; in Fareham, 1,722 votes; in Salisbury, 496 votes; in Pontypridd, 148 votes; in Sunderland, 1,010 votes; in Woolwich, 4,247 votes; in St. Rollux, 9,401 votes; in Stroud, 324 votes; in Rutherglen, 802 votes; in Gateshead, 5,500 votes; in Ardwick, 4,747 votes; and in Wavertree, 3,543 votes. Here, as we survey the series of figures, there looks to be no diminution in the rapidity with which the ninepins are tottering over before the hands of the spoiler. In the middle there seems a slight lull, but only a slight one; and at the end, and in the most recent bye-election, the slump is as much pronounced as ever.

If, however, the arithmetical record of the Government Party is bad, the arithmetical record of the Liberals has become increasingly worse. In this befigured record of the recent bye-elections, a once powerful party passes from disaster to disaster. During the last six months, indeed, there are no arithmetical reasons which entitle us to forecast its continued existence as a separate party after the next General Election; its sun rather seems to be setting in darkness and gloom. In East Bristol the Liberal vote declined by 8,566 from the figures of 1929; in East Islington, by 6,686; in Fareham, by 5,113; in Salisbury, by 3,432; in Pontypridd, by 6,053, and in Sunderland, by 6,280. At Scarborough, certainly, where, to the evident displeasure of the local party, there was no Labour candidate, there was a Liberal increase of votes over the General Election amounting to 1,885; but, as there had been a Labour poll in 1929 of 4,645, it was evident that the displeasure of the local Labour managers extended to a large section of the local Labour voters, and that comparatively few of them were willing to give their second preference to a Liberal. The result of Scarborough must have been a great disappointment to the Liberal organisers as a forecast of what might fairly be expected to happen under the Alternative Vote; and as it was followed at the end of

May by a drop of 4,461 at Stroud, it is small matter of surprise that at the more recent bye-elections the Liberal candidates appear to have hopelessly disappeared from the picture. At this point, that is to say, the tale of disaster ends, not because the Liberal stock has now begun to rise, but because at the latest bye-elections there was no Liberal candidate forthcoming at all. And again, judging from the arithmetical results, an even more disastrous inference appears to be inevitable. Almost certainly a large part of the Liberal voters of 1929 in these constituencies, deeply disillusioned by the want of a candidate of their own persuasion, have deliberately abstained from voting at all and thus answered the Labour refusal of a second preference vote at Scarborough by a concerted refusal on a more elaborate scale.

IV

Who, then, in the face of such damning figures as these, can refrain from concluding without any further ado that at the ensuing General Election, if no more favourable influences intervene, the present Government will be defeated and the disappearance of Liberalism rendered irrevocably certain? Indeed, their tale of disaster must be constantly drumming in the ears of Mr. Lloyd George when he pleads, to the evident discomfiture of Sir John Simon, that a general support of the Government is necessary if the country is not to be saved from the consequences of a rash abolition of Protectionism. And yet, when we begin to scrutinise these figures more clearly and turn from the mere arithmetical additions to the more concrete developments of circumstance and policy embodied in their results, it must be confessed that doubts as to the prophetic infallibility of figures inevitably rise in our minds. After all, the world is something more than geometrical. Reality can never actually be expressed in terms of our pointer measurements. Notwithstanding all their conclusive parade of successes as expressed with the cold veracity of figures, the Conservatives have yet won only two new seats, those of Sunderland and Ashton-under-

Lyne. When a plebiscite was held in Upper Silesia many people both here and in Germany blundered in their estimate of the justice of the award, because they assumed that a plebiscite meant the bare summation of the votes totalled by each of the two competing sides. In reality, the plebiscite was settled by votes recorded in the separate Upper Silesian communes under an arrangement definitely prescribed in the Treaty of Versailles. The one method of appraising the results led to a different conclusion from the other and so, when we pass from the wholesale record of additions in these several bye-elections to the more searching question as to what these figures signify, it may be that in their revelation of seats actually won, they do not entitle us to forecast so confidently after all.

V

Take, for example, the first of these bye-elections, that held at East Bristol. In our arithmetical record of results, the Labour member is set down as having dropped no less than 4,936 votes. Apparently, then, this particular election made an appreciable addition to the Labour table of losses. In reality, however, the seat was handsomely held while the Solicitor-General, who is now the representative for the Division, distinctly declared after the poll that he won it because of his earnest advocacy of the Government Trade Disputes Bill. Indeed, it was definitely declared to the electors on high authority that it was necessary to import him immediately into the Commons because his legal help was essential in order to carry this Bill through its several stages. The Conservatives, too, were at that time hopelessly divided amongst themselves, and as they had not fought the Division for many years, they only polled a little over 8,000 votes as contrasted with the serious rival claimants to the seat. They were then strongly criticising the Labour Government on the question of the provision of schemes to help the unemployed. As was shown on the division list at a later date, they had no great belief in the Trades Disputes Bill. And yet when the result of the poll was declared, it was

found that they, who had been favoured by 12,576 electors in 1929, were now only supported by 4,010. That is to say, although the total Labour vote declined, it was plain that, as compared with the other parties, Labour stock was still high and that, where there was something of a constructive programme, Labour voters would give their candidate a commanding majority of 11,324—only 297 less than that of 1929.

However, a conclusion much less favourable to the chances of the Government must be drawn from a more concrete survey of the next group of elections, those at East Toxteth, East Islington, Fareham, Salisbury and St. George's, Westminster. During all these elections the Tory Party was still severely rent by internal dissensions. The Liberals in the House of Commons, too, were not a little divided in their allegiance and did not appear to pose before the world as a cohesive and united band who might safely be entrusted with the destinies of a mighty empire. The consequence was that at Salisbury, where they had a very good candidate, they yet lost 3,432 votes. In fact, they had quite a different experience from that of the Conservatives of the electoral effects of disunion. What was the reason of this? The contest between the competing sections of the Conservative Party was practically settled at St. George's where Mr. Duff Cooper gained a resounding victory for the cause of Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin's position was thereafter represented to the world as the sane and reasonable Protection when contrasted with the impetuous irreconcilability of the Wicked Uncles. Besides, Mr. Baldwin was the just man in adversity and all the chivalrous instincts of the voters were thus stimulated in his support. So at that time there began that drift of Liberal voters in the Conservative direction which was reflected in the figures of all the ensuing bye-elections, and which, while it makes an Alternative Vote of little avail for the Government, is undoubtedly of serious import for the Labour chance of holding its own at any immediate General Election. From the mere figures at Salisbury and Pontypridd one would gather that they were not losing so many votes as before, but in reality, it was becoming

increasingly evident that the course of events was working to a decided crisis in their fortunes.

VI

Such a crisis, at any rate, is suggested by a series of elections in the industrial North of England where there was a unique opportunity of testing the appeal of a reconciled Conservatism. The Safeguarding programme was by this time encircled by such a halo of chivalry and moderation that it continued a strong attraction to the minds of disgruntled Liberals. Now that the Wicked Uncles had ceased to trouble, what was there to fear? No wonder that with the help of these Liberal votes, the Conservatives in Sunderland gained their first absolute victory of the period. "I have based my campaign," said Mr. Luke Thompson, the victor in this memorable contest, "on the full Conservative policy as laid down by Mr. Baldwin of economy, a free hand for safeguarding, help for British agriculture, and Empire economic unity." The difference between this and what was regarded as the more extreme programme of the Wicked Uncles is the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee; but all the same, it exercised a soothing and reassuring influence in the North of England. Mr. Brownlie, the Labour candidate at Sunderland, was a competent and powerful representative of Trade Union interests, but he had not the same advantage possessed by the Solicitor-General of being there to press home a large and important measure of immediate Trade Union legislation. Besides, he was not a Free Trader of the orthodox Liberal kind; to his opponents, indeed, he appeared to counter safeguarding by a new Protectionism of his own.

Thereafter, the contest went on, and the trek from Liberalism continued. It was not completely manifest at Woolwich where, though there was still a Labour drop, there was only a small Tory gain over 1929. But at Ashton-under-Lyne, where the Labour Party had for the first time to face the competition of the new Mosley Party, the result was that a second seat of our series was lost to the

Government. It is accordingly evident that in its influence on our forecast of a coming General Election, the new Mosley Party is by no means to be despised. Its formal programme, it is true, as explicitly declared by its candidate before the election, was of a somewhat pinchbeck character. It was dictatorship by committee instead of dictatorship by the power of the individual will. But it was not this formal programme, audacious though it may have been, that enabled the Mosley Party to poll 4,472 votes in what was regarded as a Labour stronghold. Sir Oswald Mosley himself possesses gifts of distinctly demagogic character. Nor can it be denied that at Ashton-under-Lyne he commanded larger and more alert meetings than any other of the candidates. His cue was to show that he was the real Simon Pure, the only faithful Labourite leader of a party who were prepared to carry out rigidly the proposals of *Labour and the Nation*. On the other hand, his advocacy of a comprehensive system of Import Boards, which he also declared to be the authorised Labour policy, was fitted to appeal to a certain number of the Conservative voters who were not prepared to go too near to the suspected Tariffs of the old Protectionism. The consequence is that, while in the absence of a Liberal candidate, a large number of the Liberals undoubtedly voted for the Conservative, a certain number of the Conservative voters, joined by discontented Labourites who had been carried away in the big Mosley meetings, were content to lose their votes to the candidate of the Mosley party. Some Liberals, too, must have voted for the Labour Party, but not enough to influence our estimate of the adverse chances of the Government in a coming General Election.

No Mosley candidate appeared at any of the subsequent bye-elections, but it soon became apparent that a large amount of damage had already been done to the morale of the Labour supporters. The first two St. Rollux and Rutherglen were held in Scotland, and at St. Rollux the Labour candidate according to his own statement after the poll, had to ask his Labour supporters to make considerable allowances for the difficulties of the Government. At Rutherglen the victorious candidate, a brother of Keir

Hardie, had to face a certain difference of opinion as to whether he, an I.L.P. nominee, should really have been endorsed by the Labour Executive at all. At any rate, it is plain that at the Rutherglen election an enormous bulk of the Liberal voters of 1929 was transferred to the Conservative Party. This was all the more noticeable because at this time there appeared to be a certain amount of co-operation and understanding between the Labour and Liberal Parties in the House of Commons. It was even alleged by angry critics that there was evidence of a definite Labour-Liberal pact between the prospective Central offices, such as was evidenced by the circumstance that at all the succeeding elections there was a straight fight, first between a Liberal and a Conservative, and thereafter, between Labour and a Conservative. At Scarborough, where the fight was between Liberals and Conservatives in the good old style, the Tory won with an increased vote of 908 over the General Election—not sufficient, according to Lord Beaverbrook's organ in the Press, and really caused, in the opinion of his newspaper, by the fact that the Conservative candidate had reverted to the Baldwin proposal of Wheat quotas instead of being satisfied with the Food Taxes of the Wicked Uncles. At Gateshead, however, on the Safeguarding Baldwin programme, Colonel Headlam, the Conservative candidate, increased the Tory poll by no less than 90 per cent. while the Labour vote went down by 20 per cent. At Ardwick and Wavertree, as we have already seen in the arithmetical results, the Tory candidates still continued to pile up their increased number of voters, while in both the Labour vote was startlingly decreased, and at Wavertree it was even doubtful, as has been previously pointed out, whether the Labour voters of 1929, not having a candidate of their own, had troubled on this occasion to vote at all.

VII

Our conclusion consequently must be that the results of a more concrete survey of these successive bye-elections do not materially alter the inference forced on our attention by the startling and cumulative arithmetical decline of the

Labour votes. It is true that the Tories gained only two seats, and that the Labour Party gained one during the period in an uncontested election in the Scotland Division of Liverpool. This consideration, however, while it testifies to the difficulties of the inference, is not sufficient to make us vary it by suggesting that the next General Election, like the last, may have an unsatisfactory and undecided result. At the present time, as is shown in our concrete survey, the Government is really in a worse condition than it was in the beginning of the year. At East Bristol the Solicitor-General could wake the groundlings by his tale of the rectification of Trade Union wrongs; but at Gateshead the Conservatives were able to excite dissatisfaction among the Labour voters by attributing responsibility to the Government for the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Unemployed Assurance; and at Ardwick it was the question of Education and the Roman Catholic schools which caused a great part of the trouble.

Of course, the Government may always recover its lost chances through the sheer progress of events. It may enthuse its supporters by some strong constructive legislation, especially if such legislation should give occasion to the wrecking propensities of the House of Lords. At Ardwick the Labour candidate promised on behalf of his leaders that Mr. Scurr's amendment on Education would be loyally carried out, and that the Government Education Bill itself would be re-introduced into the House of Commons under the provisions of the Parliament Act. At Gateshead the Labour candidate proclaimed his "contempt for all the recommendations contained in the report of the Unemployment Commission and his firm rejection within an hour of all the policies it set forth." But these statements, though they may have helped the Government cause, did not, as was shown by the result, reassure to any extent the Government supporters. It is also unfortunate that Mr. Henderson, whose tactful and courageous policy in Foreign Affairs, has been of such tremendous advantage to his party, is at the present time meeting with extraordinary and unexpected difficulties in his progress in the

Conference towards Disarmament. If these difficulties are surmounted, as they well may be, it must produce a tremendous change in the Government's chances. But all the same, the political weather, just at the present time, is undoubtedly dark and overcast. As between the policies of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir John Simon, the former, without a doubt, is more timely and courageous; and yet it looks, if our survey is correct, as if the large proportion of Liberal voters in the country are on the side of the latter. The result of such a transfer would, to be sure, be the disappearance of Liberalism as a Party in the House of Commons, and it would certainly intensify the inferences which are at present working towards the advent of a Conservative Ministry with a clear working majority.

THE MEDIÆVAL REPORTER

By Roger B. Lloyd

As we cast our minds back to our early history lessons in a preparatory school, most of us will remember the slender red manual of English history, with shiny pages, and little inset thumbnail sketches of "A Lady Wearing the Dress of the Period" and "A Man-at-Arms." Its pages were largely filled by accounts of battles and parliaments, and its heroes were mostly statesmen and kings. But in the earlier chapters there loomed a more shadowy figure, from whom the author now and then quoted a chance phrase, the Chronicler.

His remarks added a touch of verisimilitude and vividness to the painfully businesslike text, but he himself remained a little unreal. He was always on the stage, but he lurked in the background and could not be clearly seen. Only one foible of his emerged clearly, and that was his notorious inability to count, for the author was always ready with his warning that the chronicler's figures must be divided by ten. When the child outgrows these manuals, and comes at last to a more detailed study of mediæval history, he realises that there was more than one chronicle, and that the chroniclers were less incompetent historians than he had been led to suppose. He is introduced to a bewildering variety of chronicles and chroniclers until he begins to realise that the writing of chronicles must have been a recognised mediæval profession. Who wrote them, and why? Under what conditions were they written, and what are their main characteristics?

One of these questions can be quickly answered. They were written because there was a ready demand for that kind of document. Patrons would retain scribes to compile the family history. Monasteries would set monks to work on sifting their records and compiling a history

of the Abbey. Corporations of such cities as London and Bristol would employ a chronicler to work up their records into a readable history. Some of the great Abbeys took a particular pride in chronicling not only their domestic concerns but also national history. At Westminster, Winchester, and St. Albans, it was the business of the Abbot to provide facilities for that work, and to train monks who should be capable of doing it. *The Anglo Saxon Chronicle*, which covers hundreds of years, was written in the Abbey of Winchester, and many generations of monks were employed on it.

Speaking very generally, until the middle of the thirteenth century most chronicles were written by monks, and after that they began to lose their monopoly, which passed to trained laymen. But even before that there were lay chronicles of various kinds. The monks wrote because they were so ordered by their superiors; the laymen wrote for every possible kind of reason, because they scented money, because they were bored, or because they burned to glorify their city. Andrew Horn, Chamberlain of London and a fishmonger in Bridge Street, painfully wrote six volumes of civic annals, being actuated thereto by the purest of civic pride. Another London Alderman, of German extraction and industry, wrote the basic *London Chronicle*. Geoffrey Baker, a secular clerk, found an Oxfordshire parsonage too tame, and started a famous chronicle to wile away his time. Adam Murimuth, Canon of St. Paul's, varied the duties of his canonry with the practise of ecclesiastical law, and the writing of a day to day chronicle of his times. Robert Avebury, a parson very much married, found that his defiance of the law of clerical celibacy decimated his income from ecclesiastical employment, and so set up as a chronicler. Whereas some of these men, such as the London Aldermen, wrote for love, most, no doubt, expected and received some payment. Those who had patrons were naturally paid by them; though a private patron is more capricious than the Bank of England, as poor Wace of Jersey found, who was commissioned by Henry II and Queen Eleanor to write for them, and was then "bilked" of his remuneration

because he had written a tactless sentence and hurt their royal feelings. But not all had definite patrons, in the sense that their work was commissioned. There were free lances, and what happened to them by way of remuneration is not easy to discover. It is to be hoped that they managed to prevail on someone to pay them for their work.

The sad story of Wace of Jersey prompts the reflection that chronicles commissioned by patrons have to be treated with caution as sources for history. Free lances had sometimes to grind their patrons' axes. If the patron was a minor monastery, it might be to its advantage to persuade the chronicler, whether innocently or not, to accept and transcribe forged title deeds to land and rents, which happened in the famous case of Crowland Abbey, when the Abbot skilfully imposed on the innocence of the chronicler Vitalis. Or there is the case of the infant University of Oxford, which employed a chronicler, and demanded that he should trace its descent from Alfred the Great. But the great national chronicles, written by powerful Abbeys less easily intimidated, are remarkably free from political prejudice, though from time to time the personal feelings of the writer burst forth. Not even Matthew Paris could keep his hatred of John of Gaunt within bounds. In these great composite chronicles there is continuity, though written by many successive hands. Often a chronicle was continued in the same Abbey for hundreds of years, as at Winchester and St. Albans. Often again it was started in one place and continued in another. The Winchester chronicle (not the Anglo Saxon chronicle which was written at Winchester) was continued at Canterbury, and a St. Albans chronicle at Westminster. Westminster also obtained and continued in its execrable handwriting the chronicle begun at Worcester. Westminster indeed was without rival in chronicle writing.

As different Abbeys all over Europe were in constant touch with each other, they had the means of gathering and checking information. Abbeys of the same Order would collaborate. But close touch was also maintained

often enough between private individuals in different parts of Europe, and there was constant traffic in chronicles. The English Martin Trevet quoted copiously from the Polish Martin of Troppau, who wrote in Rome the *Chronicum Pontificum*. The Irish Marianus Scotus began a chronicle at Mainz, which was continued by a monk at Worcester, and then used as a basis for the famous French universal history *Chronographia*, which, in its turn was quoted and used all over Europe. Mediæval isolation was less complete than is sometimes supposed.

From these facts it is plain that there was a certain amount of circulation in chronicles, and therefore when a writer sat down to begin his own work, other people's chronicles would undoubtedly form one of his most important sources. But there were others. Copies of royal decrees or parliamentary acts were sent round the country, and were easily accessible. Page after page in Kingsford's admirable edition of the *Chronicles of London* is filled with exact copies of Acts of Parliament, or minutes of judgments and councils copied word for word, preambles included, with incredible industry. But apart from these written sources, the chronicler had to rely on what he saw and heard, or what was common gossip, or on what the actors in the events he recorded told him themselves. Some chroniclers were naturally well known, and all they had to do was to sit at home and wait for important people to come and say what was happening behind the scenes. Others relied on small talk, as witness the earlier parts of the *London Chronicles*, which mirror the small talk of the time with a fidelity which is highly entertaining :

> In this same yere . . . there were greete Reynes and eke Thundres. And also there ffylle grete hayles, ttor ther kome adovne with the Reyne out of the eyre hayle-Stones ffoure Squayre, as grete as any eyren. . . . And ferthermore ttoules were y-seyn ffleynge in the eyre, and berynge coles in her bylles, that weren cause off brennynge off many houses. . . . And also fyrye Dragons and Wykked Spyrites weren many seyn, merveyllously ffleynge in the eyre.

That is the entry for 1202. Two years later the entry concerns the arrival of the Friars in England, and also a "Riht Sharpe Wynter." Shortly after we get the cruelly humorous story of the Jew of Tewkesbury, and how he

came by his death through too excessive an adherence to the laws of his sabbath ; and then for many years there is little beside the bare mention of the civic officers of the year.

The chronicler who continued this work was to his predecessor as the Lobby Correspondent of *The Times* is to the local reporter of the *Middlecombe Weekly Gazette*. For he must have had the right of entry to Parliament, for he takes up page after page with a record as exact as *Hansard* itself of :

> The Articles and the causes Resonable considered by alle the Lordes off this Rewme, Spirituell and Temporell, beyng at the Parlement at Westm., off the Deposyng off kyng Richard and on hi[s] Renouncyn on hi[s] Kyngely Magestiee.

There then follow no less than forty-three closely printed pages, which contain every speech made and, in addition, the sermon delivered by the " Erchebysshop " of Canterbury. They are not exhilarating, but their historical value is plainly immense, for beyond doubt this account is written by an eyewitness. His part of the chronicle is easily distinguishable from the work of his predecessors by his great interest in high politics. He mentions every foray of the king's in France and Scotland ; and he has full details of every piece of treason ; but when the traitors come to be hung, drawn, and quartered, he does not trouble himself to give any description of it. Austerity is the note of his writing, as it was also the note of the chronicles written in the great Abbeys such as Westminster, and St. Albans. *The Anglo Saxon Chronicle* is also austere in the sense that its authors were perfectly conscious that they were writing history as opposed to recording gossip. Their history, it is true, was predominently ecclesiastical, but as the chronicle is the work of Winchester Abbey that is to be expected. They will, for example, cover two years with only four lines, as in 1081 and 1082, but in 1083 a minor riot broke out in Glastonbury Abbey, and that is reported at length. Very many of the chronicles, of course, are history books pure and simple. They begin with Creation, and throughout are so written that it is clear that the writers were always describing not current

but past events. But many more, and these are by far the most interesting to read to-day, are concerned to record current events, and fulfilled roughly the same function to their times as the daily newspaper does to ours.

Did they know, did they even remotely realise that what they wrote was history in the making ? The question is difficult to answer, and there are a host of exceptions to any answer that can be suggested, but roughly it may be said that they were precisely as conscious of their function as providing sources for future historians as is the news editor of any daily newspaper. He, no doubt, realises that that is one of the functions of his office, but he also realises that the function is secondary. His main occupation is the recording of the kind of news that the people as a whole want to read. The chroniclers of the type of those who wrote most of the London Chronicles viewed their function in the same way.

Of this there are dozens of proofs. The chief preoccupation of the writers is no doubt political, but they are exactly like a good contributor to the *London Letter* of a provincial newspaper. Let anything strange happen in their own city, let the weather behave itself unseemly, let the new mayor depart from what was customary, as did Sir John Shaa, who

> caused all his brethren, the Aldremen, to Ride from the Guylde hall unto the Crane in the Vyntry, and there to take their Barge, and ageyn at their landyng to take their horses and to ride to guild hall, where as at all tymes before, Syne the tyme of John Norman, Mair, the said Mair and his Brethren were accustumed to goo on ffote to the said Crane in the Vyntry, and after their Retourne from Westmysnter agayne on ffote to such place as their dyner was ordeyned for,

and immediately the king was left to fight in France with his victories unsung and his defeats unbewailed, whilst the chroniclers turned avidly to these matters of more pressing and popular interest. The village pump was with them, as certainly it is with us, the real centre of their interest, and anything happening there was news above all else.

They would use parchment without stint on royal weddings, on executions, on horrors, and, above all, on the weather. Even the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* unbends when,

on the night of the third day before the ides of December was the moon, during a long time of the night, as if covered with blood, and afterwards eclipsed. Also on the night of the seventeenth day before the calends of January was the heaven seen very red as if it were burning. . . . This was a very blighted year in corn, through the rains that scarcely ceased for nearly all the year. (1117.)

It is in the same *Chronicle* that the famous passage occurs which is quoted in every child's history book in Stephen's reign, "They said openly that Christ and His saints slept," which comes at the end of a terrifyingly gruesome account of the various tortures that the wicked barons inflicted without let or hindrance on those whom they disliked, or from whom they hoped to extract money.

To read the civic chronicler at his best one should turn to a royal wedding, or, better still, to the year of Jack Cade's rebellion :

And the same day at v. at after none the Capteyne (Cade) came in to the Cite per force; and in his entry at the Brigge he hewe the Ropys of the drawe brigge asonder . . . and at London Stone he strak vpon it like a Conquerour.

Then he beheaded two citizens, and his followers :

brought the hedis of the lord Say and of Crowmer upon II stakes or polis, and in dyuers places of the Cite put theym togider, cawsyng that oon to kysse that other.

The final indignity! But it was not hidden from the chronicler, and therefore revealed also to us and to those for whom he wrote. As for royal weddings, not even the marriage of a Prince of Wales in Westminster Abbey to-day would send a reporter into greater ecstasies than the chronicler laboured under when Katherine of Aragon came to London to wed the son of Henry VII. There was a tremendous procession, interspersed by six tableaux or pageants at different points in the city. Each of these is vividly described at great length. At each of them Katherine, stolid and uncomprehending, was greeted by a long and highly moral poem spoken in her honour. The chronicler does not spare us one word of them. Then when at last she came to the wedding itself, the chronicler is careful to describe exactly what each distinguished guest, man or woman, was wearing. And when bride and bridegroom had departed from vulgar eyes, and the feasting

and drinking began, he lets us see another poem, spoken at the Lord Mayor's dinner party by a Scottish Ambassador, which is well known to readers of the *Oxford Book of English Verse :*

London, thou art of Townes A per se,
Soueraign of Cities, semeliest in sight.

Their criterion of importance was their own interest in a subject. If it interested them, they described it fully and at length ; if it did not and yet was of obvious political importance, they drily recorded the facts and left it at that.

The chronicler, then, did not as a general rule imagine that he was, so to speak, commissioned by the historians of the future to write what would be of use to them. He was, on the other hand, in much the same position, historically speaking, as a good diarist. His document may turn out to be a matter of great public importance, or it may not. If it should happen to be valuable as a source of history, so much the better ; but his real object and aim is to interest. To interest whom ? Who read these long accounts of royal weddings, of the execution of notorious criminals ? That is a question any answer to which is so vague that to suggest one only darkens counsel. Both he and his readers remain elusive figures, as do most mediæval worthies. They are dimly seen looming through the mist : it clears a little : but very soon it comes down again, and we have seen enough to assure us that we know very little, and to excite our curiosity to know more. In the meantime, we have their work, and because we have it, we have also a vivider knowledge of mediæval times than would otherwise have been possible. But the writer remains shadowy. He sits at his table slowly and painfully copying parliamentary acts, with all their intolerable verbiage. He walks about London streets, listens to excited talk about fiery dragons which drop burning cinders on churches. He runs before Jack Cade, and accompanies royal processions, and then runs home to write it all down before he forgets. He disentangles family history from piles of dusty parchments, wondering, no doubt, as he does these things, if he will get his money when the work is done.

NIKOLAY GOGOL

By R. D. Charques

I

"IT is gloomy in this world, gentlemen!" So Gogol, the only humorist in classic Russian literature—a literature conspicuously lacking, as the civilised West knows, in humour—ends his story of *How Ivan Ivanovitch quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovitch*. It is an unexpected conclusion to a masterpiece of comedy. The fields were black, the rain beat down, drenching crows and jackdaws, and there was not a gleam of light in the sky. "It is gloomy in this world, gentlemen!"

They are celebrated words. Gogol meant them; there was nothing he ever wrote that he meant more. The world was a gloomy place, and the people in it were the nastiest part of brute creation. The strange thing is that this was the passionate conviction of a writer who, on the score of his humorous invention, is in the company of Rabelais and Cervantes and Molière and Dickens. A familiar literary comparison, indeed, is that which couples the names of Gogol and Dickens. They shared, it would seem, the same gift of comic exuberance, the same genius for caricature, the same riotous sense of the grotesque. And the points of difference between them? Well, Dickens was an Englishman and Gogol a Russian; one ought to expect certain dissimilarities as a matter of course, it appears.

One ought indeed! There is not a queerer or more puzzling figure in the history of Russian literature than Nikolay Gogol. He is an oddity, a grotesque, an enigma; a prodigious humorist who was a monster of morbidity; a "seeker"—to use the Russian expression—with a mind of an adolescent; a fantastic and unhappy introvert who inaugurated a tradition of naturalism. The personality of Gogol is strange in the extreme. What we know about the man resolves itself into a tissue of paradoxes and contradictions. He is every whit as perplexing as Poe, who presents a similar contrast of artistic genius and human failure, and whose personal psychology resembles his in some respects. Two things may be said of the man without equivocation. There was in Gogol's make-up an element of perversity which is positively terrifying. There was also a mania of assertiveness which makes him one of the most unfortunate of great men.

II

He wrote because he craved for fame—it was not an unreasonable motive. But Gogol's craving was a madness, a disease, a thing born of scarcely human egotism. "Cold sweat pours down my face," he wrote at the age of eighteen (announcing his decision to take up jurisprudence as a career), "at the thought that I shall perhaps perish in dust without making my name known by a single remarkable deed." He did not adopt a literary career from choice; he saw himself in turn as a statesman, a government administrator, an actor, a professor of history. It was greatness which lured him, not literature. Having begun to write almost by accident, he continued to write largely to gratify his vanity. The homage of Puskhin and Aksakov was sweet, the praises of critics like Belinsky went to his head. He was destined to be great, it seems, as a writer. So his egotism triumphed; so he wrote with furious concentration, fearful for a time that his inspiration would leave him. So his creation—like any other, it is a mystery; but it is precisely the depth of the mystery in Gogol's case which provokes one to rash explanations—so his creation, one assumes, took a form which afforded him relief from his peculiar torments of spirit. For a great battle raged in the man. The egotist, in the manner of egotists, was profoundly unhappy, the victim of the blackest melancholy. He had tremendous ideals. He demanded of himself, to put it briefly, moral perfection. Obsessed by his own shortcomings of character, he aspired greatly; a prey to introspection, he lashed himself with the sense of his unworthiness. He wrote as he did for the malicious

joy, as he himself put it, of "depicting in my heroes my own nastiness." His humour was the revengefulness of a morbid and deeply unhappy nature.

III

Literature, no doubt, should be regarded as literature. A writer is great by virtue of what he writes, not what he is; and Gogol is no exception. But it is hard to accustom ourselves to the point of view of these Russians. They have anxious minds. They are everlastingly preoccupied with the soul. They cannot keep life and literature apart; they always appear to be pushing their art beyond what we are accustomed to think are its normal boundaries. They give the impression, to borrow an image from a contemporary writer, of men who have lost their clothes in some terrible catastrophe; and they are as little burdened in the circumstances with a sense of shame as with a sense of humour. And then, for most of us, there is the barrier of translation. We cannot always be sure we have heard them correctly; we cannot be certain we have caught their peculiar intonations, their exact changes of voice. And our doubt is deepened in the case of Gogol by the man's insatiable appetite for laughter. It may be prejudice, of course, but we are a little suspicious of the ring of it. What sort of Russian, we ask ourselves, is this? Perhaps it is natural to turn to the circumstances of his life and to his personal history in order to verify, if we can, our impressions.

It is doubtless natural, but it is not altogether necessary. The evidence, after all, is in the books he wrote. There is only one test of literature, and that is in the reading of it: Gogol's art must be judged as art, not as a psychological document. Can one then fail to perceive the terrible malice and vindictiveness of his humour in *Dead Souls?* Travelling with Tchitchikov through the length and breadth of Russian provincial society, the reader marvels at the comic panorama of idiosyncratic types. The fun, the farce, the buffoonery, the absurdity, the riotous comedy of Tchitchikov's adventures—all this is irresistible. But what sort of fun is it that leaves one so horrified and

depressed? Is this meant to be merely satire, this vast grinning picture of human vulgarity, this appalling distortion of everything petty and ridiculous? How much genuine laughter is there in these envenomed sketches of the grotesque and the trivial? It is scarcely laughter. Is not the tone of this strange humour a wounded and malevolent cry of "Serve them right!" Here is nothing of noble indignation, nothing of the misanthropy of Swift. Instead there is a great outpouring of malice, an aching desire to spatter the world with ridicule. How it springs into life in the theatre in the midst of what seems to be pure satirical gaiety! The cry of infuriated egotism at the close of *The Government Inspector* comes with the shock of an upheaval. The play-acting is over; the illusion is torn away, and life and reality appear. There stands the Mayor, humiliated and furious. He turns to the audience: "What are you laughing at? You are laughing at yourselves," he shrieks.

IV

Gogol revelled in the spectacle of futility—it was one way of asserting himself. The temptation to account for his art in the terms of psychology is very great; it is so obvious, to begin with, that the man's art was meant to serve his immediate personal needs. These were unusually complicated. Gogol suffered, more than most men, from an "inferiority-complex." His gloom, his bitterness, his rancour were all due to the belief that he was at once the most ignoble and the most despised of men. The psychological processes of this self-centred attitude are illustrated clearly enough in his letters, particularly in those which refer to his childhood. An undersized, unhealthy, awkward creature (his mother was scarcely fifteen when he was born), he was, in the manner of such children, painfully self-conscious and abnormally sensitive. Secretive, suspicious, fearing ridicule, he retired, as we can see now, into a world of fancy which was less hostile to him. It is an old, old trick of human vanity, seldom as fatal as it proved for Gogol. In this world of fancy, peopled by his hopes and ambitions, as well as by the

vehement religious ideals which finally destroyed him, he could assert himself freely. But in the world of fact he was still an inferior being. The problem for Gogol, as for so many others, was how to make the best of both worlds. Convinced on the one hand of his unworthiness, he took refuge in exaggeration; he magnified out of all proportion the failings and defects of character he detected in himself. Desperately concerned on the other hand with his moral predicament, his deepest need was to discover, as he put it, "my real character." What solution was possible? There was none, at any rate, for Gogol. The man's vanity overcame him in the end. Rather than be ridiculed, he would ridicule. He would fasten his defects on his surroundings, on the people about him, on those who denied him greatness. Perhaps he could cope with his problem in that way.

Egotism has its own frankness. Again and again in his letters, which exhibit the intensity of his mental and moral conflict, and which nearly always reveal the sermonising habit of mind he suppressed in his art, Gogol insists that "in laughing at my characters my readers are laughing at me." "Not one of them knows this," he adds with characteristically perverse pride. He was not far from the truth. It was the astonishing colour and freshness of his early work which charmed his readers. His pictures of the Ukraine of his youth glittered with romance and high spirits and the poetry of folk-lore. The first part of the *Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka*, published in 1831, when Gogol was only twenty-two, introduced a new note, as the academic saying is, into Russian literature. The stories achieved a fusion of naturalistic detail with poetic fantasy in a marvellously spontaneous way; there was nothing forced, nothing oppressive, and nothing dull in these boisterous and glowing tales of Ukrainian tradition and folk-lore; they discovered an enchanted land. It is little wonder that they were hailed with rapture greatly to the surprise, it would seem, of the author, who at once put on monstrous airs of self-importance and that the second volume, published in the following year, repeated the success of the first. Three years later came *Mirgorod*,

which literally swept the critics off their feet; they showered upon him epithets of adulation which would have turned the head of the most modest creature alive. And Gogol was not that. It is not difficult to understand why they were so impressed. The sheer magnificence of language of *Taras Bulba*, the most famous of these stories—the Cossack Iliad, as it is called—is intoxicating. Like everything else that Gogol wrote, it betrays a curious immaturity of outlook; Russian commentators have often remarked that its vision of the world belongs to mythology rather than to literature. But its heroic spirit and romantic eloquence are none the less overpowering. Those wonderfully ornamental passages (impossible to reproduce in another tongue) which describe the Ukrainian scene, or in which Gogol invokes the spirit of his country, positively glowing as they are with poetic imagery and full of stirring musical rhythms and cadences, endeared him to a host of readers. The vividness of Gogol's imagination and the splendour of his rhetoric had their inspiration, one must conclude, in his exile from the scenes of his youth and in his feeling for racial tradition. To the young man uprooted in St. Petersburg, the folk-tales and superstitions of the Ukrainian country-side and the legends of old Cossack life, familiar to him from childhood, were part of the fantastic world he had made his own.

V

But *Taras Bulba*, shot with the richest colours of romanticism, is a single-minded piece of work, and single-mindedness of this or any other kind did not content the creature agitated by introspective torments. There is another side to Gogol's prodigious force of expression—his mimetic genius. His natural talent for mimicry, assiduously cultivated, it appears, while he was at school, was Gogol's most effective weapon in both life and literature. At his most grotesque, he hits off the idiosyncrasies of speech and gesture of his types with unfailing fidelity to nature. It is the veracity and the inimitable liveliness of his dialogue which make the story of "Ivan Ivanovitch and Ivan Nikiforovitch" the masterpiece it is, which give

his play, *Marriage*, for instance, its irresistible vitality, and which contribute so largely to the exuberant life of his two great achievements, *The Government Inspector* and *Dead Souls*. And it is only this power to reproduce the accents of life in the most grotesque of his caricatures, and the most farcical of his situations which makes his humour bearable at times. Mimetic art like his has mysterious origins. Where Gogol, who remained an adolescent in what we should call serious matters, who had hardly a thought which was not self-centred, who enjoyed nobody's confidence and withheld his own, who made a mess of all but two or three of his friendships, who antagonised most of the people he met by his rudeness and pretensions, whom it was impossible, as Aksakov said, to love—where Gogol got his insight into character nobody can say. He wrote against depression, inventing, as he confessed in later years, "funny characters in the funniest situations imaginable," as a relief from fits of melancholy he could not account for. The strain of theatricalism in the man's nature was evidently of service to him, but only an oracle could reveal the sources of his knowledge of human nature.

More typical than *Taras Bulba* of the quality of his imaginative creation, and far more significant of the oppressed and chaotic state of mind in which his imaginings took shape, is *Viy*, the story which follows it. This tale of a philosopher who was destroyed by a witch of surpassing beauty lends itself to a score of theories and a hundred ingenuities of interpretation. Comedy is not absent from the tale, which mingles supernatural terrors with realistic humour. On the one hand, it is an example of the weird and the gruesome which Poe could not have improved upon; on the other, it is the strangest possible transmutation of inner chaos. There is probably something far-fetched, it must be granted, in every attempt to give rational form to human abnormality. In the last resort Gogol the man and Gogol the artist are alike an enigma. But the resemblance to Poe which one detects in his processes of mind, and which is particularly marked in a story like *Viy*, is not without its point. They were similarly constituted in more than one respect. Poe's consuming

passion, like Gogol's, was for fame: "I love fame. I dote upon it. I idolise it. I would drink to the dregs the glorious intoxication; I would have incense arise in my honour from every hamlet." Poe, like Gogol, invented a fantastic world out of his very impotence to master reality. And Poe, again like Gogol, was the victim of hallucinations, obsessed by erotic phantoms. The ideal of feminine beauty for both these tortured spirits was one of morbid sexlessness; the witch of enthralling beauty and the unearthly Polish maiden of *Taras Bulba* are sisters to Poe's Helen, Berenice, Morella, Ligeia and the rest.

VI

It is well to avoid ambiguity in the matter. Gogol's sexual indulgence was auto-erotic. He seems to have had no experience of love; his attachment to Mme. Rosset-Smirnova, although oddly unwavering, was of an abstract and—again as with Poe and his devotion, for instance, to Mrs. Whitman—of a highly sentimental kind. For Gogol, woman was a creature of awe and infinite mystery. She was at one and the same time the apotheosis of innocence and purity and the dreaded temptress. She was remote and fearful, an alluring vision and an instrument of evil; she was inconceivable as a human being. Gogol described *Viy* as a product of folk-imagination, as no doubt it was, and professed—it is in keeping with the perversity which was the man's second nature—to have written it down precisely as he heard it. One delights, of course, in being wise after the event, but how is it possible to avoid the conclusion that the story pictures Gogol in the grip of his hallucinations? His auto-erotic practices, it would seem, increased his terror of the feminine—his gibing tone is never so pronounced as when he speaks of women. But these practices did far more, needless to say; they intensified his self-disgust and thus sharpened and accentuated his moral conflict.

The tide of that conflict was remarkable. There was never a moment when it did not threaten to submerge the artist in Gogol and to destroy what remained of the

man's stability and peace of mind. Gogol had longed to be great; greatness achieved, he longed to be good. His moral idealism amounted in the long run to a striving after saintliness. It is the most morbid of ambitions, as the civilised person knows so well nowadays; at any rate, for Gogol, who had less understanding of the virtuous life than most men, it was sheer disaster. It dominated him more and more as he grew older; his art gave way under it in the end, and—this prop removed—the man himself ultimately collapsed. The symptoms are relatively faint in *Viy*. They are more developed in the stories imbedded in the hotch-potch of essays on art and history entitled *Arabesques*, published in the same year. Here is the superficial, didactic, commonplace creature whose arrogance hardly a soul in St. Petersburg could tolerate. He has literally nothing to say that is in the slightest degree worth saying in these essays, and he does his best to conceal the fact by means of ornate rhetoric. Gogol was yet to reveal his exasperating pretentiousness of mind far more painfully, but for the time being this was enough; his most fervent admirers cried out in alarm. The stories were a different matter; at least, two of them were gems flung in a heap of rubbish, and a third, a good imitation, had the merit of an astonishingly fanciful and elaborate setting. *Nevsky Prospect* and *A Madman's Diary* are both magnificent in their effect of tragi-comedy. Each of them treats of the power of illusion, the spell of the dream in a world of disappointments and insuperable obstacles. In *Nevsky Prospect* the loveliness of one woman is the mask of depravity, of another the covering of a shallow trivial nature; one person's disillusionment ends in tragedy, the other person's in a pose of ludicrous complacency. *A Madman's Diary* is the story of an elderly clerk who falls in love with a girl of superior class (superior and inferior—these are the standards which obsess Gogol), and, humiliated by his failure to impress her, plunges deeper and deeper into exalted fancies until he is finally convinced that he is King Ferdinand VII of Spain. The vividness of Gogol's imagination in these two stories is the vividness of nightmare; the outraged Piskaryov and the demented Poprishchin are both made in the likeness of their creator. As for the third story, *The Portrait*, which tells of a painter who was tempted by the Anti-Christ to exchange his genius for worldy success, it is, although less impressive as a story, even more indicative of the strength of Gogol's monomania and of the violence of the approaching storm. What is most fanciful in it is also most prophetic; there did come a time when the artist Gogol refused to bargain with the powers of evil. His moral struggle had alone made his art possible; now he began to insist that his art, which threatened to become independent of his wrestlings of spirit, should have a moral sanction of its own. The seeker sought justification in both worlds. It was essential, he began to believe, that what he wrote should foster faith and charity among men. It was the egotist's final bid for power, his ultimatum to the world. Strange as it appears at first thought, Gogol's dilemma was virtually the same as Tolstoy's. What is art? Is art art if it does not preach salvation?

So one arrives at *The Government Inspector*. Nothing new can be said of it at this time of day. Gogol's unhappy delusion is plain on his own showing, even though one is bound to reject the silly allegory he tried to fasten upon it in later years. The satire was strictly moral, he said at the time; art purges by laughter, he argued, and his derision was meant nobly. His audiences did not take the same view. They abandoned themselves to laughter, but they were not purged; on the contrary, they heaped abuse and insult on the author of this piece of vindictive treachery. So, since a prophet is without honour in his own country, Gogol departed from Russia, crying out that all were against him. For twelve years, from 1836 to 1848, he remained abroad, travelling in Western Europe. He visited Rome, Paris, Vienna, Munich, Florence. Twice he returned to Russia during this period, but was relieved on each occasion to depart again. Rome in particular lured him; its magnificence corresponded, it would seem, to his sense of the picturesque. And its religious atmosphere was not without glamour for the enthusiast of salvation.

Dead Souls, begun years earlier, appeared in 1842.

Its greatness is beyond dispute, and Gogol's motives for writing it—the delusions he took for motives, that is—are likewise beyond dispute. By what means it became an imperishable masterpiece of literature raises a question which no sensible person will ask, and which even the professional critic will refrain from trying to answer. Creative art, as it is called, has certain laws, no doubt; but what person was any the wiser for trying to define them? What can safely be said of Gogol's creation in *Dead Souls*, however, is that he poured into it all the gall and venom and ridicule of which he was capable in the belief that by so doing he furthered his personal redemption. A mere outlet for his "nastiness" was not enough; he really hoped to transform his vices into virtues. He passionately believed that the miracle would come to pass. After the novel—the "epic" as he styled it—had appeared he was possessed by an inspiration. The work would serve, he decided, as the first part of a trilogy constructed on the plan of *The Divine Comedy*. After the Inferno—Purgatory: all Russia, which had laughed at Tchitchikov, should witness his hero's purification. He, Nikolay Gogol, would point out the way of regeneration; he alone would rescue the Russian soul from the perils which beset it. For the next eleven years, until the very last moment, he cherished this dream. And this was the author of *Dead Souls*, the most wildly humorous, and the most withering, achievement in Russian literature!

VII

One further aspect of Gogol's concern with moral law remains. This disposed of, his connexion with literature is severed; he is thenceforth an object of curiosity in a larger—or smaller—world. But Gogol's strictly literary significance is such that the story of *The Overcoat*, in some ways the most celebrated of all his stories, must on no account be overlooked. It is the history of a poor official—a creature whose very name, Akaky Akakevitch Bashmatchkin, is grotesque—a meek, despised little creature, who made the most terrible sacrifices in order to be able to

afford a new and magnificent overcoat, and who was robbed of it on the first evening he put it on. The influence of *The Overcoat*, which is written in Gogol's most masterly vein of tragi-comedy, was enormous; half the fiction which was written in Russia during the next twenty or thirty years was modelled on it. This is not an exaggeration. It was this story more than any other of Gogol's which gave rise to "the literature of pity," the fatal, fascinating literature which is perhaps the specifically Russian contribution to European letters. That Gogol, the most grotesque of writers, should have founded a tradition of naturalistic writing, is doubtless no more paradoxical than a hundred other facts associated with his name.

Dead Souls is the peak of his art. It is also the end of it; it is the moralist, not the artist, who speaks thereafter. And what a moralist! He had been chosen, it seemed, for a special destiny and a high mission. It was in the mood of the Lord's annointed that Gogol continued writing the second part of his epic. For the success of the first had been immense; if he had hitherto rejoiced in men's praises, he now staggered under the weight of their flattery. Only the Divine will could have meted out such favour to him. He had been chosen, it was clear, as the mouthpiece of vengeance, he had borrowed the lightning of heaven, he was the instrument of the holy powers. Nikolay Gogol was a worm of creation, but the Lord spoke through him. This he had no choice but to believe. His letters from Rome breathe a strange mixture of theatrical self-abasement and mystical fervour. "Woe to any one who does not listen to my word!" he wrote. "O, believe in me! Henceforth my word contains a power from on high." He laboured to be worthy of his mission; he put his piety to the test of ascetic practices; he purified himself by prayer and fasting. It was all in vain. The purgatory of the Russian soul refused to get itself written as Gogol wished. Like Tolstoy, he had disavowed the art of his unregenerate days; he had persuaded himself that art was not valid save as a means of inculcating virtue. Unlike Tolstoy, Gogol had not the faintest conception of what virtue meant. He began over and over again; he

wrote and rewrote. He burnt the manuscript and once more began all over again. Could it possibly be God's will that his great work should not be written? Was he not yet worthy of the task entrusted to him? But his revelation could not wait. He had discovered in what truth and wisdom and salvation consisted, and he burned to make his discovery known. On December 31st, 1846, he published a volume with the title of *Selected Passages from the Correspondence with my Friends.*

The effect was shattering. But it was not shattering in the way that Gogol intended it to be. The words of the instrument of the heavenly powers fell as flat as a pancake. The message he had been chosen to deliver was mocked and jeered at. The disciple of Thomas à Kempis, as he had once professed himself, was met with ridicule and profane laughter. Gogol had hoped, figuratively speaking, to rewrite the Bible. What he really thought of his performance—after its reception—is not clear. Probably his thoughts varied. The evidence, as is so often the case where he is concerned, is full of contradictions. He was chilled and frightened and aghast at his failure—so much is certain. He did not know where to turn his head. He cried out again that all were against him. But if at one moment he confessed his failure, at the next he excused himself and heaped bitter reproaches upon false friends.

The worst was yet to come; the last tragedy was the most tragic of all. The final stages of Gogol's search for salvation and peace of mind are as strange and pitiful a history as one can find anywhere. He was a lost soul, a wanderer, homeless and abandoned. At forty-three he was old and exhausted, his force spent. Then the fear of death and damnation took him. His mind began to give way. Gloom overpowered him; he sank into the deepest and blackest melancholy. He prepared himself for death; he prayed day and night, he cast off his sinfulness by fasting. At the end of one night of prayer he got up, collected his manuscripts and set fire to them. Then he lay down to die.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S intervention in the financial crisis closely recalls President Wilson's intervention in the war. Each was the act of the supreme executive, and, so far as such things are possible anywhere, the personal act. Each was done because inaction was felt to be intolerable, and each for reasons of expediency to the United States. No others could have been avowed by the supreme executive.

Mr. Hoover's offer.

In this case, however, there was happily no necessity to intervene against any power. Germany was threatened with financial collapse, and President Hoover made a first step to the rescue by volunteering to undertake the largest part of the loss—on condition that other States accepted their part. Great Britain did so immediately and unconditionally. France and Italy looked at the consequences. Much blame has been laid upon the French because they insisted that the part of the reparation payments which Germany was pledged to unconditionally should be made; and that the money should then be handed back as a loan to German industrial undertakings—not to the State for general purposes, which could include armament. Yet if anything could be done to lessen the possibility that Germany should treat this year's reprieve as a precedent, the French plan was the best. America need not care particularly; no reparation payments were coming to her direct, and for what comes through British channels she had British security. But the action of France protected Great Britain against the situation which would arise if Germany continued to cease paying. The protection is not complete; but the French showed themselves better guardians of Europe's interest than even the English statesmen. For it is against the interests of Europe that Germany should feel herself free to evade the penalties that were laid upon her, unless by the consent of Europe;

and human nature makes it certain that there will be a movement in Germany to treat this year's holiday as one which may be indefinitely extended.

The French Political Conditions

A debate on disarmament in the House of Commons showed a welcome disposition among the leaders to be courteous to France. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin each recognised the naturalness of her apprehensions for the future. They did not, however, recognise fully the positiveness of French conceptions, which persists in looking at consequences. They are nationalists who believe in the organisation of Europe; and just as they say: If you excuse payment for this year what about next year? So they repeat: If you disarm, how is the peace to be kept? They refuse to act in the slapdash impulsive English way, which has its own nobility, but is based on a historic belief that England can afford to do the handsome thing, and do it handsomely. In the result France had to make stipulations which should have been made by Europe jointly.

The main interests of Europe cannot be maintained merely by gestures, or by sentiments. It is pleasant indeed to note for instance that the pageant at Montreuil went off superbly when France's memorial statue to Lord Haig was unveiled; no less pleasant that British warships paid a friendly visit to Kiel, and were much acclaimed—or for that matter, that the victory of two German ladies in the lawn tennis tournament at Wimbledon was popular. But it would be infinitely more reassuring to know that France and England, chief guardians of the new Europe established in 1919, stood together and acted together. In this case President Hoover standing deliberately outside the European order, by a sudden action sought to impose a policy on Europe: the British Government chose to move—so far as we have been informed—without consultation of the other powers interested; and by so doing weakened the solidarity of Europe. Meanwhile, the rescue operations have not proved sufficient on the financial side and Germany is looking for huge advances as well as for a moratorium. The advances are sought largely in France

and the French seek to impose political conditions. These concern Germany's naval programme—the building of a sister ship to her *Deutschland* which, in French naval opinion, would entail the building of French cruisers able to cope with this new type; her proposed economic Anschluss; and, also, her intentions on the Eastern frontier. Are these conditions unjustifiable? In the midst of the negotiations, the Stahlhelm held a muster of 125,000 men close to the Polish frontier. It is, officially, not an organisation under State control. But German police arrested as spies a Pole and two Czechs who were observing this significant muster. If Germany were in France's place, would Germany favour the advancement of money to help the French without such conditions as are suggested? Dr. Brüning holds out the menace of bankruptcy as a plea for the moratorium; he holds out the menace of a Hitlerite régime if political conditions are imposed. He may have no choice; but the arguments savour of blackmail. It is not mere egoism in the French to seek protection for the national interests of Poland. These are threatened, as the whole system of reparation payments is threatened, by the Hitlerite movement which the German nation has supported. Moreover, the vast campaign for economic predominance which Germany has carried on was financed by reckless borrowing. One may be sorry for the Germans in their trouble; but they have made it; and their neighbours in Austria and Hungary are involved, through no fault of their own.

Spain in the Making.

Latin Europe is full of disquiet. Spain, naturally enough, has not yet settled down to its new order, though the elections passed off peaceably, and made it clear that Communism is outweighed by the older Republican elements. But there is no single solid party able to take command, and there are difficulties ahead with Catalonia's claim for autonomy. For Spain as a whole evidently hates the name of partition, and this dislike may get the better of prudence. Yet Colonel Macia seems to be shaping his policy like a good Catalan who is also a good Spaniard. One fact also seems to

emerge: the country is less likely to be torn by a feud between clerical and anti-clerical than many feared, Catalonia and the Basque country, though strongholds of revolution, separated themselves from the rage of wrecking ecclesiastical establishments. In Barcelona, counted as a centre of the extremists, the populace stopped some attempts that were made. From the Basque country there is an interesting tale. St. Ignatius was a Basque; the central Jesuit house of all Spain, bearing his name, Loyola, is there; and the honour of his birthplace is disputed between two villages. The men of these villages formed themselves into a guard for the Jesuit house when there was danger to it, and the two villages relieved each other, day in, day out: a formidable protection. Basques are bad people to molest.

Fascism v. The Papacy.

In Italy the trouble is of another kind; for the Pope has openly challenged the claim of Fascism to shape the whole life of Italy. Broadly, Signor Mussolini refuses to tolerate the Azione Catolica because it is an organisation, and, as such, must have a political effect, whatever its avowed purpose. This is no doubt true of any organisation, in any country where the practice of voting exists. But it means that the Fascist State claims to itself a monopoly of the right to organise. On the other hand, the Pope lays it down openly in an Encyclical—first published outside of Italy—that Fascism makes claims on the individual which cannot be reconciled with the Catholic religion; it makes the State supreme arbiter of right and wrong, and so substitutes itself for the Deity. Neither of the two protagonists will, of course, admit for a moment the right of individual conscience to decide for itself. But whether there is to be appeal from the State to the Church on final definitions of duty, or whether, as large sections of English opinion hold, every man should be in the last resort his own Pope, this autonomy exists in all Christian countries, and very religious people get along quite comfortably under it, because neither claim is pushed arrogantly. In modern Italy, however, the State's usurpation has gone far, and

seems to have reached the point where resistance is inevitable, unless, as happens in Russia, the only other country where such absolutism exists, resistance is crushed out.

Stalin's New Policy

Facts, however, are less compressible than human beings, and Russian absolutism has met a check. The new declaration of Stalin's policy has staggering significance. Workers were in theory all paid the same wage, without regard to their output: to each according to his need, from each according to his ability, was the pure milk of the word. How much they got is not the present question; what concerns us is that, in future, Communist Russia will pay by results. There is to be an aristocracy of Labour, denoted in terms of food. The better you work, the better your rations. Stalin has plumped for piecework, and no doubt quality as well as quantity will enter into the assessment. The citizen will not be freer than before to choose where he will labour or what he will labour at; he may probably be less free. But if he does more work, he will get more pay, and even though his mates at the bench think that he is setting the pace too fast, they will certainly not be allowed to down tools. I see no injustice in this, rather the contrary; but to the British trade unionist it will be the very definition of slavery—and is likely to move them to more anger against Russian competition than any of the tales about timber hewing by gangs of political convicts. They could disbelieve those: this other story carries conviction on the face of it. If the Five Year Plan is to succeed, men must be given an incentive to exceptional effort. The British trade unionist regards all exceptional effort as a form of unenlightened selfishness.

The Liberal Split.

In Parliament a threatened Government survives by the will of Mr. Lloyd George, though things came near a break over Mr. Snowden's Land Taxes. Certain concessions had to be made on both sides, and Mr. Snowden made a speech in which he represented himself as having bound the Liberals to the wheels of his chariot; and Mr. Snowden can say such

things so as to make them very galling. He had, however, this justification in tactics ; his own party showed a good many rifts in it and it might be hoped that solidarity would be restored by the common enjoyment of an attack on somebody else. Rifts among his allies did not concern him ; indeed it is not convenient that an indispensable ally should be too strong ; one may acquit Mr. Snowden of any desire to make life too easy for Mr. Lloyd George. The rifts appeared : certain Liberals, notably Sir John Simon, declared that their position was insupportably humiliating and shook the dust of Mr. Lloyd George's tent off their feet. Any politician who separates himself from his party in this dramatic way can count on the applause of his former opponents, and it was lavished on Sir John Simon in a measure not bestowed on those others (such as Sir Edward Hilton Young) who had detached themselves in a manner less calculated to embarrass former associates. The results of this notable secession will be interesting to follow. When Mr. Chamberlain parted company with Gladstone, half of England set him down as wicked. But it does a politician in England no harm to be regarded as wicked ; England was divided between those who regarded Mr. Gladstone as righteous and those who took him for the embodiment of evil ; Mr. Chamberlain himself had been wicked for long years to those who suddenly found him magnificent. In fact, it is doubtful whether a politician can be a great force in England unless he seems wicked to a great many. Mr. Baldwin, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and I fear Mr. MacDonald also, lack this supreme qualification. Mr. Lloyd George has it in abundance ; the trouble with him—at least for the present—is a shortage in the number of those who are sure that he is righteous. Sir John Simon, on the other hand, has almost specialised in righteousness ; and there is a danger that the manner of his going will look to the House of Commons not wicked but self-righteous—a quality which does not win allegiance. Mr. Lloyd George evidently thought so, for having kept his temper with Mr. Snowden (this gift for good humour under provocation is one of his most formidable assets), he let himself go with unwonted fervour in a speech

designed to represent Sir John Simon as the intolerably self-righteous man. It made plain, incidentally, that the acid test of Liberalism is to be orthodoxy on Free Trade. One would guess that Sir Herbert Samuel in the last resort decides the principles of Liberal policy, which is to Mr. Lloyd George rather a matter of temperament than of logic.

Two French Plays.

London is deeply in debt to the Compagnie des Quinze from the Théatre du Grand Colombier. They showed it first rate acting devoted to modern poetic drama so vital that no one who cares for poetry can be left cold by it ; they showed also at how small expense plastic beauty may be achieved on the stage. As to the dramatist, M. André Obey's name is unfamiliar to me. If, as I hope, he is young, there is the more reason to admire a talent whose manifestations are so diverse as "Noah" and the "Rape of Lucrece"—the two plays brought over here. Both are ultra-modern ; the Roman play opens with soldiers on guard talking as Mr. Shaw might have made them talk ; but we soon come to devices that carry the mind back to Greece. Persons are on the stage before whose eyes the action passes, who comment but make no attempt to interfere ; they are the chorus, but with this alteration, that their presence is presumed unknown to the actors ; they walk invisible by the aid of small masks, which do, in the oddest way, mark them off as if they were ghosts. They are, in fact, beings of another world—not exactly the Lares and Penates, but the Genius of Rome, played by a man, the Genius of the house, played by a woman. And they combine with the functions of the chorus that of the messenger in Greek plays whose duty it is by recitation of events to make us see them happening. Where the récitant is M. Bovério, we not only see ; we hear, we feel Tarquin's furious ride to the sleeping Rome, to the quiet house.

Then while the action is passing before our eyes, the sudden bursts of voice from this masked figure come like a thunderclap, like a sudden inrush of fear. There never was such a voice, it plucks at the heart-strings.

The actual scene of the outrage, for all its violence, is rendered with an austerity that lifts it out of sensual happenings ; what is violated is not a woman's body but a king's faith. When Lucrece cries to Tarquin, *Tu es roi*, the unseen persons catch the word and " Roi " clangs back in menacing echo, as church bells rung for fire.

After this violence comes a scene of exquisite and laughing beauty, as Lucretia's handmaidens are mustered to their morning duty outside the drawn curtains of her bed ; the roguishness, the mischief, of the girls is none the less enchanting because of the tragic irony shooting through it all.

" Noah " is almost incredibly different in its quality of invention, and the invention is more fertile. How much should be assigned to M. Obey, how much to M. Bovério, how much to the traditions of the company which M. Copeau formed, I cannot attempt to say ; but " Noah " is a play about Man ; Man, different from the animals because he is the maker, the craftsman, and because he believes in God. Noah, as M. Bovério represented him, was part patriarch, part peasant, with a deliberate suggestion of the chimpanzee. His whiskers and his movements gave that ; but at the same time there is another suggestion. Noah's family go bare-limbed, with plaited kilts ; but he wears vast trousers of skin which sag from his hips like the Parisian artisan's. For he is not only Man but Frenchman ; handy, *débrouillard*, good at making shifts, singing over his work—and outspokenly pleased with himself about the job he has made of his ark.

His relations with the Seigneur, to whom he appeals directly in all the small incidents of his work, may seem irreverent to English ears ; but that is because nobody in England believes in God as Moses did, or Job, or any of the Hebrew prophets. Noah is gentler than they ; he has tenderness for all things created ; but like them, when the unbelieving villager casts scorn on him and his God before the deluge breaks, he calls on his Seigneur to make this impious mouth the target for his arrows. At that moment he speaks the language of a prophet ; but in the later act that passes on board the ark, when the sign of deliverance has come, and his fellow children, who have tried him so long by their quarrelling, now turn to vanity instead of thanksgiving, his cry to God might be a *poilu's* : " *Seigneur, foutez les tous dans le jus, et qu'on n'en sorte plus.*"

Noah had of course the greatest part—it could not have been more exacting ; but Mlle. Suzanne Bing who had played as Récitante in the Tarquin play was adorable as Mrs. Noah—the perfect old peasant's wife. Nevertheless this comrade also fails Noah before she dies and leaves him deserted ; his children have gone off, East, West and South ; the beasts who were his consolation in the ark when he could not bear mankind, turn on him, too—Martin the bear nearly kills him with a treacherous hug. He needs all his courage to pick up his tools again, and fall to hammering, calling the Seigneur to witness that he is content—but would be grateful for *quelque petit signe*. And so we end on the rainbow, and man's valiant heart.

I should add that the animals were enchanting and two or three of them were played by the graceful young women whose beauty adorned the ark and made trouble between Shem, Ham and Japhet. In particular Mlle. Dasté who played the great part of Lucretia in the other play here doubled the part of Adah with that of The Cow. Would an English leading lady have done that ? But I am not sure that in the Compagnie des Quinze anyone is allowed to be a leading lady.

Anglo-Irish Literature.

It is a pleasure to find good work coming from a new quarter. Mr. Daniel Corkery's book on *Synge and Anglo-Irish Literature*, published by the Cork University Press, is a most stimulating piece of literary criticism. If it frequently stimulates to violent disagreement, that does not lessen the pleasure ; for at bottom Mr. Corkery is right, though his prepossessions lead him to some strange estimates. So far, as concerns Synge, he seems to me a model of expository writing—especially in his insistence on one limitation. Synge in representing Irish peasants left out the religion which is the background of their lives ; only in one of his plays, *Riders to the Sea*, does he show a perception of it.

Yet to Mr. Corkery's Catholic and nationalist mind Synge came nearer an interpretation of Ireland than any other writer in the literature to which he belongs. He is more nearly Irish, less completely Anglo-Irish.

For there is in Ireland a literature which is Irish as Russian literature is Russian, and Mr. Corkery, unlike almost all Irishmen who write in English, is master of it ; Synge also was familiar with some of it. The other, the literature which begins with Miss Edgeworth, is not Irish in the sense that Dickens or Thackeray is English ; it has in too many cases " laughed with foreign jaws " (a phrase of Standish O'Grady's taken up by Mr. Corkery) at what it considered characteristic in Irish life. Those of a later day, who resented this tendency, and sought, as Yeats and A. E. did, to identify themselves completely with Ireland, were none the less spiritually divided from the mass of the Irish people because they did not share their religion, and to some extent by the result of old social cleavages. All this is true. But when Mr. Corkery says that a Dublin audience, laughing at one of Mr. O'Casey's plays, is moved by the insolent spirit of ascendancy, I can only wonder if he has ever gone to the Abbey and looked about him. Mr. O'Casey is, I believe, not a Catholic, but he comes out of the Dublin poor, and Dublin laughs at itself when it laughs at *Juno and the Paycock*. And the mother in that play seems to me as fit to stand beside the mother in *Riders to the Sea* as is a character of Molière's to stand by one of Shakespeare's.

That is not all. Mr. Corkery very rightly says that certain writers like Carleton and Gerald Griffin whose work is influenced, and badly influenced, by English models are yet nearer to the nature of Ireland, and of more value to Ireland than much more gifted writers—for instance, the author of *The Real Charlotte*; and his proof is that they are kept alive by Irish not by English readers. Yet we find Mr. Corkery also blandly putting Thomas Moore down among those who wrote for England and whose fame was English-made. Why, no poet of Moore's day or since his day received such a response of gratitude as the author of the *Irish Melodies* got from the Irish people. What is

more, though later in life Moore wrote for the English market, by necessity and perhaps by choice, when he wrote the *Irish Melodies* he was writing for the audience to which every writer really speaks or sings. He was writing to himself. And though he knew no Irish, and knew no Irish history, and though his response to the nationalist sentiments of his time was skin deep, yet Irish music I think reached down (perhaps there was no long way to go) to the centre of his being, and in reality made Anglo-Irish literature for the first time a force. Later, Moore became one of the expatriates—on whom Mr. Corkery is so hard. Yet something cuts home in this saying : " The ascendancy Irish, from Sheridan to Shaw, either fell back on intellectual brilliancy or perished in the void. Their work, therefore, and that of all their kind, lacking those emotional overtones which are so precious in literature, has something of a dry brittleness in it. One reads them in a sort of fear, uncertain that inhuman laughter may not at any time assault our ears."

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the Fortnightly Review.

"A CONSTITUTION FOR A CONTINENT."

SIR,

In the June number of the *Fortnightly Review* there appears a valuable paper on "A Constitution for a Continent" based on the recommendations of the Statutory Commission, over which the Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon presided, and the deliberations of the Round Table Conference. In it, Sir John Marriott makes the significant observation (at page 756), "Nowhere does the personal equation count for more than it does in India. The secret of the success of the British administration in India lies, as Lord Curzon pointed out in one of his farewell speeches, not 'in system or rules—it consists in the man.' If a man belong to the English Ruling House so much the better. The value of visits paid by successive Princes of Wales, by the Duke of Connaught, and, most of all, by the King Emperor and his consort, cannot, therefore, be over-estimated."

The sentence "if a man belong to the English Ruling House so much the better" of Sir John himself, coming as it does directly after the small quotation from Lord Curzon's farewell speech at the Byculla Club, gives one the impression that the noble Marquis was at pains to vindicate the appointment of a member of the Ruling House of England at the head of the Government in India. That, however, is not so, for nobody has in recent years scouted the idea of a Royal Viceroy more pronouncedly than Lord Curzon himself. In the stately pages of the *British Administration in India*, Lord Curzon delivers himself thus:

"The idea of a Royal Viceroy has sometimes been mooted and the suggestion has been made that a Prince of the Royal House, or even a son of the Sovereign, might be sent out to Government House in India. Undoubtedly there is some fascination in the hope expressed by the Court Poet of the Hebrew King, that 'instead of thy fathers (*i.e.*, elder statesmen) thou shalt have children (*i.e.*, sons) whom thou mayest make princes (*i.e.*, satraps) in all lands'; and the Overseas Dominions of the British Crown may be cited as having furnished more than one example of the signal success of such appointments. It has even been said that the scheme of a new Imperial Capital, with a magnificent Government House, at Delhi, was not wholly disconnected with such ideas; and the theory of a British Prince as the centre of a constellation, the principal satellites of which are themselves Princes and Rulers of States, and as the head of a society

which is still penetrated with the monarchical idea, presents many attractions. I have even heard of a British Secretary of State who aspired to merge the Viceroyalty in the Royal House, and himself to go out as Prime Minister to a princely Viceroy.

"Personally, I have never favoured this idea, and I am disposed to favour it still less now. The head of the Government in India, as is apparent from almost every page of these volumes, is regarded by the Indian people as the executive head of the administration, and as directly and personally responsible for the acts of Government. If these are popular, he is applauded; if they excite animadversion or hostility, he is attacked and condemned. It may be said that the hostile shafts would be aimed at the future Prime Minister of India, assuming such an office to be created, as would doubtless be necessary, and would glance off the person of the Royal Viceroy or never touch him at all. In practice it is to be feared that this would not be the case. He would be identified by the native mind, inured to the conception of personal rule; with the policy of his Government, would receive the credit if it were praised, and would be included in the censure if it were assailed.

"When I desired, at the Delhi Durbar of January, 1903, to intimate in my speech that in honour of the occasion (*i.e.*, the Coronation of King Edward VII) the Government of India hoped to be able to announce a remission of taxation in the ensuing Budget—as we had decided to do—I was solemnly informed from home that such a proposal was open to the most serious objection, because if the remission of taxation was even remotely connected with the name of the Sovereign, he could not fail to be blamed if it were at any time re-imposed. If, however, these pleas were valid in the case of an occasion like the Durbar, so closely associated in the Oriental mind with ideas of Royal clemency and favour, how much more would they apply in the daily conduct of Indian administration, where the Government is continually called upon to take steps that excite the liveliest criticism, and where the finger, if not the figure, of the Viceroy is always discerned in the background. A further point may be noted. In the Dominions a British Prince, when appointed Governor-General, goes out as the titular head of a community composed entirely or almost entirely of his own countrymen, whose principles and ideas are in general harmony with his own, and who treat him as the august representative of the Imperial Throne. In India, where there seems to be increasing friction, often racial in its origin, between the ruling minority and the ruled, who can guarantee that in moments of excitement the position of a Royal Viceroy might not be involved in the conflict, and things might be said or done which would impair the prestige of the King Emperor, at present elevated by common consent far above the brawl of political controversy?

"It is conceivable that a day may arise when Provincial autonomy may have reached a stage of development in which the nexus between the various Local Governments might be supplied by a Royal Head of the State, wholly dissociated from politics, and charged with social and ceremonial duties alone. But such a situation, quite apart from its acceptability or the reverse to the holder of the office, would involve

the complete transactions of the Imperial Government in India as it has hitherto existed ; and it is not, in my view, a consummation that is either to be encouraged or desired."—(Vol. II., pp. 59-61.)

Sir John Marriott is quite right when he says that "nowhere does the personal equation count for more than it does in India," and without hesitation I may tell you that in no country in the world is Royalty held in higher veneration than in India, whose people from times prehistoric have regarded the constitutional principles, that "the king can do no wrong" or that "the king is the fountain of justice" as inviolable, and not, what they, in European countries, while pretending to lay stress upon them, have done, as platitudinous, or as devices to embarrass kingship by indirect means when occasion arises. From the Indian point of view, they do not go far enough, however sacred they may be to the European. To the Indian mind, the King is the representative of the Supreme Being. He thinks of him in terms of the Almighty. His distribution of patronage and his management of public affairs is the dispensation of God. To such a mind, the idea of a Royal Viceroy is inconceivable and highly impolitic, inasmuch as the office of the Viceroy, constituted as it is, is so closely identified with the policy of the Government, that it would be impossible to dissociate him from the Government of which he is the head. He will be brought under severe criticism if the policy of his Government, which is necessarily his policy, happens to be unpopular ; and if it is of a piece with the Gilgit policy of Lord Lansdowne, or the Partition policy of Lord Curzon, or the Repressive policy of Lord Minto or of Lord Chelmsford, it is likely to be vehement. We may be sure that not a small measure of that criticism will be directed against him, necessarily bringing the dignity of Royalty down, to the detriment of the prestige of the King Emperor, to a level from which such condemnation must be tolerated, more in the future than hitherto, according to the growth of the self and political consciousness of the people. The only thing that even so pronounced an Imperialist as Lord Curzon can suggest is that "a day may come when Provincial autonomy may have reached a stage of development in which the nexus between the Local Governments might be supplied by a Royal Head of the State wholly dissociated from politics and charged with social and ceremonial duties alone ; but such a situation will involve a complete transformation of the Imperial Government of India and it is not a consummation to be encouraged or desired."

Later on, at page 758, Sir John Marriott falls into an error when he says that "an Indian Privy Council was also established," as a means of "honouring and employing ripe wisdom and meritorious service," and, further on, that "there was brought into being by Royal Decree a Council of Princes to provide a link between the Native States and the British Government." Sir John Marriott will no doubt remember that this Indian Privy Council never came to be instituted even though in their report (para. 287) Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford strongly recommended the inauguration of it, and this, I fancy, is what must have been working in his mind when he was writing for the *Fortnightly*. It is high time it were established, as much as the Council of Princes by a Royal Decree, recommended in para. 306, to be brought into being

without delay. Instead, the Indian Princes, which be it noted, is their official denomination now, are annually called by the Viceroy into a Chamber, not to adjust their relations with the British Government, but to ventilate their own views on the various outstanding problems which to this day continue to be regulated and accommodated by the Political Department of the Government of India, without reference either to the Chamber (not Council) of Princes or to the Indian Legislature, where nothing touching the relation of British India with the Indian States can be discussed, or even to Indian Public Opinion. The Chamber, such as it is, is there only for the purpose of debate, and not for the purpose of transacting any business of actual administration. The Chamber is not called into being by any Royal Decree ; it has no place in the Statute, so that it forms no part of the Indian Constitution, and, such as it is, it may be dismantled any day by the very authority who called it, namely, the Viceroy.

Yours obediently,

AKSHAYA K. GHOSE.

Bar Library, High Court,
Calcutta, India.
July 2nd, 1931.

In the August number of the
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
will be continued——————

THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

Modern Caricaturists

The article in the August number will deal with the art of . . . .

FITZPATRICK
of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch"
and
ROLLIN KIRBY
of the New York "Herald-Tribune."

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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THE recent European crisis has at last brought home to everyone the irresistible force of economic laws. PROFESSOR GREGORY, Cassel Professor of Banking and Currency, London University, is recognised as one of the best authorities on this subject, and his series of articles, beginning with this issue, will do much to clarify a somewhat abstruse subject.

The international situation, arising from these economic laws, is discussed this month by C. H. MELVILLE (who contributed an article to the July *Fortnightly*) and FREDERICK HAMMOND. Mr. Melville's article narrates the course of events which have led up to the present crisis; Mr. Hammond's study is concerned with the psychology that has animated these events.

Further articles on world problems are contributed by W. FOX-STRANGWAYS and OWEN TWEEDY. Mr. Fox-Strangways was H.M. Vice-Consul at Tetuan, Spanish Morocco, and had every opportunity of summing up the difficulties of Spain's African Empire. Mr. Owen Tweedy, that indefatigable wanderer, has just returned from a tour of the Near East.

Three studies are contributed this month: A study of "G.B.S.," by "G.K.C."; a study of the English breakfast, by T. EARLE WELBY; and a study of studies by ADAM GOWANS WHYTE. As all three writers are well known as essayists of distinction, there is no need for further recommendation.

J. H. HARLEY, who discusses the political significance of the recent bye-elections; ROGER B. LLOYD, who contributes another of his delightful studies of mediæval life; R. D. CHARQUES, who writes on the great Russian Gogol; and ALEC WAUGH, who writes on the delights of a holiday in Germany, are also old friends of the *Fortnightly Review*. The last-named (let us whisper) is taking his own holiday in the South of France!

—

AUGUST

1931

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

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and

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM HAZLETT (Vols. VIII and IX), ed. by P. P. Howe. (*Dent*)

MEMORIES OF A LONG LIFE, by the late Lord Rathcreedan. (*Lane*)

THE BACKGROUND OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, by C. Hodges. (*Chapman & Hall*)

THE WAYS OF THE NAVY, by Rear-Admiral D. Arnold-Forster, C.M.G. (*Ward-Lock*)

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN EGYPT, by Henry Dodwell. (*Camb. Univ. Press*)

MARSHAL LYAUTEY, by André Maurois. (*Lane*)

DRAMATIC WORKS OF WILLIAM BURNABY, ed. by L. F. Budd. (*Scholartis Press*)

THE ART OF CARVED SCULPTURE, by Kineton Parkes. (*Chapman & Hall*)

DAWN, by Theodore Dreiser. (*Constable*)

SIDNEY REILLY, ed. by His Wife. (*Elkin Mathews*)

BROOMES STAKES, by Clemence Dane. (*Heinemann*)

JEDDITH KEEP, by Elsa Lingstrom. (*Earle*)

IN MY BEGINNING, by Maurice Baring. (*Constable*)

TWO THIEVES, by Manuel Komroff (*Heinemann*)

SUBMARINE WARFARE 1917-19

by ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, K.C.B.

NAVAL OPERATIONS. Volume V, by Sir Henry Newbolt. (History of the Great War, based on Official Documents, by Direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence. With a Volume of Maps.) *Longmans Green*, 31s. 6d.

THIS, the fifth and final volume of the history of the naval operations of the late war, is a book of the highest importance. It traces the development of those measures by which, after grievous losses had been suffered, the tide of shipping losses which so nearly engulfed the allies was first stayed, and finally turned.

When the "unlimited" submarine war began in February, 1917, no satisfactory system or method of protecting shipping against submarines had been evolved. Heavy losses were already occurring. The system which found favour in the eyes of the authorities was based upon what might be described as "the doctrine of the offensive": that is, of a system of "hunting" submarines by flotillas provided with explosive charges; of stationing flotillas in the areas where submarines operated; and of obstructing the passages of submarines from their ports to their theatres of action by mine-fields and nets, supported by flotillas.

The alternative to this, advocated by many, was the defensive system—convoys. Apart from a belief that a defensive was inherently wrong, the system was opposed on other grounds. Administratively, it was regarded as impossible to organise; it would cause congestion at the ports. Practically, merchant ships could not navigate in company; and there were not enough light craft for escort. Even, however, if these could be overcome, the further objection was made that such large masses would be easy targets for submarines, and the losses would be greater than those suffered when sailing singly. Single armed ships of good speed were supposed to run little chance of capture.

These opinions were very suddenly revised, and radically, towards the end of April, 1917, when the Prime Minister, at the instance of the Cabinet, was about to visit the Admiralty personally to investigate the measures of defence. The complete change of view that then took place in favour of convoy appears to have been connected with three factors. First, a serious miscalculation of the number of convoys that would be needed had been made. Secondly, there were more light craft available, America having entered the war. Finally, the vessels carrying coal to France had been sailing for two months in convoys, with extraordinarily small losses, amounting, in fact, to immunity, and thus challenging, in a very practical manner, the theory that concentration would lead to greater loss. Almost simultaneously proposals for saving the use of tonnage were made.

Convoy was in consequence arranged for the outward-bound shipping. Losses were at once reduced; but homeward-bound, unescorted ships suffered undiminished losses. The system was extended, later on, to them also. The results again belied the previous fears. Finally, when the losses occurred mainly to ships after separating from their convoys to make their ports, they also were placed under escort; a further diminution in loss followed.

The process of conversion to the convoy doctrine was slower in the Mediterranean, but when once it was brought about convoy was justified.

In spite, however, of the evidence that convoy reduced losses, and that the results of "offensive" methods were meagre in comparison with the efforts made, there were those who remained convinced that the practical difficulties could be overcome by more outlay and more instruments. The invention of the hydrophone and kite balloon were expected to solve the problems of discovery and exact location of the submarine. But though, at a prodigious expenditure of effort, some losses were occasioned to the enemy, the figures showed that more submarines were being produced than were sunk, more ships sunk than produced. Concentration was illustrating that avoidance is one way of averting injury—an old lesson. One convoy was less likely to be intercepted than several ships, scattered widely. Thus the difficulties which the submarines now encountered of finding their quarry in the more open waters to the westward constrained them to come further into the Channel.

Dover Straits then became increasingly important. Freedom to pass through the Straits gave the submarines a longer "productive" time for cruising than they had if obliged to go North-about. But Dover Straits presented little obstacle. In spite of the barrage, over three hundred passages had been made by submarines with a loss of three only during 1917. The command was reorganised with more satisfactory results. The Straits became dangerous.

Two consequences followed. Hampered by obstructions in the Straits, attack was made on the craft stationed there; and attacks were made by surface craft upon the escorted convoys in the North Sea. Comparatively small both in scale and [illegible] as these were, they furnish important reminders of certain fundamental elements in convoy work which appear to have been lost sight of in recent years, judging by the reckless reduction in cruiser and destroyer strength of the Empire. The sallies began with a brace of cruisers: this was followed by two half flotillas. Each cut up a convoy and sank the escorts. The escorts were strengthened with cruisers and battleships, and the last sally of the High Seas Fleet had as its object the destruction of a battleship escort. The plain warning of this experience has been totally disregarded, though the lesson is the merest commonsense and has an endless history behind it.

The attack in the Straits emphasised the importance of Zeebrugge and Ostend, which, by an unpardonable neglect had been left uninjured when evacuated in 1914, though attention had been drawn to the certainty that they would become flotilla and submarine bases. The brilliant blocking expedition was prepared and executed. But though the ships entered the harbour and were sunk there, the passage was not effectively closed. Within a few days the sailings were resumed.

Nothing more clearly stands out from this impressive volume than the value and the effectiveness of convoy, and the dissipation of strength, with indifferent results, of the other method attempted.

But grave as the strategical lessons are, the reader will discern lessons profound, and even more far-reaching of Policy. How vast a loss of life would have been averted if the war had ended in the winter of 1916, what subsequent world distress would have been diminished, are plain to all eyes. The submarine warfare was not lightly undertaken. American intervention was recognised as almost certain. But the investment of the Central Powers was producing such symptoms of

internal unrest that a breakdown of the national will was feared. Social revolution, in the words of the Emperor Karl, was a greater menace than the Allies. But for the prospects, offered by submarine warfare, of a release from this situation, an averting of this revolution, by the defeat of the Allies at sea, almost all incentive to continue the war would have been removed.

If, by the end of 1916, the Allies had demonstrated clearly that they had a method—convoy—and the means to put it into operation, this would have been the greatest possible deterrent to a continuation of the slaughter. We have seen the reasons why the convoy system was opposed. One reason, and the only reason which could to-day be advanced, was the insufficiency of small vessels. All the others were demonstrated to be baseless.

Recent naval policy indicates oblivion of the profound importance of this deduction. Since the war there has been a marked tendency in some not uninfluential quarters to desire to circumscribe—to emasculate—action at sea. Such a policy deprives maritime power of its beneficent influence as an alternative to slaughter. And while this policy, which would have prolonged the war of secession if observed, and in so far as maritime action was fettered, did prolong the late war, is advocated, British strength at sea has been simultaneously and drastically reduced. The assurance that a submarine or other attack could have any hope of success no longer exists. On the contrary, every incentive to undertake such action, and thus to prolong a war, has been afforded. The naval history of the war plainly shows that such a policy as has been pursued with regard to the British Navy neither conduces to the prevention of war, nor to its shortening, nor, finally to a reduction of its horrors and losses or an abridgment of the long period of recuperation.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT AND HIS TIMES (1770-1844), by M. W. Patterson. *Macmillan.* 2 *vols.* 28*s. net.*

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT has had to wait nearly ninety years for his biography, but his memory has been well served by the delay. So long as his daughter, The Baroness Burdett Coutts, was alive, the task would have been impossible. She held at least half of the available material, and she guarded it with jealous piety. She knew that there were chinks in her father's armour. He had a roving eye, where women were concerned, and his relations with the Lady Oxford of his day were notorious. Perhaps also it was not too pleasant to a Victorian conscience to be reminded that one's father had been the associate of rebels charged with sedition, had been caricatured in very questionable company, had fought a duel with the son of a tailor, and had even been committed to the Tower under the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. On her mother's side, also, the Baroness had to face the record of family quarrels of a disagreeable acidity. When her grandfather, Thomas Coutts, took for his second wife, the actress Harriot Mellon, his daughters behaved with scanty grace to their step-mother, who, as a matter of fact, had nothing against her, except her profession. Ugly recriminations were exchanged, doing little credit to the daughters' manners. Small wonder that these wounds smarted long after their infliction, and were tended with a sort of secret shame.

To-day, however, there is no more occasion for hiding old sores. Those immediately interested are all dead; and Mr. Patterson, making skilful and vivid use of a perfect hecatomb of documents, takes these family troubles in his stride, in the course of a narrative of the keenest interest and

of wide social and political survey. The work could hardly be better done. Mr. Patterson's pages are elaborately *documented*, but they are never overladen. Every figure that he introduces lives upon the page; and he does indulgent justice to the reputation of Lady Oxford, who was certainly beautiful, and might even have been virtuous, had she been married to a man she could have loved. Burdett was her first lover; Byron, perhaps, her last; and that least chivalrous of amorists has left it on record that "the autumn of a beauty like hers is preferable to the spring in others."

All these domestic incidents lend humanity to the record; but, of course, it is as a politician that Burdett is specially memorable, and Mr. Patterson's record of the political history of the period is perhaps the most masterly part of his narrative. He sets Burdett in his full environment, but keeps him well in the foreground, as a man at least a generation ahead of his contemporaries. His career was one of the strangest contrasts. An ardent reformer, the champion of electoral reform and Catholic emancipation, Burdett yet lived to support the Tory programme of the first Duke of Wellington. A fine sportsman, a social star, the intimate of all the fashionable people of the day, he was the favourite idol of the mob, who rallied round him in the hour of his adversity, and would have set London alight to save him from the Tower. Disraeli said that Burdett was the greatest gentleman he ever knew; and Hazlitt proclaimed him "one of the few remaining examples of the old English understanding, and old English character," adding "there is no honest cause which he does not avow, no oppressed individual that he is not forward to succour." He was, in short, as his biographer declares, "a great English country gentleman."

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE GOLDEN EAST, by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. *John Long.* 21s.

IF there is any writer who knows how to extract colour from the East and to present experiences of travel in picturesque language, it is Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. In this book, which is well illustrated and well produced, he selects incidents from recent journeys in the lands lying between Turkey and India. The incidents are interesting and often exciting, but to one reader, at any rate, it is the conclusions which he draws from his travels that are the most interesting. Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah maintains that, though the face of Islam may be changing—and several facets of this change he vividly portrays—the mind of Islam will never change. This is a most challenging statement. He asserts that the movements towards what may be called, very roughly, "modernisation," in such countries as Turkey, Arabia, Persia, and Afghanistan, turn essentially towards the same end: the Great Confederacy of Islam. He is concerned in this book, admittedly, mainly with the outward or visible changes; but to aver, in effect, that the mind of Islam is static is a stimulating statement. There are, of course, many Muslims who contend that any deviation from Koranic injunction is intolerable, but, after all, Islam belongs, in great measure, to the Western world, which, for better or worse, has embarked on the march of "progress." In that march old thoughts, old conceptions are being ruthlessly scrapped, and though in so remote a country as, say, Central Arabia, the doctrine of Muslims may yet fail to find co-ordination with the philosophic conceptions of the age, it is true, surely, that, though the essential and possibly immortal religious experience of Islam be preserved intact, the theology, the intellectual attitude must change.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

THE MAN WHO JEOPARDISED THE WAR

by REGINALD BERKELEY

MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR, by John J. Pershing. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 31s. 6d.

"IF General Pershing finally resigns himself to obedience, if he accepts the advice of capable Generals, whose presence at his side he has until now permitted only that he might reject their counsels, I shall be wholly delighted.

"But if this new attempt to reconcile two contrary points of view should not bring the advantageous results you anticipate, I must say to you that in my opinion any further hesitation should be out of the question. For it would then be certainly high time to tell President Wilson the truth and the whole truth concerning the situation of the American troops."

Thus Clemenceau to Marshal Foch on October 21st, 1918—within three weeks of the end of the War. For the moment Foch saved Pershing from the Tiger's wrath. Events were moving so fast in the Allied favour that even the "invincible obstinacy" of the American Commander could effectively damage nothing but his own military reputation, and the prestige of his Army. By October 22nd the Allied Forces in Flanders (mainly British), under the King of the Belgians, had recaptured Bruges, and were pushing on to Brussels; and the British Armies under Sir Douglas Haig, after incessant fighting since August, had broken the Hindenburg Line, recaptured Le Chateau, thrown the enemy beyond the Sambre and Cise Canal, and reached Le Quesnoy and Valenciennes. By November 4th the British had struck the final blow, the enemy was on the run, Germany was in revolution, and the Americans were out of the picture. "Nobody," Clemenceau had said, "can maintain that these fine troops are unusable. They are merely unused."

John J. Pershing (General "Perishing," as he was familiarly known in the British Expeditionary Force) was selected to command the American forces as the result of a conversation between his father-in-law, the late Senator G. F. Warran, and the Secretary of War. The burning question in the mind of the War Minister was the ability of Pershing to speak French. Senator Warren was quite certain of his son-in-law's mastery of Spanish, Japanese, and Filipino. But French was another matter. He would ask his wife, "as she speaks French a little." He asked, not his wife, but Pershing, whose strongly affirmative reply, "to be sure, was rather optimistic, yet it was comparatively accurate, and perhaps justified by the possibilities to be implied from Senator Warren's telegram." It seems odd that the selection of any Commander-in-Chief should have turned on so secondary a point; it is odder still that it should have so nearly determined the issue of a war. For it is not a word too much to say that the strange mixture of obstinacy and suspicion in Pershing's make-up, went nearer to giving the victory to the Central Powers than any other single contributory cause. If the disasters of March, 1918, had resulted in the separation of the French and British, and the collapse of the Allies, the architect, however unwilling, would have been not the German, but the American Commander.

He had one preoccupation. So indeed had the Allies. But theirs was to bring the War to a speedy end. His

was to build up a vast American Army. In vain the Governments of France and Great Britain laid the figures of their losses and their potential replacements before him, showing the swift wastage and inevitable decline of their numbers. In vain the Government of the United States identified itself with the appeals of the French and the British, and urged him to reinforce the line. In vain Sir Douglas Haig worked out a scheme by which American Divisions, under American Commanders, could be built up into an American Field Army in the line itself; and a great scheme it was, by which, if it had been carried out, the disasters of March, 1918, would unquestionably have been averted; for the area to be reinforced was the tenuously held Fifth Army front opposite St. Quentin. In vain, when human intelligence had exhausted itself against human stupidity, the enemy reinforced argument with practical demonstration. With Ludendorf hammering at the British and French, and with 400,000 Americans idle, the Allied Prime Ministers met the Military Heads to plead with Pershing to agree for the moment on bringing over infantry and machine-gun reinforcements from the United States. Pershing refused. Foch said, "You are willing to risk our being driven back to the Loire"; and Pershing answered, "Yes, I am willing to take the risk." Lloyd George warned him that the war might be lost for want of his support. Clemenceau and Orlando echoed the warning. Pershing retorted, "with the greatest possible emphasis, 'Gentlemen, I have thought this programme over very deliberately and will not be coerced.'" He had. He had made up his mind, though it should take till the following year, to form a gigantic American Army. During the ensuing months the totals rose by hundreds of thousands; and the British and the French hung on, stayed the enemies' advances, and bled their populations white. By August the American forces had grown to one and a half millions, of whom a small proportion had now been permitted by Pershing to enter the trenches. But on August 8th, the war-weary British, at whose "low morale" General Pershing was sneering at the Conference with the Allied Prime Ministers, struck at the German line and broke it. By November, when the thing was over, the American strength had reached the total of two millions, and a third American Army was formed—a little late for effective intervention. But Pershing had attained his ambition. At whatever inconvenience to the Allies, and however distastefully to his ardent soldiery, who wanted nothing more than to engage the enemy, he had formed a magnificent self-contained American Army just in time to lead it back to America. Viewed as the triumph of an obstinate man over all the forces of reason and loyalty, it was a notable achievement. But it was not magnificent. And it was not war.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LORD KILBRACKEN, G.C.B. *Macmillan. 10s. 6d.*

LORD KILBRACKEN, better known for many years in the Public Service as Sir Arthur Godley—the peerage dating from 1909, when he resigned the Under-Secretaryship of State for India which he had held for twenty-six years—is one of those typical English men, who have deliberately chosen to serve their country in the comparative obscurity of a public office rather than adopt a more showy and adventurous career, whether in politics or in the fighting services. In his case, the choice was hereditary. His father, John Godley, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for War, died comparatively young, but Jowett said to his son in 1868: "If your father had been alive now he would have been a member of this (Gladstone's first) Cabinet."

The son, after a brilliant Oxford career at Balliol, where Jowett was his tutor and he won the Hertford and Ireland scholarships, had the good fortune at the age of twenty-four to become one of Mr. Gladstone's assistant private secretaries. Such a position might naturally have led to a seat in Parliament and probably to Cabinet rank, but young Godley, by that time, married to a daughter of Sir Walter James (later Lord Northbourne), preferred a Commissionership of Inland Revenue, and was duly given that post in 1882, when his Chief, in his secretary's opinion with perfect good faith, was contemplating his own early retirement from politics. After a very few months at Somerset House, Godley was somewhat suddenly appointed to the Under-Secretaryship at the India Office, and his quarter of a century's work in that position constitutes his main public service.

But his reminiscences, interesting as they are for their records of Radley, Rugby and Oxford, where he met amongst schoolmates and undergraduates many memorable figures, will, for most readers, find their chief attraction in the very careful and penetrating analysis here given of Mr. Gladstone's personality. Gladstone, in the eyes of his private secretary, was a creature of a wholly different species from the rank and file of politicians. They never understood him, or he them, and most of his mistakes arose from his inveterate habit of "imputing himself," namely, assuming that other men were impelled by the same motives as impelled him. If forced to prefer expediency to rightness, Gladstone did so with more difficulty and visible effort than men of a less rigid sense of duty. Hence, he was driven to find an excuse, "preternaturally ingenious and subtle which commended itself to no one but himself." But he was essentially simple. "The essential fact" about him "was the extraordinary intensity and vehemence of all his impulses," accompanied by an equally extraordinary degree of habitual self-control. The rules of conduct he had made for himself he kept. It was almost impossible to divert him from any course once decided on, nor would he ever let grief or private emotion interfere with an engagement. An extreme instance of this is here given and the explanation is interesting. The widely condemned visit to a theatre on the night when the news had come of Gordon's death was simply due to Mrs. Gladstone's waving aside a suggestion of abandoning it. "Oh, dear! nothing teases him so much as altering a plan at the last moment."

There are thumb-nail sketches of many other statesmen and public servants in this interesting volume, Lord Granville, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Curzon; Sir Henry Maine, Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Richard Strachey, and other great figures on the Council of India; Lords Kimberley, Cross, Wolverhampton, George Hamilton, Midleton and Morley who, in succession, presided at the India Office. Of Morley he says that Morley was "a man of moods, which made him less pleasant as a chief than he ought to have been," but of all the Secretaries of State under whom I served, he was the most intellectually brilliant."

The clear, simple style in which these memoirs are written would in itself testify, if further testimony were needed, to "the merits of Mr. Arthur Godley as an official," on which Mr. Gladstone once dilated at such length to the amused Lord Granville and the bored Lord Hartington, as is here narrated on page 159.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

RED BREAD, by Maurice Hindus. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
I WENT TO RUSSIA, by Liam O'Flaherty. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It has been recognised from the first that the Soviet régime must stand or fall by its agrarian policy. The Soviet leaders were conscious of the magnitude of the problem and waited nearly twelve years before attempting a fundamental and radical solution of it. Then, in the spring of 1929, they launched on Russia the *kolhoz*, or collective farm. Mr. Hindus, already the author of two important books on Soviet Russia, gives us in *Red Bread* the first detailed study in English of these *kolhozi*.

It is a privilege of the critic to be wise after the event. It is easy now to see that the ambitious enterprise of "collectivising" the farm was both a political and an economic necessity for the Soviet Government. A political necessity, because it was impossible, in a country more than ninety per cent. agricultural, to maintain indefinitely a Communist system while agriculture was still organised on an individualistic basis. An economic necessity, because the mechanisation of modern agriculture is making the cultivation of cereals by smallholders more and more unprofitable; and cereals must perforce remain the staple product of Russian agriculture. The "Stolypin" reforms of the decade before the war, which were inspired by bureaucratic study of western methods and aimed at the development of "peasant proprietorship," could never have got to the root of the problem. In Russian conditions, the collective farm seems to be the only permanent alternative to the large estate of the capitalist landowner; and the Soviet Government was therefore bound sooner or later to stake everything on the experiment.

Mr. Hindus, though born and brought up on the Russian land, is an American citizen; and he looks at the *kolhoz* through rose-tinted glasses of a familiar American pattern, which exclude some of the darker colours. He was in Russia in the summers of 1929 and 1930. But he was not there during the first months of 1930, when "shock brigades" travelled about the country forcing the peasant into the collective farms, when thousands of the *kulaki*, or prosperous farmers, were deprived of everything they had and deported to northern Russia, and when peasants all over the country were killing off their stock rather than hand it over to the *kolhozi*. Mr. Hindus does not ignore these facts. But he consoles himself rather easily with the reflection that you could never have reformed the Russian peasant without some temporary resort to force, and that, anyhow, peasants always like to have something to grumble at!

It seems to have been decreed by fate that the best English should be written by Irishmen. As a master of prose I know of no living writer to beat Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, unless it be his compatriot, Mr. Bernard Shaw. The first merit of *I Went to Russia* is its style. It has another. A writer who maintains that nothing in the world is important except love-making and horse-racing, may fairly be regarded as more thoroughly impartial than most authorities on Soviet affairs. *I Went to Russia* bears much the same relation to a book like Mr. Chamberlin's *Soviet Russia* as a historical novel bears to a standard history. You will not believe that the conversations here set down ever took place; but most of them have the same advantage over a verbatim record as a picture has over a photograph. On the Soviet ship in which he travelled to Russia, Mr. O'Flaherty found a microcosm of the whole Soviet world—these are easily the most brilliant chapters in the book. In Leningrad he thought

of Gibbon, and compared the doctrines of Bolshevism with those of the Salvation Army. In Moscow—but in Moscow the pace begins to flag; and the last few chapters read rather like an indecent scurry to provide copy for an impatient publisher. And so back to London and "a delicious sense of the futility of human effort."

JOHN HALLETT.

FACETS OF THE CHINESE QUESTION, by E. Manico Gull. *Benn.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE one sure ground on which most people would base their belief in China's future, whatever the present may be, is that the Chinese are essentially practical. But, says Mr. Gull in this fresh and original book, that is just what they are not. They are æsthetic, philosophic, ceremonious; but practical only so far as appears absolutely necessary; and unless we recognise this fact, we cannot understand China's past civilisation and present discord. Confucius, practical enough in some things, dwelt incessantly on the importance of art, of the correct attitude to life, of ceremonial. Lao Tzu was so intimidated by all the evil that may come from action, that he preached the doctrine of inaction, the *Wu Wei*, which Emperors painted up in their throne room. Above all, the beauties of the Chinese script have so hypnotised Chinese intellectuals for 2,000 years, that the mere expression of a thought has become more important to them than its purpose. They are fettered in form and ceremony, and this has made it the harder for them to grapple with the uncongenial novelties they are trying to take from the West.

There is undoubtedly much support for Mr. Gull's view in everyday events in China. As Count Keyserling says of the Chinese passion for externals, "throughout the whole of his life [a Chinese] is, as it were, his own master of ceremonies"; and it is a common gibe that the reformers, having drafted the elaborate regulations which must precede every enterprise, appear to think that the thing itself has been achieved. In concentrating on mere form, China seems temporarily to have lost the spirit of the ancients. She is feeling the effects of the abolition, in 1905, of the old education in the classics, nothing yet having been adopted in place of the fine ethical and moral grounding they provided. A similar deficiency in Japan is seriously exercising Japanese thinkers. More and more one is convinced that China must look to her own past for the solution of her present troubles. The book is diversified with some most attractive descriptions of travel; and the statement of China's controversies with the Powers is clearly and reasonably put.

O. M. GREEN.

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SELECTED FICTION

FAR FROM MY HOME, by Sacheverell Sitwell. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

FEW ARE CHOSEN, by Oswell Blakeston and Francis Bruguière. *Eric Partridge.* 3*os.*

On the face of it one might have expected the enthusiast for the Baroque to have produced in fiction baroque words about a baroque world, to have written stories which would have been variations on themes of Montparnasse, with the elaboration if not in the mode of the expensive Messrs. Blakeston and Bruguière. On reflection, however, this would be to insult Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. His progress to the simple story of simple happenings in the daily lives of commonplace people is natural. The age of Baroque was not an age of faith or escape, but of an intelligent, sometimes amusing, sometimes tedious, materialism. The mundane achieved apotheosis. The people of that time were bored with imagining new worlds; they had them there, tons and acres of them, new, fantastic, and to spare. Carve to new faith out of nothingness but elaborate and dwell upon the mundane, the matter in hand. The more flamboyant fantacies of the period glorify a rich satisfaction in the commonplace that has been reached, and may be traced rather to the dreams roused by a subtly cajoled but inflamed digestion than to the lyrical fires from which spring new worlds not our own. It is precisely this lyrical spirit which has been fused with the realism and heavy decorativeness which Mr. Sitwell has taken with him in his transition to the short story. Thus in *Hark! The Trumpet and the Drum!* we are given a clear picture of an ex-serviceman's band, the tricks of its trade, the gently aching lives of its members, the main simple drama, long drawn out, of its leader's love for a factory girl; and at the same time, marching with the band, twining in and out of their lives, are the elaborate decorations, the flashing and inevitable fantasies which the mind and soul weave out of the stuff of circumstance. An enchantment is spun. This story is something like a masterpiece, first presenting a vivid, pitying, delighting picture, then proceeding to analysis; yet not stopping here, but proceeding further to an elaborate synthesis of the glittering hidden elements he has discovered. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell is weak in dramatic instinct—a bad fault in a short story writer—and hence a certain tedium in this and others amongst his stories. But the cumulative effect rarely fails in its quietness and power. *Annual Visit*, the account of a girl's return to her ancestral home from which she has cut herself off, is more remarkable for its fine and discriminating evocation of a stately and pretentious house and its scene than for the petty worries of snobbery and distaste which are the theme. *Innocent Encash* has a flash of fire and gaiety which are pleasant to meet in one who has a tendency to cut his sensitiveness a little fine. But those who find in Mr. Sitwell's first essay in fiction another example of modern literature "sicklied o'er with the pale caste of thought" will have missed a tenderness, a discrimination, a delicacy of understanding which are the graces of a genuine artist's conscientious development.

The stories of *Few are Chosen* are an example of that painty, noisy, smelly, spicy and touchy kind of writing which has made Montparnasse the most boring circus on earth. *Studies in the Theatrical Lighting of Life's Theatre* is the curiously revivalist sub-title of the book. Putting aside the obvious criticism that stage lighting is only

concerned with the stage and has nothing, even metaphorically, to do with literature, one can tackle the authors with their own weapons. Light without shadow is merely glare; violent and visual impressions of objects, experiences and their associations in thought and emotion are merely blinding and defeat their own purpose if there is no relief, shadow or contrast. God, it is true, when making the world said, "Let there be light," but even He was obliged to divide it into Night and Day. For example, in *The Light that never was on Land or Sea*, the most coherent and effective of Messrs. Blakeston and Bruguière's experiment, one undoubtedly receives a very vivid impression of the brutalities of naval training. The method has been used as successfully as it could be. But the whole stands out stark against nothing, and is unrelated to the great shadow of general experience. Many of these sketches are tripe in tinsel, but there is one good one, *The Light that Failed*, a pitiful account of the petty scruples of conscience which torture a girl in a convent. In this story the author remembers that the pen is not a cinematograph camera, and detaches himself with complete success from the story, exposing it with quiet and deadly effect. The illustrations must be left to those who fancy their judgment of eccentric experiment.

V. S. Pritchett.

DARK BRIDWELL, by Vardis Fisher. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE PASTOR OF POGSEE, by Gustav Frennsen. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE THIEF, by Leonid Leonov. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

These three books are so utterly different from one another that not even a reviewer's ingenuity can link them together. They have for me one point of contact: I liked them all.

Dark Bridwell is a novel of outlying American life and the log-cabin. Charlie Bridwell is a lazy fat giant, who can drink a gallon of whisky, shoot a bear in the eye, and stare any man out of the room. He marries a girl of eighteen and takes her to a log-cabin in the mountains. There they eat and sleep. They eat bear, fish, deer, goose, pig; the book on one side is a saga of fat crackling meat. The other side is cruelty. Charlie Bridwell tortures the animals which he cannot eat. When his sons are old enough he throws them into the rapids to show them how to swim, and later on he flogs them till they bleed. The book begins with Charlie's magnificent plump strength and daring, with his wife's love and their keen animal way of living, and it ends with the rebellion of his sons, the hatred of his wife, and the loneliness of a deserted middle age. The mixture of cruelty and tenderness in his nature at first puzzles and fascinates his wife, and afterwards terrifies her. He is an

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unpleasant pranking fellow presented with magnificent gusto. As one reads, the smell of what he eats becomes richer, the bearskins bristle nearer, and even when he shaves mice and throws them, tied tail to tail, into the snow, somehow the exuberance of his cruelty thrills. He is magnificently real. The other characters—his wife, two sons and a daughter, and one or two neighbours—are smaller on the page, but remarkably well drawn. The book gains impetus as it goes along; the simple conversations by the end, when Charlie's wife flares out and leaves, have become genuinely moving. *Dark Bridwell* is the fine full picture of primitive living; the sort of living that D. H. Lawrence hankered after (he also called it "dark"), with a mystical admiration very remote from Mr. Fisher's sardonic and sympathetic saturation.

If you imagine a Bavarian Vicar of Wakefield, and imagine too that his sense of propriety has broadened philosophically and by a closer harder experience of life, if (this is too much) you will imagine that he models his life on the wisdom of Goethe—you have the Pastor of Herr Frennsen's novel. Pastor Adam is a fine, brave, simple, wise, lovable man. He and his family (an ample one) are shown with the deep placid colouring of a Dutch interior. In this very long novel the reader gets to know them from day to day, almost from hour to hour. And when this picture has been filled in to include not only the happiness and simple poverty of this family, but a whole village and landscape of Bavaria, suddenly the war comes and smashes it to screaming bits. Two of the sons die, famine and disease blacken the country. Still he struggles on, not quite broken by the end. Gustav Frennsen has been called variously the Galsworthy and the Hardy of Germany. He is better than Galsworthy, and not poisoned (artistically) by the drama of the humanitarians; he is something like Hardy, but not so essential, not so poetic is his vision of life; slower, with perhaps a suggestion of plodding. I do not know how many novels he has written by now, but this is a fine, steady, completely mature book. I cannot imagine anyone who has normal patience not liking it.

When I began *The Thief* I thought it the most muddled book I had ever read. But the muddles clear and are, indeed, part of the method of the book. Scenes shift quickly among a huge number of people (living, post-war, in Moscow), backwards and forwards in time as well as space. They are linked together by a writer who knows them and makes notes on them, takes their confessions (this is a Russian, not an English, novelist!). This cinematic chop and change becomes effective as one gets into the book. G. W. STONIER.

AFTER TEN YEARS, by Constance Malleson. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is a very good book. It embraces a wide range of subjects—the North of Ireland thirty years ago, Norway and Sweden, England during the War, South Africa, the stage, royalties, politicians, all welded together into a whole that is at once sensitive, sincere and beautiful. As Colette O'Niel, the authoress was known to be an actress of talent, but she never reached the front rank; in literature she now finds her true vocation.

Constance Malleson is as feminine in her outlook as Katherine Mansfield. She has none of the mental masculinity which characterises most of our women writers, and in no other since the tragedy of K. M.'s death do we find the same depth of feminine artistic consciousness. Her one weakness lies in a certain lack of finality, a certain inconclusiveness; but it is a long time since I have read a book with so much enjoyment. HELEN GOSSE.

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1, 1931.

THE VATICAN—FASCIST DISPUTE

BY MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

THE conciliation between the Holy See and the Italian Government was one of the most remarkable political achievements of modern times. Yet the mere fact that so historic an event, arrived at only after the most profound reflection and study by both sides, should have originated that series of disputes which have succeeded one another during the past two and a half years, and which have culminated in the present grave quarrel, is at first sight almost more remarkable still.

The negotiations which led up to the settlement of the Roman Question and to the signature on February 11th, 1929, of the Lateran Agreements were drawn out over months and even years. The fundamental social and political theories and practices of the Fascist régime were, at the opening of the negotiations, what they are to-day, and, it was thought, must have been thoroughly well understood in the Vatican. Similarly it was assumed that the doctrines and claims of the Roman Catholic Church must have been equally well known to the Italian Government and its advisers. The two principal negotiators, Pope Pius XI and Signor Mussolini, are both men not only of exceptional ability, but also of quite uncommon obstinacy and tenacity of purpose. Both men are conscientious champions of the institutions which they respectively direct. Both have a highly-developed sense of their responsibilities and would not wittingly sacrifice any fundamental principle for the sake of some temporary advantage. These qualities and characteristics can hardly fail to have been recognised and appreciated by the parties during the negotiations. Indeed, it is admitted that they were. The dissolution, after the opening of negotiations, of the Catholic Boy Scout organisations, caused, as we all

now know, an abrupt suspension of the conversations for a year. In the end the Pope reluctantly gave way. The victory of Signor Mussolini may, not unfairly perhaps, be regarded as having established him once for all in a winning position. At any rate, the episode ought not to have left the Holy See with any lingering illusions as to what the Duce meant by his philosophy of the " totalitarian " State.

If, then, each of the two parties was presumably well acquainted with the views of the other, how is it possible that the Lateran Agreements between the Church and the State should have ever been signed and ratified at all, and, when once ratified, should have given rise to so many disputes of greater or lesser importance ? How, in particular, comes it about that the Church and State should be quarrelling more vehemently than ever over problems so vital as, what constitutes political activity, and, what are the respective rights and duties of the Church and the State in the education of the young ?

Unfortunately, the secrecy in which the course of the negotiations is still shrouded makes it impossible to give any really authoritative reply. Popular opinion has suggested various hypotheses. According to some people, Signor Mussolini was led astray by personal vanity and by the desire to earn that title to be considered " the greatest Italian statesman ", which was assigned many years ago by his predecessor Crispi to the man who should achieve the triumph of settling the Roman Question. He let it, therefore, be seen that he was anxious to gain the political support of the Catholics and thus succeeded in giving the impression that everything would work out satisfactorily in practice in the long run. Other people, and among them many Catholics, consider that the Pope was altogether too confiding and got the worst of the bargain. Yet others, again, cynically profess to believe that each of the two parties hoped to get the better of the other, and that they both ended by cheating each other and themselves.

These popular explanations, in spite of their obvious crudity, contain, when taken together, a certain element of truth. The fact of the matter, so far as one can judge,

is that in signing the Lateran Accords the two parties were actuated by different motives and concentrated their attention upon different objectives. As Senator Gentile so acutely pointed out, " The Church came to the Treaty through the Concordat, and the State came to the Concordat through the Treaty." In other words, the Church attached overwhelming importance to the Concordat—even to the extent that the Pope declared it to be inseparable from the Treaty—whereas the Government was primarily interested in the Treaty and in thereby solving once and for all the Roman Question.

Now, so far as the Treaty is concerned, there has been relatively little friction, and the application of its clauses has given rise to no serious disputes. The one clause which has been invoked by the Pope has been Clause 8, dealing with offences to the person of the Supreme Pontiff. Pius XI has invoked this clause in connection with his campaign of protest against the Government's policy of toleration towards " Protestant propaganda ", and, with much more justification, in his protests against some of the more violently anti-clerical demonstrations of the university students. If the Fascist authorities cannot be wholly acquitted of having tolerated these demonstrations they could at least plead the difficulty of identifying the culprits. On the other hand, when a pamphlet derogatory to the Holy See was published measures were at once taken against the joint authors. On the whole, there has been little difficulty in the international relations between the kingdom of Italy and the Vatican City State.

The history of the Concordat has, unfortunately, been much more chequered. Primarily the present dispute arose out of the alleged illegitimate activities of certain Italian subjects belonging to the Italian branch of the *Azione Cattolica* (Catholic Action) ; a body which, as we shall see, was specifically mentioned and safeguarded under the Concordat. Had the Catholic Action not been so safeguarded the Pope would, of course, have had no juridical grounds for interference, and Signor Mussolini would have been free to deal as he pleased both with the alleged culprits and with the organisation as a whole. But

the Italian Catholic Action is one of the institutions nearest to the Pope's heart. This body, which has branches all over the world, is, in fact, one of the most valued and important propaganda creations of the Catholic Church. Constituted, in the Pope's own words, from " Catholics of every social class " exercising a " veritable apostolate " in its multifarious activities through centres " legitimately set up and hence aided and supported by the authority of the Bishops ", the Catholic Action was defined as " never of a material, but of a spiritual order; not of an earthly, but of a celestial order; not political, but religious." It is intended to embrace all Catholics " without distinction of age, sex, social conditions, culture and national and political tendencies ", so long as these are not contrary to evangelical doctrine and the law of Christianity. This powerful and influential body has created in Italy many subsidiary organisations which are concerned with education and social welfare. It has particularly interested itself in education and thus entered a field of activity which the Fascist régime regards of peculiar importance to itself and to the State.

Outside Italy activities such as these, pursued by the officially recognised national Church, would normally be not only tolerated but even encouraged. But in Italy this is not the case. The Fascist theory of the " totalitarian " State is extremely jealous of, not to say hostile to any institutions not dependent upon the Government. A special point has always been made of the preservation under Fascism of private property as providing a stimulus to private initiative. But this private initiative is very carefully supervised. By means of its social and labour legislation, above all by means of its system of trades unions, " federations " and " corporations ", Italy is, in effect, being governed under a form of State Socialism which is none the less real for not being openly acknowledged as such. As it is, the supreme importance of the State is typified by catch phrases such as " Everything within the State; nothing outside the State ", and the Pope was not exaggerating when in his last Encyclical he summed up the Fascist doctrine and practice as a revival of " Pagan

worship of the State." It can readily be understood that such a " totalitarian " State would have preferred not to have at all in its midst such a powerful organisation as the Catholic Action, especially when it was placed under exceptional protection. But on this point the Pope refused to give way. Indeed, according to an obviously inspired statement which was made to the French Havas News Agency, the safeguarding of the Catholic Action organisations was the principal inducement to the Holy Father in signing the Lateran Treaty and Concordat. Upon this occasion it was Signor Mussolini who gave way and who reluctantly consented to recognise the organisations dependent upon the Catholic Action in return for a guarantee that their activities would be pursued outside party politics.

The great stress laid upon this subject may be clearly seen if we compare the relevant article in the original draft proposals submitted by the Holy See with the final text of the article of the Concordat. The original draft proposed by the Vatican ran as follows:

" The State recognises the organizations dependent upon the Italian Catholic Action, which has been constituted by the Holy See outside and above every party and under immediate dependence upon the Hierarchy for the affirmation, diffusion, realisation and defence of Catholic principles in the life of the individual, the family and society. On the other hand, the Holy See renews to all Italian ecclesiastics and members of religious orders its prohibition against belonging to any political party whatsoever or in any manner at all taking any party action."

In Article 43 of the Concordat, as finally ratified, we read:

" The Italian State recognises the organisations dependent upon the Italian Catholic Action in so far as they, according to the dispositions of the Holy See, pursue their activities outside every political party and under immediate dependence upon the Hierarchy of the Church for the diffusion and realisation of Catholic principles. The Holy See takes the opportunity of the stipulation of the present Concordat to renew to all Italian ecclesiastics and members of religious orders the prohibition against inscribing themselves in and taking a militant part in any political party whatsoever."

It will be noticed that the words " defence " and " in the life of the individual, the family and society " were deliberately omitted in the final text. On the other hand,

the insertion of the words " according to the dispositions of the Holy See " was remarkable as clearly indicating the desire to define an obviously ticklish and important question with the greatest possible precision. A still more patent proof of the difficulties which had been encountered in the drafting of Article 43 was the insertion of a succeeding article, which provided for the adjustment of any disputes arising out of the question, and which laid down that such differences should be composed in a friendly spirit and by the exercise of common sense.

In spite, however, of the care with which Article 43 was drafted serious differences did arise—differences within the last few months so serious that for a day or two the Italian lay Press was prompted to ask whether the Concordat any longer served any useful purpose, and whether the only possible solution of the quarrel did not lie in the denunciation of the Concordat. It would be extremely interesting to know what occurred behind the scenes at this moment. Evidently something highly important happened, since one prominent journalistic spokesman of the Government's views, who had broadly hinted one evening at the desirability of such action, turned completely round in twenty-four hours, and the following evening brazenly rebuked a colleague who, that morning, had explicitly called for the denunciation of the Concordat. If the suggestion was a bluff it was a lamentable failure, for the Vatican paid no ostensible attention to the threat. If, on the other hand, the suggestion was seriously made it was one of those mistakes which, according to Talleyrand, are worse than a crime. Neither Italy nor the Vatican would gain by tearing up the Lateran Agreements now that they have once been ratified, and in their heart of hearts both sides are perfectly well aware of the fact.

How is it, then, it may again be asked in more detail, that such disputes should arise from so carefully drafted an article? The answer would appear to be that Pius XI and Signor Mussolini are not in agreement in their definition of what constitutes political activity. In his description of the Catholic Action, referred to above, the Pope went on to say that the activities of that body " embrace the

whole man in private and public life, ensuring his better formation, both religious and civil." Furthermore, he declared that the Catholic Action " will not exclude " the participation of its adherents in public life " in all its manifestations." Again, speaking not long before the last quarrel had broken out, the Pope told a deputation of the Catholic Action that the organisation should be present always and everywhere, for moral problems were involved, and, since the problems not only of individuals but also of " social morality " could not escape the law of God, they were in the " proper conditions and measure " a concern of the apostolate of the Catholic Action. From these and other utterances it seems that the Pope interprets, and must always have meant to interpret, the wording of Article 43 in a narrow and literal sense. For him the forbidden ground was and is membership and activity in a political party. Hence, while finally admitting that there had been a connection between the Partito Popolare of Don Sturzo and the Catholic Action, the Pope sought to minimise his admission by his declaration that only four former local directors of the Partito Popolare had become local directors of the Catholic Action. This explanation can hardly fail to recall the excuse of Mr. Easy's maid-servant that her illegitimate baby was " such a little one."

So far from denying to the Catholic Action the right of interfering in politics, in the broadest sense the Pope, as we have seen, has done nothing of the sort. Indeed, the Church has always insisted that when politics touch the Altar, she has both a right and duty to make her voice heard. Witness, to take only one recent and familiar instance, the still unsettled dispute between the British authorities and the Vatican in Malta. Now, it is a truism to say that the tendency of much modern legislation is to deal with social and political problems from the standpoint of morality, and that consequently the area of debatable land where the interests of the Church and of the State are increasingly apt to meet, and overlap or even clash, is constantly growing even larger and larger. It should not be forgotten that the attack upon the Church sprang originally out of a circular addressed by the president of

the Roman branch of the Catholic Action in which he announced the formation of a National Working Men's Secretariat. The duties of this body were defined as " the technical training of the working-man members, the development of schemes of assistance, the carrying out in the social field of any activity which may prove a help and encouragement in the varying conditions of our daily life." This proposal was at once denounced as " an act of illegality and anti-Fascism ", infringing the legal basis of the Fascist Corporative State. Eventually, the circular was disclaimed by the Central Committee of the Catholic Action and the official resigned. Fresh fuel was heaped on the fire by the publication of the Papal Encyclical commemorating the 40th anniversary of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, issued by Leo XIII, and bringing up to date that document claimed by the Church to be the Magna Carta of Catholic social action. Hence, to a man of Signor Mussolini's ideas, the Church represents an almost omnipresent and insidious factor which must, indeed, be taken into account and treated with deference, but which none the less must be carefully watched.

While acknowledging, somewhat grudgingly, that Fascism has restored religion to the elementary schools, the Church complains that this religious teaching is not so much a spirit informing the whole life and curriculum of the pupils as a subject by itself which is due to be taught at certain stated hours in the same way as geography or arithmetic is taught. Such criticism is not without an element of truth. Rightly or wrongly Signor Mussolini is popularly supposed to be personally, *Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens* and, if he has restored the crucifix to the schoolroom, he has, it is surmised, done so more from political reasons than from any profound devotion to religion as such.

It is here that the most fundamental difference between the Roman Catholic Church and the " totalitarian " State has revealed itself. Rejecting the Pope's narrow interpretation of what is forbidden political ground, Signor Mussolini has clearly regarded the veto in a wider sense and has applied it to all fields of political-social activity, thus restricting the Church in effect to little beyond the

outward forms and practice of religion. Such a limitation would, of course, be fatal to the Roman Catholic Church, as to any other Church. Of this the Vatican is very well aware. Not only does the Vatican not accept such a curtailment of its functions, but it carries the war into the enemy's camp and declares that it, and not the State, is the organisation rightfully charged with the education of the young. Although, as we have seen, the quarrel began over the labour-social activities of the Catholic Action it was speedily transferred to the question of education, and it is highly significant that the Government has struck, not at the organisations for adults dependent upon the Catholic Action, but at the Catholic Youth bodies. This fact alone, as the Pope was quick to point out, revealed the real intentions of the Government. For, as the Holy Father pertinently asked, if the Catholic Action were being attacked for its political activities, why was it being attacked in those organisations which from the very nature of things could have least to do with politics ?

But the Pope's point was, rightly considered, largely a debating point. The old Jesuitical maxim that the first seven years of a child's life are those which govern his later career has not only been borne in mind, but developed by both the disputants. From the tender years in which he joins the *Ballila* and then passes through the ranks of the *Avanguardisti*, the *Fasci Giovanili di Combattimento* and the *Milizia*, the young Italian to-day is being drilled to believe that the interests of the State are supreme and take precedence over all considerations of the individual and of the family. This " Pagan worship of the State " is utterly rejected by the Church. For it, the individual is not a mere number in a body but a being with a soul, and endowed with certain inalienable rights and privileges. For it, the important organism is the family and the proper educator of the young is the Church. This is not the place to go into the Church's educational claims. The question was set out clearly by Pius XI in a recent Encyclical and forms really a part of the whole Papal morality as expounded in his other Encyclicals upon Christian marriage and social action. It is enough to say that the Church

starts from a hypothesis diametrically opposed to that assumed by Fascism, and arrives at conclusions no less contradictory.

Upon this subject both parties are equally determined. Speaking before the Chamber in favour of the ratification of the Lateran Accords, Signor Mussolini declared it unthinkable that the Fascist régime should renounce its rights to educate the young.

"In this matter," he said, "we are intractable. Teaching must be ours. These children must be educated in our religious faith, but we need to complete this education, we need to give to these youngsters the sense of virility, of power, of conquest; above all, we need to transmit to them our faith and our hopes."

The reply of the Pope was not long in coming and was no less unequivocal.

"Where we shall never be in agreement," His Holiness declared, "is as regards all that which seeks to restrict, diminish and deny the right which nature and God have given to the family, and to the Church in the field of education. On this point we do not wish to say that we are intractable, because among other things intractability is not a virtue, but only that we are intransigeant; just as we could not be otherwise than intransigeant if we were asked how much two and two make."

How this dispute will end it is, at the moment, impossible to foretell. The dilemma seems to be that of the irresistible force having encountered the immovable mass. A complete rupture followed by a denunciation of the Concordat is highly improbable. Both sides must by now be aware that they have handled their dispute with quite astonishing maladroitness. Such at least is the general impression of the Italian nation as a whole, irrespective of its sharply divided sympathies and prejudices. There are, of course, further means open to both sides of making themselves disagreeable, if they so wish. The Pope might treat the leaders of the Fascist Party much in the same way as he has treated the members of the *Action Française*. Signor Mussolini might take measures against the Catholic private schools, which are not merely a most efficacious means for the spreading of Roman Catholic doctrines but also for obtaining money. A hint that this weapon might be used was even given in an article in the *Popolo d'Italia* written by the Duce's brother, Dr. Arnaldo Mussolini. Since the passage of the School Reform carried through by Senator Gentile, private schools have had a successful career in Italy and the Catholic ones are generally considered to be the best. The results of the State examinations at any rate go to show that their pupils are well educated. The taunt has been thrown in the face of the members of Catholic schools and organisations dependent upon the Catholic Action that they are "rabbits", the Italian equivalent of milksops. This charge, as was pointed out in the *Osservatore Romano*, is unfounded, and figures were quoted to show how many decorations for valour were won in the War by former members of such institutions. It is, therefore, to be hoped in the interests of Italy as a whole that the policy of interfering with the Catholic schools will not be adopted.

The most likely outcome of the dispute will probably be some compromise and *modus vivendi*. It might be very plausibly argued that such a solution is really in the best interests of Italy herself rather than a victory all along the line of one or other of the two parties. If the Pope is standing for political liberty of conscience, and if the columns of the *Osservatore Romano* represent to-day the only really independent criticism of the Fascist régime published in the Italian peninsula, Signor Mussolini may well claim to be defending the freedom of religious cults from the intolerant bigotry of the Roman Catholic Church. Meanwhile if the position were not really serious and almost tragic, it would not be without its humorous aspects to the outside observer. To the Papal claim of infallibility for words spoken *ex cathedra* the Fascists go one better with their dictum that "Mussolini is always right." The position of the Italian who is at once a good Fascist and a good Catholic must be highly embarrassing.

CURRENT PROBLEMS OF WORLD ECONOMICS

II—The Price Problem

By Prof. T. Gregory, D.Sc.

A STRANGE fate awaits those who would seek to discredit the teachings of economic science, by emphasising the contrast between the pale abstractions by which economists seek to make clear the workings of our complicated modern institutions and the objectivity and concreteness, the super-volitional reality, as it appears at first sight, of these institutions themselves. In the case of other sciences the same discrepancy between appearance and reality obtains, but the physicist has not to suffer from a loss of prestige from the circumstance that he analyses matter into constituents so mysterious that the average mind is in fact unable to make clear to itself what ultimate reality, in physical philosophy, amounts to; the economist is in not so fortunate a situation. But, in fact, the ultimate reality by which modern economic life is governed is something which economic science persisted in regarding for generations as something irrelevant and inessential; as a "mere veil" distorting the reality of things. That ultimate reality is money; and because all modern economic life is based upon the existence of monetary units, it is thereby given a quality of abstractness unnoticed only because it is so obvious. For as soon as the quantities involved in production and consumption, in effort and sacrifice and reward, are expressed in terms of money—i.e., as soon as economic society becomes based on pecuniary standards, the mass of economic transactions become reduced to a common denominator of expression, the concreteness of economic facts disappears, and there is left in their place, as the measure of effort and achievement, one thing alone

—the *balance sheet* by which outlay and investment are measured up against reward. As soon as economic activity becomes measurable in terms of money, exact calculation becomes possible, but the *significance* of the calculation is dependent, not only upon the behaviour of the individual business man, but upon the behaviour of the measuring rod employed. To assess the degree to which monetary institutions are themselves a cause of social and economic change is, in fact, to discuss the problem of prices, for an economic magnitude, expressed in terms of the quantity of money which it is "worth" at any moment, is a price-expression; and variations in prices may come about, not because of any alteration in the relative position of things *inter se*, but because of changes in the relations of all things and money. And it is these latter causes of changes in prices which, we are beginning to see, are among the most powerful agencies of social change.

That price changes should initiate social change is due to two circumstances. Prices measure both reward—i.e., money—incomes *and* obligation—i.e., money debts. It follows from this that price changes may and do initiate alterations in the position of individuals and of classes which, whether on balance the individuals or classes concerned are favourably or unfavourably affected, introduce elements of arbitrariness and hazard into economic life alien to the whole conception of a rationally determined economic order. *Individual* price-changes are an indispensable part of the mechanism of production: general price-changes are not. If a particular product or service is in greater demand, its relative shortage of supply for the time being drives up its price, increases therefore the incomes of those who help to produce it and thus encourages its further production. But if the prices of *all* goods and services simultaneously rose, the relative position of each producer would remain unchanged, and the price-changes so taking place (in so far as one is considering the price-mechanism as the best guide available, under conditions of free enterprise and division of labour, to the direction which production *ought* to take) would be without effect, though they might have other and undesirable conse-

quences in other directions. Thus, to put the matter in a somewhat different way, general changes in the level of prices occasion windfall changes in the distribution of income, and initiate in consequence far-reaching economic and social changes. Two illustrations may suffice to make clear the general bearing of what has been said. A *fall* in the general level of prices has the effect of increasing the burden of indebtedness and, as a consequence, of improving the position of a creditor class. If the price change in question is so violent and sudden that it is not possible adequately to offset it, say by an increase of productivity, such a redistribution of income may easily result in a social or political movement intended to bring about a readjustment favourable to the debtor, who has lost as much as the creditor has gained. It is impossible to understand, e.g., the waves of agrarian socialism which swept the farming areas of the United States in the 'eighties of last century without taking into account the fall in prices which at that time greatly increased the burden of mortgage indebtedness which the farmer had incurred. The conflict between the peasant and the *fisc* at all times has been largely a function of the current trend of prices. Again, a sudden and violent upturn of prices benefits the debtor at the expense of the creditor, and, in general, all those with residuary and fluctuating incomes as compared with fixed or inelastic incomes. The social resentment produced by a situation of this kind led during the period of the late war and the boom which followed it to the invention and employment of a term of abuse of which we have not heard the last—" the profiteer." And when the rise of prices is so continuous and so violent as to make rational calculation altogether impossible, the whole economic fabric of society is threatened with destruction; for without confidence in the future of prices it is impossible to conduct modern economic life. The position of Central Europe in the period 1921 to 1925 is the classical illustration of the dangers of extreme price instability. But the period of price-change through which we are now passing affords, also, striking confirmation of the disintegrating effects of price-change, though on this occasion

price movements have been in a downward, and rapidly downward, direction. To the collapse of prices in the last two years must be attributed the political difficulties of South American republics; the financial and economic crisis in Germany and the reopening of the whole Reparations question; unemployment on a vast scale in America and this country, the serious blow to the prestige of Government everywhere, and the almost complete collapse of the system of international investment upon which the continued economic progress of the world largely depends. These are serious consequences to deduce from what seems at first sight so remote a cause. But the chain of causation is simple enough when it is remembered that no change in the general level of prices can be initiated which does not affect the distribution of income, the burden of taxation and of indebtedness, and therefore the relative position of different social classes. In countries such as the Latin-American Republics, a fall in raw material prices at once dislocates the whole local economic life and, since a large part of their indebtedness is to foreign countries, aggravates the foreign exchange situation and makes new loans from abroad difficult to obtain. The very cessation of these loans adds to the difficulties of the situation, and economic distress recoils, illogically but naturally enough, upon the heads of the politicians who happen to be in office at the time.

It therefore becomes a matter of great importance to determine as accurately as possible the causes of the recent fall of prices, because without accurate diagnosis it is out of the question to distinguish between what is possible and what impossible in the way of remedial action. It has become the fashion to ascribe the recent fall in prices to two allied factors—to the absolute shortage of gold on the one hand, and to the maldistribution of gold on the other. I am unable personally to share the view that the present situation can be adequately explained by direct reference to these two factors. As I have elsewhere argued, it is easy to fall into circular reasoning in this connection, for if a shortage of gold is defined as a state of gold production which leads to a fall of prices, and a fall of prices is

explained as due to the shortage of gold, the whole chain of argument employed begs the essential points at issue. And so, *mutatis mutandis*, of an alleged maldistribution of gold.

Apart from the drain of gold to the East, primarily for purposes of hoarding, and the use of gold in the industrial arts, the entire world output of gold flows into the vaults of Central Banks. Upon the basis of their gold stocks the Central Banks build up a volume of note-issue and deposits, which latter serve directly and indirectly as the cash basis upon which the commercial banks erect a superstructure of credit—i.e., the deposits of the commercial banks are protected by the Central Bank notes, held in the vaults of the commercial banks, and by the deposits held by them at the Central Bank. Given a certain rate of gold production, then, the effective volume of purchasing power which can be built up upon the available gold supplies depends upon : (1) The absolute effective amount of gold production less the amount of gold absorbed in non-monetary directions ; (2) The amount of purchasing power built up on the basis of their accruing gold supplies by the Central Banks ; (3) Upon the proportion of this purchasing power which, in its turn, is utilised by other banking institutions for reserve purposes ; and (4) Upon the amount of purchasing power which in turn is built up on the basis of these reserves for banking institutions other than Central Banks themselves. The new volume of purchasing power is therefore only closely linked up with net gold supplies if (*a*) Central Banks maintain rigid reserve ratios ; (*b*) If the proportion of Central Bank purchasing power available for commercial bank reserve purposes remains rigid ; (*c*) If the volume of commercial bank credit based upon a given volume of reserve money also remains rigid. If, *under these circumstances*, the demand for purchasing power increases faster than the supply, prices will fall ; if, again, the demand for purchasing power rises less rapidly than the supply, prices will rise. So long as all the conditions assumed as rigid do in fact remain rigid, and prices fall, the price fall may be described as due to a " shortage of gold." It is clear, however, that unless it is shown that the conditions assumed as

rigid have in fact remained rigid, and must remain rigid in the future, it is illegitimate to discuss the problem of prices as if it were *merely* a question of the physical output of gold. And what has just been said is subject to one more qualification of great importance. Even if the newly accruing supplies of gold fall off, no direct inference as to the behaviour of prices can be inferred, so long as the existing gold stocks are capable of being more fully utilised, in the sense that a modification of reserve ratios is possible.

It is easy to show also that the effects of gold movements upon the price-level are by no means simple and cannot be predicted in the absence of further assumptions. An international standard implies (within elastic limits, it is true) an international parity of prices. Gold losses which are due to the price-level in one part of the international field being too high relatively to prices elsewhere do not necessarily alter the general level of prices, but may merely result in prices all over the field approaching stricter equality : falling in areas losing gold, rising in areas receiving it. Such gold movements are effects of previous price maladjustments rather than causes of new price disequilibria. Gold movements from one part of the gold standard area to another can only have the effect of *lowering* the general price level if : (*a*) The gold-receiving areas impound (" sterilise ") the accruing gold, so that it has no effect upon prices ; (*b*) The areas losing gold take steps to prevent more of it from going by measures restricting credit ; (*c*) Those areas which have not yet lost gold also take measures to prevent an anticipated loss of gold by measures restricting credit. Gold is not " maldistributed " merely because it moves from one area to another ; " maldistribution " is only an awkward synonym for a combination of Central Bank policies which prevent prices from rising in one set of areas, whilst in others—since Central Bank action is there aimed at preventing or resisting further gold movements—they have the effect of causing prices to fall ; and, once prices start falling, they induce changes in the attitude of the business world towards new enterprise which have the effect, for the time being, of

causing prices to fall still lower. But, whatever may be the degree to which in the immediate past gold shortage and gold maldistribution have caused price falls, there is this distinction between the magnitude of the influence exerted by each possible cause within a given time period. Gold shortage can only produce its effects gradually—is thus essentially a long-period factor : gold maldistribution is essentially a short-period factor, which tends to bring about its own cure. For the depletion of the gold stocks comes to an end ; either because the fall in prices reverses the gold stream, or because, in extreme cases, the countries concerned abandon the gold standard, which then ceases to be a factor making for price decline. On the other hand, the gold-receiving centres cannot accumulate gold indefinitely ; if they tried to, the attempt would result in the liabilities of the local Central Bank being covered up to 100 per cent. by gold, and prices would start to rise again. Or, alternatively, the pressure of falling prices in other countries causes dislocation of business, not only in the countries losing gold, but also in those receiving it, and they abandon the policy of sterilisation because of increasing business distress and growing unemployment.

But, because it can be shown that, under appropriate conditions, a gold shortage or a gold maldistribution could lead to falling prices, it does not follow that these causes have been operative as major explanations of the course of events since the return to the international gold standard in 1924-5. Before 1929 the movement of prices was such that, for the time being, no obstacle was thereby presented to the considerable economic progress which was then being manifested ; any tendency for the long-period price level to fall, due to the combined effects of gold production, rigid reserve requirements and a growth in the demand for purchasing power, was marked by more powerful and immediate forces. On the other hand, when the general economic situation in the middle of 1929 became unfavourable, the drain of gold to the United States under the combined influence of the Wall Street boom and high money rates in America set up a process of com-

petitive increases in bank rates which, though not the *direct* cause of the turn in the economic situation (for production was already beginning to fall in the United States *before* the conclusion of 1929), *accentuated* the tendencies making for depression. Once that depression was under way, it fed on itself for the time being, as depressions always do. What has impeded recovery is not only the extravagance of the previous boom—for depressions are proportionate to the antecedent upswing—but the existence of political factors which have delayed the rebirth of confidence. Moreover, the depression has revealed the existence of weaknesses latent in the economic structure, such as the rigidity of the cost and wage systems, and the lack of elasticity in the price system due to trusts, monopolies, valorisation and stabilisation schemes of various kinds, which make the adjustment of relative prices unusually difficult. Thus, before and after the onset of the depression, a variety of factors have been at work and the problem of the price level cannot be stated in the simple terms of gold shortage and gold maldistribution. So far as monetary influences have been at work, first as originating causes of depression and then as elements retarding recovery, they are of a more complex nature than appears at first sight.

When one looks to the future, there are two issues which require to be sharply distinguished. The first concerns the desirability of taking action ; the second concerns the possibility of taking action. The first is a question of policy ; the second of technique. The problem of policy is itself very complicated, and cannot, without running the risk of creating misapprehension, be described merely as a problem of "price stabilisation", because this at once raises the question : stabilisation at what level ? The considerations which require to be balanced against one another are these :—

(1) The tendency of a period of rapid technological advance coincident with falling gold production is to cause prices to fall, *unless* other elements in the monetary situation (i.e., reserve policy, or alternatively, purchasing power policy) alter. On the other hand, such changes

in prices which *merely* correspond to a *real increase in* technical efficiency do not burden the producer, though they increase the purchasing power of all fixed charges (including National Debt). The probability is that, in the absence of special efforts, prices will continue to fall and probably, as time goes on, more rapidly than the state of technique warrants, for legislation, as well as the attitude of mind of monetary authorities, stands in the way of monetary policy easily accommodating itself to alterations in the gold position. A rate of price fall which might be borne without suffering would then turn into a rate of fall which *would inflict* burdens on producers in favour of other classes.

(2) But this further fall of prices will take place after prices have already, in the last two years, been falling so sharply that it has not been possible for wage and other fixed costs to become adjusted. The burden of debt has risen in proportion as prices have fallen. The question here is this : should an attempt be made to adjust *costs* to the price level, or the price level to the costs? To adopt the first solution is to be faced with great difficulties, arising from the social struggles which develop in connection with wage disputes. For, even if one were to imagine wages to be adjusted to the present price level, it would still be the case that the burden of debts would be greater than before, in proportion to the fall in prices. There can be no doubt that, if no other solution is possible, this solution—i.e., a quasi-permanent stabilisation of the present price-level with adjusted wage and other costs—is preferable to the present unadjusted situation, unless it can be held that the progress of technique will be sufficiently rapid, even if nothing else is done, to reduce costs so greatly within a relatively short period of time, that the depression will be overcome by this means alone, without any violent alteration in the general level of incomes. The alternative solution is to attempt again to raise prices to a level more consonant with costs, and to keep prices at that level with as much accuracy as can be managed with the monetary machinery available.

There can be no question that, from the standpoint of

the immediate future, a rise of prices, if it can be achieved, is preferable to a cutting of all money costs, so as to bring prices and costs more into alignment than is at present the case. But, with regard to the long run, divergence of view is more legitimate. If one bears in mind that the *probable* course of prices, in the absence of deliberate action intended to offset the natural tendency of events, is likely to be in a downward direction, and that the extent to which the monetary authorities can check a fall of prices by deliberate action is still problematical, there is a good deal to be said for the adoption of a monetary policy which would allow of a stabilisation of prices *in terms of human effort*, rather than a stabilisation of prices *in terms of gold*. The first policy would allow gold prices to fall at a rate not greater than is warranted by the rate of technical improvement ; *the second policy would mean that the* purchasing power of gold in terms of human effort would fall, but in terms of goods would remain constant. If an ounce of gold always buys the same quantity of goods at a time when the real cost of producing such goods is being reduced, it is clear that the gold ounce buys less human effort than it did before. But a policy of gold price-stabilisation has the merit of being more intelligible to the non-technical mind, and this is, in and of itself, a very great advantage.

Discussions such as these must necessarily appear, and are, impracticable to the lay mind. But their significance will stand out clearly as soon as it is borne in mind that the more complicated and developed a society becomes, the less desirable it is to add to the causes of social friction ; for social friction destroys the willingness to sacrifice present enjoyment for the sake of future gain ; i.e., it destroys the process of long-period investment upon which, in great measure, economic progress depends. Changes in the level of prices, therefore, will add to the real income of the rentier at the expense of other classes of the community, increase economic unrest and, for that reason, ultimately bring in less return to the rentier than would be expected from the mere movement of prices. Changes in the price-level which destroy income from investments

react disastrously on the spirit of saving, and again bring in less to the classes which benefit directly from a rise of prices than appears on the surface, because the supply of savings falls off and may even, in extreme cases, disappear altogether. In the end, modern industrialism must satisfy the average man's sense of what is just, if it is to survive ; though this is not to say that alternative systems would necessarily be better. All that is implied is that in price changes there lurks a danger to the stability of economic life, which must be rated as a serious danger if it involves or is accompanied by, as has been the case in recent years, appalling unemployment and great political unrest.

Some considerable increase in the stability of prices is, then, a first requisite of economic progress. But granted the desirability, what of the possibility of achieving it ? In no event is it possible to regard the problem as so easily soluble that, if only the monetary authorities give their minds to the task, fluctuations can be entirely avoided. For that the machinery available is much too crude, and the mechanism to be controlled much too complex and impervious to action from without. The case for attempting action lies in the fact that individual price movements diverge upwards and downwards from a common level, however difficult it may be to determine statistically how to measure this level, and whatever may be the complex relationships which exist between the movements of individual prices. To keep this common level from itself fluctuating violently over time must be the sole aim of monetary policy, so far as price regulation is concerned, and great dangers would arise if monetary authorities were made responsible for the movements of relative prices or if the task were imposed on them of keeping the common level of prices within exactly defined legal limits. All that can be said is that the supply of purchasing power is within the control of the monetary authorities and that this gives them great power over the general level of prices. It does not follow that the price-mechanism is so delicate that the economic machine will respond to the stabilising action of Central Bankers as easily as a liner responds to the turn of the wheel. The necessity for some genuine

attempt at price stabilisation is, I think, clear when the grave consequences of extreme instability are frankly faced ; but it is a far step from urging the necessity and possibility of greater stability to a demonstration that, were it not for the shortcomings of banks and bankers, the price problem would cease to exist at all.

A further point of great practical importance remains to be discussed. Price stabilisation is only possible, given an international gold standard, by co-operative action among the Central Banks of the world ; for any single bank which attempted to stabilise the local price-level at a time when world prices were falling might easily lose its reserves altogether, and be forced into the alternative of either abandoning the gold standard or ceasing to pursue a stabilising policy. The existence of the international gold standard thus raises, not only the issue of how far stabilising action is possible within the limits set everywhere by its very existence, but how far the fact that the standard is *international* acts as a limit to possible reform measures. From *this* point of view the fact that the gold stocks of the world are highly concentrated is a great advantage. For such concentration reduces the number of centres where co-operation is requisite. The Central Banks of the great money markets are in a position to influence greatly the course of events elsewhere, for the rhythm of economic life in the numerous areas depends largely on the pace of economic progress in the more advanced civilisations, since the latter are both the great buyers of raw materials, and the only purveyors of capital upon a large scale. Provided agreement is reached amongst these centres, the possibility of advance in the required direction is greatly strengthened. But it must be frankly admitted that, so long as the Central Banks are confronted with tasks of great urgency and complexity of the kind they have recently been dealing with, the efforts necessary to secure agreement for the purpose of securing greater stability of prices are hardly likely to be made. All that can be said is that, until the immediate problems are successfully solved, price stabilisation would probably not prove feasible, and that delay is therefore not as fatal as it at first appears.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY

What is Happening To It?

By Hugh Walpole

BY an odd coincidence I am writing this in a Cornish fishing-village whither I have returned after an absence of ten years. As a "muling and puling" infant I played on the sands a mile away from here; as a young man with nothing in my pocket, my heart packed with ambition, I wandered here one wet evening, spoke to some fishermen with the result that I lived here for thirteen years, the most dramatic years of my life, for it was here that I learnt of my first success, here that I fell in love, here that, walking down the hot sunny village hill one August morning, I learnt that the Germans had invaded Belgium.

Now again I have returned. I had long sworn that I would not, because the stories that had reached my ears of the village's devastation were so horrible that I dared not witness the horror with my own eyes. But I returned. It was inevitable that I should for, with the exception of one other spot of ground, this is the dearest to me in the world. So back I came three days ago, and all the text of my subject lies here.

This village was cut out of the rock centuries and centuries ago. Since time began it has been the perfect example of the Tourist's Ideal, with its white cottages, rock of purple, orange, and silver, sea slashing the foundations of the houses and, in winter, overwhelming the cobbled streets. Supremely beautiful in its homeliness, its isolation, its comforting friendliness. When I came here in 1908 no one but a few old painting-ladies sought it out. The station is miles away, there are hills to be climbed, there is no beach. Or, earlier still, forty years back when I was six years old, we would come over in the "Jingle"—the

pony-trap—for the day, with meat-and-bread pasties and bottles of ginger-beer and the hedges would smell of foxglove and dog-roses, the cliff would be scattered with sea-pink, the old church would look down at us from the hill, the world would be all our own.

When I was a young man of twenty and came actually to live in Rafiel, there was still "no change." From year's end to year's end we scarcely saw a visitor. Every night, weather being suitable, the twenty boats would lift their orange sails and set out under my windows with the little green shutters. For my cottage I paid six pounds a year. There were, even in 1911, only two motor-cars in the village. Still the old horse-'bus ran to the nearest town and occupied an hour and a half in doing so. The village smelt of fish, talked fish, lived by fish—and it was a Paradise.

In 1911 Rafiel was a Paradise; in 1931 Rafiel is a Tourist Resort. From end to end of the village signs are hanging, "Ye Olde Something-or-Another"—"Ye Olde Dun Cow", "Ye Olde Crab-Pot", "Ye Olde Nookery", and on the face of one Horror, a screaming Horror with bright blue paint, its windows crammed with plaster-cast naked Venuses and spawn of poker-work, there is written up "Films—Food—Fun." Everywhere there are little new Villas, and in the window of every Villa there is a placard with these mystic words: "Bed and Breakfast." On the hill before you enter Rafiel, up over a gate of a field where the first primroses used to come, there is a large placard: "You May Park Here." And all down the road that was once an avenue of elms, there are petrol stations. On Tuesdays and Thursdays the Charabancs come and the paths and walls are covered as though with flies. Special ice cream—the best in the district—is to be bought under a white umbrella in the fish-market.

Making careful enquiries, I discovered that a certain Mr. Fowler-Jones walked one day down the village street. "Ha! ha!" said Mr. Fowler-Jones, "the very place for me!" So with an energy, self-confidence and impertinence quite unequalled in Rafiel history, he set about it, bought property here, opened shops with plaster-cast

Venuses there, discovered comic facts and quaint stories in past Rafiel history and printed them on postcards, photographed the sea-gulls, made the fishermen with beards (not many of them left) stand in a row and be painted, put up petrol-stations, opened hotels and had a glorious time.

After a while he departed, leaving a cloud of debts behind him. Everyone was sad and regretful. It seemed that he was a bad man. But everyone in Rafiel has a kind heart. The old men are good-natured and, with justice, lazy ; the young men have set their eyes on farther horizons. The evil work has been done—no one quite knows how.

And instead of the twenty boats with orange sails, I saw last night two large motor-propelled barges go rattling out into the white-clouded west.

" None of the young men go fishing any more. Don't pay like it used to do. Even if you catch the fish there ain't no price for them." Only my old friend John Curtis goes on. He loves the sea too dearly. Come what may he will go on to the end.

What is happening to Rafiel is happening over all the Southern Coast of England, is happening indeed over all the South of England. Cars, petrol-stations, electric-pylons—but why should I go on? Everyone knows. Many are distressed. Little is being done to arrest it.

In my own home, in the North of England, things are a little different. The Cumberland and Westmorland mountains and valleys defy, most of them, any very violent penetration. The whole of the North of England, north that is of the manufacturing towns, has space of turf, air, clouds and rain. Through the Cumberland district itself from Windermere to Keswick there is a great wide road with a fine surface and down this for some months of the year the cars rush in constant succession, but the very fact of this road and others like it means that travellers move so swiftly that the country itself is untouched. Then there are the National Trust, the Society for the Preservation of England and other kindred Associations, all doing what they can that Beauty may not die.

But at the very word Beauty I am arrested. Alas, how priggish is its sound!

Once, and not so long ago, the life of England was, outside the towns, of a cloistered embalmed isolation. Read the Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth—that exquisite book—the Journal of Parson Woodforde, Jane Austen's novels, or, much later than these, Richard Jeffries, Mark Rutherford, " Henry Ryecroft ", if you would know what that could be! And how beautiful in retrospect it seems! Listen to this little extract from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal :

" Monday morning : a soft rain and mist. We walked to Ryedale for letters. The Vale looked very beautiful in excessive simplicity, yet at the same time, uncommon obscurity. The church stood alone, mountains behind. The meadows looked calm and rich, bordering on the lake. Nothing else to be seen but lake and island."

Yes, in retrospect how lovely! The old village street with the old villager leaning against the wall, the thick dark oak tree bending above the water-trough where the horse is led to drink, the village shop with its green bottle-windows and the assortment of licquorice, notepaper, shoe-laces and soap, the distant chime of the church clock, the old cottage bowered in roses. . . . Yes, very well for us who have means, leisure, an easy thirst for this same Beauty that our leisure demands as its food, but behind us, beyond us, what stagnation, ignorance, weariness and monotony. That same rose-covered cottage was damp, insanitary and indecently overcrowded. See the Lady Bountiful of the village!—my Aunt Eleanor was one. How good and kind and generous she was, but also how beneficent and, without intention, how patronizing! moving graciously down the street with her soup and blankets and insistence on the sanctity of her command! The public-house was the only refuge, the village wall the idle meeting-place and rheumatics, paralysis, imbecility the end of all things.

Then the gates were opened : Lloyd George opened them, the motor-car opened them, the War opened them. Keir Hardie knocked them down with *his* little hatchet. John Burns with *his*, the Education Act gave them a well-planted kick.

Suddenly the English people were liberated.

Let me tell a little story. This same Aunt Eleanor of mine cared for everyone in her village, knew them all by name, their histories, their failings (especially their failings), their obstinacies, their many, many illnesses. She was on the whole satisfied with them as God might be with his pet tribe of Indians, she was immensely proud of them, she declared there was no village in all England as fine as hers. But there was one family of whom she was never weary of complaining. I remember them well. They were called Gubbings. Mr. Gubbings was some sort of a farm-labourer. He and Mrs. Gubbings between them had provided the world with at least twelve little Gubbings. Perhaps there were more. They all lived together in one of those same rose-covered cottages. The children went (or did not go) to the village school. Some of the Gubbings young men were loafers and at least two of the Gubbings young women were no better than they should be. They were the rebels of the village. If there was trouble, the Gubbings were responsible. Everyone worked at them—the clergyman, the clergyman's wife, the little old doctor, and my Aunt Eleanor. Aunt Eleanor was very good to them, always giving them things, always urging them to church, always caring for them when they were ill. And yet they hated her. They showed her no gratitude. They accepted her gifts as a very small part of their natural due, they laughed at her behind her back. I cannot possibly compute the amount of unhappiness they gave Aunt Eleanor. They were her natural cross. She *could not* understand what God was doing to allow them such licence. She shook her head over them morning and evening.

There came an afternoon, a terrible afternoon; it hastened, I am sure, Aunt Eleanor's lamented death. A Gubbings child was ill and my Aunt visited the cottage with soups and jellies. I suppose that Mrs. Gubbings was at the very end of her human endurance, for after accepting the soups and jellies quite suddenly she took them and threw them at my Aunt. She then took the clock from the mantelpiece, the two china dogs, the vase that was "A Present from Brighton," and threw them too. The family danced in a kind of ecstasy about her. And she cried again and again something like this: "Get out of 'ere! Get out of 'ere with your haughty ways and your condescending airs! We've no room for you and no room for nothing. No room, no room, no room!" So then the battle is merrily joined.

Coming down the road into Rafiel where twenty years ago, in perfect stillness, the trees threw their shade and on the rising fields the cows lazily flapped their tails, now, like a flea, I must hop for my life to escape two cars and three motor-bicycles. I count four garages, two petrol stations, and one large public urinal. And there I meet stout rubicund Arthur of the post-office. In old days, when I came down from London, Arthur would meet me at Drymouth or even as far as Polchester in an old racketty motor-car, the first of all the motor-cars and, together, singing our songs, we would happily bump homewards!

To-day Arthur is rich. One of the biggest garages is his and his brother runs three 'buses a day to Drymouth and back. And as to the post-office . . . !

"Do you remember old Bessie Trew? When someone came in for a stamp Bessie would be all in a tremor, nodding her old head, winking and saying: "What is it you're wantin'? A stamp? Deary me! Deary me!"

"This week," Arthur continued triumphantly, "I ordered one hundred and sixty pounds worth of stamps from London!"

In Arthur's support—must I not in all honesty confess it?—on a fine Sunday both in Rafiel and by Derwentwater what a gay scene is to be beheld! Ten years ago to bathe on a Sunday in Rafiel was Godless. Do I not remember watching, as I read my books on the cliff side, old Ezekiel Mark approach a pair of careless bathers who, their shirts flapping about their bare knees, were forced to listen to a quarter-of-an-hour's lecture on their Godlessness! And this morning even as the bell is ringing for morning service four young ladies have but just emerged from their lodging, brilliant in red and yellow pyjamas, smoking cigarettes, and carrying a portable radio-set!

"The Godlessness! The Godlessness!" cries old Dick Raskell down on the Quay even as, at the other end of the question, Mrs. Gubbings years ago cried out for "Room!" To old Dick everything is Godless to-day, but most of all the Cinema. Here in Rafiel the Cinema comes once a week from Drymouth; soon it will be twice a week and, after that, "The Talkers" as they are called here, will be permanently enthroned. Two things are noticeable about the "Talkers." Their Godlessness for one and the complete indifference to that same Godlessness on the part of that same youthful audience. For, in the space of a night, the new generation in England has eaten, completely and finally, of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and of Evil. They know all, far far more than any Cinema can teach or show them. All the old restraints are gone—no hope of Heaven, no fear of Hell, no terror of Parents, no nightmare of Poverty. There is Modern Science (scraps of it are all they need), there is the Modern Parent (complacent, cowardly, bewildered), there is the Dole. In Rafiel at this moment there are a number of young ladies, most elegantly attired and with perfect manners, who serve languidly in the tea-shops during the summer and eagerly relapse upon the Dole as soon as the winter months are come.

England is covered then, as though by a golden mist, with this moving, shouting, laughing devil-may-care population.

Wells said somewhere the other day that in Europe and America to-day more people on an average are in happy and comfortable circumstances than ever before in the world's history.

So, with their laughter and singing, they scatter their orange-peel, make love as they hurtle through the air on their motor-bicycles, believe in nothing but their own fun and freedom, give every shady lane a petrol-pump, work only when they must, practise the rites of birth-control as often before the ceremony as after it, laugh at cranks and prophets and scare-mongers and detest with all their hearts the tranced silence that comes with half-an-hour's aloneness.

Meanwhile in England there survive an amazing number of quiet places. On Yorkshire Moors, on Cotswold Hills, up Cumberland valleys, in Wiltshire hamlets and Northumberland beaches the noise and tumult have died away. No one stops anywhere any more. It is the "Bed and Breakfast" notices that attract. Slowly, slowly (often among the youngest generation of all) a passion for silence is beginning to be born. Old Ezekiel Mark and Dick Raskell who these last thirty years have leant over the sea-wall and spat into the water and uttered not a word, are being joined by a surprising number of grave-faced contemplative boys and girls. Their fathers and mothers had the licence; themselves they are beginning to work out a new Code. God is coming back into favour again. He is returning as He always returns. But in a new disguise. He is scientific now, hygienic, sanitary, bare-limbed and crowned with clear-sighted courage. The petrol pumps are losing some of their flagrant yellow and are acquiring a coat of silver-grey. As I walk up to Seathwaite and on to Stye Head a great silence envelopes me; the clouds hang heavy over Glaramara and a dim, singing wind sighs round the flanks of Gable. Down the Pass comes a band of "hikers", bare-kneed, bare-necked, with staves and packs like the Pilgrims of old. They walk silently, sniffing the brilliant air, watching the stream leap the boulders at their feet. They have the look of men discovering a new world. Twenty years ago they would have crowded the town-street, loafing, cat-calling, wondering when the "Public" would be ready for them. Then they knew nothing and cared nothing. Now they think they know everything but yet are eager to know more. They swing down the path, are gone, and the valley is alone again.

Who will prophesy? We are all so fond of taking some accidental sign of the moment and transforming it, because of our human love of crisis, into some devastating finality.

Nothing is final, nothing altogether good nor, thank heaven, altogether bad. England is not destroyed; the loveliness is not consumed—and we are moving into a new world of surpassing wonder.

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS

A New Era

By Noël D. Panter

I

THE Seven Power Conference which met in London last July to discover some means of preventing financial collapse in Germany fell somewhat short of expectations. The real business of solving the problem devolved upon subsequent committees of experts with the result that the German Government was obliged to prolong and, in some cases, to tighten up the provisions of the Financial Emergency Decree which had been introduced immediately after the crash of the Darmstädter Bank. The sums which depositors were allowed to draw from their Bank and Savings Bank accounts were strictly limited. The ordinary financial transactions of daily life thus became unduly complicated, and cash payments frequently impossible. Germans were obliged to disclose the value of their foreign investments and bank balances and to transfer the latter to the Reichsbank if called upon. Restrictions were placed on the number of Marks which could be exported by travellers leaving Germany, and a tax of one hundred Marks (£5) was levied at the frontier on every German leaving his own country.

II

But although Dr. Brüning, the German Chancellor, returned to Berlin with empty pockets the Conference had a deep political effect on German public opinion. So much so, indeed, that July, 1931, is likely to go down to history as the turning point in Anglo-German relations. In German eyes, England has for several decades fulfilled the role of Iago on the stage of European politics. Distrust

of British action in international affairs has been constant, and, since the war, the German press has lost few opportunities of attributing to egotistical motives those efforts that we have made in the interests of peace and international prosperity. The phrase in the German language, "*sich Englisch zu drücken*," aptly illustrates the light in which, as a nation, we are regarded. The expression, which may be rendered as "to slink away in the English fashion," is sometimes applied socially as when a guest surreptitiously departs without leave taking, but it is more usually employed when a person seeks, without prejudice to himself, to withdraw from an awkward situation in which it would be more to his credit to remain. The expression reveals the belief, always at the back of the German mind, that, having played a part in promoting disruption, it is a thoroughly British characteristic to make a timely withdrawal from the resulting unpleasantness in order to derive as much profit as possible from the situation. That we did not elect to "slink away" from our obligations in August, 1914, and that, far from having made off with the spoils of war, we are the most heavily taxed nation in Europe is of course realized in German quarters. Any tendency which these facts might be expected to have had in exploding the belief in our alleged national hypocrisy has, however, always been discounted by a certain feeling of resentment that we joined forces with the opposing side. That it has been the policy of successive British Governments since the war rigidly to discharge the country's obligations, and that, disdaining Continental precedent, we have not only scorned to wipe off a proportion of our debts by inflating the currency, but have actually renounced from four-fifths to two-thirds of the debts due to us from our allies—all this is dimly realized in Germany, but until very recently it, strangely, did little to remove the false impression of our duplicity.

III

At what precise period of history the Germans arrived at the conclusion that we are a people without political morals provides an interesting subject for research, which,

however, is outside the scope of this article. The late Prince Bernhard von Bülow, who became Chancellor at the beginning of this century, was apparently convinced of our perfidy. In his voluminous and posthumously published memoirs he even goes to the length of paraphrasing one of our proverbs to illustrate his case. "An English proverb states," he writes, "in love and in politics everything is fair."*

Objectively considered, probably no country can be accounted invariably innocent of questionable subterfuges in the field of international diplomacy, but when our German criticss trive to show that Machiavellism is a preeminently British attribute they forget that the classic example of diplomatic misrepresentation was of German authorship, for it was the publication of Bismarck's distorted version of the Ems telegram which provoked the Franco-Prussian war.

When the German economic crisis became so acute last July that international action appeared essential, the attitude towards England was one of hopefulness mingled with the ancient distrust. No sooner was it reported that France was seeking to make political capital out of Germany's distress than it was assumed that England, ever the dark figure in the background, was supporting the alleged French demands. The cables despatched by the London correspondents of German newspapers, on or about July 14th, reveal this condition of mind. In a leading article on July 19th, the *Deutsche Bergwerks-Zeitung*, one of the most responsible industrial organs in Germany, stated: "England is seeking a compromise to pacify France. She would like Germany to swallow at least part of the French stipulations so as to re-establish her own condition." When the proposal was made in British quarters that French and German differences might be composed if both countries were to postpone their battleship building programme, England was once more accused of endeavouring to exploit the situation to the national advantage. This in spite of the fact that in an important

* *Denkwürdigkeiten*, by Fürst von Bülow. Vol. 1. Page 275. Ullstein, Berlin, 1930.)

speech at Hull on July 17th, widely reported in the German press, Mr. Baldwin emphasized the fact that England has done "all that one country by itself can do" to reduce armaments.

When the Conference had lasted a few days, however, a marked change began to manifest itself in German public opinion. The failure to arrive at a speedy solution was, rightly or wrongly, attributed to French intransigeance. Outspoken comments in the British press convinced Germany that, far from seconding any kind of exploitation of the economic position, the British representatives at the Conference were genuinely striving to render help on terms which the German Government could accept. The heavy French withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England, which began about this time, inflamed German public opinion, and the question was asked whether France, secretly rejoicing at the economic distress of her former foe, was not now directing her energies towards embarrassing British finances. Other and more charitable explanations of the gold drain from London have been given in responsible quarters, but this does not alter the fact that the circumstance of the gold transfers from London to the Bank of France was accepted in German quarters as proof of British *bona-fides*.

In the midst of this favourable atmosphere, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson paid their visit to Berlin, which had been postponed owing to the sudden necessity of holding the Seven Power Conference. The reception of the British Ministers, from the moment of their welcome by cheering crowds at the station until the instant of their departures, was of almost unparalleled cordiality.

IV

How far is the present atmosphere likely to prove lasting, and can the age-old distrust of British action be permanently eradicated from the German mind?

If we are to answer these questions we must first determine the reason for German mistrust. It is significant that the political animosity was never manifested towards Englishmen individually. British visitors to Germany are generally

popular, and find a friendly and understanding people to welcome them. If any antagonism were felt towards Englishmen, it is in Bavaria that one would expect to encounter it. Although the Bavarians' most cherished pastime is that of ridiculing all things Prussian, they are an almost fanatically patriotic and extremely conservative people. Yet the disinterested politeness, hospitality and fair dealing accorded to English visitors in Bavaria provide proof enough that love of one's own country and respect for its most ancient traditions need constitute no bar to Anglo-German amity. When I discussed this question with a typical Bavarian recently, he expressed his perplexity in the following terms: "I cannot understand," he said, "why our two countries should have been so perpetually at cross purposes, for, like the mass of my countrymen, I like and admire your people, and feel thoroughly at home with them."

Even during the war, the German people, in spite of the ridiculous official propaganda, felt no deep hatred of England, and it was regarded as a thousand pities that the trend of events had sundered the old friendship between the two nations. In the trying years of the occupation of the Rhineland, the manner in which our troops conducted themselves, and our refusal to co-operate in the French invasion of the Ruhr did much to heighten British prestige in Germany. Indeed, it seems that as soon as Germans and British come together, mutual understanding is inevitable, but that, in political matters a forbidding barrier has kept them apart. Now, however, for the first time since the war, and in an era of open diplomacy, the leading statesmen of both countries have come into close personal contact. He would be a pessimist indeed who would deny the tremendous importance of this event.

But, apart from the meetings of the German and British Ministers in Chequers and Berlin, the opportunities for an interchange of ideas between members of the two nations appear to have been exceptional during the past season. Though statistics are not yet available, and though sweeping assertions are rarely desirable, it might not be wide of the mark to state that the personal contact between British and

Germans has been greater in the past few months than during any similar period since the war. Rapid and cheap travelling facilities between England and West Germany have enabled many thousands of English people of small means to visit the Rhineland towns, or, with no greater impedimenta than a knapsack slung over the shoulders, to adventure on a walking tour through the valleys and vine-clad hills of the Rhine and Moselle. The excellent travel propaganda of the "Come to England" movement, which is now so widely disseminated in Germany, has also no doubt induced large numbers of German holiday makers to visit our shores. There is a growing tendency among the people of both countries so to order their travel programmes that the best possible opportunities are offered for observing the customs and mentalities of the respective foreign nations. Study tours to Germany were undertaken this year by deputations, sometimes numbering many hundred strong, of students from England and Scotland, and by parties of British working men. In all cases the personal contact with their German hosts served to promote understanding and remove ancient prejudices.

In a Cologne newspaper dated August 3rd, the following heading is splashed across one of the news pages: "The Youth of Merry England Camp near the Mauspfad." The article, illustrated by photographs, explains that German and British Boy Scouts have erected their tents side by side near Cologne, and the life of the encampment is described. The following sentence indicates the tenour of the article: "These seventeen-year-olds are cleverer than we were seventeen years ago, for they get on well together—and that is much better." The same issue of the newspaper reports that four men and eight women students of London University gave a charity concert of English folk songs to a crowded audience in the Beethoven Hall of the Kurhaus at Bad Godesberg.

V

In the period preceding the war, German diplomats were inclined to regard peremptoriness as the logical accompaniment of honest intentions. The more temperate

methods of British diplomacy appeared in German eyes to be due to hesitancy, and why should a strong power vacillate unless it is to gain time for ascertaining, to the exclusion of all other considerations, what move will prove the most profitable? This was undoubtedly a cardinal source of misunderstanding between the two nations. The astounding dexterity which some of our million-circulation newspapers manifest in changing their policies almost from month to month very naturally caused mistrust in Germany. Although, in the field of sensationalism, German newspapers have learnt something from English and American models, they still, at least under the same proprietor, remain constant to whatever policy they have proclaimed. When, therefore, Germans observe some of our most widely read newspapers cheering now for this cause, now for that, and when every issue presents to their astonished gaze specimens of the cheap and offensive type of national propaganda embodied in the ever-recurring slogan, "British is Best", they naturally assume that we are a fickle and egotistical people. Germans could not be expected to realize that Englishmen, aware that these newspapers are soaked in a sea of superlatives, make allowances accordingly, and that, in any case, these trumpetings are read for entertainment rather than instruction. Enlightenment on these matters is now, however, ripening, and Germans are beginning to understand that politics plays a very small part in our national life.

Hardly a week-end passes in Germany nowadays but that political conflicts, frequently with fatal casualties, are reported from various parts of the Reich. The fact that the communist element is more numerous and obtrusive in Germany than in England is no doubt responsible for much of the political disorder, but even if the communists could be eliminated at one fell swoop, there would still be enough political rowdyism to ensure a large number of broken heads every week-end, for among the German working classes political demonstrations are a favourite holiday pastime.

The realization that Englishmen like their politics in small doses, and do not take even these very seriously, is contributing materially towards a better understanding of

our mentality. Since the war, too, the Germans themselves have manifested a tremendous interest in sport; indeed, the day has come when we must sometimes bow to their superior prowess in fields where we used to account ourselves supreme. When one considers these healthy signs, and reflects upon the increasing tendency towards an interchange of opinions and ideas between the members of the two nations, then it seems that it would require a great and unforgivable tragedy if the present atmosphere of friendliness were to be dispelled. In estimating the importance of the recent friendly meetings between the British and German Ministers, it must not be forgotten that the *Weltanschauung* of the statesmen of republican Germany is of a happier type than that of their predecessors in the age of secret alliances.

A WINDOW IN SPAIN

By Cicely C. Sharp

"*CARAMBA!* I tell you the fault is not the King's!"

"Then whose—my Don Jose?"

"Vaya—Marco! leave troubling Don Jose! You'll be telling us again soon that Spain's only hope is as a republic!"

"*Por Dios!* Don Nicasio—and why not? Did they manage things here as we in the Americas, you, for one, would be sitting now in your fine office over the Square of the Learned Ones—with all Santiago hanging on your word!"

And at that Don Nicasio is silenced, for the shaft has struck deep. Long hope deferred has shaken, though not shattered, his faith in the divine rule of kings, but the years, spinning out his exile in this tiny northern fishing village to the lee of Finisterre have transfixed him with a secret doubt. He is a failure. Monarchy or Republic—it is all the same. Not for him the scarlet robes nor the scented candle of a Civic official in the processions under the swinging towers of Santiago. Providence in plotting his destiny made him an insignificant little notary in the neighbouring village of Corcubión. It has become a life-sentence.

When Marco's tactlessness takes this personal turn, Don Nicasio prefers to sit stirring his coffee in silence and gazing out of the *Taverna* window. From his favourite seat opposite it he can follow the long sea-arm of the *Ria* to where it broadens into the boiling ocean and the one-eyed lighthouse winks solemnly above the drowned black rocks of the Lobeiras. It is the sole break in the monotonous mountain-wall that shuts in Corcubión narrowly from the outer world, and as he gazes at it Don Nicasio fancies he sees again the long, triumphant sweep of the

Lower *Rias* thrusting their silver floods far into idyllic lands of orchard and vine, and the yellow Miño foaming down its narrow gorges towards Portugal and the Valley of the Rose.

It is invariably Marco who tosses the apple of discord into these nightly gatherings at the *Taverna*. His thin petulant voice, railing against the powers that be or baiting Don Nicasio, rises above the general hubbub of the *Taverna* at frequent intervals. Not that his statements always pass unchallenged, for though to the itinerant muleteers whiling away a rainy hour over a game of dominoes, and the weary fishermen racked by the day's toil in the smother off Finisterre, politics are a matter of indifference, to the little knot of Señors round the table by the window his reactionary attitude is but another sign of these bewildering times.

Or so Don Jose would say. Beneath the voluminous folds of the rusty black cloak he alone persists in wearing, beats a heart that after forty years' adversity still offers unquestioning loyalty to the King. It was not in the role of an impoverished squire of struggling peasantry that Don Jose had thought to serve his country in the far-off days when he convulsed Madrid as the wildest and gayest subaltern in the Royal Bodyguard. Beyond the preliminary apprenticeship of Court pageant and barrack routine he had visualised a sterner service in African desert or Cuban swamp. But there were even sterner issues nearer home. In his gaunt old manor-house overlooking the village, for more years now than he cares to remember, Don Jose has wrestled with the twin enemies of Famine and Disease that have been his heritage along with his impoverished acres. The struggle has left him hopeless, but undaunted. "*Hombre!*" he is in the habit of saying to Manuel, who is the only doctor in a twenty-leagues radius—and his right hand, "things cannot better in our time. They must wake up first there in Madrid and help us to rebuild our falling houses and repair the roads. And *Dios mio!* they'll be a long time doing that! They must know something about us in Italy when they say: 'May Death come to me by way of Spain'—eh?"

But though he bewails the indifference of those at the head of affairs, Don Jose would not have the old order change. To his mind, the evil is deeper seated than mere administration can probe. Not for nothing has he seen both man and vegetation decay and fail beneath the insidious clammy touch of the perennial mists and rains that saturate northern Spain. With thoughts akin to despair he has watched the steady drain westward to the New World of Youth impatient of the toll on heart and sinew by an impoverished soil. "*Ara!* emigration has become our most flourishing industry!" he says to Manuel. "Soon there will be left only you and I and the old women in the village to quarry stone for the new roads!" A bitter jest! But no! Whatever new-fangled ideas that mule, Marco, may hatch down there in his *Taverna* for the betterment of Spain—the fault is not the King's.

To Marco Don Jose's attitude is a matter for both impatience and grudging admiration. His five years' fruitless emigration to the New World has left him stripped of all save his republican principles and a vast contempt for the traditions of the Old. *Madre de Dios!* how long? how long? Will this slow disintegration of the homeland never end? Must he among his deserted tables in the *Taverna* for ever look out on that silent *Ria* with its deserted wharf? Seeing the steady flow of commerce southwards to newer centres of industry only enhances his blind resentment against the higher powers without imbuing him with the dogged perseverance of Manuel and Don Jose. "Sweep the board clear, I say!" he cries to the dim audience in the window. "Sweep it and let's begin again! The Monarchy—Don Jose? Dictator—Don Nicasio? Pff! They have found themselves better off without such encumbrances over there!"

On these occasions it is left to Manuel to pour oil on the troubled waters. Otherwise the easy fellowship of these nightly gatherings is apt to fray under the keen edge of political dispute.

"*Por Dios* now—Marco!" he breaks in lazily when Marco pauses for breath, "not off again! From the way you harp on the Republics of the New World one would think they had solved the world's problems, both past and to come!"

And this raises a general laugh, for the four days old papers that reached Corcubión that morning announce a state of universal revolution in South America. Thereafter order is restored—till next time.

A tremulous calm has settled now over the *Ria*. Against the wide expanse of saffron sky reflected in its surface the gaunt outlines of old Mount Pindo soar triumphantly towards the evening star. All Nature pauses breathless before the menace of the approaching dark. Light fades on cliff and headland; and sighing like a hard-pressed soldier at rest upon his sword, the weary land once more faces the oncoming sea.

"A pitiless land, you are thinking, Señorita!" says Manuel suddenly through the gathering dusk. "Perhaps! but valiant, too!"

Northwards, row on row the mighty granite promontories sweep to the skyline, and there, forlorn and desperate, the last and mightiest of them all plunges through the smother at mortal death-grips with the ocean. Man indeed has no place in this naked conflict between the elements. The very heavens reflect it, and the wheeling blades of sunset stain them rich crimson as with the blood of Titans. Day fails, and crouched among the dying embers of its funeral pyre the sullen victor broods above the boiling waste—unwearied sentinel—vanguard of a continent—Finisterre.

The first hours of darkness are always the greatest period of activity in the *Taverna*. With fall of night, the genial winking of the lighthouse on the Lobeiras signals across the *Ria* to the fishermen at work on their nets on the sea-wall, and brings them clokking in their sabots across the cobbled Square to pass an hour or so at dominoes. Muleteers, too, loud of voice and free of oaths, drift in, filling the gaunt, dimly-lit room with freakish shadows. They are all known to Don Jose, whom they greet with respectful familiarity as they enter, but it is to Manuel they turn with friendly grins, calling him by name and recounting the happenings of the day. He is, as it were, one

of themselves. "For a stout oar and a merry jest give us Manuel!" they say.

In a way, their preference is Manuel's undoing. Young as he is in years, his are the burdens of responsible old age. As with his father and his father before him, the births, lives and deaths of this little community are in his keeping, for at twenty-three Manuel found himself fallen heir to their mortal frailities.

And therein lies Manuel's private tragedy, since by their needs these have imprisoned him for ever from the wide world that lies beyond the encircling hills and the barrier of the sea.

"It was my boyish dream to sail away in one of those ships that anchored off the *Ria*," he exclaims one evening in an unaccustomed burst of confidence. "To sail away and visit all those lands I longed to see. What thoughts! *Vaya!* What dreams!" He shrugs and laughs a little ruefully. "My father promised as a reward when my training was over—but he died almost immediately, and I was forced to return."

"Could you not find a temporary substitute?" I ask.

He shakes his head.

"You do not understand!" he answers patiently. "Here in Spain we live still in the Middle Ages. The peasantry are ruled by superstition and distrust of what is unknown. They would die rather than let a stranger touch them. No, my place is here!"

And as though fearing it would be thought he was cadging for sympathy he changes the subject abruptly.

"But for all their faults, they are a race of poets!" he says, nodding towards a group of young fishermen round the table. "Listen! The Song of the Emigrants!"

Weary of gaming, the little knot of men have pushed aside the pieces, and with their heads together, are singing softly under their breath. One by one other groups join in, forgetful of cards and dominoes under the spell of the long-drawn minor chords of the *alboradas* or "dawn-songs"—and the wild *alalas* that have risen in the hills. Muleteers, bronzed by sun and wind, fishermen in dungarees stained by the salt of Atlantic spray, it is the same.

Whether their ways lie across the mountain-wall to the granite cities of the inland, or merely down the shimmering causeway of the *Ria*, they have their songs in common.

But it is to the Song of the Emigrants that they return again and again—that mournful, yearning melody that these and their brothers have carried with them beyond the seas. Through the continual drone of voices and click of dominoes on the marble table-tops, hanging on the atmosphere like a thick haze, the words beat on our ears with the steady persistency of rain:

> "He who leaves his native land,
> Let him return again.
> The tree that is mountain-born
> Cannot live on the plain."

"Will you ever forget that now?" teases Manuel.

I shake my head only half-heartedly for my attention is elsewhere. There is a noticeable stir among a group of muleteers in the doorway. Pedro, the *mozo*, breaks away and comes over to Marco. He whispers in his ear:

"Someone to see the Señorita," says Marco disapprovingly with his eyes on me. "A woman from the village. *La Pindeja!*"

"Let her pass!" I say hurriedly with an appealing glance at Don Nicasio to aid me with Don Jose, who now regards me with astonished suspicion. For to Don Nicasio I owe my introduction to the circle at the *Taverna*, but that I continue to remain rests with Don Jose. "Let her pass, Marco! Yes—Don Jose—I sent for her! You see, she knows the way to Santiago by the unknown plateau. So I am going, after all!"

It has been a matter for general comment for some days past among the villagers that I am unable to find a guide to Santiago across the mountain wall. It has also earned me not a few irritable remonstrances from Don Jose.

"*Madre de Dios—chica!*" he has exploded from time to time with bewilderment in his fine old eyes. "What mad caprice draws you to that desolate waste. Within living memory that plateau has been closed. Even the

muleteers shun it, and whether the villages they talk of really exist, none but a few peasants can tell."

And that is what I want to know.

For though the high rocky plateau between Corcubión and Santiago is but twenty leagues as the crow flies, it is as though they were sundered by a mighty gap. Travellers to either centre, rare as they are, must skirt the edge of the heath in a wide circle that leaves the intervening moorland undisturbed, till now, shunned throughout the centuries, it lies wrapped in the poisonous mists of mystery and superstition—a phantom land.

And yet it was not always so. Time and the wayward moods of men have changed the route, but the old road remains. Scarred into the face of the plain by the feet of Cæsar's legions and bitten deeper by succeeding pilgrim-hosts, it runs wavering but undaunted from the sea-board to the ancient, inland sanctuary of Santiago. But none will guide me along it.

Because of this, I have wasted many days in Corcubión while Don Nicasio made inquiries among the peasants. Watching the great banks of pearly cloud gather and hang in towering ranges above the ocean, and listening to Don Jose's gloomy prophecies of another spell of rain, I have begun to despair of ever fathoming the mystery behind that mountain-wall. And then I come across *La Pindeja*.

There is an elemental majesty about the story of *La Pindeja*—compelling in its pathos and resignation. Against her native background of northern Spain—the Spain of impassable mountain and pitiless plain—I come to look on her as the very embodiment of the people—tireless and resigned. Distrustful at first, slow-thinking and inarticulate as the earth to which she clings, it is some time before she unfolds. But in the days to come, as shoulder to shoulder we toil across the mountain slopes and share the black maize bread on hearths of strangers, I gradually come to learn her story.

She was a stranger to Corcubión, born in the shadow of Pindo where the black peak soars across the tumbling bay. There on the wind-swept slopes she tended her father's flocks until Belarión, a young fisherman, came across her

when returning from his pilgrimage to the Shrine of Maria of the Sea. Thereafter, absorbed in the unremitting struggle with the sea, she forgot her mountain-home till the ocean itself sundered her ties and set her free.

And so the old fever returned. Bereft by the wild surf of husband and son, and adrift herself in an indifferent world, while her famished body toiled in the stony fields, her starved soul yearned for the free, wind-blown slopes she had forgotten for half a century. "She is mad—the woman of Pindo!" the villagers would say tolerantly seeing her wild grief-stricken gestures as she strode the fields above the little town. Though she had lived among them for more than half a lifetime, they had never come to look on her as one of themselves.

And then came the opportunity to return.

"There is one at the *Taverna* seeking a guide, *Pindeja!*" they told her in the fish market one day. "A mad *Inglesa* who would cross the mountains!" And so that night a wild figure burst into the *Taverna* and stood before me with wide-flung arms and streaming hair.

"Take me, Señora!" cried *La Pindeja*. "For I alone know the way!"

We start next day at dawn.

In all the wide space by which my map marks the plateau, there seems but one village worthy of a name—Mazaricos. It lies plumb in the centre of the heath, half-way to Santiago.

"*Bueno!*" says Don Jose, when he sees it, "I will give you a letter to the priest there. He will assure you at least one night's shelter." He cannot resist adding somewhat grimly: "You'll be thankful for it!"

But, alas! for thoughtful Don Jose! We are indeed housed for a night at Mazaricos, but it is not in the presbytery.

It is late afternoon next day when we stumble unexpectedly on the village. All day long since dawn we have trudged steadily across the sunless plain, devoid of any sign of life. All day long, save for an inarticulate cry when we first sighted the desolate leagues rolling endlessly beyond old Pindo, my guide has preserved a sullen silence. She breaks it for the first time within sight of the wretched

clump of hovels, pausing to look back across that howling wilderness.

"Dead—dead, Señora!" she cries to me in her high, cracked voice. "The dead inhabit here! This is the country of the *Compañía!*"

And with that she stalks ahead again.

The *Compañía!* They have haunted me all day. Cooped under those rayless heavens, drenched by the driving legions of the rain, my nerveless body has propelled itself mechanically towards an ever-receding horizon while my spirit drifted aimlessly in the wake of wraithlike battalions that patrolled the heath, shrouded in mist and armed with the gleaming lances of the rain. In my fevered state I begin to believe with *La Pindeja* that the malignant dead have returned to earth again.

As we enter the village, *La Pindeja* vouchsafes me another word.

"How many years has the Señora?" she asks abruptly, regarding me fixedly with wide, sorrowful grey eyes. I tell her. She resumes her interrupted stride. "At just such an age the Señor took from me my *nena*—my daughter!" she murmurs sorrowfully. I follow her now undisturbed. Whatever lies before us I have found a faithful ally in *La Pindeja*.

At the presbytery we have a disappointment in store. The priest, when we present our letter from Don Jose, is definitely hostile. Gaunt and suspicious, he bars the entrance. "There is no room here!" is all we can get him to say.

"*Madre de Dios!*" shrills *La Pindeja*. "Is this the hospitality we get on this God-forsaken plain? Where will my Señora shelter this stormy night?"

"If it is shelter you want"—he snarls as he shuts the door in our faces—"then go to the *Taverna!*"

There is an ominous desertedness about the village as we thread its twisted ways. A few women are working in some fields nearby; but they keep their heads turned obstinately away from us, and pay no attention to *La Pindeja's* greetings. The very houses in the gathering dusk look hostile. Their doors stand open but never a face shows to relieve their brooding vacancy. Yet we are not unseen. Whenever we pause perplexed at a turning, voices call from the shadows directing us to the *Taverna*.

At the *Taverna* itself the door stands agape, but none appears to welcome us. Though I stand upon the threshold and call into its dank interior, all is as dark and silent as the grave.

"Call once again, *nena!*" says *La Pindeja*, looking anxiously up and down the darkling road.

I call more loudly. A match splutters suddenly in the gloom and a dim form lurches clumsily to meet us.

"*Diga!*" cries a voice.

"Shelter for two this night!" I answer.

The keeper of the *Taverna*—for such is the most miserable object that our calls have roused—lights a candle in a bottle and holds it high above his head to light our way.

"Room shall the Señora have," he leers, "but not just now. Later——"

He beckons us to enter and moved some object to one side with his foot. Then by the flickering light I see we are not alone. The *Taverna* bar is crowded with sleeping forms. Inert and motionless they lie sprawled on bench and counter in sodden, drunken slumbers, men and boys of all ages, oblivious of time and their surroundings, and their heavy breathing fills the fœtid air.

We follow our host to an inner room, where a flickering gorse-fire burns upon the hearth. A tired emaciated woman with the mire still wet on her heavy boots bends over it, preparing the evening meal. She barely greets us and turns to her cooking again. Her husband fetches me a stool, for the room is bare of furniture, and *La Pindeja* crouches on the cobbles at my feet. So we wait, blinded by smoke and choked by the drifting ashes of the gorse, until our host comes to tell us that the single guest-room of the *Taverna* is vacant.

At the first gleam of light across the heath we are astir. Santiago now lies but ten leagues to the east, and our grim surroundings fill us with longing for its stately towers among their pleasant woods. We do not pause all day,

and by nightfall we have left the heath well behind, while the grey canopy of cloud that has so long overshadowed us has yielded to a brilliant night of stars.

On the last of the heights overlooking Santiago, *La Pindeja* and I make our last camp in company with a host of peasants who are also going our way. They come from the surrounding hill-villages and are bound for the annual fair that is held on Palm Sunday. The contrast of their holiday mood with the sullen moroseness of our former hosts sets *La Pindeja* pondering, and as the gay stream carries us with it down the mountain in the early hours she attempts a halting explanation.

"*Nena!*" she falters, "these are different! To them the Señor is kind! Those others—their life is very hard. This day in the Cathedral I shall light a candle to San Antonio that he may remember them."

I nod—seeing beyond the gay sea of streamer and garland the matchless towers against a clear blue sky.

"I too!" I answer.

A week later I am back in Corcubión. The Spanish Monarchy has fallen and the countryside grown tired of speculating over the seven days' wonder. In the *Taverna* I find the *Señors* assembled as usual round their favourite table near the window. They greet me without surprise, for *La Pindeja*, returning across the mountains three days before, has warned them of my coming.

"*Y que?*" says Don Jose, motioning me to a seat beside him and calling for another coffee. "What did you find?"

"This!" I answer. "That where existence itself is at stake, there is no time for politics!"

There is a general babel. What did I see then "over there"? The tale I tell sets Marco off on another of his tirades on Republicanism, for somewhere beneath his egoism his humanity has been stirred.

"*Vaya!*" he remarks sorrowfully. "Spain—who once governed half the world—and now her children starve!"

"It's those dogs of military in the capital!" interpolates Don Nicasio. "What do they care about us in the provinces!"

As for Manuel—he says not a word.

But Don Jose will have none of it. One-time soldier in the Royal Household, loyal subject to the King whose fall embitters his declining years, and lover of that mass of dissenting factions—the Spain whom he still struggles to serve—he has only one explanation for the evil days on which she has fallen.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he cries suddenly. "I tell you it is not the King, nor the Military, nor yet the Church we must fight—it is the Land! It is always the Land against which we fight and fall and rise and fall again! Have we not written the old proverb in the sweat of our brows—'This is Castile—she makes men and breaks them!' It is by the Land that we are conquered. Let us now conquer the Land!"

And leaning heavily on his ancient gold-topped cane, he sat smoking in silence and staring across the *Ria* to where old Pindo thrust upwards in savage defiance against a sky of faded blue.

THE ENGLISH LUNCHEON

By T. Earle Welby

AFTER the grumbling in my articles on the English Breakfast, the English Dinner, it is pleasant to be able to say something complimentary to our national cookery or what survives of it. Luncheon, to be sure, is a wide term. The English Luncheon may be something pecked in a tea-shop, or the navvy's tenpenny " cut from the joint and two veg " consumed in the four-ale bar of a public house, or a dreadfully " dainty " meal in an arty and crafty amateur restaurant run by unprosperous gentlewomen, or the standardised international meal served at the majority of hotels and restaurants; but of such luncheons I will not speak. My concern will be with mid-day food that is both edible and in some sort English.

As it fortunately happens, some of the luncheon fare most suitable under average English climatic conditions is also that which our country and our cooks can best provide. In a previous article of this series I recorded a very great French chef's eulogy to me of the Englishman as an artist in grilling; and all experts acknowledge that the best English, or rather the best Scottish, beef is much the best in the world. If the glory of the traditional roast beef of Old England has departed, as it has, it is only on account of the substitution of oven-baking for genuine roasting before an open fire: genuine grilling survives, and there are still a really large number of establishments in which we may count on getting a good steak. The chop has indeed declined, but simply in consequence of the decline in the quality of English mutton. But, after saying flattering things about the steak as raw material and the better sort of English cook as griller of steaks, I must once more revert to grumbling.

Why is it that ordinarily at the English chop-house,

minor hotel, or inn we cannot get any of the numerous garnishes or sauces which give variety to the tournedos? Mushrooms may be growing abundantly in meadows near the country inn, and be cheap in the market in which the urban chop-house makes its purchases; but seldom, without bribery or coercion, can the luncher at either have mushrooms with his steak. The tomato will sometimes be conceded him, but almost invariably cooked all wrong. The onion, though for decades the fried onion was normally the accompaniment of the steak, is now less offered and less desired; virtue has mysteriously gone out of the onion all over Europe, and perhaps all over the world, as musk in the garden has mysteriously lost its original strength of perfume. Of other garnishes for portions of grilled beef the chop-house and the inn and the minor British hotel seem never to have heard. As to sauces, the one idea of each is to clap down before the luncher a bottle of ready-made sauce supposed to be equally applicable to soup, fish, meat however cooked, and even to salads and to cheese. And yet there is nothing to prevent the most modest establishment from providing appropriate, freshly-made sauces to accompany grills. Granted that there are some few sauces which require the ingredients available only in the finest kitchens, and considerable skill on the part of the maker, there are many more which any intelligent person could produce in anything at all worthy to be called a kitchen. For these the requisites are merely: the ordinary culinary herbs, more particularly parsley and thyme; bay-leaf; white-wine-vinegar and red-wine-vinegar; white wine and red wine; shallots; the ordinary kitchen condiments; butter; lemons.

As the keepers of chop-houses and inns and minor hotels have not the slightest curiosity about what lovers of good living may think of their ways, it is perhaps a foolish fussiness to consider their feelings; they will not read my articles or anyone else's articles about food or wine. Still, I would rather not scare the improbable caterer scanning these pages by using the classical names of sauces. One such sauce, call it what you like, or leave it nameless, can be made as simply as this: chop up a shallot or so and a

few mushrooms and a small tomato (previously peeled and freed of pips); fry the two first, add the tomato and fry for one more moment; add a couple of spoonfuls of white wine, then after a few moments a little veal stock; let it all boil for about two minutes; strain into another vessel the bottom and sides of which have been lightly rubbed with garlic; season, and add a little fresh lemon juice. What is the difficulty in doing that? Again, take some tarragon, a little curled chervil, two or three chopped shallots, a little wine-vinegar, and let all reduce over the fire until the vinegar has almost disappeared; remove the vessel from the fire, add the yolks of, say, two eggs, and let the "cooking" proceed gently while beating the contents with a wooden spoon; work in some butter, gradually, still beating the sauce; and finish with a little lemon juice and some chopped chervil and tarragon.

But this talk of herbs brings one to the stubborn refusal of typical English cooks to avail themselves of what is abundantly available. It can't be pretended that a hatred of herbs is a national characteristic, for everyone who has ever read an Old English cookery book is well aware that our ancestors, if anything, used herbs to excess. It can only be supposed that when it was no longer necessary to disguise in winter the mustiness of pickled meats, because the new method of feeding cattle on roots had made fresh meat obtainable, the British race suddenly lost all interest in herbs. I spoke a moment ago of chervil, curled chervil, for the other bears a rather dangerous resemblance to a poisonous plant of which I am not botanist enough to give the name. Curled chervil can be had at most greengrocers' shops; but for some reason, or more probably for none, it is expensive, and as a rule almost completely devoid of the delightful aroma proper to this herb. But there is nothing easier to grow for oneself, and used with discretion it is very delightful not only as an ingredient in certain sauces, but as an addition to many salads.

With the word salad, I must be allowed to lose my temper. He who visits the country inn, or hotel up the Thames, or secondary hotel at the seaside, and demands a salad will have put before him nine times out of ten a

thing of horror. In the first place, the miscreants who prepare the mess think that tomatoes and beetroot can be introduced with success into a lettuce salad; they cannot, for tomatoes and beetroot exude moisture and in a couple of minutes entirely destroy the crispness which is the great charm of lettuce. Secondly, they think that malt vinegar or much worse than malt vinegar, and in any event plenty of it, is part of a suitable dressing of a salad: no wise man ever uses any vinegar except white-wine-vinegar or red-wine-vinegar.* Thirdly, with a perversity at which one must marvel, they give lettuce salad, which must not be dressed more than one minute before it is served, a good hour of soaking, and to the salads of potato, of cucumber, of beetroot, which really need soaking, about one minute of contact with the dressing. The secret of a good potato salad is so simple that one is ashamed to put the obvious thing into print; and yet not once in twenty times does one get a potato salad that is not intolerable. All that is necessary is that the freshly-cooked potatoes should be thoroughly warm when they are sliced or diced and plunged into the dressing. Not less simple is the secret of a good cucumber salad. The essential thing is that the cucumber, after being peeled with a careful carelessness which leaves a very few tiny flecks of skin on it, and having many incisions made on it where it will eventually be sliced, should be heavily salted and placed on a tilted dish so that much of its juice will drain out of it, and that after an hour and after the removal of the salt the central portions of each slice should be removed, and the slices be given an hour of immersion in a mild wine-vinegar. Beetroot salad can be made to perfection only if the beetroot, instead of being ready cooked when bought, be cooked on the premises and put still warm, after slicing, into the dressing of oil and vinegar, with which a little mustard and garlic should have been incorporated, a considerable time before the salad is required. As for tomato salad, it is of first importance to get rid of both the skins and of the more or less slimy

* In a previous article I described a marinade of white-wine vinegar. It was printed as being of white wine *and* vinegar. I hope nobody has mingled wine and vinegar.

portions in which the pips are contained. That is to say, the tomatoes must be dipped into boiling water for a few seconds, then peeled, then cut in halves, then pressed gently until the pips and the slime are exuded ; after which they should be put in a very cold place for a while before being sliced or quartered.

But to talk of edible salads is no doubt to get very far away from the actual English Luncheon. I fear I shall still be far from it if I talk of edible vegetables. The " cut from the joint and two veg " is indubitably the basis of something or other, whether it be of the British Empire or of British dyspepsia ; my own belief is that we are a cabbage-clogged nation, and that the slowness of our mental processes is due to the ingestion day by day of enormous quantities of that soggy and damnable and compulsory article of diet. It is not that the cabbage is absolutely incapable of use by rational people ; if the heart of a really good cabbage be cooked with bacon undergoing the process of boiling, or if the cabbage be stuffed with a farce of bacon and sausage-meat and herbs and cooked in broth, or if cabbage be brought into relation with partridge to make that very delightful dish *perdrix aux choux*, all will be well. But sodden cabbage, not even blanched before it is wretchedly boiled in water, is malodorous in the cooking, disgusting to the eye, revolting to the palate, a burden on all the digestive activities of the human body.

With the other " veg," potato, we do not ordinarily fare very much better. Our new potatoes, when really new, and treated with respect by the cook, are probably the very best to be had in the world. But the floury potato, cooked in its skin, and broken on to a side-plate by an English waiter who places the butter dish and the pepper and salt adjacent to it—that is no more than a memory. All the popularity that the potato has to-day is as an adjunct to fried fish in the form of something called chips. The true chip, the wafer-like slice of potato cooked in an intensely hot frying material, is a noble thing, excellent with game, excellent also to trifle with between meals. But those other chips, the popular accompaniments of fried fish, those thick, rectangular portions of potato, as to three-

quarters of them soft and greasy and as to the other quarter nearly as hard as iron, they are a disgrace to catering for the people. There are other ways of doing potatoes. Again, I do not wish to scare the one caterer who may through some accident read my words, and I will only say, without giving the thing a name, that if he will take a plain, deep charlotte mould and fill the thing up with slices of any good firm potato, introducing butter and a little seasoning between each layer of slices, and cook the dish with reasonable care in the oven, with a saucer pressing on the potatoes, he will find that several people come to his establishment simply for his potatoes—golden brown on top and at the edges, deliciously creamy in the centre.

The discourse grows painful, so let me turn to a homely thing that can be done to perfection in the simplest English inn or tavern that ever was, though not all the advantages of doing it are recognised. I have in mind that admirably English thing, boiled bacon and beans. Charles Lamb thought that any man who did not like apple dumplings must have an impure mind ; and I feel something of the sort about those who do not appreciate this simple delight, though in general my heart is given to the subtleties of French cookery. Great men have praised boiled bacon and beans. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has told us authoritatively in a poem on what may and what may not be done to the Englishman, " You mustn't give him bacon unless you give him beans "—despite which the caterers continue to provide us with one without the other. Mr. E. F. Benson, in an excellent page of his Victorian Reminiscences, has informed us that that grand old squire and politician, a Chaplin not of the films, adored the dish ; and few Victorians had more knowledge of good fare than Chaplin. But this thing, so beautifully English in being the delight at once of the aristocrat and of the genuine man of the people, so " common " in the eyes of our deplorable middle-class, this thing which we ought as a nation to eat symbolically on a special Boiled Bacon and Beans Day, is now seldom to be found ; and when one does encounter it, one discovers sadly that either the house does not know how to cook it or else the house does not know how to get

the utmost advantage out of the thing. In England there is no more economical good dish. It is not only that a really fine piece of bacon, properly boiled with beans and a heart of good cabbage and some carrots and some whole onions and some dumplings, these dropped in at appropriate intervals, is in itself excellent when hot; the portion not required for immediate consumption hot, if allowed to cool in the cooking liquor, yields a cold dish as good as all but the very finest ham, and the liquor itself is an invaluable ingredient in making pea or fresh tomato soup, and the heart of cabbage so cooked is quite a good vegetable to be served as an adjunct to some other dish.

Let us, however, pass on, with a curse bestowed on the greedy schoolboy fare of suet puddings and jam, varied by infantile milk puddings, which constitutes "sweets" in England; let us pass on to cheese. We have some glorious cheeses, and far too few people glorying in them. The Cheddar of the inn, of the minor hotel, of the chop-house, of the average English home, is a libel on a thing which, when authentic, is worthy of great honour. Cheshire, divinely commanded into existence as to three parts to precede and as to one part to accompany certain Tawny Ports and some Late-Bottled Ports, can be a thing for which the British Navy ought to fire a salute on the principle on which Colonel Brisson made his regiment salute when passing the great Burgundian vineyard. Stilton is occasion for applause. But what, when we seek cheese, do we usually get? Increasingly, wretched little triangular wedges of a substance most mysterious, wrapped in tinfoil, which is a most undesirable wrapping for cheese, and looking as if they had come out of a penny-in-the-slot machine. Let us spurn the mockeries of cheese; let us, if no true cheese be available, conclude the English Luncheon with the great English biscuit, Fortt's Bath Oliver, a thing worthy to be taken before or with the noble Ports, good, too, with the eleven o'clock dry Sherry, good by itself, a monument to the memory of the wise and good eighteenth-century doctor who invented it before there was chatter about vitamins and a most unhygienic addiction to soda-fountains.

THE PLIGHT OF THE PRAIRIES

By Hespericus

I

SINCE the present century began there has been no more remarkable economic development in the world than the transformation of the great prairie region of Canada, lying between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, from a scattered community of struggling pioneers into a well-ordered society, possessed of all the latest appurtenances of modern civilization, and producing more wealth per capita than any part of the British Commonwealth. Moreover, it was the amazing development of the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta which was mainly responsible for the rapid expansion of the industrial life of Ontario and Quebec, and which also induced the Canadian people to build three transcontinental railways and make provision in power plants and other physical machinery for a much larger population than the ten million people who now inhabit the Dominion. It was upon the progressive expansion and development of the West that the Canadian people based hopes of being able to maintain their identity as a prosperous economic unit side by side with their more powerful neighbour, the United States.

Two years ago no doubts were entertained that all the promise of the West was being fulfilled, but to-day there has come a depressing change of fortune, and the Prairie Provinces of Canada are involved in difficulties which have for the time being quenched the characteristic optimism of their citizens. At present these provinces, which a few years ago were regarded as the main buttress of Canada's national economy, are now reduced to a plight in which they are needing succour on a substantial scale, and their

immediate outlook is clouded and dubious. They are involved in two different sets of difficulties, one of a temporary character due to the unfriendliness of Nature, and the other of a more permanent type for which world-wide conditions are responsible. The temporary problem arises from a crop disaster of a very grave character which has befallen a large part of the prairie region. Fairly copious rains, which have fallen since June 29th, came too late to repair the havoc which had been wrought over a wide area by a prolonged drought, and the dust storms and soil drifting which were its inevitable accompaniments. The crops in the Northerly areas of the Prairie Provinces are, thanks to cooler weather and seasonable rains, in reasonably good condition, but in a huge triangle of which Saskatoon, in the centre of Saskatchewan, is the apex, and the International boundary is the base, there is a devastated area in which fields which yield a half-crop will be reckoned good, and thousands of farmers will have no grain of merchantable quality. Mr. W. L. MacTavish, the editor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, who has been touring this region (on behalf of the Southam chain of newspapers), has drawn the following picture of conditions in the part of this territory most seriously affected by the drought :

" The general drought area is bad enough, but in general the Regina-Moose Jaw-Weyburn area is a Sahara within the drought area as a whole.

" Within this district there have been produced year after year for thirty years big crops of wheat and all other grains. It was the sure-crop area. It was a vast garden of waving grain and green prairie. This year it is an abomination of desolation—waste space, barren of vegetation, with the soil drifting hither and thither as the wind blows."

Accordingly, on Dominion Day, July 1st, the House of Commons had to listen to a very grave statement from Premier Bennett about this calamity. Describing the situation as " tremendously serious ", and " perhaps the gravest national calamity that has ever overtaken this country ", he estimated the drought-stricken area at five million acres, and forecasted that at least 100,000 farmers would require some form of public relief to carry them through the winter, as they would be bereft of all cash revenues. Mr. Bennett's

request for the co-operation of other parties was readily granted, but Mr. Mackenzie King urged that the administration of relief should be entrusted to a non-political national relief commission. Meanwhile the Government has been in conference with the leading officials of the Canadian Red Cross Society, which has placed its organization at its disposal, and there is talk of a nation-wide campaign to raise money and material for the indigent prairie farmers. The burden of relief work should properly be borne by the municipalities and provincial authorities, but their treasuries are bare, and so the federal government will probably have to spend a sum, which the *Toronto Globe* estimates at at least $50,000,000, upon the unfortunate victims of the Western drought. So for the time being the prairie country has become a burden to the older provinces and the pride of its inhabitants has received a sad blow.

II

The permanent and more serious problem is concerned with the provision of adequate markets for the western wheat crop which for nearly twenty years has been, and still is, the largest contributor to Canada's export trade, and which for more than twelve months has had to be offered on the bargain counter to foreign buyers.

The price of wheat is for the time being more or less pegged at an uneconomic figure which does not approach repaying the actual production cost, if consideration is taken for the overhead of the farm, the capital invested, and a reasonable wage for the farmer and such of his family as assist in his labours. The cost of producing wheat in western Canada varies materially in different districts, and factors like fertility of soil and skill in husbandry enter so greatly into it that any hard and fast estimate is perilous. However, some time ago the Manitoba *Free Press* did conduct an inquiry into the costs of growing wheat in the prairie provinces, and managed to obtain an index of the actual costs of certain careful agriculturists who were probably above the average in farming capacity. The deductions made by the *Free Press* from this competition were that on the basis of the average wheat yields for the prairie

provinces for the period 1926-1930, the cost of production per bushel would be as follows :

Manitoba	..	..	..	78 cents.
Saskatchewan	..	..	..	80 ,,
Alberta ..	..	..	..	66 ,,

Now, during the past nine months the price realised for western wheat has averaged about 60 cents per bushel on the basis of Grade No. 1 Northern at Fort William, and, as transportation and carrying charges have to be deducted from this figure and a great deal of wheat grades below No. 1 Northern, the average graingrower has not been realising more than 40 cents per bushel for his wheat crop. Naturally he contends that this price is quite inadequate, and, if it does not improve, must lead to his ruin. So apart from the present calamity produced by this summer's drought there remains to be solved the basic problem of how the prairie farmer can get an adequate return for his labours and secure a restoration of the fruitful purchasing power, which has been such a factor in the stimulation of the industrial life of Eastern Canada.

There are pessimists who maintain that the Prairie Provinces are involved in a permanent economic *debâcle* ; that they cannot hope to compete successfully in wheat-growing with other more favourably situated countries like Russia ; and that a substantial proportion of their territory will be reduced to the status of what economists call " marginal land." Another school holds that farming on the prairies will only be carried on profitably by large scale capitalist farmers using expensive power machinery, and that these and settlements of races from Continental Europe, who are content to live on the level of the peasant existence to which they have been accustomed, will constitute the rural population of the prairie country.

But there is a more optimistic body of opinion which believes that if only the price of wheat could be brought back to a dollar per bushel, the prairie farmers could enjoy a decent return for their toil, and in support of their views they adduce certain factors which operate strongly in favour of the Western Canadian grain-grower. They practise an

extensive system of agriculture, and their production per farm is sixty times that of the average world production per farm. The farms of the Canadian prairies, indeed, represent less than 2 per cent. of the total number of farms in the world, but they produce 10 per cent. of the world's supply of wheat. Moreover, the average yield per acre, while it is low compared with the yield of highly cultivated European farms, is substantially higher than that of the chief wheat-exporting countries ; over a period of 15 years the average wheat yield of Western Canada has been 17.5 bushels per acre ; of the United States, 14.1 bushels ; of Argentina, 10.6 bushels ; of Australia, 10.4 ; and of Russia, 9.4 bushels. Another advantage is available in the high protein content of Canadian wheat, and its hardness, which gives it a special value to millers for blending with the softer types. Australia has no hard wheat to offer, Argentina only a limited quantity, and the American supply is all needed by the domestic millers. So that Canada need only fear Russian competition in markets where " hard wheat " is demanded.

On the other hand, there is one great disability under which the prairie farmer labours, namely, his distance from the great importing markets of Europe. Hitherto the western wheat fields have been on an average 1,200 miles from tidewater, and the heavy rail transportation costs which have been entailed in bringing grain to the seaboard have materially curtailed the price actually received by the producer ; the world price is fixed in Liverpool, and the local selling price in the different exporting countries is determined by the amount which has to be deducted for transportation charges from the farm to Liverpool. Now it has been estimated by competent authorities that Russia can grow within 400 miles of the Black Sea as much wheat as Western Canada has been producing in its most favoured years, and, if Russian competition is to be successfully met, it is urgent that the costs of carrying Canadian wheat to Europe should be brought down to as low a figure as possible. It is for this reason that inhabitants of the prairie provinces are pinning such high hopes upon the new Hudson Bay route. Trains are now running through to

Churchill, the port on Hudson Bay, but delays in the construction of the harbour facilities have caused a postponement of the opening of the route for regular traffic until 1932. However, some trial shipments of grain are to be made this year, and their fortunes will be followed with keen interest. Meanwhile, however, there has been vigorous protest in the West over the intimation that insurance rates on ships plying by the Hudson Bay route and their cargoes will be, owing to the risks involved from ice, so high that tentative freight rates, submitted by some shipowners at the request of the Department of Marine at Ottawa, promise virtually no reduction in grain transportation costs to Europe from the rates quoted for the St. Lawrence route. This discovery confirms in western minds an ancient suspicion that certain puissant influences which are interested in maintaining the flow of traffic *via* the St. Lawrence route in unimpaired volume are determined that the Hudson Bay route should never be utilised to any great extent. So a demand has arisen in the West that the Federal Government step in and assume the risks of insurance for the Hudson Bay route in order that rates on it may be reduced to a level which would divert traffic to it.

The Federal Ministry is also faced with a demand for the revival of the Wheat Board system under which during the later war years Canada's grain crops were marketed through a central agency, financed by the state, and, although it has not seen fit to comply with this request, the whole marketing question has once more suddenly become a live issue as the result of the misfortunes which have befallen the co-operative Wheat Pools of the prairies.

III

It is now plain that the great co-operative structure popularly known as " the Pools " is now in a very derelict condition, and its complete dissolution can hardly be averted. For some years, from 1923 onwards, the Pools functioned with great success in a rising market until they came to control about 60 per cent. of the grain trade of the prairie provinces. But, when a general expansion of wheat production throughout the world produced a sharp reversal

of the price trend, and brought the managers of the pools face to face with the problem of selling their wheat in a market where the supply exceeded the demand, their lack of experience, added to a complacency begotten of their early success, soon involved them in serious embarrassments. In all fairness it must be admitted that the leaders of the private grain trade in Winnipeg, as the vanishment of a series of large fortunes can testify, were guilty of the same fundamental errors in judgment as the Wheat Pool directors, but the latter are not thereby absolved from the consequences of their mistakes. The worst of these was their decision, taken in the autumn of 1929, to hold back their wheat for a substantially higher price than the European importers felt to be justified. Thanks to heavy crops in Argentina and Australia, these countries were in a position to supply Europe. As a result, the Canadian stocks of wheat began piling up in the elevators, and, at the end of the crop year 1929-1930, there had accumulated a carry-over which has ever since been a depressing factor in prices, and has placed Canada in a very disadvantageous marketing position.

As a consequence of the fall in prices, the Pools, who had made payments to their members on delivery of wheat, found themselves plunged into grave financial embarrassments. First of all, in February, 1930, they had to be buttressed by the intervention of the administrations of the three Prairie Provinces who, in order to avert a wholesale liquidation of wheat stocks by the banks for the purpose of protecting their security, agreed to guarantee the banks for their advances to the Pools, and then at a later date the Federal Government found it necessary to give a provisional guarantee to the banks that it would protect them from any loss on their financial commitments if the price of wheat fell below a certain level. The Federal Government, according to Mr. Bennett, is only involved to the extent of a few thousand dollars as the result of its guarantee, but the obligations of the three Prairie Provinces to the banks are estimated at about 22 million dollars, divided roughly as follows : Manitoba, 4 ; Saskatchewan, 12 ; and Alberta, 6 millions. The banks have naturally

been pressing for their money. At a Conference held at Ottawa, on June 28th, between representatives of the Prairie Governments and the banks, it was arranged that the three Provinces should make a special bond issue to secure funds for the liquidation of their debts to the banks. This will mean an addition of a million dollars taxation per annum to the already overloaded backs of the citizens of the prairies, but the provincial Governments before they gave their guarantees to the banks took as security the elevator equipment and other properties of the Pools. In Alberta, for instance, the provincial Government holds as security 438 country elevators, 199 dwellings, and a terminal elevator at Vancouver, and estimates the assets which it holds as having a value in excess of 8 million dollars. Consequently Premier Brownlee was able to state in an interview that, assuming that western Canada will continue to be a wheat-producing area of increasing importance, there is little possibility of any loss to the Province by reason of its guarantee to the banks.

But with the Pools in such a shaky condition the provincial Governments had obviously to take steps to acquire control of the properties pledged to them, and the Manitoba Government made the first move by taking over the elevator system of the local Pool and organising a company called "Manitoba Pool Elevators" to operate it. Under its scheme the Government proposes to make financial arrangements which will conserve for the pool members their interest in the elevators which were paid for by deductions from the payments due them for grain, and the system will be operated on the lines of the old Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company which was absorbed by the local Pool some years ago, and will follow the ordinary practices of the grain trade. In Manitoba the pooling idea has already vanished into the limbo of forgotten things. Arrangements have also been made for meetings of Pool members in Saskatchewan and Alberta at which plans for making the same sort of adjustments as have been adopted in Manitoba will be discussed. In Alberta, Mr. H. W. Wood, the veteran President of the provincial Pool, has put up a hard fight for the continuance of the pooling system, but

apparently a majority of his co-directors have decided that it is impossible to persevere with it. The Central Selling Agency which for the past nine months has been managed by Mr. J. I. Macfarland, a nominee of the government and the banks, has announced that it will continue to receive grain from the provincial Pools only up to July 15th, and thereafter will continue to function until the stocks of grain now in its hands are disposed of. Then it will be wound up, and there will then be an end of what a few short years ago promised to be a most interesting adventure in agrarian self-help.

IV

Now the pool adventure has absorbed for the last half-dozen years the energies and brains of the ablest of the agrarian leaders, who had come to believe that economic action would bring more benefits to the farmers than political activities, and it is freely predicted that the disappearance of the Pools will beget a revival of political radicalism among the prairie farmers. It is indeed almost inevitable that the present misfortunes of the Prairie Provinces will affect the political outlook and temper of their inhabitants. Pioneer settlers are rarely conservatives by temperament, and for the last twenty years the prairie country has been the great forcing bed of radicalism in Canada. For one thing, a majority of their citizens lacked traditional loyalties to either of the two historic Canadian parties, and for another there was a widespread feeling among the settlers who were battling with the wilderness that they were being sedulously exploited by a group of what were popularly called "big interests", meaning thereby banks, railways and manufacturers. So the voters of the prairies have repeatedly manifested an inclination to break forth from the corrals of the Liberal and Conservative parties and indulge in vigorous political insurgencies. As the result of the post-war agricultural depression, there was a great political uprising in the West, which found expression in the organisation of the Progressive party. This party secured control of the provincial administrations of Manitoba and Alberta, and at the Federal election of 1921

it carried practically every rural seat in the three Prairie Provinces, returning in all 66 members to the House of Commons out of a total of 235. If this Progressive party had been allowed to exercise its undoubted right as the second largest group in the Commons to become the official opposition, it would probably have affected a far-reaching revolution in Canadian politics, but its leaders, through timidity and other causes, preferred to adopt an attitude of detached neutrality and operate their party as a sort of "foreign legion" of the Liberals. Subsequently there developed a bitter schism within the party between the strait sect, who wanted to preserve the party as a purely agrarian bloc organised on class-conscious lines, and a rival school of thought who aspired to keep its basis broad and include the radical elements in the urban communities. When the former view threatened to prevail, Progressive leaders like Mr. T. A. Crerar and Mr. Forke rejoined the Liberal party, to which they had originally belonged, and at the general election of 1925 the Progressives found their parliamentary strength cut in half. At subsequent elections it suffered a further erosion, and to-day retains only substantial strength in Alberta, which returns nine out of its twelve federal members classified as Progressives.

In Western Canada, however, as in the western states of the adjacent Republic, low prices of agricultural products invariably breed a spirit of radicalism, and to-day the fires of political insurgency show signs of blazing forth again in districts where they have been damped down for half a dozen years. It is significant that the Saskatchewan section of the United Farmers of Canada, which has hitherto refrained from embarking as an organisation in politics, has now decided that the time is ripe for political action, and its leaders are engaged in strengthening their organisation with a view to nominating farmer candidates for all the rural seats in the provincial Legislature and the Federal Parliament. Moreover, the agrarian group at Ottawa, realising that both the old political parties are in disfavour with the western voters, do not, although they sit upon the opposition benches, show any disinclination to form a close alliance with the Liberals. They are persistent critics of the Bennett Ministry, but at intervals they demonstrate their independence by voting with it. Naturally, since the high-tariff policy of the Bennett Government is very unpalatable to the western farmers, who contend that not only does it increase their costs of production, but that it produces tariff reprisals in other countries, which curtails the market for their exportable surplus, it is the 23 Conservative members now holding prairie seats who will be the chief target of attack on the part of the embattled agrarians. Unless there is an amazing improvement in agricultural conditions, a large proportion of these Conservatives cannot hope to retain their seats at the next election.

Much depends upon the course of farm prices, but the calculation of the agrarian leaders is that in the next Federal Parliament they will double or even treble their representation at Ottawa, and, holding a balance of power, will be able to exercise a decisive voice in the character of the next Government and its policies. But, while the prairies will want to have their sectional viewpoint on economic and other issues adequately represented at Ottawa, very little will be heard of the threats of secession and the formation of the separate Dominion which were so freely bandied about by certain elements last winter, because to-day the Prairie Provinces in their hour of adversity realise that their plight might be parlous if they had not available for their succour the financial and other resources of the more firmly established Eastern provinces. Another very fortunate thing for the West is that its eggs are no longer in one or two baskets. There has been a very substantial development of industry in Winnipeg, Calgary, and other cities; there are important mining enterprises in all three provinces; and there are promising oilfields in Alberta, all of which, besides providing a diversity of employment, help to expand the local markets for farm produce, and to encourage mixed farming. But wheat and cattle are still the staple products of the prairies, and, until some cure for the present world-wide depression or some special remedy brings their prices to a higher level, there can be no real prosperity for the most fertile part of the Dominion.

A SOMERSET VILLAGE

(1866-1875)

By Arthur Waugh

§ 1

THE name of Midsomer Norton still falls upon the ear like an echo of passing music; and in the days of my childhood there it had beauties worthy of its name. It has advanced enormously since then, "improved itself" out of all recognition; it would not be surprising to hear that more money changes hands in a week there to-day than was banked in a twelvemonth from all the places of business in the Midsomer Norton of sixty years ago. But those who knew it as a village will make less of its repute as a country town. Then it was rural, remote, even romantic. The lanes were full of flowers, and the river sparkled on its way between the cottages. It was a pleasant place for children to grow up in, and the high green banks were full of mystery and magic.

Midsomer Norton lies just off the main road between Bath and Wells, ten miles from Bath and eight from Wells, under a spur of the Mendips. Bristol is fifteen miles to the north-west; and, in those days of early recollection, there was no railway nearer than one or other of these distant cities, for distant they certainly were, when a dog-cart or a four-wheel cab was the only means of transport. Twice or thrice a week a carrier's cart, owned by a charioteer named Angel, plied to Bath; while another driver, called Savage, did the same service to Bristol, bringing home such provisions as the local shops were incapable of supplying. In the winter, when the snow-drifts collected on the hills, the village was almost cut off from its neighbours. But for the rest of the year there were spreading gardens, woodland ways, trout in the stream, and coveys in the stubble. It was just the fitting home for a sportsman; which was the very

reason that my father chose it, when at the early age of twenty-four he had completed his medical training, and was ready and eager to settle down to the busy, uneventful family life which in those simple days seemed to furnish all the average Englishman needed to ask.

It was a life of hard, unremitting toil—a country doctor's sixty years ago—and sport was its only recompense. The doctor never knew when his day's work was done, and he could never be certain that his long-expected holiday would pass uninterrupted. At any hour of the night there might come the knock on the door; and the sight of a horseman galloping up the lane put a premature end to many a gay day's shooting. But for the sportsman there was a relish even in uncertainty, and my father was a sportsman to the core.

It was in the spring of 1865 that he brought my mother home to Midsomer Norton, to a rather poor little house, which at the time was overclouded by a sad story. It lay in a part of the village called "The Island", which had indeed once been surrounded by the River Somer, from which the village is supposed to take its name. But for many years past "The Island" had been connected with the market-place, from which it was once separated by a bridge; the river had been built over, and only the mill on one side and a rather squalid tributary behind the houses on the other remained to bear witness to its island site. Hence the sad story of the last bride before my mother, who came to begin, and (as it happened) to end her married life in the little house where I was to be born. The husband of this bride was either a man of abnormal imagination or a gay deceiver; for he told his wife, who had not seen her home until she arrived there, that he was taking her to a house upon an island, with trees all round, which her young and hopeful fancy pictured as being a sort of enchanted medley of Marazion and Iffley. When she drove up to a little two-storeyed villa at the boundary of a street of cottages, with a public-house at one end, she sustained a shock from which she never recovered, and was dead within a year. My mother had heard this story so often, and had been so urgently impressed with

the unworthiness of the home awaiting her, that the emotions of her own home-coming were as different as possible. A cheery fire, a bank of flowers, a dinner-table bright with new napery and wedding plate, and a smiling maid to wait on her behest—this was a welcome home leaving little to be desired. She settled down to make the best of things, as indeed she always did, all the years of her kind and loving life. She was to have three different homes in Midsomer Norton as the practice prospered and the income grew; but this village, slowly changing into the semblance of a town, was to be the centre of her interest and activity for over forty years. The wives and mothers of her generation asked for nothing more. "Settling down" was settling down; and when there were children, that in itself was a vocation.

It was in this little house in "The Island" that I myself was born, on the 24th of August, 1866, the first child of my parents, and the only child for nearly four years, during which period the household had moved to the much more comfortable, if rather ugly house, which was to be my first idea of Home, and in which I can still picture, with faithful tenderness, the crescent experiences of childhood. The house was at the foot of a hill, which climbed, between an avenue stately as a cathedral aisle, to the open fields and the Wells Road over the Mendip Ridge. It was a tall grey house, of no sort of beauty or attraction. Three storeys, each pierced by three groups of windows, faced the road, above which the house stood upon raised ground, with a narrow flower-garden, built up with rockery, in front of the window, and at the side an oblong kitchen-garden, flanked by a well-equipped stable and coach-house. This small front garden is the scene of my first recollection. It had a little iron gate, between the banks of rockery, giving upon a modest, gravelled drive. The space between this iron gate and the broader wooden gates, which open upon the road, is, perhaps, six yards. A child, whom I recognise as myself, dressed in a petticoat suit, is toddling through the iron gate, with outstretched arms, towards the road. As the child tumbles against the gates into the drive it looks back, with confident devotion, into the eyes of its mother; and suddenly its heart is filled with the sound of a gentle, protective voice.

"What a brave boy you are growing," the voice says. "A little while ago you would have been afraid to go as far as the iron gate!"

The baby could not have been more than three years old at the time, if as much; but there has always seemed something typical, something significant, in this earliest recollection. It was the first step upon the road of life; and presiding over it, like a guardian angel, was the very Spirit of Home Incarnate.

§ 2

They had met, my father and mother, in Clifton, when he was a fellow student of her brothers at the Bristol Medical School. He was only just of age, though, according to the fashion of those times, he looked much older, with black Dundreary whiskers and disfiguring peg-top trousers. The young men were all impecunious together. My father (presumably) had a reasonable allowance, for his relatives were well off; but it went in theatres and amusements, not in the provision of solid comforts. In those days you could dine for a shilling on Bristol Bridge, and as often as not the medical student would do so. There was a row of barrows carrying hot ovens. On the first, you could get a "sausage and mashed, with fresh roll," for sevenpence; on the second, a large fruit tart for threepence; and on the third, the last twopence of the shilling might be exchanged for a double handful of roast chestnuts; and no bad dinner at the price—entrée, sweet, and dessert! It was an age of curious shifts and pretences. Though everyone was hard up, nobody would admit it. If a young man had half a crown between himself and penury he would change it, as my uncles did daily, into coppers, and jingle them ostentatiously in his pocket, as he proceeded to pay for his friend's "bitter" at the bar. In the evening there were card parties, very prim when the young women were present, but more speculative when the men sat down alone to poker. It was at the primmer parties, when tea, lemonade, and cakes were handed round, that

the sexes exchanged interrupted confidences, and found the opportunity to fall in love with one another. How much they learnt of each other's tastes and characters in such a guarded citadel of the proprieties they alone could answer.

Of course, there were the usual obstacles to be overcome before an "engagement" could be countenanced. My grandmother, whose own betrothal had been romantically sealed in the porch of Studland Church, had long since swept aside all whisperings of young love; and now, since a medical student with all his qualifications to make was no eligible *parti* at all, carried my mother off to a lonely farm-house in the Welsh valley, where a derelict coal-mine, named Tylacoch, was all that remained of a little property which had once brought in a useful income. There, through a long and dreary winter, it rained and snowed; the hills were hidden in mist; and the black pathways through the fields almost disappeared in puddles. But the spring came; hope returned; the days began to hurry by. In an incredibly short space of time the barriers were broken down; and here was the new home, all glittering with promise and wedding-presents, which was soon to be full of the noise of children, and all the pleasant, anxious cares of an eager, temperamental household.

It was not, I suppose, an artistic home, though it was loyally true to the fashion of its time. There was a round, rosewood table in the middle of the drawing-room, and, like the radii of a circle, an array of illustrated books ranged round the edge—Gray's *Elegy*, The Parables of the Gospel, Bewick's Birds, the Life and Works of Edwin Landseer, and *Gems of European Art*. In the centre of the table, on a bead mat, stood a vase of flowers; on the mantelpiece candlesticks with crystal lustres, and hand-screens in beadwork to keep the heat of the fire from a too sensitive face. The pictures on the walls were chromo-lithographs, of birds'-nests with eggs in them, and bright-cheeked cottage maidens; but much better than these, though we did not know it at the time, were our mother's own water-colours, fresh, sunny landscapes and studies in still-life. The dining-room, with its regiment of mahogany

and big padded arm-chairs by the fire, was the principal living-room, to which we were all in turn admitted, as soon as we had passed through the elementary nursery stage, and could be trusted to do our lessons quietly, or play with our toys without quarrelling. Until that time arrived, we spent most of the day upstairs, in the top storey, behind a firmly bolted gate, that looked down upon a steep and perilous descent. That little locked gate was our first discipline in the eternal problem of exile. We could not climb it; we hardly dared look over it; when once it was closed upon us our liberty was at an end. It was inalienably typical of much that was to come hereafter.

§ 3

For the little gate at the top of the stairs soon came to represent, to the dawning experience of the nursery, the barrier between two worlds—the world of home and the world outside; and two familiar and friendly figures shaped themselves gradually in the imagination as guardians of the two domains. When once the record of the "only child" had been broken, every succeeding year brought a day when the house was full of unwonted stir; when a strange, bearded man in a top-hat was stalking up and down the garden paths, his hands clasped behind his back, and his bristling eyebrows bent towards the gooseberry bushes; while a truly formidable female, with cheeks like a map of Switzerland, and a black net cap quivering with beads, kept tramping in and out of bedrooms, issuing mysterious, whispered orders to awe-struck cook and housemaid. In short, within four years there were four children behind the nursery gate; and "Budge" the nurse was apt to bear a distracted expression upon her bright rosy face, shining with cold water and hard soap, until she had got the whole company washed and dressed and breakfast smoking on the table.

Of the two guardians, outdoor and in, "Budge" was the indoor autocrat; and a wiser, kinder, more conscientious disciplinarian can never have been granted to the help of childhood. She was a widow, and her relations

with the family began with their beginning. For it was she who, living in a cottage in the Island, set our parents' house in order for their first home-coming, and helped to lay the table for their first home meal. Then, only a year or two later, her husband was brought home dead. He was a brewer's driver; a lynch-pin had come out of his wheel on Bristol Bridge; the barrels in the wagon fell upon him, and he was crushed to death. His widow shouldered her burden, found a home for her two children, and went out to service again. She was our devoted friend for over forty years.

Her patience and good nature were inexhaustible; but, if there was ever any time when the pressure of duty clouded her brow, it was immediately after breakfast; and experience soon decided that that was a good time to escape downstairs and slip across the paved yard to the saddle-room, where one was always sure of welcome. For there lived the outdoor guardian of the home, Self the coachman—a neat, dapper figure then, with sandy side-whiskers, and a perennial smile that defied wind, weather, and every disappointment of the long day's "round." There after breakfast he was always to be found, cleaning bits and stirrups in a blue, hooped bucket, and singing songs, the like of which were never to be heard within doors. In later years I have often wondered what sort of poets and composers can have collaborated upon those wonderfully sentimental and illogical ballads. Were they ever printed? How did Self learn them? Are they, perhaps, being sung by other lips even now, in scattered regions of which the singer and his child-hearer will never know? At any rate, they were the first entertainment of which memory bears record, the first concert, the very first "variety show." There was "Kitty Wells", a mournful elegy, of which only the melodious but melancholy refrain still lingers in the recollection:

"Oh, the birds was a-singing in the morning;
The myrtle and the ivy was in bloom,
The sun on the hills was a-dawning;
'Twas there we laid her in the tomb."

This was the stuff to draw a lump to the throat; but

for pure excitement the song of the deserter could beat "Kitty Wells" to a standstill. For the chorus of that brave ballad had a martial air, and just then tin soldiers were the ruling deities of the nursery:

"Court martial, court martial, court martial so hot;
And the sentence passed o'er me as I was to be shot."

But just as the fatal hour was to strike, with the firing party in position, and the victim blindfold:

"Up drove Prince Albert in his carriage and six,
And said 'Where's the young man whose doom has been fixed?
Strike off his fetters and let him go free,
For he'll make a good soldier for his Queen and countree.'"

I remember that, even to a childish comprehension, there came a vague doubt of Prince Albert's confidence; for the young man, having only just deserted to the enemy, had given little proof either of valour or of patriotism. Still, it was a great thing that there was no execution. It was a much happier business than Kitty Wells's, for she, poor dear, was at rest beneath the myrtle and the ivy.

These early morning concerts were all too short; for, before eleven had struck, the horse was harnessed, and the doctor's round began; and, just about the same time, "Budge" appeared, with the other children dressed for their walk; the double perambulator was wheeled into the road, and the world outside lay all before us. It was thus that we learnt the secrets of our native village, its past legends, and present attractions. And very soon Midsomer Norton revealed itself as a region of plentiful romance.

First, there were the shops—"Top" James's by the church, and "Bottom" James's, opposite the "Three Horse Shoes", in the main street, where the windows were gay with tin soldiers, pewter tea-sets, paper flags, and toy flat-irons; while at "Sperring's" the wife of the parish clerk dispensed gold and silver paper, drawing pencils, and india-rubber. Close to "Bottom" James's there was a small, square, stone house called "The Lock Up", with an oak door, studded with nails. It was supposed to be used for the custody of criminals, though I never saw one go in or out. Still, that did not prevent us

from believing that anyone of us might find a way there, if we didn't "behave" ourselves in public. After passing the Lock Up, and turning round by Back Lane, we came to Coomer's Grave, where a murderer was said to be buried at the Cross Roads between Paulton and Chilcompton. That spot we never passed without looking back, for some said his ghost walked on the day of the murder, and it was always possible to-day might be the day.

These were short walks. When we took a longer road, there was an old hollow elm-tree at White Post, half-way between Norton Down and the Radstock coal-pits, which all the nursery authorities agreed to be haunted. Three of us together could walk into it upright, and gaze straight up to the leaves above; and, when we looked up, we always expected to see a gnome or sprite peering down to mock us. Finally, on the other flank of the village, lay Folly Hill, with the ruins of a burnt-out cottage on the summit, and thyme and borage still growing in what once had been a garden. The Folly brought us into close relations with the legends of the place; for the parish church of Midsomer Norton is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, whose feast is celebrated on Midsummer Day, and some antiquarians argue that that is why the place is called "Midsummer", to distinguish it from the neighbouring Norton St. Philip's, where the patron saint has full honour in the village name. At any rate, in our childhood there were people who could remember the time when huge bonfires were lighted on Folly Hill on Midsummer Night; and some said that the fairies used to peep out between the undergrowth in Bull's Wood, frightened by the noise and glare.

The place had other, more authentic legends. In the days when he was in retreat Charles the Second stayed at Midsomer Norton, and on his restoration bestowed upon the church an octave of bells, one of which bears the inscription:

> "'Twas Charles the Second, our gracious King,
> Was the chief cause we eight bells ring";

while a weather-beaten statue of the Merry Monarch, standing upon a Bible, looks down from a niche in the

Tower. His memory was still honoured in the village on the 29th of May, when a Club paraded the streets, with bands and banners, decked with oak-wreaths and oak-apples, in tribute to the loyalty of Boscobel. Finally, there was one local legend that especially appealed to our young imagination. On a dark and winter's night, how long ago I cannot say, a traveller had been lost upon the foggy height of Clandown, and had found his way to safety by following the sound of the curfew bell from Midsomer Norton tower. Having been welcomed and housed for the night, he next morning called on the leading landowner in the place, and purchased a little paddock, which he bequeathed in perpetuity to Norton's parish clerk, provided he should ring the curfew every night at eight o'clock. Many years have passed since then; and how the custom stands to-day I cannot tell. But more than half a century ago the clerk forgot his duty oftener than he remembered it, and the curfew had grown so unfamiliar a sound that the servants would pause in their washing-up and begin to count the bell. "Somebody's dead," they would say. "Is it old Mrs. Maggs?" Then, when the bell continued beyond the tale of mortal life, they would whisk the dish-cloth in disdain. "Oh, it's only Mr. Sperring, ringing for his field," they murmured; and so resumed their work.

The legends of the village, which we learnt from our nurse and the village gossips on our walks abroad, created in our minds a world of fantasy, which would have been harmless enough, if it had not been interpenetrated by a subtle spirit of fear, which was secretly fostered by the long afternoon hours of exile behind the staircase gate, and presides, like a brooding shadow, over all these memories of childhood. As I look back now, it seems as though our indoor hours were perpetually haunted by vague apprehensions, fermented by the mysterious talk of the younger servants, and of the nursery visitors, who dropped in from time to time to share their interests with our kindly "Budge", who would have been horrified indeed if she had realised what was going on. There was a time, recurrent and anticipated, when a small table was drawn up by the fire-guard, and a talkative tea-party of

kitchen friends gathered round the nursery hearth. A surreptitious but savoury dish, known as "tea-fish", which later experience leads me to believe was haddock, was there dispensed to the intruders by our nurses's hospitality; strong black tea was drunk from big cups frequently refilled; and conversation sank to a whisper. The children, playing with their toys at the other side of the room, were supposed to hear nothing of these mysterious confidences; but in fact every word sank into the imagination, and set in motion a phantasmagoria of silent Fear.

We heard of a cripple, whom we had often seen pass the windows, a sinister enough figure in life, who had been found dead in the iron horse-trough of the big house above us on the hill. His crippled hand was crushed beneath him. Someone had murdered him. He had known some secret that he ought not to have known, and they had killed him because he knew it. Who had killed him? It might be the gardener, the postman, the grocer's car-man, any of the familiar passers-by, who went up and down the hill beneath our windows. We listened, and grew very cold, in the corner among the tin soldiers and Noah's animals.

Then there was the story of the carrier from Bath, driving in a snowstorm up Dunkerton Hill. It had only happened two nights ago—in Tuesday's storm, you remember? The carrier was stopped by a woman who had fallen in a snow-drift, and pleaded for a lift. Before putting her foot upon the step, she handed the driver a parcel; and when his hand grasped hers to pull her up, he felt the hand in his to be a man's, not a woman's at all. It clutched him, and he thrust it back into the snow, whipped up his horse, and drove like fury to the nearest roadside tavern. There he had opened the parcel, and found—skeleton keys, a jemmy, knuckle-dusters, a mask, even a pistol. The man in the snow was a burglar; he had been coming our way. It might have been our own house that he was plotting against in his nefarious mind. The very thought was stifling.

Finally, there was the day when "Long Parsons" drowned himself in the well on "Big Hill"—the very well we had been warned not to go too near, when we were playing in the field only a few hours before. They brought him down the hill, upon a wagon, covered with a white cloth. He looked gigantic under his pall, and water was dripping in the cart. He was our first apparition of death, death untimely and macabre. Of all the visions of Fear he was the most actual, for we had seen him with our eyes. . . . And then came night, when we were all tucked in our beds, and the night nursery was dark, and every sound was intensified by uncertainty. There was a passage between the night and day nurseries (the passage with the balustrade and the staircase gate) and the doors were open in both rooms. Under a naked gas-jet in the day nursery, "Budge" sat at the table, reading her Bible. She always read straight on, night after night, from year to year, history, psalmody, prophecy, genealogy; it was all the same to her. It was all "God's word—beautiful reading." And as long as she continued to read the night nursery was at ease. A peep round the door assured us of her protecting presence; but, there could be no sleep yet, because of the knowledge of what was to come. The clock on the mantelpiece struck nine; "Budge" closed her Bible, and marked the verse; the gas-jet was turned half down; and her foot on the creaking stairs foretold the dreaded hour. She had gone below for supper; we were alone on the attic floor, and every corner held its ghost. The cooling bars of the fireplace cracked; the blind flapped loosely in the window; the furniture grew alive with faces. The murdered cripple peered from the cupboard; the flickering light shaped itself into the head of the "woman" in the snow-drift; the heap of clothes in the corner stretched to the gaunt dimensions of "Long Parsons." Cold, comfortless, desolate hour of solitude! Would it never end? The grey vigil seemed interminable, before the merciful hand of sleep soothed us into oblivion.

§ 5

In the meanwhile the seasons were passing, the youngest at present in the nursery was two years old, and there were

vivid changes in the little village. Our favourite walk led us up the hill above our home, under a stately avenue of trees, past the cold, dignified stone mansion (where the "Lady Bountiful" of the parish practised, it must be confessed, a rather penurious bounty), to the long white road above the wood leading to Downside and Wells. But one spring morning the wood was changed. A shaft of light shone among its dark stems; several of our favourite trees were lying on the ground; the earth was turned up; boards, wheel-barrows, and the boots of rough, loud-voiced men had beaten down the primroses into a pulp of red soil.

"It's the railway that's coming," said "Budge"; "and they do say the station is going to be here, right in the middle of the wood." For once "they" said true. The line had been drawn from Bath to Bournemouth; the countryside was scored with a long, scarlet wound; and the carrier would soon cease to fear the snow-drifts, for his occupation was drawing to an end.

At first it was very exciting, as we went our daily walks, to watch the swarm of men filtering over the embankment; very exciting also to hear the occasional explosions, as the rock was blasted in the cutting between our wood and Chilcompton Hill. But, as the novelty wore off, the navvies were found to be "not nice." They shouted rude words after the perambulator, which made "Budge" hurry down the hill with red cheeks; and one or other of them was generally hanging round the back door after twilight, to the flouncing indignation of our handsome, black-eyed cook, who knew very well how to take care of herself.

And soon a new rumour reached my ears, which portended no comfortable prospect for myself. The line was to be opened by Christmas, and at the beginning of the year I was to be sent out upon it, to go to school in Bath. I did not understand then that there was yet another change coming in the nursery, which would render it convenient that I should be out of the way for a little while; but I can remember now that there was a more intimate and confidential relationship between mother and son that last winter at home than there had ever been before. When the

candles were lit in the drawing-room, she would open the cottage piano and sing to me songs that seemed the very essence of poetry and romance. They were the ballads of the school of Claribel, full of tender, saccharine, Victorian emotion:

"I am looking for the ribbon that I gave you long ago,
You said that you would cherish it wherever you might go;
I have kept the broken sixpence that you gave that day to me—
That happy day when last we met beneath the linden tree.
It may be you've forgotten it, but it surely cannot be,
So much as I have thought of you, you have not thought of me! . .

We sat by the river, You and I,
In the sweet summer-time long ago. . . ."

Sentiment, sentiment, and sentiment! Yet out of this nettle sentiment we of our ripe Dickensian generation plucked, somehow or other, after our own fashion, the flowers of loyalty and love.

A Somerset Village is taken from *One Man's Road*, a volume of reminiscences to be published shortly by Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

THE BLACK BELT OF THE CARIBBEAN

By Carleton Beals

IN the alley mire of Puerto Barrios, banana port of Guatemala, black Jim was squatting under a mango tree and weaving a double-rhomboid fish-trap out of river cane.

"Don't be so good this heah cane, sah, as the bamboo we all got back home, but c'n catch ebry fish mah'n a pound. Som weeks Ah pwafits goin' on fifteen quid, yas, sah."

Jim, a young Belizan negro, and a British subject, is part of the great tide of dislocated black folk which eddies about the Caribbean, from Havana to Barbados and Trinidad, from Belize to Venezuela and the Guianas.

The Caribbean is a more violent melting pot than New York. Islands and mainland swarm with races of every hue, living in every epoch of society from that of the primitive African jungle to the effete degeneracy of Havana creole aristocracy. Habitats originally thousands of miles apart have been lifted and set down side by side in the countries to the south-east. The Caribbean is a vast ethnological laboratory. Spaniards and Portuguese meet French and Dutch, English and Americans. Jews fled there from the Spanish Inquisition. Full-blooded Negroes practise the fearsome obeah. East Indian coolies and Hindus tread new tropics. Chinese have flowed in by tens of thousands. The descendants of native Indians who greeted Columbus still lounge under the royal palms. Interbreeding has created many mixed types—*mestizos*, *zambos*, *chinos del pais*, mulattos—all along the chromatic scale from black to white—ash-gray, yellow red, golden brown, bronze.

But the most intense, most vital of all are the Negroes who swarm out of over-populated Haiti, Jamaica and Trinidad. In the making is a new breed of mixed blood,

from all the elements mentioned; but it appears that Africa will rule racially, however submerged politically and economically. The Negro is the dominant type.

For these are the breeders of this vast circle of ocean, island and sky. Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Dutchmen—they came, they conquered, they faded away in the poisonous sweet arms of the Carib and the Chibcha girl. But the Negro brought even greater love and lust than the natives. A super jungle man, he has jungle wisdom to defy the fever. So his kind have multiplied and continue to multiply in a frenzy of fertility and magic which has matched the lavish reproductive powers of steaming earth, hot sun and warm sirupy water of rain, river and sea. The Caribbean is a black empire, going increasingly black.

Prior to the Spanish Conquest, the Caribbean was populated by numerous Indian tribes. Bartolomeo de Las Casas, the great ecclesiastic, said that Jamaica "abounded" with Arawaks "as an ant hill with ants." The pre-discovery population was dense also; and an inevitable struggle for mastery had developed even before Europeans arrived. Gradually the fierce, stocky Caribs were dominating the entire region.

But the Spaniards killed off the natives, and to replace them Negro slaves were imported from Africa. Ironically enough, this influx was stimulated by both necessity and humanitarianism. Las Casas, who crossed the ocean fourteen times to plead for better treatment for the aborigines, was instrumental in promoting the slave-trade to protect the native Indians from extermination by unwonted excessive toil on plantations and in mines. God had gone brown but not yet black.

Before long the Caribbean became the slave clearing-house for the United States. The great marts were Jamaica and Haiti, which even to-day remain the largest and most densely inhabited Negro centres. Even in this year 1931 the contract labour system, which now takes Haitians and Jamaicans to alien shores, is still called "the slave trade". In spite of adverse economic conditions, the Negro flourishes. From his fertile loins come forth numerous progeny. Islands grow crowded. Families

emigrate. They jostle each other anew on far shores.

The rise of population in these regions during the past century is phenomenal—even in the sparsely settled Dominican Republic—greater than the rate of increase in the much vaster area of the United States. Elsewhere in the Caribbean the rapidity of the population growth has been even more accelerated.

In the blacker islands population density now varies from 165 a square mile in the Virgin Islands (with their relatively small habitable area) to 1195 a square mile in Barbados. Many square miles of soil in the islands are mountainous or barren volcanic outcroppings. Thus the population density is really greater in much of the Caribbean area than statistics indicate.

Perforce most of the island folk live in abysmal poverty, little removed from the African jungles. They are eager to emigrate to new regions where shortage of labour or sparser population offers new opportunities. Already the overflow from the Haitian and Jamaican breeding grounds has swept around the Caribbean and increased by many thousands the black population of the United States itself. The Caribbean is an enormous black incubator.

II

Along with Negro dissemination has gone a quite different process. The insatiable need of the United States for raw materials has flung its traders, its business men, its capital south over the Caribbean. With them have gone missionaries, marines, treaties, governors, roads, automobiles, orange crush, loans, school teachers, Rockefeller fever experts, Mr. Platt, Mr. Roosevelt, General McCoy, Pan-American Congresses, and tourists. Diluted jazz has returned a step nearer its ancestral home.

To-day Americans own most of the Cuba which they freed from Spain, most of Porto Rico, most of the Atlantic coast of Central America, most of Colombia and a big share of Venezuela. Their investments in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Jamaica, Trinidad, and elsewhere have increased rapidly. New tools, new methods, new

ways of life have intruded, have shaken the whole region, will shake it more during years to come.

The shock of this new industrial technique is one of the major causes, along with over-population, which have uprooted black folk from their old homes and habits to set them in motion for far parts. Negro emigration has gone hand in hand with expansion and mastery over new products and new regions. America provides the capital and the methods ; Africa provides the labour.

The entire pattern of American economic invasion has been set by the plantation system. Most of American activities—railroads, banking, business—have been ancillary to the raw-product plantation for producing sugar, coffee, tobacco, or bananas on a large scale. The revival of the earlier colonial plantation by American enterpreneurs along modern lines with modern machinery has necessitated a new cheap, mobile labour supply. The Negro has filled the bill. He is shunted from crowded areas to less crowded areas. American enterprise and Negro labour are shaping a new era in the Antillean region, not a particularly happy era but with far-reaching racial, economic, social and political significance.

The Caribbean has witnessed various cycles of the large plantation. Twentieth Century developments show two tendencies : in some of the British and French possesions, notably Jamaica (but not in Barbados, which is quite strangled by large estates), the late Nineteenth Century shift to small holdings has been buttressed up by state assistance, education, the dissemination of knowledge of farm methods, rural credits and other salutary measures. But in the islands dominated or owned by the United States there has been a reassembling of the large plantation, with modern methods and modern machinery.

But while the plantation is now run along new lines, it still represents an absentee landlordism and its labour remains largely in a state of semi-serfdom, controlled feudally. Thus the plantation, plus Negro dissemination, while it creates a new era in the Caribbean, is also creating new and serious problems. Not only does it portend a future clash between the Negro worker and the system,

but it has turned whole islands into one-crop countries, with far-reaching political, economic and social implications. Old cultures are being smashed. A new culture has yet to be born. And in the chaos of this transition period, capital, with the aid of marines, diplomatic pressure, alien labour, and corrupt officialdom seizes the raw products necessary to the United States.

III

Cuba's white gold (sugar) depends upon black ivory (the Negro). The post-Spanish War plantation system, introduced by American capital and which for decades made the island the world's sugar-bowl, rests upon cheap imported Negro labour. In spite of immigration restrictions, new swarms of blacks are annually attracted to the sweet rim and fall into bitter toil akin to servitude.

According to census figures, the black population has steadily declined since 1841, but this is largely a juggling of figures and classifications. Negroes no longer come from Africa ; they are imported from prolific Haiti and Jamaica. After Cuban independence, they were for a time officially excluded, though many wriggled in on lonely shores on dark nights. The 1912 decree of President José Miguel Gómez lifted the ban against them, but without success. By 1928, new restrictions were imposed, but " emergencies " have prevented them from being enforced. The United Fruit Company alone was given a permit to import 9,600 Negroes.

The *guajiro*, the traditional Cuban peasant, is vanishing. He becomes a plantation peon, uprooted from the soil, or drifts into the cities to carry burdens or work on the docks. He does not submit easily to the new large-scale labour system. Hence alien Negroes must be brought in to cut the *zafra* and work the mills. These needed labourers are delivered by contractors at from three to five pounds a head. They are customarily lodged in *barracones* (long thatched barracks, often without walls), having a pit in one end for toilet facilities. They sleep in hammocks, which are rolled up in the day time to contain the workers' worldly possessions. In certain instances, these contract workmen are kept under armed guards and driven with rubber whips until their debts are liquidated. The native Cuban workers speak Spanish, the Haitians a French patois, the Jamaicans English. This language barrier prevents mutual understanding, and hence checkmates labour troubles. On the other hand, the Negroes, as soon as possible, escape or drift away from the plantations, where they labour much for low wages, into the cities, where they eat worse but loaf more.

As in Cuba, the post-annexation plantation system in Porto Rico tends to turn the island black. The older Spanish culture is being defeated by American rule on the one hand and the Negro invasion on the other. This tendency is even greater in Cuba, for the new American immigration laws cut off the normal Spanish immigration, which throughout the past centuries flowed into Latin America to leaven the population and provide new blood for the ruling caste. The former Spanish immigrant fortified the existing culture and felt at peace with its traditions, so that he built his fortune in the country. Usually he remained on his estate to manage it in person, took a native woman to wife, and became a resident citizen.

Not so the American. American immigration is relatively small and unstable. American school teachers go down for a temporary lark. The administrators of the large foreign corporation properties come and go—and this form of absenteeism dominates the entire island. With the Spanish influx cut off, but not Negro immigration from the adjacent islands, living standards are lowered ; and as Porto Rico is so over-populated—over 400 to a square mile—the lighter skinned people emigrate to the United States for better opportunities (some 100,000 are in New York alone).

Pass south from British Honduras along the Atlantic coast of Central America, and the story of black Jim weaving rhomboid traps is repeated in a hundred elementary work patterns. The interior of British Honduras is Indian, but the city and coast dwellers are black, descendants of slaves brought in during past centuries to work in the lumber camps, in chicle gangs, and to collect chin-

chona bark. For centuries Negroes have percolated into this whole region. The modern banana, hardwood and rubber plantations have again accelerated the process.

In British Honduras, the king of the chicle industry is of Negro origin. He is a powerful figure, the invisible ruler of an enormous tropical empire; his sceptre is wielded over one of the wealthiest raw-product industries in the world. Not all of his compatriots have been so fortunate; many are driftwood, caught up in the lost back-flow of the *bocacosta* region from here south to Panama.

Only 7 per cent. of Nicaragua's population is Negro, but this 7 per cent. is concentrated along the Atlantic coast, where it dominates and where more English than Spanish is spoken. A large proportion of the officials are Negroes, originally from Jamaica or Belize. In Greytown a Negro customs official directed the Negroes and one Indian inspecting my baggage. In Bluefields a Negro youth filed my cables; another accepted my registered letters. I rode to Puerto Limón, Costa Rica, in a small steamer owned and run by a Negro captain.

In Puerto Cortez, another banana port, half-naked piccaninnies fight for your baggage.

All up and down this coast (as in Nicaragua) the Negroes through the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries were largely assimilated by Mosquito Indians and other tribes. In Honduras this interracial mixture has been very thorough. The modern population of all Honduras is about equally mixed Indian, Negro and Spanish. On this is being overlaid the new Negro influx into Puerto Cortez, Tela, Trujilla and the banana hinterland.

Climb up through the Costa Rica banana region. Everywhere the Negro. Some of the Central American countries have attempted, rather futilely, to set up barriers. In Guatemala, Negroes can be brought in on contract for only two years, subject to return to their native countries. But extensions are granted, or—as elsewhere—the Negroes drift into other pursuits, so that the coast population of the Isthmus grows increasingly black.

Like Jamaica and Haiti in the old days, Panama has become a labour clearing-house for the region. The influx there began with the building of the canal. Native labour was scarce, hence expensive. No other race could stand up under the climate or work so cheaply. So Panama is now the new centre of convergence. Blacks from Jamaica predominate. Steamers from the whole world pass here and strike out all around the Caribbean, with Negroes being shipped to Central America, Colombia, Venezuela. In Colombia, a third of the four million population is black. This third is concentrated in the coast areas, in the lowlands of Magdalena and in Baranquilla, the chief port. Following recent bloody labour disturbances on the Colombia banana plantations, the companies were granted permissión to import 10,000 Negro workers. Now native labour—up till that time 65 per cent. of the total—is being rapidly replaced.

Thus all these regions are tending towards large-scale absentee agricultural production controlled by large American companies, and towards the strengthening of the African strain and consequent denationalisation.

IV

Turn now to the main incubators of the black labour supply: Jamaica and Haiti.

Why does Jamaica, in many ways one of the happiest spots in the Caribbean, supply such a constant tide of black emigrants. Largely because of over-population and primitive cultivation. The fire-stick cultivation has returned to Jamaica, where "bread-kind" crops (i.e., starch-producing tubers such as cassava and yams), which provide the preferred Negro diet, have largely replaced the traditional plantation crops.

Originally Jamaica was settled as a white man's country, parcelled out in large estates. For several centuries, under Spanish and British rule, the island lived in paternal prosperity. Then rebellion broke out. The slaves escaped to the mountains, where they grew "bread-kind" and carried on constant warfare. Finally, they were legally

emancipated. New towns grew up. Labour became scarce, more costly. The estates suffered. The Negro quarters remained wretched collections of semi-abandoned hovels. As in the English and Dutch Guianas, Trinidad and elsewhere, Hindus and East Indian coolies were imported. Also, the authorities tried to drive Negro labour back on the declining estates by heavy taxation – the smaller the freehold, the greater the proportionate tax – a method similar in part to that of the Bolsheviks attempting to drive the Russian peasants into collectives.

A serious armed outbreak occurred in 1865 under Governor Eyre. As a result a resurvey of the available lands was made. Governor Sir Henry Blake threw overboard the estate theory entirely and started an orderly settlement of the peasants on the lands recovered through the survey acts. Also, he founded the Jamaican Agricultural Society to promote improved methods. After 1897, following the West Indian Royal Commission's report of that year, a Department of Agriculture was established, which soon resulted in the Imperial West Indian Department of Agriculture and the Tropical College of Agriculture in Trinidad. Through these institutions, numerous travelling instructors and a system of agrarian loan banks, the British government, recognising the advisability of small holdings, has endeavoured to build up agricultural knowledge and diversity of crops. Among other new products, cinchona and tea, oranges and grapefruit have been introduced. The greater share of Jamaica's exports now comes from small holdings. Gradually, although the Negroes looked upon official scientific efforts as "buckra" or white "foolishness", the level of knowledge and methods has steadily risen and the traditional primitive African practices have been increasingly supplanted.

Now, however, the cultivation of bananas becomes every day more important and threatens to reinstate the large plantation. This will drive more Jamaican negroes abroad, while simultaneously drawing in alien contract Negroes from other islands, less imbued with a spirit of independence. But as yet, though poverty causes many of the islanders to emigrate to escape over-population, by and

large Jamaica is far happier than those islands where the American dollar has made its sway supreme.

Haiti, another breeding spot, occupies two-thirds of the island of Santo Domingo. The other third is occupied by the Dominican Republic. This latter country, long cherishing its Spanish traditions, is whiter than most of the Antilles. Only one-fourth is Negro. There are but 54 inhabitants to a square mile. The Republic has long attempted to exclude black immigration, but it is a losing fight. For just over its boundaries is black Haiti, with a density of 250 to the square mile, its arable lands limited by vast stretches of mountains. Of Haiti's 2,300,000 inhabitants, but 3,000 are white.

After the Dominican Republic had asserted its independence from Haiti, an exclusion policy was established, only to be broken during the 1916 American occupation, when many blacks were admitted to work the American sugar plantations in the southern part of the country. This was one of the outstanding native criticisms of American marine rule. But while at that time barriers were knocked down, Dominican officials before and after have themselves been lax. The exclusion law has a wedge clause, "except in cases of emergency." "Emergency" has gradually led to the introduction of many Antillean Negroes. As the plantation system grows in the Republic, this immigration, in spite of all restrictions, is bound to increase. The vast quarter-million acre Romana plantation is manned by Negroes from Haiti, Porto Rico and elsewhere. Native Dominicans, for the most part fairly well-to-do peasants and landowners, refuse to work for plantation wages; and as officialdom can be induced by means readily imaginable to let down the bars, Negroes are brought in and pass on into the general population.

Even into over-populated Haiti, though the country is more densely peopled than Jamaica, Negroes from the latter country are imported, because of the greater ease with which they can be handled by American foremen speaking no French, and because, as aliens, they can be contracted for at lower rates.

Yet nine-tenths of the Haitian population is made up of

full-blooded illiterate Negroes, largely practising voodooism, living in a semi-patriarchal communism of African derivation. The *per capita* ownership of land is less than one acre; and half the acreage of the country is government owned. The squatter system, which grew up during the past hundred years or more, ignored titles. The American administration has been insistent upon clearing up the tenure tangle. Naturally, this endangers squatter possession. The State is now charging a 6 per cent. rental on sale values. As agriculture is primitive and barter largely in kind, even this small rental is often beyond the capacity of the peasant to pay. Someone has but to offer a higher price for the land to dispossess the occupant. Thus, the new system has caused wholesale dislocation and emigration. The peasant, not settled on the land, must accept a wage of about twenty cents a day or desert the island.

This is obviously a prelude to a growing system of large estates under absentee American management. Numerous syndicates have got in on the ground floor to revive the sugar industry, which declined at the time of the expulsion of the French. This will change the Haitian more and more from a peasant to a casual labourer, who finds work during the harvest, but is apt to starve in the cities the rest of the time.

V

Just as the Adriatic was a battleground for many races during the centuries, and still is, so the Caribbean is another imperial sea where the story of clashing peoples is being written in our own time. To-day in the Caribbean, the American, the Negro, the Indian, and the remnants of the Spanish conquerors are struggling for control. Racially, it seems that the Negro is likely to win. But politically and economically the American, backed by his super-efficient, machine-made culture, drives down upon this island-girt world to assert his overlordship. And curiously enough his activities witness the ever wider dissemination of the Negro race.

The result is growing denationalisation and cultural chaos. Undoubtedly, whatever the temporary destruction

of traditional values, this facilitates American control. As the cultural patterns of these various countries are broken up, so social organisation is disrupted and political homogeneity is lost. The ensuing weakening of political control makes it easier for American economic penetration to proceed on its way, to force corrupt governments to hand out bonanza concessions and pass laws favouring American capital which disregard native needs. Yet in spite of this disorganisation of the Caribbean, America has insisted upon stable governments there. These can only be upheld by the threat of marine intervention, so that the islands tend to fall under self-perpetuating tyrannies completely servile to American interests, such as those of Machado in Cuba, Moncada in Nicaragua, and the late Borno in Haiti.

Both the large plantation system and the importation of black workers promote this process. Probably the United States will remain mistress of the Caribbean for a long time to come; its wealth and power there will increase rather than diminish. But there is also little doubt, however much the apologists for colonial expansion may prate about good roads and sanitation, that the system now in force in Cuba and Porto Rico and being extended rapidly to other parts of the area, means unhappy, poverty-stricken populations, chained to an absentee landholder system, ever driven under the lash of the need of the Colossus of the North for raw materials at cheap prices.

Ultimately there will be a reaction. Perhaps the United States will even come to realise that in the long run it is foolish to wrench raw materials from foreign peoples under such slave conditions that they cannot buy back our manufactured products. The need for foreign markets and the resultant chronic depression resulting from the lack of them are apt to force brilliant statesmen to recognise the need for raising the living standards of people now too backward and primitive to consume civilised goods.

On the other hand, the Negro and the native populations have shown a spirit of rebellion which, in spite of America's powerful financial control, in spite of marines, in spite of the constant menace of their close and overwhelming

force, will inevitably reappear. This spirit may ultimately force a revision of the plantation system just as it did in Jamaica years ago.

The Negroes of Haiti rose against the French and drove the greatest overseas expedition ever assembled by France forever from the island—the first Latin country in the New World to achieve independence. That successful war for freedom created a tradition not likely to perish soon. The Jamaicans rose against both the Spanish and the British time and again. Sandino, after more than three years, is still at large in Nicaragua, and half the country remains paralysed, optimistic news items to the contrary. Not so long ago, Marcus Garvey, with a message of pan-Africanism, stirred the black hosts from Harlem to the Antilles. Other prophets are bound to arise.

Already the racial and cultural struggle in the Caribbean is a long, long chapter; perhaps it will never be closed, certainly not in our day; but the rereading of the trials and tribulations of past centuries might profit the Washington statesmen in facing the problems of the future, likely to grow increasingly complex as the years pass.

FRANCE OVERSEAS

By William Leon Smyser, F.R.G.S.

I

IN order to grace a colonial exposition, wild men from the Congo have assembled this summer at their political capital, Paris. The French government has recruited head hunters from Dahomey, thick-lipped women from the Ivory Coast, native weavers from Senegal, and dancing girls from Cambodia. West African architecture has been adapted to the humid climate of the Seine and set up in plaster and lath at Vincennes. With her incomparable sense for the dramatic, France has presented to the world for the first time her new Empire.

Of the original overseas dominion planned by Henri IV and by Richelieu, France retains to-day but the scattered debris . . . in the West Indies a few islands, in India a few trading factories, off Newfoundland and Mauritania a few fishing posts. All the rest except Louisiana—Canada, India, and the Indies—had been lost by the time that Louis XVI was beheaded. The two Napoleons, and all the kings who came between them, coquetted with Algeria, but otherwise did little to restore France overseas. It is one of the strongest vindications of the present democratic régime in France, the Third Republic, that in Colonial expansion it has accomplished more than both the Bourbons and the Bonapartes. It has created a French Empire second only to the British.

Secret funds have had to be used for the building of this empire. Whenever the people of France have been asked to meet expenses they have grumbled. For years it seemed that every effort at expansion had to be made in spite of them. One colonial official after another was called home in disgrace. One imperialist government after another

fell. Indo-China, in 1885, was "Ferry's Folly" to all Paris. When Ferry attempted to explain his government's objectives in the East, he was defeated. Years later, yet in the same spirit, when General Lyautey wished to continue his work in Morocco, he was forced out. The ordinary Frenchman is not even yet in sympathy with the colonial mind. The Vincennes Exposition is given less for the foreigner than for him.

Since Charlemagne, Frenchmen have dreamed of continental aggrandisement, but have been unwilling to scatter energy abroad. The pioneers who built up an empire in Canada and India won scant praise from their countrymen. Voltaire scoffed at North America as "a few acres of snow!" Robespierre cried: "Let the colonies perish!" Napoleon sold Louisiana for the price of two army corps. The Frenchman hates to expatriate himself. He adapts Voltaire and decries all French West Africa as "a few more acres of sand!"

II

None the less, while in the course of the past four centuries most continental states have lost their empires, France alone has gained another. In 1870, at the end of the Franco-Prussian War, France had about thirty-eight million inhabitants, and held practically no territory outside of Europe. To-day she controls in Africa and in Asia nearly twenty times her own area. She counts one hundred million subjects.

The Battle of Sedan destroyed Napoleon III's dynastic fancies. It destroyed French hopes of expansion on the Continent. Many statesmen, among them "The Tiger", Clemenceau, preached that the country should immediately undertake new projects, and consolidate reduced frontiers in preparation for "The Revenge." French prestige, however, had suffered a terrible blow. Preparation for another conflict in Europe would have roused suspicion and defeated itself. The only way to military and diplomatic rehabilitation lay outside Europe—in colonies.

"Do we not stifle in this old continent?" shrilled Gambetta. Africa was still a no-man's land. South-Eastern Asia stood ripe for the reaper. Although from 1871 till 1914 most Frenchmen were too concentrated on Alsace and Lorraine to think in terms of the Congo or Cochin-China, a handful of astute French statesmen, who dared not take the country fully into their confidence, began to invest the Republic's money in dependencies.

Rivalry dictated French colonial policy. Rivalry finally wakened the French people themselves to appreciate the empire which their leaders were shaping for them. They woke slowly. In Indo-China a strong hand laid on Laos wrested it from Siam. In Madagascar, as the old queen succumbed, her prerogatives were taken over by the Third Republic. Few Frenchmen, however, were interested. Jules Ferry obtained special credits and sent an armed force to surprise Tunisia. He declared a French Protectorate, because Italians were planning to colonise the place, and had already purchased the British railroad from Tunis to Goletta. The ordinary Frenchman still wonders at Italian susceptibilities in regard to North Africa, and the inexplicable reluctance of Italians in Tunisia to surrender their nationality. Until Germany entered the field, nothing could make the Frenchman colonial-minded. German interference in Morocco crystallized French ambitions in Africa.

British commitments did not fail to clash with the French. Australia and New Zealand were pleading for the development of an imperial Monroe Doctrine over the South Pacific. French fortifications and naval bases in North Africa were disturbing the balance of the Mediterranean. In Egypt, Suez necessitated a greater freedom of action than France was ready to concede. Yet, because of Alsace and Lorraine, it was in the interests of the Quai d'Orsay to compose these differences. Fashoda was the thunder clap which cleared the air.

Kodok, or Fashoda, as it was called in 1898, is a low irregular agglomeration of mud huts commanding the approaches to the Bahr el Ghazel and standing in the strategic centre of Africa. It dominates the intersection of two routes, that from the French Senegal to Jibuti and

that from the British Cape to Cairo. He who holds Kodok has the right of way. While Kitchener was restoring British authority at Khartoum, a force of 120 Senegalese, under Major Marchand, trekked into Fashoda and raised the French flag. When ordered out, they refused to budge, and the incident had to be referred to the diplomatists. War threatened. Delcassé decided that France could not afford to quarrel over the Sudan while Germany held Strassburg. He yielded to Britain. Marchand retired. It was a humiliation, yet the French Foreign Minister was resolved to stop at nothing until, by the settlement of long-standing disputes over the fisheries off Newfoundland, the islands of the New Hebrides, Madagascar, Senegambia, Siam, Egypt and Morocco, he could, in 1904, lay the foundations of the *Entente Cordiale*. France withdrew from the Nile in order to conquer on the Rhine.

When the war came, French troops invaded Togo and the Cameroons. The colonies became a battle line. News from the Slave Coast and Duala found its place along with reports from the Somme, the Marne, and Masuren. The colonies provided soldiers. Frenchmen in the remotest provinces came to admire the fine straight carriage of the Senegalese, and the brilliant manœuvres of the Spahis. In the prize ring, Battling Siki became an idol. With the Armistice, the Italian demand for compensation in Tunisia, and Clemenceau's insistence upon colonial reparations, kept overseas dominion in the forefront. *Batouala*, the story of an African, won the *prix Goncourt*. Since 1921, more books have been written about the colonies than in all the preceding century. The glamour of the tropics, the glamour of distant possessions, has caught the French mind.

III

Won in spite of incidents and interventions, the Empire demands, like *la Patrie*, its full meed of security. Indo-China must be organised. The transportation, airways, and defences of Africa must be improved. But just as it is, because of its unity and nearness, the French Empire beyond the Mediterranean is strategically superior to any other Empire in the modern world.

Viewed from the air, New France in Africa forms a single great block. Although the French entered their bid for empire so late that they lost many of the fairest portions of the coast, Gambia, Portuguese Guinea, Sierra Leone, Ashanti, and Nigeria, they have none the less made a virtue of necessity. Theirs has been the inspiration to penetrate to the interior. Individual adventurers have worked inward from Senegal and Dahomey and Gabon. Imbued with the spirit of Marquette and Champlain, they have explored and annexed the northern tributaries of the Congo. They have reached Timbukto, the forbidden city. By linking the West Coast to the headwaters of the Niger, and Timbukto to Lake Chad, and the Sudan to the Congo, they have set up the first great arches of an inland bridge connecting all their colonies in Africa together. They have sent desert squadrons southward from Biskra, and driven a wedge of forts into the heart of the Sahara. Their caterpillar cars defeat the sands. From Congo Mouth to Cape Verde, from Cape Verde to Tunis, whatever fleet may hold the sea, French troops control the hinterland. They have transformed the Sahara into a strategic asset.

Three-quarters of the French Empire lies within Sahara country. Millions upon millions of years ago, when the seas receded from the north of Africa, they left it verdant and well watered, with a teeming animal life, and with pleasant valleys cutting their way down from the great snow-capped central massif of Ahaggar. While most of Europe was still submerged by ice, the Sahara was a region of warm winds and abundant rainfall. Crocodiles survive even to-day in the dwindling pools of Mauritania. During the early ages of man, the Sahara was grassland. Rock-drawings have been discovered which prove that nomadic tribes roamed the whole country, following vast herds of cattle, and hunting the antelope and the gazelle. But the great northern ice-cap receded. The moisture died out of the wind. Vegetation shrivelled and disappeared. Rare cloud-bursts washed the soil away till only sand remained.

What is the Sahara worth to-day? When a projected railroad is built from Biskra to Zinder or to Timbukto, it should attract innumerable tourists. But there is even

some hope of partial agricultural reclamation. The new Iowan technique of dry-farming is, to some regions of the desert, applicable. Plant-food is not altogether wanting. In the dry valleys of old rivers, the soil is still fertile. Sometimes, by boring, subterranean streams are tapped, which permit irrigation. The last word, obviously, has not yet been said upon the barrenness of deserts. Where cloudbursts still occur, there is always some possibility of control. Where streams run hidden they can always be brought to the light. Where water neither flows nor falls, dry-farming, within its limits, may be attempted. At least, a part of the Sahara may be put to work.

Even more vital than its indivisibility, is the nearness of the new French Empire in Africa to the home forces. No winter's day is too short for an aviator to fly from Marseilles to Algiers and back again between the rising and the setting of the sun. Even by ship, the voyage out takes but twenty-four hours. The proposed railroad across the desert, and the nearly completed railroad from Ujda to Fez, provide links which had been missing. When one may debark in Algiers and take train to any part of Africa where the tricolor flies, the unity with France of this biggest, richest, section of the colonies will be exemplary. In time of peace close surveillance, constant communication, swift commerce, and cordial relations should be assured. In time of war, the Mediterranean may not become a French lake, but, so long as France maintains the mastery of the air which her present flying force presages, there can be no vital break between empire and metropolis.

IV

Commercial advantages do not lag behind the military. Through her strategic use of the West Coast colonies, France finds herself, in the vital contest for South American trade, enjoying a considerable advantage over both her English and American rivals. Not only does France attract the South American buyer by the lure of Paris, but by the eternal *motif* of *la sœur latine* and *les sœurs latines*; through her airways, she may plead that she is

closest to her customer in Brazil or Argentina. From Paris to Marseilles to Casablanca to Mogador to Port Etienne to Dakar the air route runs. Fast steamers carry the mail and light freight, which constitute the bulk of France's luxury trade, across the narrow southern Atlantic. From Paris to Dakar every stage on the air route touches French soil. The colonies in Africa play their essential rôle in bringing France and her business associates into closer, swifter contact.

But the colonies serve not merely to bring France nearer to her markets. They *are* her markets. France to-day exports to her colonies many of her most valuable manufactured stuffs; machinery for their development, planes and automobiles for their transportation, luxuries for their comfort. Her fourth best customer, coming next after England, Belgium and the United States, is Algeria. The other colonies are not yet able to buy on a large scale, but one of the first principles of French policy is to increase their purchasing power.

V

By a singular irony, the curse of under-population follows the French flag even overseas. West Africa is so sparsely settled by nomads that it averages but one man to the square mile. Indo-China, lying between the three most densely-peopled regions of the world, China, India and Java, has not half the population of France, although it is greater in area.

Whatever the extent of the native population, there should always be a leaven of Frenchmen to set going some form of cultural or commercial activity. In certain of her colonies France has started with the worst foot forward, through the establishment of archaic penal colonies and convict settlements. Such treatment has probably reduced New Caledonia and French Guiana permanently to mere mining depots. On the other hand, there are some seventy-five thousand Frenchmen in Morocco, advancing in every way the work of the Protectorate. In Tunisia there are almost as many, although by the coincidence of earlier colonisation, they are outnumbered even to-day by Italians.

Within the tropic zone, where most of the French colonies lie, Frenchmen find it difficult to survive, and, as a natural consequence, the majority of the French colonies judged in area rather than value—are not being developed by Frenchmen other than the inevitable administrators and agents, career men.

Necessity does not oblige the French to emigrate. There are more homestead sites in France than Frenchmen fill. Of late, indeed, France has herself become a country into which the homeless migrate. While she has set her flag over vast areas in Indo-China and Africa, other countries, land-poor, have planted colonies of their own nationals in France! Three million Spaniards, Italians, Belgians, Poles, Swiss, Russians, British and Americans, have helped to swell the census figures. Under such circumstances, France would seem definitely unable to people her colonies.

Where the isolated Frenchman is found overseas, he makes a good colonist. The very trait which makes it hard for him to leave for the colonies makes him ideally suited to the rôle; he loves the home. He wants to surround himself with home atmosphere, and the promise of a garden. In the least frequented station of Central Africa or the West Coast, the residence of the French official is always distinguished by his pride in how the garden grows. The sport field may be neglected. Indeed, there may be no sport field at all. But the garden is there, and a sense of cosiness, and a home. That is the French colonial. Sentimentally, one may regret that there are not more like him. Economically, his absence—or the fact that he can never colonise in force—betrays a fundamental weakness in the vast and imposing structure of French empire.

VI

Why, then, have colonies? Frenchmen can never occupy them, populate them, gallicise them. They can never be made truly national, however firmly they may be possessed.

Colonies do not need to be peopled from the mother-land. Their inhabitants may be adopted. Although this policy often results in friction between the governors and the governed, it is not economically unsound. Holland, Belgium, Portugal, America and Great Britain, in most of their colonies, are dealing with vast majorities of inassimilable racials. Investment, regardless of colonisation, is perhaps the first obligation of Empire.

The commercial promise of the French colonies is almost limitless. Given the hands to labour, and the brains to direct, innumerable cultures are possible, and vast possibilities in mining and transportation lie open. On the West Coast, whole colonies are devoted to the culture of arachides—the peanut! In Guinea, banana culture has become a science. On the Slave Coast, French cocoa is planted which will someday compete with São Thomé and with Nigeria. Frozen meat is being shipped north from Madagascar. Fishermen from Brittany have started fishery schools off Mauritania. On the great plateaux north of the Sahara there are reserves of alfa which should be turned into paper if France is to be spared the recurrence of the paper famine of 1921. Bambu and papyrus growing in the deltas of Bénin and Cochin-China should also serve for paper pulp. The potential resources of the Empire are tremendous.

Already France has developed certain natural products until they lead, or have led, the world supply. Tunisia and Algeria together produce nearly four million tons of phosphates every year. Cherbourg is less important as a port of tourist debarkation than as a centre of superphosphate importation from Algiers. Great Britain imports nearly three hundred thousand tons of rock phosphate from France and from French colonies, and imports only twenty-one thousand tons from all other sources.

Nickel is a French metal. French inventors first worked nickel into steel. From their formula of nickel, chromium, carbon and iron, the modern armour-plate is made, the modern armour-piercing shells, chisels, and axles and a myriad machines. Nickel was first discovered in quantity in New Caledonia. For years, until the development of

the Sudbury mines in Ontario, France dominated the market through her control of the supply.

But the easiest development of colonies is the exploitation of mines. Here labour need not be skilled or European, capital need not be too long tied up, and returns need not depend upon fluctuations of climate. Happily the French are also an agricultural people. From Morocco they have long exported cereals, while in Tunisia they have increased the area planted in wheat and barley thirty-fold. With tobacco they are still experimenting. With cotton they have succeeded: Algeria produces through irrigation cotton worth two and three hundred gold francs to the acre. Selecting and distributing superior stock, controlling harvests, classifying the yield, and supervising even the sales, the French have introduced a cotton of excellent fibre by following British methods in Egypt.

The Frenchman makes whatever land he touches a resort. Lebanon in the summer, and the Barbary Coast in winter, he is dedicating to a traffic which in his hands becomes as lucrative as agriculture or mining: *le tourisme!* One man with his organisation has probably done more than any other to put Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco on the traveller's itinerary. The late Monsieur Dal Piaz, President of the French Line, led his company to launch itself into a hotel business on the edge of the Sahara. Whole fleets of automobiles, Mediterranean steamships, and "Hotels Transatlantiques" in the very desert attest his genius for adapting one of the most successful of French industries to the colonial environment. The Chargeurs Réunies and the Messageries Maritimes are following the lead of Dal Piaz in vaunting the Eastern route to Indo-China. The Anglo-Saxon tourist finds himself invited to keep moving the wheels of French Empire.

How is the cost of developing France Overseas to be met? France has set herself, single-handed, the task of exploiting an Empire larger than all the protectorates and colonies of Great Britain. It does not facilitate this task that the French colonies and protectorates, though larger, are not yet so prosperous and so populated as the British. Especially it does not facilitate

this task that France may possess other placements offering a more immediate and more considerable return. Just as French colonial investment was subordinated before the War to the demands of a Continental policy, the financing of certain Russian railroads or the supporting of certain foreign bonds, it still suffers from the competition of European enterprise. The Quai d'Orsay has committed itself to protégé states which did not even exist in 1914. French steel cartels have extended their operations into Silesia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Austria and Yugoslavia, and represent a broadening and internationalisation of French enterprise which is most tempting to the bourgeois with money to invest. It results that the *mise en valeur* of the colonies, however emphasised in official pronouncements, lags behind foreign policy—the immemorial Continental preoccupations of the French. It results that imports from the colonies have fallen from the place they occupied in the mother country's total importations, fallen from 11 per cent. of the total in the years before the War to 10 per cent. thereafter. At the same time, British importation from British countries has climbed from nearly 25 per cent. of the total importations to nearly 27 per cent. The Colonial Exposition at Vincennes poses a pertinent question: is France to continue putting all her available funds at the disposal of the Continent, or is she to turn a more equitable share toward her own possessions?

When the French do take money to the colonies, they invest it wisely. Indo-China has adopted a laudable Eight Year Plan, calling for £30,000,000. In 1926, French Equatorial Africa allotted 300,000,000 frs. to public works. Well-conceived air routes have been planned for West Africa, partially equipped with German hangars and material supplied under the reparations agreements. But the most important surveys for the trans-Sahara railroad, without which French Africa must sacrifice its potential unity and strategic significance, have not yet been undertaken. Where the British holdings in West Africa seem mere enclaves in the vast body of French dominion, the French hesitate to exploit their geographical advantage. It is illuminating to contrast the British and Belgian activity

in developing the Cape-to-Cairo skeleton, putting in articulations to Boma, Bukama, Benguella, Beira, Mombassa, and Lourenço Marques. An empire, like a province, is dependent upon its communications.

A vital element in determining the destination of colonial products is the mercantile marine. France must not only invest more largely in her colonies ; she must maintain the shipping lines which serve them. After the War the French marine brusquely expanded. From having carried but 20 per cent. of the French trade, it came to carry half. Its tonnage, however, is not oriented towards the colonies, but towards the lucrative New York tourist traffic. In proportion with British shipping, more of the French ships are engaged in crossing the Atlantic than in keeping open the sea-ways to the Empire. Instead of adding new ships, France is not building at a rate sufficient to replace the 800,000 tons which must soon, because of age, be taken out of service. Italy, with her far smaller empire, is building nearly twice as fast as France. Germany, with no empire at all, is building three times as fast. England is building eight times faster. German ships bring the products of French West Africa to Hamburg. British and Dutch ships take their share of raw materials from Indo-China. Although no French colony has the right to set up a protective tariff against the mother country, like Canada, and although no French colony can negotiate separate trade treaties, like that of South Africa with Germany, foreign traders come yearly to play a larger rôle in French colonial commerce, because that commerce is carried in foreign bottoms.

This failure to master communications by sea in time of peace now costs France money, but in time of war, it would be disastrous. France places no little reliance upon her "Black Army", for the recruiting of which, even in mandated territory, her statesmen argued so effectively at Versailles. One-third of her army consists of colonials. It is essential that their transportation be assured. For holding open the narrow seas between Toulon and the ports of North Africa, France relies upon aeroplanes, small craft and submarines. Being comparatively inexpensive, with

an average life of but 10 years, submarines can be maintained at a high level of efficiency. Being transportable, they can be brought from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean by way of the Canal de Midi without running the gauntlet of Gibraltar. Against some navies such a programme might succeed ; and France be enabled not only to move troops, but also supplies, from her richest colonies to the homeland. Oran, Algiers and Bizerta are her important African naval bases, Bizerta being in every way best suited to meet the needs of a port of debarkation. There are naval alliances against which France might not even hope, however, to keep open the way to Africa. The way to the East is more questionable.

Other powers hold the keys to the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Diego Suarez, Saigon, and Hai-phong are incomparable with existing American or Japanese or English bases. French commitments in Indo-China are not such as to justify spending £9,000,000 for the building of a French Singapore. So long as other bases are stronger, and other navies bigger, France holds her eastern protectorates on sufferance only. If rough seas hit the Empire, it would be necessary to let Indo-China, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and Madagascar go by the board. There is but one recourse, and since 1904 France has assiduously pursued it : she must ally herself with sea power. In this way the overseas domain which was originally acquired to buttress prestige in developing French policies on the Continent, now in its turn dictates a programme. If France is to have troops, copper, manganese, zinc, lead, molybdenum, gold, cereals, and cotton from overseas, when most she needs them, she must maintain satisfactory relations with Britain, America and Japan. She must also remember that Italy has a navy. Her colonies have made her doubly vulnerable.

Fortunately, the French Empire is loyal. There is no echo in the colonies of that fierce insubordination and nationalism which shakes the mandated territories of Syria and the Jebel Druze. The "revolt" of the Tebu of Tibesti during the War was in reality the final flare-up of tribesmen not yet subjugated. A nationalist movement

in Tunisia failed to assume the proportions of the similar movement in Egypt. Serious unrest in the Congo followed upon conditions of employment and hygiene among the workers building the new railroad from Pointe Noire to Brazzaville, but subsided when these conditions were remedied. To assure future loyalty in French Equatorial Africa the administration has but to devote more funds to the medical work so vitally needed. The mortality rate of 18 per cent. must be lowered or French prestige will suffer.

Compulsory military service, even more than the mortality rate of 11 per cent., makes the Fulas and Mandignas of French West Africa discontented. They do not revolt. Under French government they enjoy advantages of security and trade hitherto unknown. They would feel utterly secure if it were not for their fear of conscription. This drives them to move over into the Gold Coast, where the yearly immigration amounts to 12,500, and into Nigeria, where thousands of refugees establish themselves every season, although Nigeria already, with its native population of 19,000,000, contains more souls than French Morocco, French West Africa, and French Equatorial Africa combined. Too strongly established to fear revolt or disloyalty, the Administration of France's most thinly-settled domain is faced with an emigration problem which can with difficulty be met, since it is caused by the one vital element in the French programme, the recruitment of a black army.

France offers manifold compensations to those of her new subjects who stay faithful. French citizenship is conferred upon those natives who are ripe for it. Participation in French government is granted those colonies that are adult. Thus, Algeria is now integral with France, its three departments sending representatives to make laws in the Chambre des Deputés, which are binding on all Frenchmen. M. Diagne, who has long been Deputé from Senegal, was recently appointed Under-Secretary of State for Colonies. Men of his own race in Africa can now appreciate the high positions which await those who prove worthy of French confidence. Contrary to British practice, France recognises no distinctions of colour or origin.

Men born in mud huts may come to wield imperial authority.

The genius of the English is for self-government; that of the French for centralisation. While in the hierarchy of the British Empire a colony tends to grow away from the mother country, in that of the French a colony, as it reaches statehood, comes closer to France. Dominion overseas is an idea so foreign to the Continental of Paris that when possible he tries to make all French soil one with *la Patrie*. No French colony will ever come to occupy a separate seat on the council of the League, like Canada. No single part of the French Empire will ever send out its own diplomats, as do Canada, Ireland, and South Africa. Although France can spare but a handful of white men to hold her Empire to its course, they are all Frenchmen. Of the sixty-seven million white men in the British Empire, most are by contrast, Canadians, South Africans, Australians, New Zealanders, and Irishmen. Leaving aside, however, the Dominions, and returning again to that residual empire of crown colonies and protectorates, there will be found, in Rhodesia, Kenya and a hundred smaller territories, Englishmen more numerous than all the white men who have gone overseas from France. In their effort they are better backed with capital from home, and better supported by an adequate mercantile marine even where a policy of protection may not be followed. But in their essential attitude to the home country the British inhabitants of even the newest lands may be seen to differ from the French. Where they demand the union of large colonies, as is to-day the case with Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and Zanzibar, they insist also that the federation should be granted responsible government, and more than a meed of local independence. The evolution of the two Empires is in no wise to be paralleled. They are based on different needs. They are differently equipped. The empire which is the older is still developing more rapidly, and enjoys no small share of the prosperity of the other. The empire which is the younger is only beginning to be fully conscious of itself, and only beginning to impose its exigencies upon the metropolis.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

IN the war, ten nations of Europe, divided into two camps, were occupied in trying to bring about a total collapse of the opposing side. America, intervening, decided that one side should collapse first, and so avoid a general ruin. Within the last three months we have seen the crisis of economic and financial war between, roughly speaking, the same states—not, however, ranged in array, but involved pell-mell, indiscriminately seeking to cut each other's throats; and once more we have seen America's intervention. There is, however, a marked difference, for this time it appears to have been realised that the crash of any one among the combatants would at least threaten far-spread catastrophe; and that even the United States, with its fabulous gold reserve and its prosperity, which a couple of years back seemed without bound or possible stay, was now, less directly but not distantly, under the same menace. Consequently, as there had been no sides in the economic battle, but every State's tariff and every man's price quotations were against every other State, so when the panic came, salvage operations were international. *Mea res agitur cum proximus ardet Ucalegon.* Ucalegon, in this particular instance, was Germany, and it was seen that when fire broke out in Germany's house, everybody was Germany's neighbour, and therefore intimately concerned to prevent the outbreak becoming a conflagration. But whereas, in the earlier case, the United States, throwing their weight in, quickly brought about a collapse, in the latter one the aid tendered was by no means so clearly decisive. The flames have at best been damped down in Germany; but outbreaks threaten in half a dozen other countries; and even in England there was smoke. Then, indeed, matters were felt to be serious, and the swiftness of aid showed how the gravity was rated. France and the United States

The Economic War

combined to lend fifty millions to England because of a fractional drop in the rate of exchange for the British pound. Yet hardly so long as a few days before they had been parties to a refusal of similar aid to Germany, where the banks had to close.

If one thing is more certain than another, it is that this action of international finance was not prompted by any sentimental memories of alliance twelve or thirteen years ago. England can borrow easily, of course, even to the tune of fifty millions, on the repute of England's solvency. But manifestly in this case the great creditor nations felt it to be in the world's interest that there should be no question of even a crack appearing in that tall-built edifice. One has the sense that France, for example, was more anxious to lend than England to borrow. What may have passed in the minds of financial experts the plain man does not know; but it is the truth that the French as a whole were alarmed for England's financial stability long before the English themselves felt a touch of anxiety. There was something shocking in the speed with which help on such a scale was mobilised. The average Englishman knew perfectly well that times were bad for individuals, and did not see how they were going to get better; but the idea that England's financial position could possibly be compromised, or that the pound could be in jeopardy, was remote from ordinary speculation. The Englishman only realised that smoke was issuing from his house when other people ran up with fire engines.

England's Credit

For, when the average Englishman learnt that his government, by assenting to President Hoover's proposal for a year's moratorium, was taking on an extra charge of eleven millions for the coming year, he approved the action without hesitating. It never occurred to him to ask whether Great Britain could afford this in addition to all its other growing charges. But continental nations, and in particular the French, did put that question. It seemed to them that England had said good-bye to financial prudence. They were staggered by the growth of unemployment and

the reckless administration of the dole; it was not in the least reassuring to be accused of miserliness by this spendthrift country because they did not at once and unconditionally agree to the suspension of reparations payments. They do not share the Englishman's faith in his own ability to move mountains in the realm of finance. Briefly, they are uneasy for England because they do not understand the grounds for England's confidence. The result is a dual and in one sense self-contradictory effect. Their financial authorities are determined that England's credit shall not be shaken, for they know it to be the foundation stone of world credit. But their national criticism of England's conduct does affect England's credit, and it must govern the action of private investors. The French attach enormous importance to thrift, and they think the English deficient in this quality. Not only that; they complain that England tolerates prodigality in their common debtor. Germany, fixed with the responsibility for paying immense sums, launched out into outlay on the boldest scale; even Dr. Brüning has just admitted that "the pace of economic reconstruction was forced." Yet the English are inclined to admire, and say that it was Germany's one chance to make good financially: the French and probably the Belgians also, and the Czechs, another frugal people, agree—put a very different construction on Germany's recklessness. The French and the Czechs attribute their own relatively strong position to prudence and to energy. Englishmen will answer that their prudence took the form of refusing to pay their debts. But the French have always held that England, in separating herself from the other debtor nations and adopting the principle of payment in full, conformed rather to the letter of honesty than to the spirit of equity.

What Europe Thinks

However, six or seven years ago, the Frenchman who knew England was inclined to think that England's honesty would prove to be England's best policy—though he could not see how it was to work out. Now his attitude is different. A man who shoulders monstrous burdens needs monstrous energy, and not only the French but all Continental nations begin to ask if England's energy is not being sapped. They think the effect of trade unionism disastrous, and that the British working-man rests his pride on the wrong thing. He wants to be the best-paid worker, and to work the shortest hours. Whether he is the best worker, or the quickest worker, does not interest him. He has not the pleasure in his work or the pride in his work which are natural to the craftsman. How far this view is justified I cannot pretend to say; but it is held on the Continent; and I do not think that anyone can observe France or Germany without a sense that people are working more intensively there than in these islands. Workmen do not think it slavish to be a willing worker; they do not think it treachery to their class to work fast. They are, at all events in France, deeply individualist; their loyalty is to their work rather than to their fellow-workers. They do not value the discipline which teaches and even forces the English worker to be always thinking of his comrades. And the directing classes on the Continent believe that the trade unionism which has cultivated this discipline is a menace to England; they begin to believe also that it has come to influence profoundly the whole English political machine. Add to this that the formal definitions of Dominion independence, combined with the demand for self-government in India, convince them that the British Empire is on the point of breaking up: you have in the combination of all these factors the reason of that uncertainty as to England's complete financial stability which has expressed itself in symptoms that at last produced disquiet even in the English mind.

England "Faces Up"

There has been a tone in the English Press during the past weeks—a gravity of uneasiness—that is new to my observation. It means, I have no doubt, that the English, finding themselves on a slippery and dangerous slope, are once more going to dig their toes in. The last thing to be expected from them is panic. The situation merits some study. What is to be noted first is the frankness with which it is discussed in public. England has very large sums out on long loan,

and has borrowed sums less than half the amount, but still large, on short terms. This manifestly might be difficult and dangerous if confidence failed. It is recognised, again with complete frankness, that the Budget prospects are in themselves calculated to shake confidence. The Report of the May Commission emphasises this menace, and the further fact that representatives of the Labour Party on the Commission cannot agree to the practical measures advocated by the Commission—which include a 20 per cent. reduction of the dole—is not in itself reassuring, since a Labour Government has to apply the remedies. There has been, of course, suggestion of a coalition government, and, without talking of panic, ordinary apprehension might suggest the need of a change. But although it is clear that Labour's position, at best that of a minority government, has not been strengthened in the country, there is nothing like a decisive notice for them to quit. A spirit of party no doubt enters into the existing manœuvres. Conservatives do not wish to relieve Labour of their task when it means dealing with difficulties that Labour policy has heightened. Moreover, it must be apparent to Mr. Baldwin that if he took over the conduct of Indian affairs, he would run great risk of splitting his party ; and even if his policy were dictated by Lord Irwin, it would be construed in India as embodying concessions to Mr. Churchill. Now, perhaps the most vital of all interests for England is to tide over the Indian crisis. We all know that the concessions made to the Dominions are mainly matters of form, and in no way signify a break-up. Canada and Australia are held solely by ties of interest, of tradition, and of sympathy. If they had desired to break away any time this century, force would never have been employed against them ; but there is not the least trace in them of a disposition to alienate themselves. India is a different matter. There a blow might be dealt to prestige which would go far to shake credit ; and it cannot be avoided without assistance from native India. That assistance could only be given with great difficulty, and in a much less effective degree, to a Tory administration—no matter what measures it proposed. In that sense, a general election this year, supposing it to result

in the only possible change of Government, would be bad for British credit. On the other hand, outside opinion cannot be left waiting for the next Budget to be assured that England will put her house in order. It would appear that Mr. MacDonald has taken steps to convince the proper persons ; for he has called a conference of the three parties, and presumably means to indicate in private the measures by which he and Mr. Snowden propose to combat the emergency. This does not mean coalition. But just as for the first year of war a party truce existed, parties being agreed on the main object, it is conceivable that an agreement may be reached under which Mr. MacDonald might be able to disregard defections on his left wing. It would necessarily involve some considerable increase in direct taxation, but necessarily also some stringent limitation of the dole.

England and the Future in Europe

On some such lines assurance would be given to the world at large that England was effectively determined to maintain her financial leadership of Europe. The alternative of carrying on unlimited party strife and giving full play to hysterical conjecture till the Budget of next year has been wisely rejected. If Englishmen choose to unite their efforts, selecting possible lines of co-operation, Europe will very quickly respond—and without doubt America also. For America is deeply interested in Germany's chances of recovery, yet is self-debarred from directly intervening to assist them. No doubt this attitude of isolation was singularly modified by the Hoover proposal, but it still subsists in theory ; and there can be no American who does not realise that Germany's best friend in Europe is England. Europe also at large has come to see that the hope for Europe lies in a better understanding between France and Germany; and the power best placed to mediate is England.

Who will Lead ?

It is never easy to know what results may be attributed to diplomatic intervention ; but there is no point at which, so far as we know, the policy of England has been defeated in the recent crisis. Without Mr. Henderson's support it is very doubtful that Dr. Brüning would have found himself able to retain

so much confidence for the republican régime as was expressed when Prussia refused to respond to the combined appeal of Nationalists, Hitlerites and Communists. This failure of the Referendum asking for a general election in Prussia was seen with relief in France, and there may be gratitude felt there for England's steady pressure towards appeasement. Indeed, throughout Europe there is a general goodwill towards England new in the history of this century; thirty years ago her troubles were seen with unconcealed delight. Now there is hardly a trace of this *invidia*; but alarm spreads, and gratitude does not go so far as to affect the conduct of investors. Consequently, the bankers are impressing upon the Government that some action must be taken at once which will answer now the question—how shall a deficit of 120 millions be met next spring? Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden cannot answer that conclusively, placed as they are in a minority; not even with Mr. Lloyd George pledged to their support. If Mr. Baldwin were consulting first and foremost the interests of his party, he might very probably decline all attempt to co-operate. But nobody less likely to take so limited a view has ever been in English public life. So far as personal equations can be reckoned, the chances for combined action without coalition are good. One may well pray for this. Delay or failure to act must lead with gathering speed to a stage where action must be taken by mass movements, not in committee.

Marshal Lyautey

M. Maurois, of whom we heard first as the interpreter to a British regiment in France, has come to be recognised as a sort of interpreter between the nations, and his book on Marshal Lyautey, though by no means one of his best pieces of writing, is a valuable instrument for public education. Needless to say, it would not be that unless it were interesting; but even a much less gifted writer could have made an attractive story from the career of the man who completed the conquest of Morocco during those years while the Germans were dug in a few marches from Paris. It illustrates and illuminates the whole of French history from

the debacle in 1870 down to to-day. All the traditions of his family were monarchist, but of the most varied kind; Lyauteys had served under all the rulers from Napoleon downwards. The Marshal's boyhood was completed under the Second Empire; he was sixteen when the crash came; and he was already by conviction a Legitimist—with political ambitions. He was trained by the Jesuits, went to St. Cyr, and came out of it a serious-minded Catholic soldier, longing for the Restoration which throughout the 'seventies seemed not only possible, but probable. Early in the 'eighties, after two years' service in Algeria, he returned to France, captain in a hussar regiment, and decided on a pilgrimage to Austria, where the Comte de Chambord was in exile. Henri V received him as King of France, was touched by the offered devotion of this young man who spoke for friends as well, and encouraged the project of a further journey to Rome, for private audience with the Pope. But to the Royalist's dismay, Leo XIII discouraged any Legitimist movement, and encouraged wholehearted service to the Republic. On top of this, the Comte de Chambord died, and the next claimant was the Comte de Paris, of the Orleanist line, who made much less appeal to the Legitimist. And so by a drift entirely typical of his class, Lyautey came to serve the Republic, not for love of it, but because the tradition of service was in his blood, and there was nothing else for him to serve.

Yet he was a soldier who found the army profoundly disappointing, and he first came into public note, irregularly; by an article published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "On the Social Function of the Officer under Universal Military Service", which sketched the possibility of a moral leadership within the democracy for the corps of officers. They should by their effect upon their men inspire the democracy to strenuous action over the whole field of effort. This article was written as a draft of suggestions for Melchior de Vogüé, who issued it as it stood, anonymously; but the authorship was discovered, and Republican literary men welcomed Lyautey to their group which formed itself into an organisation called "The Union of Moral Action." But nobody in it seems to have

known exactly how they were to act, and Lyautey at the age of forty had got no further than this on the path of effective endeavour. Then, in 1894, he was sent out to serve on the staff in Indo-China. From this point on, those who wish to follow his career can dispense with M. Maurois and turn to his own volume of *Lettres du Tonkin et de Madagascar*—which gives the picture of an active, ambitious, finely cultivated intelligence, seeking satisfaction in many directions—avid of beauty, avid of discussion, but, above all, eager to create, to build, to plan, to execute, to govern. Very few men of action have had so strongly the craving and the power of self-expression, so that we can follow as it were from the embryo the growth of a great military administrator. He hated England in those days with what may be properly called a cordial hatred ; on principle, almost as Eton hates Harrow. But I doubt whether it would be easy to collect as many tributes from Etonians to the inconvenient merits of Harrow as could be gathered from Lyautey's pages testifying to the efficiency of that power which France found everywhere blocking the path of colonial ambition. He admired the freedom of initiative given to English officers and especially he admired the intelligent care of the men under their command, the organisation of games, in short the whole study how to make men fit and keep them contented.

It was not that he under-valued his own compatriots ; on the contrary, he says again and again that the human material of which France could dispose seemed to him equal to the best anywhere. His quarrel was with the system, its over-formality, its wrappings of red tape. No doubt he helped powerfully to remove these shackles ; no man ever had a freer hand than he in Morocco when once he was established there. But he was obliged at first to challenge all principles of discipline in order to get his way. M. Maurois tells the story very fully.

On the eastern frontier of Morocco, bordering French Oran, the sultan's authority had ceased to run, and tribes raiding across the border inflicted much loss on the French. One leader was there in force with a thousand men. Lyautey sent out a force to occupy and fortify a post which should

cover the tribes under French protection. This was necessarily at a water spring, and the only post available was technically across the border. Protests were raised at the Court of Morocco, and the French Minister for Foreign Affairs demanded the withdrawal of Lyautey's outpost. Virtually, the general refused to obey. He wrote a passionate protest, declaring first that he must have his view considered—involving as it did the security of tribes to whom protection had been promised—before the post was withdrawn ; and, secondly, that if his view were disregarded, he must resign, since the pledge of protection had been given personally by him. Further, he sent his letter direct to the Minister of War instead of transmitting it through his official superior. Manifestly, this risked his career ; but he won. In that way began the penetration of Morocco, which, ten years later, was all but complete, in 1914, when Lyautey, in supreme command, received an order to withdraw all his troops to the Coast, and send home thirty thousand men. As is widely known, once more he refused literal obedience : he sent home troops to the number required, but he kept his outpost line intact, pushing on meanwhile the work of civilian development. It is no wonder that conquest completed under such conditions was not immediately permanent ; after the war was over, Fez rose against the French. But the war was over then, the rising failed, and Lyautey had completed his work before he finally was called on to resign the kingdom he had created. M. Maurois lets us see that he did not resign willingly ; no man ever loved power more. Yet no doubt he was right in feeling that so long as there was life in his body even his physical presence in Morocco was worth untold values to France. The feeling for him, the legendary fear and the legendary admiration of him did much to counteract that other sentiment with which France has still to deal in Morocco : to quote his own words : " le fatalisme dur, hostile, du musulman qui vous maudit tout en profitant de vous." It must seem to him a curious irony that England's hold on India should be chiefly strengthened by the attachment of Moslems to English rule.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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The unfortunate strife between Church and State continues with unabated vigour both in Spain and Italy. MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY, who is *The Times'* Correspondent in Rome, gives an unprejudiced summary of the Italian struggle, while CICELY SHARP throws a light on the Spanish situation.

Professor GREGORY, Cassell Professor of Banking and Currency, continues his analysis of the economic problems of to-day, while NOEL PANTER, who contributes regularly to the principal German newspapers, discusses that country's economic troubles and her attitude to England's offers of assistance.

Leaving Europe, W. LEON SMYSER (Special Correspondent to the *Chicago Tribune* in Vienna) discusses France's colonial administration in Northern Africa; CARLETON BEALS, who has made a special study of the negro problem in America, draws attention to the dangers of negro penetration in the West Indies; while "HESPERICUS," who is well known as a writer on both sides of the Atlantic, writes on the economic difficulties that beset the Canadian farmer.

Returning to England, ARTHUR WAUGH contributes a gentle essay on an English village of the 'nineties; while HUGH WALPOLE deplores, more vigorously, the present spoliation of the English village by the horrors of the modern highway. T. EARLE WELBY discusses the English luncheon; and STEPHEN GWYNN continues his monthly

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Enthusiasts for glyptic art, when they maintain that the stone or wood before them, unlike clay, has already a shape that must be respected, seem to forget that the shape is either (*a*) the accidental shape in which the stone was extracted from the quarry, or into which the tree trunk has already been divided, or else (*b*) a shape definitely ordered from the quarry or the woodmerchant by the artist. In the first case the artist who accepts the shape is exalting outside accident above internal compulsion as his starting-off point, and in the second he has no case at all for pretending that the inspiration comes from the shape of the stone, because that shape is already the result of his own will.

The artists whose names I have mentioned above are true glyptic sculptors, because they know that the essence of glyptic art, as of plastic art, is the conversion of a meaningless formal entity into an entity with formal meaning as the result of human will. The meaning may be architectural, i.e., wholly inherent in the work itself as finally completed by the artist, or it may be literary or psychological, i.e., wholly or partly dependent on associated ideas in the mind of the artist or of the spectator. All the questions that arise in respect of these alternatives—questions that have aroused many and fierce polemics—are all questions that arise, as it were, within the central function which embraces them both. If the shape of the material when it reaches the artist is held to be an important factor in the final result, then fairness would demand that every work of sculpture exhibited should bear not only the name of the second sculptor, i.e., the artist, but also that of the first sculptor, i.e., the navvy who extracted the stone from the quarry.

In the case of sculpture done for a particular place on a building, there is, of course, in theory, co-operation between the will of the architect and that of the sculptor; but in practice, as we all know, there is often conflict between the two.

An interesting example is the sculpture on the London Underground Railway Building at St. James's Park Station, known as the Temple of the Winds. Mr. Parkes, quite rightly, observes that the sculptors who carved the panels symbolising the Winds have all made figures that seem to float on or lie in water. The explanation, which Mr. Parkes does not provide, is, I think, as follows:

The rhythms of the building, which is Cubist-classical in style, are essentially serene. The sculpture was ordered by the architect to be placed on certain horizontals, and its function, as Mr. Parkes points out, was to stress and ornament the lateral movement of those horizontals; it had to be Cubist-classical in style, and the movement had to be lateral and also even and serene. The architect, when he suggested that the sculpture should typify "The Winds" introduced an idea that was entirely out of keeping with his own architectural concept. "The Winds" can only be symbolised by fluttering or tumultuous rhythms; and it is therefore only on a Baroque facade that sculpture expressing this idea could look at home. The sculptors had to choose between co-operation in the architect's architectural concept and co-operation in his quite irrelevant notion about The Winds. They chose, quite rightly, though perhaps unconsciously, the first type of co-operation; and in regard to the second they produced a compromise which resulted in every case in a figure that moves serenely, evenly and horizontally—as figures move not in air, but in water.

These and many other interesting questions are raised by these two volumes which give a valuable *aperçu* of contemporary carving as a whole.

A BELATED INDIVIDUALIST

by RICHARD CHURCH

SOMETHING BEYOND. A Life Story, by A. F. Webling. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s. 6*d.*

IT is rarely that a professional man holding an official position finds the courage to express his secret convictions. All sorts of factors intervene: caste, *noblesse oblige*, *esprit de corps*, desire for promotion. Mr. Webling is a clergyman who not only has a conviction of personal relationship with his God, but also finds himself impelled to express that relationship, even at the cost of a seeming disloyalty to the Body of which he is an ordained member. In other words, although he claims to be a Catholic, he is a bad Catholic, and must be content to be styled a good Protestant by the pagan critic who looks on at his struggles from outside the spiritual mêlée.

In spite, however, of many shrewd criticisms of the Church of England and its social entanglements, Mr. Webling comes to the conclusion that it is the most serviceable of existing Christian institutions. That conclusion will be stormily combated by Roman Catholics on the one hand, and by Nonconformists on the other; the latter probably approving the signs of Erastianism in his critical attitude to the Church.

Apart from these problems, which are mainly of interest to Christians, Mr. Webling is a sensitive human being with a passionate interest in men and women and the world which they inhabit. The circumstances of his career have certainly fostered that interest. A son of the people, he has had to fight against poverty, snobbery and monotony, the three most immediate foes of the man who is born at the bottom of the social ladder. Mr. Webling left school early and spent twelve years in the office of a wholesale grocer. During that time he awoke to the possibilities of the life of culture, and he determined, with boyish fervour, to participate in that life. This meant drudgery in the evenings after his days' work; a sedentary discipline just at the time of life when the young body needs exercise and fresh air. His nervous health broke down; but in spite of this handicap he plugged away and at last was able to emerge from the commercial into the ecclesiastical world, hoping thus to find his goal.

He found a curacy in a southern seaport, sharing the work with a college friend who had been ordained with him. This friend was a strong personality, an Anglo-Catholic, who within a few years was given the living of the big, empty church. He introduced the attractive ritual, and poured his enthusiasm and vitality into a hundred channels, irrigating the whole parish. The church filled: organisations—devotional, social and educative—sprang up. For ten years Mr. Webling laboured as a faithful lieutenant in this magnificent work. But the faith of his leader was something which he could envy rather than share. He was too detached, too much of an artist, as the quality of his book shows. He found that he could give himself wholeheartedly to no external dogma. With the artist's practical and matter-of-fact nature, he could, with reservations, accept a dogma so long as it resulted in good work. When the friend departed, and was succeeded by a repulsive cleric of the Torquemada bend, the good works collapsed, leaving the dogma in its naked unreality.

destroyed most of the results of his father's lifelong work. Mr. Dodwell has given a masterly portrayal of Muhammad 'Ali's character, which enables one to appreciate the great qualities possessed by the young Albanian tobacco trader who became master of Egypt, attaining such power that a concert of the great powers was needed to restrain him. He is no less successful in clarifying the confused tangle of international interests amid which Muhammad had to tread so warily on his road to power. Mr. Dodwell's chapters on his government in Egypt, Crete and Syria provide a mine of information upon which students will draw with gratitude.

ANDREW DAKERS.

FRIENDS AND ADVENTURES, by "T.," of *Punch*. *Jonathan Cape*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

EVERYONE attempts autobiography nowadays; but not everyone produces a book, reveals a personality, creates an atmosphere. Mr. Thorp does all these things, and the result is a book in a hundred. His story is told with intimacy and vigour, in good, nervous English, irradiated by a quiet humour, which never fails him, save when he indulges in the somewhat exasperating trick of referring to himself as "T." And it is a story of uncommon interest, for Mr. Thorp has been the centrepiece of a very uncommon career.

Chance plays its part in most lives, but it has been predominant in Mr. Thorp's, even from the outset. If Cardinal Vaughan had not died at the moment when he did, the future "T.," of *Punch*, might have been lost to the world in the fastness of a Jesuit monastery. As it was, Vaughan's successor, Cardinal Bourne, declined "to take the responsibility of ordaining" Mr. Thorp; a decision which was certainly a boon to the world at large, and may conceivably have been to the advantage also of the Roman community. For our autobiographer does not give the impression of a man who would easily have conformed to type, or resigned his right to independent judgment; and it would certainly have been a loss to literature and to commerce if Mr. Thorp's keen and original gifts had been hid, "like Mistress Mall's picture," behind the curtain of a monastic cell.

In effect, these same gifts were soon employed in a swift procession of various adventures. Few men of the time have turned their hands to more jobs, or attacked them with a better will. Before he became known as the witty and wise dramatic critic of *Punch*, Mr. Thorp had been employed in a printer's office, had himself taken part in a revolution in typographical taste, had proved a pioneer in the new form of advertising, had started the Agenda Club, and enrolled in its list many of the most distinguished names in the country, and had invented a system of codesigns for the direction of travellers and pilgrims. He has known what it is to be "deplorably ill dressed and exceedingly hard up"; but, though he has never set any value upon money for its own sake, he has always, when in straits, manifested a marvellous capacity for extracting it from the purses of the more fortunate. His story of the way in which he induced Lord Camrose to build him a house, and then engage him on a consulting job, whose salary would pay the principal, is a typical example of his resource. Here, as often elsewhere, he got much more than he expected, simply because his method of approach was at once so preposterous and so persuasive.

Personality, after all, is the most effectual asset in a career, and the personality of "T." has been his fortune. To-day he owns what he has good reason to acclaim as the loveliest cottage in England, rides to hounds, forgathers at the Savile Club, is a conspicuous figure at first nights, and is happy in possessing that easy peace at home, without which success abroad is practically impossible. "We've made time," he says, "to stand and stare together. And found beautiful things to stare at." Who can ask for more than that, after the burden and heat of the day?

ARTHUR WAUGH.

MEMORIES OF A LONG LIFE, by the late Lord Rathcreedan. *John Lane*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

"MOST of the old men who write the stories of their lives," says E. V. Lucas, at the beginning of his charming *Windfall's Eve*, "do so at the request of a beautiful granddaughter." Whether or not the late Lord Rathcreedan yielded to such a beguiling petitioner or to some solicitation more prosaic, he produced just the discursive sort of book, which a "Grannidad . . . after considerable false hesitation . . . and a thousand insincere excuses on account of the triviality of his experiences" would be likely to produce.

Better known as Capt. Cecil Norton, his *Memories of a Long Life* are not only a mine of good stories, but cover activities as various as hunting in Ireland, polo in India, soldiering in the Punjab, electioneering in West Newington, filling the bill as the most popular whip of the Liberal Party, taking office as Assistant Postmaster-General in Asquith's administration and in war-time as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions. In all these diverse capacities Capt. Cecil Norton made a host of friends, and his genial personality must have been a gold-mine to the Party he so loyally served. He was never either absent or ill, and he headed the record by voting 773 times in one session, beating Mr. John Burns, his "runner-up," by 22 votes.

Naturally some of the best of his stories are Irish stories, such as that of the car driver who, when a stout lady said to him: "Pat, I fear I can't manage to get up on the car, I'm so old," replied promptly: "Never mind, ma'am, get up anyhow; no matter what your age is, you don't look it." But there are also many memories of the London of seventy years ago when Palmerston could still be seen leaving the House of Lords, when "the old Underground" was still under construction, when in the City streets one seldom saw a woman, and when in such parts as the Haymarket dissolute characters, male and female, made the night life of London pandemonium.

As literature, of course, the book is negligible; it can claim to be no more than a string of memories and anecdotes but loosely related to each other. But the breezy personality that pervades it and the variety of its contents will commend it to arm-chair readers on lazy afternoons.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF BIBLE HISTORY: JOSHUA AND JUDGES, by John Garstang. *Constable*. 20*s*.

PROFESSOR GARSTANG is both an archæologist and an Old Testament scholar. To add to these qualifications, he has a long, intimate, and detailed knowledge of Palestine and its environs; and he has illustrated his book with a long series of good photographs of the country, all of

which he has taken himself. When to these qualifications is added the historian's discretion in the manifestation of his knowledge, so that it does not become overpowering to the reader who is not an expert, the result is a book of considerable importance to the progress of biblical scholarship.

The book is a commentary based upon the two oldest streams of tradition to be distinguished in the text of *Joshua* and *Judges*, as we have it. He takes the text verse by verse, and to its elucidation he brings all the rich amplitude of his archæological and critical knowledge. He picks his way with an enviable ease, which only a life-time of study can give him, among the extremely tangled politics of the Near East in Joshua's time; and he has the faculty of making his readers understand. In a short review it is plainly impossible to comment upon any of the detail in a large and solid book. But a word may be said about his general conclusions.

Anyone who knows anything at all about the general trend of expert criticism as it is applied to the New Testament knows that the historical trustworthiness of that collection of books is daily being established on even firmer foundations. But it is the general impression that the Old Testament narratives are historically untrustworthy. That impression, as it applies to Joshua's times, Professor Garstang authoritatively lays to rest. His considered judgment is that "No radical flaw was found at all in the topography and archæology of these documents. Moreover, a study of the subject matter shows that these old portions of the Books contain after all the core of the historical narrative, and are relatively free from discrepancies, giving a straightforward and fairly continuous account of the sequence of events." The reading of the book itself is the shortest account possible of how Professor Garstang is able to establish his opinion. That he does establish it, no open-minded reader can doubt

ROGER LLOYD.

SAILING THE SEAS: a Survey of Seafaring Through the Ages, by E. Keble Chatterton. *Chapman & Hall.* 18s.

THE WAYS OF THE NAVY, by Rear-Admiral D. Arnold-Forster. *Ward, Lock.* 7s. 6d.

THE strange, unsolid, kaleidoscopic life of the sailor has always exercised a powerful fascination over the landsman's mind. Even in an age when with a not unnatural (and perhaps even admirable) gesture of defiance against an ancient enemy, we like to dress for dinner every night in mid-Atlantic—though many of us would resent it at home—and afterwards play bridge or dance at our ease, coolly ignoring the very existence of the sea—even now some deep-rooted instinct makes us think sentimentally of those days, not so far off, when sea-life was in every respect utterly different from life ashore. And it may be suggested without offence that the popularity of His Majesty's ships in "Navy Week" is in part due to the fact that here, at any rate, there is still a complete divorce between shore life and sea, and a rather conspicuous absence of most of those irrelevant luxuries which are the boast of the modern passenger boat. In that mood of reaction the seafaring landsman, slowly recovering from the effects of high living on an Atlantic crossing, could hardly do better than study Mr. Keble Chatterton's rapid survey of life at sea, from the Ancient Egyptians to the *Cutty Sark*, and Rear-Admiral Arnold-Forster's breezy, intimate account of life in a modern navy.

Mr. Keble Chatterton skips lightly over the immense field which he has mapped out for himself. He begins with a particularly good chapter on the seamanship of the Ancient Egyptians, which badly needed explaining to modern readers by a practical seaman, who was also a clear and vigorous writer. The descriptions of life at sea in the seventeenth century could hardly be improved upon, and Mr. Keble Chatterton is always careful to quote his authorities so that the beginner may be tempted to go further afield. The illustrations are admirable.

Unfortunately, the book has obviously been written in a hurry. There are too many ungrammatical and even unintelligible sentences, and one whole passage (on page 185) of which it is impossible to make head or tail.

Rear-Admiral Arnold-Forster works on the very sound supposition that we can never hear too much about the Navy. In the simplest language he describes a number of naval customs and ways of life—including dress, signals, boat etiquette, submarine work, and so forth—purposely selecting those with which the average landsman is least likely to be familiar. As he says: "there has always been a naval way of doing things." And he might have added that one "naval way of doing things" is to reject the old way without hesitation or regret as soon as the new way is shown to be better. His own attitude in the matter is strikingly unsentimental. He has written a book which, without much pretension to literary style, will be read with greedy avidity by anyone interested in life at sea.

CLENNELL WILKINSON.

SPAIN IN REVOLT

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Spain has been much in the public eye lately, but few people realise the reasons of the recent revolution or know much of previous Spanish history. This book will bring them right up to date on Spanish events and Spanish character, for Mr. Joseph McCabe knows his subject thoroughly and presents a vivid and readable account of the history of a little known but fascinating country.

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SELECTED FICTION

BROOME STAGES, by Clemence Dane. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

IT is an axiom of one type of tragedy that the hero be undone through excess of some good quality. This axiom may be applied also to certain works of art. They have qualities which forbid us to rate them as above mediocrity; they insist on being considered as below genius. Thus, unfairly, we begin to abuse them for not being masterpieces, instead of thanking them for being what they are.

Let us mitigate the injustice of this, in the case of Miss Clemence Dane's *Broome Stages*, by considering first of all what the book is. It is a full, vivid, absorbing story, animated by an imagination and vitality which thrust it high above the mass of ordinary accomplished novels, into a class where its shortcomings (as a member of that class) become apparent. There has always been a heroic quality in the mind of Miss Clemence Dane: her gains and losses are on the grand scale. This quality is evident in *Broome Stages*: so is a violent inquisitive zest for life, a superb energy, great powers of melodrama, and piercing eyes. The book takes us through several generations of Broomes, from Richard, a strolling actor, to Richard and John, who in the last chapter have shaken off the influence of their father, and have the world before them. The whole of this huge theatrical pageant is brilliantly observed, and, with few lapses, brilliantly reported. Miss Dane's touch is as satisfying in little things—

> "He was amazed at his wife's fury and despised her for it. Hardening his heart, he shook off with extraordinary sensation of relief his respect for her judgment. . . ."

—as in the big, bold scenes which she presents in such profusion. Lettice's prompting of William at Bath in *Othello*: the rehearsal in which Harry defeated "Madame La Rayne" (what an admirable piece of writing!): the odd scene in which Harry cuffed his daughter: the death of Lettice (perfectly observed): one could pick fifty episodes which show Miss Dane to be a past mistress of objective writing. What, then, can one object to her book?

One thing only: that, containing all the materials, it is not a masterpiece. To say that it is an amazingly good novel is not enough. It goes a step beyond that, the step from honourable success to splendid failure. It is, if you will, a masterpiece of sheer presentation, but it lacks the final unconscious grasp of genius. There is nothing against sheer presentation, especially where the incidents are relatively few and cohere to point their lesson: but 705 pages of sheer presentation is too much. It calls for something further to give it order. Life has no order, and even a superabundance of life will not take the place of order in a work of art. So we are left ungenerously complaining of *Broome Stages*, that it is an astounding pageant, but not a work of genius. A left-handed compliment: yet few writers of to-day could earn it.

L. A. G. STRONG.

FARES, PLEASE! An omnibus, by A. E. Coppard. *Jonathan Cape.* 7s. 6d.

A. E. COPPARD'S first book of tales appeared ten years ago. The occasion was momentous, not only because of the merit of the tales themselves, but because *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me* (with Katherine Mansfield's *Bliss*, which

came out about the same time), marked the happy birthday of a new art-form in English prose. From the first appearance of the work of these two writers dates the reinstatement of the English short story as a literary medium worthy of consideration beside that of poetry itself. To their number has since been added a third: T. F. Powys; and between them these three have sponsored the art of the short story as we now know it. They blazed the way—and none more vigorously than Mr. Coppard. Since that first, slim, privately printed volume (now treasured by collectors) he has published six others, each more compelling than the last, more sure in craft, more experienced in content. The present "omnibus" collection consists of the last two volumes, and one other: the cream of his work.

"That's the cussedness of nature," says one of the characters in *The Field of Mustard*, "it makes a mock of you." Her words are a key to the philosophy out of whose dramatic chances Mr. Coppard has woven most of his tales. "Nature derides us all," another character says elsewhere; and one of the author's own descriptive comments is: "Clouds were borne frantically across the heavens, and the lovely earth seemed to sigh in grief at some calamity all unknown to men." Such tales as *The Old Venerable, Mordecai and Cocking* and *The Black Dog* are direct instances of Mr. Coppard's use of this potent theme of frustration—the apparently perverse indifference of nature to human values; and it can be traced indirectly in most of the others. As a philosophic background it is as legitimate as any other; and it has this advantage over some, that it lends itself to an almost infinite variety of dramatic circumstances (as Hardy discovered), and invites the ready sympathy of the reader. Not that Mr. Coppard always succeeds in avoiding the pitfalls of such a device: once or twice—*Judith* and *Fifty Pounds* are outstanding examples—he quite alienates the sympathy of the reader by the artificialities he employs in his desire to exploit obvious opportunities for dramatic surprise. As a rule, however, he is far too self-critical to fall into such an error: *The Field of Mustard*, already referred to, is a perfect example of the proper use of the "device," and one in which, incidentally, the author's individual traits are shown to best advantage. Of these traits the most valuable to Mr. Coppard as a tale-teller are his poetic sensitiveness and his extraordinary ability to capture in conversation the slow, naïve and humorous wisdom of the peasant mind. . . . As for Mr. Coppard's poetic sensitiveness, it is apparent in every tale, transmuting all he touches into the pure gold of art. "Life that is born of love," he writes in one of these tales, "feeds on love; if the where-

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withal be hidden, how shall we stay our hunger? The galaxy may grow dim, or the stars drop in a wandering void; you can neither keep them in your hands nor crumble them in your mind"—and to be able to write like that in any tale without giving the reader occasion to blush is an achievement that in itself is sufficient guarantee of a rare and critical sensibility. For Mr. Coppard is a poet; and the best of his tales have the same effect on one as lyrical poetry—though, of course, they add thereto the necessary but superficial stimulus of intriguing narrative.

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE MOTH OF HOLINESS, by Paul Bloomfield. *John Lane.* 7s. 6d.

THE HERO, by Alfred Neumann. *Martin Secker.* 7s. 6d.

"LET'S explore London! Look in at windows—you know. You see the quaintest things. Or we might get up a party to go down to the Ring at Blackfriars; I'm told it's pretty thick. I believe in trying everything once. And, *my dear*, there's the dinkiest little pub. down the river . . ." I am trying to imagine the enthusiastic reader of *The Moth of Holiness*. We (she) would be an arty-crafty amateur, a bottle-and-pyjama-party person, a love-making, sick-making sort of person. Because *The Moth of Holiness* has all the signs of being in the swim; not perhaps in the front row of the swim, but near enough to the front to be noticeable. I expect that, if I went to dinner-parties, I should hear it talked about. That is very nice for Mr. Bloomfield. He sustains, rather slenderly, the tradition of *Dorian Gray*: the tradition of the gilt-edged amateur. I do not particularly dislike *The Moth of Holiness*, its lighter fantasy is definitely attractive, but, good heavens, how thin, how pretentious this combination of Bohemia and a baronet or two ca make an author! I quote from page 4

"Still, *pussy's butcher* has much i common with the old antiqu dealer an attentiveness to the eterna present moment, a plain humanity unimpaired by ambition, that moth of holiness. . . ." (Italics and dot all Mr. Bloomfield's.)

Well, that is how Mr. Bloomfield looks at a cat's-meat man. The cat's-meat man is in Belgravia; hence his prettier name and his "attentiveness to the eternal present moment." There is nothing like a taste for rococo low life for a novelist to begin from! *The Moth of Holiness* is actually not as bad as the title and my quotation suggest. Mr. Bloomfield is *clever*; I think that he should confine himself to being as clever as he can—and he might write a really amusing novel. But he should keep off the mood of holy moths, and of pussy butchers.

The Hero is extraordinarily good of its sort. It is a novel of political assassination in which the psychology of the murderer is the centre. The only other novel I have read which can compare with it is Mr. Liam O' Flaherty's *The Assassin*. Herr Neumann is more psychological, less physical. His portrait of the assassin and of his collapse into madness after the murder is a remarkable one. *The Hero* aims at a certain oddity; not only the assassin, but his mysterious double who becomes almost confessor, and an attendant hunchback—they are all odd. But the book is almost painfully exciting, both before and after the murder of the Prime Minister. It is also, I may add, convincing. At the moment there is no race of novelists to equal the Germans for the treatment of morbidity. Leonhard Frank is almost a great novelist in his treatment of the morbid. Herr Neumann is a lesser novelist, but amazingly competent.

G. W. STONIER.

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVI[illegible]

OCTOBER 1, 1931.

CRISIS AND CHANGE

THE GOVERNMENT'S FUTURE

BY REGINALD C. BERKELEY

AN emergency government such as the present is an entirely new phenomenon in English politics. We have had national governments before, but not hedged in by the peculiar conditions applicable to the present. There was a National Government formed after Mr. Roebuck's motion to investigate inefficiencies and grievances in the Crimea; there was a National Government, the first Coalition, of 1914, the wider National Government, the second Coalition, of 1916, and the Coupon Coalition of 1918, all of which envisaged continued co-operation between, in the case of the Crimean Government, the politicians concerned, and in the case of the subsequent Coalitions, the parties concerned. The present Emergency Government declared itself in advance a thing of the moment, a kind of super *ad hoc* committee for nibbling at the fringe of a great problem, meanwhile taking pains to emphasise the independent outlook of its component parts, and their resolution, within a short time, to be back at party politics. Whether events will permit this dissolution to take its arranged course is a matter for speculation.

The avowed purpose of the Government is to balance the Budget. That done, it originally denied to itself any further common function. Economists, financiers and industrialists from the expert point of view, and the general public from the national point of view, are now beginning to realise that the balancing of the Budget is only the beginning of the business, and a considerable volume of Press comment in influential organs has been directed to calling attention to the inadvisability of risking further shocks to British credit during the three weeks' interregnum that a General Election implies.

It is a strange jumble of conflicting counsels and aims. The attitude of the three parties who form the Government in stressing their independence of each other, and the purely temporary and emergency nature of their association, are no doubt dictated with the lesson in mind of the last Coalition, with its shifts and compromises, and final staggering smash, and it is not altogether fair in those who have formed the Government in this guarded manner to comment too strongly on the attitude of the official Labour Opposition, who, actuated avowedly by purely party considerations, are, as they admit, striving to avoid the calamitous splits that befell the Liberal Party consequent on the war-time Coalitions. The average citizen, however, thinking only of the national good, and disregarding party interest, is entitled to criticise both sides severely, the Government for its timidity in admitting that it is a government, the Opposition for its pre-occupation with party advantage, and its apparent indifference to the primary demands of national emergency.

As a team, the Emergency Cabinet is rather like the eleven of inevitables that the selection committee in recent Test cricket for many years felt itself obliged, on reputation, to choose. The names are all resounding names. England did not get back the Ashes, however, until public opinion had forced the selection committee into making a breach of the rule and secured the infusion of youth in the side.

Mr. Macdonald was the obvious Prime Minister. More than anyone alive he has at the moment captured the imagination of the British public by his splendid fearlessness. The man in the street feels that a MacDonald who could go out of public life for his convictions in 1914 must, if he stays in now, when the easy thing to do was to resign with the rest of his Cabinet and leave reconstruction to others, be acting once more from inflexible conviction. His presence at the head of the Government gives breadth and vision to the whole administration.

Mr. Snowden is another matter. Where so few Socialists were prepared to set their hands to this unwelcome task, it was of course desirable that a man of Mr. Snowden's position in the movement should remain if he so desired ;

and were Mr. Snowden in full health, no one would contest that, on intellectual grounds as well as on grounds of expediency, he ought to be in the Cabinet. But Mr. Snowden is a sick man, so sick that he had decided four months ago to give up his office and go out of Parliament. In the national interest one is forced to ask whether there is room for a sick man in the side.

Mr. Thomas is a strength to any Government, except a purely Labour Government ; Lord Sankey as good as any other Chancellor that can be named ; though why the chance of removing the Lord Chancellor from the Cabinet and lifting that great judicial office above party should not at this juncture have been taken, is another matter. Sir Herbert Samuel, both as temporary Leader of the Liberal Party, and because of his proved administrative qualities and compendious knowledge, both social and political, is more than worthy of his place. He will probably tend to prove the chief intellectual driving force in the Cabinet—as contrasted with the human and spiritual force, which resides most deeply in the Prime Minister. Lord Reading is a great judicial officer, a great administrator, a great financier, a great statesman, but he is seventy-one years of age. One wonders if he may not prove the Wilfrid Rhodes of the Cabinet, a questionable choice for the rigours of this emergency work. If his age does not prove a handicap, he will be a source of wise counsel and strength—but, myself, I should have preferred to see Lord Cecil holding the Foreign Office, and bringing to the Cabinet both his tremendous sense of contact with the British people and his pre-eminent judgment and experience in European affairs. This would have left a vacancy in the Cabinet for a second Liberal, which might well have gone to Mr. Runciman, whose exclusion from the Government is an inexplicable mystery. Mr. Runciman at his old office of the Board of Trade, with the vast fund of administrative and shipping experience that has caused him to be brought in to rescue the White Star Line and its subsidiary companies, together with his knowledge of commerce and finance, is a national figure, and one worthy of office.

The appointment of Mr. Baldwin to the sinecure office

of Lord President of the Council seems to me the completest possible waste of one of the most characteristic personalities in politics. As Lord President it would have been possible to use the wise counsel of Lord Reading, who is far more of a national figure than a party man, whilst freeing him from the detailed administration of the other great Departments. Had Mr. Snowden been permitted to retire, the obvious appointee to the Exchequer would be Sir Herbert Samuel. At the Home Office Mr. Baldwin would in any case be the best choice possible. The immense amount of plain conviction that must be brought to the average citizen as to the necessity for this or that economy could be furnished by Mr. Baldwin better than anyone. He more than any other in the Cabinet can speak in the simple terms that these explanations require.

The appointment of Sir Samuel Hoare to India is a shot in the dark. As one of the Conservative delegates to the Round Table Conference, he spoke and negotiated with moderation. This, however, is an office in which it would surely have been better to call in Lord Irwin, whose name in India, however it may stand with the extreme section of his own political party in this country, stands higher than that of any Englishman of modern times.

Mr. Chamberlain for the Ministry of Health could hardly be bettered.

Nevertheless, when these criticisms and suggested amendments have been made, it still remains that this is a team of inevitables—a Cabinet of elderly men. The youngest Minister in the Government, Sir Archibald Sinclair, is forty, and there is a long gap between his age and the next junior. For the thankless task of balancing the Budget, this so-called stop-gap Ministry may do as well as any other. But is a stop-gap Ministry adequate to deal with the present situation? Is the balancing of the Budget the only task for this Government to perform? It is necessary to go a little into the causes of the crisis before answering this question. The fact that the Budget became unbalanced is not in itself any great matter. An unbalanced Budget does not mean an insolvent nation. It means in itself no more than that the estimates of revenue and expenditure on

which the Budget was based have for one cause or another proved inadequate and that supplementary provision must be made to meet the deficiency. As soon as the Government announced its economies and proposed taxation sufficient to make a balance sheet for the financial year, it had already balanced the Budget. But should it now disintegrate and proceed to an election, there is always the possibility that by the time the new Government comes together, world trade depression and frozen credits, coupled with uneasiness among foreign investors, will, by shaking the stability of currencies, either in this land or others, directly or indirectly have once more unbalanced the whole budgetary scheme, with all the economies just undertaken.

We must consider for a moment the causes that aggravated, and, indeed, brought about, the present emergency. The necessity to balance the Budget did not cause the downfall of the Labour Cabinet. The cause was deeper rooted and far more serious. It is one of the commonplaces of economics that the City of London is the leading banking community of the world. It is one of the commonplaces of commerce that deposits from all over the world flow readily into the London financial houses, and, despite the falling off of our export trade and shipping services during the continuance of the world slump, the banking operations of London, have, until quite recently, continued consistently extensive.

Among the principal financial transactions of recent times has been an inflow of money on deposit (*i.e.*, withdrawable at short notice, at low rates of interest), much of which has been loaned to Germany on longish terms. The crisis in Germany earlier in the year was followed, when it became known on the Continent and in the United States that considerable British loans had been made to Germany, by a not unnatural uneasiness on the part of foreign depositors whose money was invested in London. This uneasiness would probably have passed off fairly soon when it was known that international action was being taken to safeguard the position of Germany, had it not been for the conjunctive combination of two psychological factors. The Unemployment Insurance Fund of Great

Britain, which in point of fact has never been on an actuarial basis since the War, which indeed was deliberately taken off the actuarial basis by the Coalition in order to provide for the press of unemployment in 1920, was, under the swelling increase of unemployment due to the world economic collapse, piling up its indebtedness in a manner that called for correction. It so happened that a French writer, with a large popular vogue as an economist, chose that moment for launching a scaremonger's picture of England, which the British Press, mostly anti-Government in character, instead of exposing it for the transparent nonsense that it in fact is, proceeded to praise as a masterpiece of discernment. Now, this very superficial book happened to fasten upon the debt of the Unemployment Insurance Fund as one of the principal features of British instability, and what with the sensational character of the book, and the howl of praise with which it was received by those who saw in it a convenient weapon with which to chastise the Government of the day, the legend of British instability began to receive international acceptance, especially in those pardonably timid circles that deal with world finance.

The second contributory factor was the holding of office by a Government drawn mainly from the working people, dependent upon a party recruited largely from the manual workers, and suspected, and, as the event proved, justly suspected, of unwillingness, as a body, whatever other economies it might bring itself to face, of grappling with the Unemployment Insurance.

These factors operated to shake the confidence of the depositors in the financial stability of the City of London, and the drain on the Bank of England, instead of abating, increased. Now, one of the penalties of working on the gold standard is that where a country takes deposits from any country, and those deposits are called in, if the banking country cannot repay in the currency of the depositing country, it must repay in gold, unless it can sell its own currency for that of the depositing country.

All through the middle of July and August the drain on the Bank of England continued. All through that time, since there were no demands for sterling, it was necessary to pay out in gold. A loan was negotiated of 25 millions sterling with the Bank of France, and 25 millions sterling with America, in francs and dollars respectively, and for some time the gold drain was abated by orders for francs payable in France and for dollars payable in America. Meanwhile the Labour Government was struggling with itself to balance the Budget and meet the growing demand for economy. The moment came when the French and American loans were practically exhausted. A further loan was contemplated, but so long as the Budget remained unbalanced, and so long in particular as the debt on the Unemployment Insurance Fund continued to pile up at the rate of a million sterling a week, no satisfactory arrangement could be made. It was a question whether sterling should go on the market unprotected, and be sold for what it would fetch, with the certainty that it would drop to 10s., and might then slide to 5s., 2s., and even pence, as the mark and the franc had both done in the post-war years, or whether the Government could either balance the Budget and restore confidence, or make place for some other Government that would do so. The Labour Cabinet, with the notable exceptions of Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Thomas, and Lord Sankey, refused to face the situation. By the time the National Government had received the approval of the King, it was a matter of hours whether sterling could be saved. That is the history of the crisis.

These being the facts, it is evidently a complete misjudgment of affairs to consider the task of the National Government as merely confined to balancing the Budget. That is its immediate problem, or rather, as it has now placed its proposals before Parliament, that is its present Parliamentary task. But the matter does not end there. First is to be asked what would be the effect on foreign opinion of an announcement of a General Election. Would it be received with indifference, would it breed confidence, or would it breed dismay? The proclaimed policy of Labour envisages the unbalancing of the Budget almost as soon as it has been balanced. They would certainly restore the 2s. cut to the unemployed. They would certainly

restore all reductions in salaries and wages. In addition, the Trade Union Council has spoken of a compulsory levy of foreign securities. It is surely fairly obvious that the bare threat of a General Election would cause something of a panic among holders of foreign investments in this country, and would lead to an extensive flight of capital, to say nothing of the probable effect on the foreign investing public, and the virtual certainty of a renewal of the drain of gold. So long as the National Government remains at the head of affairs, we need not look for anything spectacular in the conduct of our business, and perhaps that is just as well; but we can be reasonably certain of maintaining and repairing our financial solidity, and restoring confidence to our foreign customers. Those who look for dramatic party triumphs (like the Socialist Opposition, the Trade Union section of which seems determined to provoke a class conflict, blinded by the hope of party advantages to the needs of the nation as a whole, whether viewed from the standpoint of the largest industrialist or of the poorest old-age pensioner or unemployed man) may look forward with eagerness to the delights of a General Election. They should be disappointed of their desires. The National Government, as it will increasingly realise, and as Parliament will be made increasingly sensible, is the first Government since the War with the whole nation behind it. It will betray the interests of the nation, and deserve to sound the finish of democracy and the birth of dictatorship if it abdicates its task at the promptings of sectional interests.

Nevertheless, despite the overwhelming commonsense, from the national point of view, of a breathing space from party politics in which to restore public confidence, and above all, to bring down the feverish temperature of the City, commonsense is not going to win an easy battle. The gusty opening of Parliament showed that plainly. Mr. Baldwin was by no means happy, and was obviously feeling for his words, as if fearful, by speaking too strongly in favour of the Government of which he is a member, of forfeiting the support of the Conservative back benchers.

Mr. Churchill, hampered by no official connection with the Government, spoke the view of the young Tories, who are spoiling for a fight, in postulating an early election.

The tone of the Opposition throughout showed how greatly to their taste such an appeal would be; and it is at least significant that in New South Wales, when the Government that had undertaken the stern duty of implementing the Niemeyer economies appealed to the country for a mandate to continue governing, the electorate, sore with the cuts, threw up Lang and his repudiationists, with the consequence that the pound Australian stands to day at a depreciation of 30 per cent. British Labour, counting upon exploiting the grievances of the large sections of the community directly to be affected by the Government's economies, and especially on the votes, not far below 5,000,000, if not more, that will be governed by the unemployed, and with the example of Australia to fortify its belief in itself, and with the additional advantage that always belongs to the attacker, hopes for a clear majority. Very many excellent judges, of completely independent outlook, consider that these hopes are justified.

The Conservative position, in the event of their breaking up the National Government to force an election on tariffs, must be doubly disadvantageous. In the first place, they are vulnerable to the obvious assault that they, as the strongest individual party in the National Government, have done most to bring about the cuts and economies. In the second place, as the party responsible for the election, they would be open to the accusation that they cannot have been sincere in their support of the National Government, if they have broken it up so soon on a party issue.

In the event of the electionists carrying the day, it is extremely difficult to forecast what the future will bring. It seems to be generally supposed, in what are called "official circles", that the Conservatives would sweep the country; indeed, the chief ground on which the Conservative Central Office is preparing so actively for a November election is, apart from their desire to take a verdict on tariffs, their belief that the election should take place "before the Labour record is forgotten."

This argument is a good deal more effective on paper than in reality. One of the features of Parliamentary government in the last ten years has been the astonishing apathy of the electorate to the measures of any Government, and, broadly speaking, their ignorance even of the composition of the Cabinet. I should think it highly doubtful if five-sixths of the voters could give the names of half a dozen members of the last administration, or have any idea what that Government did or has left undone. They have a vague idea that the Labour Cabinet drifted without doing very much, and finally, in the face of an emergency, broke up. They have also a vague idea that the Conservative Government of 1925-29 drifted through its term of office without doing anything very much. But to suppose that the whole country has been focussing its attention at all closely on the march of recent political events is to substitute our own minds for the minds of other people, and the substitution is false. Even now, among the great mass of the people, there is no great political enthusiasm. Those who have been reached by any kind of conception of the crisis through which we have passed, have been far more impressed by the drama of international finance than by the political action that has met it. It was extremely interesting that in the debate on Tuesday, only one speech was made with any strong sense of reality about it, and that was the speech of Sir Oswald Mosley. For many years the leading politicians of the country have been beating the air with words. This is in the tradition of last century's politics, at which time for some reason it impressed the electors. Unhappily the tradition has survived without the public interest that it formerly engendered. Until a race of politicians springs up with Sir Oswald Mosley's gift for making political issues live, public apathy about political ideals is likely to continue. Elections will be swayed and won or lost, largely on the exploitation of discontents and the expectation of sectional benefits. And in any such competition, at the present moment, it seems to me that the Labour Party, to use an expressive Americanism, has got the other parties skinned.

THE NATURE OF DRAMATIC ILLUSION

By Charles Morgan

WHOEVER traces the rather meagre history of dramatic criticism from Greek times to our own will observe that it has taken two principal forms—the analytic and the impressionistic. The analyst's purpose has been to lay down rules and establish universal standards of judgment; the impressionist's, to set up no god but his own taste and to write a history of the voyage of his soul among masterpieces. The value of his criticism has thus depended upon the value of his soul, always an uncertain factor; and though writing of this school, when practised by men of quality, has yielded great treasures, the liberty, the artist's privilege necessary to impressionistic criticism has been shamefully abused, and is nowadays too often made an excuse for arrogant and disorderly variations on the pronoun " I ". There is, in modern criticism, a real danger of anarchy if its erratic movements cannot by some means be related and stabilised. With every development of dramatic technique and every departure from classical structure, the need increases of a new discussion which, observing the changes of definition since Dryden and the vast accumulation of material since Lessing, shall establish for the stage not indeed a formal rule but an æsthetic discipline, elastic, reasoned, and acceptable to it in modern circumstances.

It is my purpose, then, to discover the principle from which such a discipline might arise. This principle I call the principle of illusion.

Before attempting a more precise and technical definition of illusion, I will strive to give a general impression of it and to show that the idea is a necessary foundation of criticism.

There has been in recent years a tendency among serious

critics to revolt against what they call the literary criticism of plays. Drama, they say, is a composite art, and to criticise it as though it were the work of the dramatist alone is unreasonable and unjust. With this statement of their case we may all agree, but they have gone much further. Wishing to depose the dramatist from an exaggerated pre-eminence, they have attempted to establish another monarch in his place; and they differ in their choice of a successor. Mr. Gordon Craig's emphasis is all on the designer of scenery and costume; Mr. Ashley Dukes, though a dramatist himself, writes unblushingly of the producer as the Artist-in-Chief; and they have powerful supporters, for the appearance in Europe of stage-artists of genius—men of the quality of Stanislavsky, Reinhardt and Craig himself—has drawn eager and worshipping eyes to the producer's share in the theatrical collaboration. This kind of enthusiasm, though we may not share it, is useful if we examine its psychological origins. What is the genuine need underlying this modern critical revolt against the dramatist? What is the genuine need which prompted the Americans to invent—as I am now inventing—a new critical term? I call mine "illusion" and struggle to define it; the Americans call theirs "theater". Unfortunately the true meaning of the American word "theater" has been blunted by common usage. When they say now that a play is "good theater" or "bad theater", they mean that it has punch or is tediously lacking in it—in brief that it is, or is not, vigorously theatrical; and they are able to declare that, though a piece has no genuine critical value, it is, for all that, good theater. But what lay at the root of this American word was, I am sure, a desire to find a critical term which should express the unity of a stage-representation, the same spiritual unity which made the productionists revolt against the dramatist's pre-eminence.

This unity, this essence of the drama, which I call illusion, is not the same with the Aristotelian unities of action, time and place, though in plays that accept the Aristotelian form they are included in it. It is, perhaps, best thought of as being to the drama what the soul is to

the mind, and those who deny, or say that they cannot perceive, a distinction between soul and mind and will not therefore concede the real existence of the soul, will certainly refuse to recognize the real existence of illusion.

I will not press the comparison, which is intended to be illustrative and no more. What I am certain of is that every playgoer has been made aware now and then of the existence in the theatre of a supreme unity, a mysterious power, a transcendent and urgent illusion, which, so to speak, floats above the stage-action and above the spectator, not merely delighting and instructing him, as Dryden says, or purging his Aristotelian emotions, but endowing him with a vision, a sense of translation and ecstasy, alien to his common knowledge of himself. The hope of this illusion is the excitement, and the experience of it the highest reward of playgoing. Strangely enough, we become conscious of its approach, as though there were a sound of wings in the air—before the play begins. The curtain is still down, the house-lights are still up, but we are in a theatre and, if experience has not embittered us, are dreaming that this evening or another evening the beat of wings will grow louder in our silences, the supreme illusion will stoop down and gather us, the hosts will speak. Again and again we are disappointed. The curtain rises and the play is found to be an ugly bag of tricks; instead of the authentic currency of experience we are given a trickle of counterfeit coin, rubbed for generations between the fingers of plagiarists. But now and then a persistent playgoer's hope, or a part of it, is fulfilled. The order of his experience is always the same—a shock, and after the shock an inward stillness, and from that stillness an influence emerging, which transmutes him. Transmutes *him*—not his opinions. This great impact is neither a persuasion of the intellect nor a beguiling of the senses. It does not spring from the talent of the dramatist alone, or of the actor alone, or of the musician alone, or from an aggregate of their talents. It is not the work of any one artist-in-chief whose name is written on an earthly programme. It is the enveloping movement of the whole drama upon the soul of man. We surrender and are changed. "The

outward sense is gone, the inward essence feels", until, betrayed by some flaw in the work of art or failure in ourselves, we begin to perceive again not the drama but its parts.

> 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—

—then illusion is broken. We return to our little prisons and through the bars are the critical spectators of a play.

I do not wish to suggest that a play which fails to produce illusion of this intensity ought to be condemned, for I have just written of that rare extreme which creates ecstasy in the audience a veritable rebirth, a carrying out of the senses which seem to bound our humanity. What I wish to establish is that, though the intensity of our experience of it may greatly vary, there is something, some power, some influence, some underlying unity, latent in the drama which has never yet been given its due place in criticism. You may think of it in what terms you will—as a synthesis of the arts of the theatre, as a hypostasis proceeding from their perfect unity, or you may say that it has no concrete existence but is at best a philosophical idea, a critical fiction. Well, beauty itself has no concrete existence and is, perhaps, a critical fiction, but it is one of the necessities of thought. And I suggest that as a wise man bases his criticism of life not upon judgment of its parts but upon apprehension of its unity, so judgment of the drama is to be founded on its illusion and not on its form or on the emotion it creates.

That is a general impression of what I mean by illusion. Let me now consider it more closely and indicate one of its distinguishing qualities.

It is a common error to praise a play because, as the lady in the stall behind me never tires of saying, it is "exactly like life." This is an error for two reasons: first, that if a play were exactly like life it would be a bad play; second, that no play has ever been or ever can be exactly like life, and the lady is a liar. What she means, of course, is that the play does not outrage the naturalistic convention which she accepts. She will look at a photograph of her own son, whom she ought to know, and exclaim that it is exactly like him—whereas what she means is that the photograph represents him to her in an accepted convention of black and white. If she had lived in ancient Egypt and had been given by the gods the same son and the same photograph but different pictorial conventions, it is very possible that she would not have recognized her offspring and would have greatly preferred something more rectilinear. But fascinating though the subject of varying convention may be, I must not now pursue it. The lady's first error is more relevant to my general argument.

Aristotle said at the opening of the *Poetics* that "Epic and tragic composition, also comedy, the writing of dithyrambs and most branches of flute- and harp-playing are all, if looked at as a whole, imitations." Against this my own statement that "if a play were exactly like life it would be a bad play" may look a little small. The lady in the stall behind me would, if she were familiar with the *Poetics*, quote Aristotle with gusto. But Aristotle is one of those men of genius whose sentences, if taken out of their context, can be made to mean anything. To read a little farther into the *Poetics*—to observe indeed that Aristotle includes dithyrambs and flute- and harp-playing in his group of imitations—is to realise that he was by no means a photographic naturalist of the same æsthetic school with the lady in the stalls.

It is true that art is rooted in imitation, and that, when it is cut off from that root and becomes decoration only or didacticism only, it dries up and withers. It is rooted in imitation—but in imitation of what? Do not let us say of ordinary life, for the phrase, though Aristotle himself uses it, has no precise meaning. Mr. Baldwin is said to be a representative Englishman; his life is presumably the ordinary life of an English ex-Prime Minister; but I do not see him as you see him, nor do we see him as Shelley would have seen him. How, then, is art to imitate him? It cannot. It can imitate my view of him or yours or Shelley's, but in each of these imitations there will be more of Shelley or you or me than of the hypothetical ordinariness of Mr. Baldwin. All that art can do in the way of imitation

of a given natural subject is, first, to negative a spectator's own preconceptions of that subject so that he lies open to imaginative acceptance of a different view, the artist's view, of it, and, secondly, to impregnate him with this fresh, this alien understanding. Illusion is the impregnating force – in masterpieces permanently fruitful, in lesser works of art existent but without endurance, and from machine-made plays, however well made, absent. How often we say of a play that it was " a good story " or " an admirable entertainment " ; that it was " cleverly constructed", or that its " characters were natural and alive " ; and, having thus praised it, add with a vague sense of disappointment : " but there was nothing in it." What is the critical equivalent of that evasive phrase ? The formalists have no answer ; the impressionists have none. Does not the phrase mean that the play had no impregnating power ? Though it had a thousand other virtues it was without illusion.

The lady of whom I have spoken believes that, in the photograph of her son, she has seen her own impression of him. Evidently she has done nothing of the kind. She has been persuaded to forget her view of him and to accept the camera's as her own. When she goes to a play, which seems to her exactly like life, she has been persuaded to abandon her own view of life and to accept the dramatist's. It is true that, when the dramatist is of her own imaginative and intellectual kin, the exchange is not revolutionary, but, when he is a man of genius and has power to persuade her to take his view of *A Doll's House* or to see with his eyes the lamp thrown at wife and mother by Strindberg's Father, the results are prodigious. That lamp of Strindberg's still hurtles through the domestic air, and by Nora a million feminine squirrels were converted into tigresses whose cubs still embarrass us.

And why ? Not because the lady in the stalls had ever before thought of herself as resembling the lady of Strindberg's lamp ; not because, if she was a squirrel, she had ever perceived, until Ibsen pointed it out to her, the limitations of her comfortable cage ; not because these great plays were like life as she had formerly understood it ;

but because her own preconceptions were stilled and afterwards impregnated. What stirred her, what influenced her, was not delusion, which is of herself, but illusion—that divine essence above the battle—which is of the drama. Wordsworth of all men helps to make this point clear. He is expressing his dislike of chatter.

> " I am not One who much or oft delight
> To season my fireside with personal talk
> Of friends who live within an easy walk."

He is not attracted by—

> " . . . ladies bright
> Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk. . . ."

Better than these, he says, does—

> " . . . silence long,
> Long, barren silence, square with my desire ;
> To sit without emotion, hope or aim,
> In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
> And listen to the flapping of the flame,
> Or kettle whispering its faint undersong."

The remarkable word in this passage is "barren". The later stanzas show that he means not barren absolutely, but a silence barren of trivial and personal thoughts which might be a bar to a more profound impregnation.

> " Dreams, books are each a world ; and books we know
> Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
> Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
> There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
> Matter wherein right voluble I am. . . ."

What he is speaking of here is the impregnating power of artistic illusion working upon a mind naturally silent, naturally meditative. In the theatre there is no natural meditation, no flapping flame and, unhappily, no kettle. Dramatic art has, therefore, a double function—first to still the preoccupied mind, to empty it of triviality, to make it receptive and meditative ; then to impregnate it. Illusion is the impregnating power. It is that spiritual force in dramatic art which impregnates the silences of the spectator, enabling him to imagine, to perceive, even to become, what he could not of himself become or perceive or imagine.

Inquiry, now, into the nature and origin of this impregnating force will expose the root of the theory. Illusion, as I

conceive it, is form in suspense. The phrase is obscure and must be explained.

Analytical critics have all supposed that form is valuable in itself. They have based their judgments on a study of form, first establishing by general argument what they consider a perfect form for tragedy or comedy, then asking us to match particular plays with it. It is not surprising that they so often weary themselves in crying "This is not a play" when they encounter dramatic expression that does not correspond with their ideal form. Their confusion, and it is a confusion that has run through the ages, springs from their failure to perceive one plain truth that in a play form is not valuable *in itself*; only the suspense of form has value. In a play, form is not and cannot be valuable in itself, because until the play is over form does not exist.

Form is *in itself* valuable only in those works of art into which the time-factor does not enter and which, therefore, come to us whole. Painting, sculpture and architecture come to us whole; they are directly formal arts. An epic poem does not come to us whole, but a short lyric or a particular line therein may almost be said to do this, so slight, by comparison with an epic, is the time-factor involved. A play's performance occupies two or three hours. Until the end its form is latent in it. It follows that during the performance we are not influenced by the form itself, the completed thing, but by our anticipations of completion. We are, so to speak, waiting for the suspended rhyme or harmony, and this formal suspense has the greater power if we know beforehand, as the Greeks did, what the formal release is to be.

This suspense of form, by which is meant the incompleteness of a known completion, is to be clearly distinguished from common suspense—suspense of plot—the ignorance of what will happen, and I would insist upon this distinction with all possible emphasis, for suspense of plot is a structural accident, and suspense of form is, as I understand it, essential to the dramatic art itself. The desire to know what will happen, when it exists at all, is a quality of the audience's delusion; it springs from their temporary

belief that they are witnessing not art but life; it is the product of deluded curiosity and is often strongest in the weakest minds. It is obviously stronger in a housemaid watching a play by Mr. Edgar Wallace than in a cultivated spectator of the Aeschylean *Prometheus*, and it would become progressively less strong even in the housemaid as by repeated visits to the theatre the designs of Mr. Wallace were made more familiar to her. I do not wish to speak contemptuously of suspense of plot, for it often contributes to the pleasure of playgoing and reading; it has this value—that it keeps our eyes on stage or book. It may draw attention to a work of art and has been used by great artists for that purpose, but it is not essential to the art itself. Suspense of form, on the contrary, is one of those things without which drama is not.

It may be objected that without form there can be no suspense of form, and that to this extent a formal critic is justified. My argument is that he is wrong in insisting that particular dramatic forms are valuable in themselves. What rhyme is begun matters less than that the rhyme be completed; what harmony is used matters less than that it be resolved; what form is chosen, though it is true that some forms are more beautiful than others, matters less than that while the drama moves *a* form is being fulfilled.

Dramatic illusion, then, is the suspense of dramatic form, and is to be thought of as men think of divinity—an essence in which they may or may not partake, a power which may or may not visit them.

The task of applying this theory of illusion to particular plays must be left to the twentieth century Lessing who writes the book to which this paper is a foreword. Having defined the idea, I must be content to give a few indications of its practical value and of the effect that its acceptance might produce on criticism.

Its value rests in its universality. Not long ago Mr. Granville Barker, speaking on The Coming of Ibsen, quoted the damning judgments of many critics of the 'eighties on plays now acknowledged to be masterpieces. They were very disturbing to a man who, within little more than an hour after each performance, writes his opinion

on nearly two hundred plays a year. It is alarming to think that Mr. Granville Barker, whose youth is perpetual, will rise up in 1980 and make hay with a file of *The Times* newspaper fifty years old. Even the closest study of the theory of illusion will not make any man infallible, but I do believe that it will protect critics from many of the errors into which our predecessors so easily fell. The adverse judgments of Ibsen, which now seem to us most unreasonable, prove upon examination to have been inspired by the old prejudice about form. Ibsen, intent upon introducing new subjects to the stage, was creating new shapes to contain them, and the rigid formalists, clinging to prescribed form, condemned him. For the same reason Strindberg has been denied the recognition due to him, though the time will certainly come when it will be perceived that, in such work as *To Damascus* and *The Dream Play*, he prepared the way for what is best in the modernist movements. He was an Expressionist long before Expressionism, as a cult, was heard of, and did with genius what hundreds of charlatans are now attempting to do without it. Ibsen has partly broken through the formalists; Strindberg has not; and both are considered freaks because they do not bow down to that spirit which still presides powerfully over the English theatre the spirit of Sardou. The reason is that English playgoers and critics are still bound, consciously or sub-consciously, to the idea that suspense means suspense of plot, and that form in drama, as in the plastic arts, is a static thing and valuable in itself. A critic who understands the theory of illusion would never fall into the error of saying that Ibsen, because he did not strive for suspense of plot, was ignorant of the theatre, or that Strindberg, because he created new forms and rhythms, was not writing a play. Instead of making these rash errors the critic would say to himself: "Here is something with which I am unfamiliar. Here is a man struggling for a new form. I cannot judge his work as I would judge sculpture or architecture in which there is no time element. While the play is in progress I must yield myself to this moving, developing, organic thing, the suspense of form, and must realise that

only when the complete form is known will the suspense of it have full effect on me."

If the critics of the 'eighties had said that to themselves when they took up their pens, Mr. Granville Barker would have been robbed of his powder and shot. The theory of illusion is universal, because it enables criticism to keep its balance amid the shock of new forms.

It is universal, too, because it establishes a standard of judgment which may, with intelligence, be applied to plays of all kinds—to tragedy, to comedy, and even to farce. The illusion of tragedy is the highest of all; the illusion of comedy differs from it in intensity but not in kind. The illusion of farce is, I admit, a cripple who has lost a leg. It is barren; it impregnates no silences. But a farce, if it be good in its own kind, has a unity, an "essence above the battle", and it certainly has suspense of form. Indeed, there is hardly to be found a more illuminating distinction between suspense of form and suspense of plot, or between illusion and delusion, than may be perceived in a good farce. Who cares in a farce what will happen? Who believes that anything is happening? We are not deluded by the fantastic narrative nor made curious by it. Our pleasure, if we are pleased, arises from the farce's skill in binding us by its own peculiar symmetry, and from its power to create an illusion, which is never delusion, of a world good-humouredly insane.

The theory of illusion has a third and very important claim to universality—namely, that it may be applied, as no other critical theory can, to plays that do not depend on a conflict of individual character, and thus supplies a link between very ancient and very modern drama. Nearly all criticism has presumed that such a conflict is an essential part of the drama. I am persuaded that it is not, and that if critics remain wedded to this idea of individual struggle and bound to the forms appropriate to it, they will blunder in their judgment of the drama of the future as critics in the past blundered in their judgment of Ibsen and Strindberg. This was deeply impressed upon me when I went to Delphi in the Spring of last year to see in the ancient theatre performances of Aeschylus—the *Prometheus* and

The Suppliants. What I wrote then returns to me with increasing force whenever I contemplate the problem of illusion.

"It has often been pointed out as remarkable by commentators on *The Suppliants* that Aeschylus, having decided to use the actor and having latent in him that prodigious power to thrust forward the history of the drama of which his extant pieces are evidence, should here have employed the actor so little. Only in the sharp dialogue between the Argive King and Herald, it has been said, is there contest of individuals and a complete, though momentary, emancipation of the dramatic from the narrative or ritualistic forms. The reason commonly given for this, and indeed the only reason deducible from an unacted text, is that Aeschylus was as yet half-blind to his own discovery; that he held the actor in his hands as a child holds a strange toy, knowing not how to use him. This explanation, this misunderstanding of Aeschylus, lies, I believe, at the root of the charges of obscurity and primitiveness that have been brought against the play. In performance at Delphi it is neither primitive nor obscure. When once the Chorus is felt as a living presence with collective individuality and character, the play appears, not as a primitive struggling towards a new drama, but as a fully developed product of an older tradition. In departures from this tradition Aeschylus was certainly experimenting, but the impression given by the performance is that the experiments were being made as much in reluctance as in eagerness. Whenever the actor shows his head above the choral unity we feel instantly that, though the tension (or suspense of plot) is increased, an extraordinary composure, a deep and passionate perfection of design, is being dissipated. What was this composed perfection that our drama is without and that Aeschylus, for all the promise of a different form, was reluctant to sacrifice? May it not have consisted in this—that the collective formalism of *The* Danaids may more serenely express the universal truths of the spirit than the particularised portrait of one woman? Is it not possible that the pre-Aeschylean drama held already a key that gave it freedom from the bonds of naturalism (and of individual character)—a key for which modern dramatists from Strindberg to Lenormand have been desperately seeking? The Chorus, we know, had other and less aesthetically conscious origins, but by the time of Aeschylus it had probably become a highly conscious aesthetic instrument used not merely ritualistically and lyrically but as a synthesis of humanity that our particularised and personal stage has lost." *

A synthesis, I would add, towards which our stage is now moving. Perhaps the most significant evidence of this movement—this link between modernism and the pre-Aeschylean theatre—has been, in London, Mr. O'Casey's attempt in *The Silver Tassie* to re-discover the

* *The Times*, May 12, 1930.

Chorus and to reintroduce the compression of verse into drama with a contemporary setting. This play was rejected by the Abbey Theatre and Mr. W. B. Yeats; it was condemned by many critics in the same tones of misunderstanding and intolerance with which Ibsen was condemned; fifty years hence Mr. Granville Barker will have them all on his list. And it is not at all surprising that, in an age which still bases its judgment on Aristotelian forms or on Dryden's definition of a play, criticism should be at fault, for neither Aristotle nor Dryden leaves room for the pre-Aeschylean and twentieth-century synthesis. Our criticism is rooted in Dryden's idea of a "just and lively representation of human nature . . . for the delight and instruction of mankind"—an idea that denies Strindberg and the pre-Aeschylean chorus and will, unless it is revised, deny much more in the days to come. The theory of illusion, if received as a basis of criticism, would make unnecessary these fatal denials. While maintaining, in the idea of form in suspense, much that is good in the old critical disciplines, and so preserving criticism from the impressionistic anarchy that threatens it, it would, in the complementary idea of illusion as an impregnating force, restore to criticism a spiritual liberty and boldness that it has lost.

INDIA: THE TASK AHEAD

By Sir John Marriott

"IN thinking of her work in India, Great Britain may proudly look back, but she must also anxiously look forward." These words were written by a great historian of British India towards the close of the last century. Nowadays, there is perhaps a more general disposition to concur in Sir William Hunter's forecast than in his retrospect. Critical opinion may not take Mr. H. G. Wells so seriously as a historian, but none will deny that he has always kept his ears close to the ground. About England's work in India, he wrote in the *New Machiavelli* as follows:—

"The English rule in India is surely one of the most extraordinary accidents that has ever happened in history. We are there like a man who has fallen off a ladder on to the neck of an elephant and doesn't know what to do or how to get down. . . . In some manner we shall have to come out of India. We have had our chance and we have demonstrated nothing but the appalling dullness of our national imagination. We are not good enough to do anything with India."

Characteristically brilliant as is the metaphor of the ladder and the elephant, Mr. Wells will not expect general concurrence in his historical judgment.

I have in two recent articles* endeavoured to show that the troubles with which we are now confronted in India are due to an excess rather than a deficiency of virtue; that we have been over-anxious to share with our fellow subjects in India the rich heritage of political freedom with which we ourselves have been endowed. For the moment, however, I am less concerned to obtrude my own opinions than to call into the witness box some discerning foreigners. It may put fresh heart into our representatives

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about the time of the Mutiny from the pen of Alexis de Tocqueville, perhaps the greatest of French publicists:—

"There never has been anything so extraordinary under the sun as the conquest, and still more the government, of India by the English—nothing which from all points of the globe so much attracts the eyes of mankind to that little island, whose very name was to the Greeks unknown. Do you conceive that a nation which has once filled this amazing space in the imagination of our race can withdraw from it with impunity? For my part, I do not think so. I think the English are obeying an instinct which is not only heroical but *true*, . . . in their resolution to keep India at any cost."

About the same time (1855) another distinguished Frenchman, the Comte de Montalembert, wrote:—

"For every man who loves his fellow-man, who believes in the legitimate progress of the human race, who welcomes the increasing happiness of the many, what a consoling and marvellous spectacle is that of the English dominion in India. Its history in those regions is certainly not without stain. . . . But everything considered, and allowing a large amount of evil, we may boldly affirm that history gives no example of a conquest so completely turned to the good of the vanquished."

One more Frenchman, M. Leroy Beaulieu, may be called to give evidence:—

"La disposition d'une souveraineté Européenne aux India serait un malheur et pour le pays et pour la civilisation en général."

Hardly less remarkable, however, and, in view of some gross misrepresentations of Indian affairs in the United States to-day, even more pertinent, are the views expressed about twenty years ago by President Roosevelt:—

"The English administration of India", he said, "is a greater feat than any performed under the Roman Empire. . . . Undoubtedly, India is a less pleasant place than it was formerly for the heads of tyrannical States. There is now little or no room in it for the successful freebooter, chieftains and despots who lived in gorgeous splendour, while under their cruel rule the immense mass of their countrymen festered in sodden misery. But the mass of the people have been, and are, far better off than ever before, far better off than they would be now if English control were overthrown or withdrawn. Indeed, if English control were now withdrawn from

India, the whole peninsula would become a chaos of blood and violence. . . . Every true friend of humanity should realise that the part which England has played in India has been of immeasurable advantage to India, and to the honour and profit of civilisation, and should feel profound satisfaction at the stability and permanence of English rule."

These selections may suffice to encourage the British representatives at the resumed Conference to face with some assurance the Indian representatives who come to speak with them in the gate. We, as a nation, have no reason whatever to be ashamed of our past record in India. On the contrary, we are entitled to point proudly to the administration of India by men of our blood as an achievement admittedly without precedent or parallel in the history of mankind.

But we have to look forward as well as back. Nor in making provision for the future can we ignore the present. Of the India of to-day there are few men living who can claim to speak with higher authority than Sir Harcourt Butler, who has lately condensed into about 100 pages the fruit of forty years' "observation of India." * The contents of this little book ought to be mastered by every Member of Parliament, if not by every elector in the United Kingdom. As things are, many Members of Parliament are, I fear, hardly less ignorant of India than the majority of their constituents. Yet primarily on Parliament, and ultimately on the electorate, rests the responsibility for a wise decision as to the future government of the great sub-continent.

How does the matter stand at this moment? Cordial and felicitous greetings may be addressed to the delegates by the Prime Minister. The new Secretary of State, Sir Samuel Hoare, speaking both as a member of the Government and as one of the Conservative delegates, said, with equal sincerity and accuracy: "Our position and our attitude are identically the same as our position and our attitude were in the discussions last autumn." That is all as it should be; but facts must be faced, and the fact obtrudes itself that while the attitude of Great Britain

* *India Insistent*, by Sir Harcourt Butler. Heinemann. 1931.

remains unaltered, while we are as anxious as we have always been to "see a settlement that would ensure both sound government and good will between India and England" (the words are Sir Samuel Hoare's), the situation in India has altered greatly for the worse since the Conference adjourned.

For this there are many reasons. One of the most potent has been the disposition on the part of English politicians—notably by the Prime Minister and certain sections of the English Press—to exaggerate the actual achievements of the Conference. Unquestionably, a very genial atmosphere pervaded the Conference Chamber in St. James's Palace. The relations prevailing among the different delegations were genuinely cordial. Yet Sir Harcourt Butler is right in insisting that the "proceedings were shrouded in unreality." "No definite scheme", as he justly observes, "was worked out, and everyone reserved his individual opinion. No attempt was made at any stage to visualise the effect of different proposals on the unrepresented masses of the people, and the minorities were left with a bitter feeling that they had been sacrificed to the Hindu majority."

Most people are now tardily beginning to perceive that, in the laudable anxiety to create a favourable "atmosphere", an initial blunder, fraught with grave consequences, was committed. The members of the Statutory Commission have behaved, one and all, with such exemplary discretion and restraint that few people realise how completely they have been boycotted, not merely by the Government but by all the parties they severally represented. All the world, however, is aware that their masterly Report, which ought to have formed the basis of the deliberations at the Round Table Conference, was contemptuously shelved. But Sir John Simon and his colleagues may lay this flattering unction to their souls. Their turn will come. No real progress will be made until we get back on to the solid ground provided by their Report. It is, indeed, true that the enthusiasm for a Federal solution, somewhat prematurely manifested by the Princes, did materially modify the situation. An ideal,

envisaged by the Simon Commission as remote, was thrust by the historic declaration of the Princes into the foreground of the picture. But it has already become manifest that the more cautious approach of the Statutory Commissioners to the Federal solution was fully justified. To that point I shall presently return. Meanwhile, we may glance very briefly at the progress of events and the movements of opinion in India during the interval which has elapsed since the adjournment of the Conference.

So far as can be gathered from the Report (necessarily abbreviated) of the proceedings in the Legislative Assembly at Delhi, it would seem that the first impression created by the Round Table Conference was good. Addressing the members of the Legislative Assembly on January 17, the Viceroy (Lord Irwin), after eulogising the " courage and sense of duty shown by many of the delegates to the Round Table Conference who had done what they deemed to be right in the face of much bitter contumely", summarised the main results of the Conference as they revealed themselves to him. He put first " the recognition by the Indian States of the essential unity of All India and their readiness to take their full share in designing the instruments of government through which that conception might gain concrete expression and effect." Two other results seemed to him "of incalculable value": the realisation by Great Britain of " the new forces that are animating the political thought of India", while India, " feeling no longer that she is misunderstood, is better prepared to recognise that British statesmen have approached the problem, not, indeed, ignoring the real difficulties, but with the single will to find means by which they may be speedily and securely resolved." With reference to the Communal problem, the Viceroy expressed the earnest hope that " leaders of all parties would once more come together resolved no longer to allow the Constitutional progress of India to be impeded by this cause or India herself to lie under the reproach of internal discord and mistrust."

That hope, as all the world knows, has been grievously disappointed. The immediate response of the Legislative

Assembly to the Viceroy's moving appeal was not unpromising. Mr. K. C. Roy, whose death is widely lamented, hailed the Round Table Conference as " a great event." Commenting on its actual achievements, he regarded " Provincial autonomy as a settled fact." He thought they had also obtained recognition of " Dominion status", but to have made " responsible government contingent on federation was an unwise decision."

Safeguards and guarantees seemed to him of little account ; " time would wipe them away", as it had already wiped away the limitations and safeguards with which the Government of India Act (1919) " bristled." This is a cynical avowal of which the Conservative delegates at the resumed Conference will do well to take note. Speaking in a later debate (March 2) on the same subject, Mr. Shanmukham Chetty insisted on a close scrutiny of the financial safeguards referred to in the Report of the Federal Structure Committee. If, he added, " there is one point more than another on which Indian opinion was unanimous, it was that they must in the future Constitution enjoy the fullest power of fiscal and economic freedom. . . ." On the other hand, Rao Bahadur M. C. Rajah expressed the view that under Swaraj safeguards for the depressed classes would be absolutely essential, since power was to pass from the hands of the British, who had ever been the friends of the depressed classes, into the hands of their secular oppressors. This also is a point of which note should be taken.

Yet if the Legislative Assembly gave a not uncordial though critical reception to the Report of the Conference, the country at large and the Congress in particular have given no sign that they appreciate the fundamental condition precedent to any Constitutional concessions. But is the country at large aware of the existence of a Round Table Conference ? Sir Harcourt Butler doubts it : " A statement that 10 per cent. of the population of India knew that a Round Table Conference had been in session might", he says, " err on the side of exaggeration." But let that pass. The vital question is whether the Hindus on the one side, and, on the other, the Moslems and other

minorities, can reach a solution of the Communal problem. Mr. Gandhi has himself declared that it would be futile for Congress to be represented at the resumed Conference unless the Communal problem had been previously solved.

Solved it certainly has not been. Quite otherwise. The events of the last six months must have brought home even to stay-at-home and unimaginative Englishmen the acuteness of religious antagonisms. To speak of them as "religious" is, indeed, if not actually misleading, insufficiently penetrating and comprehensive. The antagonisms go to the very roots of society and politics, as well as creed. "Two nations", as Sir Theodore Morison has truly said, "are here in conflict." Even that understates the case. Several nations are in conflict, though the main conflict is between Hindu and Moslem. Cawnpore, a city of tragic memories, has furnished the world with a record of fresh horrors and atrocities not the half of which have been revealed. Religious antagonisms, so far from showing any sign of the appeasement so ardently desired by Lord Irwin and by all men of good will, have during the last decade been exacerbated, and with cumulative intensity as the day of British withdrawal from India seems to both parties to be coming nearer and nearer. "The truth is", as Sir John Simon said in the debate of July 9, "that since the Montagu reforms the occasions when Hindu-Moslem tension had been carried to the point of violent outbreak have certainly not diminished, and in point of savagery and horror they may be said to have increased." That is the literal truth; nor can anyone dissent from Sir John's final comment: "The Hindu-Moslem quarrel which had overshadowed the latter days of the Round Table Conference and threatens now to make shipwreck of so many hopes must be appeased if any advance is to be made."

The fact, then, must be frankly faced that the Round Table Conference reassembles under circumstances distinctly worse than those which surrounded its adjournment. Cawnpore has revealed *urbi et orbi* what was already well known to every Indian administrator and to every serious student of Indian affairs.

And Cawnpore is only a symptom. The disease is organic, deep-seated, and only the symptoms have been held in check by the strong hand of the Executive. That strong hand has of late years evidently weakened. There has been a serious deterioration in the efficiency of administration. Nor is the reason far to seek. Sir Harcourt Butler blurts out the truth: "The administration has unquestionably been subordinated to policy." Precisely. As an Indian of advanced views pertinently put it to Sir Harcourt Butler: "Some of your politicians say 'Govern or get out.' But you can't get out, and apparently you can't or you won't govern." "Lack of governance" (we learn on the high authority of Bishop Stubbs) produced the civil wars in England in the fifteenth century. Like causes are apt to produce like results. A weakening at the centre, at Delhi and Simla, has meant nervelessness at all points of the circumference. If local administrators fail to deal promptly and boldly with local disorder, the blame should be put on the shoulders of the Central Executive. Yet General Dyer is broken for acting; Mr. Sale is censured for inaction. The real culprits are neither at Amritsar nor at Cawnpore.

Apart from the intensification of Hindu-Moslem animosities, apart from a noticeable and lamentable deterioration in administration, there are other discouraging features in the situation by which the resumed Conference is confronted. Among these the doubts and divisions which have revealed themselves among the rulers of the Indian States are unquestionably the most disquieting.

The only real achievement of the first sessions of the Conference was the draft scheme of Federation—admittedly a very rough draft, but still something to work upon. I have already attempted to make clear to readers of the *Fortnightly Review* that in my judgment the architects of the new Constitution, lacking as they were in expert knowledge, were trying to go much too fast, were starting, indeed, at the wrong end, and were attempting to rear a superstructure without laying sound foundations. Sir Robert Hamilton, a man of ripe Colonial experience, and one of the British representatives at the Conference,

uttered some wise words of caution in the debate in the House of Commons (March 12) :—

"I look upon this Constitution-building," he said, "as likely to be a very very long job. . . . The slower we go the less likely are we to make mistakes. . . . After all, we are building for a long future. What is a matter of a month, or a year, or five years in building up a Constitution for India . . . ."

You cannot, indeed, with safety hurry the process of Constitutional evolution. The final stage in the evolution of the Federal Constitution of the United States was, indeed, the outcome of a few weeks' work. But Federalism had been preceded by Confederation ; and Confederation was effected between communities which had had long experience of self-government. Responsible government preceded Federalism both in Canada and Australia. All experience tends to show that a federal form of government is far from easy to work, even under the most favourable conditions. It would be simply unworkable unless the signatories to the federal pact brought to the task large experience in self-government. As regards India, that experience can only with comparative safety be gained in Provincial Government.

The Conference was, during its first session, swept off its feet by the rapid development of the federal solution. The way was indeed prepared by H.H. the Maharajah of Bikaner, who, towards the end of 1929, made the historic announcement that Federation is a "word which has no terrors for the Princes and Governments of the States." They may not be afraid of the word : but what exactly do they understand by the thing ?

The Montagu-Chelmsford Report hardly did more than hint at federation as a remote possibility, yet for more than one reason the passage embodying the hint should be recalled :—

"Our conception of the eventual future of India is a sisterhood of States, self-governing in all matters of purely local or provincial interests. . . . Over this congeries of States would preside a Central Government *increasingly representative of and responsible to the people of all of them* ; dealing with matters, both internal and external, of common interest to the whole of India ; acting as arbiter in inter-

State relations, and representing the interests of all India on equal terms with the self-governing units of the British Empire. In this picture there is a place also for the Native States" (para. 349).

I draw particular attention to the words I have italicised, because they raise (perhaps unintentionally) a point of the greatest delicacy. Nothing, I suspect, has contributed so potently to the cooling of the enthusiasm for federalism among certain Princes as a perception that a Central Legislature, framed on federal lines, may claim to be "*representative* of and responsible to " not only the peoples of British India, but the subjects of the Indian Princes. Would any of the Princes tolerate for one moment such a limitation of their own autocracy ? But of this more presently.

The Indian States (Harcourt Butler) Committee, touched the question of federation, it will be remembered, very gingerly.

"We have left the door open", they reported, "to closer union. There is nothing in our proposals to prevent the adoption of some form of federal union. . . . But it has been borne in upon us with increasing power, as we have studied the problems presented to us, that there is need for great caution in dealing with any question of federation at the present time, so passionately are the Princes as a whole attached to the maintenance *in its entirety and unimpaired of their individual sovereignty within their States.*"

The significance of the words I have italicised will not be missed by anyone who has followed with attention recent events in India.

Starting from the Montagu-Chelmsford and the Harcourt Butler Reports, the Simon Commission dealt in considerable detail with the Federal solution. In the course of their investigations they quickly became impressed with the unwisdom, if not the impossibility, of framing a scheme for the Government of British India, without reference to the relations which might, and should, develop between British India and the Indian States. The Conference, now reassembled, is a direct result of the convictions thus forced upon the Commissioners, and of their specific recommendation. That one and all they should have been excluded from its deliberations is ironically characteristic of political life ; but not, on that account, the less regrettable.

The advances towards federalism recommended by the Simon Commission were very cautious. Rightly so. But so far as they went the specific proposals were, in my judgment, ill conceived, and likely to prove cumbrous and complicated in practical working.

The Constitutional structure was to be on the three-decker principle. On the lowest deck—the Provincial Governments—there was to be a fully representative Legislature and a completely responsible Executive. "Responsibility" was not to extend to the Central Government. The Central Legislature was to be bicameral and was to consist of (*a*) the "Federal Assembly", consisting mainly of representatives of the Provinces and other local areas of British India, elected, by the method of proportional representation, by the Provincial Councils, together with some nominated officials; and (*b*) the Council of State. Such elements of Federalism as the Central Legislature might possess would, it will be noted, be confined to *British* India. But there was superadded a third deck consisting of a Council for *Greater* India, endowed with "consultative and deliberate functions" in regard to a scheduled list of "matters of common concern" to the Indian States and British India. This Council (for which the term *Federal* should, I submit, have been reserved) was deliberately designed as a cautious first step in the process which might lead to an All-India Federation.

So matters stood when H.H. the Maharajah of Bikaner made the sensational announcement already referred to.

In the glow of the enthusiasm generated by that declaration the Conference met last winter.

The Report of the Conference (Cmd. 3772) has now been for some months before the world. It was by no means free from ambiguities, and it is much to be feared that a closer examination of its text, and further reflection upon its implications, have not tended to greater unanimity among the proposed parties to the Treaty. A Federal Constitution must be in the nature of a Treaty. Entrance into the Federation must be the voluntary act of the component units. Yet grave administrative inconvenience

must inevitably ensue unless participation is practically universal among the States.

In one important respect the draft of the Federal Structure Sub-Committee is an improvement upon the rough sketch of the Simon Commission. The three-decker system gives place to a two-decker. "There should be only a single Legislature to deal with Federal subjects proper and with any subjects which cannot be either federalised or completely provincialised." In this conclusion I respectfully concur; but, as the Conference perceived, the anomalies which must ensue upon the acceptance of this principle are neither few nor insignificant.

Evidently there are some subjects which, though not concerning the Indian States, do concern British India as a whole and cannot be relegated exclusively to the Provincial Governments. The intention would seem to be to apply to this problem the in-and-out solution which proved one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule scheme. "The India States do not desire either to discuss or to vote upon questions which concern British India alone, and are of opinion that these questions should be definitely excluded." Thus the Report. But to frame a satisfactory schedule of such excluded subjects will be no easy task. On the other hand, the Princes will not allow any discussion of matters which concern only themselves and their subjects.

This and other really crucial questions pertinent to the composition and powers of the Federal Legislature were, in fact, reserved for "further exploration". That exploration is likely, I fear, to prove an immensely difficult task. Nor will the difficulty have been diminished by the schism in the ranks of the Princes, revealed by the manifesto put forward in June by the Maharajah of Patiala. As to the measure of support which has been or may be accorded to that manifesto, reports from India are conflicting. It may be that the Princes will prefer to reach an All-India Federation by two stages instead of one: that the Indian States should first federate *inter se* to confront a similar federation of British India, with the addition, perhaps, of a Council of United India, repre-

sentative in equal proportions of the two Federations. For such a Council a model might be found in the Joint Delegations of Austria and Hungary in the latter days of the Hapsburg régime. It may be that a sharp line of division will become increasingly manifest between the smaller States led by Patiala and the larger States, which, following the lead of the Nawab of Bhopal, the young Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, will generally support the Sankey Scheme.

About this no one can be sure. The confused situation may, however, be cleared up soon after the resumed session of the Federal Structure Sub-Committee. In the meantime certain propositions cannot be questioned.

(i) That the loyalty of the Indian Princes to the King-Emperor and the British connexion is unshakeable.

(ii) That under no circumstances will the Princes accept any form of federation which does not secure—

(*a*) an adequate representation of the States in both Houses of the Federal Legislature ;

(*b*) the preservation of the principal Indian States as separate political entities ; and

(*c*) The complete internal autonomy of the States.

(iii) That the adoption of any Scheme of Constitutional reconstruction must be conditional upon a solution of the Communal problem.

For myself, I can only reaffirm the belief expressed in a previous article that the sooner the Conference gets back on to the solid ground of the Simon Report, the more quickly will it reach conclusions likely to approve themselves to Parliament, and capable of translation into Legislative enactments. Let the Provinces be endowed with a full measure of responsibility, and after they have proved themselves worthy of it, let them devise, in conjunction with the Princes, a federal scheme, to be submitted for the approval of the Imperial Parliament. If the scheme is sound, approval, I am confident, will not be withheld.

CURRENT PROBLEMS OF WORLD ECONOMICS

The Case Against Rationalisation

By Prof. T. Gregory, D.Sc.

I

THE two leading characteristics of our Western civilisation are the subordination of our ways of life to the influences of mechanisation, and of our habits of thought to the pragmatic standards of applied science. The mechanisation of life has enabled us to support populations much greater and at standards of life considerably higher than those of the past ; and it is natural, therefore, to hope that the system of ideas which sums up the triumphs of the past two centuries in the conquest of the material forces of nature will, if systematically applied to the unsolved problems of to-day, enable still greater advances to be made in the future. The rationalisation movement in the countries of capitalistic individualism is, at bottom, inspired by the same principles and hopes as those which are lending to the reorganisation of Russian economic life the character of a religious crusade. In both cases it is believed that if only the problems of production can be solved, the increase in material well-being which would follow will justify the existing order to the mass of unreflecting men. In both cases it is hoped that, by use of the means by which the processes of production can be perfected and the sum total of material benefits be still further increased, a social order, *qualitatively* higher and inherently more stable, will be attained. A revolution essentially quantitative in character is to secrete a qualitative by-product ; prosperity through mass production is to create, not only a new earth, but a new heaven of content. So much has been

written upon the subject of rationalisation, which implies that moral revolution can follow upon mechanical improvement, that it is as well to begin by dealing critically, not with the content of the rationalisation programme, but with the social aspects of the claims which have been advanced on its behalf.

To rationalise has acquired in modern psychological doctrine a somewhat sinister meaning, implying the attempt to justify conduct on grounds other than those which were really operative in the case under consideration. From the economic standpoint, the rationalisation of production only means the selection of the most adequate methods of achieving a given result. In that sense, and in that sense only, can the rationalisation movement claim to be " scientific ". Science cannot, and does not, pretend to be able to determine which social ends are desirable and which are not. From the social point of view, therefore, two quite distinct sets of issues are involved. The first is one purely of technology—*i.e.*, what particular means and methods of production will, with an existing knowledge, enable us to maximise output at the least possible cost? The second is entirely different. It is this: what is the social ideal and what ends are comprehended within it? Now it may be the case that the ends which improved technology helps to bring about are also ends which should be included within the concept of the social ideal; but it does not follow that this *is* so, that what is technically possible must always and in all cases be socially desirable also. The rationalisation movement has suffered, in my opinion, from the attempt to buttress it by the imputation into the discussion of its possibilities and achievements of quite gratuitous assumptions as to the nature of the social ideal. Mr. Ford remains a great constructive genius even if it cannot be shown that the ideal state of civilisation does require each individual to possess a motor car. We may all cheerfully admit that poverty, ugliness and inefficient methods of production are not in themselves conducive to the good life, without having to admit that mass production and the conveyor-belt are short cuts to the

attainment of perfection. They are the best friends of the rationalisation movement, who see in it a continuance of those efforts to attain to economy in the organisation of production, which began when man first invented tools and discovered the advantages of specialisation; and who refuse to allow themselves to be blind to the fact that the movement is concerned more with means than with ends. One of the good—if unexpected—results of the present depression in America is that it has resulted in a less uncritical acceptance of the view that, if only the problem of economical production is solved, the other problems of civilisation may be left to look after themselves.

The rationalisation movement has drawn its inspiration from many quarters, but two main streams of influence of especial importance may be distinguished, though they are of unequal significance from the social point of view. As a philosophy of productive method, rationalisation begins with the researches, achievements and publications of Taylor, the American " efficiency-engineer ", and those of his followers and critics, which first aroused widespread public interest in the possibilities of increasing production at lower costs by extreme specialisation, careful selection of workers, the adaptation of machinery to the exact task it was to perform, and the evocation of the appropriate psychological reactions on the part of the workers by the invention of bonus-wage systems of many different kinds. The War immensely increased the opportunity for experimentation in these directions, by creating at one and the same time an almost unlimited demand for goods of a uniform kind and a shortage of skilled labour. Subdivision and substitution thereby of unskilled for skilled labour received a great stimulus. The discovery that mass-production methods, when applied to the luxury trades, enabled an immense new market to be tapped was the basis of the astonishing technical progress in the United States in recent years, and led to a conscious policy of imitation in Germany after the deterioration of the currency in 1924. The latest worshipper at the shrine of technological improvement is the Russian Socialist Republic.

II

Another aspect of rationalisation has, however, received less attention. It is concerned less with balance-sheet and more with human values, though there are points of contact between the two aspects which must not be overlooked. Beginning with the fatigue and motion studies of such writers and experimenters as Emma Goldmark and the Gilbreths, this movement also received a great stimulus during the war, through the experiments in welfare work of the Ministry of Munitions and the Home Office and the investigations of the physiologists. The elimination of unnecessary fatigue, in the interests not only of dividends, but of human well-being, is the inspiration of such bodies as the National Institute of Industrial Psychology and the Industrial Research Board. But, of recent years, public attention has largely been concentrated upon the first, rather than upon the second, aspect of rationalisation: and "welfare work" has largely come to be dissociated from "rationalisation" as a subject of discussion.

The objectives of the rationalisation movement are also very diverse. The rationalisation of production may cover any or all of the following. First, *the process* and the *labourer*. Under this head are included fatigue and motion study, wage systems, the use of labour-saving and automatic machinery, the planning and lay-out of works and fixed plant, the use of the conveyor-system and the like. Secondly, comes the rationalisation of the *product*; by the simplification and reduction in the number of types produced and the standardisation of parts. Thirdly, the objective may be the *system of organisation*: the combination of productive units, either vertically or horizontally, for the purpose of creating an undertaking possessing just the right size for economical working as a whole. Fourthly, it is attempted to rationalise the *market*: producers may agree to eliminate competition by assigning to each a proportion of the total demand, or by dividing up the market by agreement in such wise that a part of the field, geographically or by range of

products, is reserved for each producer, or by common sales organisations and the creation of *de facto* or virtual monopolies. Next may come a reorganisation of *financial rights*: certain industries require not only a thorough overhauling on the technical side, but a readjustment of the position of various classes of owners. Lastly, rationalisation may be applied to the relations between an industry and the public which consumes its products—not merely through reorganisation of the technical market structure, but by careful study of changes of taste and fashion, by investigating the possibilities of advertising, by the creation of facilities for deferred payment—all of them in the end devices for stabilising the general demand conditions for the products of a particular industry.

Many of these possible objectives of rationalisation imply one another. Thus economy in production costs implies a simplification of types and standardisation of parts, whilst simplification and mass output imply, in general, an increase in the size of the unit of production and, given this, greater possibilities of integrating enterprises follow. Again, a greater degree of integration implies the possibility of closer control over the market and the necessity for financial reorganisation. Finally, standardisation of types of output, with all that that in itself permits in the direction of economies in cost of production, necessitates the creation of homogeneity in standards of consumption: mass-production, in a word, implies mass-consumption, and mass-consumption in its turn requires organised effort to bring it about. Thus, regarded purely from the standpoint of adaptation of means to ends, rationalisation is in effect an effort so to shape the economic mechanism as to enable full advantage to be taken, along the whole front, of the fact that, when an operation becomes *repetitive*, specialisation of function, in conjunction with volume produced, greatly reduces the cost of that operation. Thus the current tendency in Great Britain to concentrate attention on the possibility of controlling the market, through large organisations working in closer contact with one another, misses the full significance of the rationalisation movement, even if that movement be

treated as what, in fact, it is: an exploitation of the resources of modern economic and business technology.

III

A movement so vast as this, and covering, as already indicated, so many aspects of economic life, is bound to bring with it many difficult problems. Some of these problems relate to the consequences of the rationalisation movement; others, again, are concerned with the internal structure of the economic system and with the limitations imposed upon rationalisation, limitations which are not always assessed at their true value by advocates of indiscriminate unification and concentration, or of mass-production methods as a cure for our economic difficulties.

By far the most difficult of the social problems raised by rationalisation is the problem of unemployment. In the United States there has been invented a special phrase to describe the unemployment which, it is held by some, inevitably follows from improvements in machine process. Such unemployment is called "Technological Unemployment" and it is urged that, even before the breakdown in the autumn of 1929, a considerable volume of unemployment, due directly to the intensification of mechanisation, existed in spite of the generally prosperous condition of American industry. Owing to the absence of any official figures of unemployment before the Special Census return of 1930, it is impossible to say how large unemployment at any time actually was: the fact remains that the position was sufficiently acute to cause the appointment of a Senate Committee to investigate the situation. It does not, of course, follow that, because there was unemployment, such unemployment was caused by the rapidity of technological changes.

The problem of the relationship between the state of unemployment and the use of mechanical instruments of production is by no means a new one, as I have elsewhere tried to show (*Economic Journal*, December, 1930), for discussion of this very matter began with the development of machine industry, and the terms of the discussion have not varied substantially since the beginning of the nine-

teenth century. All optimistic deductions rest upon the assumption that, in the long run, economies in cost increase the margin of free income available for expenditure in other directions, and upon the further assumption that, given a free margin of income, the average consumer will in fact utilise his margin by buying goods or services which, at the old level of prices, he was unable to command. That, by and large, such has been the course of events can hardly be disputed; there is no evidence that, over periods sufficiently long to enable true inferences to be drawn, the machine has added to the volume of permanent unemployment, or that, in other words, the volume of unemployment has been *progressively* increasing. But it is another thing to argue that, in all cases, and in the short run, the introduction of improved technological processes has left the unemployment situation unchanged; that the fear of the worker that machinery will deprive him of his job is wholly groundless. Such a conclusion would be completely untenable. Where the demand for a product is, in technical terms, highly "elastic", *i.e.*, where aggregate demands increase sharply as the price falls, an increase in the scale of output may, even in the short run, cause no unemployment; until recently, at least, this was the case in the American automobile industries. Even where the demand is inelastic, where rationalisation is accompanied by an indirect demand for new machinery and a considerable reduction of price in the finished product, the unemployment caused by the dismissal of labour directly may be compensated by the growth of indirect demands in other directions. But where the scale upon which an industry has been reorganised is unsuitable to the extent of the market to be served—so that prices cannot be reduced to the consumer so much as they would have been if the demand for the product had been more elastic—or, where, as in a period of depression, price reductions in one direction do not lead to increased expenditure in other directions, because consumers may accumulate additional money savings which are *not* spent, there indirect methods of compensating a reduction of demand in a single industry by increasing demands in others are *not* present.

The problem of unemployment is, moreover, greatly affected by the degree to which the labour force as a whole is mobile or immobile. In countries such as the United States, where labour turnover is very great, even very rapid changes in technology may not necessarily cause any margin of unemployment. If an industry loses in a year, say, 20 per cent. of those engaged in it, then an improvement which dispenses with 20 per cent. of the workers will simply imply that *in the future* the chances of employment in that industry will decline: *not that any direct unemployment will be caused. Things may, however, be very different in countries where labour is more specialised* and where custom and trade union and other institutional checks to free movement hamper the transfer of labour. Even in the United States the mobility of labour has been exaggerated; and there can be no question that in the last decade of revolutionary growth the total volume of employment has been declining whilst production has been increasing. It was the growth of demand for labour *outside* industry in the narrow sense of that term which solved, though it is suspected only in part, the problem of alternative occupations. The urbanisation of the population and the decline of domestic life, together with the growth in the demand for amusement and travel facilities, has greatly expanded the scale of the so-called "service industries". Thus, whilst there is no reason to fear that in the long run a growth in the mechanical forces at the command of mankind will mean that the population can no longer find means of livelihood, there is also no reason to suppose that improvements in mechanism and organisation must, in the short run, mean the reabsorption of workers in any industrial direction, still less their reabsorption in the old industries in which they were previously occupied. This future sphere of occupation may be outside industry, in the old sense, altogether and the process of reabsorption may be slow and painful.

IV

A second issue which is raised by the rationalisation movement is concerned with the relationship between

larger units of production and the leadership of industry. There is prevalent in all countries at the present a misconception which may well be called the fallacy of size. It is assumed, that is, that a growth in the scale of enterprise, especially if associated with monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic conditions, is in and of itself a condition of success and of economic stability. The virtual breakdown of the largest British shipping group may well serve as a warning against any such easy assumption. It is not the case that large combinations are successful merely in virtue of their size: the truth appears to be that successful leadership, if allied to the appropriate technical conditions of production and demand, promotes to a larger scale of enterprise, but that, unless successful leadership can continue to be guaranteed, even successful combinations and large-scale enterprises will break down again in the course of time. For competition is not merely a direct struggle between units of production turning out the same or a similar range of products; it also emerges in the shape of competitive offering of alternative products appealing to different sets of tastes, and determining, instead of being determined by, the consumption-pattern of a given place and generation. Thus the rationalisation movement ultimately comes up against a problem common to industry, government and the professions: the methods by which leadership is secured and maintained. Any large-scale organisation implies an hierarchical organisation; the emergence, in other words, of a routine form of government. By the same token, then, large-scale organisation involves a loss of elasticity, and, if it is to survive successfully, also implies a substitution of conscious search for new talent among the lower ranks and the younger generations, for that more automatic emergence of new and vigorous talent which results from the play of competitive market forces so long as the units of production are small relatively to the total output of an industry.

This fact, that conscious selection of future leadership is an integral part of the problem of large-scale operation, is an element weighing heavily against any assumption of invariable success. The larger the scale upon which

business is conducted, the longer the link between the heads of the enterprise and the rank and file. Granted that it is to the interests of the heads of the enterprise to be constantly on the lookout for new talent, it is not necessarily to the immediate interests of the intermediate links of the chain to select what are virtually additional rivals challenging the *status quo*. Thus, even if the selection of new talent really does interest the *de facto* leaders, and this cannot always be taken for granted, the larger the organisation the greater the chance that, in practice, those best fitted to assume leadership in the future will not be promoted as rapidly as the exigencies of the situation really require. A loss of industrial efficiency is therefore involved. No doubt it is possible to solve the problem *ad interim* by the selection of striking and successful personalities from outside the organisation and industry concerned: the higher ranks of the Civil Service, for instance, or the professions. But there are obvious limits to this process, both in this country, where industry has been drawing upon the Civil Service, and in America, where the law and journalism are important recruiting grounds. For these professions themselves offer great prizes to successful contestants, and, in any case, before the right selection can be made among the successful outside the industry concerned in the choice, these contestants themselves may have reached a time of life when elasticity of mind and readjustment to new conditions may no longer prove easy.

Mere size may prove a delusion in another direction. At any given moment, granted a certain grade and quality of leadership, an effective limit to the scale of organisation is given by the human factors involved. There are, however, technological factors as well. Beyond a certain point an increase in the scale of organisation results in technological inefficiency: to a rise and not to a fall in costs of production. It is a commonplace of economic science that "division of labour is limited by the extent of the market." This implies that a scale of organisation unsuitable to the extent of the market will work with greater overhead costs than would have been the case if the unit of production had been smaller; but a wider

signification even than this attaches to the point under consideration. It is not possible, as Mr. Jewelles, for instance, has shown in the case of textiles, absolutely accurately to dovetail all processes in an integrated enterprise: in a word, the optimum size for particular processes is not necessarily the same, and the net cost to an enterprise of attempting to co-ordinate processes with different efficiency optima of operation may well be greater than the cost of the marketing mechanism, which would otherwise have integrated them through a less organically associated type of structure. It is possible, no doubt, to dispose of issues such as these by the easy assumption that expert knowledge will indicate the point at which to stop. But expert knowledge can only determine the optimum point after that point has been settled by a process of trial and error. To sum up, there is no reason whatever to suppose that large-scale organisation is inherently more stable than small-scale organisation. And there is, at all events, the certain fact that the scale of losses involved when mistakes are made is definitely greater: a fact well illustrated by the events of the present world-wide depression of trade.

V

The preceding discussion leads to two important conclusions. In the first place, there is no reason for supposing that what is true of some industries is necessarily true of all, and that the inevitable trend of industrial organisation is *universally* towards large-scale organisation. Putting the same point in another way, the minimum conditions for the emergence of large-scale organisation are, firstly, an elastic demand for the products of the industry necessary in order to justify large-scale production; and secondly, technological features which enable increasing returns, *i.e.*, diminishing cost per unit as the output rises, to be realised. It does not follow that an industry which exists to supply a large aggregate demand is one which necessarily satisfies these two conditions simultaneously. For the large aggregate demand may in fact resolve itself into a large number of specialised demands

for particular kinds and varieties of product; so that, unless the consumer can be drilled or cajoled into asking for a standardised product, the production units may well continue to be small relatively to the total out-turn of the industry. And an increase in average wealth, which enables individuals to escape from the necessity of having to imitate their neighbours and to confine their purchases to the standardised ranges of qualities offered by the market, may prove to be an effective barrier to the spread of habits of consuming only standardised articles inculcated by "high-power" advertising. But where the two conditions mentioned are present, or where, by advertising, reorganisation of plant, or fusion of competing enterprises and domination of the market, they can be brought into existence, large-scale operation is possible, and the growth of technical knowledge (including management) will increase the scale of enterprise and cause its extension to new fields where conditions have hitherto been unfavourable. On the other hand, the differentiation of tastes and the rise in the average income level may cause, in other cases, a reversion to a smaller scale of enterprise, or allow of the co-existence of large and small enterprises, manufacturing respectively for the standardised and specialised markets in a particular product. The survival, even the renascence, in cities like New York and London of the specialised shop, in spite of the competition of department and chain-store is a case in point. There is, therefore, no reason to fear a complete elimination of the small producer, or a universal regimentation of labour by mass-production process. Recent investigations by the National Industrial Conference Board show that, even in the United States, the large factory by no means dominates the situation.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, there is, secondly, no reason to believe that rationalisation, in the sense of large-scale operation, is destined completely to solve our industrial problems. For Great Britain is, par excellence, the country of quality production, and an uncritical accept-

competitive with, the industries of other countries, especially the industry of the United States. The success of American large-scale production is conditioned by a series of factors: a vast internal market with highly specialised characteristics due to the American mode of life, which find no exact parallel in this country. At the same time, a world which is increasing in wealth is likely to be an increasing, rather than a declining, market for specialised products of higher quality, and we should not allow ourselves to be blinded to the implications of this fact by the special difficulties of the moment. For these reasons I believe a blind worship of large-scale organisation to be antagonistic to the true long-period interests of British industry. There are British industries to which large-scale organisation is appropriate, and there are certain kinds of rationalisation which are appropriate to many forms of industry. But discrimination between case and case remains a primary condition for the successful application of the many principles and methods associated with the rationalisation movement.

THE ENGLISH CELLAR

By T. Earle Welby

"THE last word," said Disraeli, in malicious helpfulness when his greatest opponent had for once lost the thread of an argument, "the last word was 'infamous.'" The last word of my previous article really was infamous, being the word "soda-fountain." It is a word not to be avoided; for as far as my observation goes the national drink of England is now either something sold from the urban soda-fountain, or something sold by the wayside where a hideous white and blue enamelled sign announces "Minerals."

Why the soda-fountain was ever introduced into England and how mere aerated waters came to be called minerals are questions wholly beyond me. Let it suffice that these extraordinary beverages have long been regarded by the wise as extremely dangerous. Did not George Meredith, long ago, by word of mouth, give us the cautionary tale of the man who exclusively drank gasified waters, and died suddenly, whereupon his friends, instead of accepting the obvious explanation, insisted upon an autopsy, which had to be conducted by a physician wearing blue glasses to shield his eyes from the glare of the stalactites in the poor wretch's interior? With these deplorable drinks must be lumped those half-hearted frauds, cider which is not cider, beer which is not beer, things condemned even in the country of Prohibition, as by the negro waiter who said of some such fluid: "It looks like beer, it smells like beer, but when it gets into you it has no authority."

Beer abides, and the best of it is now as good as English beer ever was. This is not a fashionable thing to say. For years the air has been full of the moanings of those who imagine a golden age for beer, and suppose it to have been destroyed by the wickedness of the great breweries. The

truth of the matter is that, until the nineteenth century was pretty well advanced, most small brewers and vendors, secure in local monopoly, adopted the most vicious methods with beer. As late as 1824, the author of *The Private Brewery* wrote: "It has seldom been my fortune in a great number of years to taste unadulterated purchased ale, whether brewed in the metropolis or in the brewing districts of the country." For years before that date and for some years later an extremely harmful and highly intoxicating drug, the Indian berry (*coccollus Indicus*), was freely used in beer; and willow bark, walnut leaf, quassia, gentian, aloes, entered into the production of what was sold in hundreds of establishments and more particularly in the abominable beer-houses produced by the Duke of Wellington's Act. However the limited number of favourably placed individuals may have fared, the nation as a whole never had pure beer, wholesome and maintained to the standard of the particular brewery, until such great concerns as Barclay, Allsop, Bass, rose into command of the market. But that the evil continued longer than is commonly supposed is made manifest in a piece of evidence which will probably be unfamiliar to most people in this country. I call as witness Baudelaire, who, writing to Alfred de Vigny, I think somewhere about the year 1860, most earnestly warned him against drinking any English beer available in Paris except that emanating from Messieurs Allsop, or Messieurs Bass, a touching proof of one great poet's solicitude for the health of another, but more pertinently for us a reminder that the evil continued into a time within the memory of still-living veterans.

But beer is hardly what one thinks of when there is talk of a cellar. Still less now does anyone think of whisky as a constituent of the cellar. For nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand English people, Scotch whisky is a proprietary article bought by the bottle, and carrying no guarantee of precise origin. It is a blend of malt spirit and grain spirit, some unspecified proportion of which may be genuine Highland malt made in the genuine old pot still. Certain of these proprietary whiskies are not despicable, a very few are in their sort quite good, and

undoubtedly it is a convenience to be able to count on a minimum of quality and a familiar flavour at a fixed price wherever one may be ; but the proprietary whiskies are not Scotch whisky as the connoisseur understands it. The great Highland unblended malt whiskies, of which I suppose Smith's Glenlivet to be the very finest, and of which Lagavullan is perhaps the most catholic in appeal, are quite another affair. They are worthy of being kept in a cask in the cellar, or rather of being kept as to each in a couple or trio of casks of different age, so that when cask " A " is nearly half consumed it may be replenished from the slightly younger cask " B," and the cask " B " from the still younger cask " C," on pretty well the Sherry solera system. Only, nowadays, who has a mind so to treat Scotch whisky ? And how many of us even with the mind to it would have the means to engage ourselves in the maturing and refreshing of Scotch whisky ?

It is time, however, to pass to what is most proper to the cellar, wine itself. The history of the English cellar does not extend over more than a few decades. To be sure, if the cellar be defined merely as a place in which alcoholic beverages are temporarily lodged, the cellar is a very ancient institution and still survives ; but there could be no storing of wine in order that it might acquire bottle-age until the cork and the corkscrew and the bottle of " binnable " and not bulbous shape came into existence, so that we need not look back for much more than a century and a half.

When we are so taken back we may also be taken aback. Some of the wines in which our grandfathers and fathers rightly gloried were either not developed in the eighteenth century or were wrongly estimated here or were seldom obtainable in England. The history of British fiscal interference between the English connoisseur and the wines of his natural preference is far too complicated to be dealt with here ; enough that from the eighteenth century onwards, until Mr. Gladstone wisely cut down the duty on light French wines (but simultaneously spoilt all by throwing the wine trade cheaply open to grocers), the Englishman was forced away from French wines and driven to

favour Port. That there is something in good Port suited to the English character and to the English climate is unquestionable, and seeing that for two hundred years English firms have dominated the Portuguese wine industry, we are entitled to boast of Port almost as if it had been produced under the British flag. But that the preponderance of Port in the typical British cellar for a century or so really represents English taste is a belief than can be held only by those utterly unacquainted with the story of the fiscal favouring of the Portuguese and the penalisation of French wines.

During perhaps two-thirds of the nineteenth century, Claret was on the whole more widely appreciated in Scotland than in England. That is to say that, whereas, roughly speaking, the appreciation of it in England was confined to aristocratic circles, in Scotland it was also quite commonly appreciated in certain professional and business circles. Burgundy probably had a shorter period of intelligent valuation in the English cellar than almost any great wine, always excepting its southern, and not very near, neighbour, Hermitage. The blame is not entirely to be put on the English consumer, for Burgundy has increasingly been a wine in regard to which, consequent on the minute subdivision of the great vineyards, it is difficult to make sure of obtaining the same thing by citing the same name and year. Hermitage had its hour in the English cellar, and in English literature, with Meredith conspicuously lifting up his voice in its eulogy ; but it is utterly gone from us now, partly because both the white and the red need more time for mellowing than in our hasty days we are prepared to give them, partly because the red throws one of the most difficult of all sediments, partly because supplies are small. Champagne was, in the 'sixties, almost a popular wine in England, so lightly taxed that in the blessed epoch some of the best of it could be commonly obtained for about six shillings a bottle ; but for years past it has been no more than the beverage purchased at " Brighter London " cabaret shows at about three times the price it has in the retail market.

Sherry has been through many phases in England. At

one time, rather late in the Victorian era, Sherry and bitters had a certain illogical vogue, and this method of spoiling good or disguising bad Sherry is by no means unknown now. There was also a craze for "special old brown Sherry", in other words, mostly for Sherry full of caramel and likely to produce liver. Here, at any rate, there has been some progress, and there is an increasing though still not very large demand for the light, pale, dry Sherries, in which the virtues of the wine can be best appreciated. Madeira of the first quality is now hardly more than a memory; the terrible maladies which struck down the Madeira vineyards and the decline of demand from the East Indies were fatal to the wine.

But the misfortunes of vineyards smitten by the *phylloxera* and *oïdium*, the caprices of British statesmen more concerned to make gestures of political hostility or friendship than to ensure a supply of wholesome and pleasant wine to the nation, the economic changes of the nineteenth century, all these have counted for less than the weakening of a certain ideal of culture. For a considerable period, call it three-quarters of a century, it was a part of good breeding to have some knowledge and discrimination in regard to wine. The host, whatever his means, was not merely a person willing to foot the bill at a place of public entertainment; and places of public entertainment were kept in check by the admirable system of corkage, whereby a host was not bound to take whatever the establishment offered, but could introduce his own wines so long as he was willing to pay for the privilege. For many years past, there has been no sort of check on hotels and restaurants in this respect, and the average customer has kept no cellar from which, even where the system of corkage is still working, he can introduce his own wines. The most of the restaurants have proceeded on the assumption that their customers are either so wealthy as not to care what they pay or so ignorant as not to know the quality of what they are getting. There has thus grown up among thousands of our people the belief that wine is a very expensive luxury to be used only when revelling outside the home, and then under conditions of vehement jazz music and

blatant illumination which preclude consideration of its quality. But the beginning of all wisdom in regard to wine is the study, diurnal and in domestic tranquillity, of the well-bred secondary wines, the wines not too wonderful or costly to be taken on ordinary occasions. In short, the private cellar, be it no more than a cupboard holding five or six half-dozens, is essential to everyone who aspires to be more than a vulgar patron of the flashiest restaurants.

There might perhaps be a better chance for a revival of enlightened interest in wine in this country if there were closer association between those who collect old English wine glasses and decanter labels and those who appreciate the wines for which those glasses and labels were designed. Considered simply as craftsman's work, many of the glasses and labels are extremely attractive. The extraordinary purity of colour and elegance of shape in the best eighteenth-century English wine glasses can hardly be over-praised on purely æsthetic grounds; so, also, it would be difficult to over-praise, on similar grounds, the charming Battersea enamel decanter labels or bottle tickets produced for about twenty years from 1750, and the silver labels made by such artists as Blakley and Brind.[1] As it happens, however, the majority of those who collect fine old glass and fine decanter labels care precious little about wine, though probably no one who cares for wine can be indifferent to the charm of the labels on the glasses. The revival of educated interest in wine is thus denied one of its natural allies.

Then again, the feminine influence is hostile to the serious discussion of wine at or after dinner. The man who persisted in talking wine to his woman partner during dinner would speedily find himself rebuffed; and it is not possible to discuss either wine or anything else in the ten minutes that elapse between the conclusion of the meal and rejoining the women in another room. A complete revival, in short, presupposes a masculine society and leisurely conversation about the wines consumed. And as for interest in con-

[1] In addition to the signed work of such artists, bearing their personal touch, there are some admirable examples of tickets made from dies, especially those associated with the name of Giles.

temporary wine glasses and decanters and other appurtenances, the average supplier of them will not mend his wicked ways until the purchase of such things is undertaken, separately and seriously, by the man of the house instead of being merely an incident in the complete furnishing of the house or flat at the caprice of the woman of the house. Most of the glass sold by the stores and " complete house furnishers " is thoroughly unsuited to its purpose. The commonest fault is that the glasses are too small, with the result that, unless the diners are to be denied more than a mere sip, it is necessary to fill them to the brim, whereas with good wine no glass should ever be filled to more than two-thirds of its capacity. Almost as common a fault is the shape, which dissipates instead of concentrating the bouquet of wine ; in other words, a shape in which the top of the glass is wider than any other part of it, instead of being pinched in to a form something like that of a tulip.

But for all the difficulties in the way a revival of sorts is coming. There is not the least reason to expect that a knowledge of wine will ever again be regarded as a necessary part of a gentleman's education, but the minority of enlightened lovers of wine are being made the more active and eloquent by the feeling that they are a minority, and they are also finding increased support from science. Not so long ago a very distinguished scientist pointed the moral of that disastrous small-scale experiment in Prohibition carried out in the Pacific, whereby mortality among the indigenous population was enormously increased, until research revealed that only through fermented liquor could the people with a very limited food supply obtain enough vitamins. Whatever else wine may have to fear, it is not the extension of genuinely scientific research. On the contrary, the more attention is given by true scientists to wine, the higher wine will stand in the estimation of informed people. In France, where there is uncommonly little prejudice to combat, wine in all its aspects has been very carefully considered by scientists from the time of Pasteur's investigations to the present day, because the production of wine is one of the major French industries and the one of which the most patriotic Frenchmen are

proudest. England, producing no wine from the grape, has had no industrial reason for scientific inquiry, which has consequently tended to become the hobby of cranks eager to confuse together all fluids containing alcohol, as if methylated spirits, which can produce blindness and madness, and the finest of vintage Claret were virtually the same thing. We are moving past those crudities, and the best scientific opinion in England is moving towards confirmation of what wise men have so long known by intuition and experience, that good wine is a blessed thing. I myself many years ago heard it declared by one who had earned a reputation first as physician and then as anthropologist that, next to the assumption of the upright attitude, nothing had done so much to raise man out of the conditions of the brute beast as the discovery and use of fermented liquor.

That may have been an exaggeration, but it is plain that among us the claims of wine will be increasingly pressed by scientists as well as by the minority of connoisseurs. And if the total number of English appreciators of wine should still remain relatively small, that will not be a matter for unmixed regret. After all, the vineyard areas producing really fine wine are very small. This is an extreme case, but the great vineyards of the Côte de Nuit extend only a little over 300 acres and produce only from 600 to 700 hogsheads of wine to meet the whole world's demand. Seeing that the Burgundians themselves, the rest of the French, and the Belgians, eagerly seek out these wines, the fraction available for import into this country is minute, and were there any general demand for them, it would be a case of the average Englishman getting a teaspoonful a year.

But though there is no reason to desire the conversion of the entire English populace to choice Burgundies and Clarets, there is very good reason to desire the exclusion by law of spurious and faulty wines. Since Mr. Gladstone was Premier, there has been no English statesman seriously concerned about what the people like : it is time some English government entered into treaties with France, Germany, Spain and other great wine growing countries, by which there should be admitted into this country only wines contained in an agreed list, those to be guaranteed

by the foreign Power to be not only actually of the region on the labels, but made from the characteristic and " noble " grape of that region.[1]

Statesmanship, after all, is not only the business of caring for the majority, but the art of taking some heed of valuable minorities. Is it too wild a dream that there may some day arise a Chancellor of the Exchequer who will allow, within certain limits, a concession to those of the King's subjects who have providently and patiently locked up money in their cellars, instead of squandering it on vulgar pleasures? When that day comes, there will once more be, not as a rarity, the English Cellar.

[1] It is, or should be, a well known fact that Burgundy can be geographically genuine, and yet be made from the *Gamay* instead of the *Pinot noir*, and so false to the character of the Côte d'Or wines, though the *Gamay* yields some very good wines, with a character of their own, in the not far distant Beaujolais vineyards.

BRITAIN AND FRANCE

The Future of Europe

By C. F. Melville

I

THE London Conference in July carried out a job of temporary financial plumbing, described by Mr. Secretary Stimson as " stopping up the hole in the bath." Translated into financial terms, this meant that the Conference decided that the first essential was the taking of international measures for the maintenance in Germany of existing credits before considering the advancement of new ones.

The next step—to borrow another simile from the Conference delegates—was a matter of " refrigeration ", for it was decided to create a " freezing committee " for the purpose of " freezing " credits already in Germany against any possibility of their suddenly flowing out again. This was successfully achieved, as far as the principal banks in the interested countries were concerned ; and this international action, coupled with additional measures of German self-help, ensured that there would not be another run on foreign credits in Germany for some months to come. It was generally understood that remedial measures on a more permanent basis would have to be considered later in the year, but it was hoped that the patching up done by the London Conference would suffice for the time being.

With the exception of the question of the smaller states —Greece, Roumania and Jugoslavia, who will need credits if they are to make their quota to the Hoover Plan without suffering—the immediate problems in connection with both the Hoover Plan and the German financial crisis appeared to have been dealt with satisfactorily, when, on the very morrow of the London Conference, Britain was caught in the backwash of the German trouble.

Gold withdrawals from London, mostly to France, began to take place on an alarming scale. The conventional French explanation at the time was that it was an ordinary if regrettable matter, certain people in France seeing an opportunity for making a little profit on the exchange. It may have been partly due to this. But it had far more to do with that ominous word—which had had such a tragic ring during the worst moments of the German crisis—that frightening word "Confidence" (or rather lack of confidence).

Foreign bankers, not all of them French, began to be nervous as to the possible effect of the instability of the German situation upon the financial soundness of Britain, owing to the extensive lendings to Germany on the part of this country. The trouble, it seems, was precipitated by Swiss bankers suddenly unloading their sterling in exchange for dollars and francs, and the pound sterling then began to "wobble".

To meet this situation, the Bank Rate went up as a matter of course. Later, the Bank of England made approaches to the Banque de France. These advances were not, in the first instance, received with a conspicuous degree of warmth by the French, who had been nursing grievances anent the part played behind the scenes by the Governor of the Bank of England, in the attempt to turn the London Conference into an instrument for the revision of the financial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.

However, Sir Robert Kindersley, of the Bank of England, whose reputation for tact is international, finally succeeded in arranging for an accommodation from the Banque de France; M. Moret, the Governor of the Banque de France, brought in the Federal Reserve Bank of America; and the result was a credit for £50,000,000, borne in equal parts by the Central Banks of France and America, which was placed at the disposal of the Bank of England on August 1st.

This accommodation was designed to ease the situation in the City against the eventuality of further gold withdrawals, and also, to some extent, to help London to maintain its credits in Germany.

The immediate repercussion of this arrangement was that central banking relations between London and Paris again became closer, and the political atmosphere less charged with currents—or rather, undercurrents—of mutual antipathy, than had been the case during the London Conference (when Franco-British differences over the scope of the London Conference resulted in some sections of the British Press expressing open hostility to France, which hostility was reciprocated with equal heat by certain sections of the French Press).

Unfortunately the effect of the Franco-American credit on the pound sterling was short lived, for the initial lack of foreign confidence in the financial soundness of this country, to which I have already alluded, was suddenly made more marked by a belief which spread rapidly over the Continent, that our budgetary deficit entailed the possibility of national insolvency.

Barely a month had passed before the £50,000,000 credit, used to bolster up the pound sterling, was virtually exhausted. On the eve of the formation of the National Government forty-five of those fifty millions had already been absorbed.

It is not within the scope of this article to deal with the British crisis *per se*, which is covered elsewhere in this issue, but it is pertinent to my subject to refer, in passing, to the fact that an additional Franco-American credit of £80,000,000 was secured by this country. The French were first in the field with willingness to make this loan, intimating, however, that it would be desirable for the U.S. bankers to be associated with it. The "terms", if they may be so described, of the Franco-American assistance, involved the formation of a British Government, pledged to carry out national economies calculated to balance the Budget and restore international confidence in the soundness of Britain's financial position.

II

The most striking aspect revealed by this résumé of events is the emergence of France as the dominating factor

in the European situation. For the lead in international affairs has now definitely passed, for the time being at least, from London to Paris. French diplomacy has "a gold cover". In a word, the soundness of the internal economic structure of France has provided her with the financial "material" for a powerful foreign political policy, whereas in the case of Britain the difficulties of the internal economic situation, together with financial uncertainty, have necessitated the substitution of a "platonic" for a forward policy in foreign affairs.

By virtue of her "gold-cover diplomacy" France has succeeded in dismembering the *revangiste* groupings which were in course of formation in Europe against herself and her smaller allies. Hungary has been detached from Fascist Italy's expansionist schemes, and her own revisionist programme aimed against the Little Entente States has consequently been damped down. Germany and Austria have had to renounce their Customs Union project, temporarily at least; and the short-lived triumph of the Bank of England over the Banque de France in respect of Austria has accordingly been nullified. Italy's dreams of an Italo-German-Russian bloc cannot now materialise. And, lastly, the way is now clear for (1) the realisation of the Danubian economic federation, and (2) the exploration of the possibilities of some kind of settlement of the Franco-German question.

These are the hard politico-financial facts of the international situation, and, the facts being as they are, while one can welcome the improved conditions both in regard to the German and British crises and the atmosphere of Franco-British relations, it would nevertheless be idle to contend that these improvements are necessarily so profound or so permanent as superficially they may appear to be. For the German situation has yet to be dealt with in a bold and constructive spirit, the position of the smaller powers in regard to the Hoover plan to be regulated, and the psychological *rapport* between Britain and France to be finally adjusted. These problems will become more marked and their solution more imperative as this year draws towards its close, especially as the dawn of the new

year will bring with it the fateful General Disarmament Conference.

III

With these major questions still to be faced—and having to be faced in the near future—the time would seem to be opportune to take up again the question I put in these columns last January: "Whither Europe?"

A certain section of the London daily Press, which recently made an attack on the League of Nations, appears to think that the solution of Europe's problem is to be found through the inception of an Anglo-German-American alliance aimed at the isolation of France. Quite apart from the rightness or wrongness of the French political method in Europe, and taking the matter purely from the angle of practical politics, it is clear that the hard facts of the international situation in general, and of Britain's own situation in particular, make such a solution impracticable, to say the least of it, for Britain.

Let us examine the reasons for this:—

In the first place the United States would not agree to such a proposition; politically, because she does not desire the entanglement of European alliances, and financially, because she has a paramount interest as great as that of France in preserving the principle of Reparations and Debts Payments. Finally, of course, when the Hoover Moratorium Year has run its course, the Debts and Reparations question will have to be the subject of further international deliberation, and this problem hangs like a shadow over the various other problems to be dealt with, to which I have already alluded. This is, however, yet an additional reason why the United States would not tolerate any schemes in the meantime calculated to prejudice the Debts and Reparations question in advance. For even as France is insistent upon politico-financial guarantees in respect of Germany, so is the United States insistent upon others of a financial nature.

Secondly, as both the London Conference and the subsequent French credits to Britain amply demonstrated, France—who has been pursuing a more cautious lending

policy than either Britain or the United States—is now in an extremely strong financial position, which makes it impossible to consider any final solution of the German financial problem or the ramifications of that problem in connection with Debts and Reparations without taking French collaboration into account.

This being the case, the continuance of the recent Press recrimination between Britain and France would but tend to encourage the growth of a school of political thought in Paris, which believes a direct settlement between Berlin and Paris to be both possible and desirable.

This school of thought is inclined to think that Germany may yet be compelled by the urge of necessity to come to Paris again for financial help, and that the influence of poverty in Germany and political expediency in France might make it possible to arrive at a Franco-German *detente* based on liberal financial assistance in exchange for some sort of compromise on the question of political guarantees.

Those who hold this point of view in France might perhaps be led, if needs be, to go even further, and, while paying lip-service to "Briandism" and the ideology of the Franco-British Entente Cordiale, tend to pursue a policy from which the spirit both of Briandism and the Entente would have departed. Such a policy could even envisage a Franco-German *mariage de convenance*, mainly on French terms as to the marriage settlement, which might lead eventually to some sort of *ménage à trois* to include Russia.

In this connection it should not be overlooked that there is a certain school of thought at the Wilhelmstrasse, which for some time past has been toying with the hypothetical idea of Germany acting as a bridge between Moscow and Paris. As to the Russian antipathy for Britain, and the consequent receptivity of the Soviets to any such idea, there can be no shadow of doubt.

Such a conception might easily lead to a United States of Europe very different from M. Briand's original scheme, for it would mean a European bloc which left Britain out of account. It may well be asked: what of Italy, which

country appears to be friendly to ourselves? But the answer to this is that Italy is too poor financially to hold out against such a powerful European combination, and that in any case she has been immobilised in the international political field by the present French supremacy in Europe.

However improbable all this may seem at the moment, when British sympathy for Germany is vocal and Franco-German relations apparently never so acidulous, it is nevertheless an hypothesis which cannot entirely be disregarded. For money talks and France has the money.

This possibility is not without precedent. As far back as the end of the Ruhr struggle there were definite proposals afoot for a marriage between Lorraine iron and Ruhr coal; and when some of the German industrial magnates, who had been imprisoned by the French for their part in the organisation of passive resistance, were released from captivity, they went almost direct from the prison cell to the conference room to discuss a Franco-German industrial *rapprochement* with the leaders of the Comité des Forges. This industrial *rapprochement* might have materialised but for the fact that M. Poincaré had set his face against it.

On the other hand it is equally possible, of course, that events might take a different course, and Dr. Brüning, finding himself between the devil of French political demands and the deep sea of German Nationalist opposition, might be superseded by a government of nominees of Hitler and Huegenburg, which would embark on a policy of Treaty repudiation, in which case Franco-German relations would reach breaking point.

Yet again it is possible that neither of these two alternatives will take place. For it is equally possible that a solution of the German problem may be found along the lines favoured by Dr. Bruning and within the framework of international obligation and understanding.

But from whichever of these angles one may regard the future of this question, it would seem to be clear that there can be no satisfactory solution which does not envisage international collaboration, including principally the collaborative effort of London, Paris, and Washington. For this, some kind of understanding between ourselves and the

French is manifestly necessary—the moral of which is pointed in no uncertain way by the recent negotiations between the Central Banks of London and Paris—which understanding, it is devoutly to be hoped, would eventually broaden out into an Anglo-French-German understanding in friendly relation with the United States.

To maintain such a necessary basis of understanding between London and Paris, a good deal of give and take is required on both sides. The French on their part would be well advised to be content with the additional security which has accrued to them from the recent development of the European situation, and to handle with moderation and caution the powerful political and financial forces which are now, in consequence, at their command. It would be in the eventual interests of France herself, no less than of Europe generally, if she has the wisdom to avoid exaggerated politico-financial exultation. In a word : it is to be hoped that France will take long-sighted rather than short-sighted views.

On our part it would be equally advisable to avoid chagrin. For there is at least a moral in this situation for Britain, the moral that a sound internal situation is the only basis for a successful foreign policy. It would not help matters if British public opinion were to confuse the French pre-occupation over Security with expansionism or Napoleonism.

IV

But most necessary of all, to my mind, is the avoidance of mutual recrimination. Recently there has been a very real danger of a psychological kind, a sort of drift on both sides into an emotional phobia one for the other. While, therefore, a specious sentimentality about the Entente Cordiale can but do more harm than good, by putting out a smoke-screen of false sentiment which could but obscure the realities, on the other hand it would be even more dangerous to let develop unchecked a revival of emotional antipathies such as existed at the time of the Fashoda period.

In this respect, talk here of " isolating " France can

but provoke similar talk on the other side of the Channel of " isolating " Britain, and, moreover, can but encourage politico-financial chauvinism in French foreign policy generally. It is the same kind of ill-informed and rather dangerous nonsense as the recent press attack here on the League of Nations. The time has come when the more yellow organs of the yellow press of both Fleet Street and the Boulevards would do well to pause and think and cry halt before they do any more harm. A similar injunction might, with equal profit to the international situation, be given to the more violent organs of the German nationalist press.

The present is the ideal moment to make a plea for a further improvement in the psychological feeling between the French and ourselves. For the incidence of Britain's crisis, and the response of the French to our immediate needs, has demonstrated the essential fact that to-day great states are inter-related and inter-dependent, especially in the financial field. Britain needed French help in the hour of crisis. And France, on her part, realised that a catastrophe in British credit would have had international repercussions, which would inevitably have resulted in the greatest embarrassment to herself. The rates of self-interest in these matters are inevitably, and quite properly, higher than the actual rates of interest on the loans themselves.

The Marquess of Reading, the Foreign Secretary, and the majority of his cabinet colleagues in the National Government, appear to realise these truisms, for it is their intention to pursue a policy of " tranquillity " in foreign affairs, while the main effort is concentrated upon the re-building of our internal strength. When that task is accomplished Britain will again be able to take her place as a leading factor in the international situation, to pursue a constructive foreign policy, and to use a moderating influence in the counsels of the comity of nations. Brilliant-looking initiatives in foreign policy will be avoided, for the experience of recent months has taught that we cannot give Europe a lead while the other nations feel that our basis for such a policy is lacking in essential reality.

The eventual return of this country as a leading factor in the international situation is as certain as the fact that determination to achieve internal reconstruction has been signalised by the great national sacrifice. But if "continuity" still means anything in our diplomacy, as I believe it does, our return to international pre-eminence will be along lines of collaborative effort with the other great states, and not by any return to the blind-alley methods of groupings and alliances.

In the long run it may be that our successful surmounting of our internal difficulties will in itself provide the impetus for that rehabilitation of our prestige and influence in the international field, which Europe in general and France in particular can but welcome.

THE RECOVERY

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From the dark mood's control
I free myself ; there's light still in the West.
The most virtuous, chaste, melodious soul
Never was better blest.

Here medicine for the mind
Lies in a gilded shade ; this feather stirs
And my faith lives ; the touch of this tree's rind,—
And temperate sense recurs.

No longer the loud pursuit
Of self-made clamours dulls the ear ; here dwell
Twilight societies, twig, fungus, root,
Soundless, and speaking well.

Beneath the accustomed dome
Of this chance-planted, many-centuried tree
The snake-marked earthy multitudes are come
To breathe their hour like me.

The leaf comes curling down,
Another and another, gleam on gleam ;
Above, celestial leafage glistens on,
Borne by time's blue stream.

The meadow-stream will serve
For my refreshment ; that high glory yields
Imaginings that slay ; the safe paths curve
Through unexalted fields.

Like these, where now no more
My early angels walk and call and fly,
But the mouse stays his nibbling, to explore
My eye with his bright eye.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE IGNORAMUS AS GARDENER IN THE FAR EAST

By Stella Benson

WHENEVER I am in Hongkong, I always expect to see in the English papers an advertisement saying: "LOST; a suburb of London, believed to have broken off and floated away, probably in an easterly direction. Distinguishing marks: a rash of villas, neat bright gardens, and red pillar boxes, the whole patterned with a design of genteel asphalt paths glittering with perambulators and Baby Austins. Answers to the name of Hongkong." Of course, a lost article may be found in the most exotic surroundings; a hat that blew from your head or mine, for instance, might land anywhere—on the tip of St. Paul's—at the bottom of a coal mine—on the skull of Mr. Bernard Shaw—between the jaws of an alligator—*anywhere*, as long as it blew far enough. So it is with Hongkong; a nice tailor-made English suburb has draped itself over a Chinese mountain, and has therefore taken on a superficial appearance of geographically tipsy sub-tropical extravagance quite unsuited to it. Hongkong levels alone are strikingly alien from the standards of Greater London. Holmlea or Mon Abri may be poised like a chamois above a monstrous crevasse filled with clouds; if the cat drops a fish-head from the verandah of Kenilworth, the householder at Balaclava Lodge must drive five miles to complain of the indignity to his monkey-puzzle; you might think to drive your Baby Austin from Number 7, Seaview Terrace to Number 8—(these names are all imaginary, though in keeping with the spirit of Hongkong nomenclature)—but you would arrive in pieces at the bottom step, if you tried. Still, in spite of these divagations from the Tooting normal, a Tooting we are, in all essentials—if a rather tilted Tooting; our villas manage to look semi-detached even though they are separated by the Great Open Spaces; we may splash out to dinner in wallawallas

or dangle down precipices in funiculars, but in spirit we are served by the Metropolitan District Railway.

Our gardens are the chief proofs of our spiritual loyalty to the Greater London area. My garden is practically the only one in Hongkong which really admits its sub-tropical origin and revels in the lush extravagance of the jungle—but this, frankly, is quite unintentional. The un-English look of my garden is due to the fact that I am an ignoramus about gardening. My gardener is one, too, but his form of ignorance is chronically at variance with mine. My garden is a permanent battlefield. Try as I may to have a little star-shaped excrescence in the middle of my lawn containing a border of lobelia and one disciplined prong of heliotrope—primeval China insists on breaking through; the star shape becomes eroded into a mere space like a patch of mange in the grass, and all that grows in it is an accidental banana sprout, a tuft of pampas grass, a few outcroppings of hibiscus and a tangle of scrawny cosmos.

Gardening for the ignoramus in Hongkong is made doubly difficult by the absence of a word of common language between ignoramus garden-owner and ignoramus gardener. For me this obstacle of language is further complicated by the fact that my gardener is stone deaf, and that not even his compatriots can communicate with him except on paper. The misunderstandings that occur in my garden, therefore, are profound and constant. Being out of the reach of the persuasive power of eloquence, my gardener—who, even without his affliction, would, I am sure, be unsympathetic to the semi-detached ideal—cannot appreciate my scale of values at all. He will toss away a verbena seedling that I have hung over with loving attention for weeks in order to make room for a mere marsh mallow—(do I mean a marsh mallow?—anyway, one of those raw lanky pink things or buttony yellow everlastings that all gardeners love). He will border my promising bed of creeping nasturtiums with a trimming of sunflower six-footers. If I ask him to tie a sprawling hank of phlox to a stick, he will, while doing so, stand insouciantly with one foot on my darling only snapdragon, and the other on the little cutting of so-and-so that a kind neighbour

intended as the future glory of my garden. When I began sowing sweet peas, my gardener suddenly bounded from behind me, and snatching the packet of seeds from my hand, led the way at a run to the kitchen garden, with me wheezing anxiously behind him. (My gardener and I do a good deal of this running about together. He is a sudden mover, always darting at great speed from my side just as I draw breath to make a suggestion to him. Since he can hear no shout and I am too polite to throw a trowel after him to attract his attention, I may often be seen sprinting across the estate at his unconscious fleeing heels.) Once in the kitchen garden, he and I wrestled for the packet of sweet peas like angels wrestling for a soul; he was trying to sow the seeds in a ready-hoed vegetable row and I striving to rescue by force the salmon-pinks of my hopes. I won, and returned with the seeds to the flower bed, followed by the gardener who, marvelling at my obtuseness, made extravagant explanatory gestures representing one eating green peas. I replied with a gesture, intended to convey Wait and See. Yet, having Waited and Seen, the gardener, unfortunately, was justified in his own eyes, for the combination of ignorance and Hongkong fog was too much for my sweet peas; about four small sodden blossoms of a greenish white decorated the Heath-Robinson-esque trellis that I had erected to support the hoped-for mass of bloom, and the gardener, whenever he knew I was looking, stood in front of this achievement, laughing diabolically.

There are some depths of ignorance which even a confessed ignoramus dare not expose, and I have never mustered up courage to ask those gardening experts whom I number among my friends in Hongkong a few questions on gardening fundamentals, the answers to which I feel might cause my wilderness to blossom like a rose. Why, for instance, does next to nothing come up in my garden? Mr. Sutton, who sells to every one else flower-seeds that clothe Hongkong with a refined brightness, surely cannot have a personal grudge against me that causes him to sell me sterilised raspberry pips instead. No, no; I have the most implicit faith in Mr. Sutton; I am confident that the mistake lies in me—yet I should like to know why it is

that not one seed in a billion germinates under my care—quite apart from the fact that anything that *does* come up is instantly mistaken for a mistake by the gardener and uprooted. My first doubt is this: Is there a right way up to every seed? I have searched in vain the various seeds I have sown for some little indication **This Side Up —With Care*—on each seed, but can find no such sign. Yet now I am forced to the conclusion that I have been sowing everything upside down. The result is, admittedly, that nothing at all appears on this side of the globe, but how do I know that my beets, tomatoes, zinnias, and stocks are not courageously working their way through our planet, and will not eventually sprout—a little exhausted but still hopeful—in Piccadilly Circus, or on the dark floor of the Atlantic? (Nature *is* so wonderful.) I cannot prove this theory, though I have tried to test it by scratching discreetly in my carrot bed to see if perhaps I could find the little thin lower extremities of a few upside-down carrots groping up forlornly to enjoy Hongkong's sunlight, but I have not been successful in this search. The problem remains unsolved. Another problem that puzzles me is, why—seeing that carefully fostered, guaranteed seeds show such extreme reluctance to grow in any garden of mine—unwanted, strenuously discouraged vegetation persists with such fervour. If a stock or a carnation is sneezed upon by my puppy—however lightly—it withers at once—but scores of dogs may find mouse-smells in the very vitals of a bed of cosmos, and the hated plant thrives all the better for the treatment. Horticultural psychology must be at complete variance with all other forms of psychology; inhibition among weeds seems to have no warping effect. If you or I were roughly rooted up, sprayed with weedkiller, torn to pieces, stamped on by enraged ignoramuses, rolled on by garden-rollers and puppies, whenever we ventured to show a blossom of personality, we should certainly develop complexes and morbidities, and even, in time, begin to suspect that our presence was unwelcome. But anybody who has ever wrestled with a dandelion knows that no such discouragement ever dints its libido.

CONSERVATISM UNDER REVIEW

By A. Gowans Whyte

At the present time the outlook of the Conservative Party, like that of all other parties, is overshadowed by the existence of a National Government. This abnormal factor appears to dominate the situation completely, destroying all the usual calculations of political chances and confronting the parties with novel problems of policy and action. The general tendency consequently, is, to regard the next General Election as a struggle in which the attitude of each party towards the financial crisis will be vastly more important than its previous record, and even more weighty than its election programme.

Time alone can prove how far this interpretation is sound. Political history, however, reveals case after case where sensational events have arisen, and have then subsided, leaving little trace upon the broad stream of political progress. The General Strike was an outstanding example. It roused the whole country to a degree equalled only by an outbreak of war ; it enabled the Conservative Government to achieve a triumph upon which a fresh lease of power could easily have been secured at the polls ; and the lessons it conveyed were so dramatic that they might have been expected to endure undiminished for a generation. Nevertheless, within three years the Conservatives were out of office and the country welcomed, with enthusiasm, the reappearance in power of the party which had been responsible for the General Strike.

The influence of the recent crisis may prove deeper and more lasting, but in the light of history there is little assurance that it has brought about a fundamental change. All parties retain their principles and organisation intact ; they are simply awaiting the solution of certain financial difficulties in order to apply the latter to the establishment of the former. In these circumstances we must go further back than the crisis to estimate the prospects for the

recovery of the Conservative Party ; far enough back, indeed, to understand the unpopularity of the Party as revealed at the last General Election and its failure to make any advance in favour during the period of opposition.

The saying that " democracies do not elect governments ; they reject them", gains a good deal of support from the electoral results of the last decade. We may regard the Conservative success of 1922 as a reaction against the Coalition Government rather than as a triumph of Conservative policy. When, in the following year, Mr. Baldwin asked for the country's verdict upon the most important item of policy with which his Party was identified, the country responded by bringing the Socialist Party for the first time into office. In saying nay to Conservatism and also, in large degree, to Liberalism, the country found itself, rather unexpectedly, saying yea to Socialism. How little this positive consequence expressed its real feeling was shown by the rapid rise of antagonism towards the Socialist Government, which behaved on the whole in a manner consistent with the policy of Socialism. Less than a year sufficed for another overthrow, which incidentally restored the Conservatives to power with a record majority.

The Conservatives, of course, did not treat their restoration as a mere incident in the condemnation of the Socialist administration. They had spent the months of opposition in maturing a comprehensive programme which was embodied in a manifesto entitled *Looking Ahead*, acting under the conviction that they must be ready with a constructive policy covering Imperial and foreign affairs, defence, industry, unemployment, housing, agriculture, social services, and, indeed, the whole range of political activity. On finding themselves in power with a huge independent majority, they claimed that the country had given them a mandate for every item in that policy.

Nevertheless, when we look back upon the contest of 1924, we can hardly dispute the contention that the real dynamic influence was the general antipathy to the Russian policy of the Socialists. Here was a decisive case of rejection. The result would have been much the same if the Conservatives had not troubled to formulate their

programme in detail. Only a small proportion of the electors can have been aware of the contents of *Looking Ahead*; the great majority were concerned solely with the figures in the dock, accused of complicity with the alleged enemies of the nation. The whole force of propaganda and counter-propaganda was concentrated upon the Russian issue.

Every great political victory, of course, involves the risk of a reaction comparable in magnitude with the victory itself. There were, however, subtle influences at work against Conservatism triumphant, in addition to the familiar "swing of the pendulum". The Conservatives came into power with a policy which the electorate had not consciously endorsed. Consequently, when they proceeded to carry out that policy, their action roused little enthusiasm. Even if a positive demand had existed for widows' pensions and the other reforms adopted, the process of carrying through a programme with an overwhelming majority is so mechanical that all interest in the proceeding is destroyed. Quiet, steady, constructive legislation may be meritorious, but it lacks the dramatic element. With the dominant party operating in relays on measures which contained not the faintest element of surprise, it was inevitable that both the party and the people should become apathetic.

Added to this depressing influence was the adverse effect of the measures passed year after year. One of the first measures passed by the Conservative Government of 1924 was the Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act—a laudable reform to which the party had been pledged. The Conservatives in general assumed that it would be a bull point in every by-election, but actually it proved a formidable source of trouble. Many Conservatives were doubtful of the wisdom of an Act which involved an increase in national expenditure, but the chief attack came from the Socialists, who cleverly exploited the discontent of the nine persons who had not received the pension awarded to the, perhaps less deserving, tenth. Gratitude being the least active of virtues, the recipients were easily persuaded that the pension should have been much larger, or that they were being more scurvily treated than they would have been under the Poor Law.

The reward of five years of well-intentioned legislation was, therefore, a steady decline in favour. Under the shock of the General Strike this process, clearly indicated in a succession of by-elections, was checked, but it was quickly resumed when conditions became normal. Its depth and range were hardly realised within the Party itself. The by-election results were not treated as an index to any general change of opinion, and when the time for another General Election drew near the Party—at least in its official circles—was content to go to the country mainly on its past record and the personality of its leader.

In neither phase did the appeal prove effective. Few electors are inspired to action by a record, unless it happens to be a peculiarly bad one. Nothing, in politics, is so swiftly forgotten as a virtuous past, and the conditions of dullness and monotony under which the Conservative machine had produced its consignment of Acts had given the paradoxical impression that the Government had "done nothing". As for the personality of the leader, Mr. Baldwin had undoubtedly, at the time of the General Strike, awakened the enthusiasm of thousands who did not share his political opinions. But in the General Election of 1929 the people were looking to the future; and a declared representative of "Safety First" did not appear dynamic enough to overcome their political bias. Moreover, within the Conservative ranks themselves there were many who had not forgotten 1923.

The appeal, again, was weakened by the widespread disturbance caused by the Rating and Valuation Act and the Derating of Industries. By an unfortunate coincidence in time, changes in assessments were announced when the derating measure was coming into force and the Election was pending. From the tactical point of view this was a misfortune, if not a blunder; but strategically a greater disability was caused by the absence of any great inspiring measure in the Conservative programme.

Scope for such a measure lay in the direction of Imperial economic unity. But the opportunity was not taken. Possibly the Party counsels hoped that the extension of restricted Safeguarding to something like general Protection

would meet the case, but while it went far enough to reawaken the Free Trade opposition, it did not go nearly far enough to satisfy those who desired a constructive policy for British industry in close association with Imperial production and distribution. Whether the adoption of such an Imperial policy would have greatly altered the result of the 1929 Election is an open question, but it would at least have spared the Party a period of distraction and humiliation whose effects are not yet exhausted.

Seizing upon this vital omission from the Conservative programme, Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook followed the defeat of the Conservatives with a violent attack upon Mr. Baldwin's leadership. There is no need, now that peace has been arranged, to enlarge on the objectionable features of this newspaper campaign. We are concerned only with its results, which were a curious mixture of victory and defeat for both parties.

On the one hand the Conservative Party has been brought to adopt an Imperial trade policy which includes the protection of British agriculture by a quota—or, if that should prove ineffective, a tariff. On the other hand the very virulence of the attack confirmed Mr. Baldwin in the leadership of the party. It is clearly impossible for any leader, however weary he may be of his burden, however sensible he may be of his party's need for change, to retire under a persistent demand from newspaper groups for his head on a charger. Not the least amusing part of this curious incident in political controversy was the failure of the eminent psychologists of Fleet Street to appreciate so elementary a fact.

Honours may therefore be regarded as more or less even. It is unlikely that the Party will retain for long the support it now receives from the Rothermere and Beaverbrook groups ; no party, indeed, can be expected to give permanent satisfaction simultaneously to two Press Lords, one of whom is subject to violent and capricious obsessions, while the other's temperament makes him impatient with the pace and direction of every other source of energy in the universe. The prejudice caused to the Conservative Party by the Rothermere-Beaverbrook campaign was due less to

the attacks than to the vacillation in the methods of meeting them. At no stage was the situation healthier for the Party than when Mr. Baldwin trounced the would-be dictators in yeoman style. At no stage, moreover, was the quarrel so serious for the Party as was the slow and almost unnoticed alienation of the industrial interests of the country. The formation of such a body as the National Council of Industry was a symptom whose alarming character, when observed along with other signs, would have been treated much more gravely, if its meaning had not been obscured by the noisy struggle with the Press.

There is no material difference between the policy of the National Council and the Conservative Party. Only through the Conservative Party can the measures necessary to stimulate industrial production and secure wider markets be achieved. Nevertheless, the leading industrialists who formed the Council felt that independent action was needed to advance their cause. In taking this line they had the sympathy of many other industrialists who failed to discover, in the political world, the driving force they considered essential to progress.

Here we approach one of the most vital issues confronting the Conservative Party. The chief function of the Party is to bring about the restoration of industry, since upon that achievement depends the solution of the unemployment problem and the maintenance of the financial stability now being underpinned by emergency measures of economy and taxation. Such being the case, the Party should be in the closest and most cordial touch with the industrial life of the nation. Yet of late years, when the necessities of industry have been so urgent, the Party has not received the moral and material backing it ought to have obtained from industry. The attitude of typical industrialists towards the party is sceptical, if not contemptuous, and their tendency is to seek such relief as may be hoped for through channels apart from political action.

If this position were exclusively adopted by the limited group of leading industrialists, it would be regrettable enough. There are, however, proofs that it is shared by large numbers in the business community and also in the

rank and file of the party. Even during the period of the last Conservative administration a good deal was heard about apathy in the Conservative movement. After the defeat of 1929 the disease became more widespread and acute; we then witnessed the anomaly of a party which had a great national and Imperial cause to pursue, which had a thousand opportunities of attack upon discredited and blundering opponents, yet seemed incapable of showing anything beyond the faintest stir of pugnacity. Everything, on an external survey, pointed to a Conservative triumph at the next General Election, if only as a reflex movement against the Socialist Government. Internally, however, one might seek in vain for the signs of an army girding itself in the assurance of victory.

The causes of this curious condition reveal themselves as partly psychological and partly financial—the financial causes being themselves an effect of psychological factors. The general impression conveyed by the evolution of Conservative policy during the last decade is that its development has been brought about mainly by the pressure of circumstances. The " creative urge " which a party looks for in its leadership has not been conspicuous. Various aspects of policy have been outlined in piecemeal fashion, amended, and re-amended until the followers whose duty it is to educate the electorate have themselves become uncertain of the lines they are expected to pursue.

It may be argued that a certain vagueness and fluctuation of purpose are inevitable when a party is in opposition under conditions which are subject to rapid change. Where this is the case, the difficulty can be overcome by energy in attack, which always has an excellent rallying influence. Neither in Parliament nor in the country, however, can the onslaught of the Conservatives on the late Government be said to have been comparable with the deserts of the Socialist Party. The atmosphere has been less that of war than of waiting, and it has added its depressing influence to the lack of initiative and decision on the constructive side. The Conservative Party, therefore, is in the position of a man who possesses most of the conditions necessary to active health without the mental attitude

which will enable him to take advantage of them. Possibly the upheaval carried by the formation of a National Government will lead to changes in the Party no less drastic than those already shaping themselves in the Socialist Party. However that may be, the primary need of the Party is an impulse which will make its latent unity of purpose active; and the primary duty of the counsels of the Party is to discover where, in either old or new directions, the essential inspiration can be secured.

Behind these problems of policy and leadership lies the question of organisation, which includes that of finance. The present position of the party machine is, in fact, one of the most formidable elements in the outlook for Conservatism.

One can form an estimate of the resources of a political organisation only by observing the scale of its operations. Thus, the fact that the Conservative Party was able to conduct General Elections in 1922, 1923, and 1924, and thereafter develop its organisation throughout the constituencies and extend its propaganda efforts in various new directions, proves that its accumulated funds and current revenues were then adequate for all purposes—and, indeed, for an abnormal strain. The machine in its enlarged and improved form was maintained more or less intact until the 1929 election, when a sudden contraction took place. So swift and so widespread was this movement that it could not be explained as a mere temporary restriction of effort, natural enough on the morrow of a heavy defeat. It indicated that the Conservative Party, like the Liberal Party, had staked much more than its liquid funds on the hope of success. This surmise is confirmed by the unexampled scale upon which propaganda was conducted before and during the election; the output of literature was colossal, and the poster and film campaigns must have absorbed much larger sums than those expended in previous contests.

Had conditions remained normal, the Party might have contrived to balance its budget in a few years' time without acute difficulty. Conditions, however, were far from normal. The newspaper attacks upon the Party and its

leader discouraged a renewal of support. The tendency of industrialists to build up their own organisations diverted contributions which in the ordinary way would have gone into the Conservative treasury. Trade depression, becoming more and more severe as time went on, reduced the value of the investments held by the Party, throttled the generosity even of staunch supporters, and supplied others with a welcome excuse for expressing their discontent with the Party. In addition, the very measures of economy carried out at headquarters and in the constituencies had, by restricting propagandist activities, the effect of further diminishing the flow of subscriptions.

Thus the financial situation became steadily worse, and when Mr. Neville Chamberlain was appointed Chairman of the Party Organisation his chief task was to effect, through the medium of an Economy Committee, further drastic reductions, not only at the Central Office but throughout the country. His successor, Lord Stonehaven, finds himself in charge of a skeleton organisation with which he is expected to conduct a vigorous campaign against the Socialists and to win the most critical election which the Party has faced for many years.

There are other phases of organisation calling for serious attention. In spite of all the reforms inspired by endless controversies in the National Union and by a succession of leaders, the Party has not yet secured, in the Central Office, an efficient machine on a stable foundation. The function of this ill-defined and somewhat anomalous body is not to initiate policy; nor is it, one may add with emphasis, to act as scapegoat for the sins of party leaders when their policy is not accepted at the polls. Its main purpose is to propagate the official policy; and it does so by the twin methods of organisation and publicity. In both directions its operations are more closely akin to those of business than to politics, and the most elementary consideration will show that success can never be achieved in a highly specialised enterprise of this type unless the men engaged upon it are given a reasonable measure of responsibility, freedom, and security of tenure.

These are precisely the conditions which have for many years been denied. Revolutions at the Central Office have rivalled those of a South American Republic. Chairmen and Principal Agents have come and gone; one committee of investigation has followed another; schemes of reorganisation have been adopted with such frequency that few of them have had time to show their real effect before a successor was brought into force. Even if we were to assume that every change was for the better, the perpetual destruction and reorganisation cannot fail to have a deadly effect upon the operation of the machine and on the spirit of those responsible for it.

In this system of organised chaos we can discover the real cause of the chronic antagonism of the Party Organisation towards the Central Office. The remedy lies in the hands of the leader of the Party. Disraeli created the Central Office in 1858, and ever since then the ultimate control of the department has resided in the leader. His duty is to give the department the stability essential to efficiency, protecting it against the vicissitudes of political fortune and the intrigues of ambitious partisans, and above all supporting it—as Disraeli did—on the strength of his direct personal knowledge of its duties and its personnel.

In estimating the prospects of a party it is usual—and usually adequate—to look no further than the broad features of the political situation. Such a survey at the present time may encourage the hope of a triumph at the next General Election for a national policy in which the Conservative Party will take the leading share. The conditions of that contest will, however, be unique: sooner or later, there will be a reversion to ordinary party warfare. The examination made above suggests that, when the normal position is restored, success will be restricted, if not actually jeopardised, by weaknesses within the Party itself. It is important, therefore, that the origin and character of these weaknesses should be clearly understood and an effort made to overcome them, so far as is possible, before the next appeal to the country for the acceptance of the specific principles of Conservatism.

THE CASE FOR TARIFFS

By Herbert S. Oakley

THE immediate cause of the troubles from which this country has suffered in the past few months is the fact that we have been buying more goods from abroad than we have been able to pay for. The so-called "adverse" balance of trade has become really adverse. For many years the value of imports has exceeded that of exports. We bought far more goods than we sold, paying for the difference by services rendered by our shipping, our bankers and our insurance companies, and by the income we received from our foreign investments. Our services were in great demand, the income from our foreign investments was steadily growing, with the result that in 1913 we had a surplus of no less than £181,000,000 over and above all we needed, to pay for all the imports we purchased. This surplus, the successor to many similar surpluses in previous years, we used for obtaining further foreign investments and thus increasing still more the income we anticipated we should receive from abroad.

It was indeed an extremely fortunate position. The average business man was quite content with it. There were prophets who pointed out to him the dangers surrounding the fiscal system then in operation. The world, they declared, was steadily becoming industrialised. The day would come when the markets for our goods would be difficult of access. Tariff walls were being built up all round us, with the object of fostering industries which in time would become direct competitors with our manufacturers. Our own open markets were being more and more monopolised by foreign manufacturers, while we were concentrating largely on certain basic industries such as the manufacture of cotton and woollen textiles, iron and steel manufactures, machinery and coal. "What does it

matter?" said the average man. "The foreigner is supplying us with cheap goods. We are selling him our goods at remunerative prices. Profits are substantial. He is also paying us very well indeed for the services we render to him, while the interest he pays for the use of the money we have lent him brings in a very comfortable income. Let well alone is our motto. Free trade has paid us well, and that's that."

II

Then came the War. We were thrown back on our own resources and we found that there were many things we urgently needed which were not being made by our manufacturers. We had relied on the foreigner for them because he had supplied them cheaper than it would have paid our manufacturers to make them. That was the first stage in opening our eyes to the dangers of an open market in a tariff-protected world. It was an unpleasant discovery, and as the process has continued throughout the post-war efforts at reconstruction, the weakness of our position has been more and more emphasised to us.

The War gave a tremendous impetus to the industrialisation of the world. Nations, which had been content to rely on us for many of their most important needs, found they could make them themselves with benefit to their own people. When we turned our attention from fighting to industry once more, we found many of our markets closed to us. We also found that in those still open serious competition had to be faced from the newly industrialised nations, which had surplus manufactures to sell. It was even possible for them, owing to our open market, to compete with our manufacturers at their own doors. Currency troubles, interfering seriously with the machinery by which international trade is carried on, were a further handicap on our exporters. The collapse in the price of silver destroyed a large part of the purchasing power of some of our best customers in the East.

We found, in fact, that a new world had to be faced so far as international trading was concerned. The monopolistic position we had enjoyed for so many years had

vanished. Competitors had sprung up in all directions. Goods equal to British, once the world's highest test of value, could be obtained from other sources and at cheaper rates. Some of our industrialists endeavoured to meet the new conditions by rationalisation. They re-equipped their factories and works; they entered into combinations, agreements and arrangements with erstwhile competitors; they adapted their selling methods to the new necessities. But the nation as a whole has failed to support them. It has continued to live as though it believed that the War had proved to be an inexhaustible El Dorado. It has failed altogether to realise the burden that a £7,000,000,000 debt means to industry. Except for a few half-hearted experiments at Safeguarding, it has refused to give our manufacturers the control of their home markets. It has ignored the vast new fields for our trade to be found within the Empire, despite the steadily expressed desires of our kith and kin across the seas to come to mutually advantageous arrangements. It has insisted on a money-rated standard of living, refusing to recognise the real value of money as expressed in goods. The politician and the idealist have been in control. The warnings of bankers, business men and economists have been ignored.

III

What is the result? To-day, in a poverty-stricken world, we are facing a crisis of unparalleled magnitude, unarmed financially and unprotected fiscally. Our export trade has fallen at a tremendous pace. In the first eight months of this year alone, compared with the similar period in 1930, we have lost by £135,000,000. The earnings of our shipping have dropped substantially, while the income from our foreign investments will, it is estimated, be down by at least £75,000,000. A few foolish people continue to harp on the fact that we are supposed to have £4,000,000,000 invested abroad. "Why not mobilise this?" they ask, as though it were possible in a world full of defaulting nations and with whole industries such as rubber and tin, in which we have invested millions, earning nothing. The value of investments can only be tested by the return they give. Any attempt to realise capital assets in times of need involves gigantic loss.

All these factors combined have robbed us of the enviable position we held in pre-war days. Yet we go on buying from abroad as though we were in that same position. In 1930, we had an "adverse" balance of trade of £392,000,000, and when the balance was struck, we found ourselves with a surplus on the right side of £39,000,000. This was a great drop from the £181,000,000 surplus of 1913, but still it was on the right side. This year it is now quite certain that the balance will be on the wrong side. Professor Henry Clay, one of the economic advisers to the Bank of England, estimates that there will be a deficit of £100,000,000. Other authorities place it at between £50,000,000 and £80,000,000. There are still four months of the year to go. What is to be our policy for dealing with this new and disastrous situation?

Sir John Simon, who throughout his political life has been a Free Trade stalwart, has pointed the way in his recent memorable speech in the House of Commons, finally announcing his change of heart. "I believe," he said, "that we are forced to abandon in this emergency the system of free imports." Sir John is a master at putting a case with the most convincing clarity. On this occasion, however, it was his own case he was dissecting and analysing. It was the beliefs of a life-time he was indicting honestly and unflinchingly, and in the end he had to declare the indictment proved. Free Trade has failed to meet the crisis.

We have emphasised the importance of Sir John Simon's conversion, because we regard it as a test of the result of the application of clear cold reasoning to the subject. Here we have an outstanding mentality, famed through long years for its power of penetrating to the heart of a subject, convinced against its will by the absolute logic of the proposition it has had to consider. Lesser men may well submit themselves to the same strenuous process and, with the aid of the masterly analysis contained in Sir John's speech, make certain that whatever views they hold are well founded.

IV

It is worth while to look for a few moments at the other side of the question. The *Economist* continues to be the foremost interpreter of the Free Trade diehards. In its issue of September 19th, it sets out a "list of dangers" which in its opinion would have to be faced if tariffs were introduced in this country. It starts by admitting that on a short view the adoption of a tariff "would give an initial fillip (partly psychological) to industries producing for the home market." That is something. We badly want that initial fillip, and the psychology that would do so much for the return of confidence on which the future must depend. But, adds the writer, "as soon as any real likelihood of a tariff appeared foreign exporters would rapidly and heavily increase their shipments to Britain in order to forestall the threatened duties. Thus in the weeks and months ahead even serious consideration of a protectionist policy might quickly and appreciably aggravate the position of the trade balance." This possibility, by no means as grave as is suggested, has been foreseen by the Federation of British Industries, the most representative body of the business world in the country. They have urged that an emergency tariff should be immediately imposed. They point out that "the financial instability in other countries, accompanied by the existence of large stocks of goods which cannot be absorbed in their normal markets, coupled with the pressing necessity for their realisation, greatly accentuates the danger of dumping into England, the only remaining open market with a sound currency." The danger is admittedly temporary. Foreign nations can no longer have any doubt that the question of the adoption of tariffs is going to be the main issue before this country in the immediate future. It is reported that attempted dumping has already begun. If this be the only difficulty, then surely there should be general agreement that the ring should be kept free from disturbance from outsiders while we fight the matter out among ourselves.

But there are other objections. A tariff, we are told, "would tend to raise manufacturing costs at the very

moment when cheapening is essential." Beyond the suggestion that wages should be lowered, the *Economist* has no proposal for the cheapening it regards as so essential. Manufacturing costs depend very largely on the amount of output over which they have to be spread. If, by giving the manufacturer control of his home market, we assure him of a certain market for a substantial part of his output, we are assisting him definitely to cheapen costs. Then, it is stated, a tariff "would further hamper our already harassed exporters by restricting the power of foreign producers to buy British goods and by intensifying competition in foreign markets." Here we have another instance of the extraordinary failure to face the facts which, as we have previously shown, has been so marked a characteristic of the national outlook in the last few years. We have reached a stage at which we must cut down our imports simply because we cannot afford any longer to buy them. Our means of payment have been reduced. If we are not to become hopelessly bankrupt, we must reduce our imports. A system of tariffs, scientifically imposed with due regard to all the interests affected, would have the effect of reducing our imports. It would also mean that a substantial addition would be made to the national revenue from imports which still passed through our ports. In short, regrettable though it may appear to be, we must perforce "restrict the power of foreign producers to buy British goods". But there is another side to the question. The immense fall in our export trade has already forced us to reduce very substantially our purchases of raw materials. Thus the very conditions we are seeking to change are restricting the purchasing power of our possible customers. Give the home manufacturer his home market under fair conditions, allow him to cheapen his costs by spreading them over a larger output, and he will be in the world market for larger quantities of essential raw materials, with useful results in the sale to the producers of British goods.

Further, we are told that the introduction of a tariff system here would "nip in the bud every plan for a saner economic policy in Europe and elsewhere to which Britian

looks with growing hope of advantage." At present, the advantage is all on the side of the tariff-protected nations by whom we are surrounded. The last thing they want is the closing of Britain's open market, and they are quite willing to discuss any plan which well-meaning enthusiasts like the late President of the Board of Trade urge upon them, calculated to maintain that open market. It is quite certain that, whatever view may be taken of the desirability or otherwise of tariffs as part of a nation's fiscal system, the influence of Great Britain on the world's opinion would be vastly more weighty had she something with which to make a bargain.

Then, lastly, and most remarkable of all, we are told that a tariff system would "retard the necessary process of rationalisation and increased efficiency in British industry." Such a statment, in view of the overwhelming demands made by business men in practically every industry for control of their home markets, is manifestly absurd. There is no lack of technical efficiency among British manufacturers. This is the definite conclusion voiced by the MacMillan Committee in its report as follows :

"It could scarcely have been possible for British employers to have paid in 1929 real wages ten per cent. higher than in 1924 for hours ten per cent. less than before the War, if they had not been making great technical progress or if they had been falling seriously behind their competitors in technical efficiency."

The fact is rather that the British manufacturer has been immensely handicapped in the progressive improvement in efficiency by the absence of a certain home market. He has had other handicaps in the shape of overwhelming taxation and endless restrictions imposed on him by legislation, but the greatest of all has been the fact that his home market has been monopolised by cheap foreign goods.

The facts are clear. We are being worsted in the fight for the world's trade because we have discarded the most powerful weapon in industry's armoury. The nation is at last realising the defenceless position in which it has been placed. It must and will insist on a prompt and effective reversal of that position.

THE SCREEN—FROM THIS SIDE

By Martha Kinross

THE cinema began by being an ingenious mechanical invention and prejudiced its career from the start. It is difficult for it to get away from its past. You will still hear intelligent persons say, when the question of historical accuracy is raised : "It's only a film. What can you expect ?" This attitude of not expecting anything of a film, of not applying critical standards that any audience of average intelligence would apply in the theatre—critical standards, but not the same standards, be it understood —is still amazingly general. There can no more be good cinema without an exacting public than there can be good drama, and it is time the attitude of condescension towards a clever piece of mechanism was abandoned.

There are several reasons why the recognition of quality in the cinema is slow. The first and most obvious is that in the absence of any sort of personal relation with actor and producer the audience has no means of signifying its response ; since the machine is equally indifferent to hisses and applause, why bother to analyse what you feel ? Indeed, owing to the detestable practice of catering for all tastes by a mixed programme of comics, news items, sensational and sentimental shorts, together with the performance of a film classic, the spectator is rarely allowed to carry away with him any predominant impression. Another reason is the fugitive nature of the film itself, by which the eye is hurried on, the mind is hurried on, and has no time to dwell appraisingly. But, above all, there is the fact that the public, apart from a few æsthetes, has as yet no standards to apply to a new art—not even so far as to recognise in it a new art. They do not understand film technique. And small reproach to them ; for film technique is only in process of development ; every day

brings new experiments, new expansion, with no foreseen end to its possibilities.

Moreover, it began, through a misunderstanding of its own aims, by photographic presentation of stage plays. Even Pudovkin at first looked upon the film as an inferior substitute for the stage. The Americans, he says, were the first to discover in the film play the presence of peculiar possibilities of its own ; by shifting the camera's point of view in the close-up, the mid-shot, the long-shot, they freed the screen from literal, restricted vision, and prepared the way for the director whose editing is " the creative force of filmic reality," nature being only the raw material. " The belief that the film actor should express in gesture that which the ordinary man says in words is basically false." It was responsible, before the advent of the talking film, for those gross magnified faces mouthing their words and working their jaws like a rabbit masticating a lettuce leaf, or a man trying to talk to a deaf mute, that were among the horrors of the early screen. The actor on the stage has a margin of individual interpretation and may vary his performance nightly by changes of expression and the living voice, but about the human countenance on the screen there is always something mask-like ; the very fluency of the medium in which it occurs emphasises its rigidity. Pudovkin's instinct has seized upon this mask-like aspect and turned it to advantage. As different lighting conditions render theatrical make-up impossible, the choice of faces expressive of certain states seems to him necessary, and his object has been to find a person of whom the spectator, after seeing him for six seconds, shall say : " that man is a rogue, or good-natured, or a fool—that is the task that presents itself to the director in his selection of human material." He has found such material in the real, unfalsified, unacted life of the peasants and wild Mongols who have never seen a film, people unfamiliar with theatrical convention.

To this it may be objected that a man is not merely a rogue, or good-natured, or a fool, he is a complex creature, and the evolution of character before our eyes in reaction to circumstance is the drama's highest aim. If fixation

of type is preferable on the screen, it is but another sign that the latter must depart from the theatre in its choice of subjects. Where possibilities of representation on the stage end, one might say those of the film begin ; it can well afford to shift its focus from personality, except where personality is used typically, when its field includes man in the mass ; the spirit of the crowd ; the forces of Nature ; terrestrial moods ; epics of factory, work-shop, and ship-yard, like those Walt Whitman hammered out in verse :

> This is the poem of occupations,
> In the labour of engines and trades, the labour of fields, I find the developments,
> And find the eternal meanings.

The stage has its sociological plays in which sociology is expressed in statement rather than in action. Brilliant and amusing as Mr. Shaw's plays are, they sometimes contain more argument than drama, though the smallest gesture may be more revelatory than many words. The heart of his propaganda is kept beating by the oxygen of his wit, as he uncorks cylinder after cylinder, but the greater the wit the less serious is apt to be the impression made by the propaganda. It is difficult to show a man's relation to the mass when the mass cannot be shown. At the historical moment Russia found in the cinema, released from temporal and spatial restrictions, the perfect instrument for her needs ; by means of it she reached her own illiterate masses, and revealed the life of those masses to the world. The language of the eye is universal, and seeing is believing, or goes a long way towards it. The Soviet government established schools of cinematography with graduate courses of instruction in all its branches, film acting as well as technology, in Moscow, Leningrad, the Ukraine, and other parts of the country. She has thrown the whole soul of a nation in the making on the screen. The spectacle has been tremendously dramatic because it was animated by a passion of conviction, a moral earnestness as yet unweakened by discouragement. Not only is it so now, but in the past there has been something cinematic about Russian

history, progressing by leaps and bounds, by concentrations of time, cutting out whole stages of transition in Peter the Great's abrupt adoption of Western ideas, in the sudden emancipation of women from Oriental seclusion, and to-day again in the violent passage from despotic rule to the world's first attempt at applied Communism on a national scale. Of her history it may be true, as on the screen, that by elimination the charge of intensity is accumulated.

The Americans, particularly D. W. Griffiths, having pointed the way in symbolism, the Russians at once developed the most artistic use of their methods. A stone lion in Eisenstein's film *Potemkin* rises to its feet and roars, and this image, Pudovkin comments, " has hitherto been thinkable only in literature." Shortly afterward the German invention of the mix-in gave a symbol for thought itself, for the associations of memory, the emergence, mingling, fading-out of mental images. *Caligari*, an incursion into the morbid states of a diseased mind, played fantastic tricks with the camera, and if it was not sound psychology, it was, according to the experts, a revelation of what may be achieved by cutting and combination in the studio. To speak of such effects as faked is foolish ; they are among the characteristic uses of the screen, and no more faked than stage illusions ; only, whereas the stage has solid and refractory material to deal with, on the screen the magician light, the supreme creative cosmic artist, is working with a medium responsive to its slightest change. Nothing is fake in the cinema except what purports to be a documentary record of fact.

Of Turin's film *Turksib*, Mr. Huntly Carter, who has written several books on the New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia, says that it brought into use " a principle of power in the subject that had never been utilised before . . . by this power subject had, in fact, taken possession of the cinema." The subject is the triumphant march of a railway from the snows of Siberia to the deserts of Turkestan. But *Turksib* is not only an epic of achievement, it is a great fugue through time and space, actual time and space no less than filmic ; the ends of the earth are brought

together, the antitheses of history, Soviet Russia and the Old Testament life of tents and flocks and herds. And this dramatic encounter, face to face, of the past and the present, is a thing that must soon cease to happen in this modernised world. There is a similar encounter in Dovjenko's beautiful film *The Earth*, at the moment when the first steam tractor is brought into fields long reaped with rythmic passes of the scythe, and the arrival of the Western machine is celebrated with pæan and song and dance, with almost Dionysiac rapture, as if it were indeed the Steam God coming in his triumphal car. It was the property of this film, of *Giant Harvest*, of *Storm Over Asia*, of *Turksib*, when the desert riders race beside the first steam engine they have ever seen, to arouse an emotion grounded in the past, dormant in the Western mind whose faculty for wonder has been exhausted by the rapid succession of mechanical inventions, and recoverable only thus, when a whole sequence of time has been dropped out, and across the gap primitive man is suddenly confronted with modern miracle. That, one repeats, can happen to-day only among the populations of primitive countries, but whenever it does happen it is historical, and to witness it is to have a rare and valuable experience.

The Soviet cinema has had behind it the force of moral enthusiasm, always the great impulsion to new forms of art, though art as an end seems negligible to those who maintain that the only function of theatre and cinema alike is social service. Art, or rather say beauty, as a *means* has made their films memorable, but already one begins to fear the restriction of subject—when liberty of subject was the very gift the screen conferred—to notice, along with repetitions of matter, certain repetitions of manner also, a too conscious dwelling on detail to deepen intensity. Yet in Dovjenko's *Earth*, a film about which the propagandists were comparatively indifferent, it is interesting to see how his essential mysticism breaks through the positivism of Soviet theory and the spirit that affirms, or at least the spirit that questions, interrogates the spirit that denies—the woman who asks—" But if there should be a God ? "—during the irreligious funeral ;

the sad ironic comment of the final screen—rain, rain, rain falling in torrents on the fields of standing grain, on the ripening apples on the trees, on the rotting melons on the ground. Whether he fights single-handed with the scythe or with all the resources of machinery, it is still man against nature, contending with blind, destructive forces that may bring his work to naught. And in spite of the apparent victory of Communist labour, one cannot believe that it has permanently defeated a thing so innate and persistent as man's jealous, personal, possessive love of the soil.

One result of the anti-individualistic tendencies of the Russian screen has been the elimination of the film-hero and heroine. A great deal has been written about the emotional, and it is alleged erotic, worship of film stars. Mr. Huntly Carter, among others, ascribes it all to Sex Appeal, that catch-word of the day, and cites the head-lines of the sensational press in evidence, as if it were not the business of yellow journalism to work up excitements and then exaggerate them. The press is more responsible for our emotionalism than the cinema. The excitement produced in minds that have had no scientific preparation and instruction by sudden acquaintance with the writings of Havelock Ellis and Freud has led to all this superficial sexology that finds but one explanation for everything. The other motives, wish-fulfilment, the need for self-projection in the person of an ideal protagonist, the desire to find a symbol—" a symbol for all our sentimentality "—are not peculiar to the cinema ; the motive of escape is the old principle underlying religion, literature and art. Nor is there anything new in the manifestations, except that modern life gives special opportunity for publicity. Remember the fainting-fits, the deluges of tears in which Europe indulged after the publication of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. We have no longer the relief of crusades, dancing-manias and other forms of collective hysteria by which the Middle Ages found relief. In the case of the films there are at least three contributory causes ; they reach the millions and reach them immediately, while a play, even in the long run, is seen by only a few thousands ;

the effect of a particular star is multiplied and reinforced by the way in which he or she is exploited in perhaps two or three simultaneous films ; but, above all, enthusiasm is accumulated by suppression, since it has no opportunity for instant discharge, as in the theatre. Actor-worship was taken over from the stage along with the methods of the stage. It seems strange that where the actual presence was replaced by mere pictorial representation it should ever have had anything like an equal hold upon the cinema, unless it be that the shadow offers less obstruction than the substance to our self-projection and identification with it.

Yet despite the development of the impersonal film the question arises, will not the public continue to demand realistic acting ? It prefers realism ; its interest is always in persons ; not in symbols, patterns, abstractions, but in people, the human story, especially the love story. And when the analytical play and the analytical novel have become sceptical in regard to love, the screen wallows in the old, unquestioning sentimentality, and has no surer asset than those long, lingering, slowed-down close-ups showing the imposition of one buccal cavity upon another, that form the staple of its advertisement. Time is the bringer of disillusionment, and the film, expanding in space but condensing in time, is dramatically a hasty optimist. Is not that one reason for its popularity ? The Russians have escaped our sentimentality through their temperamental mysticism and doubt, and in the pressure, too, of urgent social problems. It is a paradox that the Soviet films, or such as have been shown to us, are those that cater least for the taste of the masses. It must be remembered, however, that the Soviet is dealing with masses that on the whole have little or no experience of realistic acting, with minds that in the absence of preconceptions should be particularly educable. In countries which recognise that there can never be a levelling of human minds and tastes and æsthetic judgments, there must be films for the few, as there are books and plays for the few. The conception of its universality with which the film started will have to be relinquished. The groups and the special cinemas that cater for them are already in

being. The travel film and the documentary film may be universal, but probably the theatrical film will be made for a long time to come to meet a demand, and *Kitsch* will continue to be provided.

Happily there will also be provided in increasing numbers films that have no single protagonist, like *The End of St. Petersburg*, *Turksib*, and Grierson's saga of the herring-fishery, *Drifters*. It must have been this lack that made the attendant, showing me to my seat in the dark interior of a small cinema where I had gone to see it, say apologetically of *Drifters*, " It isn't exactly a film "—yet I found the lunge of sword-fish and conger-eel as dramatic as the rapier play of human villains in lace ruffles and velvet breeches. The two principal figures in *Sous Les Toits de Paris* scarcely emerge from the general pattern, and the pattern is the life of Paris streets and the mysterious panorama of its house roofs when Clair's camera sweeps across them like a scudding moon. Again, in *The Dawn Patrol* one man succeeds another in responsibility, and the animating spirit is really that of a human unit. Collective life of men engaged in a common adventure of war, a common endeavour of work, takes the place of the romantic hero. This is something new—new and vastly significant, passing with one stride outside the confines of the theatre and its range of subjects determined by the sets and footage of the stage. Why, as one discerning critic of the cinema asked recently in the columns of his Sunday journal, should drama be restricted to a human exponent ? Young Constantin Treplieff in *The Sea-gull* was asking himself the same question when he wrote the play all about nature, regardless of the needs of leading ladies, for which his actress mother expressed such contempt. We heard too little of Constantin's effort to judge how it succeeded, but Chekhov himself wrote a play having a Cherry Orchard for protagonist, a play with love of place rather than of persons for its theme, in which, by some magic of suggestion, with no aid from scenery, not even the tip of a flowering branch, with the fewest possible words of invocation, the vision of the invisible cherry orchard enters, its glimmering, ghostly loveliness reclaimed, Alcestis-like, by dawn.

Chekhov rebelled against the drama of eternal bed-room and drawing-room scenes, as if anger and jealousy, hatred and sexual passion exhaust the scope of human feelings. The four walls of the stage shut out the cosmic background that lends depth, perspective, light, colour and change of mood to human life. For him that background was the hinterland of myth and imagination, and so of religion, art, science even. In Russia the great masters have heard " the inaudible words of the earth ", and the peasant in the silent spaces that surround him hears them too, dumb though he is, and only able to repeat them in his superstitions and sense of pervading mystery. The Russian film and the Western American film have fed a very genuine space-hunger in us. There is no use sneering at this nostalgia ; it is an inalienable part of our psychological inheritance, and when the countries of the world have become leprous with civilisation, covered so completely with a scab of cities and suburbs that through her clogged pores the earth no longer expires that which in its subtler sense we now call atmosphere, then we shall take wings and seek space still, though it will never compensate us for the lost spaces of the earth. Whether filmic space be taken from without, or manufactured in a studio a few yards square, makes no difference, the screen has it illimitably to dispose of ; it is the element in which its imagery swims, like a fish in the sea, with horizons removing as itself removes.

" Motion can be beautiful, motion can be dramatic, motion can be spiritual ", Eric Elliott says ; " the cinema adds the motion of Nature." The motion of Nature is all three ; usually beautiful, sometimes spiritual, often dramatic, and, more than dramatic, cataclysmal. These natural motions we do not succeed in reproducing on the stage : the elemental motions of fire, air, and water of Wagner's music in The Ring cry out for cinema (nobody can fail to think of the action of The Ring as cinematic who saw the German film, *The Nibelungs*, wonderful in some of its effects, but spoiled by the heavy, Teutonic, grand opera style of acting, and the failure to renounce theatrical method). Motion is inherently exciting ; though

one may not go the length of agreeing with those who claim that motion is emotion, there is no denying that the cinema arouses a physical excitement like that of the bull-fight and the prize-ring. One comes away, sometimes, feeling spent by a sterile excitement devoid of real feeling, stunned by violence and excess of motion in which all finer shades, subtler implications are lost. One seems to have assisted at an epileptic seizure of drama, or at least a St. Vitus's dance. The whirling action in Lewis Milestone's *The Front Page* is stupefying for the moment, and only retrospectively does one perceive its satire and significance. The staccato method, those slight intervals of the screen, like breaks in the electric current, the arc across which emotion leaps, serve to increase intensity. The film has taken advantage of the hypnotic power of motion which engages the eye and immobilises the mind, to emancipate itself from the logical necessity of motive governing the stage. And in this it is justified so long as it acts as the creator of fantasy, in conformance with Gilbert Seldes's opinion that with reality the movie has almost nothing on earth to do. But when it merely reproduces, in another medium, stage plays, it has no right to indulgence, but must submit to the same logical necessities of motive and action as the stage play itself. The failure to observe them offends intelligent persons, who on leaving the cinema become sensible of the omissions, the improbabilities, the absurdities, and resent this hustling of their minds. In the screen versions of mutilated plays they see only a new means of stultifying human intelligence and rendering an uncritical public more uncritical.

Anything so long as there is plenty of movement, was as far as the conception of subject went with the early makers. And the public, pleased with a novel form of entertainment, followed whatever was shown with a kitten-like interest in anything that moved. Neither producer nor public was ready to grasp Pudovkin's truth that " every object is a dead object no matter how much it has moved before the camera until it becomes endowed with meaning through its relations." Though the American name " movies " sums up the essential characteristic,

every movement on the screen should be as significant as every movement on the stage, every object should be as related as in a painter's composition. It is too soon, perhaps, to say whether, taking mere motion for its material, the cinema was fortunate, or not, in having as its contemporaries the aeroplane, the motor-car, and jazz. Its own imperfect, flickering movement, to begin with, was jazz to the eye. The early actors had to synchronise their action with this jerky, nervous medium. Charlie Chaplin found in it his comic opportunity, and mechanised all his gestures, adopting his puppet-like planting of the feet, the golliwog roundness of his stare, the blankness of his face in which the slightest flicker of expression is apparent. He made himself, mind and body, cinematic, expressive of film technique, and his combination of mechanical movement with extreme agility supplied the element of comic surprise. Apart from that, his admirers, numbered among the most intelligent critics of the film, tell us that he has a sense of cinema amounting to genius. It may be so, but there are those, not therefore devoid of humour, who look on with a kind of melancholy wonder at audiences rocking with laughter at what seems to them the crudest clowning—running up and down stairs, falling down, jumping up, kicking people's posteriors. To see a man fall down is, apparently, a joke that never palls through the ages, relished by Probably Arboreal or some earlier simian ancestor lurking within us, whose posture we discarded at the price of equilibrium, and who thus enjoys his tardy revenge. Exaggeration is among the raw materials of humour, and the film is inevitably an exaggerator; it is life seen by flashes of lightning; what it lacks of duration it must make up in intensity, or in reliance on our more primitive feelings—love of speed, excitement of the chase, slap-stick, the destructive impulse common to children, savages, and animals. If it has been unrestrained, it has known temptations in its riotous youth to which the stage has never been subjected.

There came a moment of arrest and retrogression with the invention of the talking film. Intelligent producers and that section of the public whom their work had con-

quered, were dismayed. It seemed the Ariel of the screen, a tricksy spirit of air and fantasy, and free, uncorporeal movement, was to be delivered once more to captivity. Speech has been hitched on as an appendage to some silent films, but in practically every instance they were films that were never self-sufficing and wholly independent. Paul Rotha is confident that " the offending dialogue will pass as soon as its showmanship possibilities become exhausted, and the way will open for the great sound and visual cinema of the future." He prophesies that even as the camera's power of distortion is used for dramatic emphasis, so will the distortion of sound be used ; and in the same way as a film is built up out of pieces of film by montage, little portions of sound will be fitted together to form new sound effects. Eisenstein, Pudovkin, and Alexander, creators of some of the greatest silent films that have come out of Russia, when consulted about their attitude, have stated that though they anticipate a terrible second period when the talkies will be used " for high cultural dramas and other photographic performances of a theatrical nature ", they nevertheless feel that sound was needed for completion, and from the right use of it will ultimately result a perfect orchestration of sight images and sound images.

It is inconceivable that the screen will be driven back into mimicking and parroting the stage ; that it will surrender its power of symbolisation, its subtler conveyance than speech. Silence is the perfectest herald of many of its effects. It can be silent and let Nature speak for herself. What poetry abstracts and imparts in resistant words is immediately revealed in the vital image, the visual symbol. Poetry has a readier audience in the cinema than in the theatre ; the uncultured eye will perceive it when the uncultured ear is deaf. People who do not read Wordsworth will look at a sunset. To the silent screen belongs an unparalleled power of symbolic representation. In Dovjenko's *Earth* a cloud of white horses rushing like the wind over the plains, saying " ha, ha," is the symbol of that personal freedom the man cannot surrender when he is called on to plough the Communal

furrow. It is but a glimpse, but the mind is haunted by that marmoreal beauty, as if suddenly released from the pediment of some temple where it has been immobilised for centuries—by that frieze of flying horses ; is haunted, too, by the final symbol of the series, the apple-orchard seen through strands of disastrous rain.

Architecture, sculpture, painting are static arts. Even in literature " our flying minds ", as George Meredith says, cannot contain protracted description. It is so ; for from sequences of words they must assemble all the details in one simultaneous impression. But moments of fleeting beauty too transient to be caught by any means less swift than light itself are registered on the screen. Its material is Nature's living movement, its method the selection of art. A leaf from Nature's book, one thinks sometimes of a film, without suspecting how much the book has been edited. And if there is a Diable Boiteux who can unroof the life of cities, his eye is certainly the film-camera. With its more than bird's-eye, its God's-eye power of conspective vision it surveys from above, from below, from all angles, the architectural masses, the moving crowds ; it makes visible, as in Feyder's *Crainquebille*, the nocturnal soul of cities.

" Since the ever-changing rate of movement is one of the fundamental attributes of consciousness, those factors that signify it . . . will have a strong effect upon the mind." The factors that Britan, in his book on *The Philosophy of Music*, here names are speech and musical sound, but cinematic movement conforms no less profoundly to the dynamics of our emotional consciousness, to the beat of intermittent attention in our flying minds. The close relation between music and the film was recognised from the start. Edmund Meisel made musical scores for *Potemkin* and *October*. It is wholly wrong, of course, to regard music as a series of pictures or other representations, but for one kind at least, descriptive music, the composer of the future may be led to rely on the rhythmic image, so much easier to synchronize with his movements than the laggard word. While no music that is adequately expressive requires illustration (we have known clumsy devices

of an orator reciting illustrative passages), there is pure gain in delicate designs of visual imagery embroidered on the musical theme, like the band of white wood-nymphs, with their charm "of woven paces and of waving hands", conjured across the screen by the music of Oscar Strauss's Viennese Waltz operetta. The cinema has been betrayed, by its original pride in mechanical invention, into premature use of the talking machine before that invention was perfected, and before the screen perfected its own methods of speech in accordance. Meanwhile, until those two ends are accomplished, it will do well, as at first, to "lean upon music", or to follow the technique of the nature films whereby *expressive* sounds, the rustle of wind, the patter of raindrops, the ripple of water, the voices of animals, the singing of birds, are woven into a texture of sound accompaniment.

The science of recording sound and visual images is so new, the unexplored possibilities in both fields so great, that there is no saying what sounds that now lie on the other side of silence we may trap, reinforce, and render audible; what invisible wave-lengths of light the almost infinitely sensitive camera-plate may render visible. If spiritualistic photographs are not entirely fake we may find that thought itself is registered, and that they require no supernatural explanation. Film photography on its technical side is in a state of evolution, but it has long since, with the use of cutting-in, with the whole system of ideal construction, shaken off the reproach of being literal. It seems destined to command the least literal, the most subjective means of expression of any art save music. For if the province of art is to stimulate imagination, who can refuse the status of art to that new medium which is already, in Gilbert Seldes's words, "an incalculable instrument to set free the imagination of mankind", indeed, as he further says, "the imagination of mankind in action."

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

THE crisis of last month acted like one of the acid tests which resolve a fluid mass into its elements. That of 1914 did the same, but with different results, as the test was different. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Clynes found themselves grouped with the men to whom they are opposed at present, while Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden did not then conceive the national interest in the same way as Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin. There is no use in talking about persons whose aims and interests were petty and personal or whose education was deficient: they do not count in a crisis. But it is necessary to try to understand the motives of men who by their record are entitled to the respect of all good citizens. Neither Mr. Henderson nor Mr. Clynes would have separated from Mr. MacDonald had they shared Mr. MacDonald's belief that the nation was in grave peril, and that the course which he desired to take was necessary in the national interest. Mr. Henderson in his speech at the opening of Parliament made his own view clear. The danger that the pound would collapse was to him not real, because France and the United States would, in their own interest, have furnished the means of preventing it, even if England had insisted on leaving the dole intact. He has not suggested that England could have met the sudden demand from her own resources without such assistance, and he admits, therefore, that there was a risk: yet not so great that, to avoid it, he would lay hands on the ark of the covenant—the dole—which is the standard and measure of the Labour Party's achievement.

Personalities in the Crisis

It is not yet certain, it may not be certain in our lifetime, what was at the back of Mr. Henderson's mind. Up to a point, officially and publicly, his position is stated. His

whole life-work, of which twenty-five years in Parliament is only a part, has been directed to raise the standard of living for the working classes, and the success has been prodigious. Those for whom he has laboured have not only secured increased reward for less work; they have seen themselves guaranteed against the lack of work. The crucial figure stands at the bottom—what shall be the wages of unemployment? That is the Ark of the Covenant. That figure to-day stands higher than the wages of work in many countries whose products compete with those of England Take away the wages of unemployment, and sheer pressure of need will bring down the wages of work. To do this would indeed have been a revolutionary proposal: but nothing of the kind was proposed. A reduction of ten per cent. would, as Mr. Henderson knew, have brought the purchasing power of the dole back to what it was in 1929. On the other hand, a collapse of sterling would have brought its purchasing power down perhaps to half, perhaps to nothing. Mr. Henderson knew that as well as Mr. Snowden or Mr. MacDonald; but, as has been seen, he did not regard the collapse as possible, because the creditor countries would prevent it. None the less for a prudent man, and he is prudent, his confidence here was as remarkable as his caution in another direction. What he baulked at, what he refused, was simply the cut in the dole. Why? Was it because he feared revolution?

Labour and its Leaders

A Labour leader may well have said to himself that the one thing calculated to bring about revolution in England would be a step that destroyed the confidence of Labour in its tried leaders. The danger which threatened was not clear and unmistakable, like war. National pride was not openly challenged by an enemy. A measure so unpopular as the reduction of the dole would be resented by the working classes, if it were carried by a combination of the parties which they regarded as capitalist and so, in a sense, hostile. But, he may have thought, if their own party was found consenting to it, the consequence would be not resentment but fury, and the extreme left would take charge.

These speculations may or may not have influenced Mr. Henderson's shrewd and calculating mind. He, perhaps more than any man, has built up the constitutional Labour Party as a trade union movement, controlled by sensible, moderate men, experienced in affairs. It remains to-day more definitely than ever a trade union party. But for Mr. Henderson's leadership it might be to-day a party of very different complexion. It is in strong opposition at a moment of national emergency, yet things might be a deal more dangerous than they are. The course of English history has seldom or never been determined by the united force of the nation thrown in a single direction. It has been the result of diverse and often contradictory impulses, given by men who have in common much shrewdness, much honesty and a real goodwill to their country. These impulses act upon a mass which retains always a sense of direction and power of choice between roads. It goes jostling along, confusedly and slowly, but is not stampeded; it goes, on the whole, the way it wants to go: and it keeps together. When violent division has threatened, some man, helped by other men, has always contrived to swing the bulk into line. The Duke of Wellington did that a hundred years ago. Mr. MacDonald has done it to-day, with the help of two powerful lieutenants.

A Government of Individuals

The *Daily Herald* is perfectly right about one thing. This is not a National Government, for politically the nation is grouped into parties and one party remains solidly outside it: the other two parties have for a time ceased to exist as parties because they set aside for a time (to what extent is not yet certain) their party objects. It is, as the *Daily Herald* says, a government of individuals. The opposition to it is an opposition of trade unions—organisations which are hostile to individual action as such. This goes right through. The trade union definitely discourages the workman who works quicker or better than his mate. In politics it is more distrustful of leadership than any other element in the State. It was at first committed to the ideal that chairmanship of the Labour Party should be rotated from

one individual to another annually lest any one man should be in fact the leader. Allegiance to the leader has been less strong and willing than in any other party. They have now got rid of the men who were least conformable to the desired type. Mr. MacDonald is not a product of the trade unions though he has worked with them constantly: and the same is true of Mr. Snowden. Mr. Thomas is the one real trade unionist who has broken away, and he is the less typical because he has repeatedly enforced his leadership on his union. He grew more and more an individual and less a trade unionist as he gained more and more confidence in his own experience and judgment from long handling of affairs.

The Strength of the Leaders

These three men—Highlander, Yorkshireman, and Welshman—have set up a standard to which individuals can rally; and the result will be decisive of much. Tories and Liberals can be counted on to support their leaders, whose action was never in doubt. But there are millions of men and women, not inveterately attached to any party, who do not like thinking to order, yet are faced with a set of facts about which they cannot easily form a competent opinion for themselves. That was, and is, the real danger of this crisis. The average man or woman cannot visualise it or understand it. When they are told by highly educated persons, and by an active press, that the whole thing is a "bankers' ramp", their prejudices are moved. It will seem to millions of them natural enough that both Liberals and Tories with their capitalist affinities should back the bankers. But the action of the Prime Minister and his colleagues forces thought. For that matter so does the action of Mr. Baldwin in taking service under Mr. MacDonald. The argument which has to be publicly conducted will now be followed by a large proportion of those millions with open minds. Nobody is going to believe that Mr. MacDonald has been bought: or, to be more accurate, the percentage of amiable folk who believe this will be probably less than if any other politician in England had taken the same curve. Nor, again, is anyone

going to attribute to Mr. Snowden a congenital fondness for capitalists. And if there is one man living whom trade unionists have reason to believe a good judge where the material interest of trade unionism lies, Mr. Thomas is he. The whole approach to the question now before the nation will have been determined for hundreds of thousands by the action of these men. This may be the end of their career as politicians, but while they are in this government of individuals, they are the most powerful element in it. They have agreed to do that which without them could not have been done safely, or without danger to the nation's health; in return, they have acquired the power to dictate what compensating sacrifices shall be required from the wealthier classes. Neither Tory nor Liberal dare face the consequences which would follow if these three men resigned, saying that the Cabinet would not impose the taxation which they thought essential.

It would not be fair to say that this leverage has been felt as compulsion. The taxation, no less than the economies proposed by Mr. Snowden, has been accepted with a willingness that has evidently impressed the world. Yet the additional burdens on the direct taxpayer are staggering and the brewing industry has suffered a fresh inroad. Protectionist elements in the new Government have had to acquiesce in something harder: they have had to put aside the chief item in their policy at a moment when the opposition to it was crumbling. This, no doubt, was a concession necessary to secure co-operation of the Liberals: even more, it was the price they paid for Mr. Snowden. I do not think protectionists grudge it, largely, perhaps, because they must feel in their bones that their cause is won. Free Trade simply cannot continue. But, firstly and chiefly, they realise that Mr. Snowden justified the price. When he stood up, amid the taunts of his former associates, facing the rage of class war launched against those who were called deserters, he lifted the quarrel to a new plane with his concluding challenge: "England yet shall stand." No man among the Tories, no man among the Liberals, could have made with comparable effect that appeal from class to country. It was

the individual defying the organisation, but the individual with the race behind him : a race of shopkeepers, merchants, and business men, that has bred more poets than any other in history. If ever fire was struck out of flint it was when Mr. Snowden flashed that line across the House at his assailants.

Facts to be Faced

The experience through which we are passing will have value if it makes us face facts. Our age's noble tenderness for the needy has displaced in England the nineteenth century's disgusting and pharisaical callousness. That should not be allowed to kill the spirit of independence. The commonweal concerns the moral no less than the physical. It is remarkable that those who are least concerned for the dependence of the individual at present raise loud cries about a sacrifice of national independence. England is considered to be dishonoured because, wanting to borrow, it has been obliged to give some guarantee that the country will not completely outrun its credit. That was undoubtedly an unpleasant warning ; but it was not unnatural that a country so long accustomed to consider its financial position as unshakable should have incurred it.

We are all of us, we men in the street, getting a lesson in the facts of the national existence. England, as we have always known, lives largely by shipping, and we can roughly understand the implications of that. We have not, I think, realised all that is implied in England's position as a banker nation—indeed, as the banker nation—earning by that commerce a great part of the national revenue. Whether such a thing as a banker nation, or for that matter such a thing as a bank, is allowable by Socialist doctrine, I cannot say : but it is already clear that an unlimited application of Socialist teaching will smash the credit on which England's banking business depends : in which case the English working man is likely to find himself, without the support of that wealth behind him, facing a world in which his competitors are content to work harder and live less expensively than he. It will be a considerable time before England can again afford the

luxury of a professedly Socialist administration. Things were brought to a pass where the pinch came : and when the pinch came, Socialism rejected the guidance of those men whom after a quarter of a century's trial it had chosen out as the fittest to lead.

England's Policies

Yet no one need expect in England to see any reversal of policy. In Social matters, the brakes have to go on, that is all. The outside world may indeed have to face a restriction of the open English market—though on this English Socialism had refused, and still refuses, to speak with any clear voice : but the outside world has no title to resent such a change. As for India, Mr. Gandhi can sit at the conference with assurance that Mr. MacDonald's presiding there means no less than it did before. At Geneva Lord Cecil represents the Foreign Secretary, and not even Mr. Henderson was more thoroughly Genevan than Lord Cecil. Probably as much could be said of Lord Reading, whose appointment to the Foreign Office marks a new stage in an extraordinary career. Without going back to the difficult beginnings from which this brilliant young Jew made his way to supreme success at the Bar, I recall that nothing in his House of Commons days foretold these later developments. As compared with his rivals in the Courts, Sir John Simon and F. E. Smith, he was quite ineffective as a debater : not even his personal charm made itself felt. Only once I remember him perfectly successful and that was in an Apologia pro Rufo when he defended himself for having prosecuted, I think it was Mr. Tom Mann. Then, for the first time, I realised how he had captured the Courts. But it was by his personal handling of difficult situations, at home doubtless, and certainly in America, that his political fame was made. India set a new stamp on it. Now he takes charge of the relations between the British Commonwealth and the rest of the world, and these will be in supple, dexterous hands. No choice could have had less of a partisan character : all men have confidence in the *mitis sapientia* of this born negotiator.

He takes charge at a difficult moment. Spain and

Portugal have had their own troubles, which do not immediately concern the rest of Europe, except as signs of general unrest. The revolt in Barcelona claimed kinship with Communist tendencies everywhere. That in Portugal was almost an *opéra bouffe* affair ; indeed, there was an operatic element also in the attempt at a Fascist rising in Austria, so quickly suppressed. But Austria is at the very vitals of Europe, and what happens there concerns us all. It had, no doubt, connection with the admitted failure of a plan whose chief purpose was to restore wounded national pride ; for, in advance of the Hague Court's decision, Germany and Austria announced their intention to abandon the proposed economic union. The Court found that the proposal did not contravene the Treaty of Versailles, but that Austria was bound for some years only by a special agreement. However, the decisive fact was that Austria urgently needed money which France could supply ; and so France wins this particular war. The worst of victories is that they leave resentment. Yet the French have much justification for saying that the whole financial upheaval was set in motion by the sudden attempt of the German-speaking countries to confront Europe with a *fait accompli* ; and those Germans who are attacking the authors of this policy in Germany have some justification for their anger, though it is certainly the wish of Europe that Dr. Brüning and Herr Curtius should retain power. These statesmen think that their purposes will be served by a visit of M. Laval and M. Briand to Berlin, and accordingly the Frenchmen are going : but it is a bold experiment in the uneasy temper of the times. So trusted and experienced a statesman as Count Bethlen has resigned his long career of leadership in Hungary—no one clearly knows why : but it is known that Hungary is threatened by the same financial difficulties that beset Austria and is forced to consider an approach to France. This would not accord with Count Bethlen's previously pursued course and he may think it more honourable to leave others to make the change. Or again, he may have thought it proper to take the full blame for having allowed the ship of state to get

An Uneasy Europe

on a lee shore. It is a time when any statesman who can quit office without danger to his country may well be glad to do so.

Those who have gone out of office here seem, most of them, to enjoy the freedom of opposition. Yet one at least leaves a task that he loved. Let us gratefully salute Mr. Lansbury who left London parks so much gayer than he found them. A score of times, wandering about in some continental town, I have filled in time pleasantly by watching amusements in some public place—for instance, at a skittle alley outside the old palace at Chambéry, which is now the government buildings. But now we can all stop for a quarter of an hour on the way across Kensington Gardens to see bowlers exercising their skill on a magnificent green ; and as we leave them and cross the bridge over the Serpentine, if it is a sunlight evening, Mr. Lansbury's Lido will rejoice our hearts. He has given London a new touch of colour. Finally, for a supreme merit, this lifelong teetotaller has ordained that, where public parks are allowed to provide meals, they may also provide beer, so that even in England people may be supposed capable of rational sobriety. Mr. Lansbury deserves that the line in Yeats's *Fiddler of Dooney* should have been written about him : " For the good are always merry, save by evil chance." Let us hope that the evil chance which puts him out of office will not make him less merry or less tolerant in his virtues.

A Word for Mr. Lansbury

Looking for books to take away on holidays, one inclines to the pocketable, and Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, who almost alone among English writers practises the art of aphorism, provided *Afterthoughts*. Naturally these are sunset coloured : the author of *Trivia* does not conceal from us that he is past the flush of youth. He has good things to say of age. " There is more felicity on the far side of baldness than young men can possibly imagine." " The old know what they want ; the young are sad and bewildered." But it is more amusing to look for points of disagreement than to be merely saying

Books for a Holiday

one individual to another annually lest any one man should be in fact the leader. Allegiance to the leader has been less strong and willing than in any other party. They have now got rid of the men who were least conformable to the desired type. Mr. MacDonald is not a product of the trade unions though he has worked with them constantly: and the same is true of Mr. Snowden. Mr. Thomas is the one real trade unionist who has broken away, and he is the less typical because he has repeatedly enforced his leadership on his union. He grew more and more an individual and less a trade unionist as he gained more and more confidence in his own experience and judgment from long handling of affairs.

The Strength of the Leaders

These three men—Highlander, Yorkshireman, and Welshman—have set up a standard to which individuals can rally; and the result will be decisive of much. Tories and Liberals can be counted on to support their leaders, whose action was never in doubt. But there are millions of men and women, not inveterately attached to any party, who do not like thinking to order, yet are faced with a set of facts about which they cannot easily form a competent opinion for themselves. That was, and is, the real danger of this crisis. The average man or woman cannot visualise it or understand it. When they are told by highly educated persons, and by an active press, that the whole thing is a "bankers' ramp", their prejudices are moved. It will seem to millions of them natural enough that both Liberals and Tories with their capitalist affinities should back the bankers. But the action of the Prime Minister and his colleagues forces thought. For that matter so does the action of Mr. Baldwin in taking service under Mr. MacDonald. The argument which has to be publicly conducted will now be followed by a large proportion of those millions with open minds. Nobody is going to believe that Mr. MacDonald has been bought: or, to be more accurate, the percentage of amiable folk who believe this will be probably less than if any other politician in England had taken the same curve. Nor, again, is anyone

EBB AND FLOW

going to attribute to Mr. Snowden a congenital fondness for capitalists. And if there is one man living whom trade unionists have reason to believe a good judge where the material interest of trade unionism lies, Mr. Thomas is he. The whole approach to the question now before the nation will have been determined for hundreds of thousands by the action of these men. This may be the end of their career as politicians, but while they are in this government of individuals, they are the most powerful element in it. They have agreed to do that which without them could not have been done safely, or without danger to the nation's health; in return, they have acquired the power to dictate what compensating sacrifices shall be required from the wealthier classes. Neither Tory nor Liberal dare face the consequences which would follow if these three men resigned, saying that the Cabinet would not impose the taxation which they thought essential.

It would not be fair to say that this leverage has been felt as compulsion. The taxation, no less than the economies proposed by Mr. Snowden, has been accepted with a willingness that has evidently impressed the world. Yet the additional burdens on the direct taxpayer are staggering and the brewing industry has suffered a fresh inroad. Protectionist elements in the new Government have had to acquiesce in something harder: they have had to put aside the chief item in their policy at a moment when the opposition to it was crumbling. This, no doubt, was a concession necessary to secure co-operation of the Liberals: even more, it was the price they paid for Mr. Snowden. I do not think protectionists grudge it, largely, perhaps, because they must feel in their bones that their cause is won. Free Trade simply cannot continue. But, firstly and chiefly, they realise that Mr. Snowden justified the price. When he stood up, amid the taunts of his former associates, facing the rage of class war launched against those who were called deserters, he lifted the quarrel to a new plane with his concluding challenge: "England yet shall stand." No man among the Tories, no man among the Liberals, could have made with comparable effect that appeal from class to country. It was

the individual defying the organisation, but the individual with the race behind him : a race of shopkeepers, merchants, and business men, that has bred more poets than any other in history. If ever fire was struck out of flint it was when Mr. Snowden flashed that line across the House at his assailants.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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CAPTAIN REGINALD C. BERKELEY's article on the National crisis and the men who are handling it is frank, but this is no time to mince words. The fact that the crisis is economic in nature makes particularly apt PROFESSOR GREGORY's article on Rationalisation. Is this the cure for our ills? PROFESSOR GREGORY believes that Great Britain's economic future lies in her ability to obtain the specialised markets, and that Rationalisation plays no part in the development of that field.

CHARLES MORGAN, who reveals in this issue an interesting aspect of dramatic criticism, is the Dramatic Editor of *The Times*, and the author of that brilliant novel, *Portrait in a Mirror*. The basis of criticism from which The New Art of the Cinema should be examined is the subject of Miss Kinross's paper on *The Screen, From this Side*.

EDMUND BLUNDEN, the author of *Undertones of War*, has been elected a Fellow of Merton College. *The Recovery* is in the best tradition of his poetry. MISS STELLA BENSON needs no introduction to readers of the *Fortnightly*. Living in China, Miss Benson has opportunities for observing the life there, and the ability to describe all its phases with humour.

Of SIR JOHN MARRIOTT *The Times of India* wrote recently: "All the monthly Reviews for June deal in one way or another with the problem of India. But by far the most enlightening and instructive article is published in the *Fortnightly* and comes from the pen of Sir John Marriott."

MR. GOWANS WHYTE's work in the Central Office fits him to discuss the future of the Conservative Party. H. S. OAKLEY is the financial editor of the *Observer*.

It is with regret that we publish this month the last of T. EARLE WELBY's delightful articles on the English table. Previous contributions which have appeared in the preceding three numbers of the *Fortnightly Review* were *The English Dinner*, *The English Luncheon*, and *The English Breakfast*.

OCTOBER
1931

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BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

ditto. "You cannot be both fashionable and first-rate." This sentence gets all the emphasis of a page to itself; yet (speaking as one with no pretension to either class) I dissent: how about George Wyndham? How about the late Lord Balfour? Or again, from the technical point of view, observe this sentence: "Solvency is entirely a matter of temperament and not of income." The last four words, because they are superfluous, spoil a good aphorism. Again, here and there, the sentiment is dated—*for instance*: "Married women are kept women and they are beginning to find it out." An aphorism when it is not applicable to all periods becomes a piece of journalism.

But how few, among English writers specially, have succeeded in this enchanting art. Swift tried his hand at it and all that one remembers is a metaphor: "The reason why so few marriages are happy is that young women spend their time in making nets, not cages." It is natural for Englishmen to think in images, as Mr. Pearsall Smith does when he says: "If we shake hands with icy fingers it is because we have burnt them so horribly before." The French will have no such colours in their crystal; also their edge cuts deeper: nor is it always unkind. La Rochefoucauld has the name of a cynic; yet it was he who said: "*La vraie politesse, celle d'esprit, consiste à ne penser que des choses honnêtes et délicates.*" The aphorism should be impersonal, though of course capable of personal application: Swift uttered one when he wrote: "A wise man should have money in his head but never in his heart"—he added the application: "And Gay is a slave by two thousand pounds too little." When Becky Sharp said that it is easy to be virtuous on four thousand a year, the saying had a dramatic quality: it was completely true for the person who said it and completely revealing of that personality. Mr. Pearsall Smith's sentences are often highly condensed essays, full of temperament as an essay should be: but temperament is out of place in an aphorism. However, he was under no contract to write aphorisms—the only implied obligation was to interest himself and us, and many will take pleasure in what he himself calls these "salted almonds."

Anthologies also are good travellers and I took *The Mercury Book of Verse* with me, thinking it would make me better acquainted with the younger poets—since everything included in it has appeared, under Mr. Squire's editorship, some time in the last twelve years. But the selection has been made by Sir Henry Newbolt, and I cannot be sure whether he has deliberately kept T. S. Eliot and the Sitwell family unrepresented, or whether these authors did not appear under Mr. Squire's banner. Is it because my contemporary has the same standards of intelligibility as myself that I find nothing here which I cannot assimilate? I should have liked to see what in Mr. Eliot's work would have appealed to him—for Mr. Eliot certainly can write and there is no doubt that what he writes in verse gives pleasure to the poets of his generation. I give thanks for an introduction to Mr. Martin Armstrong's work—especially for his delightful Georgic *Honey Harvest*. On the whole, as compared with the work of Sir Henry Newbolt's own generation, I note a deliberate muting of singing rhythms, oddly mated with a propensity to weak endings and double rhymes; Mr. Squire's own work illustrates both, and shows how charming both tendencies can be made. But the outstanding typical piece of modernism is D. H. Lawrence's *Snake*—in *vers libre*. It leaves me puzzled, enchanted by the picture, and yet dissatisfied. Is it poetry? The utterance slips back and forward from the key of verse into the key of prose, as a music-hall singer often intersperses spoken patter. The theme of the poem is the snake gliding out from its dark hole to drink at the trough to which the poet had come with his pitcher: and the theme of the prose is Mr. Lawrence's reaction to the promptings which said that snakes ought to be killed. By combining the two you make something amusing; but you perpetuate the disharmony which no doubt existed. Now, Cowper in his *Colubriad* wrote what certainly was not poetry but was a delightful piece of mock heroic, where the success lay primarily in maintaining the unity of tone. There was no disharmony, unlike Lawrence, either, for even the gentlest of eighteenth century poets made no bones about killing a viper.

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MORE ESSAYS OF LOVE AND VIRTUE, by Havelock Ellis. (*Constable*)

WORLD CHAMPIONS, by Paul Morand. (*Heinemann*)

JUDITH PARIS, by Hugh Walpole. (*Macmillan*)

AN OUTLINE OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE. (*Gollancz*)

RICHARD WAGNER, by Paul Bekker. (*Dent*)

SISSINGHURST, by V. Sackville West. (*Hogarth Press*)

SECRET SERVICE, by Herbert O. Yardley. (*Faber & Faber*)

THE MAN WHO DIED, by D. H. Lawrence. (*Secker*)

ONE MAN'S FOAL, by Alec Waugh. (*Chapman & Hall*)

IN ENGLAND TO-DAY, by Lucy Johnston. (*Dent*)

ARE WE ALL MAD? by Warwick Kane. (*Elkin Mathews & Marrot*)

JOHN BULL AT HOME, by Karl Silex. (*Harrap*)

UNCLE FABIUS, by Mazo de la Roche. (*Macmillan*)

FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1926 (*Harrap*)

GEORGE MOORE IN AULIS

by GERALD BULLETT

THE PASSING OF THE ESSENES, by George Moore. *Heinemann*. 6s.
APHRODITE IN AULIS, by George Moore. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

READERS of *The Brook Kerith* will remember that the great dramatic climax of that story, the meeting between Paul and Jesus, came almost as an interruption of that mood of serene remembering into which all the previous events of the story had been somehow assimilated. It may be that Mr. Moore himself, whose instinct nowadays is to subdue all drama to the even flow of his narrative, was (or became) aware of some such disparity; for, a year or two ago, he returned to that tremendous situation and re-conceived it in a definitely dramatic form. Mr. Moore's second thoughts are always vitally interesting, and no reader of the story can afford to neglect this play, *The Passing of the Essenes*, in which we see Paul not only unconvinced by Jesus, but actually, by the force of his fanaticism, persuading all but the three elders among the Essenes, and Jesus himself, to espouse the cause of a Christianity founded on the false story of a death and a resurrection. To a reader, the play seems designed more for the library than for the stage. But those who saw it performed at the Arts Theatre, two years ago, count it a memorable experience.

Aphrodite in Aulis is a triumph of imagination and of Mr. Moore's peculiar method. It is exquisite in texture; it runs like music; and it is infinitely persuasive. One sometimes hears Mr. Moore praised for his style in a way that suggests that he is to be read for the beauty of his prose alone. This is nonsense. Mr. Moore's prose is the delicate instrument of his purpose. It is so singularly unobtrusive a prose, so spell-binding with its subtle cadences and its long rippling periods, that it must seem easy to the layman, especially if it be compared with that of other renowned stylists, such as Gibbon, or Ruskin, or the several Stevensons. It is that last word in literary artifice, a perfectly "natural" narrative style. For this reason it does not invite quotation; it offers no flashes of "brilliance", every paragraph being tributary to the whole and suffused with the mild radiance of the whole. But even quotation is better than a conscientious summary of the plot. Kebren is a young rhapsodist who wakes in his bed at Athens to hear the gods calling him to Aulis. At Aulis he is received into the household of a rich merchant, whose daughter, Biote, he marries. To them are born Rhesos and Thrassillos, the first a sculptor, the second an architect; and the planning and building of Aphrodite's temple at Aulis occupies much of the book. My quotation shows Kebren and Biote walking by the seashore before their love for each other has been confessed:

> And whilst watching the tide breaking on the rocks Kebren's words tripped up Biote's; there was rivalry as to which should remind the other that as is the race of leaves, even such is the race of men; and the emotion of the

moment being more than they could bear, a silence fell between them and they saw the tide racing into waves, each wave seeming to them to represent a generation. The wave rises and then sinks back into the sea, Kebren said, and we are not even waves, but bubbles on the wave. But the bubble delights in its life on the wave and in the life of its brother bubble, Biote replied, and they walked by the curving shore through rocks and across beaches of white sand till they came to three poplars showing against a grey sky. Presaging rain, Kebren said, and he watched the poplars swaying sorrowful. I have never seen poplars so thin and tall, Biote, and now that the sky is grey and a breeze is about they sway like three sisters complaining of their fate. The gesture of the middle poplar leaves no doubt of their sadness, sadness rather than grief, and they lament. . . . For what do they lament, Kebren? I cannot tell thee, Biote. Perhaps, said Biote, because having grown as thin and tall as they are there is nothing more for them to do. Her answer pleased him, and guessing that he was pleased with her she continued to talk about trees, saying that all were sad except flowering trees: And flowering trees are happy only whilst in flower.

This is by no means a typical passage, except in the shrewd sympathy with which the rather absurdly solemn talk of young lovers is rendered for us. Mr. Ruskin would have dismissed both Kebren and Biote as victims of his Pathetic Fallacy. But we accept them. We see them clearly; we watch them grow old; we share their intimate thoughts and sensations. For Mr. Moore possesses that power which your born story-teller shares only with the gods, the power of creating a world and leading us confidently into it.

HUNT AND WORKING TERRIERS, by Captain Jocelyn Lucas, M.C. *Chapman & Hall.* 18*s.*

This untidily constructed book is definitely addressed to "people who hunt" rather than to horsemen and horsewomen who follow the hounds for the love of a gallop. "People who hunt" have also contributed to its pages, which contain the views of many Masters of Fox Hounds on the place of different breeds of terrier in a pack, and it is these symposia of opinions which make reading like a catalogue of a dog show. Captain Lucas's text, even if still badly arranged, is an addition to the literature of Hunting of which the previous lack becomes only more apparent as one reads on. While, to him, terriers are necessary to a real hunt, he agrees that they are out of place in a field of five hundred; but a field of five hundred is not a hunt. When real "hound work" comes in, the terrier has a two-fold job with one object; to provide the fox or the otter, as the case may be. With anecdote and illustration, the author labours this point until it becomes obvious that a hunt without terriers is lamb without mint sauce. He shows, too, how terriers are complete otter-hunters in themselves, and well-trained packs, as those which the author instances, including his own Sealyhams, can hit a line, give tongue and follow to the end, usually of the otter. Captain Lucas also discusses the place of terriers in badger-digging, hunting rats, stoats and rabbits, the European wild boar and even big game, winding up with hints on kennel management and appendices rather like a Terriers' Year Book. The reader who is content to sort out this bundle of hunting lore and hints will pick upon passages both instructive and amusing, and with scissors and paste might well compile a handy and useful work on the terrier breeds.

A. Williams Ellis.

A DISCREET SCEPTIC

by V. S. Pritchett

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS, John Florio's translation; 2 vols. *Nonesuch Press. Five guineas the set.*

The vogue for luxurious limited editions has been badly shaken by the slump, and one cannot entirely regret the disaster. The cause of fine production and good printing may have suffered, but they were being far too frequently lavished upon obscure works which were given a spurious kind of new life as interior decoration. This criticism could never be made of the Nonesuch publications. Indeed, with the discreet and elegant Montaigne before one, one feels the Nonesuch Press has a real sense of the time and the place. Montaigne could be read with delight and profit at all times; but nowadays, it seems to me, we almost connive at his effects.

This is not to extort a rigid parallel between our age and his, but it is to suggest a congeniality of temperaments. No doubt all we who make a romantic rather than a critical or scholarly approach, habitually read the habit of our age into an author, reading him first for what we find of ourselves in him, and penetrating to the man himself much later; but I think our instinctive regard for Montaigne as an enquirer, a man of disinterested, scientific mind, a judicial observer and a humorist in the strict sense, is more accurate than the earlier opinion of him as a sceptic, pure and simple. Mr. Stewart, in a stimulating introduction, notes that Montaigne was given to a profound reasonableness rather than to a profound reasoning. (It is the common contrast of the man who can see but cannot think, with the man who can think but can see nothing.) But without the voluptuousness of loving the doubt and the doubt of the doubt for its own sake, Montaigne would be merely splenetic. The very cataloguing of his examples, stories and illustrations, the very accumulation of his digressions and the refusal to pass judgment, suggest the precursor of the modern scientific mind searching the ebb of the confident, utilitarian renaissance of the last century, as Montaigne searched the great Renaissance when its full flood was beginning to pass.

This fishing in pools left behind by great tides appeals to the curious "melancholic humour". The religious wars pained a man by temperament inclined to the Greek "Nothing too much". Yet the quarrel of the Reformation seems to have made less impression on Montaigne, than the immense storehouse of facts opened by the great feats of geographical discovery. He is more genuinely excited by what he can hear of the happy state of cannibals than he is by the freedom of conscience and, on the whole, he pretends to prefer the ritual tortures of savages to the horrors that went on in France by the sanction of the Church. One is so engrossed in that amazing moral historian's catalogue of observation on custom and the lives of insects and animals, contained in the Apology of Raymond Sebond, that one does not care to decide whether it is all a veiled attack on Christianity or not, and accepts the intricate coral edifice of digression from decision, as it is. Possibly Montaigne would have said with our astronomers of to-day that his motive was purely æsthetic!

The picture of Montaigne leaving

Christianity somewhere safely within reach of faith, and venturing forth in search of the new facts of scientific discovery, is a picture of the modern intellectual. The wagon load of sceptic observation is hitched surreptitiously to a star. The accusation of cowardice is inevitable; but, as Mr. Stewart points out, to stand for the pacificism of the open mind in a state of wretched intolerance and war as Montaigne did, was an act of courage. There is a courage in "not believing rashly and not disbelieving easily", in steadying discussion by observing with Plato: "'It is an easier matter to please speaking of the nature of the gods, than of men's' . . . because the things unknown are the true scope of imposture." Who knows what envy and annoyance is felt by the saints when, laboriously wending to their rest, they see the sceptic hurrying in to enjoy the blessedness he has sedulously questioned until the last minute? "It is for our Christian faith, not for his Stoicke vertue, to pretend or aspire to this divine metamorphosis." Yet, on the other hand, "Oh men, most brain-sicke and miserable that endeavour to be worse than they can." The refusal to drive a highway of dogmatic belief or unbelief is the refusal of the humorous and curious man.

Mr. Stewart's edition of Florio's version is taken from the third edition of 1632 and is the first attempt to provide an adequate critical apparatus and to confront many of Florio's renderings with the text. Florio's errors are sometimes amusing as, for example, his rendering of "enfants de cœur" as "high-minded men", instead of choir boys! But Florio is something more than a translator. He is an omnivorous mouth of the Hydra-headed Elizabethan monster that reached into European literature and robbed, adapted and transposed what it needed. In stricter versions we strain our ear to catch the foreign thought which, in the Florio, is brought loud and near by the Elizabethan resonance.

THE REAL GANDHI

by ERIC GILLETT

NAKED FAKIR, by Robert Bernays. *Victor Gollancz, Ltd.* 10s. 6d.

MAHATMA GANDHI AT WORK. His Own Story, Continued. Edited by C. F. Andrews. *George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.* 12s. 6d.

IT has been said that Mr. Gandhi has greater "news" value throughout the world than any other public character, except the Prince of Wales, and it is certainly a remarkable thing that he should succeed in obtaining the regard of two men as different as Mr. Bernays and Mr. Andrews. Mr. Bernays is a young ex-President of the Oxford Union, a member of the staff of a popular daily paper, and he chanced to come to India in the course of a world tour at the beginning of the present year. Quickly realising the immense significance of the political situation he remained in the country for five months and, in the course of that period, managed to see far more than the average globe-trotter. He travelled widely and talked with revolutionaries and reactionaries, but he found no personality comparable in interest to Mahatma Gandhi with the exception of Lord Irwin. There is much to deplore in *Naked Fakir*. Although Mr Bernays' judgment appears to be unusually acute, and his

impressions well worth recording, he seems anxious to make his readers feel that he is a very bright young person. He has no scruple about accepting hospitality and afterwards criticising his hosts and hostesses with considerable freedom. Like most travellers, he was obviously susceptible to a kindly reception, and, in reading his book, one is conscious that the harassed and overworked officials who could not devote the time to explain their policy to a pertinacious young journalist receive considerably less than their deserts. Mrs. Naidu, a delightful personality, who regaled Mr. Bernays with iced coffee and was, apparently, always willing to talk, has a uniformly good "press".

These are the dominating faults of a graphic and entirely readable book in which the author frequently gets to the heart of the various problems that confront the Englishman in India very much more quickly than the man who lives there. As a survey of life in India, *Naked Fakir* is bound to be superficial because it occupies only three hundred and fifty pages, but it is genuinely informative and usually fair, and Mr. Bernays has the flair of the good journalist for relevant incident and pertinent anecdote. His few lines on education in India will convey more to the general reader than any amount of statistics and expert information:

"What a mess we have made of education in India!

"India is an overwhelmingly agricultural country and we have turned out a nation of clerks.

"We have taught them philosophy and history. Very right and proper. But what they really needed was botany and agriculture. It is a case of 'this ought ye to have done and not left the other undone.'

"Thousands are being poured out every year from the universities and there are only four careers open to them, the law, teaching, clerkships, and professional agitation.

"The educated unemployed are one of the most formidable obstacles to a permanent settlement in all India."

With a little more moderation, Mr. Bernays would have written a good book. As it is, *Naked Fakir* is always a good, if occasionally an exasperating, entertainment.

One hopes that *Mahatma Gandhi At Work*, with its predecessor, *Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story*, will be read by all who read *Naked Fakir*. The new volume of Gandhi's autobiography has been edited by his friend, Mr. C. F. Andrews, and relates Gandhi's struggle in the Transvaal to improve the condition of the Indian Community in South Africa. Actually, *Mahatma Gandhi At Work* is compounded of material taken from various sources, biographical and autobiographical, and there is often a lack of continuity in the narrative. Another factor that does not help the reader is that, although Mr. Gandhi has many of the attributes of a saint, he cannot be called a clear thinker. A remarkable ability for self-discipline has not taught him to examine economic problems, for example, by the light of reason and common sense, and his reliance upon financial advisers with most curious theories is bound to make difficulties for any conference in which Mr. Gandhi takes a part.

Both from Mr. Bernays and the Mahatma himself, one receives the impression that Gandhi is an honest worker for the benefit of his fellow men, but it would be interesting to know how far his early experiences under British rule in South Africa prejudiced him against the British Raj in India. Occasionally one cannot avoid the feeling that Mr. Gandhi is not sorry to hear of incidents and actions that are not to the credit of the British administration in his own country.

BOHEMIAN PARIS

by ARTHUR WAUGH

BACK TO MONTPARNASSE, by Sisley Huddleston. *G. G. Harrap & Co.* 15*s. net.*

MR. SISLEY HUDDLESTON'S literary panorama of Bohemian Paris will be treasure-trove to the social historian of the future; in the meanwhile it affords a fund of rich entertainment to the casual reader of the present. No Englishman of our time knows his Paris better, and none has described it with keener relish or more incisive humour. In this last instalment we come back to Montparnasse; already the theme of much silly and sniggering comment from alien tourists and journalistic Peeping Toms. Here we have the real region, charted and illustrated by an enthusiast who knew it when it was placid and suburban; has watched it shoot up "to its present tremendous and terrifying importance"; and will be the last, no doubt, of its old and honourable citizens to recite its glories to those who come after, when its familiar landmarks are swept away by the advance of a new and thundering terminus, a public square glittering with arc-lamps, and a revolving circus of uncontrollable traffic. Meanwhile it lives in these pages, as it lived in its best days, with all its polyglot inhabitants, visitors, and spies, sipping their vermouth, scribbling their letters, and whispering their love-secrets over the little round tables of its boulevard.

"Montparnasse", in Mr. Huddleston's own words, was in its heyday "the capital of all the arts and disgraces. It was the worst and the best quarter of a mile in the world. In it could be found the oldest and the newest things. Some of its inhabitants dreamed greatly, and others got drunk abominably. Some of them had 'advanced' ideas, and others had ancient vices. Some of them experimented in painting and writing, and others experimented in love. Some of them were obsessed by art, and others by sex. There were plenty of studios, but almost as many bars. There were a few daring magazines, but there were more daring dancing dens. There was a handful of natives, but there was a multitude of tourists."

They are all here, recalled from the shadows by a lively memory and a still livelier gift for narrative. There is the gay side and the dark—Kiki, singing her titillating songs in the cabaret—"good-hearted, disrespectful, naive, and knowing"; Ginette, the waif of the "ateliers", her doll-like face grown drawn and haggard, the hard, intermittent cough foretelling the approaching end. There are the artists painting suggestive posters, and the Abbé Bethleem tearing them down. There is Frank Harris recounting incredible adventures of his youth, and Oscar Wilde, "dying beyond his means" in the little Hôtel d'Alsace in the Rue des Beaux-Arts. As the long procession passes, the author has something new and illuminating to tell of every one. He knows what English authors stand highest in French repute—H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce; and, being himself as much a critic as historian, he explains the grounds of their popularity, and the reaction of French taste to the curious vacillations of British restraint and audacity. His book is full of character; full, too, of judgment, independent, fresh, and penetrating. It bubbles over with anecdote and personality. It is, in short, a medium of interpretation between two races, who seem designed by nature to supplement each other's needs, however much they may persist in misunderstanding one another upon the slippery levels of art and politics.

CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!

by W. HORSFALL CARTER

THE END OF REPARATIONS. The Economic Consequences of the World War, by Hjalmar Schacht. Edited by George Glasgow. Translation by Lewis Gannett. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

WRITTEN before the crash which has revealed the fabric of capitalism in shreds, this book may be read as a grim prophecy of the world's present plight. It was not so intended—although Dr. Schacht, as President of the Reichsbank, was near enough to the centre of things to see what was bound to happen if the payment of Reparations continued to be subject to *Machtpolitik* (*anglice*, the politics of force). The seed of international mistrust was sown, he reminds us, at the time of the Experts' deliberations in Paris, when certain French newspapers and banking houses launched a concerted attack on German credit and caused a heavy withdrawal of foreign exchange similar to this year's steady drain. The manœuvre was promptly arrested when wiser heads in Paris saw that it would indeed mean the end of Reparations. But the damage was done. "The financiers of the entire world had been listening." Moreover, the shock to the German money market was sufficient to upset the Ministry of Finance's regular practice of placing treasury bills. The deficit was met—against Dr. Schacht's most emphatic advice—by a foreign loan, and so the tale of chronic indebtedness and budgetary maladministration began.

Out of the fullness of his heart Dr. Schacht has given us a careful and lucid study of the economic consequences of the war. He includes a chapter, of course, setting forth the "immorality" of the whole Reparations system—a statement of Germany's case which could hardly be bettered. But otherwise he keeps rigidly to his rôle of banker and economist, suitably scandalised as much by the spinelessness and folly of successive German Governments as by the "wickedness" of foreign Powers.

As long as he was at the head of the Reichsbank Dr. Schacht did what he could to bring out the danger of piling up foreign credits. As we know now, loans amounting to some 20½ milliard marks effectually disguised Germany's actual economic position. "The embattled hosts of Marxism", however, were too strong for anyone trying to pursue the path of economic sanity. German Socialist leaders were bent on securing employment for the masses of industrial workers—hence the orgy of building—they clung to their social insurance and stabilised wages, and they never stopped to count the cost. What Dr. Schacht has to say on this head may well be pondered in England, where financial irresponsibility is having the same effects.

It was Germany's tragedy that the only sure support forthcoming for Stresemann's policy of fulfilment was that of the Social Democrats, whose

understanding of world economic reactions was, to say the least, limited. So, according to Dr. Schacht—after the temporary remedy of the Dawes Plan—through Thoiry, Geneva and The Hague, the fatal process set in once more of subordinating Germany's economic labour of Hercules to "political considerations". The Young Plan Conference in Paris witnessed the tragi-comedy of "independent" experts set to reach conclusions which had already been discounted by political bargains.

He stuck it for six years—until December, 1929. Then, convinced that the terms of The Hague Protocol, with its "sanctions" clause, and Mr. Snowden's clear declaration against German private property had wiped out all the good that was in the Young Plan, he washed his hands of the whole business. It was "the beginning of a recurrence of uncertainty in the economic life of the world", a final indictment to the madness of the politicians.

The man who rescued the German currency from the abyss is in a better position than any living person, perhaps, to indicate what happens when clumsy and inexperienced hands tamper with the delicate mechanism of international finance and trade. That is the special importance of this volume at the present hour. It is, too, a splendid lead to the chorus of bankers and business men—"Confound their politics!" which we shall soon be hearing on every side.

A *HISTORY OF RUSSIA*, by V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Volume V. *J. M. Dent & Sons. 10s.*

THE publishers cannot be altogether congratulated on the patchwork they have made of this last volume of the late Professor Kluchevsky's classic history. In addition to the history proper it contains as an appendix those first chapters of the Russian edition in which Kluchevsky indicated the basis of his work; a brief and almost too summary survey of the principal phenomena of Russian history from the time of Peter the Great to the Duma; and an index to the whole work which in parts duplicates previous indices.

In all the patchwork, however, there is nothing—the index perhaps excepted—which is not excellent. The period covered by this volume, from the accession of Catherine II to the death of Nicholas I, is as important to Russian psychology as the reign of Peter the Great was to Russian economy, and therefore, as the ultimate pattern of Russian history, of vastly greater potential importance. For it was during the reign of Catherine the Great that European ideas of liberalism were introduced into Russia on a large scale. Not, of course, with serious intent: Catherine was too much a woman to be a democrat. But with serious consequence: the European culture, which the Russian aristocracy then acquired, widened the gap between them and the impoverished peasantry, which has always formed the vast mass of the Russian people. How important Professor Kluchevsky considered this psychological influence is shown by the space he devotes to it. What its effect has been may best be seen in the very recent history of Russia, which offers a gloomy but inevitable comparison with Professor Kluchevsky's hope that "in the interaction of administrative authority with popular representation the Duma", as the latter strives to contest with the former for possession of predominance, we see the best pledge of ultimate Imperial development, and of adoption by our rulers of the more cultivated principles observed by monarchies constitutional in their character." In that respect there is, indeed, a curious contrast between the logical conclusion from Professor Kluchevsky's study of Russian history and the conclusion which his own wishes led him to expect from it.

It is a cherished belief of the present reviewer that, if only the system of transliteration adopted by the British Academy were in general use in translations of Russian works, Russian civilisation and culture would thereby become at least one-sixth more intelligible to Englishmen. Perhaps, for a next edition of what must long remain for English students the standard history of Russia, Mr. C. J. Hogarth may be persuaded to adopt it!

W. H. HINDLE.

WILKIE COLLINS, LE FANU AND OTHERS, by S. M. Ellis. *Constable. 18s. net.*

MR. ELLIS should have found some comprehensive title for his Victorian reminiscences; otherwise the Collins family will tend to monopolise his readers' memory, the more so as "The Woman in White", whose portrait, as striking as the original creation of Wilkie Collins' brain, adorns his cover. Wilkie Collins was about due to be resurrected. Mr. Sadleir has given us Trollope and is in process of giving us Bulwer Lytton; George Eliot and the Brontës have been done almost to death. But a literary historian of the immediately post-Dickensian period, of which Wilkie Collins was a distinguished ornament, was still to seek. In a sense he is to seek still, for Mr. Ellis, for all his industry as critic and

IN THE WAKE OF NAPOLEON

Being excerpts from the Memoirs of

FERDINAND VON FUNCK,

Lieutenant-General in the Saxon Army and Adjutant-General to the King of Saxony, 1807–8, from hitherto unpublished MSS. in the Saxon Archives. Edited and translated from the German, with an Introduction, by OAKLEY WILLIAMS. *Illustrated* 18s.

Though the author of these Memoirs seldom saw Napoleon in the flesh, the most eventful years of his life were spent under the influence of that meteoric career. *Napoleon, rushing* full steam ahead up the turbulent stream of the opening nineteenth century, left in his wake a heavy wash that jostled the slower craft still moored in the backwaters of the eighteenth century, among others the Kingdom of Saxony with which the writer's career and fortunes were identified. Observant, alert, and well-informed, Von Funck talked and settled international politics with the foremost diplomatists of the time, and he records his experiences in a polished style that makes every character he introduces a finished portrait study. He observed with a very discerning eye the death-throes of etiquette in the clash between the court ceremonial of the eighteenth century and the brusque Napoleonic methods of the nineteenth, and in his caustic accounts of the court life of his day the spirit of comedy comes to its own. As the record of one who played a direct and critical part in the events he describes, these memoirs throw fresh light on the Napoleonic era from a new and very fascinating angle.

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bibliographer, is content to give us individual studies rather than a general review of his period. And the studies are of varying merit. Some, *e.g.*, those of the authors of *Verdant Green* and *Guy Livingstone*, are little more than the sort of biographical notice that we should expect to find in any competently edited Dictionary of Literature. But the three Collinses, Wilkie, his less known brother Charles, and his namesake but not kinsman, Mortimer Collins, that breezy and combative poet, novelist and journalist of the 'sixties, are all admirably done.

There were giants in those days, one is tempted to think; it was in any case the age of the many-gifted. Both the Collins brothers were as much at home with the brush as with the pen. It was an even chance whether Wilkie, who had a picture in the Royal Academy in 1849, should develop as a painter or as a writer, and if he had not become intimate with Dickens, whose daughter, Kate, his brother married, we might never have had those master-thrillers: *The Woman in White*, *Armadale*, and *The Moonstone*. Through the 'fifties the friendship with Dickens grew apace. The two friends acted together in the theatrical performances Dickens loved to get up. They toured together and published the results as *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*; and if in subsequent years they saw less of each other, it was mainly because ill-health, and the cultivation of what Mr. Ellis discreetly calls "intimacies", withdrew Wilkie Collins from general Society. One such "intimacy", met for the first time in highly romantic circumstances, is said to have been the original of the *Woman in White*.

Charles Collins was an altogether frailer person, overshadowed both in life and in literature by his more forceful brother. But the sketch of him here given has a peculiar interest, both to those who remember the pre-Raphaelites and to the large circle of friends, which up to the end of her very long life (she died only in 1929) clustered round Kate Perugini, widow first of Charles Collins, then of Carlo Perugini, and daughter of Charles Dickens.

Space forbids to do more than glance at the other studies—R. D. Blackmore, Sheridan Le Fanu, Mary Ann and Thomas Hughes, James Crossley, the bibliophile, and Mrs. J. H. Riddell, a novelist whose long literary life brings us down from the middle 'fifties (her first novel dates back to the year before the Crimean War) to the opening years of the twentieth century. The account of her is of special interest, as is that of James Crossley. Both were comparatively unknown till now to the general reader, and Mr. Ellis can have left little for any subsequent literary historian to discover about either. Indeed, he is at all times an industrious chronicler, and if now and then, as in the studies of Blackmore and of Le Fanu, his industry is more apparent than his critical discrimination, well, it is a good thing to leave some subjects over for a more inspired biographer.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

MARIE LOUISE: Empress of France, Duchess of Parma, by E. M. Oddie. *Elkin Mathews & Marrot.* 18s. *net.*
NELSON, by Clennell Wilkinson. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d. *net.*

THE sub-title to Miss Oddie's biography of Marie Louise reads: "Empress of France: Duchess of Parma", and it is in her chapters dealing with the career of the Duchess of Parma that the chief interest of her book lies. In this sense it is a distinctive contribution to popular understanding of the subject. Until her flight from France Marie Louise had lived

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the life of a political instrument, which had served its purpose by providing Napoleon with a high-born heir on the one hand, and by keeping her husband relatively friendly to her native Austria. After her return to Vienna and during her retirement to Parma, she lived her own woman's life with an independence and carelessness of public opinion that brought her two devoted, secret husbands—Counts Neipperg and de Bombelles—with whom she lived happily, in spite of chronic rheumatism. Mrs Oddie reveals her as an unambitious, strongly conjugal woman, quite content to renounce her imperial dignity to become the lover and wife of the fascinating Neipperg, and indifferent to the vicious attacks that were made upon her for her neglect of her exiled husband and his son. Upon these two major charges against the dethroned Empress Miss Oddie is illuminating and impartial. She shows Marie Louise's dilemma after Napoleon's removal to Elba, the Empress urgently demanding to be allowed to join him there, while her father, the Emperor Francis, used the necessity of preserving the King of Rome's interests as an argument against that action. And Napoleon had charged her to do nothing to jeopardise the boy's future. Marie Louise remained determined to join him at Elba, until he wrote her a bullying letter insisting upon her doing so. His harsh attitude frightened her, and, submitting gladly now to her father's advice, she relinquished permanently her intention to share Napoleon's exile. No one, convinced by the case Miss Oddie makes out for her, could blame her. So she went to Parma with Neipperg, leaving her son in Vienna to be trained as an Austrian. All that can fairly be said against her regarding her treatment of him is that she might have visited him more frequently. She was denied his custody because, as a Bonapartist danger, he was virtually a prisoner. Miss Oddie's well-documented work is unlikely soon to be superseded as a sound and readable vindication of Marie Louise.

Mr. Clennell Wilkinson holds that Nelson should be written about for modern readers in a modern way, and that he should not be taken too desperately seriously; and he has written his very powerful biography from this viewpoint. He makes clear his attitude towards his subject in an opening chapter, in which he vigorously combats Mr. Bernard Shaw's attack upon Nelson's courage and ability, in the preface to *John Bull's Other Island*. Having reminded us that Mr. Shaw has said that Nelson "made an enormous fuss about victories so cheap that he would have deserved shooting if he had lost them", Mr. Wilkinson proceeds to present his life story from his joining the *Raisonnable* as a frail lad to his epic death at Trafalgar. Perhaps it is because the author was continuously conscious of the dramatist's jibe about the cheapness of Nelson's victories that the outstanding passages of the book are his spirited and accurate accounts of the great naval battles. There is no attempt to deny Nelson's theatricality, which was always apparent, but Mr. Wilkinson makes it clear that this quality was insignificant when considered in comparison with the qualities which Nelson exercised throughout the masterly blockade of Villeneuve that kept the French admiral in Toulon for two years, and in the pursuit to the West Indies and back which ended in the final "cheap" victory at Trafalgar. Nelson's private life and character are admirably drawn, and the author is to be congratulated upon his sane and unemotional treatment of the *ménage à trois* in which he shared with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. His view is that, things being as they were, the separation from Lady Nelson was inevitable; and that Sir William must have known that Nelson's relations with his wife were what they were from the outset. The author justifies his estimate of Nelson as an "artist in action" in this brilliant and well-informed book, the interest of which is enhanced by the reproduction, for the first time, of several illustrations, including two death-masks, the Keymer portrait, and two of Gillray's savage caricatures.

ANDREW DAKERS.

LEAVES FROM GERARD'S HERBALL, arranged for Garden lovers by Marcus Woodward. *Gerald Howe*. 7s. 6d.

THE original *Herball or Generall Historie of Plantes* was published in 1597. Mr. Woodward here reprints Gerard's own text, without Thomas Johnson's amendments of 1633, but he rearranges the plants in an approximate order of their flowering (systematic botany being, of course, entirely foreign to Gerard's delightfully gossipy and literary manner). As good as the text are the reproductions of the "figures", woodcuts of an accuracy far greater than Gerard's words could attain, and of an artistry, I think, surpassing his.

For Gerard, as his dedicatory letter proves, is an artless old gardener; a master gardener, it is true, but one endowed with a natural simplicity that seems to belong to those that have doings with the kindly soil: a man who has found time to walk round his wide and winding paths and stare at his charges. "What greater delight," he asks the Right Honourable, his singular good lord and master, Sir William Cecil, "what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered worke, set with Orient pearles and garnished with great diversitie of rare and costlie jewels?" And

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then proceeds, in the well-known all-embracing italic manner of those spacious days, to name *Mithridates*, *Plutarch*, *Euax*, King of Arabia, *Pliny*, *Dioclesian*, and, to clinch the matter, *Solomon*, as past owners and praisers of gardens.

His herbalist method (it was the only one open to him) is to name a plant, to describe it (using ordinary words, for there were very few scientific terms available) as vividly as he can, and then to give such particulars as classical references (which he translates into the most shameless doggerel), medicinal uses, and methods of cultivation. I thought it might be amusing to compare Gerard's account with that given in a modern technical book of a simple plant, known to everybody in England. Here, then, is our modern botanist, and a kind example:

> Herbs, with a perennial rootstock, radical leaves, and radical peduncles, with single heads of yellow flowers. Involucres of several nearly equal, erect, inner bracts, and several imbricate or recurved outer ones. Receptacle without scales. Achenes tapering into a long slender beak, with a pappus of numerous simple hairs.

And here is Gerard's description:

> The hearbe doth send forth from the root long leaves deeply cut and gashed in the edges like those of wild Succorie, but smoother: upon every stalke standeth a floure greater than that of Succorie, but double, and thicke set together, of colour yellow, and sweet in smell, which is turned into a round downy blowball that is carried away with the wind.

Can you recognise the dandelion in these two accounts?

It is true that the two methods cannot be strictly paralleled, nor do I mean to disparage the botanists who use the language necessary to an exact science; but part of our delight in Gerard comes from a recognition of the contrast. Where the botanist to-day talks of the cymes or corymbs of the Elder, Gerard tells us that they grow in "spiky rundles"; and the picturesqueness and quaintness of his expression is a momentary joy. Where he is definitely superior, however, is in his admitting a human delight with his descriptions. For the colour of a crocus cannot be completely described unless the imagination is given license. Gerard calls it "a most perfect shining yellow colour, seeming afar off to be a hot glowing cole of fire." Let botanists here bow to him!

This new edition of the Herbal, delightfully produced, is one of those books that makes friends at once, and for life. It is not to be borrowed, lest it make a man a thief, but to be bought, and shelved ready to the hand, to take down without thought and turn the leaves in a dream. For Gerard puts himself slyly into his accounts: now he is praising the violet for its encouragement of honesty in men ("for it would be an unseemly thing for him that doth look upon and handle fair and beautiful things to have his mind not fair but filthy and deformed"), and now he is smiling at himself ("Artichokes . . . which will bear fruit about August following, as *Columella*, *Paladius*, and common experience teacheth"), and now making gross fun of his victims ("cucumber . . . taken in this manner for the space of three weeks together without intermission, doth perfectly cure all manner of copper faces, red and shining herie noses (as red as red Roses) with pimples, pumples, rubies and suchlike precious faces.")

Gerard stands comparison with Walton; his personality seems to me as humorous and simple. He is not as good reading as Walton, but he is nevertheless very good.

FRANK KENDON.

SELECTED FICTION

MR. DARBY, by Martin Armstrong. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

MR. DARBY was a little clerk of fifty, whose mild and spectacled exterior hid a desire for the romance of travel. In his home at Number Seven, Moseley Terrace, he found neither travel nor romance, though the latter was there, laid away in the linen-cupboards of an efficient wife and housekeeper. Then Uncle Tom died in Australia, and left Mr. Darby a million. Mr. Darby went to London, abroad, even to the Mandratic Peninsula. He penetrated in the jungle: he was made a king. And his wife, who, in his absence, had changed into an efficient critic of hospital management, with posts on several committees, came out to find her lost Jim, and found him, too, though at the cost of being made queen of the rival tribe, and taking her royal husband prisoner.

I give away that much (not very much) of Mr. Armstrong's story, because I cannot otherwise indicate its quality. In synopsis, his book is nonsense. As it stands, it is anything but nonsense. Classifications slip off it like water off a duck's back—to use a phrase which might well have been spoken over the Darby dinner table. Mr. Armstrong keeps throughout a poet's hold on reality.

"A distant rumble arose in the outer world, increased rapidly, grew to a roar, and a train—actually a steam train—rushed past him in the railway cutting on his right, leaving a vast convoluted serpent of white smoke that writhed its way upwards into the sunny air above."

His observation is as exact in the office, or in the bar of the Schooner, as it is in Umwaddi Taan, and the fantastic scene where Mr. Darby stabs the dead king. Every page is convincing, and convincing in a new way. Mr. Wells is our master of conviction; but no manner could be more unlike his than Mr. Armstrong's. The scenes in *Mr. Darby*, the most violent transitions, convince because the whole book

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ONE MAN'S ROAD

BEING A PICTURE OF LIFE IN A PASSING GENERATION

By ARTHUR WAUGH

Author of "A Hundred Years of Publishing," etc. Medium 8vo, illustrated, 18s. net.

We are introduced to a world where discipline was the essence of education; where the interests of home and school were counted of more importance than those of the individual, and where Self-realisation was a policy as yet unrealised. It is the record of one who, like Kipling's galley-slave, has "lived and worked with men," and looks back with happy gratitude upon the consolations of a full, contented life.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

is a skilfully written story of oddities in what may now be regarded as the definite Morison manner. The reactions of eighteen-year-old David to Mimi and Katzche (yellow-eyed and half Hungarian) have psychological value in addition to broadening the plot, and there is some inspired writing when Miss Morison, having kept a secret until the last chapter but one, tells it and then never wastes a word in bringing down the curtain. This is a well-ordered novel, precise without being prim, and with only an occasional lack of spontaneity and movement as a serious weakness. But it must be very difficult to be vigorous and buoyant in the limitations of top flats in S.W.6.

Captain Smith's *West is West* is of very different calibre. Here a well-known problem is presented without subtlety or even much originality. Any reader who has thought at all about the place of the Eurasian in society will know what is going to happen. Admittedly it is not the novelist's province necessarily to solve problems. Yet one feels that Hugh Ranken's experience in meeting a Eurasian girl in England, travelling out East with her, and attempting to retain her friendship, only to find it impossible because of the girl's reversion to type and the reluctance of society to accept it, does not take one far enough. There is no spirit of experiment; no turn in the tale that could upset the preconceived notions of the platitudinarian. "What's the good of it all?" is Hugh's only conclusion as he returns home to his Phyllis—"home where the wind bent the daffodils in April." All the same, Captain Smith's story never drags. His descriptive writing—of the journey to Bombay, social functions and Indian life generally—is forceful, and his shafts at Indian culture and the need to "debunk" it are disarmingly frank.

It is a big jump from this earnest argument to the comicalities of *Very Private Sin*. The entanglement of young Stephen, "just down from Oxford where they think nothing of anything", with Una who, although an ex-barmaid's daughter, "objected to 'Christ' as a casual exclamation and was still a virgin", will startle the prosaically-minded and infuriate the witless. Stephen's relatives and associates are 100 per cent. farce-characters. There is an uncle who once "sowed an oat or two" but now publicly speaks of Bishop Barnes as "the Torch of Truth in Birmingham", and a Great-than-Hudson who is recognised as "that rare combination—a poet and a gentleman." Una's mother, who manages the Rosy-Cosy tea shop at Worthing, is a droll such as only a genius for comedy could create. This tonic tale is better than a night at the Aldwych. It sweeps along with such devastating frankness that one feels it cannot last. Yet it does; and however much the pedant must openly deplore its brutal modernity it never fails to give him secret joy.

In *Unicorn*, Miss Steen has so cluttered up the stage with scenery that the story proper loses form—which is a pity since the psychology of post-war royalty is a good theme and Miss Steen has understanding and a competent pen. Indeed, it says much for her attempt to write of a Bavarian State, toy soldiers, diplomacy, revolutionaries, princes, a stranger with a club foot and a young Arch-Duchess with an inquiring mind, that she manages to escape the land of comic opera. Much of this long, heavy-paragraphed novel is impressive; all of it is sincere; and it is never sentimental. But the fact that events have to be recounted so that one does not loose grasp, gives it tedious periods and makes one wish that its work of production were simpler. Nevertheless, it is worth reading twice—if one has the time.

JOHN BOURNE.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
NOVEMBER 1ST, 1931

AS this number of "The Fortnightly Review" is published, a new Government comes into power, constituted to meet a crisis of unprecedented gravity. The old order has changed, but the change has been effected with such rapidity that it has been impossible for the most clear-sighted elector to escape a sense of bewilderment. To what is the National Party pledged? What is the programme to which the Labour Party is committed? The two articles which follow are an attempt to explain England's new political front, and to outline the programme which Government and Opposition are each committed to follow in the critical months that lie ahead.—Editor's Note.

ENGLAND'S NEW POLITICAL FRONT

I.—THE PROGRAMME OF THE NATIONAL PARTY

BY ADAM GOWANS WHYTE

AT few periods in our history has the political situation been more confused and more exposed to rapid changes than during the last three months. When Parliament rose in July, no political prophet foresaw anything so strange as the formation of a National Government to deal with a financial crisis; and the shock of this surprise had barely subsided before the country, having accepted the emergency measures needed to balance the Budget, was faced with a General Election on unprecedented lines. The electors were asked to vote for or against an all-party administration with a free hand to use every means to restore the trade balance. Without anybody realising fully how it had come about, the nation that dislikes coalitions found itself on the point of establishing in power, for a period of five years, a coalition of the most comprehensive and highly organised description.

In such circumstances it is difficult for the most clear-sighted observers to escape a sense of bewilderment. Events seem to have been moulded not by the policies of leaders or the energies of statesmen, but by the pressure of impersonal forces, incalculable in strength or direction. Historians in the future will amuse themselves by recording how the guides of public opinion swerved and even

doubled on their tracks during the critical weeks of 1931. On the other hand, I believe they will discover proof of our genius for improvisation under difficulties. In spite of the continuous alarums and excursions, the action taken by those in authority has been resolute and definite. They brought about the union of parties for the immediate task of restoring our credit by drastic economies and fresh taxation; and, had it not been for the defection of a large section of Labour Members, they would have proceeded to deal, on the same lines and using the same *ad hoc* machinery, with the more complex task of economic restoration. They had really no alternative, save the hazardous one of resuming party strife on the old lines, to an appeal to the country for a mandate; and although a dispassionate judgment of the case may be difficult at this close point of time and with the result of the General Election at the moment of writing unknown, we may well ask whether wisdom and courage could have combined to plot a better course.

Some reflection of this sort was almost certainly present in the minds of many electors when they considered the programme of the National Government. Short-lived as was the three-party administration under which the Budget was balanced, it had had time to shape a reputation and to enable the public to compare its achievements with those to be expected from a single-party Cabinet in times of emergency. Moreover, the public at large was favourably inclined to the experiment. During recent years indifference and even hostility to party politics have been widespread; there has been an increasing conviction that the gulf between party aims and national needs was widening. Among business people—using the term broadly to include those engaged in finance, industry and trade—the distrust of party was perhaps deepest. Consequently the reaction of the average citizen with no strong political bias or enthusiasm might be expressed in the phrase: "At last the country has a Government with nothing to do except to get on with the job."

An acute national crisis was, in fact, not needed to induce the indeterminate mass of non-party people to

acquiesce in Mr. MacDonald's improvisation. Public opinion was more or less ready for it, however unwelcome it might be, in principle, to the Conservative and Liberal Parties. Before they could unite with the Socialists in the framing of financial measures, and still more in an appeal to the country, they had to sacrifice something beyond their sectional integrity and the ambitions of many of their members. They had to abandon their logical position. For it is the formal claim of each party that its policy is the only sound national policy. To the genuine partisan, the suggestion that he may be putting party before the nation has no meaning. His conviction is that the triumph of his party and the achievement of every item in its policy are essential to the prosperity of the country. Holding this conviction, he must, if he is to remain consistent, regard any alliance with an opposing party as a betrayal of the national interests.

The rapidity and apparent ease with which Mr. MacDonald formed a joint Cabinet may, therefore, be regarded as a proof of the illogicality which is, along with a genius for improvisation, typical of the British. On a closer view, however, the compromise begins to appear less illogical. Every party programme is in itself a compromise. It is moulded by the opinions of various leaders, by the measure of support given to it by the officials and the rank and file of the party, and by calculations of its power to win votes. In bringing forward any proposal, a party leader has to take into consideration a hundred factors of "practical politics", which make his record of administration and Acts of Parliament very different from what it would be, were he an autocrat who had nothing to consider beyond his own view of what was best in the national interest.

Again, the political extremist is alone in his belief that his party is necessarily and wholly right, and every other party necessarily and wholly wrong. Politicians who are also statesmen recognise that each party's political programme is a mixed bag, containing various items borrowed, with or without the disguise of a new label, from other parties in the hope of gaining popularity. They

course that entailed a rupture with lifelong colleagues and the bitter antagonism of the main body of their party. The sacrifices made by Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Snowden have won them a degree of respect from their political opponents as great as the vituperation of their former friends.

We have seen, also, the leader of the Conservatives, with the cordial support of his party, entering into an alliance which destroyed, probably for several years to come, the hope of a great electoral victory. There was never any doubt about Mr. Baldwin's action in such a crisis. Even in lesser emergencies he has always displayed, spontaneously if not obstinately, the virtues of his defects as a party, or rather partisan, leader.

Even more impressive is the advance—a trifle ragged, perhaps, but none the less real—of the Liberal Party. The Simonite section of its members has cheerfully admitted tariffs as a possible aid to economic recovery; and the Samuel section has consented, rather than destroy the vital unity of effort, to adopt a programme from which tariffs are not excluded. Both have made their choice in defiance of party traditions and of their leader.

The co-operation which has been secured on this contentious subject expresses the essence of the National Programme. It implies that not even the most acute differences of party policy will be allowed to stand in the way of the full examination and the immediate application of every measure calculated to restore confidence and prosperity. It represents, for the first time in our history under peace conditions, the achievement of national unity in the sphere of government.

Events of this character can hardly pass and leave everything exactly as before. They suggest that the National Government stands for a great deal more than its programme. The change in the political front has brought us into a new political atmosphere which is certainly fresher and clearer than the one from which we have emerged. Whether the effect of the change will be deep or permanent it is impossible at this stage to say, but it may be noted that the men who have effected the

change are our elder statesmen. With the National Government their political careers will, in most cases, come to an end. Younger men will take their place in the government of a younger world, and these successors are sure to find, in the culminating services of party leaders who did not hesitate to look far beyond party, their highes inspiration.

II.—The Labour Programme

By J. H. Harley

THE Labour Programme, so far as it deals with the present trade and financial crisis, is faced with this main difficulty, that a National Government is already in office and has therefore, to a certain extent, determined the lines along which, if a further crisis is not to be provoked, salvation must be temporarily found. Roughly speaking there are two aspects which must be faced in the situation: first, the temporary aspect of the unbalanced condition ot the year's Budget, secondly, the more permanent aspect connected with the perilous condition of British industry and commerce as shown, for example, in the heavy excess of imports over exports.

To meet such a situation at the time when the National Government was constituted, three lines of action were suggested, each one of which might be attempted alone, while two, or even all the three might be followed simultaneously. There was, first, the method of economies or "cuts", combined, as in the view of Labour it must ultimately be, with a frontal attack on wages; second, the method of currency devaluation; and, third, a Revenue Tariff. Of these three ways, the first is almost exclusively directed to balancing the Budget, and thus to meeting the temporary situation. The second and third would have an effect on prices, and would accordingly be designed, by the stimulation of the export trade, to open up the

path to the more permanent reconstitution of British industry.

The underlying presupposition of the Labour Programme is that the National Government has erred by laying almost exclusive stress on the first of these alternative methods. That is to say, it has sought to concern itself with the temporary alleviation of the crisis, to the neglect of agencies of a more permanent character, which could have been trusted in the course of no long time to render most of these temporary expedients unnecessary. As a matter of history, indeed, the Government has been compelled by the force of circumstances to combine the first with the second alternative method. It has now put the country off the Gold Standard and thus by practically devaluating the pound, it has given a certain stimulus to the export trade; but this was not in its original design, and Labour's complaint against it is that, instead of recognising the constraint of the situation, and following up the policy forced upon it by the devaluation of the pound, it has since been aimlessly dallying with the conception of the third expedient - that of Tariff Reform. Nor has its tariff been simply the revenue tariff considered by Labour Ministers in the dying stages of the last Labour Government. The new proposals adumbrated by certain Conservative members of the National Government obviously presuppose a more full-blown Protective Tariff, which would immensely complicate the National and International situation.

The Labour programme, in its whole arrangement and conception, is more concerned with the permanent than with the temporary agencies for dealing with the situation. This is shown by the fact that it opens with the bold and sweeping statement that "Socialism provides the real solution to the evils resulting from unregulated competition on the one hand, and the domination of vested interests on the other." This boldness of statement marks a definite advance on the part of the Labour movement. The word "Socialism" has, in the past, been faintly muttered in the closet rather than boldly declared on the house tops. It took years to convert the Trades Union

Congress to any formal or open acknowledgment of Socialism. Now the word is plainly put in the forefront of a programme in the execution of which the Trades Union Congress, on the avowal of its own Secretary, will cheerfully co-operate.

But how is this Socialism to be made applicable to the present condition of the country, supposing, as the programme obviously must, that the Labour Party is put in a position to carry out its policy as a responsible Government, possessing the confidence of an adequate majority in the House of Commons? The House of Lords is not to be an ultimate obstacle, because the programme is uncompromising in its assertion that Single Chamber Government is sufficient, and that the House of Lords must be abolished. But so far as the House of Commons is concerned, the leaders of the Labour Party are evidently of the opinion that the development of reforms in our monetary and banking policy has been forced on them and on the nation as the primary course of action by the practical constraint of events. The Labour Government of the future therefore, when and if it is formed, will accept the situation created by the abandonment of the Gold Standard. To guard against the unregulated repetition of such a crisis as that which was caused by the restoration of the Gold Standard in 1925, it promises to bring the banking and credit system of the country under public control. In that case, the main aim of public policy will be to "stabilise wholesale prices at a reasonable level." There will be neither inflation nor deflation, but this country will "take the initiative in causing an international conference to be called with the object of arriving at a concerted monetary policy which will enable the world's resources to be made available for the peoples who, to-day, are starving in the midst of plenty."

The main feature of this part of the programme is its insistence on the international note. This is also evident in the next section which deals with "War Debts and Reparation". Mr. Henderson has evidently felt that the Prime Minister, as head of the National Government, did not take sufficient account of the frank and friendly

relations of his Labour Foreign Secretary with European countries, which might be trusted to make feasible to a Labour Government of the future the creation of conditions "under which Inter-allied War Debts and Reparations may be cancelled and the fabric of European economic life restored." It is evident, at any rate, that the attainment of such an end must be regarded as of fundamental importance when it is a question of the permanent balancing of even our National Budget.

This international note is very evident in the following section of the programme - that which condemns a "general system of tariffs". This in its whole-hearted certainty is indeed the great surprise of the programme. Up to the meeting of the Trades Union Congress at Bristol, and also during the continuance of its sittings, there were general reports that the Labour Party intended to adopt, at any rate, the third of the expedients already noted for meeting the financial crisis, that of a Revenue Tariff. Probably it was the fact that, a few days after the conference at Bristol separated, the National Government was forced to take advantage of the second expedient of currency devaluation that led leaders of the Labour Party to give up the idea of a revenue tariff. Either devaluation or a revenue tariff; but not both. That seems to be the philosophy of the Labour programme. Consequently we have the large and sweeping statement, which will satisfy the most determined Free Trader that the Labour Party declares "that any attempt to bolster up Capitalism by a general system of tariffs will artificially increase the cost of living, enrich private interests at the cost of the community, and further prejudice international co-operation."

Having, then, stabilised the financial situation and tempered its previous severity, the Labour Programme proceeds to deal with the more permanent reconstruction of British industrial and commercial organisation. The most important basic industries, such as Power, Transport, Iron and Steel, are to be reorganised as public utilities. They are to be converted into "Public services conducted in the National interest." As a substitute for tariffs,

Import and Export Boards are to be created. The Imp. Boards are to have "wide powers either of regulation or purchase as may be appropriate." These Import and Export Boards, however, are only to help an industry if it is willing to accept an "adequate measure of public ownership and control." As regards agriculture, the oldest of all our industries, Labour proposes to inaugurate "a comprehensive plan of development over a term of years, based upon a national survey, and designed to encourage the production of commodities for which our soil, climate and market are specially suited." The farm worker, of course, is not to be forgotten. His standard of life must be adequately improved "in particular by provisions for unemployment and insurance, a national Wages Board to control County Wages machinery, and a sufficient supply of untied rural cottages."

From this part of the programme it is evident that a Labour Ministry of the future must be a Ministry of big schemes of industrial and social reconstruction. Nothing less than this can satisfy the aspirations of the Labour movement. And that the ideas embodied in this part of the programme are not intended simply to be empty aspirations, is shown by the fact that there is now a better understanding than formerly obtained between the industrial side and its political counterpart in the Labour movement. It is the industrial wing of the party that has done most work in the past in elaborating schemes for industrial democracy and the future regulation of industries as public utility services. And to make assurance doubly sure, the programme also promises that "Labour will work in the fullest alliance with co-operatives, will take constant counsel with them in elaborating its policy, and will utilise their long experience and specialised knowledge to build the new social order."

It is the last section however, of the programme that will attract most attention in estimating its practical significance. It has already been pointed out that there were three expedients for dealing with the financial and commercial tension of the country, and that the first involved economies and "cuts" which, in the opinion of

those who support the Labour programme, inevitably meant an ultimate frontal attack on all wages. The National Government have already practically adopted this, the least satisfactory and more objectionable method in their main plan for dealing with the situation. How does the Labour programme react to such an accomplished fact? It makes a distinction between the cuts in regard to the unemployed and the cuts in regard to the remuneration of teachers and other public servants. So far as the unemployed are concerned, it "pledges itself to reverse the policy of the present Government." So far as the teachers and other public servants are concerned, however, it is a little more cautious. It will only restore their former remuneration "as rapidly as the urgent claims of the unemployed and other depressed sections of the country will permit." At the same time, Social Services, and in particular Public Health and the various schemes of pensions and insurance, are not only to be maintained, but developed.

It is, of course, in reference to the last part of the programme that, in the interests of the pound sterling, the question will be raised whether "it is desirable to swop horses while crossing the stream."

FRENCH POLICY IN THE WORLD CRISIS

By H. R. Westwood

THE tone of complacency in the comments of the French Press throughout the greater part of the World Crisis has been very marked. Even to those foreigners who recognise the prevision and realism of French policy, and are equally conscious of the errors of their own rulers, the Paris newspapers and reviews have not been particularly pleasant reading in these days. One French writer, with perhaps a more sensitive feeling for atmosphere than others, remarked at the recent meeting of the League Assembly at Geneva that the present position of France inspired among many of the delegations an envy more akin to hate than admiration.

It must be admitted, however, that the sentiment revealed in the French Press is very natural in a nation to whom thrift is the cardinal virtue, and which, with its lower standard of living, has watched with amazement the rake's progress of British finance. A French wit put the prevailing feeling in an amusing if cynical form, when he wrote that Great Britain had earned a new national motto, "Honi soit qui mal y dépense."

The power of finance in international affairs has been illustrated in a way which must strike the least observant. While British influence on the Continent has suffered for the time being an eclipse, France's command of the purse strings and her practical control of credit have placed her in a position of domination in European affairs which she has not enjoyed since the Versailles Conference. Time has worked for her, and French statesmen begin to hope that the rest of the world will now share the belief which has been the constant basis of their action since the War, namely, that the political security which they demand from Germany is an essential condition of European stability.

From the moment when President Hoover launched his proposal for a year's moratorium in debts and reparations the course of events has, indeed, seemed at every turn to play into French hands. It is interesting now to trace the events of the past summer and see how this happened. The first sign of the most acute stage of the crisis, which has since shaken the finances of so many European countries and brought down the Labour Government in England, became visible in May, when the Austrian Credit-Anstalt could not meet its liabilities. The importance of this institution, which was interlocked with the interests of most of industrial Austria, made it imperative to seek assistance at almost any cost. France offered the required accommodation, but on condition that Austria should abandon the projected Customs Union with Germany, at that time the subject of inquiry at The Hague Court. On this occasion French policy met with a temporary check, because the Bank of England stepped in with its loan of £4,000,000 and saved the situation without sacrificing Austria's political independence.

The lack of confidence which the Credit-Anstalt episode revealed spread rapidly to Germany, which was in no condition to resist the pressure upon her finances. The precarious state of the German financial structure is shown by the report of the Basle Committee of international bankers. Since the inauguration of the Dawes Plan Germany has borrowed in long and short term loans more than she has paid in reparations. The bulk of this money has come from America, whose dollars have been converted into factories and works, and as French critics allege, even into the form of public amenities. It was therefore in the least fluid state, and when selling of long-term investments by foreigners began, owing to the nervousness about the German position, they had to be replaced by short-term loans, placed largely in London. In the words of the report "short-term money was being used to do the work of long-term money, with corresponding risks to both borrowers and lenders." The result of the alarm caused by the failure of the Austrian institution was that in a few weeks large amounts of the short-term loans were withdrawn, until the German banking system was threatened with complete collapse.

The German crisis, which deeply involved London, whose difficulties were increased by the drain of gold to Paris, led directly to the Hoover moratorium offer. It is somewhat melancholy to remember now the high hopes and the feeling of relief inspired by the famous "Hoover tonic") and the President's intention "to give the forthcoming year to the economic recovery of the world." That the subsequent crisis would have been even more severe had Mr. Hoover's offer not been made seems scarcely open to doubt, but it has become clear now that the offer came too late. And the delays which followed, as the President foresaw, were fatal to success. Whether the immediate acceptance of the American offer, which Mr. Hoover postulated as a condition of its efficacy, would have magically restored confidence and averted the world-wide panic of investors to which Mr. Snowden attributed the collapse of sterling, it is now idle to speculate. But a whole month of haggling ensued over the conditions which France, as the country next after America called on to make the greatest sacrifices, sought to impose, and in the meantime the situation had grown out of control.

There is a tendency in some quarters in France to criticise American diplomatic methods, which vary long periods of aloofness with sudden and dramatic interventions in European affairs. The French in their international relations like every important move to be preceded by adequate preparation, and the unhappy experience of many Conferences of the Powers goes far to justify them. Whether in this case, however, prior consultation between America and France would have prevented subsequent open opposition, and thus have contributed to a more rapid decision is very much open to doubt. It might have obviated the offence given to French pride by the feeling that all the credit for a generous gesture was going to other people, but it was in any case a grave interference with the plans for maintaining French political influence in Europe. The policy of watchful waiting seemed to be much more suited to

French interests. The question of the Customs Union, with all that it might mean for the future equilibrium of Europe, was still undecided, and immediate French assent to the Hoover proposal, without conditions, would have made it much more difficult to obtain from Germany the renunciation of the plan.

The state of the Austrian, as well as the German, finances was by now almost desperate. When the Bank of England had to resort to Paris and New York for a credit wherewith to prop up the pound sterling, it became obvious that the resource upon which Austria had relied to save the Credit-Anstalt was no longer open, and that she must at last make terms with Paris. The Bank of England was, indeed, already pressing for the repayment of this loan. Paris was the only market available, and could not be forced to lend its money except on terms it approved. The view taken in the French capital was that France could not afford the luxury of lending money without obtaining guarantees of its not being used against her interests. Accordingly, without waiting for the verdict of the Hague Court, Austria and Germany announced that they would drop the Customs Union plan, and French financial help was assured.

This was not the only case in which the French Press found cause for exultation over the newly found power resulting from the control of credit. Earlier in the summer the financial stringency in London had made it impossible for the British banks to participate in a loan to Hungary, and France, which supplied most of the capital, was also in this instance able to lay down political conditions. The close connection between French diplomacy and French finance and economy is no new thing, but the lesson was now forced home by the case of the Customs Union in a manner that was plain to the whole world, and the paramount influence of France in Europe was more apparent than ever.

It soon became evident, however, that France could not, any more than other nations, escape from the effects of the world crisis. Though the way in which she and America had operated the gold standard had been the

original cause of the collapse of the pound, loud outcries were raised when it was found that the new rate of exchange was a serious impediment to exports to England. The foreign trade had already abruptly dwindled. In the first eight months of 1931 exports had dropped by 29 per cent. Partly as a result of this and partly as a consequence of the loss of reparations through the Hoover moratorium there was a prospect of a Budget deficiency of £48,000,000. The situation called for economies and additional taxation, which were highly inconvenient to deputies who will have to face their constituents early next year at a General Election. The crisis, in short, was providing a signal illustration of the economic interdependence of nations.

Meanwhile the French bankers, in a bitter phrase coined in Germany, were " sitting on their heaps of gold," which the stagnation of all efforts to relieve the crisis had immobilised. Over £500,000,000, the result of French thrift, was lying useless in the bankers' vaults. Lord Cecil, at Geneva, made a timely plea to France and Germany for a return of that confidence which alone would allow international investment to be resumed. " Seventy-five per cent. of the political unrest in the world would be removed ", he declared, " if a real and effective understanding could be established between these two great nations." The thousands of small French investors, who had begun to lose some of their complacency in the contemplation of the unprofitable mass of gold accumulated at the banks, were not unwilling to listen to some advice of this sort. The difficulty was that while Germany was in desperate need of fresh capital, without which the payment of further reparations would be out of the question, the French were not in the least likely to part with their money unless they could have some assurance about the future course of German policy. These considerations were the principal subject of the conversations at the " German Chequers ", when M. Laval and M. Briand were in Berlin.

Unfortunately, the political as well as the financial outlook in Germany was, and is, exceedingly uncertain. Animosity against France was inflamed to such a pitch by

the humiliating end of the Customs Union project that at one moment it was thought likely that the French Ministers' visit would be abandoned. The succession of misfortunes which had come to a head under the moderate regime of Dr. Brüning gave fresh strength to reaction. The Stahlhelm demanded a referendum in Prussia to force upon the government a General Election. This was a cause of very real anxiety in France during August, and the failure of the Nationalists to secure the necessary number of votes was hailed with relief. But the growing weakness of Dr. Brüning's position in the Reichstag, and the increasing predominance of the Nazis in the country, boded ill for any successful arrangement between the two countries.

The concrete results of the visit of the French Ministers to Berlin, as far as they are known, seem to be sufficiently meagre. Nevertheless, a certain improvement in Franco-German relations was certainly noted as a result of the Berlin visit. All reports agree that the two Governments are eager to come to a working agreement. So far as France is concerned a powerful motive is urged by a very acute observer of European affairs, M. William Martin, who, speaking of the need of French economic collaboration with Germany, writes in *L'Européan* :

> "France has therein an obvious interest, for if Germany falls into chaos the shock will be so severe for the greater part of Central Europe, upon which French diplomacy and French military policy leans, that the whole equilibrium of the Continent will be endangered. Such a risk, if it can be guarded against, is worth some sacrifices."

The saving of Germany, indeed, seems still to be the immediate problem, though the road most recently taken for its solution, the visit of M. Laval to Washington, hardly seems to suggest it. It is not, of course, the main problem, though it is the first stage of approach to it. The main problem is the infinitely wider one of breaking the deadlock in world economy and finance by a revival of confidence, to which some definite settlement of the debts and reparations question is a necessary preliminary. But before that it remains to be proved whether Germany can be placed in a position to pay any reparations at all.

The collapse of the pound gave another shock to the tottering fabric of German finance. Dr. Brüning, by heroic endeavours, has been governing the country on the edge of a political precipice under a drastic régime of decrees. If he fails, the hope of domestic appeasement, and therefore of the restoration of the country's prosperity, is small indeed.

For this reason the visit of M. Laval to Washington became of enormous importance. The world was ready for some such step. In the excitements of our own financial crisis merging into the turmoil of a General Election, the far-reaching possibilities of the Franco-American conversations, touching the inmost causes of world unsettlement, were at first overlooked. This was in part due to the exceeding caution with which the idea was broached in Paris. There was, indeed, an amusing attempt to disguise the real origin of the Washington visit, and to allow it to be understood that it was due to a spontaneous invitation from President Hoover. In reality it was first mooted in the French Press, which in such matters is very responsive to official inspiration. The idea was then aired in America and, as it obviously corresponded with the necessities of the world situation, the usual formal invitation followed.

The reason for M. Laval's action was that he had become exceedingly alarmed at the progress which the movement for an extension of the Hoover moratorium was making in America. It was being urged with great force by bankers that if the moratorium was to do any good it would have to be continued for three or four years more. Before everything else, they urged, it was necessary that the uncertainty now afflicting the world should be removed. The desperate state of poverty in some parts of the United States, the closing of banks, the 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 unemployed, and the growing demand for the dreaded expedient of the dole, pointed the moral.

That the payments under the Young Plan could ever be resumed on the old scale at the end of the twelve months' respite no one, even in Paris, seriously believed. The reason for this is very clearly stated by M. Georges

THE DANGER SIGNAL IN THE FAR EAST

By O. M. Green

EVEN before these pages are in print, Japan and China may be again at war, if that can be called a war which for Japan would hardly be more than a military procession. The ultimatum sent by China on October 10th—by grim coincidence the anniversary of that Revolution in 1911 which was to realise so many bright hopes—calling upon Japan instantly to evacuate all the occupied territories in Manchuria, is not the sort of message that the Japanese Government can accept; even if it would, the Army, clearly, would not submit. In China, passion runs so high, and the ascendancy of the Kuomintang Left Wing, inspired by a double hatred of Japan and of Chiang Kai-shek, is now so strong that even defeat would be preferable to the loss of "face" involved in drawing back. And the League of Nations, even though backed by the co-operation of America, appears helpless. All its overtures have been rejected in Tokyo; the League is told that it is "insufficiently versed in the historical background of the Manchurian question"; it is, therefore, not in a position to appreciate "the justice and fairness of Japan's demands".

Actually, the notion of war between China and Japan is absurd. China's biggest ships are but five cruisers dating from last century and a handful of gunboats; and even her Manchurian troops, which are her best, are no match for a tenth of their number of Japanese. It is inconceivable that Japan would declare war; she would put herself out of court with all the world. Her tactics would probably be those followed by Russia in her quarrel with China in 1929, of gradually intensified raids and occupation of more and more positions, no doubt including Nanking and Canton, which are easily reached. But, in China's present mood, there is no telling what madness

she may commit. Indeed, General Chiang Kai-shek has announced to the world that, if it will not help her, she will go down fighting.

For a proper understanding of the many complicated elements at work in this deplorable crisis, it is necessary first to sketch in the general foundations of the quarrel. On the Chinese side, racial antipathy goes very far back. To the Chinese the Japanese are the "dwarf slaves" who borrowed from China their civilisation, arts and religion, not forgetting their chrysanthemum, yet whom they have never been able to subdue, even when led by the mighty Kublai Khan. Recently, contempt has been reinforced by jealousy of Japan's successes where China's politicians have so conspicuously failed; while the somewhat patronising tone of Japan's undoubtedly sincere protestations of friendship is hard for so proud a people as the Chinese to endure. Repeated "incidents", some large, some merely pinpricking, have kept the Chinese always near boiling-point. Nothing that Japan can do will alter the Nationalists' conviction that she is hostile to their aims, and seeks ever to excite turmoil in China for fear of what she might do if she were strong.

Curiously enough, the Sino-Japanese war of 1895 is not a particularly bitter memory. It belongs to the Imperial days which modern China has spurned; and all the world knows how heroically the Chinese soldiers and sailors fought, miserably equipped as they were. But the famous Twenty-one Demands, forced upon China in 1915, by which Japan secured unparalleled privileges in her neighbour's country, have never been forgotten, though all but five, which relate chiefly to Manchuria, have been cancelled. The attempt by Japan to obtain for herself the full reversion of Germany's rights in Shantung after the War, which was recognised at Versailles and not rectified until the Washington Conference of 1921, is another bitter memory. Keenest of all, perhaps, is the recollection of the clash between Chinese and Japanese troops at Tsinanfu in May, 1928, when the Nationalist armies were converging upon Peking. Except that Japan had sent troops to protect her nationals at Tsinanfu, as she could

well be excused for doing in view of the disturbed state of the country and the bad reputation of some of the Nationalist forces, the blame for that explosion must rest with the Chinese soldiers, who, after the Japanese troops had been withdrawn out of sight on General Chiang Kai-shek's personal promise that there should be no disturbance, broke out of control and looted and ravaged among the Japanese civilians. The fighting ended in Japan's disarming several thousand Chinese soldiers and neutralizing a twenty-mile zone round Tsinanfu. She remained in occupation of it for a year. Not the least of the shock to China was the ease with which 4,000 Japanese had mastered a Chinese army ten times as numerous and hitherto deemed invincible.

Other "incidents" followed, all tending to keep bad feeling alive. In these the balance of complaint swings over to the Japanese side. Thus one recalls the long drawn-out wrangle over the commercial treaty, China insisting that the old one had lapsed and therewith Japan's extra-territorial rights; Japan equally assertive that it had not and that, if necessary, she would defend her rights by force. Then there was China's flat refusal to accept Mr. Obata as Japanese Minister, owing to his supposed connection with the Twenty-one Demands. And in the past year there have been frequent local brawls and boycotts in which, at a conservative estimate, at least a hundred Japanese—some say many more—have been killed. In July there were serious riots in Manchuria and Korea: first a number of Korean settlers in Kirin were attacked and killed by Chinese farmers in a quarrel over some irrigation works; then, in revenge, an undetermined but certainly large number of Chinese were massacred in riots that broke out all over Korea. It is an interesting sample of Oriental dexterity in argument to see how the Press of both countries twisted this incident into a plot by the other side to find a *casus belli*.

Acid notes were in full flow between Tokyo and Nanking, when the murder of a Japanese General Staff officer and sergeant fired the long-smouldering train into the present explosion. Captain Nakamura and his party were travelling

on the border-line of Manchuria and Inner Mongolia at the end of June, fully provided with passports, when they were arrested by Chinese troops and summarily shot. The Japanese Government quietly made sure of its facts, and then, towards the end of August, presented a demand for apology, compensation and punishment of the guilty. Thereupon Nanking did precisely as it has done in answer to our representations about the Shanghai British youth, John Thorburn, who was seized and imprisoned by Chinese troops near Soochow on June 3rd, and is by now undoubtedly dead. It held an inquiry and declared, in effect, that no Japanese had ever been heard of near the scene of the crime, much less slain. "The alleged murder by Chinese troops of Captain S. Nakamura", wrote Dr. C. T. Wang, Foreign Minister for Nanking, "has just been proved totally unfounded as the result of our investigations." Such methods may pass with other Powers—not with the Japanese; for them it was the last straw.

It is important to notice the tone of practically the whole Japanese Press, weeks before the Japanese Army took matters into their own hands. Not for many years can one remember anything so consistently bellicose. Undoubtedly the conciliatory attitude towards Nanking of Baron Shidehara, Japan's Foreign Minister, and his tame acceptance of repeated outrages, have become more and more unpopular in Japan, and the Army might well feel that, in taking steps to punish China, it had the full support of public opinion. The September issue of the *Gaiko Jiho*, or Diplomatic Review, a monthly magazine of great prestige, says plainly that a second war with China is to be expected at any time. China's illegal actions and overbearing conduct have become intolerable; such outrages must not be allowed to continue:

"they are the product of the sinister propaganda indulged in by a few of the ruling caste in China. Japan has endured numerous Chinese acts of injustice with silent dignity; but there is a natural limit even to her patience. Magnanimous though we are, we will not sit still with folded arms all the time; when the proper moment arrives, we shall certainly hit out."

Even the *Osaka Mainichi*, though trying to be pacifist, feels that a war must come. The *Tokyo Asahi* says that the next war will be fought on the plains of Manchuria, at no distant date. Most interesting of all is a pamphlet by the editor of the *Kokumin Shimbun*, showing that Japanese dissatisfaction extends far beyond Manchuria, which is an emblem of the isolation and inferiority in world affairs into which Japan has allowed herself to be thrust. This writer, like many Japanese, traces all misfortunes to the Washington Conference, before which " Japan was made to appear as a sort of criminal ". We are shut out everywhere, he exclaims: the Indian cotton tariff is fresh evidence of it ; we have sacrificed our navy at the bidding of others. And he goes on to lament the decay of national consciousness, the " nervous debility " from which Japan is suffering, due to the insidious poison of pacifism and Communism. Meanwhile, China's contumaciousness is attributed to the encouragement she has received from the United States and Great Britain : America hopes to get trade in China by currying favour with her, and Great Britain is wholly subservient to Washington.

Not in these terms, perhaps, but certainly in the same line of thought, there will be many to agree with the *Kokumin Shimbun* on the last point. There can be no question but that the persistent benevolence of the Western Powers, their acceptance of insult after insult, violation after violation of treaty rights, almost without protest, wholly without redress, have encouraged the Kuomintang to believe that they may do whatever they please with impunity. The Western Powers cannot evade a heavy share of responsibility for the predicament in which China finds herself, and the Japanese resentment of their policy in China certainly indicates small hope of success for any representations they may now make on her behalf. Already America's attempts to interfere in China's cause have conspicuously added to the general warmth of temper in Japan.

It is doubtful whether the Liberals in the Japanese Cabinet would have been able to resist this tide of national

feeling. At any rate the Army took the decision out of their hands. On September 7th, a secret meeting of the Japanese General Staff was held, at which all plans are believed to have been completed. On the 9th, some military aeroplanes scattered leaflets over central Japan, bearing the exhortation : " Be alive to the needs of national defence ", together with a map of Manchuria and a statement of Japan's interests therein. On the night of the 18th an attack by some Chinese soldiers on the South Manchuria Railway just north of Mukden (the Chinese declare that this was a " fake " by the Japanese military) gave the excuse for action. Within eighteen hours the Japanese had occupied Mukden city, the barracks, arsenal, wireless station and all important points on the railway. Their losses are said to have been two men killed. On the Chinese side there are all the usual reckless reports of thousands massacred, but independent correspondents say there was no great bloodshed, although at Changchun, the northern end of the South Manchuria Railway, 180 miles north of Mukden, some Chinese troops made a brave resistance, which must have cost them something before they were driven back towards Kirin.

From the outset the Japanese Army has continued to act at every juncture as it thought fit, and we have the extraordinary spectacle of the Cabinet labouring to mitigate the effects of the *coup*, striving to resist more troops being brought in from Korea, strenuously enjoining that there must be no extension of the original movement, and worsted by the soldiers at every turn. A partial withdrawal of Japanese troops from some unimportant positions first seized enabled the Government to announce that the military occupation was over. This was useful enough to *dépister* the mild protestations of Geneva, but, of course, it deceives nobody. A notification on September 21st, by General Honjo, commanding in South Manchuria, shows clearly enough how matters stand :

" The violence perpetrated by the Chinese side at this time [he wrote] is no spasmodic outburst of feeling, but a premeditated action of the Chinese authorities, who have been accustomed to insult Japan

Were this left unchallenged, Japan's acquired rights and interests in Manchuria would most certainly be overthrown.

In view of the heavy responsibility of protecting the South Manchuria Railway I adopted determined steps. It being my object to chastise the authorities and not the people, the populace should carry on its occupations in peace."

After a Cabinet meeting on September 28th, a spokesman of the General Staff informed the Press that military movements in Manchuria were "subject to actually existing conditions", "matters could not be conducted exactly in the way the Government wished." Throughout, the Army has moved troops in Manchuria, summoned reinforcements from Korea and occupied positions as it pleased. On October 7th it went the length of bombing Chinchow, which Governor Chang Hsueh-liang had chosen for his new capital in opposition to the Manchurian autonomists (of whom more presently) and informed Chang that the Army did not recognise him—although Tokyo had sent strict orders for absolute neutrality towards the autonomy movement.

The peculiarly privileged position of the Army in Japan was probably not realised abroad until the present crisis. Although one cannot recall an occasion on which the Army's will has clashed with that of the Government so violently as now, it has always insisted on its right to manage its own affairs. The Meiji Revolution left the Army under the protection of the Choshu clan, the Navy under that of the Satsuma; and thus powerfully entrenched, the fighting men were able behind the scenes to swing matters to their liking for many years. It is not improbable that Japan's acceptance of the naval disarmament scheme is partly responsible for the Army's behaviour to-day, the idea being to do something which would put a stop to further pernicious reductions. The Army has a strong hold upon the affections of the naturally warlike people of Japan, and through the system of universal military service it has been a powerful agent for the inculcation of loyalty and obedience to the Emperor by means of the intensive instruction in *Seishin Kyoiku*, or "spiritual training" to which every conscript is subjected. To do the Army justice, this binding and stabilising

influence, further extended by the enormous Reservist Association, which every man joins on leaving the colours, and whose branches penetrate to the remotest country districts, has proved most valuable in the period of industrial and social unrest from which Japan is suffering acutely. It may be that the Military Command also thinks that a little war would be a good tonic for that "nervous debility" of which the editor of the *Kokumin* speaks.

Although the military *coup* momentarily took the civilians' breath away, Tokyo, being in for it now, will not commit the folly of backing out until satisfaction has been obtained on all points outstanding with China. To do so would only incite the Chinese extremists to further excesses; and in any case the Chinese ultimatum makes retreat impossible. In all sincerity Baron Shidehara has striven for peace with the Nationalists. The late General Baron Tanaka was reputed a fire-eater—in fact, unfairly. But when the late Mr. Hamaguchi succeeded him as Premier in 1929, a new cast was clearly needed. Nanking, having just smashed the Wuhan revolt with the aid of the German Colonel Bauer, was at the height of its power, all the Powers were hastening to bring gifts, and Japan could not risk being the odd man out. China was too valuable as a source of raw materials and a market. Conciliation became the watchword.

But on Manchuria Japan stands firm; with her poor natural resources and overflowing population, where babies come at the rate of four a minute, it is to her a question of life and death. Her investments in Manchuria aggregate £225,000,000, including the South Manchuria Railway, the huge Fushun coal mines and over 1,000 companies engaged in farming, mining, commerce, industry and transport. For the sake of these she has always rigidly forbidden any extension of China's civil wars into Manchuria, which has remained the only peaceful and prosperous district in the Chinese Republic. Those who accuse Japan of "imperialist aggression" lose sight of the fact that, if she had wished to annex Manchuria, she could probably have done so years ago; that she has made wealth, by which Chinese have profited

as much as herself, where none had made it before, and has afforded an outlet and regular employment for millions of emigrants from the war-stricken provinces of North China.

In recent times Japan has had real cause for anxiety in Manchuria. The railway question is too vast for a detailed account here, but the Chinese aim is clearly to build a network of lines that shall draw off trade from the Japanese sphere, with a new port at Hulutao to rival Dairen; this matter has been dragging on for some years, and it is one that Japan cannot afford to leave unsettled. Latterly, too, there has been a vigorous Press campaign in China for the cancellation of Japan's rights in Manchuria, and, certainly, judging by others nations' experience, there is no difficulty in believing her complaint of continual Chinese violations of treaty.

Since, in 1929, Russia crushed China in the quarrel about the Chinese Eastern Railway, her influence in Northern Manchuria has extended very largely, and this is an added cause of anxiety for Japan. There is keen rivalry between the Chinese Eastern and the South Manchuria Railways for the carrying trade of Central and Upper Manchuria, with the cheap freight rates offered by the new Chinese railways as an additional complication for both parties. What Russia will do in the new conflict between Japan and China is as yet unknown. The Bolshevist Press is strongly pro-Chinese, while officially Moscow is neutral. But Russia would scarcely acquiesce in Japan's obtaining a political hegemony over all Manchuria outside the Chinese Eastern Railway zone. Nor is it to be forgotten that the Communists' power in Southern China will be immensely increased by the miseries caused by the Yangtze floods, and that many of the rampant Nationalist Left Wing are more than friendly to Russia.

In China, the boycott organisation, which has been brought to a high pitch of perfection by repeated operation during the past twelve years, so that it can be set in motion at a touch, has been turned upon Japan with unsurpassed fury. Gangs of agitators go from shop to shop searching for "enemy goods", and the delinquent caught in possession

of them is mulcted in heavy fines, paraded through the streets or exposed in a cage hung about with insulting placards. Compradores (the Chinese who act as go-betweens for foreign merchants with the native dealers) have been withdrawn from Japanese firms, thus effectively bringing business to a stop; the Japanese mills, which in Shanghai alone employ 40,000 Chinese, are empty and silent; shipping lies idle; householders are deprived of servants and, outside foreign-controlled areas, have difficulty even in buying food. Japan has had to send a considerable force of marines and gunboats to protect her nationals in China, and has delivered a stern warning to Nanking. But what is the use of that? Even if Nanking would, she has not the power to stop the boycott.

Indeed the frenzy of passion in China and events it has caused outside the range of the boycott, are worth the notice of others beside Japan. Their inwardness lies in the deadly struggle between General Chiang Kai-shek and the Left Wing of the Kuomintang. Twelve months ago, the victory over the Northern Coalition of Yen Hsi-shan, erstwhile "model" Governor of Shansi, and the Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang, added to the firm alliance with Chang Hsueh-liang of Manchuria, appeared to put Chiang in an unassailable position, and at the Party Conference in November, a year ago, the Kuomintang ate out of his hand. But last May, Canton revolted against Chiang and declared a separate Government. Though it has no arms to fight with, it has other weapons even more effectual in China, and the conflict with Japan has given it its opportunity.

Nothing could be more significant of the present power of the Left Wing and the dread in which it is held in Nanking, than the alacrity with which Dr. C. T. Wang's resignation as Foreign Minister was accepted, the day after he had been badly mauled by a mob of infuriated students from Shanghai. Now, Dr. Wang is far and away the best Foreign Minister China has ever had—it might be said he is the only one she has had with any conception of the real functions of a Foreign Minister. Naturally foreigners do not like him, because he so

pertinaciously attacks their privileges. That is his job, however, and he has done conspicuously well for China, concluding numerous advantageous treaties and, for the crown of all, recovering her tariff autonomy. But he is accused of being pro-Japanese, the truth being that he is a realist who knows his world ; he is, therefore, hounded from office, and the Government dare not save him. Among those mentioned as possible successors are Dr. C. C. Wu, a charming man and polished scholar, but a Cantonese, who threw up the Ministry in Washington when Canton revolted last May ; and no other than Eugene Chen himself, the bitterest of all Chiang Kai-shek's enemies, partner with the Russian Borodin in the Hankow Communist Government of 1926-27, and forced to fly from China when Chiang turned upon the Communists and drove them from power.

Whether the Left Wing will drag down Chiang Kai-shek as well as " C. T." is still, at the moment of writing, to be shown. They accuse him, of course, of every possible crime : the vocabulary of political controversy in China is singularly rich. His real offence is that he is not a Cantonese, has denounced the corruption, arrogance and tyranny of the Kuomintang, and has consistently sought to break its power ; that he is autocratic (but nothing could possibly be worse than the autocracy of the Kuomintang), and that he is cool, determined and self-reliant—naturally, therefore, to be hated by those less strong and able than himself. The régime in Nanking, headed by Chiang Kai-shek, has its faults and many failures, for not all of which can it be fairly blamed ; but it has the elements of the best Government China has seen, and neither she nor anyone else should wish to see it overthrown by the junta of wild extremists, doctrinaires and greedy self-seekers, which is all its opponents have to offer. Nevertheless, the latter have been strong enough to force an ultimatum to Japan, and would even force on a war. At least that would be the end of Chiang Kai-shek, and nothing else counts for the average Chinese politician compared with the gratification of personal spite. Regarded as an allegory, there is much truth in Charles Lamb's story of the

Chinaman who burnt down his house for roast pig.

Meanwhile, the Manchurian autonomists, rejecting Chang Hsueh-liang, and, hot for declaring Manchuria an independent republic—some say they would bring back the ex-Emperor Hsuan Tung ; but there is no precedent in Chinese history for a dynasty returning when once it has lost the mandate of Heaven—add fuel to Nanking's flame. Who they are is not yet clear. Young Chang is a progressive, whose liberal ideas and alliance with Nationalist Nanking have got him much disliked by the old cronies of his father, the great Dictator Chang Tso-lin. But such men as they would never be pro-Japanese, and the autonomy movement is clearly favoured by the Japanese military, as the bombing of young Chang's new capital and the warning to him that he is not wanted would seem to indicate. Tokyo scented fresh trouble for itself in the autonomists from the first, and sent orders that no Japanese was to have dealings with them. But, again, the Army was too strong for Tokyo, and thus gives substance to the Chinese cry that Japan is seeking to annex Manchuria.

Amid so much wounded pride, intolerance and inflamed passion, one factor of enormous importance must not be left out of account. The unprecedented floods along the Yangtze, Hwai and Yellow Rivers and the Grand Canal have dealt China a blow under which a far better equipped country would reel. It is no exaggeration to expect a death-roll first and last, from drowning, disease and starvation, of many millions. The extension of power that this fearful catastrophe will give to the Communists is truly alarming, especially for the countries with large Asiatic possessions, ourselves and France. For a while China may unite, as always, against Japan, but the subsequent chaos and disintegration will be worse than ever. It is easy, of course, for Japan to seize a few ports and railheads. But the ultimate problem of China would be beyond the capacity of any single Power, especially one that came as conqueror. An International Commission of control appears inevitable ; and, indeed,

there are many Chinese who say that China will never find a way out of her troubles without foreign assistance.

With some fine exceptions, Chinese politicians and militarists are entitled to no sympathy. Their selfish quarrels and utter disregard of public welfare richly deserve a sharp lesson. But it is not the militarists and agitators who will suffer; it is, as ever, the innocent, kindly, helpless Chinese people. And if the Powers are at last to be reluctantly forced to do that which their much-advertised benevolence for China should long ago have impelled them to do, were they guided by any real regard for facts, one prays it may be soon done, before a few more thousands of "the stupid people" are shot down on Manchurian plains.

The Manchurian crisis has brought the whole question of China to a stark issue. The inevitable struggle for this tempting land, its fertile boundless plains, rich mines, and majestic forests, has long been foreseen. Had China remained content with her time-honoured methods of slow infiltration and absorption, she must have won at the last by sheer weight of population. But the impatience of the Kuomintang has frightened Japan, and she has struck against a China which can neither resist nor give satisfaction. The Japanese want, not territory, but trade. Victory will not give it them, nor stop the boycott. Nanking may be forced to accept their terms, but she cannot, in her turn, force them upon China. Nationalism, failing in all else, has awakened a national feeling. It is powerless to unite China politically, but it will aggravate her ancient provincialisms, and she will rage from end to end with equal resentment against Japan who inflicted, and Nanking who incurred, the disgrace. The present conflict will end in complete internal disruption, throwing China back to the feudal era of the Chous, when a hundred petty chieftains, for hundreds of years, wasted the land with their warring. But the time is passed when such things could be tolerated, even under the sanctimonious plea of rights of self-determination. The Powers cannot stand passively by while China destroys herself. Humanity, to say nothing of self-interest, forbids it.

THE CROWN AND THE CRISIS

By Sir John Marriott

THIS article has been written, and goes to press, in the midst of a crisis in our national affairs almost unprecedently grave. How we shall emerge from it,—whether we shall emerge from it at all, or plunge still deeper into financial chaos and industrial confusion, no man can at this moment foretell. But there is at least one aspect of the crisis on which we can unreservedly congratulate ourselves. It is one which cannot yet be discussed in detail; but, nevertheless, the *Fortnightly Review*, claiming, as it always has, to reflect fully and faithfully the judgment of thoughtful observers on contemporary events, is reluctant to pass it over in silence. I refer to the part played during these momentous weeks by the wearer of the Crown. It may be half a century before full information on this matter is available for the Constitutional commentator. But, with an instinct rarely at fault, the nation has already divined the important contribution made by His Majesty the King to the disentangling of issues, and towards the solution of a problem as grave as any that has ever occurred since Great Britain attained to its present position in the commercial and financial economy of the world.

Almost precisely twenty years ago I contributed to this *Review* an article bearing the same title as that prefixed to the present paper.

In order to point a moral and adorn a contrast, it may be worth while to recall, very briefly, the circumstances under which the earlier article was written.

The crisis of 1910-11 was not economic, but strictly constitutional. Party feeling, so far from tending, as to-day, towards accommodation and coalition, ran exceptionally high. Two questions, both of great constitutional

significance, had become inextricably intermingled—the future government of Ireland, and the place of the House of Lords in the Constitution. Baffled in the achievement of an old man's ambition by the opposition of the Lords to Home Rule for Ireland, Mr. Gladstone, in his farewell speech in the House of Commons, had bequeathed to his party a crusade against the Upper House. Unfortunately for that party, the Electorate, in 1895, decisively endorsed the action of the Lords, and condemned a divided Liberal party to political exile and parliamentary impotence for ten years. By 1906 the Unionist party had exhausted its mandate, and, hopelessly divided on tariff-reform, was heavily defeated at the General Election of that year. But no sooner was the Radical party installed in power, than the House of Lords, quiescent during the Unionist régime, and by Unionist folly left in an unreformed condition, began to deal drastically with Radical legislation, and finally (in November, 1909) rejected by a large majority the "People's budget" embodied in the Finance Bill of the year. Parliament was immediately dissolved, and the Radical Ministry asked the Electorate for a mandate to deal with the House of Lords.

The answer of Demos was ambiguous. Radicals and Conservatives were returned in almost equal numbers (274 to 273); the Socialist representation was reduced to 41; 82 Irish Nationalists held the balance. But the Irishmen were going to take no risks. If they were to help the Radicals to curtail the "veto" of the Lords, the Radicals must pledge themselves to use the new weapon to force Home Rule through the Upper House.

The bargain was struck. The Parliament Bill was introduced, and on the same night Mr. Asquith, as Prime Minister, declared that if the Lords dared to reject the Bill the Ministry would at once resign or recommend the King to dissolve Parliament, and he added some ominous words: "*In no case shall we recommend a Dissolution except under such conditions as will secure that in the new Parliament the judgment of the people as expressed at the election will be carried into law.*" The words I have italicized may well become classical. They contained a

threat, discreetly veiled but unmistakable. In plain English, they meant that the Ministry would not recommend a Dissolution unless the King would promise, in the assumed event, to create peers in numbers sufficient to overcome the resistance of the Lords.

Before the threat could materialise, King Edward VII died, and his son reigned in his stead as King George V.

The nation, deeply shocked by the death of King Edward and sincerely sympathetic with the dilemma presented to his successor, called for a political truce. Mr. Asquith then invited the Conservative leaders to confer with him and his principal colleagues, in the hope of reaching a compromise. A series of conferences ensued, but, after twenty-one meetings, the final breakdown of negotiations was announced, and at the end of November Parliament was prorogued.

Before the Prorogation, Mr. Asquith and Lord Crewe had a momentous interview with King George (November 16th) and laid before him a Cabinet Memorandum couched in terms virtually identical with Mr Asquith's minatory announcement.

What precisely passed at that interview, only two men now living can tell. A statement subsequently made on the subject by Mr. Asquith was characterised by *The Times* (August 14th, 1911) as a *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*. Lord Crewe, in an explanation offered to the House of Lords (August 8th, 1911), frankly admitted that to him the "whole business" was "odious". Lord Rosebery referred to something—not more precisely specified—as having given an unpleasant savour to the whole of the transaction. Lord St. Aldwyn, speaking with a special knowledge of events, said bluntly: "We have not the whole case before us", adding that in his opinion the Government had deliberately placed the King "in the most cruel position any English Sovereign has been placed in for more than a century." A graver indictment has rarely been heard in the House of Lords.

The breakdown of the Constitutional Conference, and the historic interview between the King and the Liberal leaders, were followed (December, 1910) by a second

Dissolution of Parliament. The ensuing election did nothing, however, to clear up the situation. The relative strength of parties was unchanged. The key position was again held by the Irish Nationalists, 84 in number. With their help and that of the Socialists, who returned 42 strong, the Bill was pushed through the House of Commons. Would the Lords consent to sign their own death warrant? A strong party of peers, led by the veteran Lord Halsbury, still full of fight, was for rejecting or wrecking the Bill. But the more prudent counsels of the "hedgers" prevailed at length over the "ditchers", and on August 10th, 1911, the Lords, after the historic debate already referred to, yielded to the *force majeure* which the King had promised, if necessary, to apply, and the Bill became law.

The crisis of 1910-11 has already become historic. In the course of it several points of high Constitutional significance were raised. There is no certainty that they may not arise again under circumstances even more menacing to the stability of our Institutions. It may be well, therefore, to disentangle the issues involved, and to examine their bearing upon the position of the Crown in a Constitution which, being mainly unwritten and conventional, is peculiarly susceptible to sudden assaults.

Writing in this *Review* some seventy years ago, Walter Bagehot enumerated three "rights" still retained by our strictly "Constitutional" Monarch: "the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn." "A King of great sense and sagacity would", he added, "want no other." How frequently, and on the whole with what tact and sagacity, those rights were exercised by Queen Victoria, we are now in a position to know. The materials for an intensive study of that reign in its constitutional aspect are now, we may suppose, almost complete. The Queen's own *Letters* and extracts from her Journals; the Memoirs, Diaries and Biographies of all the leading statesmen, ecclesiastics, soldiers and diplomatists of her reign—all these are now available for the student,

and from them we can obtain a tolerably accurate picture of the inner working of the most elusive of modern Constitutions. Not least clearly can we discern the functions of the Crown.

The first impression conveyed is one of unceasing labour and sleepless vigilance. Queen Victoria regarded herself as the sentinel of a world-wide Empire. She was never "off duty", and nothing, great or small, affecting the well-being of her subjects in any part of the Empire seems to have escaped her notice. Never for an instant did she forego her "right to be consulted", nor did she neglect her right to encourage or to warn.

But Bagehot's enumeration was far from exhaustive. There are at least four definite constitutional rights of which any scientific analyst of the Constitution must take account.

The first is the right to approve or veto appointments to high office in State and Church. The dismissal of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office in 1851; the veto on the appointment of Lord Granville (high as was the Queen's personal regard for him) to the same office in 1886; the selection of Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister in 1894—these are classical examples of the exercise of the prerogative, and there are others. The choice of Mr. Baldwin as Prime Minister in 1923 is a more recent example.

The choice of the Crown can, of course, be made only within narrow limits, and in a final conflict of wills between the Sovereign and a responsible minister, the Sovereign must give way. But a very great deal may happen, and has repeatedly happened, before that final conflict is reached, and in the meantime the personal views of the Sovereign have a powerful influence even upon the least deferential of ministers.

In the domain of foreign affairs, the influence of the Sovereign, aforetime very great, has been seriously curtailed by the collapse of the monarchy in many continental states. Whether the transference of the control of Foreign affairs from Kings and Emperors to democratic ministers will, in the long run, make for international

to consult the leaders of the Opposition before giving the hypothetical promise demanded of him? Those questions have never been answered, and there are now only two men living who could answer them. Lord St. Aldwyn, who propounded them, declared, with emphasis, that it would have been no more than common generosity—nay, common honesty—so to have advised the King. Lord Rosebery's view of this delicate question differed slightly, but not materially, from Lord St. Aldwyn's. He held that it would have been "open to the Sovereign to say that before he acceded to so enormous a demand he should be allowed to take counsel with ex-ministers", but that it was no part of the obvious duty of ministers to have spontaneously advised such a course. Nevertheless (as mentioned above) he confessed that their failure to do so gave "an unpleasant savour" to the whole business.

Unsavoury the whole business undoubtedly was; and it is a matter for congratulation that in the recent crisis Mr. Ramsay MacDonald took a view of his constitutional duty very different from that taken (so far as we know) by Mr. Asquith.

Not that the two cases were precisely parallel. The crisis of 1910-11 was, as already explained, constitutional; the present crisis (for it is not yet surmounted) is economic. But, before saying a word on that, something must be said as to the constitutional rights of the Sovereign in reference to the Dissolution of Parliament.

As things have turned out, the question has not, in the present instance, been raised. But it may easily happen in the future, as it has happened in the past, that the Sovereign and his responsible advisers are at variance on the question of dissolving Parliament.

It must, therefore, be stated unequivocally that it is the constitutional right of the Sovereign to refuse a Dissolution to a minister who demands it, or to insist upon a Dissolution in opposition to a reluctant minister. In either case there is, of course, an alternative open to the minister—that of resignation.

Such a situation might very easily have developed after the election of December, 1923. None of the parties, it

will be remembered, could command a majority in the House of Commons. Between the Conservatives and the Socialists the Liberals held the balance. Mr. Asquith thereupon decided to turn the Conservatives out and put the Socialists—if not into power, at least into office. The situation of the new Government was, however, exceedingly precarious, and after some nine months of uneasy office the House of Commons withdrew its confidence from the Ministry, and the Sovereign acceded to the request of the Prime Minister for a Dissolution of Parliament.

But it was quite open to the King to have refused the request, provided he could have induced Mr. Asquith or Mr. Baldwin, or anyone else, to form a Ministry and try his luck with the existing House of Commons. Or suppose that Mr. MacDonald, on first assuming office, had, as some of his party desired he should, asked for a Dissolution. The King might very well have refused it on the ground that a second appeal to the Electorate after only a month's interval was inadvisable, and that the alternative solutions had not been exhausted.

As to the Constitutional rights of the Crown in this matter, no one was, at that time, more emphatic than Mr. Asquith himself. "The Dissolution of Parliament", he said (December 18th, 1923) "is, in this country, one of the prerogatives of the Crown. It is not a mere feudal survival, but it is part, and I think a useful part of our Constitutional system. . . . The notion that a minister who cannot command a majority in the House of Commons . . . is invested with the right to demand a Dissolution is as subversive of Constitutional usage as it would, in my opinion, be pernicious to the general and paramount interest of the nation at large." At the time when those words were spoken Mr. Baldwin was still the First Minister. Suppose that he had asked to be allowed to make a second appeal to the Electorate, would any sane man have questioned the right of the King to refuse the request, until he had exhausted all the alternatives? It is perhaps proper to add that the doctrine laid down by Mr. Asquith did not, in fact, pass unchallenged, but, in my judgment, the doctrine was indisputably sound.

WILLIAM COWPER

NOVEMBER, 1731 — NOVEMBER, 1931.

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

I

IT is two hundred years this month since William Cowper was born; his life was secluded, self-centred, unheroic; and yet there is no man of his time of whom we know so much, and none who seems so closely related to our own generation, in all the essentials of character, and in all those reactions to circumstance, which go to make up the fabric of human life. He lived in a world which has long since passed away—under conditions entirely strange to our own experience; but the heart of man does not change with changing habit, and Cowper laid his own heart so bare to the world that we can follow it through all its vicissitudes, and find something of Everyman perpetually reflected in the shining mirror of his sincerity. There, after all, lies the secret of his immortality. In his conduct, in his art, even in his bitter and tormenting introspection, William Cowper was as honest and sincere as the light of day. He looked into his heart and wrote, and against that sort of witness time and change are powerless alike.

He left to the world three separate testaments, each illustrating a different facet of his life, and all three interacting and mutually supplementary. In his poems he painted, with precise and delicate observation, the world that lay around him, and registered his own emotions in the face of natural beauty. In his letters he communicated to his correspondents the daily incidents of his outwardly tranquil life; and in the private memoir, which he addressed to his intimate friends, he revealed the secrets of that terrible mental obsession which so darkly overclouded his mind that, under its influence, Nature herself appeared

malignant, and the kindly offices of friendship turned to gall. Of these revealing testaments there will be more to say later on. William Cowper is himself the source and authority for all later biography and interpretation. He has been the subject of some of the most intimate biographical literature in the language, but the intimacy is of his own creation. Our present understanding of him is perhaps the most shining example of the antiseptic grace of humane sincerity. And in that saving quality he was a pioneer in his own generation.

II

From time to time, as history repeats itself, when some great change of thought is on its way, there are discovered a few rare and sensitive spirits who, in the dusk before the dawn, scent the breeze of morning from afar, and awake to its significance before the rest of the world. They are not commonly, or even often, to be found among those who move in the central arena of public life. They have something in common with the prophet and the eremite; and, like the shepherds on the hills above Bethlehem, receive a revelation which is denied to the revellers in the inn. Of this select company William Cowper is a typical example. He was born at a time when the Augustan Age of English literature was sinking to its sunset. That fashion had enjoyed a long and dominant vogue, and its influence had been stimulating and healthy. It restored to the shaken standards of taste a sense of style, of polish, of refined urbanity, which for the moment made English poetry respected all over Europe. But it was an influence, rather than an end in itself; and its task of reformation was soon exhausted. The risks that attended it were as pregnant as its values. In the age of Pope and Addison poetry became the possession of a small company of highly-sophisticated men-of-letters, a coterie of the clubs, the guardians of a strict formalism, whose rhetoric was self-conscious, whose art was artifice, and whose morality was a thing of sentiment and precept rather than of emotion and practice. The Augustans rescued English poetry from the rough places of hill and dale, and transported it

into a formal garden of exquisite propriety and grace. Their art was not only urbane, but urban. Over the entrance to his decorated parterre Alexander Pope set the proud motto, "Ambulantes in horto, audiverunt vocem Dei"; but the deities of Twickenham were statues of marble in a grotto of artificial rockery. The "haunts of Apollo" are freer of the sunlight and the wind.

Reaction was inevitable, but it came under the gentlest and quietest of guises. It was a return to Nature by natural methods. Here and there, in secluded corners, shy voices began to be heard, acclaiming the simple joys of a simple people, and celebrating the beauty of the countryside, still unspoilt by sham-Gothic mansions, and the ingenuities of the landscape gardener. At first, the change of taste was modest enough in its approach; the convention of the heroic couplet, the antithesis and the epigram, was too powerfully ingrained to be easily abandoned. A transcendental genius like that of William Blake, "piping down the valleys wild," or a rustic reveller, such as Robert Burns, turning the artificial, boudoir set-piece into a "melody that's sweetly played in tune," needed its way made plain before it, after the long autocracy of the coffee-house and the Mall. The work of harbinger and pioneer fell into the utterly unconscious hands of William Cowper, writing to distract his mind from trouble, and to please himself and the ladies of his friendship over a fragrant cup of tea.

III

Sensitiveness and sincerity—those were the prevailing influences of Cowper's character; and they were instilled into him from the earliest years of his childhood. There was never a more complete example of the child being father to the man, or of first impressions leaving a life-long mark upon the character. For good and evil alike, in suffering and consolation, the mind of the poet was moulded in the nursery and the schoolroom. It was there that he learnt to know the haunting shadow of fear, as well as the recurrent recompense of affection. There also he first

looked with clear, observant eyes into the charm of natural beauty, and translated its appeal into a natural, an almost filial response. To understand all that Cowper stood for, we must go first to the story of his childhood.

He was born on the 15th of November, 1731 (O.S.), at Great Berkhamsted, Herts, of which pleasant country-town his father was rector; and his earliest recollections were steeped in that warm atmosphere of religious domesticity, which survived within living memory as profoundly characteristic of English rural life. He loved his home, and adored his mother. His temperament was in many respects more feminine than manly, and he was always happiest in the company of women. He learnt to confide in them during those first six years which he spent at his mother's knee, and the memory of that companionship never left him. Nearly fifty years later he was able to say: "Not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her: such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short." Short it was indeed: the boy was only six, and the mother but thirty-four years old, when she died in childbed.

> "I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
> I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
> And, turning from my nursery window, drew
> A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!"

And then, by way of consoling him for the loss of his life's support and inspiration, the child was sent away from home—to a boarding-school and the desolation of utter misery.

It is at this point that we are first admitted into the secret suffering of Cowper's mind, and it is here that the entire situation begins to appear so astonishingly modern in sentiment. A hundred or even fifty years ago he would have found little sympathy in the general judgment. The common creed of English family life prescribed the English boarding school as the infallible training ground for manly character; and in nineteen cases out of twenty the system worked well enough. But one in every twenty was sacrificed, and William Cowper was a lamentable victim. He fell into the hands of a blatant bully, who filled his day with fears,

and his night with dreams; his eyesight was impaired; and he was overwhelmed by a conviction of his own insignificance and unworthiness, which was to develop later on into a fatal obsession. When he was removed to Westminster School he recovered something of the zest of youth. He was good at games, cherished a sort of hero-worship for Vincent Bourne, one of the masters, himself a poet, and left the place imbued with such an enthusiasm for scholarship that he "valued a man according to his proficiency and taste in classical literature, and had the meanest opinion of all other accomplishments." But, though in later years he retained something of the sentiment which almost every public-schoolboy feels for the imperishable "genius loci" of his youth:

> "The wall on which we tried our graven skill,
> The very name we carved subsisting still;
> The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
> Tho' mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed:
> The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
> Playing our games, and on the very spot,"——

still the *Tirocinium* of Cowper's maturity is a document of deliberate condemnation, and an all-sufficient proof that he learnt more at school than he was taught in the schoolroom, and that much of his experience drowned out his memory in regret and shame. Of course, he was oversensitive. Of course, he exaggerated the evil example, precisely as he exaggerated his own share in the mischief. Youth cannot keep its innocency; and Cowper, who was fond of quoting texts of scripture, might have recalled one which sums up the problem in a prayer. "I would not," said the Founder of Christianity, "I would not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from evil." But here was a case where extreme sensibility soon began to prey upon itself, and a too easy leisure gave it full opportunity. And there can be little doubt that Cowper's mental sufferings at school were the beginning of that religious melancholy which soon turned his life into an ordeal of fear and torment. Nowadays, when every boy who has been unhappy at school finds a safety-valve in pouring his confidence into a novel,

all these growing pains are soon overcome and forgotten. William Cowper lived in a harsher age, and was tortured by the modern habit of introspection without achieving its way of escape.

From school he went into a solicitor's office, studied law, and was called to the Bar. But he had no taste for the profession, and the next few years were spent to little purpose. He fell in love with a cousin, who returned his affection; but her father objected to the match, and Cowper was given yet another occasion for feeling the burden of his own inferiority. Whether his nature was ever capable of passionate attachment may be doubtful; at any rate his Theodora was faithful to his memory, remaining unmarried through a long life, while he himself found other women friends, and even contemplated marriage, only to let the prospect drop, when it seemed likely to arouse uncomfortable jealousies. Taine has penetrated to the heart of the matter, with that lively sense of character so common to his judgments. Cowper, he says, "was one of those to whom women devote themselves, whom they love maternally, first from compassion, then by attraction, because they find in them alone the contrivances, minute and tender attentions, delicate observances which men's rude nature cannot give them, and which their more sensitive nature nevertheless craves." To them Cowper responded, in Lord David Cecil's happy phrase, by offering "a personal relationship that involved a slightly raised emotional tension that moved in an atmosphere tinged with half-hidden, half-hinted romantic sentiment." This also, no doubt, is one way of love; but it is the love of a man uncertain of himself, who has never realised the heritage of his manhood.

IV

The time was to come when this capacity for eliciting and enjoying feminine sympathy afforded Cowper the happiest years of his life; but, before that period arrived, he had been plunged into the lowest depths of mental agony. He has left a searching record of his sufferings in his *Memoir*; the ground has often been turned over

anew; on an occasion like the present, when it is more congenial to remember him at his best, there is little temptation to linger over the tale of his deficiencies. The truth seems to have been that, when Cowper allowed himself to be drawn into the net of the Law, he accepted the very worst sort of durance possible to a man of his nervous and introspective temperament. He cared nothing for the profession, and scarcely practised it at all. His father died when he was twenty-five, leaving him a small patrimony, which was enough for his immediate needs. He proceeded to spend the capital, to drift into a careless, unmethodical way of life, and to waste his leisure in unhappy, restless meditation upon his own mental and spiritual condition. In short, he "found religion", and found it in a form that proved sheer ruin to his peace of mind.

The Evangelical movement, which had then started to disintegrate the religious apathy of the Age of Reason, was a thoroughly healthy revival for natures which were strong enough to stand it. Like the other influences in the air at the time, it brought a gusty breeze of sincerity into a close and artificial atmosphere; it implied a violent return to spiritual conviction, an extreme reaction against an age of rationalism and pleasure-seeking. But it demanded of its disciples great strength of mind and fortitude. The gospel it preached was a gospel of utter spiritual regeneration. Morality was not enough for it; good works were not enough; even good will was insufficient to the divine demand. The man who was truly "saved" must have experienced a revelation like that which assailed Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus. He must have been convinced of sin, cleansed in the waters of penitence, washed in the blood of the Lamb's redemption; and the rest of his life, conformed to this new beginning, must be spent in a state of perpetual communion with his Maker, in meditation and in prayer, in praise and worship, secretly among the faithful and in the congregation.

It is a common experience that the years of adolescence are troubled by storms of religious doubt, whose usual form is a challenge to the very foundations of faith and doctrine. But Cowper had been brought up in the odour of sanctity;

he took the Bible on trust, and the words of the preacher for gospel; all his doubt and hesitation turned inwards upon himself. He reflected upon his purposeless existence; he was certain that his soul was damned; he lost all power of self-restraint, and made so violent an attempt upon his own life that there was nothing his friends could do but entrust him to the care of a wise physician in a private asylum at St. Albans. He underwent treatment for a year and a half, and left the home apparently cured. He might perhaps have been cured altogether, if the terrors of religion could have been banished from his mind.

For just at this time, in his thirty-fourth year, he fell under the influence which sweetened, inspired, and invigorated all the rest of his life, reinstating him among the simple pursuits and pleasures to which his nature was attuned, and drawing from him that well-spring of pure and unaffected poetry, which was to render him the most influential English poet between the eras of Pope and Wordsworth. All this comfort and inspiration he owed to the friendship of Mary Unwin, the wisest counsellor that ever made glad the heart of man.

Chance plays a large part in every life; and it was pure chance that threw these two together. By this time, the brother John, whose birth had cost Cowper's mother her life, was grown to manhood, and was now in residence, as a Fellow, at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Cowper was anxious to settle near his brother, but for some reason or other the nearest rooms that seemed convenient were in Huntingdon. He had only been there a month or two, when he was accosted by a young man, on his way home from church, and at once engaged in a "spiritual and lively" conversation, which gave promise of intimate sympathy. This young man was the son of a clergyman, named Morley Unwin, whose wife was much younger than himself, and the mother of two children—this son of twenty-one, and a daughter of eighteen. Cowper was invited to the house, attracted at once to all its inmates, and after a very short interval left his lonely lodgings, and settled with the Unwins as a welcome member of the family which he described in his letters as "the most agreeable in

the world." . . . " They live in a special good house, and in a very genteel way. They are all exactly what I would wish them to be, and I know I shall be as happy with them as I can be on this side of the sun. . . ." As for Mrs. Unwin herself, " that woman ", he declared, " is a blessing to me, and I never see her without being the better for her company." He had little doubt that this friendship was a special bounty of God, "a grace as unlimited as undeserved." In the meanwhile he was " much happier than the day is long", with " books in abundance", as much company as he chose, and " better health than for many years past." But happiness and ease of mind were always birds of passage in Cowper's life ; and the respite from mental strife was all too short.

He had not been living with the Unwins for more than eighteen months when disaster overwhelmed their family circle. Morley Unwin, the father, was thrown from his horse and killed, and, of course, the immediate sequel was the abandonment of the home, and a move to another neighbourhood. Cowper was now receiving a small, but sufficient annuity from his various relatives ; he was entirely happy with his new friends ; Mrs. Unwin was seven or eight years older than himself, and their friendship could hardly be misinterpreted by even the most scandalous of tongues. It was agreed that Cowper should continue to be an inmate of the household, which was transferred to Olney, at the suggestion of its friend, the Rev. John Newton, the curate in charge of the Parish Church. They settled close to Newton, their gardens lying on either side of an orchard, through which they purchased a right of way. Cowper and Newton were soon in continual communication, and the effect of Newton's influence was at once apparent in a rather alarming form.

Obviously Newton had the very kindliest intentions. He was a warm-hearted man, and a fervent Christian, and his desire was all for Cowper's good. But he was also a fiery theologian of the Calvinist type ; he packed every hour of the day with religious discipline and duty ; and he had soon cast Cowper's mind back upon itself, and revived all his doubts and fears. Newton was composing a volume of

hymns, and persuaded Cowper to join him in the enterprise. Many of those hymns survive to-day in every fresh collection, and several of Cowper's " Oh, for a closer walk with God", " Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord", and " God moves in a mysterious way", are amongst the simplest and sincerest of their kind. But they were won for English hymnology at the cost of renewed distress to their author, who was once more face to face with a damnatory conviction of sin, which culminated in a fierce and lurid dream, which haunted him to the end of his life. He dreamt that the voice of God condemned him to everlasting perdition, that he was required, like Abraham, to make a sacrifice of human life, and that the life that must be offered up was his own. Once more he attempted suicide, and filled the home of his adoption with the shadow of fear.

Fortunately for everyone concerned, Newton was preferred to a City benefice, and Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were left alone. At a distance Newton was a helpful ally, as the immediate future was to prove ; but Cowper's nature needed gentler guidance—consolation and repose. It seemed best that he and Mrs. Unwin should marry one another, and an engagement was actually formed between them. Then Cowper fell ill again, and the idea was abandoned. For the rest of their lives they lived under the same roof in a state of blissful and passionless companionship ; and it is to Mrs. Unwin, in the first place, that the world owes that body of natural, humane, and communicative poetry, which was to prove at once the salvation of its author's tranquillity, and his lasting claim to honourable remembrance.

V

Unfortunate in so many things, Cowper throughout his life was most fortunate in his friends, and the next few years were the happiest he knew. Mrs. Unwin had the good sense to see that the first necessity of his nature was some sort of interesting occupation which would take him out of himself, and she was herself assiduous in providing it. She encouraged him to work in the garden, to take long

He has been called the best of English letter-writers ; but that sound judge, Austin Dobson, one of his truest admirers this side idolatry, could not concede him the highest honours as a letter-writer. " Others," he said, " excel him in subject, in wit, and in vigour " ; but . . . " he is one of the most unfeigned, most easy, and most natural " of all the favourite correspondents in the language. The same praise fits his verse like a glove. It also is unfeigned, easy, natural, though, as a matter of fact, it was elaborated with infinite care, and revised again and again before it went to press. With his eye upon the natural scene, he laboured to transfer its precise impression to the written page, to root out the conventional, classical epithet, and to plant in its place the true, the vivid flower of speech. It is instructive to trace in his own pages the gradual transition to sincerity and reality. There was an arbour in which he loved to work in the garden, " not much bigger than a sedan chair", where he and a companion " would be as close-packed as two wax figures in an old-fashioned picture frame." He begins to celebrate it in verse, and at once the eighteenth century tradition becomes too strong for him :

" 'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime."

This indeed is in the full fashion of the formal " parterre ". But let him get out into the open fields, and a very different note is heard, a note new to English poetry, and as fresh to-day as on the morning when it was written :—

" The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on its bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew ;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charmed me before,
Resounds with the sweet-flowing ditty no more."

The ear and eye that could respond to that simple melody, and that bright, unaffected picture, were already prepared for the epoch-marking *Lyrical Ballads*, which ushered in a new era of English poetry, two years before Cowper's death.

VI

He died in the first year of the new century ; and the evening of his life was once more dismally overshadowed by the spectres of suffering and fear. Indeed, he was never entirely free from the terrors of his youth ; they returned, at longer intervals, but no less heavily laden with their burden of apprehension and vain remorse ; and, when the patient companion of his happier days was lost to him, the consolations of other friends were powerless to arouse him from the apathy of despair. He forgot the comforts of the past in face of the tribulations of the present. " My heart's desire," he wrote, " has been always frustrated in everything that it ever settled on, and by means that have made my disappointments inevitable." Even the Nature with which he had enjoyed so long a communion had ceased to charm him now. " My state of mind is a medium through which the beauties of Paradise itself could not be communicated with any effect but a painful one." To a mind so tortured death itself was the kindest possible release.

But to-day, when we look back in gratitude upon the occasion of his birth, and realise how clearly, across the interval of two hundred years, his tender, affectionate, winning nature calls to the restlessness, the doubt, the discontent of our own generation, it is more profitable to remember that his troubles were fugitive ; that suffering died with the sufferer ; and that now, with all doubts and hesitations long since laid to rest, the immortal part of William Cowper stands secure in the judgment of posterity. What best remains of him in remembrance is the flower of a mind attuned to Nature, rich in human sympathy and love, sensitive, sincere, and impregnably loyal to the challenge of Truth and Beauty. That is the man whose memory we celebrate to-day ; and that is very surely the record by which he would himself have chosen to be remembered.

THESE REMAIN!

By Richard Church

I

LIKE the rest of humanity, I have been lately confused and beaten about by the tumbling masonry of the civilised world. Politics, finance, society, ethics and religion; all these corner-stones are falling together, and in that precipitancy giving each of us some cruel knocks. At the moment I am sitting up amid the fragments and the brickdust, gazing round with a sort of Chaplinesque stupor upon the floor of Europe, my feet tangled in the twisted girders of Russia, the heavy limestone squares of Germany, the cornices and pseudo-Doric columns of France, and the concrete blocks of Great Britain.

For a few moments I have been assured by my stunned intelligence that all is finished; that the varied life in these edifices making up the street of Europe has come to an end, the daily customs—linking up into the traditions of centuries—concluded so catastrophically that not even a legend will remain from which the survivors might begin to build a new régime.

This pessimism, however, is due to brickdust. I have been hit by one of the pieces of the pound sterling in its fall.

Carefully picking the splinters of the shattered German mark out of my skin, I have now begun to recover a little normality of vision. Do I see nothing but extinction, a latter-day Pompeii? No, a few human beings are moving about, apparently oblivious of the confusion and ruin around them. They lean unconsciously against the wind, holding their hats to their heads, and wiping the débris from their eyes with hands whose gestures show that the movement is absent-minded. Who are these people, with their shabby clothes—clothes which could never have shown *quite* the gentleman, being just a *little* odd in some detail—a hat-brim, a collar, a necktie?

They are in earnest conversation still; so engrossed

that they stumble and sometimes fall over the displaced lumps of national fabric. In one place, where there has been an undue financial avalanche, I see a group of them staggering and sliding. But they cling to their hats and their conversation, progressing still with their argument, lost to the outside world—or rather to the absence of an outside world.

Reassured by their indifference, I crawl towards them, and at last rising to my feet I take my place in their irregular ranks, glad of the human company. They are talking about book royalties, and after royalties they are discussing the ideas and personalities out of which books are made; how So-and-so works; and whether J. B. Walworthy has fixed up his film-rights; and what Virginia Woolf saw from the lighthouse; and whether H. W. Nevinson should be called a man of letters or a man of action, or both; and if the three-sided Sitwell-crystal could be divided into equally bright units; and whether it is true that Robert Graves is writing a text-book on The Privateer in Modern Warfare: these and a thousand other matters.

I begin to live again. The world has not come to an end. There is at least one thread from the past left unbroken. I am curious to see the length of it. Taking it up in my hands, I follow it fist over fist until the voices of my contemporaries die away behind me, and the ruins change. I see Port Arthur in flames; Boer farmhouses going up in smoke; captive balloons hanging over besieged Paris, and again Paris of the Barricades of '48, and Paris of the great romantic Emperor. I see the English militia assembled on the Dorset coast; the Pretender dancing over the Border; the Puritans destroying the theatres and statues, substituting for English music their hideous nasal psalms, and converting Milton from a generous Elizabethan into a self-conscious diabolist. Farther and farther down the courses of time I follow the unbroken thread, passing through the wars and insurrections of Europe; through the tyrannies, the deludings of her peoples, and their occasional short outbursts to freedom. But nobody is free for long. All whom I pass

to right or left of this thread look at me with eyes of envy, prisoners gazing at the freeman ; creatures of delusion, of custom, of convention ; members of the crowd and followers of the momentary fashion : all the same, except for the difference in garb, as the centuries recede, slipping down eternity for so short a spell that I find myself at Babylon, and hear in her confusion of tongues the accents of our street-corner orators, our patriots, our priests and politicians ! A refrain from a lyric by Arthur Symons sounds in my ears as I look down at the unbroken thread.

" All things vanish—*you* remain ! "

Strange, and exhilarating, to find oneself by choice and vocation one of that company of wandering enthusiasts, the professional artists, gypsies of conversation and peddlers in ideas.

Perhaps by their unsettled nature and social instability, these people are saved from shipwreck, bending like grass under the storm that tears oak trees up by the roots. The wandering scholars of the Middle Ages, those tally-men of the human soul, were of the same company, and while the statesmen of Europe, great caricaturable frock-coated and periwigged figures, patch up their Treaties of Utrecht and Congresses of Vienna in futile efforts to promote international harmony, these writers ignore them, and send a little Irish member of their own company to wander from capital to capital, playing his flute at the taverns, and arguing (with his tongue in his cheek) at the universities, until his songs and his rhetoric have woven the Pied Piper spell and repaired the mischief worked by those sententious bigwigs with portfolios and dossiers full of precedents under their arms.

Whatever the gossamer achievements of these artists towards the cheering and the charming of a humanity harassed by calamity or befooled by material success, they remain while others vanish. Their capital is not invested in in terrestrial banks. When the crash comes—a periodical event—they have only a song or a paragraph to lose, and can immediately coin another. When wars decimate the ranks of the burghers, the poets do not lose their

children, who are creatures of fancy decked out in printer's ink. Perhaps that is why they are suspect by the settled dwellers on the earth, the comfortable people who accumulate substance and social prizes. The latter are afraid for their possessions, and their scorn for those of the poet is merely envy, since they realise that in having nothing material, the poet has nothing that can be destroyed by the making and breaking of nations. The poets are primitives, like the peasants, and the perfume of their treasure goes up in a spear of wistful beauty like the smoke from the fire of couch-grass which Thomas Hardy deemed to be the symbol of mortal survival over the shocks and tumbles of overblown empire and the heady erections of civilisation.

" Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow, silent walk,
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass :
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass."

The poets harrow the clods of words, and their harvest is music, unmarketable, not worth invasions and treaties and wars to end war, but enduring like the laughter of the gods.

And these " music-makers, these dreamers of dreams ", how do they live : what are the habits of these creatures whose indifference to the codes and the bye-laws has earned them a name as outcasts and vagabonds ?

Singularly enough, the most notable thing about their daily lives is their conservatism. They come from all walks of life : the artisan's home, the public schools, the country mansion. But they meet in equality as writers, sculptors, playwrights or painters, throwing off without a qualm the class and social habits of the people from whom they have sprung. They are thus enigmas to their relatives, who look upon them as renegades of taste, and are bewildered when on occasion these changelings receive a little applause and even fame. How Stevenson's nurse must have wondered at the exploits of her wilful boy in Edinburgh's streets of ill-fame ! How she must have

deplored his dirty velvet coat and greasy hair, and his complete indifference to the building of lighthouses. And I don't blame her. Yet he wrote some good books.

As I say, artists are conservative. The million clerks who ebb and flow before the moon of commerce over London Bridge, between the suburbs and the city, are not more regular in their habits. It is true that the artists have more to say. Their thoughts are more aerated. They depend less upon the fodder supplied by the daily paper, and more upon the unadulterated food of good books. They are more definitely on the look-out for something which they are determined to find : beautiful writing, clear ideas, honest statements of fact and reality in the worlds of sense and of emotion. " It is all one, as we should love a bright particular star, and think to wed it." They never lose that enthusiasm, and their good fortune is that the pursuit of this ideal constitutes their daily work. They write, carve, paint, and design, all the while considering the mundane necessities ; but even above that consideration they realise that they are working in the material out of which ideals and the permanent, beautiful things are made, " Peopling the Solitude with gorgeous presences ", by which mankind is reminded of its gods, its passions, its most superb sacrifices, and the intangible elements of spiritual fire enabling it to grope its way through the chaos of its own disastrous failures.

II

A casual remark by Boswell that " I supped with Dr. Johnson at the Mitre tavern, that we might renew our social intimacy ", gives a picture of the writer's addiction to café life, a habit common to his kind in all parts of the world. No matter where he is, nor how isolated he may be in an uncultured community, he contrives sooner or later to gather round him in an eating-house a few people with whom he can exchange ideas on life and the art with which he is so eccentrically preoccupied. The most adverse circumstances cannot prevent this universal habit of guild-gregariousness in the writer. Even a tortured and suspicious spirit like Edgar Allan Poe, shut up in the

military college at West Point, contrived to make for himself an environing nest of debate, without which the literary genius starves.

To-day, with a world tumbling about their ears, the artists in all parts of Europe contrive to carry on the common ritual of their existence. Pre-war Vienna was the Mecca of the artist, since all its citizens lived by community meals, the cafés having a tradition of service and almost of culture comparable to the traditions of university life. The great people, the masters, had their particular haunts, their own tables and seats. Who would have dared to intrude upon the corner behind the door of the " Red Hedgehog " where Brahms came every evening for his meal and for talk with his disciples ?

This gathering of followers round a master of the craft is a characteristic of all time, and, I daresay, of all trades and arts. No matter what is happening in the complicated world of affairs, the excited beginner in the arts will seek out the heroes whose experience and manners he is imitating, and endeavour to gain by word of mouth what he has overlooked or despaired of in the work of these masters whom he has chosen. This relationship provided the nucleus upon which life in the artistic communities of Europe was founded in the Nineteenth Century. Vienna, and most other capitals, was a congeries of such groups. To-day, perhaps, the hero-worship is less obvious, the disparity of age between master and disciples is smaller ; but the process still goes on even in a Vienna which has gone through every form of social disaster—war, revolution, and financial collapse !

In London there is less Gamalielism and more companionship, for amongst the English art community the tradition is more inclined to the " Mermaid " tavern than to the " Mitre ". As in Elizabethan, Caroline, Augustan, and Victorian times, there exist to-day the various groups who drift together partly by the attraction of taste and aims, partly by geographical circumstances, and partly by indolent chance. In the back streets of Soho and Bloomsbury certain little sets meet sometimes daily, sometimes weekly, for lunch or supper, members of unconstituted

literary clubs possessing no code, no laws. One or other of the habitués will sometimes bring a guest, often enough a nervous and awestricken tyro or amateur who is anxious to meet in person certain names admirably familiar in print. And how often is he disappointed ! For the talk does not always scintillate, and the newcomer is not sufficiently initiated to realise that the artistic satisfaction and the intellectual refreshment passing between these few people whom he came prepared to worship are qualities of atmosphere and sub-conscious trust rather than of active talk.

At these lunches and suppers in the cheaper restaurants is exchanged every particle of news from the book world and Fleet Street. This " shop " talk, however, is not quite the same as that amongst the other professions. Lurking beneath the surface is a half-hinted reference to a standard of permanent values, qualities of the fundamental humanity by which men and women move and have their being. And not infrequently the hint becomes a direct and challenging statement which sets fire to every individual round the table, creating a real symposium, such as that depicted by Crabb Robinson in his diary, where the soliloquial genius of Coleridge ranged triumphant over the fields of metaphysics, while Wordsworth lumbered behind, nodding regal assent, and Charles Lamb stuttered out his irresistible harlequinade.

These occasions are worth while. They renew one's faith in the distinction of literary talent. They make one realise that when in youth one chose this profession of letters with as much pride and ambition as though one were leaving the ranks of mortality and taking a seat amongst the gods on Olympus, one's ingenuousness was not altogether wrong. Since those days of first choice, the writer has lived in the world of authors and publishers, to find that these people, including himself, are only too human ; touchy, vain, despondent, overworking and under-educating themselves, writing too much and reading too little ; taking in each others washing, playing tricks with their abilities, and intriguing against their own better natures and the fine promise of their early days,

the days when it seemed so simple to become a great master. Disillusionment has followed, a gradual process like the creeping up of clouds over a morning of brilliant sunshine. Suddenly the soiled mind discovers that the disciplines have been relaxed, the standards lowered. One writes more glibly, more words with less significance, with smaller concern for the eternal verities.

The whole process is comparable to marriage. With what rapture it began ! How the mere presence of the beloved partner set the world on fire. The courtesies, the gifts of glance and touch, the planned surprises and delights. But as familiarity grows with time, the ardour cools, and the relationship, at least in its daily expression, becomes muted, until the joy of it is taken for granted and referred to intermittently with diffidence and shyness. But there are occasions due to sorrow, or moments of triumph, following perhaps a bitter quarrel, when the veil of habit is lifted, and man and wife become lovers, mad with joy, sweet strangers again, until the veil is dropped and they both go about the daily chores of the married state with renewed vows in their hearts, and a conviction that love is a magic-giving youth, the gift of eternity.

So it is with the writer. His vocation is a profession and something more than a profession. It possesses him ; and once its votary, he can never escape so long as there remains in his mind the memory of his first transfiguration upon the mountain of literature, and the hope of achieving some form of beautiful expression which the world will recognise as indestructible. He may lose that first ecstasy, returning into himself and settling to a pedestrian purpose ; but he does not forget the great experience, and from time to time he turns for refreshment by recollection, and finds to his joy that the religion has not left him, and that the voice of the god is still authentic in his ears. These occasions are too rare, alas ! for the disappointments and the harness-galls of the literary man's drudgery provide too sharp and constant an irritant. But amongst his fellows, sharing their cynicisms and deceits, he will also discover with them the sudden memory, until casual conversation rises, drunken with new wine of hope and

sheer useless pleasure, in the beauty of this cruel art.

It is for these occasions that writers get together, quietly and modestly, careless of the making and breaking of nations. And as I have shown earlier in this article, in my fantastic image of the unbroken thread, writers have been doing the same thing since the art of expression first took possession of mankind. No matter what changes may come to civilisation, I am sure that these fantastics will continue to meet in this timeless way, talking in quiet oblivion of the electro-magnetic environment which may be their future trysting-place.

FROSTY DUSK

Somewhere there was a rumour that the world
  Was only gold, the beaten maples stood
Upon the slopes of sunset and the pearled
  Evening seemed stricken with its solitude.
The world was dim around me, yet I knew
  The worm was working and the frost alive;
The golden rod remained to snare the few,
  The aster throve and Summer seemed alive.

But something in the air, some music heard,
  Muted and winnowed, told me how the day
That seemed all gold and sunset was deferred
  Only an instant longer from decay.
The smell of apples rotting and the bark
  Sour against the wind foretold the dark.

HAROLD VINAL.

CURRENT PROBLEMS OF WORLD ECONOMICS

IV—THE FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE

BY PROF. T. GREGORY, D.Sc.

I

POPULAR discussion of the place of international trade in the economic life of the world shows a marked tendency to oscillate between two extremes of argument. Enthusiasm for measures of tariff protection leads to the advocacy of the view that it is justifiable to risk a reduction in the existing volume of international trade because the "home market is so much more important than the foreign market"; the fact that without the existing volume of foreign trade the home market might be very much smaller is therefore ignored. On the other hand, those who see the dangers involved in increasing the difficulties of the export industries often fall back upon a line of argument which implies that without foreign trade a nation cannot "survive"; a line of argument which ignores the fact that, without a home market of a certain size, the volume of foreign trade would be less than it is. Popular discussion, in other words (and in this direction it echoes certain schools of economic thought), fails to appreciate the fact that "nations" are political and not economic entities, and that the proportion of exchanging which goes on across national frontier lines cannot be dissociated from the mass of economic activities with which it is organically connected. The object of international trade, as of all trade, is to increase the sum total of material welfare, and an increase of welfare is perfectly consistent both with an increase and with a decrease of "foreign" trade, according to the circumstances of time and place. A shift of demand, for instance, from an increased con-

sumption of foodstuffs to an increased consumption of services may lead to a net loss in the volume of foreign trade; a shift in the reverse direction might increase the volume of international trade: but both movements are consistent with an improvement in the material well-being of the average man. Apart, altogether, from the misleading inferences drawn thus from nominal changes in the volume of foreign trade, due to an increase or decrease in the aggregate length of the frontier lines of the world which may accompany changes of sovereignty, the significance of changes in the volume of world-trade is by no means easy to establish. So long as the general position has not altered markedly, rapid changes in the volume of international trade, as compared with changes in other indices, enable valid inferences to be drawn, but the general position may alter. It is the contention of this article that the general situation likely to develop in the course of the next half century will differ markedly from that obtaining in the nineteenth century: a point of great importance when it is realised how coloured our thinking still is by what occurred during that hundred years of revolutionary change.

II

The events of the nineteenth century in the sphere of international trade constitute a gigantic justification of the fundamental dogmas of the Free Trade School; for measured against the vast background of world-colonisation, of population expansion, and of technological change, the place of the tariff, as an agency of acceleration of economic change, is clearly seen to be but a very modest one. International as well as intra-national trade grew because its growth was inseparably and inextricably associated with general world-conditions making for economic progress. Five elements account for the general direction of change, but throughout they acted and reacted upon one another and in common dominated the expansion of international trade.

The first of these elements was the growth of technique,

including in particular improvements in the technique of transportation, which enabled the interior lands of America, Canada, and Australia to be settled and their staple products to be brought upon the world market in exchange for the staple goods which industrial progress was constantly cheapening in price.

The second factor was the use of steam power, and then of oil fuel. Steam power gave Great Britain in particular, and world trade in general, a balancing factor in the shipping freight market, enabling the heavy inward cargoes of raw materials to be more easily compensated than would have been the case otherwise, and thus reducing the cost of all goods carried internationally.

The third element was provided by the unequal distribution of financial resources, which involved the necessity of international capital movements and then of interest payments. The most convenient manner for new areas to absorb capital is in the shape of constructional goods; the most convenient way in which such areas can pay interest is in the shape of exports of their local produce—and the general situation was such as to enable these movements of goods to take place.

Fourthly, for a considerable part of the nineteenth century, there was a progressive improvement in freedom of communication, i.e., consolidation of areas permitting of the untrammelled passage of goods—Germany, Italy, Austria are cases in point—whilst at the same time the general level of customs rates remained low, because, in the period of bourgeois ascendancy in politics, Free Trade as a creed was popular. Even when the tariff reaction came in the 'eighties and 'nineties as part of the contemporary solution of the problem of a falling price-level, the absolute level of the rates imposed was not so great as to prevent constant improvements in industrial technique to reduce their real significance; whilst the fairly general acceptance of a broad interpretation of the most-favoured-nation clause reduced their importance still more.

Lastly, and most important of all, the world was being peopled, and the constant growth of population, together

with a rising standard of life, provided a seemingly inexhaustible market for raw materials in the manufacturing areas and for manufactures in the "overseas" areas. This ultimate factor was so important as to swamp the effects of other factors in the long run altogether. The relative rates of growth of particular industrial nations might diverge from one another; and particular industries might suffer from the rise of competing industries aided by subsidies and protective tariffs. The fact remained that so long as population as a whole grew, and with it standards of life, there was no overwhelming pressure on any of the constituent parts of the world economic system. Among the best customers of each industrial nation were the other industrial nations, and all of them together progressed as the raw material areas grew in population and in wealth. This equilibrium position was destroyed by the War, and the question of the future is how far the conditions which made it possible have *permanently* disappeared.

III

One effect which the War has had has been an increase in the number of sovereign states in the world, especially in Europe. With this growth in the number of separate states has gone a growth, therefore, in the number of separate recording agencies. Part of any increase in world trade, therefore, which has taken place in recent years is a purely nominal increase, due to the circumstance that what was formerly domestic trade, and hence not recorded, has become international trade between inhabitants of different trading areas, subject to statistical record and to customs duties. Whilst, between 1913 and 1928, the growth of world trade was practically almost as great as the growth in the production of foodstuffs and raw materials (about 25 per cent. in both cases), and, therefore, whilst the nominal expansion of international trade was at a rate much greater than that of population increase, there are factors in the situation which prevent any over-optimistic interpretation of the trend of events.

Had the Peace been accompanied by universal free trade, there would have been no effect at all upon the *real* volume of trade (as distinct from statistical changes), but for the extent to which the productive machine had become less efficient and the nature of demand had altered, making imports (and therefore exports) less necessary. In fact, however, since the War national frontiers have increasingly tended to become economic frontiers as well, and other economic changes have also intervened, militating against a growth in the volume of foreign trade, either directly or indirectly. Apart from tariff changes, to be discussed separately below, four such factors require discussion.

To begin with, in certain countries, social changes have taken place which have reduced the capacity for export for the time being. The break-up of the great estates in South Eastern Europe has made their agrarian economies less efficient producers of wheat; Russian Communism, which has reduced the foreign trade of that country with a population of 160 millions to the level of that of Switzerland, the unsettled conditions of China, are both instances in point. Some of these conditions, however, are not necessarily permanent.

Secondly, there has been a marked shift in recent years in the real ratio of interchange between raw materials and manufactured articles, so that the physical volume of the latter, which has to be exported in order to obtain a given quantity of the former, has largely diminished. This shift in the ratio means that it is becoming easier for manufacturing countries to provide themselves with the food and raw materials they require, but, until the problem of labour transfer has been solved, the result is increased unemployment in their exporting industries. From the standpoint of the agricultural states, this shift implies that, insofar as costs have not adjusted themselves, importation is less easy than it was. The shift in the real ratio of interchange is, therefore, one of the most potent factors making towards the industrialisation of such areas.

Thirdly, there has everywhere since the War been a

growth of feeling against the dominance of the agrarian and raw material producing states by the industrial; a reluctance, as it is put by the advocates of industrialisation in India and Australia and elsewhere, to continue to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the more advanced industrial nations. This reluctance is, at bottom, purely irrational; since concentration upon mining and agriculture by no means necessarily implies inferior economic strength. But insofar as it reflects the shift in the ratio of real exchange alluded to above, or insofar as it voices the inherent social desirability of diversification of the economic life of a country, the demand for industralisation is comprehensible on rational grounds, and is likely to be an element of increasing importance in the future.

Lastly, there has been since the War a considerable growth of the feeling that certain industries are indispensable to a country on the ground of national safety. The argument that "defence is greater than opulence" is one that cannot be disproved on economic grounds, but in the modern world there is only too much reason to suppose that it is often exploited for economic purposes. But, whatever the possibilities of abuse involved, it is not likely that the policy to which the principle of national safety leads will be easily abandoned.

IV

The most striking practical manifestation of the temper of the age in the sphere of international trade is the growth of tariff walls. Attempts have recently been made, e.g. by the Economic Section of the League of Nations, to measure the objective burden of tariff rates, but, even if such attempts were more satisfactory technically than they actually are, it would be impossible to disentangle the effects of tariff changes upon the volume of international trade in general from the effects produced by other causes operating at the same time. There can be no question, however, that this tendency of prices to fall sharply in recent years has accentuated the deterrent

effect of duties levied not directly on the value of a commodity, but on some physical attribute possessed by the commodity, even if the rate has not changed. In fact, the tendency of rates has been upward, so that the pressure of the tariff has been cumulative.

In any case, the height of the tariff wall is not the sole criterion to be taken account of when the burden of protection is being estimated, since administrative devices, prohibitions, and restrictions of various kinds may in practice greatly add to the check upon foreign trade, though they do not increase the burden of the tariff-rate. All in all, it is hardly open to question that the tendency to stifle the growth of international trade by government action of one kind or another has greatly increased in recent years; though there may be some exaggeration in the *current* complaints about the effect of tariffs. A period of bad trade and business depression invariably increases the demand for protection and accentuates the deterrent effect of existing tariff schedules. If and when world trade recovers, some mitigation in the intensity of the tariff propaganda is to be expected; at the least, a more critical investigation of claims for protection from particular industries and interests. At the same time, it would be folly to suppose that the deeper-lying causes to which the protectionist movement owes its strength are likely to disappear in the near future. Profound technical changes are at work which make it likely that a greater degree of self-sufficiency, and therefore a relative decline in international trade, will be characteristic of the world in the future than was the case in the era which ended with the War, and tariffs are likely to be used to accelerate the changes, social and economic, bound up with the technological situation.

V

The *first* factor which is likely to diminish the volume of international trade, relatively to total economic activity, if not absolutely, is the increasing importance of services and other "sheltered" occupations which cannot be

imported. It is true that, if migration were as free as it was in the nineteenth century, a slackening in the rate of demand for concrete goods might simply mean an inflow of persons rendering services. But migration is now less free than it has been since the beginnings of modern industrialism ; for example; an increase in the demand in the United States for domestic service d es not result in a free flow of German or Swedish immigration, and so does not, through an increase of population in America, indirectly stimulate the growth of international trade, even in the shape of shipping services. The increasing margin over necessaries which is characteristic of progressive societies means that the growth of international trade in staple foods and raw materials will lag behind the growth of well-being generally, insofar as this free margin is devoted to expenditure upon services.

A second factor, again, is the slackening of population growth and, therefore, in the rate of increase in the demand for the crude foodstuffs and raw materials, which formed so striking an element in the international trade of the last century. But the factor of population change merges with a third element—technological changes in agriculture of a very far-reaching kind. The large-scale farming experiments of the Soviet Republic and of the Western States of the American Union make it appear probable that the wheat-farm of the future will extend over areas much greater than those formerly considered normal. As a consequence of the "factory-farm", thousands of farmers will be driven off their present holdings and alternative sources of occupation must be found for them. In the food-producing countries the trend will therefore be to manufacture locally much that used to be imported—if necessary under the stimulus of high tariff walls. Otherwise there will be grave local *agrarian* unemployment and consequently grave political instability. The agricultural revolution is therefore likely profoundly to modify the trade of the world, not only in agricultural staples, but in staples altogether.

In [illegible]rply in recen[illegible]more industrialised countries which [illegible]t agricultural base, e.g., Germany

and France, the progress of agricultural technology implies an increasing possibility of self-sustenance, without importation in normal years. The agricultural countries must turn to industry to absorb their surplus farming population, but in the industrial states the necessity for food imports will also decline as local wheat production undergoes a process of mechanisation. It is true that it is by no means so easy to effect a revolution in methods under a régime of peasant ownership as it is either under Russian Communism, or under agrarian capitalism of the American or Australian type. But the inference seems warranted that, given the stationariness of population on the one hand, and great agricultural improvements on the other, the exchange of cruder food and raw material supplies for crude manufactures will no longer play the same part in the future as it once did. The *volume* of foreign trade seems on these grounds likely to decline, relatively, if not absolutely ; but perhaps absolutely as well.

Much the same result may be anticipated from the march of scientific discovery in other fields. The international trade in oil has taken the place of international trade in coal ; but if the efforts now being made to perfect a commercially possible process of oil-extraction from coal come to successful fruition, international trade in oil from Asia or America to Europe will cease to expand, and will decline so far as countries rich in coal of a suitable kind are concerned. Artificial silk limits the possibilities of international trade in raw cotton as well as in cotton goods. In some cases, of course, a new invention or discovery merely changes the *character*, but not the *volume*, of international trade ; but where a new product can be manufactured successfully in any industrialised area out of local materials, not only the nature but the magnitude of world trade may be unfavourably affected.

VI

If these tendencies work themselves out uninterruptedly, the international trade of the world may come to possess

a significance other than that to which we are accustomed. Climatic conditions will always ensure that inter-regional trade will remain of great importance, and the growth of wealth may add to that importance—witness, for instance, the growing importations of South African fruits. Nor are the arguments for international trade based upon the possession by particular areas of specialised kinds of skill or experience at all weakened by what has been said. Even the absolute scale upon which international trade in wheat and other staple foods and raw materials is conducted will, in all probability, remain a vast one. But the element of growth, if there is to be an element of growth at all, will be provided more by the luxuries, less by the necessaries of existence; for it is the luxuries, rather than the necessaries of life, which must be depended upon to absorb the labour freed by scientific discoveries and technological change. In the early days of international trade it was the luxuries which were exchanged, since these alone combined small bulk with high value, and could thus break the high costs of carriage involved. The problem to-day is no longer the high cost of carriage, but the increasing degree to which science is making the whole world independent of local circumstances in the production of necessaries, coupled with an increasing determination on the part of the agricultural peoples to emancipate themselves from the dominance of the advanced, industrialised states.

CANADA'S UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

By John Stevenson

I

THE Dominion of Canada finds herself now approaching what will obviously be a very difficult and trying winter, full of baffling problems. For the past twelve months she has felt the full impact of the world-wide depression; the shrinkage of her foreign market caused a severe decline in her export trade, which necessitated a curtailment of production in many important industries, and last winter the problem of unemployment assumed its most serious dimensions since the war. The plan adopted to meet this problem was a comprehensive programme of public works, which was organised by the Federal Government in co-operation with the provincial administrations, municipal authorities and the two great railway systems. Under the Canadian Constitution the Federal Government has no direct responsibility for the problem of unemployment, which falls under the jurisdiction of the provincial and municipal authorities, but it has an indirect responsibility which it did not shirk; for one thing, it had been responsible for bringing in thousands of immigrants, who, inasmuch as they had not had time to get a stable foothold in the land of their adoption, constituted a substantial proportion of the workless. So the Bennett Ministry, in the special session of the Federal Parliament which met soon after its accession to office, secured authority for the expenditure of 20 million dollars in unemployment relief. This sum was distributed in grants chiefly to the provinces and municipalities, the two railway companies each receiving a little less than a million dollars. Encouraged by these subsidies during the twelve-month period ending August 31st, a programme of new public works, involving an expenditure of $70,553,911, was carried out, and employ-

ment was thereby furnished to a large number of people. Of the sum voted by the Federal Parliament, four million dollars were allocated to direct relief, but it was found necessary to expend only about half this amount. The accounts are not yet all in, as some of the works undertaken are not completed, but on August 31st the Government found itself still in possession of a balance of $6,404,500 out of the 20 million dollars unemployment fund, which meant that the cost of last winter's relief to the Federal Treasury had been, roughly, 13½ million dollars.

II

The Bennett Ministry had cherished the hope that during the summer months an improvement in world economic conditions would promote a revival of Canadian prosperity, and that the substantial increases in the tariff, which were decreed first at the emergency session, and then at the regular session of Parliament, would, by cutting down imports, stimulate employment in the industrial areas. But as the spring and summer months went by, it became clear that these hopes were doomed to disappointment; the world depression grew worse instead of better, manufacturers found that, owing to the further fall in the prices of farm produce through lack of adequate markets, domestic purchasing power continued to decline, and most of the accepted indices of business showed a steady recession. Then, to add to her troubles, Canada experienced the driest summer in forty years. Crops in the eastern Provinces are reasonably good, but nature has not endowed the prairie region with the same capacity for withstanding drought, and a large area of what has been regarded as the most reliably fertile belt of the western Provinces was so devastated that its farmers have scarcely any wheat, which is their chief cash crop, to sell, and are hard put to it to find subsistence for their livestock. It is hard to pardon the short-sighted folly of farmers who concentrate so completely upon grain-growing that they do not raise pigs, poultry and vegetables as a source of sustenance in hard times, but thousands of prairie farmers are in this unfortunate plight. Surveys undertaken by the provincial Governments of the three Prairie Provinces indicate that there are 35,000 farming families in Saskatchewan, 10,000 in Alberta, and 5,000 in Manitoba, who will have to be carried through the coming winter by some sort of public succour. For their benefit the Federal Government has already purchased two million bushels of wheat, which will be ground into flour and distributed; and it will also provide generous subsidies to the three provincial Governments, who will undertake the task of administering relief. In Saskatchewan, where the most serious conditions prevail, the Anderson Government has entrusted the task of handling the problem of farm relief to a non-political commission of five members, on which the three local parties are represented; the representative of the agrarian party is a lady who has held high office in the organisation known as the "Saskatchewan section of the United Farmers of Canada." This commission will co-operate with different government agencies which are concerned with the relief problem, and it has also at its disposal the services of the Canadian Red Cross organisation. With their help, supplies of food, clothing and fuel will be distributed to indigent settlers; and as Mr. Bennett has laid down the principle that no public assistance must be given without some repayment for it in the form of work, the farmers who receive relief will be required to undertake some work on the local roads without wages. The situation in regard to pasture and winter feed, which at one time was exceedingly critical in many districts, has been relieved by fairly copious rains which fell in August, but in some of the more drought-stricken areas there is still insufficient feed to bring the local live stock through the winter, and supplies of hay and coarse grains will have to be purchased in more fortunate localities and transported to the regions where they are needed.

Again, many farmers find themselves without seed of a quality which would be worth sowing, and before the next seeding season commences, arrangements will be made to supply them with good seed. It is also now realised that a considerable area of south-western Saskatchewan is too dry to offer any hope of regular crops; it is only suited for ranching purposes and should never have been opened up

for homesteading by small cultivators. During the past summer many farmers in this dry area have abandoned their holdings and moved north with all their stock and belongings, to take up new homesteads in the wooded country north of the North Saskatchewan River. These migrants are for the most part devoid of any capital with which they could erect buildings and fences, and some sort of governmental assistance will be tendered them in order that they may establish themselves sufficiently to start effective farming operations next spring. All this work will require careful planning and a heavy expenditure of money, and every precaution will be taken to ensure that only deserving families get the benefit of it. The plans of the Alberta and Manitoba Governments have not been definitely formulated, but probably they will appoint relief commissions of a similar character.

III

But the problem of farm distress is confined to the Prairie Provinces, and bulks comparatively small beside the problem of urban unemployment. At the request of the Federal Government, the provincial Administrations have attempted to secure a registration of the number of unemployed within the bounds of their territories. At the beginning of September, 1931, the Department of Labour at Ottawa published a statement which estimated the number of unemployed on that date in Quebec at 100,000 ; in Ontario, 130,000 ; in British Columbia, 38,800 ; in Alberta, 15,000 ; in Saskatchewan, 26,000 in urban centres, and 150,000 in the drought areas ; in Manitoba, 41,489—a total of, approximately, 500,000. The figure for the Maritime Provinces will be less than 30,000, as, thanks to the diversity of their economic activities, they are to-day the least embarrassed section of Canada. The figures for all the provinces will certainly be raised as soon as the advent of the Canadian winter, with its severe frosts and heavy snowfalls, shuts down a variety of outdoor work. Hundreds of men who are at present engaged upon farms will flock into the towns and cities.

Unemployment in a country like Canada, where the

winter, though healthy, is admittedly severe, bears more hardly upon its victims than in regions like Australia and the southern States of the adjacent republic ; people must have not only food but warmth and shelter, or they will perish. So the Federal Government, in co-operation with the provinces and municipalities, is addressing itself resolutely to the task of ensuring that none of the citizens of Canada shall be bereft of shelter and sustenance during the coming winter. Before Parliament prorogued, the Bennett Ministry secured a blank cheque for the expenditure of Federal funds upon such relief measures as it deemed necessary ; the Liberal opposition only granted it with great reluctance, arguing that the proper course, which would preserve the responsibility of Parliament, was for the Government to name a definite sum, and if it proved inedequate, to call Parliament early next year and secure further supplies. But, whether the Bennett Ministry's course infringes the rights of Parliament or not, it has been supported by the country, and it finds itself in possession of *carte blanche* to spend money on unemployment relief. During August, Premier Bennett visited the Prairie Provinces and held conferences with their provincial Administrations about their local problems, and since his return, most of the Premiers of the eastern Provinces have been in Ottawa. Only from Quebec is any difficulty about provincial co-operation anticipated, for Mr. Taschereau is, undoubtedly, aggrieved because of the efforts recently made by the Federal Conservatives to defeat him in a provincial election : and during this campaign, from which he emerged with a triumphant majority, he severely criticised the Bennett Government for its unemployment policy on the ground that it had involved many municipalities in Quebec in burdensome obligations.

IV

The details of the evolution of an adequate unemployment programme have been placed in the hands of Senator Robertson, the Minister of Labour, who was long an official of the Railway Brotherhoods and commands, in a large measure, the confidence of Canadian labour. But Mr.

Bennett is himself exercising a close and constant supervision over the general policy, and all his ministers have been instructed to concentrate upon this particular problem until its solution is assured. The idea of making the provision of employment and wages a means of adding to and improving the physical equipment of the Dominion is still to be persevered with, and the programme of new public works which is contemplated will be on an even more extensive scale than those undertaken last winter. Some of these, such as a huge new government office building in the Capital, and post offices, armouries and customs houses elsewhere, will be initiated directly by the Federal Government, but the larger share will be undertaken by the provinces and a smaller quota by the municipalities. The two railway systems, owing to the serious drop in their earnings, find themselves compelled to limit their expenditures on improvements to a very modest sum, and cannot give the same help as they did a year ago.

V

In the programmes of the provincial Administrations, road building will form by far the most important item. The older settled regions of the Dominions are well provided with good modern roads, but there are extensive areas, particularly in the northern hinterland, where there is both scope and need for either new roads or better roads. So the decision has been reached to organise construction camps in places like Northern Ontario, to which single unemployed men will be sent in order to relieve the present congestion of the labour market in most of the industrial centres. Plans are being laid for the completion of the Trans-Canada Highway, which is designed to furnish a good motor road from Halifax to Vancouver ; many sections of it are already completed, but there still remains a large gap to be bridged between Sudbury and Fort William, around the northern shore of Lake Superior. The construction of this section will afford employment for a large number of men, and the camps where they will be housed will be opened early in October. They will be operated on a non-profit basis, and no liquor will be allowed in them. The men, who will

be given free transportation to these camps, will be paid at the rate of $2.40, or, roughly, 10 shillings, for an eight-hour day, and from their wages there will be deducted 80 cents per day for board and 50 cents per month for medical services. The suggestion was strongly advanced in certain quarters that the occupants of these camps should be placed under some sort of military discipline, lest disorderly elements cause trouble, but it aroused resentment in Labour circles, and has now been dropped. However, bodies of provincial police will be stationed near each of the construction camps, and order will be thoroughly maintained. It is hoped that a large proportion of the single unemployed men will be absorbed in these camps, and that it will be possible, with their elimination, to find work for most of the married unemployed near their homes and families on building work.

Somehow or other, work is going to be found for every unemployed man in Canada who is physically fit to undertake it. There will naturally be a certain element of complete derelicts who will have to be given direct relief. Unfortunately, many recent British immigrants are to be found in the ranks of the unemployed, but the Government has very properly decreed that in the allocation of work no discrimination must be shown in favour of native-born Canadians at the expense of British-born, or any other class of Canadian citizen. Obviously, the successful working out of the huge unemployment programme will entail a heavy strain upon the financial resources of the Dominion and involve ministers and their officials in continuous and strenuous work, but there is no reason to doubt that it will be successfully carried out. There is, moreover, every prospect that Canada's unemployment will be handled much more successfully than the corresponding problem in the United States, and it is to the credit of the Bennett Government that it has not followed the example of the Hoover Administration and left unemployment to be dealt with in haphazard fashion, as a matter for private charity with which the Federal Government has no concern.

BIRMINGHAM OR CREWE?

By T. Earle Welby

WHEN last month I had the privilege of contributing to the *Fortnightly Review* my article on "The English Cellar", I supposed myself *functus officio*; but a previous article in the series has brought me a letter from a witty and ill-used reader, not known to me personally, drawing my attention to the fact that I have ignored, in my consideration of English meals, the meals served on railway dining-cars.

My kind and amusing correspondent travels, it would seem, weekly to Birmingham, and is condemned to consume on his way a meal that appears to me to be more suited to the Channel passage than to land travel—"Have you lunched?" asked the English steward of the Channel-crossing Frenchman, to receive the pithy answer, "*Au contraire!*" I gather that my unknown friend goes to Birmingham, a town he dislikes, because there exists there an Exchange in which he transacts some business. In commiserating with him, I must point out, gastronomically speaking, that he would do no better to be going elsewhere in this island. "Oh, Mr. Porter, what shall I do? I want to go to Birmingham, they've sent me off to Crewe!" So ran the music-hall song of some hapless Victorian maiden. As my unknown friend has business reasons for going to Birmingham, she may have had sentimental reasons for wishing to go to Crewe; but no man or maid would dream of going to Crewe in preference to Birmingham for gastronomical reasons. Is there not a great cautionary rhyme?

A passenger dining at Crewe
Found a large mouse in his stew——
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one too!"

My correspondent has certainly shouted at Birmingham,

in the sense of writing to me about the meal he had on his latest visit. The menu included "some sloshy fish with a stickfast sauce ('Turbot, sir,' said the waiter, placing before me two fishbones, two eyeballs, and a bit of black mackintosh)"; some "overdone beef, underdone potatoes, and clammy greens"; and a sweet which my correspondent describes as being either "a dollop of trifle or a trifle of dollop". It is so many years since I dined in an English railway dining-car that I am unable to say whether the meal inflicted on my correspondent is or is not now the favourite of caterers, but I am perfectly certain that there cannot have been any radical change in railway car fare when there has been no radical change in the requirements of the general public. The people who put up with the food provided in the majority of our secondary hotels are clearly incapable of rebelling against that given them as travellers. And as to beverages served on railway dining-cars, the mere existence of a wine list is proof of the meekness of the travelling public, for virtually all wine suffers severely when shaken about, and the wines that have been travelling the country for a few weeks are bound to be in a condition that would bring tears to the eyes of any lover of wine.

The famous luncheon basket, I take it, still survives and still contains the curious assortment of food which added terror to journeys long ago. And, to speak of what is within my knowledge, there abides the railway buffet at the great terminal stations, a place which, when not sordid, is something between a badly designed corner house and a mortuary that has gone gay, and at which the eternal sandwich and some obscure kind of small meat pie constitute the only food available to those who dislike buns and cakes and other such childish provender. These places, to be fair, usually maintain a respectable standard of cleanliness in service. They do not inflict on customers what befell a friend of mine, the editor of a distinguished weekly review, and myself three years ago at one place of refreshment. We had asked for two whiskies and one small soda, and the girl who was serving us, reflecting that she had only two hands, brought us a glass of whisky in each

and the open soda water bottle held by its neck between her teeth. That day we drank no more.

But this is an unprofitable subject to pursue ; and, in short, I have written this postscript to my series of gastronomical articles merely to add to the truths they contained this one more truth, that though there are many destinations for passengers, there is apparently only one sort of food to be had en route to them. Birmingham is as Crewe, and appeals to the porter can only elicit, " Go farther and fare the same."

For the wise who *must* feed on trains, the only policy is to carry their own sandwiches and a flask of whisky-and-water. Really good sandwiches are to be had from certain—I admit not many—London establishments, some of them modest in their charges. And for those who find even a pile of sandwiches not enough, why, there abides the Shooter's Sandwich—so *I* call it, for I have never heard it called anything, nor met a man who had so much as experienced it. Believe me, he who shoots cheaply and unconventionally, and is after game not punctually to be driven to the gun, cannot do better than equip himself with this unsliced " sandwich " and a very sharp, flexible knife with which to slice it as need arises.

Here—and not only for those who thus shoot, but those who travel long distances with large appetites—is the formula. Take a large, thick, excellent rump steak. Be careful not to season it before grilling, as seasoning draws out the juices, and keep it markedly underdone. Have ready a sandwich loaf, the two ends of which have been sliced off and the interior of which has been partially removed. Thrust the steak, rather highly seasoned after grilling, and a few grilled mushrooms, into the loaf. Restore the ends of the loaf. Put a doubled-sheet of clean white blotting paper round the loaf. Tie all over tightly with twine. Put grease-proof paper and twine round the package. Apply gradually increasing pressure by enhanced weights, and tighten the strings.

With this, one may travel from Land's End to Quaker Oats, feeling that it is better to travel happily than to arrive. And this, Mr. Porter, is what we shall do.

KITCHENS

By Pamela Hinkson

COMING home after years in a foreign land, speaking a foreign tongue, one learns one's own tongue more slowly and painfully than one learnt that other. The homesickness of the first months in a country where the sun always shone and it never rained was nothing to the homesickness in this unfamiliar grey country which ought to be one's own.

Someone coming home after years of exile following the War, found the road back to childhood as though the years between had dropped out. His memory was bewildering, startling to one who had shared that childhood with him and had had fewer experiences to blot out those small experiences. He went back, missing the years between, the threads which he could not possibly hope to pick up yet, sitting silent while others talked. He found security, the first real security after that painful groping, remembering a kitchen in an Irish country house. He stood in firelight again, the glowing firelight of an old-fashioned range recklessly devouring coal. His face warmed with it.

" I remember coming in from shooting through the yard and kitchen. . . . Ellen and Cook sitting by the table reading or sewing. They always sat by the table on stiff wooden chairs. Did they ever sit on any other chairs ? "

One thought not, although other chairs had been provided, after reading an article which had no bearing on that Irish kitchen, being written in London by someone on " How I Keep My Maid ", and describing a model kitchen with chintz curtains and chintz-covered easy chairs. The house was ransacked. The chairs were

found, a little shabby perhaps beside those fresh chintzes described so alluringly in the article. But Ellen and Mary would not find fault with that, and in a country house—an Irish country house—everything is a little shabby.

The chairs were put into the kitchen, where the cats who lived in the kitchen and the dogs visiting it received them with great pleasure. The dogs also appreciated the rug laid down on the bare stone floor thought suitable when the house was built for the servants' quarters. The cats all curled up together in the most comfortable chair, the dogs took the other and the rug. Sometimes they interchanged, and often a chair held a dog and a cat at the same time, in greater amity than existed between two dogs sharing a bed. For, as those learned in the ways of animals know, the friendship between a dog and a cat may be as close as the friendship of man and woman, whereas the enmity between two dogs is as unchangeable as the enmity of men and nations.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen (which is the subject of this article), Ellen and Mary sat upright on their hard wooden chairs, called by the time which made the majority of kitchens in a spacious time underground, " kitchen chairs ". They did not sit indeed, as a rule, until evening, when they read the newspaper, the spectacles which made Ellen look more than ever like Queen Elizabeth perched on her nose. They could wait until evening, having looked up when a schoolboy—or later a Sandhurst cadet home on leave—went through the kitchen after breakfast on his way to the stables or the room where the guns were kept. " Any news to-day, Master Johnnie ? "

They received the news—of wars, of disasters, defeats and victories appropriately. The security of their kitchen was unaffected. What war or disaster in Europe could affect such security shut in by those high walls with the firelight always on them ? Did such a fire ever go out ? One knows that it did because one remembers the kitchen, in some grey dawn when one went into it to look for bread and butter, a cup of milk, before an early ride, or on a shooting morning. It was unfamiliar then, an

immense shadowy world, without life, before Ellen and Mary descended through the silent house and lit the fire, and life began anew.

The height of the walls and their thickness, were not without significance. People who lived in such kitchens were not greatly concerned with what happened outside. Rationing when it came, they failed completely to understand. A coal shortage was meaningless. They piled the fire as they had always piled it, until the coal cellar was empty. Never, surely, in all their lives before had they seen such a thing as an empty coal cellar. There were still bogs of brown turf cut and dried, and wood filling the wood house, although neither were good to cook with, they grumbled. They had, of course, the unreasonableness of children, having entered the big house where they received their first training from a stern and competent housekeeper of their own race and class, at twelve years old. They had always had their needs supplied, and their demands were not extravagant. They hardly ever went out, which is why one remembers the kitchen as the most secure thing in the world with always firelight and company and comfort to be found there. I cannot think of such a kitchen empty.

Of their demands the kitchen fire was the most extravagant, and it was the kitchen fire that an exile remembered after many years. Coming home in the evening after a long day's shooting, stamping off some of the mud at the door, one could not leave outside the Western Irish rain which had drenched one through. The dim passage, shadowy in the dusk and the lit kitchen door.

" And did you get much, Master Johnnie ? You'll go and change now or you'll be late for dinner."

The cats only opened sleepy eyes. The aggrieved dogs who had been left behind, thumped their tails faintly, remembering their grievance until curiosity made them forget it and they rubbed noses with the spaniel who had been out, questioning him as to his experiences. If one had had luck, one stood by the table emptying one's pockets (and the smell of wet tweed drying is part of that memory), received the Cook's approval, and went up

through the dim house (the Shannon scheme which should light Ireland from end to end still unthought of) to change.

In that memory one is, of course, a child again, as one remained to Ellen and Mary in the kitchen which was theirs. One went into it humbly, yet sure of one's welcome, as the dogs and cats went. A girl pleaded to be allowed to iron a frock, to make a cake, and most often Ellen took the frock from her and did it better, while Mary, if in a good humour (which was not always) watched her beating eggs and smiled on at the games of a child. As far as possible the servants of those days ensured the absolute uselessness of those they served.

No disturbance, no European War far away, no revolution close at hand, affected their kingdom. The War, as far as it concerned the young Master and later Master Johnnie, concerned them, too. Battles and victories and retreats they could not understand. But was Master Johnnie all right? Peace filled the kitchen if there was no peace elsewhere. In spite of that memory of the kitchen unfamiliar in the grey cold dawn, I believe that often the fire burned all night. At least in case of sudden illness Ellen was there at once, with hot water, hot poultices, every remedy, an amazingly comforting, reassuring presence in her dressing-gown which I can still see, tracing the strange pattern on the red flannel.

Thinking of that kitchen one can hear, standing in the doorway, a child again, the kettles singing, the roar of the extravagant fire up the chimney, the rustle of Ellen's apron as she moved. Such aprons do not grow or are not worn nowadays, voluminous starched things, the rustle of which went ahead of Ellen, as she moved through the house. They caught the firelight on their starched whiteness, turning rosy as Ellen's spectacles caught the firelight, when she looked up from her paper. "And is there any news, Master Johnnie?"

I have not written of my London kitchen which has cream walls (I think those others were shadowed grey and black by the smoke of many years . . . and did cobwebs swing from the ceiling beyond the reach of Ellen's eyes, growing dimmer, although she would never

acknowledge it?). I have every labour-saving device in my London kitchen; a gas stove to cook by, and a Sentry stove which heats the—water and warms the bathroom. (In that Irish house you fled through the long corridors, and, reaching the bathroom, leapt quickly into the bath before you were frozen.) Our gas stove can be turned on in a moment at any hour of the day or night. We have chintz curtains in our kitchen and comfortable chairs, and so We Keep Our Maid. But on her day out (or perhaps she comes daily), the fire goes out, too, and the gas stove leaves the shadowy darkness and coldness to be found in a room where there has been a fire made by artifice and it has been put out by turning a screw. You could not, by turning many screws, put out that fire I remember. And but for it, I realise we might be richer now. Turning the key in the lock, we enter our flat, and it is empty and cold and gives us no welcome. We can light a fire in a moment and have a cup of tea. What convenience! We can turn a screw and there will be a fire on the hearth. It is all wonderful, economical, labour saving. And how ruinous the old-fashioned kitchens were, and what they must have cost us in fires! But the old-fashioned kitchen was the life of the house, and we have put out the flame of life with that fire. The kitchen was enormous, uncomfortable, draughty, monstrously extravagant. And how wasteful the old-fashioned servants were, not with coal only, but with food and vegetables, throwing away as much as was used! It is so different now. And we turn our key in the lock and the empty flat greets us like a dead thing, and the pretty kitchen, with all the labour-saving devices and the chintz curtains, is dead, too, with the feeling of a room long shut up. Nothing has happened here since you went away, no life stirred in the emptiness.

The exile goes back remembering a kitchen known in childhood and coming home from shooting (he had seen the lit house across many miles of bog), and the kitchen fire with which many fortunes went flying up the chimney. It was the life of the house; and he finds his way back to security and peace, held in that firelight.

THE ROOK

By L. A. G. Strong

A LITTLE gathering of rooks, maybe a dozen, sat waiting for the old man to leave his garden. They sat a couple of hundred yards away, some in a tree, some on the fence beneath it, making little guttural noises to one another. It was a fine frosty morning, and the rooks all looked amazingly big and black and glossy in the bright sunshine. One of them, balancing himself on the topmost wire of the fence, kept tilting awkwardly backwards and forwards, revealing a rainbow sheen upon his neck and shoulders. He hung on strongly with his claws, the wire quivering beneath him. Once he tilted so far that he had to use his wings to regain his balance. The flapping seemed to excite his companions: they fidgeted, and broke into a kind of chatter.

Well aware of the rooks' intention, the old man kept looking at them furtively over his shoulder, and muttering to himself. But he did not allow them to interfere with what he was doing: and paused only to rub the side of his nose with his sleeve, and to give an occasional loud sniff. He was an unlovely old man. He had next to no teeth, and his loose lips, pursed wetly up together, made a sort of horrid frill, resting upon the dirty grey frill of his beard, which in its turn was frilled out upon the red woollen muffler wound about his neck.

Straightening himself, with a last malevolent glance at the rooks, he began to hobble stiffly up the path. After a few steps, he paused, resting a hand upon his side, and a bubble of complaint came from him. Then he disappeared into an outhouse at the top of the garden.

For a full two minutes the rooks sat without moving.

Except that they had stopped making noises to one another, there was nothing to show they had noticed the old man go in. Then, quite casually, the rook on the fence rose, as if he were tired of an uncomfortable position, and flew to the top of the tree. Choosing another insecure perch, a twig hardly strong enough to bear his weight, he settled, and sat swinging gently up and down. There was a few seconds' pause: and then, by one consent, the whole gathering leaned forward and took off without a sound. Obeying some instinct, they swooped close to the ground, flew towards the old man's wall, careening over it, dipping again the moment it was crossed: and made for the place where he had been working. Reaching it, they nullified all their precautions by rising a few feet in the air, and letting themselves slowly settle, with outspread wings. Then instantly they were waddling and nodding hard, making the most of the stolen moments.

For a while there was nothing but sunlight, brown loam, the glossy nodding bodies and clicking beaks of the birds. Then, sharp and wicked, a crack, which put up every bird within a quarter of a mile: and the vengeful figure of the old man, rifle in hand, blinking and chuckling at the outhouse door.

"Did you get them, Da?" called a woman's voice, lazily from inside.

"Did I get them! Oh, bedad, I did. Wan of them, anyway. A quare dart, I gev him! A quare dart! The dirty, thievin' divils."

"Is he in it? Can ye get him?"

"Tcheh. I cannot, then. What do ye think I am? A jack-rabbit, is it, or a retriever dog, to be leppin' fences, an' all? Wha'?"

"It's a pity, now, you couldn't get him. If ye were to get one or two of them, we could be putting them in a pie."

The old man made a furious gesture, shooting out both his arms stiffly, from his sides.

"There ye go again!" he cried. "There ye go again! Was there ever such a woman! Am n't I after telling ye, this hundred times and more, that it's only the little rooks do be nice in a pie."

" Well : " the woman appeared at the door, big, still young, wiping a dish, and surveyed him good-humouredly. " Shoot the little ones, then."

The old man lowered his head, and darted out his frilly lips. He seemed to be collecting all his passion for some venomous retort, when suddenly he tucked his rifle under his arm, and turned off abruptly down the garden.

The ringleader rook had just risen from the ground with a choice morsel, and flown to the top of a stick, when the rifle went off. As his muscles leaped into action, something struck him a terrific blow in the back, knocking him head over heels. For a moment he sprawled and bumped on the ground : then his wings, beating in a panic, pulled him up, and he followed the others. Slow at first, their wings flapping loud and fast, they gathered momentum, soared above the fence, and made for the elms in the wide school playing field a quarter of a mile away. The rook, trying frantically to catch up with them, found with dismay that he could not keep his balance. His legs and the lower part of his back had all gone numb. They trailed behind, dragging down and down, a heavy aching weight. Terrified, he flew harder than ever, and his flight became unsteady and wild. Each fresh effort sent his head and his breast vertically upwards. He rose and dipped, like a bit of black refuse on the surface of a torrent. Next he began to fly crooked, bearing away from the others in a wide arc, to the left of the trees. He did not know, but it was his instinct, realising that he could not make the height direct, and taking him towards it by a circuit. Even so, he all but failed to reach the tree tops. Flying grew more difficult every second, his body heavier : his wing muscles ached cruelly, and he panted for breath. After little short of a circle, he saw that he was level with the others. A last effort, a sort of unsteady swoop, and he dropped thankfully at a vacant branch—only to fall heavily upon his breast. His paralysed legs refused their hold, and he tumbled down through the branches, flapping wildly, uttering hoarse screams of consternation. For a moment he hung struggling, his left wing caught in a fork, some forty feet above the grass. Then he flapped it loose, and fell, turning

helplessly over. It seemed he must crash upon the ground, but somehow, in the last fraction of a second, his wings half gripped the air, and broke his fall.

Feeling the ground thrust up against him, he tried once more to rise, but being unable to stand, he could not get his wings clear of the ground. All he could achieve was a series of agonised flops, which carried him some yards out from the foot of the tree, into the open space of the school playing field.

Except for the black untidy flapping shape, the field was empty.

Exhausted, ceasing his efforts, the rook lay upon his breast, with outspread wings, and considered. The mixture of indignation and fear, which his situation caused him, rose and fell in his mind. He could no longer feel the lower half of his body. A drowsiness came over him, a sense of temporary security. Under its influence he forgot what had happened, till a sick spasm of pain, and the strangeness of the grass pressing up against his breast, woke him to fresh terror. The instinctive reaction to terror would no longer work. He could not rise and fly away from it. He could only struggle a few inches, his wings ignobly scrabbling along on the ground. Soon that effort was too much ; he was glad to leave off, and lie quiet, moving his beak from side to side in puzzled, querulous jerks.

In the big hall of the school, two priests were invigilating an examination. There was no real need for both to be there, but they had work to correct, and, as each was technically on duty, it looked better to be there, in case " His Reverence " should poke his head in the door—as he well might.

One, dark and sturdy, sat frowning leisurely over his corrections. His face was fresh-coloured, with a blue jowl : his eyebrows met in a dark bunch, and he had wide black nostrils. Now and then he sat back, to admire the neatness with which he made a correction in blue pencil.

Presently, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the tall figure of his collegue standing near his desk. This was a younger man, very young in appearance, handsome, spare, with fair hair that looked red in some lights. His nose

looked as if the sculptor had given it a firm pinch between finger and thumb, before it had set hard.

The seated priest took no notice. He started another page of corrections, and forgot the figure by his side—or got used to it in his mind. It was a surprise to him when the young priest spoke.

"*Corvus moribundus est*", he said, little above a whisper.

The other looked up.

"What?" he said. Then, taking in the remark, he turned round vaguely in his chair. "Eh? Where?"

The younger priest nodded out towards the field. Looking, his friend saw first of all the concourse of rooks in the tree, sitting absolutely silent, without movement. Then, on the grass below, he saw the wounded rook.

"Shot?" he asked, looking up.

"Or just dying."

"Shot, I think." He paused, making faces in an effort not to sneeze. "Yes; I heard a shot, just now."

They both looked at the rook. It moved its head, and every now and then made a sort of gawky flop with its wings. Even from a distance they could see its hurt, bewildered wonder at the sudden unfamiliarity of its world.

As they looked, a man appeared on a bicycle, riding along the drive which cut the big field in two. He, too, saw the rook, and waved his arm to scare it. The bird, forgetting its plight, tried to rise, and drove its beak hard against the ground. Terrified, it struggled wildly, and its great uninjured wings beat it maybe a yard away from the danger before it collapsed in a sprawling heap, crushed with pain, unable to stir further. It had gained one thing, however: its back was now turned to the man, so that it could no longer see him. He rode on, in too much of a hurry to stop, screwing his face round two or three times over his shoulder, to look at the rook.

"Will I go out and put it out of its agony?" asked the young priest, when the man had disappeared.

The other started, and breathed out loudly through his nose.

"Yes. It would be well to do that."

"Right. I won't be long."

"No hurry. I'll have an eye to them."

The young priest nodded, and went across to his own desk. Opening it a little way only, and leaning back to peer inside, he reached in his hand swiftly and took out a pointer with a thick handle. He slipped it up his sleeve, thin end first, made a wry grimace of a smile at his colleague, and went down the hall. A few heads were raised to look at him. One, near the door, continued to watch vacantly after him down the long stone passage.

The priest at the desk saw. Lowering his eyes to his work, he spoke tonelessly, without raising his voice.

"McComas."

The boy jumped, gaped at the desk, and went on with his work. The priest did not look up. He corrected a paper, pursing up his lips, fingering one side of his close-shaven chin.

But his thoughts were not on the paper, nor on the boys in front of him. All his imagination was now with the doomed rook. Blaming himself, saying that his interest was morbid, he twisted round in his chair. The rook was still in the field, lying on its breast, its wings sprawled out, moving its head in bewildered indignant jerks. There, he thought, there is a live, sentient creature, like myself: in a minute or so it will experience death, and then all its experience will be at an end, while I, who share life with it now, will still be sitting in this chair. In a dreadful sense, he envied the rook: no, perhaps not envied it, but wished, for his soul's correction and wisdom, that he could suffer with it and afterwards return to his own person. His mind was always curious after experience, hankering for it, so far as was lawful. So far, that is, of course, as was con——

Ah. There was young Kerrigan, walking casually across the grass. At sight of him the rooks in the tree rose in a body and flew away. To the watcher there was something evil in their flight, as though, having gloated over their brother's misery, they now derisively abandoned him to his death.

As he walked, Kerrigan looked about him, and up at the sky, as if he did not see the rook.

It heard his tread, and did its best to escape: but now it

was too far exhausted to stir. He bent over it, grasped one wing close to the body, and with a quick movement secured the other. Thus pinioned, the rook could do nothing. It tried to turn its head and peck him, and he saw with compassion that its beak was full of blood.

The watcher from the window saw the young priest pick up the bird and walk off with it in one hand towards the boys' gardens. He admired the decision with which Kerrigan had picked it up. He himself, he knew, would have hesitated lest the bird squawk or flutter. He would have grabbed at it ineffectively, and added to its suffering.

Fascinated, despising himself, he saw Kerrigan reach the gardens, set down his burden, and take the pointer from his sleeve. Forcing his eyes away, he closed them, and muttered a prayer. Oh, Lord, for all suffering things, that must forsake the light . . .

When next he looked, Kerrigan had taken up a fork, and was digging vigorously.

Sighing, the priest looked at the papers before him, and set himself to his work again. But the signs conveyed no meaning to him. He read the same half page three times over, his pencil waving, hesitating what to mark. Pulling himself harshly together, he read the question carefully, and marked it. Then he put the pencil down on the desk, and stared up at the honour boards at the far end of the hall. Somehow, he knew that what had happened was going to affect him all his life ; that it had a meaning for him ; that he would never be able to forget it.

Twenty minutes after the rook flew into the old man's garden, it lay, still warm, under two feet of dark, wet earth.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

MONDAY, September 21st, is not yet fixed in public remembrance ; but there are few more significant dates than that on which Great Britain came off the gold standard, and all salaries and wages were automatically reduced by some twenty per cent. It is extraordinary to observe how public feeling adapts itself to what is universal in incidence. No doubt we shall realise the change more fully in a while, but up to the present the average citizen is not sharply aware. In other words, the thing has not yet happened : the purchasing power has not yet been materially altered. Tobacco has gone up, for a tax is on it : butter has not, because the Danes, realising quickly that Ireland, Australia and New Zealand, as well as the British farmers, were going to accept lower wages, promptly agreed to do the same. Their action was different from that of Great Britain ; it was not taken under duress but of deliberate policy, whereas England lowered wages because a panic among foreign holders of sterling forced her to do this.

England off the Gold Standard

Neither do we know yet exactly how the balance is struck. England pays off many obligations, to her own people and to others, in depreciated currency ; but there must be a great deal coming to her for which the bargain was made in pounds. For a single small instance, every Irish tenant purchaser will find his purchase annuities, payable to England through the Free State, reduced by four shillings in the pound. On the other hand, there is as yet no assurance that he is going to be able to get more in gold value for his bullock or his butter than heretofore. Nor do we know clearly how the change affects the European country which is most solidly based on gold. Frenchmen can undoubtedly buy British goods cheaper than they did before. But then they are not very anxious

to buy them, and they are very eager to sell. It is true that one's friends who looked on a visit to England as an impossible luxury will find it less impossible now that ninety francs buy what used to cost one hundred and twenty. But will they come, when living as travellers will cost them at least ninety francs a day? For, even allowing for the altered exchange, an Englishman can still save money by going to France. In short, we are still on a higher scale of living than the country of whose hoards there is such talk; and competition for our exports, if it is to succeed, must mean better work and more intensive work. The substitution of piecework for uniform rates per hour would probably do more to redress the trade balance than any amount of tariffs.

The General Election

However, that is not the issue of the moment. Whether it was or was not wise to hold a great election, the decision has been taken and the country has to choose between the alleged leaders of Labour and its real leaders who are now leading the nation. Mr. MacDonald, if he succeeds, will find himself at the head of a coalition—no doubt with few supporters of his own views, but none the less a coalition, led by a man whose whole political career has been given primarily to service of the employed as against the service of the employers. Things have now come to such a pass that these two interests can no longer be separated; yet the result of Mr. MacDonald's life-work is seen in the fact that the national coalition will be led by a man whose entire sympathy and affection go to the working man rather than to the capitalist. If we want to know how much the leadership of a coalition may mean, we can all of us remember back a dozen years, when Mr. Lloyd George led a parliamentary majority four-fifths Tory. There is no sense in saying that Mr. MacDonald's victory will be a Tory win. It is the way of salvation from class-war. But for the part he and his comrades have played—and but for the part Mr. Baldwin most notably has played in making it possible—there would almost certainly have been a tremendous crash, followed either by fierce

Tory reaction, or else by a state of things in this land very closely bordering on starvation. A nation so crowded, living so complex a life, lives dangerously every day of its existence: and nothing but the extraordinary self-protective wisdom of the English, which is instinctive rather than reasoned, has served to keep even the danger out of sight. Now, having the detachment which Irishmen cannot avoid, I am convinced that the necessary support will be given to Mr. MacDonald; but it may be weakened and thwarted by the politicians who think themselves too clever to follow the national instinct and who see their party chance. If the Tory opposition to Sir Herbert Samuel persists it will do far-reaching injury—not only because it may probably lose to the Coalition one of its best administrative brains, but because it will give the coalition victory a partisan character. It is a personal vendetta against one of the men who, without being Socialists, did most to keep Tories out and keep Labour in through these last years; and from the protectionist standpoint it has clear justification. In any government without Sir Herbert Samuel the case for imposing any tariff will be less carefully scrutinised than in one which includes him. But given the principle of coalition, which supersedes the narrower discipline of party, I cannot imagine the discussion of any point in practical politics which would not be the better for Sir Herbert Samuel's presence. There never was a clearer brain, and clear brains do not pursue resistance uselessly or wastefully. What we have been able to observe in Ireland during seven years of experimenting with protection certainly leads me to think that tariffs are not a regimen to plunge into headlong. Only one politician in Ireland would be entirely after Sir Henry Page Croft's heart: he and Mr. de Valera see eye to eye. They are the ideal Protectionists.

But on the whole, avoidable conflicts between supporters of the Government are being avoided; and as usual, the men who promptly effaced themselves were those one would most wish to see in: Sir Edward Grigg, who stood down from a winning chance, is conspicuous. Not that

a man with special knowledge like that which he acquired in administering East Africa has any reason to suppose that it will be used at Westminster. Sir E. Hilton Young who was chosen to deal with more formidable financial crises in India, in Poland, and succeeded in this administration, seems to have been kept remote from all contact with these very subjects.

The World in Turmoil

Meantime, while the Government's energies are devoted to this domestic dog-fight, the world presents problems by the handful, any one of thich might very suitably occupy the best thoughts of a cabinet. The Indian Conference continues, and though it is plain that Mr. Gandhi wants a fruitful solution, his mind does not seem fertile in expedients for producing it. At another time the Prime-Minister—perhaps even more as Mr. MacDonald than as Prime Minister—would have been strongly drawn to attempt assistance. Other events have made this impossible, and perhaps on the balance it is as well. If he returns as the head of a National Government, a point may be reached when the various parties to the Conference will agree to leave some matters to his decision ; but short of this, he is possibly best away. It certainly looks as if the difficulty of reconciling Hindu and Moslem claims—or more truly of settling the entire communal question—could only be accomplished by agreement to choose an arbiter. And almost the only conceivable condition of such agreement would be that the arbiter should be a man of Mr. MacDonald's sympathies, at the head of a Government that included representatives of all sections of English life.

The Crisis in the East

In the matter of India, I do not think that the distraction of the Government's attention for a time is necessarily an evil : but the Manchurian trouble needs prompt action, if there is to be action : yet action in the fullest sense deliberate. For the whole fabric that has been building at Geneva may crumble like a house of cards : or on the other hand

may gain a new solidity. The metaphor is a bad one : if the League of Nations is not a growth rather than a construction, it has no chance ; and a strong wind, if it does not tear roots away, strengthens their grip. At the moment, public comment inclines to dwell on the chances of the League's failure ; there has been insufficient recognition of this fact : that but for the League, and what goes with it, Japan would already be deeply engaged in a war of conquest. From the standpoint of pre-war statesmanship, Japan had excuses sufficient to use her undoubted might ; her possession of privileges won in desperate war from Russia by soldiers, many of whom are still living, had been challenged ; and the disorders which Chinese rule could not prevent were affecting much of a civilisation which had grown up under Japanese auspices. Under present conditions, Japan is pledged not to make war on such grounds, and admits the obligation : and no one who realises the thoroughness and swiftness of Japanese action in war will suppose that, if she intended conquest, she would have gone about it tentatively. Yet it seems clear that her troops on the spot have not only taken military action, but also have exceeded, or transgressed, their orders. The provocation they received—the murder of an officer proceeding under Chinese protection, the partial destruction of a vital railway which they own—came from troops or persons out of the control of China. What exactly was Japan to do ? Her neighbouring power was a member of the League, very prompt to claim all the rights of membership, but in no way prompt to discharge the duties of a civilised state. All this should be remembered, because the public instinct is to blame Japan ; and technically China has put itself in the right by a declaration of willingness to submit to the League's arbitration. Whether this willingness would have existed when the only cause of complaint was Chinese aggression on Japanese rights, is not so clear ; nor is it clear whether the League would have been willing to interfere at a less critical stage. As things are, one must only hope that the Japanese will conform and will avoid the reproach of being a state whose army is out of discipline. But the

distressing fact is that principles vital to modern civilisation are being challenged in a dispute between two nations whose psychology is obscure to us, whose press we cannot read, yet who are linked with all Europe in the endeavour to build up a new order in the world.

Spain and Religion

It cannot be said that we are making a very grand job of this post-war world. England is threatened with class-war. In Spain, the attempt to reconcile regional autonomy with national unity has been pursued in a reasonable spirit; but on the religious question militant socialism has cried havoc. I have never believed that any church will be the weaker for disestablishment, and there is a good deal to be said for nationalisation of church property when it has for long been exempt from succession duties; but the attempt to drive out religious orders simply because they are organisations obeying a head of their own is a grave infringement of liberty—though England is almost the only country that has not made it in the last century. None the less, the decision to expel the Jesuits will threaten the unity that has to include the Basque provinces and Catalonia; and it cost Spain its Prime Minister.

The German Crisis

In Germany, things could not look much worse. With President Hindenburg's authority behind him, Dr. Brüning has challenged opponents; he claims almost dictatorial powers for his government, yet depends on the support of the Reichstag. We may quite shortly see Herr Hitler put in a position to embroil Europe. Yet he will hardly reach such eminence, unless he persuades Germany that Hindenburg wishes to see him there. The personality of that old warrior is worth a deal to his country; he is even able to control the reactions of what is closely approaching a nation's despair.

Much nearer home, there is trouble also, without the

same cruel excuse to be made for it. Ireland, lacking a war debt, and prudently administered for seven years, had the opportunity to remain one of the places in Europe where the world crisis is least felt. Yet trouble spread like measles and the mere notion that England is in difficulties goes to the heads of our extremist section like bad whisky. The form that trouble takes is a recrudescence of activity in the illegal "army", the "I.R.A.", which perpetuates the secret society tradition. It has no direct support from Mr. de Valera and the Fianna Fáil, who are equal in number to Mr. Cosgrave's following in the Dail; indeed, if Mr. de Valera came into power, I have little doubt that within six weeks he would need to be guarded as Mr. Cosgrave's ministry are. But though Fianna Fáil condemns assassination, some at least of Mr. de Valera's followers declare openly that to aid in detection of political assassins would make them "informers". This inherited mentality pervades large sections in Ireland, and the I.R.A. exploit it. They can rely that evidence will not be given, because they can ensure that giving it entails risk to life, and also because the man who might give evidence can strike an attitude and refuse to be an "informer". There have been several political murders this year, all undetected; and in one case the coroner's jury refused to find any verdict, but that the murdered man "died of gunshot wounds." In face of this Mr. Cosgrave has to introduce what is called a Coercion Bill —the sort of measure necessary where the public will not support the law. As a result, Ireland will undoubtedly lose the chances of prosperity which would be coming to it, if it were simply a pleasant country to live in, where sport is good and taxation low. In certain cases, the influence of Communism is alleged; but I see no reason to believe that this affects more than one in a hundred of the extremists. Romantic nationalism, the heritage of a secret society tradition—potent in a country where it was left by England's wisdom for the secret societies to achieve what voting could not—this and the presence of many young men with little to do and not much opening for

The Irish Troubles

enterprise—are quite sufficient to account for all the very disagreeable phenomena. These young men know they are in a minority, that the country is against them; but the country, led by Mr. Cosgrave, is, in their opinion, ignominiously truckling to England; and according to Mr. de Valera's well-remembered aphorism "the country has no right to do wrong." It is, unfortunately, the case that we have not in Ireland any counterpart of Hindenburg—any rock of sense and strength, to which the reverence of the people turns for guidance.

Mr. Guedalla's "Wellington"

If only Hindenburg were fifty-eight instead of eighty-five, or thereabouts! We are twelve years now from the war's end. Thirteen years after Waterloo, England had to get rid of the politicians and call in Wellington—or rather "the Duke". Hindenburg to-day is the nearest thing to what the Duke was, by temperament and by character, and Mr. Guedalla's *Life of Wellington* makes us realise what the Duke was worth to England and to Europe. It sets one thinking, too, what Hindenburg would say of the book. He would put a heavy finger, perhaps, on Mr. Guedalla's observation that in the Peninsula those who served under Wellington thought of him as "the Peer"—even as "the Politician". For Arthur Wellesley's early career in the army was, to our modern notions, anything but soldierlike—a bewildering succession of changes from one regiment to another in order to get promotion by influence (which he was assiduous in soliciting), accompanied by a constant effort to get out of the service into something that would pay better. But when he went to India, and saw that if advancement was to come, it must be through soldiering, he settled down in a most businesslike fashion to his job. Mr. Guedalla's instinct was admirable when it prompted him to give the full list of books that this colonel of eight-and-twenty took out in his luggage. Still, it is hardly too much to say—and probably Hindenburg would say it—that Wellington was never a soldier by choice, or enthusiastically a soldier. War was the means that he practised to a necessary end, not an art, with its fascination for the

artist, nor an adventure—as it was, for example, to the Napiers. I have a feeling that Mr. Guedalla has not used sufficiently the Napier literature: his book does not quite sufficiently illustrate William Napier's saying in the Dedication to his History that he "had served long enough under his Grace to know how the Tenth Legion felt towards Cæsar." Here something essential is missing from the picture; but on the whole, what a good book! It was so hard to keep it from being a history of Europe, and yet there it is, decisively, the Life of one man, seen as a whole, in its rounded contour: a life that completed its growth till it simply faded out in course of nature, keeping its distinction to the last like some wonderful old wine: all the roughness and force of its youth passing off, and then its mellow plenitude gradually passing into a kind of gentle ghost. It is only in old age that the Duke becomes lovable and Mr. Guedalla has used his material here most skilfully—and with great discretion. We are spared the detail of sexual affairs that were never allowed to be even complications. But the long episode of Miss Jenkins, who seems to have aimed at being a Madame de Maintenon to this Grand Monarque, is treated with the comic touch it deserved: the Duke would gladly have been rid of this fantastic correspondence long years before it ended; yet it lasted long years after he was aware that he could not get what he wanted from Miss Jenkins and was determined that she should not get what she wanted from him. But it was his weakness to be wholly unable to leave any letter without an answer: just as it is Mr. Guedalla's to overload his utterance with decorative frills. For instance, this is how we are told that Arthur Wellesley was no shining light at Eton. "If Wellesley Ma: sat fifty-third out of seventy-nine, Wellesley Mi: came fifty-fourth, the hounds of spring keeping assiduous company with winter's traces." One has to get used to these floridities before the book can be enjoyed as it deserves: then one notices them only when they are admirable, as when we read that Sir Robert Peel's relations with Wellington "sometimes recalled an exchange of signals between passing icebergs." But the main thing is the portrait of

a man: the greatest subject, perhaps, that a monarch ever had, and the most loyal, yet always to his own apprehension "servant of his king" rather than "servant of his country." That modern phrase would have smelt unpleasing to those fine old nostrils: and Wellington indomitably serving, yet left without a King to serve, would have pitied Hindenburg, a man after his own heart.

Sir William Orpen

Sir William Orpen's death makes a lamentable exception to the general observation that great craftsmen in painting live long: the mixture of physical dexterity with the intellectual keeps a delightful balance in their work. I suppose it is still considered necessary that a painter should be a craftsman, though art is no longer expected to be "representative". Orpen's was, of course; it always seemed to him important, for instance, when painting a head, that the nose should come forward: not at all an easy matter to accomplish, and very few have been more fully master of such dexterities than he. We may at least assume that he was not the less an artist because he could do easily and certainly what some eminent men in his profession have not always achieved. Since the great Dutchmen scarcely any painter has had such astonishing sleight of hand. But the question seems to be asked, what did he do with this dexterity? I should, for my own part, be slow to say that he ever, to my sense, created beauty. I was never captured by the rhythm of his compositions or by the charm of their line. What he gave was vitality. A trained eye can pick out a golden plover in a ploughed field, perhaps, two hundred yards off, but it is almost impossible to define what distinguishes them from the clods, except this: they have the outline of life. Orpen seldom or never missed conveying that outline. He saw with the sharpness of some wild creature, just as he worked with the instinctive sureness of a bird building its nest. But he observed more than form. There was a deal of the schoolboy in him as those know who have read his books (he had better let writing alone); but a schoolboy's

observation of character is sharp with a vengeance. Yet there was more than that, though. His portrait of Ray Lankester, a stricken helpless man, with all the life, all the indomitable spirit, concentrated in the steady eyes is a tragic picture if ever one was painted. But the portraiture is not all, nor near all, in Orpen's work. He had the gift of invention. Indeed, the pencil was seldom out of his hand, and he would be sketching in imaginary shapes as often as some outline that was before him. When his work is collected in a representative exhibition the world will be amazed at the variety and versatility of his achievement, which is, perhaps, most characteristic when it is least normal. In his book *Stories of Old Ireland and Myself*, there is a sketch of himself, goat-legged and puck-eared, playing Pan's pipes in the plains of Meath. It summed up a great deal of him. Like another Irishman, James Stephens, he had a strong touch of the Leprechaun about him; and just as in Irish stories the little green-coated fellow slips away, leaving empty-handed disappointment after him, it seems now as if Orpen's death had robbed others of a vitality which he imparted merely by living among them. Nobody that ever met him can have failed to know that he was Irish: Anglo-Irish certainly, but to my thinking just as Irish as Timothy Healy whom he praises in his book *Old Ireland* as the most delightful company he ever knew. The portrait of "Tim" is among the best work of his mature talent. But when he was as yet hardly known, Hugh Lane picked him out and commissioned a series of portraits for the Dublin Gallery of Modern Art. There is a group of notables there, preserved by him: Sir Antony MacDonnell (as he then was) perhaps the most striking. It was a good moment for a young painter to arrive: and he had luck in another way, for in Dublin he studied under Walter Osborne, another born painter—and another life cut lamentably short. Later, the Slade School set its mark on Orpen, yet it never altered his individuality: he remained his Irish self—easily the most gifted painter we have ever had in Ireland, however, he may rank elsewhere.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS.

It is essential, in these momentous days, that light should be thrown upon all facets of the national crisis. For this reason ADAM GOWANS WHYTE and J. H. HARLEY have been asked to state the case for the National and Socialistic programmes respectively. Both writers are known to *Fortnightly* readers for the sincerity of their political opinions. SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, in an interesting article sums up the powers of the Crown in constitutional matters.

England is not alone in her unemployment problems and the Canadian Government's efforts to alleviate the terrible distress in the wheat districts owing to crop failures is ably set forth by JOHN STEVENSON, Ottawa Correspondent to *The Times*. Further articles on international affairs are offered by H. R. WESTWOOD, who has been for many years on the staff of the *Observer*, and who here discusses the effect of France's gold policy on the rest of the world, and O. M. GREEN, late editor of the *North China Daily News*, who emphasises the seriousness of the Manchurian situation.

On the lighter side, RICHARD CHURCH, whose novel *High Summer* has been so well received by the press, contributes a charming essay on what might be called the leaven of everyday literature on modern affairs. ARTHUR WAUGH, whose latest book is reviewed in this issue, offers a sympathetic study of William Cowper, the "Stricken Deer". PAMELA HINKSON, a daughter of Katherine Tynan, gives us a picture of an old Irish kitchen. Ireland is also the setting of a story by L. A. G. STRONG, who has just brought out a book of selected verse.

Readers will be pleased to see that T. EARLE WELBY has contributed a postscript to his series of gastronomic articles, inspired by a letter from an appreciative reader who has been forced to face the grim progress of an English railway luncheon. The verse this month is contributed by HAROLD VINAL, who is perhaps better known in America than England. STEPHEN GWYNN contributes his usual comments on men and matters.

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KING ALBERT IN THE GREAT WAR, by Lieut.-Gen. Galet. (*Putman.*)

SHAKESPEARE AND THE SUPERNATURAL, by Cumberland Clark. (*Williams & Norgate.*)

A FORTNIGHT IN SEPTEMBER, by R. C. Sheriff. (*Gollancz*)

STRANGE INTELLIGENCE, by H. C. Bywater and H. C. Ferraby. (*Constable.*)

MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS, by Ben Tillett. (*John Long.*)

RONALD ROSS, by R. L. Megroz. (*Allen & Unwin.*)

WAR MEMORIES OF WILLIAM GRAVES SHARP, edited by Warrington Dawson. (*Constable.*)

MONEY AND PRICES, by August Baker (*Dent.*)

DOUBLOONS, by Charles B. Driscoll. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

BRUSH UP YOUR ITALIAN, by Giovanna Tassinari. (*Dent.*)

A WHIP FOR A WOMAN, by Ralph Straus. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

THEY CAME TO THE CASTLE, by Anthony Bertram. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

A BOOK WITH SEVEN SEALS with Preface, by Hugh Walpole. (*Secker.*)

NIXEY'S HARLEQUIN, by A. E. Coppard. (*Cape.*)

SARAH GAY, by Mary Borden. (*Heinemann.*)

RECAPTURED, by Colette. (*Gollancz.*)

FULL CIRCLE, by Elinor Mordaunt. (*Secker.*)

AFTER THE DELUGE: Vol. I, by Leonard Woolf. (*The Hogarth Press.*)

VICTORIAN MEMORIES

by SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Third Series. Vol. II (1891—1895). Edited by G. E. Buckle. *John Murray*, 25s.

THE publication of this great work moves towards completion with commendable celerity. We have here the penultimate volume of the final series, and the preparation of the next and concluding volume is, we are assured, well advanced.

The last volume stopped short at a very awkward point (December, 1890)—a date devoid of any historical significance. Consequently, the present instalment opens at an equally meaningless point. On the other hand, the date at which it closes is intelligible and important. The short-lived Radical administration, headed first by Mr. Gladstone and later by Lord Rosebery, has broken up; the staunch alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists has at last ended in something indistinguishable from fusion. Lord Salisbury comes, for the third time, into power, with Lord Hartington (the Duke of Devonshire) and Mr. Chamberlain as his principal lieutenants, though the leadership of the combined party in the House of Commons is confided to Mr. Balfour. The party thus installed in office was destined to exercise power for a full decade; to wage war in South Africa; and by a combination of wise legislature and strong administration to restore peace and prosperity to Ireland. Only about half the decade had passed when the long reign of Queen Victoria closed.

Taken as a whole, the contents of the present volume are somewhat sketchy and miscellaneous. Apart from the revelation of the Queen's personal character and of her continuous and anxious concern about all matters affecting the welfare of her people and the security of her Empire, there is no obvious central point of interest.

Of single topics, Ireland is far and away the most conspicuous. The split in the Irish Nationalist Party, due to the domestic irregularities of Mr. Parnell; the notable Chief Secretaryship of Mr. Balfour, ended by the death of Mr. W. H. Smith in 1891, and Mr. Balfour's succession to the leadership of the Commons; the enactment of a Local Government Bill by the Conservatives; the introduction by Mr. Gladstone of his second Home Rule Bill in 1893; its passage through the House of Commons and rejection by the House of Lords; the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and accession of Lord Rosebery to the Premiership—this supplies the main thread of the historical narrative.

But the main purpose of this great work is not to supply a narrative of events, but to delineate a personality, or rather to allow a good woman and a great Queen to reveal a singularly interesting character. On taking up the editorship of the work, Mr. Buckle declared his intention to be to "concentrate on depicting the personality" of the Queen. That purpose he has fulfilled with a discretion and skill which deserve all the praise they have

received. By 1895, when this volume ends, the Queen was in the 58th year of her reign and the 76th of her age. Yet there are no signs whatever of any remission in her solicitous devotion to the business of the State, of any weakening of will power, any failure in discrimination of character, least of all any diminution of sympathetic interest in the sorrows and joys of other people. Both of sorrow and joy the Queen had, in these years, her own share. The happy engagement of the Duke of Clarence to Princess May of Teck, so quickly and tragically followed by his death; the illness of Prince George, the present King; his subsequent marriage to the present Queen, and the birth of an heir, in the fourth generation, to the Crown; the marriage of the Cesarewitch to Princess Alix of Hesse, a favourite grandchild of the Queen; the death of Sir Henry Ponsonby, who for a quarter of a century had been her trusted Private Secretary, and of trusty Statesmen such as Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. W. H. Smith—all these events, and the Queen's feelings in regard to them, are faithfully recorded in these pages.

On the working of that mysterious machine—a Constitutional Monarchy—the present volume throws less light than some of its predecessors. But two questions emerge of considerable significance. The first arose in connection with the appointment of a Prime Minister on Mr. Gladstone's resignation. The choice of a Prime Minister undeniably rests—of course within very narrow limits—with the Sovereign. There are differences of opinion as to whether the Queen was, or was not, wise in preferring Lord Rosebery to Sir William Harcourt (who fully expected the place) and to Lord Spencer; but that the Queen was well within her Constitutional rights in so doing is indubitable. A similar choice was open to his present Majesty on Mr. Bonar Law's resignation in 1923, when Lord Curzon's disappointment was not less acute than Sir William Harcourt's in 1894. How different was the subsequent behaviour of the two men is known to all; but that does not now concern us.

The only other constitutional point raised in the course of this narrative is that of the Sovereign's right to insist on a dissolution.

On this question, Mr. Buckle prints an exceedingly interesting memorandum by Lord Salisbury, submitted to the Queen, not directly, but through Lord Rowton, who had been the trusted Private Secretary of Lord Beaconsfield. The *right* of the Sovereign to dissolve Parliament was not, of course, disputed by Lord Salisbury. As to the *inexpediency* of a dissolution in 1893, against the advice of the Ministry of the day, he was most emphatic—but purely on the ground of expediency. Technically, indeed, that situation could hardly arise. Were the Sovereign to insist, as the Queen was evidently inclined to do in 1893, or the present King might have done in 1911, on an appeal to the Electorate, the Ministers opposed to the dissolution would, of course, resign, and their places would be taken by other Ministers prepared to advise a dissolution. But this is a technicality; on the broad issue, Lord Salisbury was evidently wise in deprecating a Prerogative dissolution in the circumstances of 1893. How would he have viewed the matter, I wonder, in 1911? In both cases the Electorate had been very recently consulted, but in both the verdict—in England at any rate—was by no means free from ambiguity. In both cases, however, a dissolution would have involved risks to the dignity, if not the authority, of the Crown which no responsible statesman would lightly counsel should be taken.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

by C. E. M. JOAD

THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK, by Bertrand Russell. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF SCIENCE, by R. J. Harvey-Gibson. *Black.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: A RETROSPECT, by various authors. *The British Association.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
LONDON AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, by various authors. *The British Association.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S new book is divided into three parts. The first deals with the nature of scientific knowledge, the second with the possibilities of scientific technique, while the third describes the sort of society which scientific knowledge and scientific technique may be expected to produce. The book is invested with an atmosphere of noble gloom, illuminated by occasional flashes of eloquence and wit. Lord Russell's scepticism with regard to the conclusions of modern science is as profound as his pessimism in regard to the society which it seems likely to create.

For "conclusions" I should perhaps have written speculations—they are little more—which, upon the basis of modern physics and biology, prominent scientists have recently put forward with regard to the nature and purpose of the universe. Cosmic speculation, said F. H. Bradley, "is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct; but to find these reasons is no less an instinct." To the workings of this instinct most of the fashionable scientific religions of the day are, in Lord Russell's view, due. He subjects to a devastating analysis Indeterminism—the doctrine that there is something analogous to free will at the heart of matter, which is thought to be required by the implications of the Quantum theory: God as Mathematician, deduced by Sir James Jeans from the fact that the world is orderly and obeys the laws of mathematics; God as Creator, deduced by Professor Eddington from the fact that the world becomes increasingly disorderly (it is, we are told, running down, from which it is inferred that it must once have been wound up); and Evolutionary Theory, which regards "evolution as from first to last a revelation and manifestation of that which I speak of as Divine Purpose" (quoted by Lord Russell from Professor Lloyd Morgan). Lord Russell's criticism of these speculations takes the form of showing that, since they can adduce no evidence whatever in their support, they may be dismissed as mere rationalisations of their authors' instinctive wishes.

But not only is there no reason to think that what we wish to think true is true, but, so far as the speculations of modern scientists are concerned, there is no reason to wish that they should be true. A Creator of the kind they envisage is, in Lord Russell's view, in the highest degree morally repulsive, the only reason why we can suppose Him to have created a world such as the one we

know being a sadistic pleasure in contemplating the brutality of its events and the sufferings of its inhabitants. "If somebody", says Lord Russell, "tried to sell you a bottle of very nasty wine, you would not like it any better for being told that it had been made in a laboratory and not from the juice of the grape. In like manner, I see no comfort to be derived from the suggestion that this very unpleasing universe was manufactured of set purpose".

In opposition to the views which postulate mind and purpose at the back of things, Lord Russell proclaims himself an unrepentant mechanist. The progress of scientific investigation, he says, "does not afford any evidence that the behaviour of living matter is governed by anything other than laws of physics or chemistry." As to the universe as a whole, it is, he holds, very much as it seems—"all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness, or any of the other qualities that governesses love."

The second half of the book is an elaboration of the theme which Lord Russell first announced in 1924 in *Icarus*. "Science", he said then, "enables the holders of powers to realise their purposes more fully than they could otherwise do. If their purposes are good, this is a gain; if they are evil, it is a loss. In the present age, it seems that the purposes of the holders of power are in the main evil. . . . Therefore, at present, science does harm by increasing the power of rulers."

Lord Russell shows how the technique of science when applied to social affairs makes for large-scale organisation and oligarchic government. He defines a society as scientific "in proportion as it can produce intended results". Japan, since 1867, and Soviet Russia are examples of the scientific societies of the future in embryo. In such societies liberty in the old-fashioned sense must go by the board. It is clear, for example, that a society which permits freedom of speech and of the Press is thereby precluded from various achievements which are possible to a society that forbids them. Hitherto societies as such have only had a collective purpose in war; hence suppression has been a war-time phenomenon. But a scientific society would be animated by a purpose in peace, the purpose of producing a community of a certain sort, and the permission to criticise the dominant group, which liberty of speech and of the Press implies, since it would interfere with the achievement of this purpose, would be suppressed as ruthlessly as in war or in Russia.

Breeding would be directed to the production of two classes of human beings, the governing or controlling class and the workers. The former will be at first ascetic, benevolently impersonal, and courageous. Loyalty to the State will be the motif of their lives; love will be discouraged ("The tendency of the scientific manipulator is to regard all private affection as unfortunate"), and the pleasures of sexual intercourse will be divorced from the function of reproduction by the sterilisation of all but 25 per cent. of women and 5 per cent. of men. The workers will be docile, hard working, and reasonably contented with the trivial thrills and frivolous amusements which the governors will provide. Ultimately the governing class will turn sadist and begin to experiment upon the workers professedly in the interests of science—in fact, to gratify a perverted instinct of cruelty.

And then Lord Russell turns round and blows his horrible bubble to pieces. It is, he points out, the logical result of a divorce of knowledge from love. But the divorce is not necessitated. "When I come to die", he concludes, "I shall not feel that I have lived in vain. I have seen the earth turn red at evening, the dew sparkling in the morning, and the snow shining under a frosty sun. I have smelt rain after drought, and have heard the stormy Atlantic break upon the granite shores of Cornwall."

After Lord Russell's irony, pessimism, and occasionally lovely prose, the other books listed above are unexciting enough. Unexciting, but not, therefore, other than admirable. Professor Harvey-Gibson's *Two Thousand Years of Science* is a clear and authoritative account of the progress of scientific discovery and invention. It was received, and justly, with acclamation when it was first published a year ago, and the appearance so soon of a second edition, revised and enlarged by Dr. Titherley, shows that it has fulfilled a real need.

The other two books are, as their titles show, historical retrospects, the first of the work of the British Association since its inception a century ago; the second, of those developments of science which have been peculiarly associated with London and of the part which London as a city has played in the advancement of scientific knowledge. Both are competently done.

ROBERT WALPOLE AND HIS AGE, by G. R. Stirling Taylor. *Jonathan Cape.* 15s.

THIS is a good book, but it is only fair to warn the reader at the start that it is not at all the sort of book that Mr. Taylor pretends it to be. "History and biography have too often suffered because writers have been more interested in their own interpretations than in the facts", Mr. Taylor tells us in his note on the Sources of the Evidence, and here, he will have us believe, we are to get "the facts, as far as possible, in the words of contemporary witnesses." There are, it must be admitted, plenty of quotations from contemporary witnesses—but then there are contemporary witnesses to anything. The whole question is which witnesses you select and which witnesses you reject. Thus, when we read in the Preface, "It has, for example, been the habit of the earlier historians to discuss Bolingbroke as a statesman. It is suggested that there is not sufficient evidence to warrant this conventional courtesy", our suspicions are aroused. And, as we progress, we come across a large number of "facts" which, had they occurred in the work of another historian, we cannot but feel that Mr. Taylor might have ventured to call "interpretations." "The real point", for instance (why Swift wrote the *Drapier Letters*) was that he "had never got his bishopric." Mr. Taylor, too, has an engagingly amusing dislike of the Norman Conquest. It would be hard to think of any historical event which at first sight seems more remote from the life of Walpole, yet Mr. Taylor deftly succeeds in telling us two or three times of its iniquity. And Pulteney and Carteret and the other Whigs, and Bolingbroke and Atterbury and the Jacobites—all have their regulation epithets of disapprobation, attached to them every time that they appear, just as if they were bad characters in the Iliad.

Yet it is not to quarrel with Mr. Taylor that we say that we look on him not as cold and passionless recorder, but very much as an interpretative biographer. If he has lessons to teach they are lessons that very badly need teaching. He is right enough when he finds much more worthy of admiration and imitation in the pacific policy of Walpole than in the imperialistic policy of Chatham, and very

few people will quarrel with him for his contempt of the other politicians, whether Whig or Tory, of Walpole's own day. Perhaps he is just a little too anxious to admire Walpole for his readiness to take the world as he found it, for his freedom from cant—and this is a pity, for, eulogy of Walpole as this book is, in that respect it does not quite do him justice. So deep was Walpole's loathing for cant and rhetoric that he underrated his own idealism as much as other men are apt to overrate it. There was in his character a strain of secret altruism which was its most fascinating trait, and, when no one was looking, he would creep secretly and practise virtue. Hence it came that, ashamed of it as perhaps he was, he was one of the few statesmen in English history who did quite certainly leave the world better than he found it.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND, by Arthur Bryant. *Longmans.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
KING, QUEEN, JACK, by Milton Waldman. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

IN the heyday of the Victorian age, Carlyle sententiously informed our grandfathers that history was the biography of great men. In our own Edwardian youth, our professors knew better than that. We learned that great men were the fortuitous product of circumstances which they did not control; that history was mainly a matter of trade-routes and scientific discoveries; that Augustus was to be explained in terms of the grain trade, and Henry VIII in terms of flax and wool. Now, as we look at the rising Georgian generation, we begin once more to have qualms. Perhaps there is something after all to be said for Carlyle. At any rate the fashionable school of history is nowadays occupying itself more and more exclusively with biography.

Not that we are at present in much danger of returning to Carlylean hero-worship. The biography of which our latest history is made is the biography, not of great men, but of little men who have had greatness thrust upon them. We like the irony of small men in great positions. Carlyle selected Oliver Cromwell as a type of "the hero as king"; and the choice is significant of the epoch. Modern taste runs on different lines; and it is not surprising to find that pleasant, easy-going, self-indulgent Charles II—the king who was emphatically not a hero, but a man of common flesh and blood—should have found two English biographers during the past few months.

Mr. Bryant's *King Charles the Second*, though modern in its insistence of the personal rather than the political aspects of its theme, cannot be charged with the slapdash superficiality of some modern biographies. A long "appendix of references" testifies to the thoroughness of the author's research and will enable the student to trace and verify the authority for every important statement made in the text. Mr. Bryant has steeped himself not only in the more famous purveyors of gossip of the period, such as Pepys and Evelyn, but in the thousand and one onlookers whose contemporary memoirs, diaries and private letters, in print and in manuscript, reveal the intimate affairs of the merry Restoration court. Mr. Bryant's knowledge of the everyday life of his principal characters is amazingly detailed and precise. He will tell you, quoting chapter and verse, what the King did when the Queen was sick in bed; what the Queen said when she found a tell-tale feminine slipper in the royal bedchamber; and what Nell Gwynn shouted back at the mob when they mistook her for the King's *Catholic* mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth.

The political history of the reign is not neglected by Mr. Bryant; but here he is perhaps less happy. In private life Charles showed himself a dutiful son, a doting brother and (save for the unconsidered trifle of conjugal fidelity) an excellent husband. His character as king and statesman is more difficult to define. His instincts were humane and amiable, and he did not lack physical courage; but, unless his pleasures were at stake, he generally chose the line of least resistance. He was always in desperate need of money; and if a niggardly Parliament grudged it him, who could blame him for closing with the generous offer of the French King? Many nice points of casuistry might be raised by his career. When, yielding to popular clamour, he signed the death-warrants of men whom he knew to be innocent "with tears in his eyes", we may well be in two minds whether the tears are a mitigation, or an aggravation of the act. Everybody interested in the Restoration should read this biography; and the prospective reader may be glad to note that this solid and excellently produced volume sells at the bargain price of nine-and-sixpence.

By way of contrast, *King, Queen, Jack*, is a rather naive example of modern historical book-making of the baser sort. Mr. Waldman takes a famous episode in English history—the negotiations of Philip II of Spain for the hand of Elizabeth; endows his actors with the stature and mentality of the heroes of a newspaper *feuilleton*; adds a catch-penny title; and serves up the whole piping hot in the best journalese. The result is not unamusing. But if Elizabeth had been no more than a petty, flirtatious intriguer and Cecil a narrow-minded, obstinate dolt, we should probably have ceased long ago to bother our heads about the wonders of the Elizabethan age. Honestly, this sort of thing is scarcely worth while.

E. H. CARR.

SMITH-DORRIEN, by Brigadier-General C. Ballard, C.B., C.M.G. *Constable.* 15*s. net.*

"FIFTY years ago", says General Ballard, "the British Army was still very much in the stage of scarlet and pipeclay", and about that time—January 4th, 1877, to be exact—a young Irish subaltern, Lieut. Horace Smith-Dorrien, was posted to the 95th Foot, then stationed at Cork. He lived to command the Second Division in the first year of the Great War, and to put into practice a theory of trench warfare which he had outlined when he was training troops at Quetta as long ago as 1904. In the interval the boy, who at Harrow and Sandhurst had shown no special promise, had developed into one of the keenest soldiers and best trainers of troops of his time, and by his own resource and energy had kept himself so well to the front that, from the days of the Zulu War onwards, there were few wars, small or great, in which the British Army was engaged, wherein Smith-Dorrien had not played an active part.

His getting out to South Africa in 1879 was typical of what followed. When General Thesiger had asked the War Office for three young officers from the 95th, the C.O. merely replied that they could not go. But young Smith-Dorrien, wild at the thought of active service, had the cheek to wire on his own account to the Military Secretary. Orders came for him to join the troopship *Edinburgh Castle*, and his colonel had to let him go. "He was determined", says his biographer, "to be on the spot, and he always succeeded in getting there."

Once arrived, he showed himself full of resource, whether it was superintending ox-transport, as in Zululand, or improvising a cavalry detachment, as at Alexandria, when in an hour or two he paraded before the astonished Sir Evelyn Wood fifteen

men mounted on twelve ponies, two mules and a donkey. To receive an order was to carry it out, and somehow or other to achieve the object aimed at. So Egypt and the Gordon Relief Expedition led on ten years up to India and the Tirah campaign, and a timely "leave" home in 1896 enabled him to land at Suez and to wire an offer of his services to Kitchener "in any capacity". Though not accepted at the moment, he was very quickly sent for and put in command of the Sudanese troops he had trained ten years earlier. Omdurman followed, then Fashoda, where he accompanied Kitchener to meet and foil Major Marchand's attempt to annex the Sudan. A year later Smith-Dorrien is again in South Africa, at his old work of training troops. He was only just behind French at the Modder River, was with Roberts when he entered Pretoria, and continued as one of Kitchener's principal lieutenants in the long and harassing operations of clearing up the veldt. He won the good will of all, not least of Sir John French, which made all the more painful the estrangement of later years and the break in France. The immediate reward of his South African success was the Adjutant-General's post in India, which led first to the Simla and then to the Quetta and Aldershot commands.

But, interesting as all this military history is, and admirably as General Ballard tells it, especially the Indian period, where he throws fresh light on the Kitchener-Curzon differences and on the causes of Curzon's unpopularity in military circles, most readers will turn to the second half of the book, dealing with the first year's campaigning in France and General French's relations both with the French Commanders and with his own subordinates. There General Ballard writes as an eye-witness and one who can display scrupulous fairness. Mons, Le Cateau, the Marne, and the Aisne—in all these operations Smith-Dorrien was intimately concerned. He has been blamed, principally in Sir Henry Wilson's diaries, for taking independent action at Le Cateau; but General Ballard proves that an important message from him was sent to French and in all probability agreed to. The many inaccuracies concerning this and other actions contained in French's book, "1914", suggest to General Ballard that the text can scarcely have been all actually written by French himself. He thinks that French must have entrusted parts of it to a deputy, not personally conversant either with the actual course of the fighting or with the correspondence passing through the office of G.H.Q. Be that as it may, it is a relief to read so fair and balanced an account, after the biassed pages of "1914" and the indiscretions of Wilson's Diaries.

Of Smith-Dorrien himself, his friend and comrade writes: He was "a commander of wide experience and a broad mind; of active habits and immense capabilities for work; and, by no means the least of his virtues, possessed of the confidence of all ranks. It is really difficult to think of any deficiency in his equipment for war." All the greater pity that frayed nerves and irritability in high places failed to make full use in France of a General so equipped.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

EVERYMAN REMEMBERS, by Ernest Rhys. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

AMID the season's spate of fortuitous reminiscences, here is one book which stands like stone, and *will* stand for many years to come. It is more of a picture-gallery than a personal portrait;

less of an autobiography than a treasure-house of heaped-up recollections; but the pictures are all living likenesses, touched in by a master-hand, and the recollections combine into a crowded panorama of the literary London of the last half-century, richer and more intimate than any that comes readily to mind. London, indeed, and not Mr. Ernest Rhys, is the hero of the narrative, the "old city of Chaucer and Dickens", which "never forgets its humour." It is a wayward, wistful humour, akin to the now-revealing, now-concealing, mist which shrouds its historic river, with a Puck-like twinkle in the eye, as who should say "Lord! what fools these mortals be!" only to melt into an indulgent smile—"After all, aren't we all—mortals, and fools?"

> "Set fools unto their folly!
> Our folly is pure wit,
> As 'twere the Muse turned jolly;
> For poets' melancholy—
> We will not think of it."

It is the poet's temperament which colours all Mr. Rhys's memories; he sees his London through the poet's golden glasses; and behold, "it is Eldorado plain." It was in 1885 that he threw prudence and his engineering job aside, and came down south to try his luck as a writer in the Metropolis, and no man knew better what it meant to cultivate high thinking on plain fare. By way of the hot, stifling underground railway, he takes us back to his bare Chelsea lodging, with its naked gas-jet and empty grate; to the red-curtained bar of the "Magpie and Stump", and the company of good-natured demi-reps and boozy cabmen; to the warm, hospitable fireside of Count Stenbok, who had an awkward way of falling asleep over his cigar; and to the ramshackle hut in the Hammersmith Garden, where William Morris, "like some valiant sea-captain on the deck of his ship", stormed politics down upon the head of his eager hearers.

The panorama glows with contrasts. Here we are in the polite and polished company of Austin Dobson, as he talks of Swift and Prior in the Whitehall of the Board of Trade; and here again in the upper room of the Cheshire Cheese, where the Rhymers' Club has met to hear Mr. W. B. Yeats intone "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" in that rich melodious voice, which he claims to have been the inheritance of all vocal bards since the days of Homer; or to watch the nervous, twitching fingers of Ernest Dowson breaking three long clay pipes in succession, before he can get his tobacco to draw. Another turn of the fancy, and we are visiting Walt Whitman, whom we find at his evening meal under a flaring oil-lamp, drinking bumpers of hot coffee and exhibiting a strange curiosity about the staff of the London *Times*, whose obituaries he is praising to the rafters for "their sturdy British critical good sense."

Nor are more intimate glimpses denied us into a home-life that has been perennially happy, though not unvexed by material anxieties. The chivalrous adventure of his marriage led Mr. Rhys to ways of genial hospitality in his Hampstead homes in the Vale of Health, Hermitage Lane, and West Heath Drive; and through his open window we catch glimpses of Mr. Ezra Pound devouring tulips from the table decoration, D. H. Lawrence starting to read his own verse and never stopping, and Mr. Ford Madox Ford breaking up the symposium by conducting Lawrence to his hat and coat in the hall. So passes one clear and joyous company in that eternal pageant of London life; "the city, and the river, and the people", all moving seaward under the westering sun, and all in their way making history, and handing on the torch of aspiration and of hope.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

NEW POETRY

by RICHARD CHURCH

SISSINGHURST, by V. Sackville-West. *Hogarth Press.* 5s.
JEZEBEL MORT, AND OTHER POEMS, by Arthur Symons. *Heinemann.* 6s.
THE WAITING ROOM, by Irene Petch. *Basil Blackwell.* 3s. 6d.
LOVE'S UNIVERSE, AND THE CALENDAR, by George Cockerill. *Dent.* 5s.

THE poet V. Sackville-West has a strange music for me. Her work haunts my blood as though it has some terrifying familiarity of tone; music of my own birth and childhood. What is it; what is this beauty? I cannot find out; and at every encounter with her genius I surrender myself to the agonising joy, my critical self almost lulled asleep, unable to carp even at her wilful tricks of technique—such things as unnecessary inversions, and a not always happy use of a heavy Latinisation, which I take to be a touch of caressive sensuality in her. But what a velvet touch it is, soft and subtle, as in this line,

"Commensurate with a frustrated dream."

That first contralto word, how it lingers on one's skin! Behind this physical appeal, however, lurks the real poet. And what sweetness and gravity, what simple humility the character has; a being whose personality as an artist one can seek and love through life. This is a different and more primitive being than the self who writes the cat-cruel novels such as the *Edwardians*. This is almost a gipsy-rustic, "by birthright far from present fashion"-as she says of herself. Far indeed; old-fashioned and fashionless, glowing with loveliness and generosity, a spirit who

"Moving within the deeps
Shall be content within our timeless spell,
Assembled fragments of an age gone by."

But this poet is more than that for me. Arthur Symons as a critic meant much to young enthusiasts before the War. Early loyalties stick, and we do not care, later in life, to face the truth about the mentors of our youth. I like to think, therefore, of the Arthur Symons whose essays and verses I read twenty years ago, charming things of silver-grey, introducing me to the Seven Arts, to difficult French poets leading pet lobsters on blue ribbands through the streets of Montmartre; to the mysteries of the Celtic Movement; and to Ernest Dowson worshipping Venus in a coffee-shop. And in those days of literature in a garret, when the fervour for fine phrases was fed on bloaters, boiled rice, and other such cheap nourishment, certain lyrics by Arthur Symons would serve as the liqueur to those solitary repasts. Here is one of them, sampled from a few such in this bulky volume, a little ghost from the past.

"She smiles to us both from the stage,
Happy to know she has got
The hearts of both in her cage,
Whether we will or not.
He smiles to her openly, and
I smile to myself apart;
He knowing he holds her hand,
I thinking I hold her heart."

The rest of the book consists of recent writings, and these are of a kind which awaken interests quite outside the world of normal life and literature.

The Waiting Room is a first book by a writer of such extreme sensibility that it merits serious study. Having read the book twice, I am still not sure whether the author has yet found her right medium. Her sense of suffering; her awareness of the drama of human conflicts; her joy in situations—all these are marks of the born novelist. That other remote and mad quality, the mania for word-music and the gift for putting one's experience alive into word-shapes, does not so markedly appear in Miss Petch's work. She has form and a good metrical sense; but her words and phrases are not *white hot*, and therefore not capable of being cast into the original shapes that alone could express so urgent and impassioned a mind as this woman possesses. She uses the word "like" too much; she is too often satisfied with stereotyped conjunctions of noun and epithet: "wild ecstasy", "topmost bough", "passionate desire"—such phrases suggest a lack of vitality, as though the body of the writer is lagging behind the will and the vision. Well it might, however, for here is such an outcry from the inner prison that one stops, hand on heart, almost calling aloud as one reads, shouting words of rescue. If this writer can survive her own torment, and if she can find a technique more immediately expressive of her personality, she will make many generations stop to listen. Here is an example of her intensity:

"Oh, I have felt the burning, wild desire
For something strange and flawless, something higher
Than dreams can touch, imagination paint.
How shall I capture it?—The vision faint
Is shadowed in a blue September day
With its vast mystery and lissom play
Of blue and purple lights upon the hills,
When the gold glory of the autumn fills
The soul with rapture; yet, a sudden fear
Prefigures the departure of the year,
When noon's strange hush, and sombre windless breath,
Bespeak the awful majesty of death."

Sir George Cockerill, a soldier and a politician, presents himself also as a poet. It is an Elizabethan combination of activities occurring not altogether by chance, for on examining Sir George's two sonnet sequences, we find him to be thoroughly dyed in the nobility and also the technique of that Golden Age. Spenser and Shakespeare are the models on which he builds his numbers; and builds so devoutly that one doubts if he has any interest in later experiments. His sonnets are well made, and they express an unperplexed faith in the supremacy of love over life and death. They do not concern themselves too sensitively with the pain and despair through which even such an optimist as Sir George must from time to time have been forced to struggle in order to keep up with the triumphant march of his beliefs. What he says of himself is true,

"Peace fills my soul, locking the door on strife."

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF JOHN SKELTON, Edited by Philip Henderson. *Dent.* 10s. 6*d*.

ALTHOUGH interest in Skelton's poetry has of late years enjoyed a considerable revival, the last complete edition of his work was published as far back as 1843. The omission has now been handsomely rectified by Mr. Philip Henderson. It was good that the task of compiling a new edition should have been entrusted to a poet: Mr. Henderson's sensitive enthusiasm—nicely stopping short this side of idolatry—enables him to bring Skelton into line with an age which, remarkably akin to him in many ways, is necessarily largely unsympathetic to his vocabulary. The scholar may with reason object to the modernization of the present edition, but it should be borne in mind that the "beastly Skelton"—as Pope called him—is to us of far more than merely pedantic interest. He possesses in a quite extraordinary degree just those poetic qualities which are bound to make an appeal to the readers of to-day. Unlike his contemporaries (and our own immediate predecessors), he is rarely guilty of the sin of moralising; he knows the value of a squeeze of the lemon-juice of irony; he has a quick, individual and objective eye; and, despite the fact that he wrote at a time when our language was still in the melting-pot—

> "I wot not where to find
> Terms to serve my mind."

he was a most nimble craftsman. He did not go far wrong when he asked his readers to regard him as the "British Catullus", and he was rightly fond of comparing himself to Juvenal and Martial; but to their fierce satire he can add a tenderness and grace that is reminiscent of the later Marvell or even, in painting, of the contemporary Botticelli. When, in 1924, Richard Hughes made a handy selection of Skelton's poems, he suggested that "Philip Sparrow" was like a cubist painting, implying thereby the poet's affinity with our own day; but Mr. Henderson hints at another likeness which is even more apt. He refers to Skelton "jigging to this syncopated jazz-time." The opening of Skelton's most famous satire, "Why Come Ye Not to Court?" has in it all the jerky insistent beat of jazz: it might have been composed by an earlier incarnation of Mr. Vachel Lindsay. This, it is true, is no more than a superficial reason for his kinship with to-day: a much deeper reason is his quick eye and objective pen. The catalogue of birds that are to attend poor Philip Sparrow's mourning—

> "The bittern with his bumpé,
> The crane with his trumpé"—

is a rare mixture of virtuosity and observation, whilst the lively tale of the "Tunning of Elinor Rumming" is only matched by Chaucer in its vivid description of the rude rustics of the Middle Ages. When all his contemporaries were wasting their genius in the enervating atmosphere of the Court, Skelton was living in retirement at Diss, in Norfolk, where he was surely one of the oddest clerics that ever walked our country lanes. To a native sympathy with rural manners he strangely added a sophistication won during his earlier life at Court; and it is just this queer mixture in him that gives to his verse its enduring liveliness. "It is", says Mr. Henderson, "largely Skelton's bad taste which has kept his name alive where others have been forgotten": rather it might be said that, avoiding the artificial refinement which was the death of his contemporaries—and, indeed, the death of all professional poets—Skelton relied rather upon the inherent criterion of a strangely individual, native taste. He may have lacked something of the scholarship which was the criterion of his day; but, what is more important, he lacked also the scholar's absence of a pure, sensuous appreciation of life.

C. HENRY WARREN.

MORE ESSAYS OF LOVE AND VIRTUE, by Havelock Ellis. *Constable.* 7*s*. 6*d*.

THE customs of the young generation are the blasphemies of the old, and the law is always in the hands of the old. This is, perhaps, as it should be. But to-day there is more than the common divergence of ideas and practice between the young and the old; the latter thinking and acting as if the Great War and the Rusisian revolution, not to mention scientific discovery, had never taken place. It is not enough to exclaim, "Plus ça change plus c'est la méme chose," and that in a few years the young will find an even younger generation barking, shrilly and monotonously, at their heels. Nor is it useful to make the specious accusation that the young are living on their fathers' moral capital. The contrary is the case: the young are struggling to put new life into an order deadened by "moral" over-capitalisation. What are they to do? Is it to be the old process of waiting for the old to die?

There is a course that will ease the unusual strain between us and our children's grandparents—that is, the education of the old. Such an education is intended in Dr. Havelock Ellis's latest book of essays. The pioneer, in what is freezingly called Social Hygiene, he has suffered the customary baptism of ridicule and hatred, and now, made perfect in cunning by long experience, comes forward as the mediator. Cursed with their own solemnity, the young cannot have things all their own way. It is possible, Dr. Ellis thinks, "that there may be limits to the consciousness it is desirable for us to possess in youth of the processes going on with us and of the direction in which we are moving." Nothing is certainly more stultifying to the young (nor more comical in them too) than a knowledge of the end, than learning how to die when they have only just begun living. It is possible to be young and old many times in a lifetime.

Though in this book he is treating of extremely controversial subjects—subjects, that is to say, on which the young and old minds differ most—Dr. Ellis lifts them on to a plane of unruffled examination and reflection. He can go to the heart of the dispute in matters relating to the new mother, engenics, the renovation of the family, obscurity and sex, and can skilfully disarm the opponents. On the function of taboos, he writes, "The disappearance of the discipline of the old external taboos thus imposes upon us, inescapably, the creation of a new self-discipline of internal and personal taboos." There is the inner tribunal of the self. And between this and "the new conformity which a new social solidarity is making" there springs up, in a new disguise, the old conflict between the individual and society, the old search for a balance. But the old licence is out-dated with the old taboos.

Institutions which cannot change die, and the changes we see now in marriage custom and the family are the signs of their life. The family is a permanent necessity. Before the old-minded cry out, however, at the inevitable changes in convention, they might consider this essay on the Renovation of the Family. A Russian critic who divided women into two main groups, the monandric and polyandric, found that in the Soviet the monandric, one-man women who bring up their families, are much more numerous and more gifted for public life under modern conditions than the polyandric type which Communist life has been supposed to favour. The fact is no less illuminating for Dr. Ellis's shrewd amusement with the fact that the critic's investigators were all women, who notoriously are hard on their polyandric fellows.

(*Continued on page* 673)

ONE MAN'S ROAD, by Arthur Waugh. *Chapman & Hall.* 18s.

THOSE who admire temperate and urbane criticism of life and letters heard with considerable and entirely selfish pleasure that Mr. Waugh had given up the publishing activities which had occupied him for almost thirty years. They felt that increased leisure would afford him far greater opportunity for writing, and these hopes have been completely realised by the publication of *One Man's Road*, an ideal example of restrained autobiography, a lesson in deportment that was badly needed by the writers who seem to think that every little lapse from virtue, every ill-advised impertinence, constitutes a passport to public favour and applause. Mr. Waugh's reminiscences are innocent of sensation, but they radiate interest, charm and sound judgment coupled with a regard for good writing that will cause them to be read in the future with equal interest by historians of English rural conditions and by those who appreciate a delightful literary style. "Here, then, for what it is worth," writes the author, "is the changing panorama of one man's pilgrimage—emotion remembered in tranquillity, and, so far as human nature will permit, recorded without prejudice or passion, before all such memories are absorbed into the dark, like the world they picture and the manners they reflect." Mr. Waugh has indeed achieved remarkable detachment in this book, and the reader's predominant impression when he has finished it is that the gods have granted the author a permanently rose-coloured vision, and that a complete respite from cocktails and complexes is a very happy event.

Mr. Waugh was fortunate in the surroundings of his childhood. Somerset in the 'seventies and 'eighties was for him somewhere between Arcadia and Illyria, and, so that the sweetness should not cloy, winters of Dickensian thoroughness, geniality and terror came as a yearly reminder of the sterner side of life. For over sixty years Mr. Waugh has had the knack of getting the best out of life. Sherborne, immediately after the vigorous reign of Dr. Harper, was not lacking in literary interests, and Oxford, where Waugh was a pupil of W. L. Courtney, proved more congenial still. There is a fund of stories of both places, and they were well worth recording. It is pleasant to find Sir Charles Oman "in comic distress" because the author read to him an essay beginning with the stark fact that Marcus Tullius Cicero was born at Arpinum on the 3rd of January, 106 B.C. "The whole of Oxford was in that condemnation. Ideas, not facts; judgment, not an index; life, not death. . . . To get an idea into an article at the start, and to work it out by illustration to the end." It is the sense of form which Mr. Waugh possesses so strongly that makes *One Man's Road* a pleasure to read, although the account of his struggles in his early literary enterprises, with Balestier and others, would have been interesting if it had been done by a much less accomplished writer. Gosse, Robertson Nicoll, Kipling, Austin Dobson, Heinemann, and innumerable others, come to life in these pages, and F. T. Palgrave is revealed as the kindliest and shrewdest critic that a modest winner of the Newdigate Prize ever had. A later chapter describes the strange doings at Sherborne when the writer's eldest son published *The Loom of Youth*.

One Man's Road is not a book to criticize, but a book to enjoy quietly and whole-heartedly. The lover of sensation will be sadly disappointed if he chances upon it, but those whose literary palates are trained to discriminate and appreciate a ripe and mellow vintage will gladly admit their lasting debt of gratitude to Mr. Waugh.

ERIC GILLETT.

It is in the revaluation of obscenity that the disagreement between young and old is chiefly remarkable. To the young, who know that the vicious thrive on secrecy and suppression, the recent activities of the Censor seem mischievous and immoral. They think even more radically than that. Dr. Ellis compares the obscenity-hunters of this century with the witch-finders of the seventeenth. The witch-illusion disappeared when people ceased to be afraid of it; and we know now that there is an enormous amount of morbid, terrified illusion in the belief that the body and its functions are things of shame. But Dr. Ellis must be read for his careful examination of these matters for he has the true Socratic dignity and shrewdness.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

AMERICA THE MENACE, by Georges Duhamel. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE spectacle of nations or of men rushing, though with the best of intentions, like Gadarene swine into whatever sea, must always be among the most distressing to those who have the cause of civilisation truly at heart. That spectacle, or rather his assurance of the existence of such a catastrophe, has impelled M. Duhamel to write a book with the sub-title "Scenes from the Life of the Future"—a book at once stimulating, brilliant and profound. Whether it is convincing is another matter. Another Frenchman, M. André Maurois, has pointed out that we in Europe were the originators of many features in that industrial civilisation, on which the United States has so enlarged as to have left Europe far

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behind in achievement. Nor is it easy, as we look about us, to lay our finger on this symptom or on that in our infected system and proclaim with any degree of certainty that it is of American origin. We may not be proceeding as fast as America in the direction of the wholesale horribleness which M. Duhamel describes for us, and if we are not we can only thank God for the restraining influence of a traditional culture.

But though we may disagree with his contention, few, I think, will fail to appreciate M. Duhamel's presentation, brief and impressionistic as it is, or Mr. Thompson's admirable translation. Nor can we fail to be impressed, delighted here and there, by the author's commentary and acute criticism of American civilisation as seen through the eyes of a man of profound culture and intellect. That much of his criticism is just and that many of his fears and antipathies are well founded, no one who has visited the American continent can deny. We have there before us, admittedly, a civilisation approximating of its own intent more and more to the mechanistic, and increasingly dependent on machines; a civilisation blatant, raucous, brutal, incontinent, in every way extravagant, whose whole philosophy leads, as M. Duhamel puts it, "to this unrighteous scheme: to impose appetites and needs on man".

One may not, I have said, agree with M. Duhamel in his anxiety for our own civilisation. But to the weaker brethren amongst us, awed almost into acquiescence by the magnitude and superficial brilliance of American civilisation, his book will come as a timely warning, showing us, perhaps, how dangerously we have drifted, and inspiring in us a revaluation of the less showy but more enduring standards that are at the very roots of true culture.

JOHN LINNELL.

DOSTOEVSKY, by Edward Hallett Carr. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THERE are a dozen Dostoevskys, among whom many men have chosen at will. To take but a few of them, there is the Dostoevsky who, in youth, barely escaped execution for his liberal sympathies and in old age turned to a pietistic nationalism. There is the man who, after squandering himself, mentally, financially and physically, in gambling and amorous misadventure, settled down to a comfortable marriage as methodical and commonplace as in his case it could ever have hoped to be. There is the light-hearted author of *The Eternal Husband*, writing what might serve as a parody of some of his own work, and the heavy prophet of *The Journal of an Author*, emotional, unreasonable, nationally-conceited, like all the Slavophils. Then there is the Dostoevsky who was jealous of mistress, wife and fellow-authors, living alongside the Dostoevsky who gave freely and all too willingly, whether of money or of soul. Through them all can be seen the Dostoevsky within, a Christian straying often from Christian practice, but always near Christ in thought and feeling. And, to crown them all, there is the Dostoevsky best known in England, the creator of Raskolnikoff, of the Brothers Karamazoff, and of Prince Myshkin.

To an understanding of this last some knowledge of all the others is essential, and the tale of them all Mr. Carr has told well. Of objective biographies of Dostoevsky in English, his is, indeed, the first likely to survive its day. Drawing on all the evidence—which has become increasingly abundant during the last few years—it collects together much information which otherwise must be sought in scattered books and periodicals, and presents it in most readable form. Of Dostoevsky the man it gives an excellent account; of Dostoevsky's work an account comprehensive and sane.

Only one thing, perhaps, is lacking, and that is an interpretation which should make clearer to us than does a recital of his acts and words the nature of the Dostoevsky we all suspect to be hidden somewhere behind the known man. But that would be a work entirely subjective. Mr. Carr has concerned himself only with the measurable and objectively known. We may well leave the subjective to such men as, for example, Professor Lavrin, and be heartily glad to have Mr. Carr's work for what it is—a work of careful and scholarly research which is yet (in no sentimental sense) a human document.

W. H. HINDLE.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES, by Ernst Troeltsch. Translated by Olive Wyon. *Allen and Unwin.* Two Volumes. 42*s. the set.*

ERNST TROELTSCH'S great book, first published in 1911, quickly won its place, and has easily maintained it, as one of the classics of theological literature. It is not an easy book to read, for Troeltsch, like most German scholars of his generation, was at times extremely verbose, and completely scorned the popular and easy appeal. Miss Wyon, his translator, has done her best with the long and involved German sentences, and, as she says herself, has at times ruthlessly broken them up in the interests of clarity. The book, a massive epitome of learning before which the only attitude of a discerning reader is humble awe, requires a great effort of application to master. No man, indeed, could possibly master it all short of many diligent readings. But any reader will find his pains well rewarded, for, as a history of the social aspect of Christianity, Troeltsch's work has never been superseded, and is hardly likely to be. Inevitably a publication of this kind is uneconomic, and we owe this English

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LINCOLN WILLIAMS
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translation to the Halley Stewart Trust. The trustees, by publishing this work, have added to the debt which Christian scholarship already owes to them.

The book is strictly theology, but Troeltsch's method is historical. His enquiry is to discover whether there is any such thing as a strictly social message of Christianity by which the modern social problems can be relieved of their urgency, or even finally solved. He begins his enquiry, as is inevitable, with an analysis of the social teaching of the Gospel, of St. Paul, of the Primitive and Mediæval Church, and follows it with an account of the various Protestant sects and churches, of the mystical group movements, and so dealing, as he says himself, very sketchily with the eighteenth century onwards, completes his long survey by gathering up the threads of it all.

It is naturally impossible that any short review should attempt to cope with all this mass of learning and argument, but it is possible to discern a unifying theme, and to give a short account of it. Troeltsch recognises more clearly than do some of his disciples that though much of the history of Christianity appears at first sight to be social, its essential significance is none the less strictly individual. Christ was in no sense a social reformer; He did not even appear to be interested in social reforms. His message was individual; it concerned the single soul and its Maker. Oppressed by the nearness in time of the Kingdom, He did not, says Troeltsch, even make any real provision for the spreading of His message. It is here that Troeltsch shows his debt to, and his partial reliance upon, his famous master, Ritschl, who held an incomplete doctrine of the Incarnation by saying that Christ is God in that He has the value of God for man. Troeltsch nowhere states that, but he appears to assume it, and it is there that he is particularly open to criticism in that, in the first place, any such theory makes the truth of Incarnation dependent upon mere human perception of it; and, second, as Von Hugel showed in a famous essay, that it makes a wholly insufficient reckoning with the time element in the Gospel.

The message of Christ, then, is purely individual. That message was a way of life which had to be lived by men and women in history, and in society, and so inevitably the messengers were bound to evolve a social theory, and we can watch the beginnings of this process in St. Paul's letters. Christian thought at once became dependent, and has remained so, upon the governing social factors of the time; and they dictated the choice at different times of three main Christian forms of organisation: the Catholic Church, the Protestant Sects, and the Mystical Brotherhoods. Of these, Troeltsch believes that the Church form of organisation alone holds out any social promise, on the ground that the Church has proved in fact what it has always held in theory—that it possesses the gifts of grace and redemption, and that it alone is so organised that it can offer a home to every kind and type of Christian.

But, paradoxically, he nevertheless comes to the conclusion that both the great types of Christian social philosophy, centred in the Catholic Church and Ascetic Protestantism, are, socially speaking, spent forces. His long survey, the arduous task of a lifetime, ends therefore in failure so far as his main task is concerned.

But Troeltsch's final conclusion is not all gloom, because Christianity is not wholly or evenly mainly social, as he himself begins his heavy task by emphasising. He ends it finely: "The truth is—and this is the conclusion of the whole matter—the Kingdom of God is within us."

ROGER LLOYD.

SELECTED FICTION

THE WAVES, by Virginia Woolf. *Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.*

WHEN I had read a dozen pages of this book I said: "I shall begin my review with some such phrase as this: Criticism of Mrs. Woolf's work is difficult because of the reverence one feels for it, and for her immitigable integrity." After that I thought I should try to find careful respectful words, to say that the convention which Mrs. Woolf has adopted for this book is one that a clever writer might have thought of and a great writer would have rejected as—clever. Before long I had abandoned this superficial judgment with the conviction that the book's especial quality made any undergraduate cleverness in its scheme of no importance.

Six characters are revealed at varying periods in their lives from childhood to old age. They reveal themselves, speaking in soliloquy, a few strands from the thoughts of each mind being woven in with the thoughts of the other minds to form the invisible web that holds them together in division. The change of time is marked, struck, by the recurrent image of the sea, from dawn to night. The progression is only in Time, since the characters, though their movements are described, remain static.

There are two ways by which this book can be approached. Looked at directly, it allows itself to be labelled as a novel in the "stream of consciousness" method. The label is inadequate. It describes only the surface of the book, which is a succession of flashes, some long, some brief, as if the bird skimming the stream were now impatient, darting down and away again, and now content to fly for long minutes directly above the water, noting every stone on the bed and every blade bent by the current. Images recur, as a turn of the stream recalls an earlier one.

The other way of approach brings us nearer the hard core of the book. Mrs. Woolf's preoccupation as a writer is not, after all, with appearances—despite the exquisite care with which she describes natural beauty:

> "Rivers became blue and many-plaited, lawns that sloped down to the water's edge became green as birds' feathers softly ruffling their plumes. The hills curved and controlled, seemed bound back by thongs, as a limb is laced by muscles; and the woods which bristled proudly on their flanks were like the curt, clipped mane on the neck of a horse."

Appearances, and the relations between appearances, form the subject matter of almost all novels. Writers can be divided into honest or dishonest (romantic, sentimental, melodramatic, etc.) by their attitude to these. The impulse of the writer is to record, to

SAILING THE SEAS



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place some scene, some moment, out of the reach of time. The pleasure given to the reader is that of recollection, or the sight of something new and strange. Once in a long while a writer appears whose interest is less in the appearance than in the essence. Such a writer comes very early to the point where the labour of recording events and conversations, of portraying characters who go through all the motions of everyday life, becomes intolerably wearisome and futile. Mrs. Woolf seems to have reached this point. In this book she is striving—without the concessions made in her earlier books—to convey a *whole* vision, the essence of life, not a story-full of scattered and fragmentary forms.

The effort shows itself in her prose, which in this book has become more incisive and sinewy. A more profound effect is that on her passages of natural description. Descriptive prose is generally a sort of bastard writing which tries to paint with words. It tries to make you see a sunrise—which is the proper work of a painter—as the work of a musician must be to make you hear it. Mrs. Woolf's way with a sunrise is to try to make you *think* it. The words she uses to describe it are not the equivalent in speech of the actual scene (description of colours, changes of light, etc.) but the image suggested to her mind by the picture-words and written down in their place. Thus the sunrise is a woman "couched beneath the horizon" who raises a lamp.

In order to strive for a whole vision (to achieve it is ultimately impossible) Mrs. Woolf has made enormous sacrifices. She is like a woman who has turned her back on life and watches it passing in a mirror, so that nothing shall shake the steadiness of her glance, none of those distractions, those sudden blindings, that come from touching what one sees.

STORM JAMESON.

THE MAN WHO DIED, by D. H. Lawrence. *Secker*. 6*s*.

PLATO said, "It is an easier matter to please speaking of the nature of gods than of men", and Montaigne added: "Because the things unknown are the true scope of imposture"—an observation which might soften the undoubted shock which Christians will experience if they are brave enough to tackle in this book the ultimate attempt of D. H. Lawrence's nonconformist mysticism. To others, whatever they may think of his teaching, it will seem as great a damage to the artist as that which sprang, for example, from Tolstoy's remorse, though Lawrence was concerned to destroy Christian values and Tolstoy to reinterpret them. We owe the best and the worst of Lawrence to the impulse of his obsession; but, in the end, though he did not wish to be judged as an artist, it is to the extent of his failure as an artist that he will stand convicted, and not for heresy in one direction, nor for blasphemy in the other. Lawrence was damaged by his inescapable nonconformity as Tolstoy was by his conversion.

There are signs, and they are extremely poignant, that D. H. Lawrence had passed through the valley of the shadow of this discovery in *The Man Who Died*. In no other book—though he obviously wrote about himself in all—is the tensity and suffering of his own spiritual drama so clear. There is tragedy as well as spiritual pride in the constant suggestion that he is the man who died. It is he who has suffered in his soul by the connivance of choice with destiny, by arrogating himself a mission in the world. This shadow of self-identification with the Man—who is never mentioned by name—first in the hours of nullity and awakening in the sepulchre, and in the weakness of healing in the days following his escape, gives the first part of his fable an exquisitely painful actu-

ality. Men do not wish to be changed. The Man has gone beyond disillusion; he is reborn and unutterably weak. But when at last he recovers and sets out in the world to do no more than cultivate his garden, it is once more with the illusions of the febrile adolescent. Or so it must seem to the reader.

The second part of the book describes this new life; and Lawrence, the teacher, though he has become cunning now by his use of fable, is once again at his familiar theme. The Man who has renounced a mission finds his companion, by an odd irony, a votary in another temple—the temple of Isis. A child is conceived. The Man is whole. There is little sound of the angry incompatibility of man and woman, nor of the surges of pride and frustration; the treatment, if not the theme, is reverent to a fault. Yet as a solution to a spiritual or a dramatic problem the climax of this second part of the book is forced and commonplace. It is a pitiful anticlimax. One passes with acute discomfort from the mythology of Judaea into that of Egypt. Lawrence himself is clearly unhappy about it, for he dare not face the consequences of the consummation, and the Man goes away. It is a story and a philosophy divided against himself. As neither is it convincing.

But *The Man Who Died* is a beautiful mistake, and its implications are better left unsought. The writing is simple, untainted by the weary and rather unpleasant sophistication found in the posthumous *Virgin and Gipsy*—though sophistication, one feels, was Lawrence's need—and the first part of this new book must surely be one of the simplest and loveliest pieces of narrative Lawrence ever wrote. The obsession counts for nothing as one responds to his genius for the rendering of the full and quivering scale of animal agonies and ecstasies which men experience. In recording these he achieved almost a miracle of poetic plenitude and reverence.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

JUDITH PARIS. by Hugh Walpole. *Macmillan*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

WORLD CHAMPIONS, by Paul Morand. *Heinemann*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

WITH *Judith Paris*, Mr. Walpole adds yet another name to his long list of brilliant successes.

The book is not a mere sequel to *Rogue Herries*, but is the second of a prospective quartet of volumes which together are to furnish a continuous history of the Herries family, covering a period of some two centuries; and though Mr. Walpole and his publishers plead that a knowledge of *Rogue Herries* is not necessary for the enjoyment of *Judith Paris*, it is impossible to read the latter without drawing comparisons with the earlier volume.

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The gallant, coarse flamboyancy of the mid-eighteenth century has been toned down; the younger generation, less full-blooded than its parents, is becoming a little furtive. But the mountains and lakes of Cumberland are beautiful as ever, the mist as palely revealing. The heroine Judith, daughter of Rogue Herries and his gipsy wife, is a vagrant, child-like creature with red hair and a will of her own. I did not like her so much as her father. The continued emphasis laid on her childishness becomes irksome. Mr. Walpole does not appear to visualise a woman's personality so clearly as a man's. His male characters are finely truthful, magnificently individual. His women, wholly adequate in positions of subordinate importance—excellent as types—are less successful as protagonists.

The four Herries books appear to Mr. Walpole's mind "as a piece of gaily tinted tapestry worked in English colours". If he continues as he has begun, the author will have accomplished rather more than this: there is a depth and comprehension in his writing that would be vainly sought in tapestries.

The third volume is promised us for the early autumn of 1932, under the title of *The Fortress*.

M. Paul Morand is a distinguished modern writer of charm, taste and penetration. Like Noel Coward and Michael Arlen, he has a flair for catching the mood of the moment. *World Champions* deals with the lives of four American men, seen at intervals of ten years—in 1909, 1919, and 1929. The author, entering the book first as French professor in an American College—then as an intimate friend of the four "heroes"—is able to write on his favourite topic, that of wedding French culture to the youth and vitality of the United States, Fontainebleau bride to the Woolworth building, Europe is awake and conscious of America, "The glow on the ocean is not the setting sun but the lights of Broadway. A punished Europe contemplates an America rewarded (1919)".

M. Morand is essentially a journalistic writer rather than literary, the qualities in his work which are of most value being speed, intuition, a mocking humour, and, above all, a wide understanding of the problems of the twentieth century. In passing, it may be mentioned that his knowledge of American women is illuminating. The conclusion of *World Champions* is marred by a climax in the story both forced and superfluous. But, taken as a whole, the book is delightful.

Messrs. Heinemann have once again backed a winner.

HELEN GOSSE.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

DECEMBER 1, 1931

THE ANSWER OF DEMOS

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

MORE than once, in recent years, writing under this title in this *Review*, I have complained that the answer returned by Demos was ambiguous. No such charge can, in the present instance, be preferred against the many-headed monster. Never before in our history have so many people voted at a Parliamentary Election, and never before have they voted with such a near approach to unanimity. That no fewer than 554 members out of 615 should be returned in support of the Government is a portent without parallel or precedent in our political annals. The nearest parallel is the Cavalier Parliament of 1661, to which less than sixty Presbyterians out of a total membership of 507 were returned; but, apart from other circumstances vitiating comparisons, that was in days preceding the evolution of Party government.

The outstanding result of the recent election has been widely acclaimed as a splendid vindication of Democracy. It is that, and something more. It is a vindication of that peculiar type of Democracy — *Parliamentary*, as opposed to *Direct* Democracy—which we English folk were the first to evolve. Whether the result will ultimately tend to strengthen that form of government is a much more debatable question. To that question further reference must presently be made. Meanwhile, we may be unfeignedly thankful that the new electorate reacted so favourably to the "acid test" (as Mr. Baldwin happily phrased it) to which it was subjected.

I

The "test" was indeed "acid", since espousal of the cause of the National Government meant for every

section of the community an acceptance of the principle that the interests of individuals must be subordinated to the safety of the State. It was the story of the Great War over again. The decision was especially creditable to the poorer members of the community—both to their patriotism and to their good sense. Not that the richer classes have evaded sacrifices in the common cause, greater even, in an arithmetical sense, than those imposed upon, and now voluntarily accepted by the poorer citizens. But for the poorer classes there was at least a hope that the return of the Socialists would have brought some immediate mitigation of the sacrifices now accepted by all.

Quite clearly and definitely, then, the mass of the electors refused a bribe. They showed themselves to be (in a fine phrase of Sir Robert Horne's) " not mercenaries, but citizens." By thus acting they have given fresh hope and encouragement to those who have consistently refused to despair of Democracy. Aristotle long ago warned us that it is much easier to *establish* a Democracy than to *maintain* it, and he pointed out three dangers to which that form of government was particularly susceptible. The first was its predatory inclination. " The demagogues of our own day often get property confiscated in the law courts." Have not the demagogues of a much later day shown a similar disposition to confiscation under legal forms ? The second was an " increasing tendency to insist on payment for the performance of public duties." Everybody is aware that salaries are now paid and generous travelling allowances made to members of Parliament ; but few, perhaps, except those whose duty it is to scrutinise closely the Public Accounts, realise the extent to which the system of " allowances " has developed. The third danger was the growth of a class dependent on doles : " for such help is like water poured into a leaky cask." The dangerous tendencies discerned by Aristotle in the Athenian Democracy —a direct, not a representative Democracy, be it noted—bear a startling resemblance to those which have manifested themselves in recent years in our own country. That selfish interests would, in face of a grave national emergency, be permitted to prevail,

was, nevertheless, an idea repudiated by the best friends of Democracy. Their faith has been conspicuously justified.

II

" There is ", wrote a widely circulated paper, on the morrow of the Election, " a heroism and a patriotism among the tragic victims of unemployment that is the wonder and admiration of the whole world." That is true. But it were surely affectation to assume that " heroism and patriotism " were the sole motives which actuated the electorate on October 27th. May not commonsense and a realisation of self-interest have also contributed to the result ?

The fundamental issue was not, be it admitted, an easy one to present to persons uninitiated in the mysteries of currency. Yet no student of eighteenth-century politics can forget the skilful use made by Dean Swift (in his *Drapier's Letters*) of the agitation caused by the issue of " Wood's halfpence " : how he demonstrated that every class of the community would be defrauded by the issue of a debased copper coinage. None of the champions of the National Government to-day possess the superb ironic humour of the gloomy Dean of St. Patrick's. Yet it is certain that before polling day the electorate was made to understand not merely that the recent crisis threatened the whole future of this country as a great industrial and financial centre, but that the fortunes of every individual citizen, high or low, rich or poor, were at stake. Swift claimed to have demonstrated that the very beggars in the streets of Dublin would be defrauded by Wood's debased halfpence. Similarly, it was made clear even to the recipients of the " Dole " that a ten per cent. cut in benefits would be as nothing compared with the losses they might sustain were there to be a precipitate fall in the value of the pound. Fortunately, Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues were able to point to recent and concrete illustrations of the dangers of inflation. The sight of a portmanteau stuffed with German paper marks, tragically impotent to effect the purchase of a

loaf of bread, was a much more effective argument than columns of abstract argument derived from economic theory.

There was, however, one illustration employed by more than one Government spokesman, which caused the enemy to blaspheme and gave me, I confess, some disquietude, viz., the suggestion that the depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks were exposed to some special danger by reason of the fact that the deposits were being "lent" to the unemployment fund. Of course they were. The *Unemployment Insurance Act* of 1921 (Section 5 [1]) specifically enacted that "The Treasury may advance any sums required for the purpose of discharging the liabilities of the unemployment fund out of the Consolidated Fund or the growing produce thereof. Provided, etc." Every student of public finance knows that use has been made of this permission. But did it impair, in any special way, the security of the depositors in the Post Office? It may be said that the money of the depositors has been lent to a bankrupt fund. But what of that? The depositors were secured by the Consolidated Fund, and ultimately by the whole wealth of the British taxpayer. Thus advances made to the Unemployment Insurance Fund threatened the security of Post Office deposits no more (though no less) than the security of the holders of War Loan, or Consols, or purchasers of Savings Certificates. It is, of course, true that the security of all these investments was impaired by the borrowings for the Unemployment Fund, and by the failure to balance the Budget. Then Mr. Henderson was grossly and equally in error when he stated that "the money of Post Office depositors has at no time been in danger." The "money", perhaps not: depositors would have received, on demand, as many £1 notes as they deposited. But what would the notes have been worth had the rake's progress continued unchecked?

III

Another aspect of the contest demands attention. I have alluded to the results of this election as a vindication

of parliamentary or representative Democracy. It is plain that the wage-earning section of the electorate, outside the ranks of trade-unionism (and perhaps within it) deeply resented the intrusion of the Committee of the Trades Union Congress. It is now common knowledge that the proximate cause of the break-up of the Socialist Ministry was the *ukase* issued by the T.U.C.—the veto imposed by the latter upon the proposed cuts in unemployment benefit.

The T.U.C. had, be it admitted, ample grounds for apprehension. They have for years past proclaimed the principle of work or maintenance. They have been able to maintain wages at an uneconomic rate, and to impose restrictions upon labour, by extorting from the State a rate of unemployment benefit which could not be justified on any principle of insurance. They have, in fact, applied to labour rigidly protective principles which they refuse to extend to domestic industry in general. This is the plain English of the "improved-standard-of-living" doctrine to which they so frequently, and so plausibly, appeal. Better a small number in employment at high wages and with short hours, than a larger number under less favourable conditions. This principle could, however, be maintained only so long as the State could be compelled to provide "maintenance", for those who were excluded from employment, at rates not too widely disparate from the standard wage rate.

Thus, organised labour found itself faced by a crisis which might have been fatal to its existence. That it should have attempted to dictate to the Socialist Government was natural enough. The trade unions are, to a large extent, the paymasters of the Socialist party; the Socialist Ministry was its creature. If they could not impose their will on a Socialist Cabinet, in what respect were the latter preferable to Tories or Liberals?

The T.U.C. had tried the same game before. They had tried it, in 1920, when the Coalition Ministry was in power. Mr. Lloyd George met that crisis firmly and taught Mr. Thomas, who was negotiating with him on behalf of the N.U.R., a lesson by which he has greatly

profited. The crisis of 1920 was in essence a conflict between the principle of parliamentary Democracy and Socialism. Mr. Thomas, in an interview with the Prime Minister, candidly "recognised that to support these men (the Irish railwaymen then on strike) meant a declaration of war on the Government." Mr. Lloyd George's retort was swift and effective: "Not on the Government, but on government, which is a much more serious thing." It was finely and appositely said, and Mr. Lloyd George made the issue still clearer when he added: "We shall defend the men who represent the democracy of this country." *

The crisis of 1920 was only a foretaste of bigger things to come. In essentials, it was reproduced, though in a more acute form, and on a greatly extended scale, by the General Strike of 1926. In 1926 as in 1920 the fundamental issue was: Where does sovereignty reside? "There is only one way of choosing a Government in a democratic country." So said Mr. Lloyd George in 1920. His aphorism was not less applicable (though it was not applied by him) in 1926.

The arrogant claim of the T.U.C. to dictate policy to the Executive and the Legislature impugned the fundamentals of parliamentary Democracy. Representative Government is broad-based upon the people's will. The House of Commons is chosen by the electorate; the Executive is placed in power and sustained in power by the House of Commons. The ballot-box must eventually decide all political issues. Only thus can the will of the people—of the whole adult population—be legally and constitutionally expressed. The T.U.C. could at best express only the will of a relatively small though economically important section of the community. This point was fully appreciated in 1926 by the country at large, and the General Strike was defeated by a determined and united nation. The people, well led, rallied to the support of its chosen representatives. With great emphasis all classes repudiated the claim of the trade unions to

* Cf. an article "[illegible]" by the present writer in *Fortnightly Review* for August, 1926.

constitute themselves an *imperium in imperio*. There was to be no Soviet in England.

The lesson was a sharp one; the trade unions, if well advised, might have learnt it. But, with a Socialist Ministry in office, the temptation to reassert their pretensions was too strong to be resisted. In August of this year they again challenged the fundamentals of the Constitution. Parliamentary Democracy has once again been subjected to an acid test. Demos has responded:

> "A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled;
> Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
> Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made.
> Some patient force to change them when we will . . . ."

Tennyson had a supreme gift for gauging the temper and interpreting the permanent instinct of the race to which he belonged, and no words could more faithfully reflect the spirit which has inspired a self-governing people in 1931 as in 1926.

IV

The contest has been closely watched by the whole civilised world. The completeness of the victory achieved by the great national coalition may have embarrassing results for the victors. On that point a word presently. Meanwhile, foreigners, and still more our own kinsmen oversea, have been deeply impressed by the remarkable and unprecedented demonstration of national unity in face of a national peril.

But other nations were not merely sympathetic spectators. They realised that the impending catastrophe, had it not been, at the eleventh hour, averted, would have engulfed the world. That has been clearly realised, and the whole world breathed a sigh of relief when the astounding result of the election was announced. Some English critics have, indeed, gone further and have interpreted the result as an indication of an unusual deference to "foreign opinion". I have not noticed that foreigners have so interpreted it. But in any case it is a misinterpretation. In the course of the contest stress was undoubtedly, and very properly, laid upon the truth that the

issue was one transcending the limits of any single country; that, if English credit collapsed, England would not be the only sufferer; that foreigners were consequently watching the contest with tense anxiety. That is true. International financiers, merchants and traders, economic experts, and all who realise our dependence on international trade were, of course, cognisant of the world situation. It is, however, fantastic to suppose that these matters influenced the vote of the average elector. His vote was given to save his own country from threatened catastrophe. None the less it is both gratifying and suggestive to recall foreign comment on the result. Thus *Le Journal* wrote: "It is a result that constitutes a factor of the first importance for the restoration of normal economic life in the world." The *Echo de Paris* acclaimed it as a victory against international Socialism: "International Socialism, the plague that is assailing western civilisation, has undergone a check. . . . It is vanquished at the strategic point. . . . It has been condemned by the greatest democracy in the world, by a people three-quarters of whom are working men." "The striking victory of the National Government sets the seal on the determination of the British people to reject a policy of disorder and profligacy, of idleness and inaction." So *Le Matin*. German opinion was as emphatic as French. "The condemnation passed by English people on the dangerous socialistic experiments has strengthened England's prestige and confidence in England throughout the world." So the verdict was interpreted in Berlin. "The result is a great people's message" was the summary of the *New York Evening Post*.

More important to us was the welcome given to the news in the Dominions. "The Country", wrote the *Montreal Gazette*, "has decided to elect a Government determined to conduct the country's affairs according to honest British traditions . . . to reject the party which was frankly pledged to create a Socialist State." Australian opinion accorded with that of Canada. "The British electors have practically decided the destinies of the

whole Empire." Such was the comment of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. The *Melbourne Argus* expressed the hope that "the election marks the turning point in the affairs of a depressed world." Similar sentiments were widely expressed in South Africa. "The fundamental soundness and sanity of British democracy will tend to raise British prestige and restore British credit." Thus wrote the *Cape Argus*. It would, of course, be idle to pretend that no dissonant voices were raised in the Dominions and in foreign countries. But it is not putting it too high to say that the result was generally received with satisfaction and relief.

Yet it were fatuous to imagine that sanity has thus far done more than win the first round in a contest which is bound to be prolonged. The course of foreign exchanges since the result was announced should suffice to warn us that the hard facts of international trade have been and are more potent elements in the problem—fundamentally an economic problem—than gratified sentiment or favourable psychology. Those hard facts incite us to immediate action.

V

Demos has spoken clearly and loudly. The verdict of the polls was as free from ambiguity as any such verdict could be. Will judgment follow the verdict? Will action be prompt?

"The very emphasis of the response is embarrassing", said the Prime Minister on the morrow of the poll. In one sense that is obviously true; yet disappointment would be widespread and profound were embarrassment permitted to paralyse action. The country has done its part; the constituencies have responded with unusual emphasis to the appeals made to them by the leaders of the National Government; the legislature is reconstituted; a new Cabinet is installed in power.

The Cabinet reflects the composite nature of the majority on which it relies for support in the House of Commons. Properly and, indeed, inevitably; but the reflection is not arithmetically accurate. With 471

members in the House of Commons the Conservatives have eleven places in the Cabinet; the Socialists, with 13, have four, and the Liberals five. But the arithmetical allocation matters comparatively little if the Cabinet, as a whole, is coherent in texture and agreed as to policy. Yet it is difficult for a student of political history to banish from his mind Burke's famous description of Lord Chatham's Ministry in 1766:

> "He made an administration so checkered and speckled: he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed: a cabinet so variously inlaid: such a piece of diversified mosaic: such a tessellated pavement without cement: here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white: . . . whigs and tories: . . . that it was indeed a very curious show but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on."

A "mosaic" the present Cabinet unquestionably is, but it is fervently to be hoped that a balanced composition will not mean a compromise in policy or paralysis in action.

One dangerous feature of the situation cannot, unfortunately, be ignored. Nothing is so conducive to coherence in a ministry, or to stability in a government majority, as a strong and coherent opposition. But the opposition has been virtually wiped out. It is leaderless, and likely to show itself disunited. It may be that when Mr. Lloyd George resumes his place in the House he will become the centre, if not the nominal leader, of the party of the Left, and will attract to that party many of the thirty-three Liberals who, though now counted as supporters of the Government, did not adopt the label of Liberal Nationals. But be that as it may, it is clear that the "Left", even if recruited from the Liberal ranks, could not supply an alternative Government, and the existence of an alternative Ministry is essential to the healthy functioning of Parliament.

On the other hand, it is palpably true that in the ranks of the unofficial Conservatives there exist materials for the formation of an alternative Ministry hardly if at all inferior in experience and ability to the Ministry, now in office. When, in 1922, the Coalition Government broke up, their "second eleven", even if not (in Lord Birkenhead's biting phrase) "devoid of first-class brains", was evidently

inferior in personnel to the "first eleven" it bowled out. It is far too early to say how the new House of Commons will shape. There is happily no reason to suppose that the unofficial Conservatives will be otherwise than entirely loyal to the present leaders of the party. But, unless action is promptly taken to implement the pledges given by almost every member of the Conservative party to the electors, there will soon be straining at the leash. "If advanced dumping on a large scale is to be prevented, safeguarding must be carried out quickly. With this object in view we intend . . . to begin by bringing in an emergency tariff on manufactured goods." So said Mr. Baldwin a year ago. Mr. Chamberlain has repeatedly assured the party that such an emergency tariff was in preparation, and could be applied as soon as the country had pronounced in favour of the policy. Circumstances have admittedly changed somewhat in the last two months, but not so fundamentally as to invalidate the pledges given by the Conservative leaders. The sooner the emergency tariff is imposed, the better for the cohesion of the parliamentary majority, and the more quickly may we hope for the restoration of a sound balance of trade. Delay would be doubly dangerous. It would still further depress the international value of the pound and would jeopardise the solidarity of the National Coalition.

There are, indeed, publicists of experience and repute who predict that the elements of disintegration will soon manifest themselves in the top-heavy majority, and that a "mosaic" Cabinet will not long hold together. It is to be hoped that their prognostications may not be fulfilled—at any rate until the essential work for which this Government was called into being has been satisfactorily accomplished: until the Budget has been balanced, not by additional taxation, but by drastic reductions in expenditure; until the balance of trade has been restored, and the value of the pound re-established, not by premature "stabilisation", but by the natural operation of economic forces, which can alone guarantee its permanent stability. Nevertheless, the prediction of rapid disintegration renders it relevant to reaffirm the constitu-

tional principle, which I discussed in some detail in an article on *The Crown and the Crisis* contributed to the November number of this *Review*. The prerogative of Dissolution belongs absolutely to the King. So long as he can command the services of a Ministry ready to carry on without a Dissolution, and so long as the House of Commons is willing to sustain that Ministry in power, there is no Constitutional ground for an appeal to the electorate before the expiry of the legal term for which the House of Commons is elected.

One concluding reflection is irresistibly suggested by the answer just given by Demos. That answer imposes upon the Executive and the Legislature a unique responsibility. It also puts into their hands a unique opportunity. An inspired teacher once impressed upon his disciples in the great commercial city of Ephesus that difficult times afford a peculiar opportunity to those who "walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise." Never in recent history have there been days more difficult, times which call more evidently for wisdom and circumspection than those in which we find ourselves. It is an incitement to right judgment and prompt action to realise that such times offer to those who are clear in brain and stout of heart a unique opportunity. But the opportunity has to be "bought up", the time has to be redeemed. Pray Heaven it may be!

The striking parallelisms, both in thought and language, between Sir John Marriott's incisive analysis and some of the speeches on the Address (notably those of Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill) on hardly escape notice. It is only fair, therefore, to the author to say that the article went to press before the opening of Parliament.—Editor, *Fortnightly Review*.

"PLAIN LIVING, HIGH THINKING"

By Roger Chance

THE Election has resulted in a victory for the National Government even more overwhelming than its most ardent supporters anticipated. But there are certain awkward facts which should be brought to the attention of those who welcome this temporary mark of national unity, above all those who speak of it as a victory of Conservatism over Socialism. The violent swing of the political pendulum was due, one may suggest, to fear of economic disaster; to a belief that the Crisis, if not wholly caused by the Labour Government, was more likely to be solved by the confederates of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald than by those who were against him; and to the determined will of most people for a strong government, unencumbered by party warfare, to attack the immediate problems of our finance, industry and commerce. The Election has shown, however, that there is still a large number of Socialists, and a small family of Liberals, unfairly represented in Parliament, who are conscientiously opposed to the Government, believing that its so-called national unity is false in purpose and will be mistaken in policy. The loyal Socialists, in particular, stand by the record of the Labour Government and continue to assert that the Crisis was a "ramp"; furthermore, their faith in the principles of "Labour and the Nation" is as strong as ever, though they seem to be confused in their minds as to whether they should be reformist or revolutionary.

Socialism is not dead, or even dying, in spite of the fact that such a fate has been announced for it with gusto by a few vociferous organs of the popular Press. Socialism, let us say, is like a chameleon, which the Oxford Dictionary defines as "a small prehensile-tailed long-tongued lizard

with the power of changing colour and of living long without food." The Socialist chameleon habitually changes colour (it is sensitive to our Space-Time world in which all things, apparently, " are in a state of flux ") and when attacked, or caught unawares, it can change colour very quickly. It can live long without food, but at the point of starvation it turns into a Communist and makes revolution by force. It is an animal whose organic purpose remains constant, even though its methods of achieving such a purpose are variable ; and many innocent people are deceived into thinking it dead when it has only adapted itself to the complexion of a new environment.

The prophet of Socialism was Karl Marx. At a time when the private accumulation of great fortunes was held to be a sufficient index of national welfare, when Disraeli had just published his *Sybil*, an indictment of manufacturing gone mad and landlordism become irresponsible, Marx, assisted by Engels, launched his *Communist Manifesto*, and followed it up twenty years later with the first volume of *Capital*. But here the power of Marx has been derived less from his analysis of the economic system and his prophecy of the future, than from the skill and conviction with which he laid bare the social evils of capitalism, and the passion with which he expressed the wage-earners' almost inarticulate sense of injustice. As every schoolboy ought to know, Marx's economic philosophy of history was grounded in three principles : The labour theory of value ; the law of the concentration of capital ; and the revolution by force to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat. These " facts " were held to be as inevitable as Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's " Inevitability of Gradualness ". Space will not permit of more than a passing reference to the first, which made an unscientific and arbitrary division between the wage-earners and the rest of the community (the theory is responsible for the misleading term, " the workers ", so much in use to-day) ; to the second, which has not occurred to the extent foretold ; or to the third, which is still on trial by the Communist Party—the " class-conscious minority "—in Soviet Russia. The main point is to

realise that the significance of Marx, especially in Great Britain, is due to his passion for economic justice as the pre-condition of human happiness, and that this passion is the moving force behind every type or method of Socialism. The class war, said Marx, is caused by the abuse, and can only be cured by the abolition, of private property ; there will then be only one class, the proletariat. Thus Socialism—even Fabian Socialism, on the authority of Bernard Shaw—means " equality of income ".

The early Fabians, however, were not so enthusiastic for the pure milk of Communism as Mr. Shaw has become in old age (or is it dotage ?). Nurtured in Victorian England, they counted it wisdom to be respectable, and gradual. Hence our Socialist theory, while changing progressively from State Socialism, Syndicalism, and Guild Socialism, to its present form, has remained, on the whole, democratic and constitutional ; it has aimed at realising its purpose by the method of collectivism, either industrially (Trade Unions and Factory Legislation) or politically (State ownership and control). As far as the State is concerned, it should not be necessary to enlarge upon the details of modern Socialist policy. Nationalisation of certain key industries, the land, and the banks (" socialisation ", which implies a public corporation, is the more accurate term) ; increased direct taxation to reduce the National Debt and provide for social services ;—all these are in the orthodox tradition. The general principle is that the production, distribution and consumption of wealth ought to be carried on collectively, not individually, because " capitalism " has proved itself unable to provide an economic foundation for social justice and true individuality.

The idea of Equality is fundamental in Socialism. Not biological equality, or equality of natural endowment—the absurd notion that " all men are equal ", apart from the God's-eye view—but equality in education and economic status. The Socialist is an environmentalist ; he believes that the sty makes the pig. He believes, too, that the markedly unequal, and often inequitable, division of wealth in this country, and its vulgar selfish use by not a few, is to a great extent responsible for class warfare and

poverty. If he is sufficiently enlightened, he knows that while culture rests upon economic foundations, true inequality is based, not on wealth or title, but on personality ; and that we ought to respect men for what they are, rather than for what they earn, and still less for what they own. But Socialists have no monopoly of enlightenment or altruism ; they are not the only people who admit to a sentiment for economic justice. Their quarrel with the anti-Socialists is chiefly one of psychology and social organisation. In general terms, it is a quarrel between collectivism and individualism.

Suppose we reduce the problem to its simplest and most fundamental term—private property. At the present time, seventy-five per cent. of our people are wage-earners and two-thirds of our national wealth is owned by one per cent. The Socialist asserts that, under capitalism, wealth is inefficiently produced, unfairly distributed and wastefully consumed. He therefore proposes, and has been partially successful in applying, the collectivist method, which, in respect of distribution and consumption, means spending and (let us hope) saving by the State what is known as " surplus wealth ". The ignorant who think Socialism means sharing out this wealth—" dividing it all up " so that each poor family would benefit by an additional five shillings per annum—need not be considered. The collectivist method is one of concentration. Specifically, direct taxation is the instrument chosen for taking " surplus wealth " from private persons and diverting it to health, educational, and insurance services, in order to raise the national standard of living—a desirable end not likely to be secured, according to the Socialist, if this wealth is left in the hands of the private person, who will give the wrong sort of employment by the wrong sort of spending, or (less likely) will invest capital in the wrong sort of enterprise.

Socialism cannot be held entirely responsible for the economic distress of this country, which seems to be due rather to monetary policy—war debts, deflation and so on. But, in the opinion of the writer, who was once a Fabian but has not yet fallen into Conservatism, Socialist method

has been proved to be seriously at fault, for a variety of reasons. One is psychological : the wage-earner has been taught to believe that there is almost no limit to the extent to which his standard of living can be raised, by public expenditure from a fund towards which it is not his duty to contribute. Furthermore, the State, which takes wealth from the rich on the supposition that they abuse it, has not been able to guarantee that the poor, who receive the benefit of it indirectly, will make the best of the " something " that they get, fictitiously, for " nothing ". The second is economic : many people seem to be unaware that direct taxation falls at least as heavily upon industry, in the form of the company tax, as it does upon private incomes ; and that only industry and trade can provide the means of raising the standard of living, whether by increased wages or by the " free " gifts of the State.

In spite of the report of the Colwyn Committee, it appears that an excessive burden of taxation upon industry is one of the causes of our troubles, and that taxation of the rich, by super-tax and death duties, has been worked up to the limit of sound finance and profitable returns, the present economic system being what it is. Admittedly we have a large proletariat, comparatively few capitalists, and a powerful plutocracy. In 1926–27, 94,676 persons paid super-tax on a total income of £537,108,007 ; their net income was £193,341,872. These are the so-called " idle-rich ". Actually, of course, many of them are " workers " of the highest quality, while it is even possible that some of those who live more by " spending " than by " working " spend their money in a way that is neither uneconomic nor vulgarly wasteful. The tax that hits the plutocrat and the profiteer also hits the public-spirited captain of industry and the enlightened landlord.

Bourgeois Fabian Socialism, believing in organic evolution, has tried to re-create society in its own image by gradual doses of the inevitable pink mixture. The patient is sick. Can it be that the medicine is poisonous, and that we require another " doctor's mandate " ? The Communist believes in revolution by force and a new world—of five years' machine-creation. But how, under

present circumstances, can it be practical politics to attempt a revolutionary cure in a country that is dependent for its very life upon the credit and markets of a world that is violently anti-Communist ?

Have the Conservatives a weapon of self-defence, if not of attack, against the disease that they call " Socialism " ? They have one at least, but they do not use it.

True Conservatism is much hampered by the fact that its power for good, politically, depends to a large extent upon the proper working of conditions that are really outside the range of politics. To be more explicit : Conservatism, from Burke to Baldwin, has been grounded in religion, personality, leadership, private property, enterprise and responsibility ; it has put the man before the mass, the individual before the State, nature before nurture, instinct before reason. Enlightened Conservatives, however few they may have been, have always believed in the aristocratic principle, in virtue of which the quality of a society depends upon the quality of its leaders. Citizens who do not wish to be slaves of the State must be masters of themselves. Unfortunately, it is rather the plutocratic than the aristocratic principle that now dominates the Conservative Party.

The world that we call civilised, which has worked for some generations within what is known as the capitalist system, is in the throes of a sickness, become malignant since the war, which may end in decay, or new birth. At the heart of the intricate technique of Capitalism is the problem of property. Capitalism is bound up with the belief that private property is a fundamental need of human nature and that wealth is best produced and used individually, not by the State. If such a system is to " work ", and to work well, clearly a great deal must depend on the quality of individual effort ; and in a country like England, where industrial capitalism has run a longer and more complex course than in other countries of the Old World, and where the remarkably unequal division of private property and wealth is a matter of statistical fact, a very great deal must depend upon the quality of the rich. It is in this respect that modern Conservatism—too much

ruled by men, and women, whose main purpose is to conserve Capitalism—has failed us. Naturally it would be absurd to suggest that all Conservatives are rich men or that all rich men are Conservatives ; the point is that the Conservative Party is dominated by a plutocratic view of life, which is a denial of true Conservatism. The aristocratic principle, by which we mean the doctrine that a community can only prosper under the leadership of the " best ", has been dishonoured by those who call themselves the " best people ", chiefly because they are the most wealthy, and ignore the " gloomy dean's " Christian-Platonist precept of " plain living and high thinking ".

If these are somewhat abstract generalisations, one may conclude with the plain statement that the material way of life adopted by a certain class of persons in this country is too luxurious, whether it be judged in terms of ethics, æsthetics, or economics. It is true that they give employment by spending money ; but all ways of spending money are not of equal value, and on the whole the values of the rich in England may be described as " consumptive " rather than " creative " : they are values which promote envy, strife and unhappiness. We have remarked that the problem raised by the Socialist sense of injustice is to a large extent psychological. As evidence of this, one has only to read the popular daily Press, and the fashionable illustrated papers, or perhaps go to a melodramatic film, to realise how life as lived by the so-called " best people " —the class that used to be called the " governing class " —is set forth as being one that demands a lavish display of wealth. How natural that the unemployed man whose dole has been cut, or the wage-earner bringing up a family on fifty shillings a week, should be stirred to bitterness, if not envy, when, after being treated to this evidence of apparently unlimited wealth, he is informed that his own standard of living is too high. Of course, it may be too high, for economic reasons, as M. André Siegfried asserts in *England's Crisis* ; but what is the use of telling this to a man whose soul has been poisoned by plutocracy ?

Conservatism threatens to become, like Socialism, the politics of a class, and to be overwhelmed by the excesses

the extent of the risk which each of us who has reached middle age has to face.

But there are very many diseases besides cancer which tend to kill "by inches", and where death, when it does at last come to the rescue, is brought about by pain and exhaustion. If only all diseases were merciful like pneumonia, "the old man's friend", how much easier death would be, and how much pain and anguish poor suffering humanity would be spared!

II

I have purposely dwelt upon this dark picture because it explains why so many thinking people are asking themselves to-day—to a greater extent, perhaps, than ever before—the question whether all this vast amount of physical suffering is really necessary. Granted that there is a noble and heroic side to pain and anguish borne with patience and fortitude; that evil approached in the right spirit may, in a sense, be turned into good; that we have certainly no right to expect to be spared all pain and anguish in this life—may we not suggest, nevertheless, that there is, and probably always will be, far too great a toll of pain and suffering in the world, and that it behoves us, in the name of Mercy and Humanity, to diminish it as much as possible? Is not that a higher mission than to adopt the fatalistic attitude that God sends pain and suffering into the world as a divine discipline, and that we poor mortals must not try to escape from it?

The ancient philosopher, Pliny, declared that it was one of the greatest proofs of the bounty of Providence that the world was filled with herbs by which the weary might find a rapid and painless death. Pliny may have been a "Pagan"; but are we quite sure that Providence really does will that mankind, stricken by mortal and cruel disease, must, under all circumstances, suffer to the bitter end? Is it really God's will that human life—although by the aid of science it may be *lengthened*—must never, under any circumstances, be *shortened*?

Is it really His will that the boon of an easy death, which we so readily grant to the lower animals, must never, under any circumstances, be granted to human beings?

The idea of euthanasia (Gr. *eu thanatos*, easy or gentle death) is anything but new. Several of the ancient philosophers besides Pliny advocated it. Seneca said:

> "If I can choose between a death of torture and one that is simple and easy, why should I not select the latter? . . . Why should I endure the agonies of disease . . . when I can emancipate myself from all my torment? . . . I will not depart by death from disease as long as it may be healed and leaves my mind unimpaired . . . but if I know that I will suffer for ever, I will depart, not through fear of the pain itself, but because it prevents all for which I would live."

Sir Thomas More, in his *Utopia*, published in 1516, definitely advocated voluntary euthanasia. More, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor, was not only a most able man, but was conspicuous for his integrity. He was also a devout Christian. It is interesting to note that whilst his best known and classic work has originated a word, "Utopian", meaning an ideal which, although desirable, is impracticable, very many of More's ideas relating to personal and public health, as set out in his *Utopia*, are to-day being accepted and put into practice.

In more recent times the idea of euthanasia has from time to time been brought forward. Thus, in 1873, nearly sixty years ago, the Hon. Lionel Tollemache published an article in the *Fortnightly Review* under the title "A Cure for Incurables". In this he endorsed and supported an essay pleading for euthanasia which had been published in the previous year by S. D. Williams, Jun. (now out of print; but I have seen a copy at the British Museum). Mr. Tollemache said that he was in no way ambitious of introducing a practical scheme of euthanasia among the subjects of Queen Victoria. He merely wished to discuss the subject philosophically as a preliminary to reform in some later age.

Twenty-eight years later, in 1901, Dr. C.E. Goddard (now M.O.H. for Harrow) read a paper before the Willesden Medical Society, entitled "Suggestions in Favour of Terminating Absolutely Hopeless Cases of Injury and Disease." Dr. Goddard, in this paper, made an

eloquent plea for euthanasia on the ground of the relief of human suffering. He said :—

"We can all call to mind the usual course pursued in those dreadful cases of cancer. . . . In the majority, the following sequence occurs: There is, first, a sudden and unexpected knowledge of the existence of a tumour somewhere, a hurried consultation with the family doctor, and then with a specialist; next, an operation, with great hopes of recovery; a disappointment; possibly another operation or special treatment; later, a gradual realisation of the nature of the growth; and lastly (and this is the only part that concerns us now—alas! of too frequent occurrence) a lingering painful illness dragged out to the bitter end!

"Or look for a moment at those poor creatures with inaccessible, and therefore inoperable, malignancy, and how they long for death, begging their medical attendant not to prolong their time, and often, indeed, as you know, urging that the end may be hastened; and when this does come the relatives and friends of the patient, be they rich or poor, make use of one phrase and say, 'What a happy release!' Or go and see one of those long aortic aneurism cases which so frequently drag on for many weeks or even months, and eventually die from asthenia, after emaciating to the last degree; or those sad, hopeless and usually most distressing cases of tubercular laryngitis; or some of those lingering cases of pulmonary phthisis, or diabetes, or other progressive disease, such as locomotor ataxia, when the patient is daily expected to succumb and yet lingers on for weeks or months. . . . I am satisfied of this: that when once it was recognised that it was lawful to accept the means of relief at all, it would be gratefully accepted by thousands of suffering creatures in the years to come as a God-given means of escape. It would be regarded as a Providential help in a time of terrible need."

So far from the advances made by medicine and surgery in the thirty odd years since the above was written having reduced the shadows of the dark picture painted by Dr. Goddard, the situation, as we have seen, owing to the serious increase in cancer, has become steadily worse. The number of persons who die from cancer to-day, in proportion to population, is almost twice as great as it was at the time when Dr. Goddard wrote.

Dr. Goddard advocated euthanasia not only for persons dying from incurable and painful disease who themselves desired it, but also for certain cases of hopeless imbeciles, idiots and monstrosities. This latter proposition raises a different and more difficult issue, and it is hardly surprising that Dr. Goddard's paper, written as it was thirty years ago, was regarded as being too much in advance of public opinion.

In the present paper—as in an address which the writer recently delivered before the Society of Medical Officers of Health in London, under the title "The Legalisation of Voluntary Euthanasia"—there is no advocacy of anything beyond euthanasia for the dying where such a course *is expressly desired by the individual concerned.*

III

The recent address referred to above aroused considerable interest in the press, with the result that many letters were received by the writer, thanking him for bringing the question forward. As these letters indicate how strongly many people feel about this question, a few extracts may be of interest.

A Clergyman writes :—

"Allow me to congratulate you on what you have publicly said in regard to 'the right to die', as it is commonly called. I have long advocated the use of euthanasia in hopeless cases of intense suffering. . . . I am a clergyman, and during the thirty-six years of my parish work I have seen very many cases of prolonged agonised suffering, where death has been longed for; and when it has come it has been welcomed as the greatest boon. I can see no objection whatever in a properly regulated system, such as that which you outline, either on religious or on any other grounds. . . . Surely, religion should teach us to be merciful. . . . I am certain that future days will regard what we do, or do not do, now with horror and amazement. Please go on with this crusade and so help to reduce unnecessary pain and bring blessing to thousands of tortured human beings."

From Sir Roderick Meiklejohn, K.C.B., C.B., First Civil Service Commissioner :—

"I have read in yesterday's *Times* a summary of your speech on Legal Voluntary Euthanasia; and as one who has always held the view that it is a blot on our civilisation that what is accorded to animals in a helpless condition should be refused to mankind, I write to express to you my warm admiration at your action, and best wishes for the successful carrying into effect of your proposal, which would do away with one of the main terrors of life.

"You will no doubt be subjected to abuse . . . and I write this to assure you that I am convinced that the vast majority of intelligent people are warmly on your side."

From an ex-Poor Law Guardian :—

". . . But how infinitely better it would be if it could be done with a doctor's skill and by the consent of the law! I believe, too, that the knowledge that long and hopeless suffering need never be their lot would add to the happiness of thousands of ordinary people

who, without perhaps dwelling much on the subject, do realise the possibility of what the future may have in store. . . Your plan has one whole-hearted sympathiser and, I am sure, many thousands more."

A Lady writes :—

"As just one of the public, I must write at once to thank you for the lead which I am sure countless men and women have been waiting for and longing for. If any declaration or petition in favour of your Bill is organised as an expression of public opinion, I should be grateful for the chance to collect signatures or help in any way that a busy person could."

From a Bereaved Parent :—

"Allow me to congratulate you on the humane stand you propose to make on behalf of sufferers from incurable disease. (Then follow particulars of a recent bereavement where death was very painful.) Your humane measure will bring untold relief to hundreds, if not thousands, and I pray you may be successful. . . . If it proves necessary to organise a petition in the matter, I shall deem it an honour to be of assistance."

H . . . C . . . writes :—

". . . The remarks of Dr. I.——, as reported in the *Daily Mail*, are on a par with those of Colonel Sibthorpe in the House of Commons, when railways were being constructed. He said that no railways should be allowed, as they were the work of the Devil. You probably recollect that when chloroform was first given to women to lessen the pain of childbirth, many said it was wrong, as the pains were inflicted as a judgment on women for tempting men to sin. . . . Two relatives of mine have died lingering deaths from tumour. In each case they beseeched the doctor to give them a dose to end their sufferings. The doctor replied that he wished he could, but the law prevented."

Of expressions of opinion which have appeared in the press as the result of interviews, the following may be quoted :—

Dr. Percy Dearmer, Canon of Westminster :—

"Euthanasia in certain hopeless cases, and administered under the strictest possible circumstances, should be allowed. A certain amount goes on at present."

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., Hon. LL.D., F.R.C.S. :—

"I have urged such a step for a long time. It is obviously the only sane and humane course. If you allowed a dog or a cat to linger in pain, the S.P.C.A. would be down on you like a shot."

The following letters of endorsement have also been received :—

From Rev. Dr. R. F. Rattray, M.A., Ph.D., ex-Principal, University College, Leicester, now of Cambridge :—

"I have long thought about the question of euthanasia. . . . As regards the ethical aspects, I feel strongly that there is no real moral or religious objection. Adequate safeguards there must, of course, be; but, subject to these being provided for, it appears to me to be quite right and proper that the State should allow an individual who is certified to be suffering from an incurable, fatal and painful disease to anticipate inevitable death, if he so desires, and to substitute a quick and painless ending for one which, it is no exaggeration to say, in many cases amounts to prolonged agony and torture. I cannot believe that a beneficent Providence wills that the physical sufferings of humanity in the process of dying should be unnecessarily prolonged."

From the Rev. Dr. A. S. Hurn, M.A., D.Litt., Leicester:—

"I have carefully considered Dr. Millard's plea for legalisation of voluntary euthanasia, and I am convinced that the case he makes out is unanswerable. Our moral judgments cannot ultimately rest on custom or prejudice, but on the ever-advancing enlightenment of the conscience of mankind. There are certain terrible cases of human suffering where recovery is impossible, where pain is unbearable, and where the inevitable approach of death only means increasing torture, in which it seems to me to be our evident duty to press for recognition of the right of the sufferer to demand euthanasia. . . . I am quite sure that the principles of ethics and religion in their highest form support his view of this matter."

On the other hand, the following letters and comments, selected from some which have appeared in the press, put the other side.

Dr. Lydia Leney, reported in the Daily Mail :—

"I think it is horrible, childish and wicked, and a step towards Bolshevism. Our bodies belong to God; and if we separate the soul from the body before the appointed time, we are going against God. Our bodies are not our own to do what we like with, and such a practice would be a sign of decadence in any Christian land."

The Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott, reported in the "Daily Mail" :—

"If euthanasia were legalised I should immediately cease to pay rates and taxes and should go into the question of becoming a citizen of another country where, perhaps, a few vestiges of Christian morality obtained."

From "The Universe" (Editorial), October 23rd, 1931:—

"*To Licence Murder.* . . . It suffices to enter a protest against the suggestion of religious sanctions being brought in to condone the crime of murder. For such it still is by the law of the land, which in this particular agrees with the divine and the moral law."

"A Well-known Woman Doctor", reported in the "Daily Mail":—

"The essence of being a doctor is to try to save life. The idea of legalised killing in this way is ghastly, crude, and totally abominable to Christian minds."

I have ventured to quote at this somewhat inordinate length because it reveals how strong is the feeling in many quarters in favour of a change in the law. I have no doubt that many people have thought about this subject, but owing to its having been so little discussed in public they have hitherto had little opportunity of expressing their views or of finding out what others have thought. To many people the word "euthanasia" has been unknown; whilst the word "suicide"—owing to its unhappy association and the traditional attitude towards it—has such an ugly sound that any approach to the subject has been very difficult.

IV

In order to bring the subject more within the sphere of practical politics, I have drafted a Bill, which I have called the Voluntary Euthanasia (Legalisation) Bill. Briefly, the main provisions of this Bill are as follows:—

(1) An application must be made by the dying person who desires to receive euthanasia, hereafter referred to as the applicant, stating that he has been informed by two medical practitioners that he is suffering from a fatal and incurable disease (as defined in the Act), and that the process of death is likely to be protracted and painful; that he desires to take advantage of the provisions of the Act; that his affairs are in order; that his near relatives (as defined in the Act) have been informed; and that he knows of no valid reason why he should not be granted the necessary licence or permit. This application must be duly attested by a magistrate or commissioner of oaths.

(2) The application must be accompanied by two medical certificates—one from the ordinary medical attendant, and one, the confirmatory certificate, from an independent medical practitioner of a specified status, who must not be related to the applicant, nor be financially interested in his death.

(3) The application, with the certificates, must then be sent to an official medical officer appointed for the purpose, and referred to hereafter as the euthanasia referee. It will be the duty of the latter to examine the papers and see that they are all in order; to interview the applicant and the near relatives, and, if thought desirable, the medical practitioners who gave the certificates. The referee, being satisfied, will then give his certificate to the effect that the case appears to be a proper one to be granted a permit under the Act.

(4) The application and certificates will then come before a court of summary jurisdiction sitting *in camera*. The referee will be present to answer any questions, and representatives of the applicant and of the near relatives will also have the right of being present, if they so desire. The court, having considered the application and heard objections, if any, will, if satisfied, issue the necessary permits—one to the applicant to receive euthanasia, and one to a medical practitioner (who would usually be named in the application), to administer the euthanasia. Only practitioners who have been licensed for the purpose will be eligible to act as euthanisors. The euthanasia referee may be the official euthanisor, Provided he held the necessary licence, the applicant's own medical attendant might often be preferred.

(5) A euthanasia permit will remain valid for a certain specified time (say three months), after which it will lapse, but can be renewed. This would mean that the applicant would be under no obligation to act upon the permit immediately. Often he would prefer to wait, holding the permit in reserve in case the pain should become intolerable. Sometimes, no doubt, a permit would never be used, the applicant's courage failing him, or death supervening sooner or more easily than he expected.

Assuming that the time has come when the applicant, having discussed the matter with those near and dear to him, and with his spiritual adviser, decides to act upon his permit, he will send word to the practitioner concerned and arrange date and other details. The procedure for administering euthanasia would be governed by regulations to be made by the Minister of Health.

V

The question of the best method is a matter for careful consideration by an expert committee. Various painless methods would be available. I am inclined myself to think that the responsibility for the actual *coup de grâce* should rest with the patient. For example, supposing a patient is able to swallow, the lethal dose would be handed to him, or placed within his reach, after it had been made

quite clear to him what its nature and object was, and it would be for him to take it and drink it by his own act. But, in many ways, a hypodermic or intravenous injection would be preferable, as being much more swift and certain. It would, I think, be quite feasible to devise a spring syringe, the needle of which the doctor who was administering the euthanasia could insert, and then the patient, by a touch of the finger, could liberate the spring. Several people, however, have told me that they feel strongly that it would be more merciful not to ask the dying man to do anything, beyond making quite sure that it was his real desire to receive euthanasia. Some even wish that—the permit having been obtained—euthanasia could be administered without the patient's knowledge. This, I feel sure, would be a mistake. A definite question must be put to the patient, *at the time*, whether he still wishes to anticipate death ; and only if his answer is clearly and unequivocally in the affirmative must euthanasia be proceeded with. A patient who is too ill to understand the significance of the step he is taking has got beyond the stage when euthanasia ought to be administered. In any case his sufferings are probably nearly over.

The Bill also provides for the presence of an official witness. Only persons of a certain status—for example, doctors, clergymen, solicitors, magistrates—would be elegible for this duty. After euthanasia had been administered and death had ensued, a special form of death certificate would be signed by the euthanisor and countersigned by the official witness, which would state the fatal disease from which the deceased had suffered, specifying " euthanasia " as the mode of death. This certificate would take the place of the ordinary medical death certificate for the purpose of death registration. It is hardly necessary at this stage to trouble about these details, except that it may help to satisfy doubts as to whether legalised euthanasia could be made practicable.

VI

Let us now consider the objections which may be urged against the legalisation of voluntary euthanasia. These

may be considered under three heads : (1) Ethical and Religious ; (2) Legal ; (3) Practical.

(1) With many people, no doubt, the supposed religious difficulty is the principal stumbling-block. The traditional attitude of Christianity has always strongly condemned suicide. It was anathema with the Early Fathers—certainly since the time of St. Augustine, who taught (in his great work, *De Civitate Dei*) that the Biblical injunction, " Thou shalt not kill ", was to be construed to include oneself as well as another man ; and, therefore, that suicide was a form of murder. Indeed, as St. Thomas Aquinas taught, it was the worst kind of murder, " the most grievous thing of all ", for it could not be repented of, and, therefore, " absolution " was not possible. This doctrine was definitely accepted by the Church, and suicides were regarded as deliberately cutting themselves off from any hope of redemption. Hence the reason and justification for treating them as being " outside the pale " and refusing them Christian burial. We may mention that the barbarous practice of burying suicides at cross-roads with a stake driven through the body was only abandoned fifty years ago, and confiscation of the property of those guilty of *felo de se* only about sixty years ago. To-day, this attitude towards those committing suicide—many of them, doubtless, being of unsound mind—seems harsh in the extreme ; and coroners' juries, with a view to lessening the stigma attaching to suicide and of avoiding any legal consequences, such as loss of insurance, almost invariably now bring in a verdict of " suicide whilst temporarily insane ", quite regardless of the evidence as to the real state of the mind.

Here we may pause to consider whether the Church's doctrine that suicide is " self-murder " is really justified ? Was St. Augustine right in teaching that the Biblical injunction, " Thou shalt not kill ", was intended to include suicide ? Suicide is nowhere expressly prohibited in the Old Testament ; nor, for that matter, is it in the New Testament either. And, after all, there is this fundamental difference between murder and suicide : that in murder we are committing a most grievous wrong against

another, in that we are robbing him of his life; whereas in suicide we are only taking that which, humanly speaking, is our own, and we are not necessarily doing any wrong to others; indeed, in some cases we may be benefiting them. In this connection it is relevant to point out that when St. Paul says "Thou shalt not kill" (Romans xiii. 9), he couples with it other prohibitions (against adultery, stealing, bearing false witness), all calculated to injure others; and he sums up with the famous pronouncement—the basis, surely, of all true morality—"And if there is any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." If further argument against St. Augustine's doctrine be necessary, one may observe that in the revised version of the Old Testament, the words "Thou shalt not kill" (Ex. xx. 13) are translated, "Thou shalt do no murder". It is, therefore, as it seems to me, entirely begging the question to assert that suicide is murder.

It may be argued, as the ancient philosopher Pythagoras did, that suicide is the desertion of one's post without the permission of the Commander, God. But in euthanasia for the dying, after all the required conditions have been complied with, such an argument should have no more force than in the case of a grievously wounded soldier "falling out". His continued presence in the battle-line is likely to be a hindrance rather than a help. Let us repeat that euthanasia is advocated for the sake, not only of the dying, but of the friends and loved ones whose health and welfare may be seriously prejudiced by the strain of watching a loved one dying "by inches" from a lingering, painful disease. The morality of euthanasia should surely be judged by the motive underlying it. It may be an act of the highest altruism. Captain Oates, of the Scott Antarctic Expedition, who deliberately walked out of the tent to be frozen to death because he realised that his presence, being a sick man, was endangering the safety of his comrades, has been universally acclaimed as a "very gallant gentleman". It was suicide; but will anyone dare to say that what he did was morally wrong?

But after all, perhaps I, a mere layman, have no right

to argue about a question which some will claim involves abstruse theological doctrines only to be settled by theologians. So I will shelter myself behind a well-known writer on religious subjects, a shining light in the Church of England, Canon Peter Green, of Manchester. Canon Green is the author of many religious works. This year he brought out a book on ethics, *The Problem of Right Conduct*, in which he discusses the ethical aspect of the various problems of modern life. This is what he writes about the moral right of a man, who is suffering from an incurable and painful disease, to terminate his life:—

> A man suffers, let us suppose, from cancer of the larynx. Operation is impossible and there is at present no known cure. What medical science may achieve in the future we cannot say. As things are, the man's fate, the moment his ailment is diagnosed as malignant, is certain. It means for him months of agony, terminating in a hideous race between strangulation and starvation. It means, for those who love him, the misery of watching him die in slow agony without being able to do anything to ease his pain. Under such circumstances, might not both Church and State allow a man, under due safeguards and conditions, to end his life painlessly? Many men every year do commit suicide to escape lingering agony. But they do it in a spirit of angry revolt against God; they die without the consolation of religion; they may lose the whole of any insurance they have made for wife and children; they shock their loved ones and outrage public opinion. In such a case, I should myself like my doctor, in conjunction with a specialist, to be allowed to state that the disease was fatal and likely to be slow and painful; and then I might be permitted to make a sworn declaration that I desired to end my life at once in some painless manner. This would enable a man to settle his affairs; to say good-bye to his friends, and to receive the last rites of the Church. What are the arguments against the granting of such liberty by Church and State to those who desire it?
>
> One might, of course, argue that as God alone confers life, God alone may decree its end. That argument, however, is impossible while we permit war and capital punishment.
>
> It is often argued that for a man to end a painful illness by his own act is to avoid a divinely appointed discipline of trial and suffering. But it may be noted that precisely that argument was used by many religious people to prove the unlawful nature of anæsthetics. . . .
>
> I have found it impossible to discover any really conclusive argument against suicide under due restrictions.

It is true that we are not quite helpless in these cases. Thanks to morphia and other analgesics, a good deal can

be done to relieve the pain of the dying. The position, however, is really most unsatisfactory. So long as a patient is unconscious he does not, of course, suffer pain, but with consciousness the pain returns. "Tolerance" to narcotics, and especially to morphia, is soon established, with the result that the dose has to be continually increased if it is to be effective, until ultimately huge doses have to be administered to give relief at all. A merciful doctor is in a grave dilemma. He may be said to be hovering on the brink of manslaughter. It is all very well to say that a doctor can, if he likes, give an overdose, and no one will blame him or say anything. Doubtless some doctors, moved by pity and risking the consequences, have done this occasionally. But you cannot blame a doctor who declines to take this grave responsibility, nor one who declines to give such a big dose that it might, even unintentionally, produce a fatal result. Consequently, in practice, the sufferings of the dying are only mitigated; they are certainly not abolished. But the free use of narcotics over a prolonged period often results, as all doctors agree, in shortening life. Can their use be justified, therefore, by those who take up the position that our lives are in God's hands, and that it is for Him alone to determine the time? Or by those who teach that pain and suffering are a divine discipline, ordained by God, which it is our duty to bear with patience and resignation without trying to escape from them? Some religious people used to object, I believe, to the use of morphia for the dying on this very ground.

VII

(2) The question of possible abuse, if voluntary euthanasia were legalised, must, of course, be very carefully considered and guarded against. I think the conditions which have been laid down, and the restrictions which have been provided, in my Bill should be adequate. They have been largely based upon those required in the case of cremation, which, it may be recalled, had to face at the outset, when it was first being advocated, very serious objections on the legal ground that

it would tend to obliterate evidence of foul play. My precautions and safeguards are even more exacting than those required for cremation, in that the application has to go before a court of summary jurisdiction. I do not think that there is much danger of euthanasia being resorted to by dying persons where there is no real occasion for it. Often, when a dying man raised the question of applying for euthanasia, a few reassuring words from his doctor that there was no need for it, as the pain was not likely to be severe, or of exhortation to the patient from his spiritual adviser, would be all that would be required to dissuade him from pursuing the idea further.

A different kind of abuse would be where the friends, for selfish reasons, would be glad to have a prospective long and trying illness cut short. The safeguards in such a case would be the fact that the application must be signed by the dying man and attested in the presence of a magistrate or commissioner of oaths; that there must be two independent medical certificates; and, lastly, that the medical referee must personally investigate each application; and this would include an interview (alone) with the patient. One of the points which the referee would have to satisfy himself upon would be that it really was the patient's express desire to receive euthanasia, and that he was not applying for it at the instigation of others.

Probably, after the practice of euthanasia had become established, many people would make it known to their friends—preferably in writing, and whilst still in health—that in the event of their being stricken down with an incurable and painful disease, such as was provided for under the Euthanasia Act, it would be their wish to receive euthanasia. This would make it much easier for the friends to decide whether or not to acquiesce if the contingency arose, and the patient then expressed a desire for euthanasia.

Certain points would have to be settled as regards life insurance policies. A clause in the Act would provide that insurance companies would be entitled to deduct a certain small discount where death was anticipated by

euthanasia. But probably most companies, in policies taken out after the Act, would agree to make no difference; after all, the expectation of life in the case of persons who could obtain euthanasia permits would be almost negligible. Even at present, suicide, if not committed within a specified time after taking out a policy, does not usually affect life assurance.

A clause in the Act would, of course, give legal protection, not only to the medical man administering euthanasia, but to any persons in any way assisting.

VIII

(3) Undoubtedly there are certain definite practical objections, or rather difficulties, which will have to be overcome. The procedure to be gone through before a euthanasia permit can be obtained may seem to some to be too elaborate. In reality, it is not very different from that required at present in the case of cremation—on which, indeed, it is largely based. The writer happens to have been medical referee to a cremation authority for over twenty-five years, so is quite familiar with the procedure. Clearly there must be adequate safeguards, and the very fact that a certain amount of formality has to be gone through will tend to prevent euthanasia being applied for too lightly. On the other hand, we do not want to put unnecessary difficulties in the way, or we shall defeat the whole purpose of the Act, which is to provide a way of escape from intolerable pain and suffering in the process of dying.

As regards the actual procedure to be followed in administering euthanasia, and the method to be adopted to procure it, these would be governed by the regulations to be made by the Minister of Health, which could be revised from time to time, as experience showed to be desirable, without the need for any amendment of the Act itself. It is essential that the method to be adopted should be quick, painless and certain. It is not beyond the power of science to devise a method which will fulfil these requirements. Probably, alternative methods would be

approved, so as to afford a choice and to meet the needs of different classes of cases. In order to prevent any likelihood of bungling, it would be very necessary that only medical practitioners who had been specially licensed to euthanise (after acquiring special knowledge and skill) should be allowed to administer euthanasia. Quite possibly, the work would largely be left in the hands of the official euthanisors, who would have to be appointed specially for each area. It is doubtful if, at first, there would be enough cases to make it worth while for an ordinary general practitioner to take out a licence, but a patient's own medical attendant could always be present and could act as the official witness.

Another difficulty is that of diagnosis or prognosis. It will no doubt be urged against euthanasia that it would be difficult in any given case for the doctors to be absolutely certain of the nature of the disease, or that it really was incurable. Instances, of course, can be cited where apparently hopeless cases have recovered, to the astonishment of all concerned. To meet this objection we have provided the two independent doctors, to be followed by the medical referee, who would be instructed by the regulations only to grant a certificate if he were satisfied that the cause of the illness had been definitely ascertained. Moreover, only certain diseases, or groups of diseases, which would be specified in the regulations, would come under the Act. These would be diseases of a very definite character, which are almost invariably fatal. The list could be modified by the Minister of Health as found desirable. Admitting that a remote risk of mistake would still remain, the same objection applies theoretically against cremation, where evidence of foul play may be irrevocably lost. If the remote possibility of being mistaken is to deter us from any irretrievable step, how could we ever undertake major operations which may themselves lead to death? Certainly, an operation such as craniotomy, where the infant's life is sacrificed in the hope of saving the mother, would be unjustifiable. And, above all, what about capital punishment? Innocent men have been executed before now!

There is another objection of a different order: viz., that the advance of medical science, and more especially the possibility of the discovery of a cure for cancer, makes any alteration of the law unnecessary. He must, indeed, be an optimist who would attach much importance to this argument. If, however, that happy time should arrive when painful deaths no longer occur, no harm would have been done, and the Act could be allowed to fall into disuse or be repealed.

IX

What, then, are the prospects of such a measure as we have outlined above being placed on the Statute Book? They are much less remote, I am convinced, than many people imagine—much less remote than I myself thought possible only a short time ago, before I discovered, after the publication of my Address to the Society of Medical Officers of Health, how strong already is the feeling in favour of euthanasia. I believe that when the public realises that the legalisation of voluntary euthanasia is a perfectly feasible proposition, opinion in favour of it will rapidly grow. The times are certainly propitious. Humanitarian sentiment is stronger, probably, than ever before; whilst the authority of tradition, when opposed to reason and progress, has been greatly weakened. That gigantic cataclysm, the Great War, undoubtedly had a loosening and disintegrating effect upon old-established ideas, such as we have never seen before. The change in public opinion since the war, in connection with the subject of birth control, is an illustration of this. In some respects, birth control raised similar issues, as regards orthodox "morality", as does voluntary euthanasia. Certainly, nothing that the opponents of euthanasia may say against it can exceed in harshness the hard things which the opponents of birth control said. It is too much to hope, of course, that the proposal to legalise voluntary euthanasia will obtain a majority at the first attempt, but I really see no reason why the subject should not be introduced during the lifetime of the present Parliament.

KREUGER & TOLL: A CHAPTER IN CONSTRUCTIVE FINANCE

By T. G. Barman

I

A CENTURY ago a Government was judged by its political achievements. To-day finance is the only generally acceptable criterion. Before the Reformation the structure of society was determined by the priest. In the post-War state the banker has all but nominal power, although even that is rapidly passing to him.

When the Reformation overthrew the temporal power of the Pope, Royal Absolutism, with or without the connivance of a ruling class, reigned in its stead. When the power of the King declined, it passed into the hands of an aristocracy or some similar ruling clique. The growth of democracy during the nineteenth century led first to a period of political anarchy, but gradually and almost imperceptibly power passed to a commercial class, and is now drifiting to a financial class. The completely simon-pure democratic state, except as a momentary state of uneasy equilibrium, is a virtual impossibility, because the very mechanism of a state postulates the existence of a strong centralised Government with the power of rapid action and quick decision. The first result of the nineteenth century democratic revolution was to displace those previously in authority without transferring the power to anyone else. Power was diffused, and a period of political chaos ensued, a chaos from which many countries continue to suffer to this day, and which will only be brought to an end when the new ruling class now in process of emergence assumes control.

Finance is gradually assuming the sceptre of power. All through the nineteenth century its power has grown, but the War added enormously to it. To-day, as H. G. Wells has reminded us, it probably possesses much greater power than it is itself aware of: but the day when this is fully realised, the civilised world will again be ruled by a

stable and well-organised authority, with the power to plan rationally and to override sectional and even national interests for the benefit of the world as a whole. Then full international co-operation will be possible, for the interests of finance, like those of the Papacy, override national boundaries and are world-wide in scope.

II

Strong political power and an independent financial power are, in effect, incompatible. A centralised authority, based upon a powerful monarchy or a strong aristocracy, might conceivably have curbed the financial power; but the democratic diffusion of political power, coupled with punitive taxation of the previous ruling class, left only one potentially effective authority in the state which, sooner or later, had to take complete command. The opposition to the establishment of the Bank of England in Stuart times shows that the then ruling class was fully aware of the inherent strength of finance. In *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times*, Mr. W. Cunningham tells us that "the establishment of the Bank of England was another economic change which diminished the importance of the monarchy in the realm. . . . Those who urged that a bank was inconsistent with monarchical government were not far wrong; they observed that such institutions had only flourished in republics such as Genoa, Venice and Amsterdam; a bank created an *imperium in imperio* that could not be tolerated under an absolute monarchy. . . . It was hardly too much to say that the Bank overbalanced the Crown as a power in the State. . . . The existence of the Bank gave an important guarantee for the maintenance of the same general principles of rule under any monarch; national bankruptcy, rather than the dangers of disputed succession to the Crown, became an object of dread. The Bank proved itself to be compatible with monarchy only because the monarchy was now greatly limited by the provisions of the constitution." The invention of coinage in the seventh century B.C. had much the same effect: it, too, led to an immediate weakening of the authority of kingship. "The peculiar conception of the king's omnipotence", writes Professor G. Elliot Smith in *Human History*, "enables us to understand why the introduction of metal currency among a group of enterprising seamen-merchants of Ionia was able to destroy the fiction of the king's prestige and authority. . . . It is probably not an exaggeration to say that the invention of coinage purchased freedom of thought and action. . . . It gave to the merchant an independence of the State, and a personal power which encouraged him to think and act for himself, and no longer to behave as a mere cog in the national machinery. This was an instrument of revolution in that it involved the destruction of the kingship and the State system."

We have seen, particularly since the War, how central banks all over the world have been able to initiate and carry through certain measures of far-reaching effect upon the people as a whole, without any sort of parliamentary control. We have seen how the Australian Labour Party, whose members are doctrinaire adherents of impossibly high wage scales, high pensions and "scientific inflation", controlling a substantial majority in the House of Commons at Canberra, has been forced to retrench, has been compelled to adopt relatively sound financial methods as the only alternative to national chaos. The banks have assumed the leadership, without any kind of democratic control whatever. Just like the Tudor monarchs, they conceive themselves to be custodians of the National well-being and therefore rightly justified to act directly contrary to the dictates of the representatives of the people, who consider only the immediate advantages of their class and not those of the Commonwealth as a whole. The day may not be far distant when the financial power, everywhere, as in Australia, may refuse to assist any Government which it deems to be pursuing the paths of unsound finance, and therefore of national disaster. It would probably no longer be possible for an imperious Chancellor of the Exchequer, like Pitt, to force the Directors of the Bank of England to grant the Government of the day greater credit than they really wished,

Britain, the only country with the necessary financial experience and traditions, has hardly been able to do any lending of any consequence for some time past, after having definitely strained her balance of payments in an effort to provide funds for needy borrowers. Moreover, as one of the few relatively free markets of the world, she has gone on accepting a flood of imports from other countries to such an extent as to impair her financial stability. Germany has been forced to accept a ruinous burden of reparation payments which nobody wants in the only way in which they can be transferred, *i.e.*, in goods. All this has been going in a world thirsting for capital and purchasing power, crying out for capital to repair the wastage of the War years, and to pay off previous indebtedness. It is this anomalous situation which Mr. Kreuger has sought to remedy. On a smaller scale, he has sought to do what England did before the War. He has realised, and has had the courage to express his realisation publicly, that many of the post-War problems of finance could be solved merely by reverting to the more genial atmosphere of pre-War days.

It is as a financial irrigator that Ivar Kreuger has become of such vital importance to Europe. America, the world's wealthiest nation, which should have replaced Great Britain as the world's banker, has by no means played her part in world finance.

The canals of world financial intercourse were drying up, and as a result many countries, particularly in Central Europe, got into serious difficulties. Interest rates of up to twenty per cent. were, and still are, frequently encountered, especially in the Balkans where agricultural credit was ruinously expensive, and the reconstruction work so necessary after the Great War was gravely retarded. And in the meantime money piled up in America without any immediate prospect of profitable employment. It was here that Mr. Kreuger realised his opportunity. Thanks to personal associations in America, he succeeded in raising large sums of money in New York, some of which was invested in European Government loans against match monopolies whose profits provided for the service

of the loan. Ivar Kreuger was doing exactly the same thing which Britain had done during the War. He was tapping the American money market in favour of countries faced with a serious shortage of funds, and giving his personal guarantee for the loan. It was a daring plan, magnificently conceived, and at the same time essential if Europe's convalescence was not to be indefinitely prolonged. In certain years his redistribution of capital has been so prodigious as to make a profound impression on the international balance of payments. Thus in 1929, Sweden, and not Germany, was the European country which borrowed the largest amount of funds in New York. This capital was subsequently re-lent to countries which could not raise funds themselves in New York.

If we consider the loans Kreuger & Toll have granted to various Governments, we shall find that they have always been required for some productive purpose. The money has gone to lift some intolerable burden or to finance some essential service. A few examples may be referred to : Six million dollars to Poland to rehabilitate farmers who had suffered losses as a result of Upper Silesian floods and to consolidate short-term indebtedness ; twenty-two million dollars to Yugoslavia to provide capital for the Government Monopolies Institute whose profits are largely devoted to the economic development of the country ; thirty-six million dollars to Hungary to finance land reform, one of the most liberal measures of its kind ; thirty million dollars to Rumania to finance the programme for monetary stabilisation and economic development ; six million dollars to Latvia to finance farm relief, road and railway building, etc.; seven million kronor to Estonia to finance railway building ; one hundred and twenty-five million dollars to Germany to consolidate short-term indebtedness at a time of serious financial stringency. But this must suffice. Enough has been said to show that the influence of Ivar Kreuger has always been thrown into the scale of financial reconstruction.

Since the War we have seen countries, whose credit was always considered fairly good, compelled to meet a temporary deficit on their international balance of payments

(caused, perhaps, by the fact that creditor countries, by tariff barriers, prevented the growth of a natural export trade from the debtor country) by the shipment of gold, instead of being able, as in pre-War days, to raise a loan on reasonable terms in the international money market.

Australia, for example, has been shipping gold to London, from an already heavily depleted gold reserve, because of the impossibility of arranging fresh finance. (That this has been brought about mainly as a result of political excesses has nothing to do with the present argument.) Imports of gold continue to pour into the United States from all debtor nations of the world because of the virtual cessation of all foreign lending. The most astounding proof of complete financial disequilibrium lies in the fact that money rates are no longer of the same effect in controlling gold movements. From Argentina and the South American republics as a whole, where the depression has been extremely severe, and where high interest rates rule as a consequence, gold continues to reach the United States for the service of external obligations, and, as such, is entirely outside the control of money rates. Until normal conditions are restored in this respect, it is likely that imports of gold will continue unabated for an indefinite period, and until the gold reserves of the debtor countries are completely exhausted.

In pre-War days it was estimated that leading creditor countries together had a yearly income from interest and dividends from the rest of the world amounting to two and a half billion dollars. In order to make possible the payment of these dividends and interest, the creditor countries were yearly making new loans or investments to a total amount of two billion dollars. At the present time it is estimated that the yearly balance of payments in favour of the creditor countries amounts to two and three-quarter billion dollars, and that in order to make these payments possible it is necessary for the creditor countries to lend yearly two billion dollars to the rest of the world. *Thus a larger percentage of the interest on debts is actually being paid than was the case before the War*, which is only another way of saying that, relatively to the pre-War period,

a policy of active deflation has been pursued during the past decade by the principal creditor nations; with the result that we are now faced with one of the most serious depressions of modern times, and one which may result, if matters are not rapidly dealt with, in a widespread social catastrophe.

The sooner creditor nations realise—as England has realised- -that the usufruct of a surplus on the international balance of payments cannot be retained by one nation, but must be shared with its poorer relatives, the better for world economy as a whole. Prosperity, like adversity, cannot be localised in modern capitalist society.

It is not, of course, merely a case of getting bankers and bond-houses to make large issues of foreign Government bonds to the public. There is no doubt that, however necessary the money might be, a foreign Government issue in New York, London or Paris would meet with a very mixed reception to-day; and it is fairly certain that no bankers would undertake to sponsor an issue of this kind at present, except at a rate of interest entirely out of relation to the present price of money. Bankers and investment trusts must, therefore, show the public, just as Kreuger & Toll has done, that they themselves have the greatest confidence in the majority of foreign Governments and their bonds, and they should buy foreign Government bonds to the widest extent possible, or create subsidiary companies to hold such bonds. These bonds might be purchased partly out of the resources of the institutions concerned, partly from funds derived from an issue of debentures of a special type, carrying the unconditional guarantee of the bank or investment trust concerned, with the foreign issues they have acquired as a floating charge if necessary. It is no use asking the public to mind a baby with which bankers are afraid to cultivate more than a nodding acquaintance, and until bankers have shown the way by holding substantial lines of foreign Government bonds on their own account, and telling the public they are doing so, a very long time must necessarily elapse before the restoration of complete confidence.

This is the whole basis of Kreuger & Toll's foreign Government financing operations. Shareholders in Kreuger & Toll are indirectly interested in a large number of European Government bonds, through a Kreuger & Toll guarantee. That some new method of financing is necessary is widely admitted in banking circles. And that the Kreuger & Toll method is arousing much interest is obvious from the close attention being given to it in banking circles. Thus the Westminster Bank (in its May review) states :

"The knowledge as to the best methods of lending has been rapidly developed since the War, and in this respect it must be admitted that some of the smaller countries of the world have blazed a trail in effective fashion. The Swedish firm of Kreuger & Toll, for instance, has not merely accumulated in its own portfolio foreign Government and other bonds valued at £23 millions, but in conjunction with its subsidiary companies has shown how security for foreign loans may be reconciled with the prejudice of modern nations, proud of their sovereignty, against any form of external control, by issuing its loans in return for, *e.g.*, match monopolies, and securing them on royalties annually payable by its subsidiary manufacturing companies to the Governments from whom the concessions are obtained. Other directions in which the company is seeking to apply the same principle to an increasing extent are the international development of the telephone industry and the extension of the market in mortgage bank bonds. The company has, indeed, demonstrated the possibilities of expert institutional lending as distinct from direct subscriptions from individuals to particular foreign issues, and much more will doubtless be heard of this method in the future."

At first sight it might appear that the emergence of the financial power into a ruling class bears a close analogy to the growth of tyranny in Greece in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., consequent upon the invention of coinage. Professor P. N. Ure, in *The Origin of Tyranny*, summarises the Greek development in these terms : "The seventh and sixth century Greek tyrants were the first men in their various cities to realise the possibilities of the new conditions created by the introduction of the new coinage, and to a large extent they owed their position as tyrants to a financial or commercial supremacy which they had already established before they attained the supreme political power in their several states." Thanks to their being the first to realise the full implications of the

invention, the commercial and financial magnates of the day were able to gain enormous wealth and subsequently to achieve unbridled political power.

But the analogy is false. The ancient financial power was based on coinage, the most astounding economic invention of the time, while modern financial power rests on credit, the most amazing and revolutionary development of the modern world. The power based upon coinage was a power based upon tangible things : the man who had physical possession of coins was powerful so long as his store of coins lasted, irrespective of general confidence or trust. His power was not necessarily based upon the consent of the governed : his coins, of intrinsic value in themselves, were his bodyguard to carry out any order he gave, no matter how unreasonable. The present power, resting on credit, is a power based on intangible things. And it is of the essence of credit that it can flourish only in an atmosphere of peace, content and confidence. Nothing but complete annihilation would destroy the power of the possessor of coins : the slightest breath of suspicion is sufficient to send the holder of credit tottering into the abyss. That is why the present financial power can only exist, in the long run, by the consent of the governed ; that is why the financial power to-day is so much more cautious, not to say diffident, in its dealings than the financial power of pre-classical and classical times. The ancient financial power could tyrannise with impunity. The modern financial power, like the telephone, is a power only so long as a large number of people consent to recognise it and to admit its usefulness.

The present financial power, therefore, is anxious to maintain cordial relations with all classes in society, but particularly with the working classes. It realises that a contented people, a high standard of life, and an absence of political dragooning is essential to the welfare of the world. The interests of the new financial power are the interests of the commonwealth. Peace and prosperity are its mottoes. Social justice is in the forefront of its programme.

THE CHINESE SOLDIER

By O. D. Rasmussen

THE qualities of a Chinese soldier are largely inherent in himself as a representative of the class from which he is drawn. He still views war not so much as a science, but as a noisy device to overawe his enemies. He believes that a fierce manifestation of prowess, wrath, and loud explosions should "put the wind up" his adversaries, and if they do not at once flee the neighbourhood, he suspects his own talents as a showman and redoubles his demonstration. The traditional soldier of China's drama is, in the manner of our stage parson, standardised as a strutting warrior, who brandishes a five-foot sabre, spreads his knees wide apart, crosses his eyes, slaps his thighs, and emits blood-curdling yells. This hero has brought down the house for two thousand years and is too deeply imbedded in the native consciousness to be dismissed altogether.

His modern representative is fearless to a degree of recklessness, stubborn when cornered, and amazingly indifferent to hardship and pain. He is an individualist, as in other walks of life, and therefore loyal to ideas more than to persons. In open fighting he thinks too much. He is apt to consider discretion the better part of valour, regardless of orders. The rum ration and other forms of courage are unknown to him. His retreat is not necessarily a panic or a mutiny, unless taken so by his superior officers. He might even call his commander into a brief conference upon the matter. He will fight again loyally, but from what he feels will be a safer vantage point. If on the winning side, he is not anxious to follow up a beaten foe, unless driven. One victory a day fulfils his obligations. With some notable exceptions, he has no great faith in his superior officers' judgment in respect of

his own, and in the main is a strategist rather than a tactician. It might be said, without undue straining at hyperbole, that in China every soldier is a general, but not every general is a soldier.

He has no military traditions as the term is understood in European armies. Waterloo, Balaclava, and Spion Kop, would be considerably less than magnificent to him, but he could understand Troy, Mafeking, and Ladysmith. The doctrine of "mei yu fat'ze" (no alternative) is deeply respected. At the walled city of Chochow two years ago, he fought out a long siege under conditions which beggar description He is better as the besieged than as the besieging; his prestige, or "face", holds him up when all other motives fail. With the exception of Chang Fah-kwei's "Ironsides" he is rarely effectual in mass attack. That is why some warlords, notably Chang Tso-lin, used foreign mercenaries (Russian and Japanese) as shock troops. The Chinese is best in guerilla fighting.

Although he has no traditions, he has certain conceptions of fighting which largely take their place. He is gradually learning the more refined art of disciplined, civilised, warfare, but under stress falls back upon his own ideas. He can be cruel, and in some instances has taken a mean advantage, but here again he is the victim of individualism. He is too credulous of propaganda, and too prone to mete out his own drum-head justice, partly as a gesture of frightfulness, partly as an inverted application of the Golden Rule. His cruel streak is no greater than that of other ignorant peoples, who are also quick tempered.

The Chinese soldier's conceptions of warfare have been illustrated in a number of ways in recent years. Some of them show the difficulty of the tasks confronting modern leaders and advisers. At Hankow, during the bombardment of the railway terminus by revolutionaries in 1911, fighting never began until sunrise, and stopped punctually at eleven for lunch. During the lull foreign residents visited the railway station to see how the shooting had progressed. Firing began again an hour later and ceased at sunset. Both sides observed the rules.

However, in 1930 the Nationalists sent troops to Hankow to suppress a mild rebellion; Colonel Bauer the adviser, who died later of small-pox, directed operations. The rebels bided their time; calculating the days it would take an army to march the distance. Bauer's tactics included forced marches at night, and the Nationalists entered and captured Hankow well ahead of schedule. The rebel generals were taken by surprise and resented the tactics deeply. They said it was not the custom to march by night.

In 1915 Yunnan province was the first to rebel against Yuan Shih-kai's attempt to make himself Emperor of a new dynasty. General Tsai Ao led a nondescript rabble of five thousand northwards into Hunan, where Tsao Kun and Wu Pei-fu awaited him with twenty-five thousand regulars of Yuan's government forces. Tsai Ao's legion had but five rounds apiece, and Tsao Kun's probably a clip or two more than that. The Northerners went into camp in a valley, again figuring on the number of days it would take Tsai Ao to come within striking distance. But Tsai also resorted to forced marches. He had been trained at a Japanese military school. The Northerners had no scouts, and few sentries out. During his march Tsai Ao had his men collect all the old kerosene tins to be found in his route, and buy up all the fire crackers. With tins slung over their shoulders, and long ropes of crackers, they looked like an army of junk dealers. While Tsao Kun's troops lay asleep one night, Tsai's men quietly occupied the adjacent hillside and threw up some breastworks. Shortly after midnight the sleeping army was awakened by a fusillade of rifle fire. In a few minutes they were blazing away at the hill whence came the attack. The firing lasted until dawn, when the Northerner's ammunition gave out. Then Tsai Ao, whose troops had been exploding fire crackers in tins for five hours, opened up with a few volleys of real bullets, attacked, and routed the enemy.

Before Chiang Kai-shek whipped his troops into some semblance of a fighting machine, Chinese soldiers would not fight in the rain. They might be induced to march

in it, but only if provided with umbrellas. The pack of every man contained an oil-paper gingham, and it was a common sight at one time to see regiments on the road with every man holding an umbrella over his head. However, in order to understand him better it is necessary to look briefly into his antecedents, social background, and the forge and anvil out of which he has been hammered.

The armies of China have been recruited from two main classes of the community: peasants, who are usually members of the thousands of secret societies which flourished until recent years, and outright banditti. The present soldiers are strictly products of the last twenty years. The warriors of the Eight Banners, the Manchu Imperial troops which fought under Sankolinsin against Lord Elgin's forces in 1858–60, and with the Boxers in 1900, have vanished. The bannermen were hereditary groups of the composite Manchu Empire, and their traditions passed with them. They were already superseded in the first decade of this century, when China endeavoured to establish armies on the European model, with the aid of German and English instructors. The new officers were trained in the Manchu Imperial Military College at Paotingfu, and became the warlords and superwarlords who overran China with their jealous feuds until Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists put an end to this in 1927.

The peasant secret societies of the past century were mainly revolutionary in character, having for their object, as in the case of the Taipings, the overthrow of the alien Manchu dynasty (1644–1911). They were defensive and offensive conspiracies against all forms of social and political oppression. Their membership included some of the most spiritual-minded as well as the ignorant and reckless. They worked entirely "underground", and had a capacity to swoop down, attack, and vanish into thin air, which gained them a legendary fame for magic. The brutal Manchu garrisons and bureaucrat tax collectors were natural prey, but, as instanced by the Boxers, they might have an anti-foreign bias against all aliens. Inasmuch as they protected, and succoured, the populace, the Manchus were unable to root them out.

Chinese banditti, in a sort of survival of Neolithic hillmen-lowlander feuds, have existed for many ages. But in recent times it has become difficult to distinguish between them and the peasant secret sects. In fact, they have passed so rapidly through the stages of peasant, bandit, soldier, and back again, that it would be hard to find one who has not at some time or other been all three.

It is the brigand type, however, which has produced the best fighting men. They form the nuclei of the best divisions, with one or two exceptions, principally Feng Yu-hsiang's famous Eleventh Division of baptised Christians. Two army corps of Yen Hsi-shan's forces, now commanded by Han Fu-chu, are Shansi brigands of the most fearsome type. It was they who ran amok at Nanking in 1927, when several foreigners were killed. Chang Tso-lin was the outstanding soldier-bandit of modern times. In revenge for an act of brutal oppression he joined, and eventually became leader of, the " Hung Hutze " (Red Beard) bandits. He was forgiven his " sins " by agreeing to join the Government as chief of its Manchurian forces, and concurrently provincial governor. He governed well, and retained undisputed sway for sixteen years.

The enlistment of banditti indicates two important facts. It shows that the Chinese have considered the bandit less as a parasite upon, and more as a defender of, the common people, also that he is, by virtue of long practice, the best material; best, that is, in the now discredited view that a horde of frenzied fire-eaters could accomplish military miracles without organised support.

There was more than one way to enlist bandits without letting them get the impression that they were indispensible. When the War Minister required more men, he would order some provincial governor to wipe out all the local brigands. He might select a province where the banditti were presently too active. The governor would mobilise, with much trumpeting, a " Bandit Extermination Army ", march on the brigands' stronghold and demand surrender upon penalty of death by torture. To which the bandit chief would reply politely that his health was still good; that he hoped the governor was also well; but that a sore foot kept him confined to his room. At some later date, perhaps, he would like to have a chat with his governor. Whereupon, after a month of formal dickering, the bandits would be given a lump sum, perhaps ten or twenty thousand pounds, the bandit chief would be made a full general, his leaders commissioned officers, and his men enrolled in the regular government forces. And the War Minister would announce the extermination of yet another nest of bandits. Treachery was very rare, but there is a story, now discredited, that Chang Tso-lin suspected it, and sent in disguise one of his henchmen, who had ever after to impersonate his chief. Peasants have been enlisted by a variety of methods. From 1915 onwards the supply of natural, professional brigands was more or less exhausted. Rival politico-military cliques and warlords (Anfu, Fengtien, Chihli, with Tuan Chi-jui, Wu Pei-fu, Chang Chun, Feng Yu-hsiang, Tsao Kun, Sun Chuan-fang, Li Yuan-hung, Chang Tsung-chang, Li Ching-ling, and scores of others) enlisted, conscripted, and abducted peasants by the hundred thousand, with their live stock, produce, and grain stores as well.

Between 1915 and 1927 North China was a battle-ground for supremacy among these generals, who kicked one another out of office once, and sometimes twice, a year. They formed no fewer than forty-five military cabinets. With but one exception they were graduates of the Paotingfu school. They borrowed millions of pounds from foreign money-lenders by placing most of China's valuable resources in pawn. A conservative estimate puts the net financial loss at £500,000,000, and the economic damage at many times that amount.

They built up colossal armies; " hordes of armed coolies ", they were called. I have seen them go into battle firing from the hip, with their eyes shut and heads turned aside. I passed through the opposing lines near Peking after one engagement, marked by terrific cannonading and rifle fire, and the total casualties had been two farmers, one water buffalo, and some chickens. Organised

transport, commissariat, and other support, practically did not exist. In one instance, I saw a trainload of mules which had been left without fodder for days, and the starving animals had chewed away great gaps in the wooden sides of their open goods waggons.

Most battles were a species of " election " ; the general who had amassed the greatest number was *ipso facto* the victor. Preliminary formulæ included scores of circular telegrams cataloguing the other fellow's shortcomings, and hinting at what might happen to him if he were so foolhardy as to remain another hour in the country. If the " war by telegram " failed to scare a rival, a few more thousand peasants were rushed to the front. Victories were scheduled in advance, and announced in due course, whether they happened or not, including the thirty thousand destined to be killed, the twenty-five thousand captured, and the forty thousand wounded. The treaty ports, hundreds of miles away, and the world generally, were solemnly informed of these " massacres ", and to this day believe them to be true.

Whole peasant armies were bought and sold, like cattle on the hoof, as rival generals " bought out " one another for glorious victories. The soldiers did not know from one day to another for what, or for whom, they were fighting. One day they wore a red armband, the next a blue, and perhaps a week later a black band. These tabs kept them from wandering aimlessly into the " enemy's " ranks, and signified no moral or political principle. These armed masses were flung about the country, mostly in captured railway rolling stock, from which they stripped all upholstering and woodwork for kitchen fires.

They were promised twopence a day, and sixpence on active service, but were never paid except after rare victories. Extra liberty to scrounge on the countryside was the principal remuneration. Whole army corps were abandoned by their fleeing leaders, hundreds of miles from their original provinces, farms gone, families dispersed, penniless, unfitted for labour after seven or eight years of warring. They had nothing but a ragged cotton

uniform, a rusty rifle, a few cartridges, and a kit-bag of loot. I could have purchased real Mauser rifles for four shillings each, and automatic pistols for two shillings, after three of these *debacles*. Stragglers begged me and others to buy their arms. Thousands turned to a precarious living as " amateur bandits ", until another enlistment gave them a chance to scrounge in greater safety.

Peasants joined up in despair. Wherever military forces were quartered they preyed on the countryside. The story that one soldier told me illustrates thousands of others. He and his family of five had lived peaceably at his little farm until the troops came. An officer and a company of soldiers called and offered to " buy " his grain stores and produce. He dared not refuse. They took everything movable, including his pigs, fowl, and firewood, and promised to " pay " the next day. But neither he nor hundreds of his neighbours ever saw the officer again. His family began to starve, and he had to send his wife back to her family with the younger children. One day another officer arrived. He offered to buy the farm for a ridiculous sum, suggested that he and his son join the army, when they could wear fine uniforms and have wonderful rifles. The farmer and his son joined up, but no money was ever paid. At that time, he had not seen or heard of his wife and children for three years. Their home had been scattered with the rest.

A slim young sentry, with a rifle that seemed his own size, once challenged me near an encampment. When asked if he liked soldiering he said no. Asked why he remained one, he said his father had been killed by soldiers, his farm taken, and his mother had died of grief. Asked why he did not resign and go back to farming he said he did not know how to work, because he had been a soldier all his life. When asked how old he was he replied " eighteen."

These are the soldiers of China's army, whom the military leaders endeavour, with the aid of foreign military advisers, to mould into disciplined armies. Their equipment is being modernised slowly, but their sense of discipline will take years to develop. The leaders are

able to inspire confidence, but they have little grasp of large-scale operations, and for that reason far too much discretion is left with individual unit commanders. They have only the haziest conception of organised campaigning.

There are three modern arsenals at Mukden, Shanghai, and Hankow, turning out an inferior small arm on the Mauser pattern, and Stokes trench mortars. They like the mortar because of its mobility. Artillery is confined to small-bore field pieces, because once off the railways heavy cannon would be immovable on the soft roads. Imported machine guns are the most favoured weapon. Mukden and Nanking troops have small flights of modern aircraft, of British and American make, and although the Chinese makes a good pilot he has had little opportunity to exhibit any skill at air warfare.

To explain the Chinese soldier's somewhat naive attitude towards campaigning would require a too prolonged digression into Chinese psychology, customs, and superstitions. It would be, however, unsafe to conclude from what I have written that he could not be a good soldier if properly organised. There are too many instances to prove it, particularly the Wei Hai Wei Regiment. I would prefer to end on the note expressed in a conversation I had with an adjutant of a foreign military unit in North China. We were watching trainload after trainload of Chinese soldiers pass through a junction. Defeated, ragged, wounded, huddled in indescribable squalor in cattle trucks, a beaten army was retreating. As each open door passed by we saw a score of grinning, dirty faces peering from the dark interiors. A wave of chatter, laughter, cooking odours, went by with each truck. The adjutant was an old campaigner in France, and after about an hour of it, he turned to me and shook his head. " Soldiers with their grit and endurance ", he observed, " might become a nuisance to the world if properly led."

EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By R. D. Charques

I

IT should be clear by now that there is very little in Soviet Russia that a foreigner can understand without reference, first, to the general philosophy of scientific materialism, secondly, to " the general line " of Communist policy. Education—the Russian, it should be noted, uses the word " enlightenment " in the European sense of education—is not the least significant case in point.

The difference between education in Soviet Russia and education in other countries cannot be explained in terms of educational science and the educational machine. Nor can it be explained by ascribing to the general methods of education in Soviet Russia an admixture of political motive or a type of political tendentiousness of which other educational systems are innocent. Education, however little it may emphasise its political origins, is never wholly free from this kind of tendentiousness, since every educational system is founded, broadly speaking, upon a political system: an autocracy yields one set of educational institutions, a democracy yields another. What is significant of education in Soviet Russia is, in the first place, the unique political system of Soviet Russia. What is secondarily significant is the fact that the political aspect of education in Soviet Russia is different *in kind* from the political aspect of education everywhere else, and that this political aspect is in effect the guiding issue in education *and is recognised as such*. The preliminary condition of Soviet education is the politicalisation of every form of educational activity. " Enlightenment ", in brief, is only another name for the entire cultural side of the Russian Revolution; and the organisation of education is nothing less than the organisation of the cultural revolution. Ask a Russian of to-day what is the object of the educational system in his country, and the only answer he can be expected to make is this: " It is to create active workers in the building-up of a socialist society."

So much for the broad theoretical basis. There is theory enough and to spare in regard to the structure which is being raised on this foundation: nothing is achieved in contemporary Russia without the assistance of a theory of why and how and when it is to be achieved; and educational theory in particular has been allowed to run riot and assume fantastic proportions in recent years. Nevertheless, the entire mass of theory on educational matters in the U.S.S.R. boils down to a single concrete issue—the application of Marxism to the cultural needs of a developing socialist order. From the Communist point of view, needless to say, this unrelenting subjugation of educational practice to political theory gives Soviet education its peculiar strength; from the humanist point of view of the rest of Europe, it is its essential weakness.

II

There are, of course, many outstanding features of the educational system in Russia to-day, which seem to be more closely connected with the peculiarities of the Russian scene and the historical legacy bequeathed by Tsarist Russia than with Communist ideology. The dominating educational problem since 1920, if not earlier, has been the conquest—the "liquidation"—of illiteracy. Here the Soviets have got down to the bedrock of cultural revolution. The figures, as can be expected, are illuminating. The Russian census of 1897 showed that 78 per cent. of the population were illiterate (semi-literacy in Tsarist Russia may fairly be allowed to rank as illiteracy). In 1920 this figure had been reduced to 68 per cent. In 1926 it was 60 per cent. In 1930, at the end of the second year of the Five Years Plan, primarily designed to accelerate "the tempo of reconstruction", as the phrase goes, the illiterate numbered only 33 per cent. of the population. The educational programme for 1931 consisted of, amongst other things, the liquidation of illiteracy among 22 million* people. I have been informed that

* Since the liquidation of illiteracy is to be completed this year, I am at a loss to account for the discrepancy between this figure of 22 million illiterates and the 33% (50 million or so) of the population still classified as illiterate at the end of 1930. A possible explanation is that the "nomadic tribes," etc., amount to about one-fifth of the total population of the Soviet Union.

twelve million of these illiterates had been liquidated, so to speak, by September 1st, and that, with the exception of a few nomadic tribes and primitive communities—Yakuts, Altaians and others—the remaining 10 million would be liquidated by the end of the year; 1931, that is to say, is to see the end of illiteracy in Soviet Russia.

These figures, of course, are supplied officially by—to give it its official designation—the People's Commissariat of Enlightenment. There is no means of checking them—nothing could be more difficult in a continent of the size and diversity and political organisation of Soviet Russia. Further, one may ask what exactly is the standard of literacy on which these figures are based? The ability to read and write is a definite enough thing in its way, but it is none the less hard to define the point at which semi-literacy leaves off and literacy begins.

A little scepticism with regard to the tempo of the *complete* liquidation of illiteracy may thus be legitimate, particularly in view of apparent differences of opinion and statistical fact in official circles. Thus, while the Commissariat gave the number of pupils in lower and middle schools in September of this year as 20 million, *Pravda* gave the vaguer and more modest figure of 13½ to 20 million. Still, allowing for a possible margin of exaggeration in the figures, nobody in his senses can doubt the prodigious effectiveness and reality of the general "cultural march", as it is called. Here are a number of assorted facts that may conveniently be borne in mind in considering the immense problems and achievements of education in Soviet Russia. In illustration of the magnitude of the educational task, it should be remembered that there are 2,000 provinces to be reached, and anything from 100 to 150 different languages to be employed. It is claimed that the annual amount of printed material in the Soviet Union is, after that of the United States, the largest in the world, though not, of course, per head of population: the output planned for 1931 consists of 800 million printed books and 3½ milliard pamphlets and leaflets. There is a daily newspaper ostensibly devoted to education. Adult education, since last year, is

compulsory. The schools are kept open during the entire year, and those in the towns have as a rule a three-shift day. And so on, and so on. The enquiring observer and traveller cannot fail to be profoundly impressed by this stream of educational activity, least of all if he has any knowledge of pre-Revolutionary Russia.

III

The aim of Soviet education is to create a body of workers actively engaged in achieving socialism. This is, all things considered, sufficiently clear and unambiguous. What does it mean, however, translated into concrete terms of daily life and labour? What precise relations are being established between the educational system on the one hand and economic organisation, social institutions and cultural life generally on the other?

Apart from its larger and organic aim, Soviet education has two immediate objectives: first, the provision of workers to realise in its entirety the Five Years Plan and to satisfy the requirements of planned national economy in the future; secondly, the practical propaganda of Marxist doctrine and scientific materialism generally. Bearing these two immediate issues in mind, we may proceed to a brief examination of the machinery and technical apparatus of the school system, though not without one further warning. No single foreign observer can have followed all the bewildering changes and variations in the practical application of educational policy since 1928; and no enquirer to-day can distinguish with any degree of clearness between what is being done and what it is proposed to do—between the latest *achievements* and the latest *plans for achievement* of education throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union. The chief danger of the Russian passion for planning, which seems at times to cover the educational horizon, is that it is apt to be an exclusive passion.

Education in Russia, of course, is free. It begins in the pre-school stage—in nursery schools, kindergartens, play centres, children's homes, etc. Pre-school education,

which is just beginning to develop on a large scale on the collective farms, and is growing rapidly in connection with the factories in which women are employed, is likely to be one of the finest achievements of the system, though in the sphere of social relations it is perhaps the most revolutionary. It is handicapped by lack of money, buildings, equipment and experienced *personnel*, but it calls forth a religious enthusiasm and devotion from those engaged in this initial task of ushering a new generation of Soviet citizens into the world. Even here, however, the devil of theory has made its appearance recently: an element of "technological training" is to be introduced, it appears, into nursery schools and kindergartens. This is in accordance with the current slogan of "the conquest of technique".

The next stage is the middle school, the basis of the educational structure. These middle schools are now designed to give every child seven years' elementary education—roughly, from the age of 7 to 14. The *Piatyletka* (Five Years Plan) in industry has its counterpart in a *Semyletka* (Seven Years Plan) in education. This type of education corresponds more or less to that obtained in an English elementary school. It goes without saying, however, that there are fundamental differences, and not merely in regard to the political complexion of the teaching. Originally it was intended to devote the first five years to "general" education, and to introduce specialised training in the last two. Now, doubtless under the pressure of the Five Years Plan and the worship of the thing called "technique", it has been decided that specialisation must begin as early as possible—at the beginning, in fact. The whole system of what is termed *shefstvo*, by which every school is allotted to the tutelage and guardianship of a particular factory or institution or voluntary organisation or producing unit of industry, which makes itself responsible to some extent for the administration of technological training in the school, has created close links between elementary education and the needs of industry. The principle of technological training in this early stage of education is not necessarily a bad thing, though my

personal opinion is that it is in danger of being carried to excess. The school in Moscow, for instance which is under the patronage of the newspaper *Izvestia*, in which the smallest children play with plasticine, the girls are taught book-binding and are familiarised with types, and the boys of 10 or 12 are taught to work at miniature carpenter's benches and turner's lathes is an admirable example of its kind ; but in other such schools it is precisely the element of " play " which is lacking in the technological training provided.

From the middle school the boy or girl either proceeds immediately to work or enters a " factory school " (which combines study with a sort of apprentice system), or else advances higher in the educational system and enters a " technicum " (an institute for technical study). This stage of education is in a constant process of flux ; it admits of wide local variation and is subject to incessant reorganisation. The factory schools include some of the most successful educational establishments in the country, and are contributing numbers of skilled workers and technicians to heavy industry who should be of material assistance in fulfilling the later stages of the Five Years Plan. The famous " Dynamo " works, for instance, has a " scholastic combine " of exceptional energy and efficiency, which combines intensive production with technological training and not less intensive Communist propaganda or " activism". As for the technicums, theirs is to some extent a temporary function in the educational scheme. They are designed to bridge the gaps in the fully qualified technical ranks, to produce second-class qualified workers—scientific hewers of wood and drawers of water, so to speak : assistant engineers, *feldschers* (subordinate medical officers of health), elementary school-teachers and so on. As the machine expands and the general cultural and educational level rises, these second-class qualified workers will presumably be replaced by thoroughly qualified experts.

Finally, at the apex of the educational structure, there are the higher technical institutes, roughly of university rank. Here educational and social and economic organisation

meet at a high point of co-ordinated activity. These institutes are organised for the preparation of new " cadres " (another word which covers a dozen aspects of national planning) for industry, commerce, social services, research, the " professions," administration and so on. In other words, the entire field of this higher technical education is planned and regulated so as to ensure an adequate and balanced supply of surgeons, cotton specialists, metallurgists, economists, mining engineers, chemists, agricultural experts, surveyors, meteorologists, etc., in the Soviet Union. The aim is to regulate the production of these new cadres in accordance with national economic and social planning, to ensure that there will not be, say, twice as many weather experts and only half as many tobacco specialists as are necessary, and to maintain these places of study in close association with their respective branches of production. To this end the control of these higher technical institutes has been taken out of the hands of the Commissariat of Enlightenment (it is hardly fair to call it a Board of Education !) and given over to the respective Commissariats of Agriculture, Health, Foreign Trade, and so on.

This summary of the chief types of educational institution in Soviet Russia inevitably contains some important omissions. There are, for example, special schools for young peasants on the collective farms. There are special medical and textile colleges, mining and electrical academies. There are still the old universities, though they have only two faculties at the present day—mathematics and physics, and natural science ; the rest of their former work has been taken over by the higher technical institutes. There are special Communist universities. And there are two other types of institution which merit brief description. The first is the " humane " equivalent of the higher technical institute—colleges devoted to the study of drama, history, art, literature, philology. These are still an essential part of the structure and re still the most extensive pedagogical training-ground for the humane studies. Apart, however, from the fact that the theories of historical materialism have penetrated every

nook and corner of learning in this field, the foreigner finds it hard to resist the conclusion that, in Soviet Russia's present phase of economic development, these seats of humane learning are a little out of the picture for the time being. Not that anybody in Russia denies, so to speak, the worth of the humanities, but turbine engines are more important at the moment than the history of painting.

The other educational institution is the *Rabfak*—the Workers' University which is meant to serve in the first place as a technicum for the uneducated adult worker. He, or she, is taken away from the factory or farm and given a systematic course of technical education for three years, during which time he continues to receive either his usual wage or a wage fixed by the educational authorities. The *Rabfak* student is sometimes trained for administrative work, though it is perhaps more common to try to make him an experienced technical worker in his own branch of production. Not infrequently, by the way, he is a Party member.

A note on so characteristic a product of the Soviet system as the Workers' University seems to be a fitting conclusion to this brief survey of the various types of educational institution.

IV

It will be seen that education in Soviet Russia is based on a conception of social values and relations altogether different in kind from that which governs education elsewhere. In one sense the foundation is immeasurably wider than here, for instance; in another, it is very much narrower—from the point of view of the "bourgeois" educationist, it is painfully narrow. The present failings and limitations of the system proceed from two main causes—the concentration on the tempo of the industrialisation of the country and the general straitness and inflexibility of Communist theory. These combine, it seems to me, to effect a partial substitution of technique for culture and of political interpretation for learning. I shall return to them in a moment, but it is necessary here to add a word on the seriousness and enthusiasm with which

"enlightenment" is regarded everywhere in Soviet Russia. The Russian man and woman of to-day—still more the boy and girl—do not for a moment doubt that they are creating a new society and a new world, to which the cultural march contributes every whit as much as industrial reconstruction, is indeed necessitated by it. They *believe*, so to speak, in education; and their faith is supported by works. The foreign visitor cannot fail to observe the number of strangely assorted little groups of "proletarian" workers in the museums of Moscow and Leningrad, nor can he fail to be touched by the ardour of their desire to improve their minds. And anybody who has seen elderly peasant women in attendance at a school for illiterates will need no further evidence of the general faith in education.

On the other hand, the conquest of illiteracy apart, there is almost a complete lack of what might be called disinterested education—that is, of education regarded more or less as an end in itself. The end-in-itself and thing-in-itself idea is rejected, of course, by materialist philosophy; but it still persists in the English view of education (from which angle this article is in part written) and, so far as my personal observation goes, among some teachers in Soviet Russia. At any rate, the indifference to this aspect of education is to be concretely explained, as I have suggested, by the industrial needs of the country and the political discipline of the Communist Party. It is further to be attributed, I think, to the influence of the educational theory-mongers, whose exposition of scientific materialism in their own field has been characterised by alarming excesses. I have met a number of people in Russia who were uneasy on this score; the incessant shifts and changes of method and organisation during the last few years have proved, I gather, a serious obstacle to educational progress. The announcement on educational policy, of September 5th of this year, of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, will, it is hoped, help to stabilise matters in this respect. It may be so; but the problem of disinterested—or liberal, if that word can be used—education is likely to remain for some time

what it is. Liberal education of the " bourgeois " kind is inconceivable in Soviet Russia: what, then, is its proletarian equivalent? So far, it must be said, there is no equivalent, and no apparent intention of finding one.

A simple illustration must serve. Take the question of books, beginning with the text-books used in schools. Every text-book, no matter what its subject may be, is of necessity couched in " Marxian " phraseology. Chemistry or geography is as much subject to this rule as history or economics; the study of anthropology or aeronautics can yield as many analogies of the materialist interpretation of history and the class struggle as the study of literature. Language primers in particular are made to conform to this cardinal principle of proletarian culture: I have seem more than one primer of " conversational English " in which English life and manners were described in terms of the most amusing inappropriateness. It is the censorship, of course, which is in the last resort responsible for this universal " Marxianisation " of every sphere of knowledge and study. All proposed new text-books are submitted before publication to a special censorship section of the State Publishing Department; and a bourgeois point of view with regard to electro-magnetic theory does not pass undetected. Whatever the political gain may be, the educational principle cannot be called anything but illiberal.

The Communist, of course, is cheerfully prepared to leave it at that: liberalism, in his eyes, is one of the most notorious pretences of bourgeois ideology. This attitude of his is even more strongly emphasised in the sphere of literature proper. Books are amazingly numerous and extremely cheap in Russia. A glance at a bookshop window will reveal two preponderating types. The first is represented by titles like *The Foundations of Technology*, *The Chemical Bases of Agronomy*, *Science, Technique and the Diesel Engine*. The titles of the second type of book may be, *Socialist Construction and Imperialism in China*, *The Struggle for Communal Laundries in the Caucasus*, *The Collected Works of*

Lenin: Volume XIV, *Bourgeois Socialism and World Revolution*. The windows, in fact, chiefly display technological manuals and expositions of Communist political theory. It is no wonder that, in spite of the relatively very large output of books, there is a serious " paper famine "! Imaginative literature of mixed quality is by no means lacking, but the supply is often only a fraction of the demand: an impression of 50,000 copies of a popular work of fiction is sold out in a few days. A larger impression cannot be printed, because by far the greater amount of paper available in the country is devoted to leaflets and pamphlets of a generally propagandist or politically topical character. These, distributed over the immense area of the Soviet Union, have a three-weeks' value or so, after which they are doubtless repulped and appear again in a not very dissimilar guise.

Obviously enough, the result of this deliberate concentration on political and technological literature is to accentuate to a very considerable extent the one-sidedness of Soviet culture. Soviet culture is earnest, it is energetic, it is passionately real; but it is one-sided. It is educative; but it is educative in a way that may prove shortsighted in the end. The daily newspaper on education to which I have referred, for instance, can be called educational only by courtesy; it is rather a summary of political and technological propaganda.

The point, after all, is that there appear to be many sides of human thought and experience which are ignored in this present phase of the cultural revolution. Here is one aspect of the break with the cultural traditions of the past. It is hard to buy or come by in Soviet Russia almost the greater part of pre-revolutionary Russian literature. I recently searched in vain most of the bookshops in Moscow during a whole week for a copy of Saltykov's *The Golovlev Family*. Had I been looking for a volume by, let us say, Soloviev or Rozanov, a fruitless search might have been intelligible. But Saltykov! Is it not an illiberal and one-sided form of Russian culture which turns its back on him?

THE TREE

* * *

Unquiet of heart, I sat beside a tree
And slowly lost my own identity,
And slowly put her dual nature on
Of leaves in light and roots below the stone.
Words cannot tell the strange felicity
Of pain laborious, digging down and down
Till lost in cool assurance that a crown
Of beauty from the darker part of me
Sprang, though it could not see.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

EARLY LOVE

* * *

And early love, the hands before the flame,
The eager head, bared breast, the upward lift,
The shy discoveries, the unknown name,
Worlds mounting swiftly in a fevered drift,
The ache for sated peace, or else the sane
Condition as before this madness came,
This drugging of the soul with singing swift.

With singing swift, with melody, with warm
Song images, with ever-changing form
Of longing for an oasis in the storm;
With hopelessness, with tenderness, with quick
Rejoicing and despairing, till the stick
Of Time beats out the glowing of the wick.

J. SINGER

I KNOW A LADY

BY HAROLD VINAL

I

She was a woman too concerned with grief
And the long doubt of years to be betrayed
By Autumn when it came to burn the leaf,
Or Winter which might make a hill afraid.
Spring was her season, strange enough she tended
The fires of her flowers and her trees,
As though a dappled April might have mended
The broken vessel of her miseries.

That hopeful season was a brief reminder
Of love bewitched because she found him there,
Though she had put the roses far behind her
She planted them against the painted air,
Who might have found in Autumn and its gold
More largess for the hands of grief to hold.

II

So in her garden did she make her peace
With God and death ; and dim dusks fell upon
The flower that was herself, she found release
In sun and amber and she hurried on
Through painted air as though the air might be
A gateway to a dream that was not lost,
A whisper or a symbol finally
For one whose garden might at last be frost.

I know a lady lost among her roses,
A rose herself upon the moony stalks ;
She yields a smile though Autumn interposes
Between the words she utters as she walks.
And though her love is part of Spring, her grief
Runs through the vein of Autumn and its leaf.

V

No review of education in Soviet Russia, however, can end on that note. When all criticisms have been made, the actual work of education in the country remains one of the solid achievements of the political system. The educational system will change and develop; even the theory of education in a Communist society in the transition period may undergo some modification. Meanwhile Soviet Russia is on the eve of becoming quite literate and of turning her literacy to account in a way that no other country has previously attempted.

It is the present younger generation on whom the burden of leadership in education as in everything else must fall—the Pioneers and members of the Young Communist League now in the schools. They have little childhood in the ordinary civilised meaning of that word; they become Soviet citizens at an early age; they have inexperienced and doctrinaire teachers and little opportunity for play. But the future of education is with them. As one tries to get a glimpse of it, what in many ways seems the most remarkable and encouraging feature of Soviet education is the relation between teacher and pupil. This relation, I fancy, may do much to bring the new society into being. It is extraordinarily free and honest and, in its way, understanding; it is innocent of moral bullying on the one hand and of moral subjection on the other; it is essentially a relation between social equals, between individuals engaged in a common social task. It is not for nothing that there is always a representative of the children on the school council (there was a time when the children and the teaching staff were represented in equal numbers!) and the arrangement, I am assured, has seldom proved unprofitable. For one foreign observer, at any rate, the relation between teacher and pupil offers the best hope for a gradual widening and enrichment of the basis of Soviet education. The mind of the child responds more readily to experience than to theory. That, I think, is a truth which both the Soviet educationist and legislator must learn.

BALLADE AGAINST THE SLANDERER

(After FRANCOIS VILLON)

[It is five hundred years since the date usually given as that of Villon's birth. His best known pieces have been rendered many times. The following is a contemporary production, bears all the characteristics of his invective, and fails to suggest any other writer to whom it could rightly be attributed.—W. T.]

Now let the dagger-blade dive through
  His dastard spine! Now, slowly bled,
Set on his chest a leech or two
  To feed for ever. Let the lead
  From some loud culverin be shed
Upon his mouth to choke it. Aye!
  Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

Let him go naked to the dew,
  The open road his only bed;
Let the sharp hedgehog stab him through
  His flimsy cloth of open thread,
  The wind his curtain overhead.
Let scorpions bite as he goes by.
  Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

Now chop his flesh and then bestrew
  The air like grain that's ground for bread.
Beat him with bull-thongs; naked, too,
  Let him have brambles for a bed.
  And that his life be sooner sped,
Let poison foul his blood, say I.
  Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

  Prince! to the rack let him be led
Ten times a day, the felon. Fie!
  Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

WILFRID THORLEY

THE FUTURE OF FASCISM

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

I

NOW that the more obvious differences giving rise to the recent dispute between the Holy See and the Italian Government have for the present been settled, it is easier to appreciate the more vital, though less conspicuous, issues wrapped up in the relations between Church and State as result of the Lateran Agreements.

Ever since Mussolini raised his dictatorial régime in Italy to the status of a political religion, the competition between Church and State for certain rights of controlling the rising generation of Italians has intensified, and it was during this process of growing competition that the Lateran Treaty and Concordat were signed in 1929. These instruments were recognised at the time to represent the nearest agreement that could be reached between two forces based on very similar principles of authority and competing at close quarters; but it was also recognised that there existed certain fundamental differences of principle forming an ugly gap between the spirit and the letter of the Lateran documents. So far, differences have been chiefly confined to the education of youth, although other matters of a political nature have been dragged in and have tended to confuse this issue. The Church is determined to maintain her hold through education on the formation of character on strictly Catholic principles. The Fascist régime claims to be "Totalitarian", and therefore responsible for the upbringing of Italian youth in the social and moral sense as well as for preparing them to take their place in the organised Fascist State. The Church claims that, first of all, they must be good Catholics. The State insists that they shall be good

Fascists, and that if the Catholic religion helps them to achieve this end, so much the better; but, should there be anything in their Catholicism that clashes with Fascist doctrine or with their duties to the State, then religion must at once make way. For example, the chaplains attached to the Fascist *Balilla* take no real part in the activities of the boys. They are not wanted, and it is not surprising that such a position fails to satisfy the Church's demands with regard to the social and spiritual education of youth. It was Fascist complaints that rival workers' organisations were being formed that actually gave rise to the recent dispute, intensified by accusations of political interference. As far as political interference was concerned, the Fascist accusations were exaggerated, while some of the arguments put forward by the Holy See were difficult to uphold; but it is now fairly obvious that this question, based to some extent on the new sovereign status of the Papacy, was introduced chiefly as a means of influencing those holding the belief that membership of the Azione Cattolica was not incompatible with loyalty to Fascism. From what Mussolini said to me on this subject, I got the impression that he attached undue importance to this aspect of the question; but it is most incumbent on the Papacy as a Sovereign State to be more scrupulous than ever to avoid anything arousing the slightest suspicion of interference in the internal affairs of others—a privilege reserved in these days for a State of a very different complexion. Although there were individual cases of hostility to Fascism within the ranks of the Azione Cattolica, it was incorrect to regard that organisation as anti-Fascist.

II

Some time ago Signor Turati stated, on behalf of the Fascist Party, that there was no incompatibility in being a member of both the Azione Cattolica and the Fascist Party; while Article 43 of the Concordat definitely recognised the organisations connected with the Azione Cattolica, in so far as these carry out their activities outside any political party, and under the immediate

direction of the hierarchy of the Church, for the diffusion and practice of Catholic principles. As there had been no change in these activities since the signing of the Concordat, one could only attribute the change in the Fascist attitude to a desire to discredit a Catholic organisation with a strong influence over the youth of Fascist Italy. In any case, the correct method of dealing with charges of interference in politics was for the Italian Government to bring such cases to the notice of the Holy See through the ordinary diplomatic channels, and not for the more extreme elements of Fascism to take the law into their own hands, followed by ill-advised and abrupt action on the part of the Government. But, if the Fascist method deserve harsh criticism, that of the Holy See more than surprise the foreign observer; for not only were certain of the statements issued from the Vatican ill-chosen and unbecoming the dignity of the Supreme Pontiff, but the publication of the last Papal Encyclical abroad, before the Italian Government could have an opportunity of knowing its critical contents, was scarcely in keeping with the principles of straightforward dealing.

Fortunately, this lamentable dispute was checked by an Agreement of the 2nd September, and the activities of the Azione Cattolica have thereby been regularised in the light of recent events; but, even with the best intentions on both sides, it seems inevitable that the future will disclose further differences of principle arising out of the activities of an organisation where clergy and laity meet on common ground. The Azione Cattolica represents the collaboration of the laity with the hierarchy for work of a social religious nature, and embraces such organisations as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which concentrates its attention on visiting the poor in their homes; the League of Sunday School Teachers; and the League of Catholic Women. The whole system has now been taken out of the hands of laymen as a concession to the Italian Government and unified under the bishops in the dioceses, while in Rome it is in the hands of the Pope himself, who has delegated Mgr. Pizzardo,

Papal Under-Secretary of State, as its Ecclesiastical Assistant. By this means, unity in Catholic activity and effort is maintained, and there exists a united body of Catholics ready to uphold Catholic interests and principles in face of any attempts to act contrary to the welfare of the Church's mission. Although the organisation is strictly non-political, it deals with social matters, which in some cases become absorbed in political issues, and, being of a lay nature with a religious object and dealing with a large diversity of matters spiritual or with an important spiritual factor, it is easy to attribute political motives to actions which are not in their essence political. The question then arises as to when such an action becomes political; and here lies one of the greatest difficulties in settling the differences between Church and State. But perhaps the most important feature of the Azione Cattolica in Italy is the fact that it forms a bridge between the clergy and the people, as the priests do not mix in family or social life in purely Latin countries. Hence it is the common ground on which Church interests are liable to clash with the civil interests of an organised State. Any attempt to form workers' associations must clash with the activities of the Fascist syndicates; while sporting or athletic clubs must cross-cut the excellent Fascist organisation known as the *Opera Nazionale Dopolavoro*, which aims at the physical, moral, and intellectual improvement of the workers during their leisure hours.

The Agreement provides that the Azione Cattolica shall have nothing to do with politics and shall make no attempt to form workers' associations of the trade union variety. It shall remain diocesan in character and under the control of the bishops, who will appoint the lay as well as the ecclesiastical directors. All those who have belonged to any party opposed to the Fascist régime are ineligible for appointment as directors. The flag of the local bodies associated with the Azione Cattolica is to be the national flag of Italy; and this also applies to the affiliated juvenile clubs, which were temporarily dissolved and are now restored, although they may wear their own

badges and carry their own religious banners. On the other hand, the local organisations must "abstain from athletic or sporting activities", and confine themselves to "occupations of a recreative or *educational* character with a religious purpose." In this last clause the Vatican seems to have gained its essential point, although concessions have had to be made in matters of less importance to the Church and more importance to Fascism such as the confinement of youthful athletic activity to the Fascist organisations, and certain stipulations of a rather superficial variety.

If Mussolini has in fact obtained important concessions as result of the recent negotiations, only time will show the true value of the extent to which principles have been safeguarded by the Holy See. Many observers contend that, as far as principle is concerned, time is wholly on the side of the Vatican, as the Church is likely to remain long after Fascism has faded into the mists of antiquity; others argue that the passage of time will see an increase in the strength of Fascism with the rise of a new generation of young Fascists, while the older generation (including many anti-Fascists and lukewarm supporters) is gradually dying out. Personally, I agree with Lord Macaulay that the Roman Catholic Church "saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all." Thus the Vatican can afford to wait, while Fascism needs all the additional strength it can muster with a view to the more immediate future. The important consideration at present is not as to which side has gained or lost, but the significant fact that both have been able to arrive at a *modus vivendi*. It is in this question of future co-operation and mutual support that the vital issue lies; for there are problems far greater than that of education in store for the Fascist régime, in which the interests of the Papacy will be deeply involved, and there are difficulties confronting the Papacy which can be minimised, and possibly averted, by the support of Fascist Italy.

III

Investigations in different parts of Italy point to the fact that Fascism is at present losing ground, although there is scarcely any visible change in the general attitude towards the régime, and Fascist discipline shows no signs of deterioration. But beneath the embellishments of Fascism's outer crust, which has had time to become a substance sufficiently strong to resist considerable pressure, underground movements point to a restless desire for change; and the Italians—although few will venture openly to criticise one word or deed of the present Government—are directing their thoughts in a way which has been unknown since the March on Rome. Although Italy is truly grateful for the magnificent work done by Mussolini and fully realises that his dictatorship has been necessary to tide over a time of crisis, the transformation of a temporary dictatorship into a political doctrine as an end in itself has led to a reaction which cannot be ignored. The Italians feel that they have had enough of the "Sergeant Major system", and have reached a stage when there is a natural and healthy longing to guide their own destinies.

There are two ways in which one may view the Fascist system of authority: first, as an end in itself, and therefore intended to form the guiding principle of all future government in Italy; and, secondly, as a means of guiding the nation to a stage in its development when it can assume its own responsibilities and frame its own destinies. United Italy may now be regarded as in the adolescent stage when some form of benevolent despotism is still necessary, together with a gradual modification of the system of authority as the national character develops. Without that modification of control the national character must be greatly hampered, and the reaction in Italy to-day is the natural outcome. The encouragement to develop more and more responsibility and freedom of expression should be regarded as the guiding principle of good government, rather than mere authority and discipline; and the Fascist system might well change

its course to one of stimulating voluntary effort for the good of the State, to replace that exacted by compulsion A nation which is for ever subject to some dominating authority, when it should be thinking and acting for itself, must either fail to attain a strong national character, or it must rebel against that authority. It is impossible exactly to define the stage at which a nation reaches this critical point in its development, but it forms the crisis of the nation's history. As a means to the end of a strong national character, with a full sense of responsibility and self-reliance, Mussolini's policy of State authority and discipline has been admirable, in so far as it has guided the nation through the period of adolescence; but if this policy continues to be regarded as an end in itself, either all dreams of Italian greatness must be dispelled, or Mussolini has to face, sooner or later, a very serious crisis, threatening the sound as well as the unsound features of the Fascist régime. That the danger signals are already showing themselves is apparent from the statements made by many foreigners of disinterested nationalities; and an unquestionable authority recently assured me that, if a free vote were taken in Italy to-day, the majority would vote against Fascism. Moreover, these reports are strengthened by those of others who have made thorough personal inquiries in all the principal towns of Italy, with an interval of three years between visits, and now report a complete reversal of opinion on the part of many who three years ago were contented supporters of Fascism. While some explanation may be found in the fact that the Italians have been badly hit financially, owing to the world depression coming so soon after the stabilisation of the lira, and naturally blame whatever Government is in power, there is little doubt that there now exists a growing opposition throughout the country, varying in intensity in different parts of Italy. Many of Mussolini's supporters, including a considerable number of non-Fascists, continue to support Fascism owing to the absence at present of any other alternative, although in other circumstances they would welcome a change. There is also a tendency

for power to slip into the hands of less responsible extremists.

Such opposition as exists should not, however, be regarded as directed at Fascism as a whole, but chiefly at the policy of authority and discipline which cramps liberty and freedom of action. The benefits of the last ten years are regarded in their full value, but the people are tired of having everything done for them. There is no man more capable than Mussolini of guiding the destinies of the Italian nation, and Fascism is now a world force with considerable power; but only Mussolini can modify one part of the régime and let the others remain standing. Should opposition to the authority of the present régime prove strong enough to precipitate a crisis, that crisis would threaten to overthrow not only the present authority of the Fascist Government, but Mussolini himself and all that is good in Italy to-day. This would most assuredly mean a swing back to the extreme left and the return of Socialism with all its evil effects. But there is also danger in attempting to modify authority and discipline in a southern country, where liberality is often regarded as a sign of weakness and loss of prestige; so that it looks as if, in any case, there is rough weather ahead in the stage which Fascism is rapidly approaching. Whichever course Mussolini chooses for his ship of State, he will need all his guns on deck, and one of his most powerful means of defence is the Vatican, with its vast influence in Italy and elsewhere.

IV

With a firm conviction of what would follow the collapse of Fascism in Italy, and a full appreciation of the chaos which would inevitably take its place, Pius XI is fully aware that it is in the best interests of the Holy See to protect herself against any such eventualities. His Holiness knows that the aftermath of the fall of Fascism would mean the virtual control of Italy by forces antagonistic to the Church, and that Socialism, or even worse, would be practically beating against the gates of the Vatican.

In order to appreciate the views of the Papacy on Socialist doctrines, it is only necessary to glance through the pages of the Pope's Encyclical in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*. The contents of this document are sufficient to show why it is of vital importance to the Supreme Pontiff that Italy should be preserved from such doctrines, especially in view of the Roman Settlement; and Fascism is at present the only bulwark against this danger. Although the Pope disapproves of the elevation of the dictatorship to the status of a political doctrine, and other features of the régime, he is a personal admirer of the great work of progress carried out by Mussolini and his colleagues, and sees in Italy a powerful means of support at a time when the Church has to withstand considerable pressure in various directions. Indeed, extensive losses in Austria and elsewhere, together with a heavy blow in Spain, have made it more and more necessary that Italy should supply that temporal support which previously was the prerogative of the Royal House of Habsburg. While it is true that the United States has to some extent compensated the Church for her losses in Europe, a strong European Catholic Power is an essential adjunct to the Papacy. Further, Mussolini has recently shown that he is willing to give his moral support to the Bruning Government in its struggle to defend the forces of law and order. By so doing, *Il Duce* is not only protecting the interests of the Church in Catholic South Germany and helping a Government founded on the Catholic (Centre) Party, but he is taking action to safeguard the Italian frontiers, and the Sovereign Papal State within them, from the possible menace of German Communism pushing south through Austria. Indeed, as the world is to-day, the Papacy, in collaboration with Fascist Italy, forms a strong combination to neutralise the policies of elements of the extreme left; while there are many countries where the Church's propagation of the faith and Italian foreign policy can work hand in hand. On the other hand, losses to the Church mean losses to Italy, and anything approaching the collapse of the Fascist régime, with a loss

of the protection that it provides, would be a staggering blow to the Church's position in Italy, and would also have the gravest repercussions elsewhere.

V

It is, therefore, not difficult to see how closely mutual interests are bound up, nor is it hard to realise, in the light of recent events, how formidable an opponent the Church can be in a time of mutual strife. The means which the Pope employed to retaliate against Fascist excesses shows the extent of his powers, mildly exercised on such an occasion. The Holy Father refused to send his Legate to Padua for the St. Anthony celebrations, a most popular feast among Italians, and prohibited all outdoor processions, which incurred serious financial loss to shopkeepers, hotel proprietors, and others in the districts where these feasts would have taken place. As no celebrations were held in Italy for the feast of Corpus Christi, one of the most important feasts of the Catholic year, and as this was closely followed by the feasts of St. John and St. Peter, a large number of Italians were deprived of a means of making money at a time when trade was bad; and they levelled their blame at the Government in the belief that the Holy Father would not take such steps without good reason. Many men and women removed their Fascist badges on the grounds that in becoming Fascists they understood that it would not interfere with their position as Catholics. But the reaction against the Government did not end there, for the news rapidly reached foreign countries through Catholic and other channels, and for the time had a strong adverse effect on Italian prestige abroad. Yet, if these occurrences caused bad feeling against the Government among Catholics, there were others that stirred up a strong feeling of anti-clericalism in Italy. As long as the Fascist régime remains unmodified, there must be recurrences of friction; whereas a strong measure of mutual support is necessary to safeguard both banks of the Tiber from such dangers and difficulties as lie ahead.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that all questions likely to give rise to differences in principle between the Vatican and Quirinal should be regularised to the fullest extent. The Agreement of the 2nd September is a step in the right direction; but periodical overhauls of mutual relations are essential, with the necessity of mutual support as a fundamental basis: a *modus vivendi* is not sufficient.

If principle figures largely in the relations between the Holy See and the present Italian Government, an important part must also be assigned to personalities. In Mussolini and Pius XI, Rome has within her small area two of the strongest ruling characters of modern times, and it is difficult to say which is the stronger. The strength of Mussolini differs from that of Pius in that it is more flexible and amenable to the art of compromise. *Il Duce*, as the ruler of Italy, considers himself free to act as he wishes at all times, and is never dominated by his decisions. Pius, on the other hand, takes his decisions as the Vicar of Jesus Christ; and decisions dominate the man: they are final. But, apart altogether from his present position as Supreme Pontiff, Mgr. Ratti was known to be one of the most stubborn of mountaineers, who was never diverted from his original purpose by any circumstance whatever. There are, however, features in the present situation, holding out opportunities for each to exercise his best qualities in furthering the interests of both for the benefit of the world in general. Whereas the closing of the recent conflict of principle by an Agreement supplementary to the Concordat has established a happy precedent for the future, the essential co-operation between Church and State in Italy may well be found in a gradual modification of the Fascist principle of authority, with the object of encouraging the development of the Italian national character. This in itself should provide a natural means of avoiding measures conflicting with the principles of the Church, and of securing for Fascist Italy a valuable friend as well as a strong and vigorous protector of our western civilisation.

"ENOSIS"—*THE OUTBREAK IN CYPRUS*

By Owen Tweedy

IT is a novel experience for Cyprus to be in the news. Before the events of last October the word "*Enosis*", when not mistaken for a by-product medicine, was certainly Greek to everyone of us. And that is exactly what it is. It means "Union with Greece", and is the slogan of the Greek-speaking majority in the Island.

Any effort to explain the development of the *Enosis* movement must be prefaced by a short summary of Cypriot history. The first historical record of the Island dates from its conquest, some thirty-five centuries ago, by an Egyptian Pharaoh. Subsequently it had many masters — Phœnician, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, Ptolemaic, Roman, Byzantine, Arab, English, Knights Templars, Kings of Jerusalem, Venetian, Turkish, and finally British—a series of dominations, which are easily explained by the two facts—first, that the strategic position of the Island made it an ideal sally-port midway between East and West: secondly, that its copper and timber resources have ever been all-important sinews of war.

Throughout its chequered history, Cyprus has maintained an intermittent but persistent contact with Greece. Under non-Greek foreign domination it has continued predominatingly Greek in character, and to-day over eighty per cent. of its population is Greek-speaking.

Enosis at the moment is essentially an Anglo-Cypriot problem; but actually it concerns Greece and Turkey almost more intimately than Great Britain. The movement first became articulate in 1821, when Greek-speaking Cyprus—then, as now, led by the Heads of the Greek Orthodox Church—revolted against the Turks in sympathy with European Greece, which had just embarked on its War of Independence. The Cypriot outbreak was suppressed with ferocious severity, and Cyprus remained a

Turkish Province. But Greece gained its liberty. Nevertheless, the Greek attitude towards Cyprus has always been tinged with the same patronising superiority complex as that with which the *haut-monde* of Paris regards the inhabitants of the French-speaking cantons of Switzerland. At the same time, there is very definitely between Athens and Greek-speaking Cyprus the sympathy of a common origin and tongue; and as long as the Island remained under Turkish rule, political Greece took the same lively interest in the welfare of the Greek-speaking population of the Island as it showed towards the other Greek minorities within the Ottoman Empire.

When, however, in 1878, the Turks ceded to Disraeli the administration in the Island, Athens did not only receive the news with expressions of deep satisfaction; but there was absolutely no suggestion that Athenian support should be given to the idea of Cypriot *Enosis*. Nor did this idea occur to the almost entirely illiterate Greek-speaking peasantry of the Island. Then, as now, they were Cypriot before they were Greek; and such feelings as they had were those of relief that a new régime had descended on the Island which, in any case, cou d not be worse than Ottoman rule.

The 1878 reaction of the vested interests in the Island, the second factor in the Cypriot equation, was more positive. Under Turkish rule the Greek Church had enjoyed—albeit precariously—freedom of worship and certain rights of jurisdiction among its flock; while the majority of the wealth of the Island was already safely in Greek-speaking town-dwelling hands; but both these centres of opinion, whose grandsons, the lawyers, the bishops and the financiers, have just been inciting Cypriots to direct action and violence on the pretext of *Enosis*, hailed the arrival of a British administration, with an enthusiasm unqualified by any expression of feeling that the Island ought to revert to Hellas. Indeed, it is possible that with this enthusiasm were blended other and less meritorious sentiments. Cyprus, for all its façade of Hellenism, is semi-Oriental at heart; and in the East revenge is sweet. The Greek-speaking population had for three centuries been under

the thumb of the Turkish minority, whose rule had been the traditionally Turkish mixture of *laisser-faire*, punctuated by almost barbaric repression. It is impossible not to think that the Greek-speaking vested interests in Cyprus hoped that, with the happy arrival of the powerful and Christian British, an era was dawning when they would be able to pay off a good many old scores against their former oppressors.

But whatever these Greek-speaking Cypriots thought or did not think, the Turkish minority resident in the Island was as ready in 1878 as it is in 1931 to accept any *régime* which is not dominated by their erstwhile subjects ruling uncontrolled. As recently as 1929, the Mufti of Cyprus, supported—almost incongruously—by the Armenian archbishop, signed a memorial to the British Government protesting against *Enosis* as being contrary to the true interests of the Island. The Turks are a Minority, as are the Armenians; and it says much for the reality of their apprehensions concerning the Greek-speaking leaders that they should make common cause against them.

The two main objects of British administration have been the re-establishment of justice for all, regardless of race and religion, and the economic reconstruction of Cypriot resources, which had been notoriously neglected or exploited by the Turkish Government. For the first forty years of our occupation the British authorities in general were gravely apathetic regarding the development of Cyprus. The Island was the Cinderella of the Colonial family; it was regarded as a bad investment with a Budget which always needed a balancing Grant-in-aid; climatically, it was considered primarily as a good sanatorium for officials who had lost their health in West Africa; only as an afterthought did it occur to anyone that this same climate might produce agricultural prosperity for the Cypriots. It was during those forty years that the idea of *Enosis*, dormant for over half a century, once more became articulate and finally vociferous. But there are mitigating circumstances. Up to 1914, the Island remained in Turkish possession; immediately after the War its

ultimate fate was uncertain; it was, in fact, only in 1925 that Cyprus became a full-blown British Colony and a permanent charge on British initiative.

Simultaneously, up to 1925, government in the Island had proceeded tranquilly on rigid, impartial and, admittedly, unimaginative colonial lines, with a minimum of local assistance in the higher councils of State; but when it became a Crown Colony, both the Greeks and the Turks were accorded larger representation in the reconstituted Legislative Assembly, the Greeks electing twelve members and the Turks three, while the Government nominees from the official ranks were increased to nine. The object of these liberal changes was to invite greater local co-operation. It failed lamentably. The Greek members, all ardent apostles of *Enosis*, persisted in reading into any abnormally important legislation some suggestion that it was directed against "Union with Greece", and, being thus offended in their *amour propre*, voted solidly against the Government. But against this opposition was ranged the equally solid support of the Turks and the Government nominees for the measure; and the result was a Gilbertian tie of twelve votes all. When the Governor-General gave his casting vote for the Government against the Greeks, the latter, quite regardless of their oath of allegiance to King George, which, on the face of it, is quite incompatible with *Enosis*, considered themselves not only thwarted but insulted.

These Greek-speaking leaders do not mince their words.

"Your legislation is a wicked farce", they said to me two years ago. "Whether it concerns the removal from private Greek control of the appointment of masters for our Greek schools, or the enforcement of customs tariffs to handicap Athenian in favour of British interests—everything is contrived to combat *Enosis*. How can we vote the destruction of our own aspirations?"

"But", I answered, "in both cases the object of the legislation was positive—to further Cypriot efficiency—not negative—to damage Greece or any other power. After all, you are, I suppose, Cypriots first? You *do* want the Island to be the main consideration of Cypriots?"

"Cyprus must, and shall be, developed by Greek genius only. We don't want expensive foreigners to do what we can do just as well ourselves."

"But you are not the only community in Cyprus. The Turks . . ."

I was sharply interrupted.

"Don't talk to me of them or of the Unholy Alliance which you British have made with them in our Legislative Assembly. The twelve of you, Christians and Moslems, band yourselves together automatically to defeat us who are not only Christians, but the majority. It is a foul scandal."

My friend's introduction of the Education Bill serves as a good illustration of British difficulties in Cyprus. Up to three years ago, the village schoolmaster was appointed directly by the heads of the local Greek community; but his selection was determined, not by his ability to teach the rudiments of knowledge, but by his oratorical powers to inculcate in the infant mind the beauties of *Enosis*. The schools were political hotbeds rather than seminaries of learning; and the result was the production of an army of half-baked students, singularly inefficient in Government service, which suffered accordingly. The new legislation, to which my friend objected so bitterly, had put the appointment of the schoolmasters into Government hands. That constituted a crime against the schoolmaster, and a further challenge to *Enosis*.

"Those poor fellows, whose hearts beat for *Enosis*, are now downtrodden Government officials and at your mercy. It is tyranny."

"But if they don't like it, they can resign. Anyhow, you can't expect Government to pay people to undermine Government authority."

"It is we who pay them. The taxes come from us. We ought to control them."

"As Cypriots—yes. As Greeks—no. Incidentally, haven't you a British passport? Do you prefer it to the Ottoman one you had before we came here?"

"Of course I do. Those Turks . . ." And we were back again on the topic of the Unholy Alliance.

On another occasion I was discussing the Greek attitude

towards *Enosis*. "I could better understand your enthusiasm," I said, "if it had any echo in Greece, or if Mr. Venizelos spent less time assuring journalists that Cyprus was not an Anglo-Greek question, but a problem which must be settled between the British and the Cypriots alone. If you were asking for Home Rule, I could understand; but as it is . . ." And I waved my arms Orientally.

"Mr. Venizelos is an international politician, and international politicians never say what they mean in public. But in private he has said that if you gave Cyprus to Greece, he would give you Suda Bay and Mudros, which are far better harbours than any we have here."

"And then Crete and Mudros would start their *Enosis* campaign against us. Would Mr. Venizelos then propose another swop? There is a good harbour at Phaleron."

"That would not concern us. We would be free and joined to Mother Hellas."

"And you would be governed by Athenian lawyers, and the Cypriot peasant would be conscripted for the Greek Army. The Corfiotes could tell you all about it, and what happened to them after the withdrawal of the British Protectorate. Would that be the true realisation of your aspirations?"

"Of course not," he retorted. "We would never allow that. We mean to be a self-governing dominion in the Greek Empire. Naturally the ideal would be an independent Greek-speaking Cyprus; but we are weak and vulnerable, and, with the Turks so near, the Turkish minority would always be troublesome. We can deal better with them if we have Athens behind us."

Later I met yet another National Leader. His theme was the terrorist tactics of the Government. I listened in silence until he boldly asserted that it was dangerous for him or any other Cypriot leader even to mention the word *Enosis*. Then I struck.

"What you are saying," I blurted out, "is absolute rubbish. I am only a stranger in the Island; but ever since I arrived, the sole topic of my conversations with you and your friends has been *Enosis*, and all the newspapers

which have been translated to me have harped on *Enosis* with such anti-British virulence that I confess I thought that I was listening to revolutionary pamphlets. And all your students in the towns are dressed in uniforms like Greek soldiers. And every Sunday every Greek Church flies the Greek flag."

"But the Moslems fly the Star and Crescent on their mosques on Fridays."

"Only because you taught them by flying your flags on Sundays."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's useless to try to make you British see reason," he said; "you are all pro-Moslem."

These quoted conversations have, perhaps, illustrated the nervous mentality of the *Enosis* leaders, but they do not reveal the real core of their grievances. At the risk of stepping in where angels fear to tread, I would hazard the belief that, were Greek government to be established in Cyprus, within two years it would be as irksome to the same coterie of vested interests as is British administration to-day, unless, of course, it was willing to descend to Levantine standards of honesty and equity.

The Cypriot peasant, though an honest farmer, is both illiterate and improvident, and up to seven years ago he was so deeply in the toils of the professional Greek-speaking money-lenders that agriculture was going from bad to worse, while the usurers waxed richer and richer. In 1924, the Government tardily realised the danger and sponsored the foundation of an Agricultural Bank, which was to finance the farmers at such low rates of interest as would put the rapacious moneylender out of business. Progress was slow—for the peasants are innately conservative and suspicious of Government intervention—but by degrees the scheme caught hold, and when the recent riots broke out, nearly every agricultural centre, small and great, had a promising co-operation committee of its own, and farming was beginning at last to become more lucrative to the farmer himself. The moneylenders, meantime, had strained every nerve to secure the failure of the project, but eventually allied themselves *en bloc* to the *Enosis* movement as a way out of their difficulties.

Enosis for them signified the departure of British control, which alone had stopped their lucrative trade; *Enosis* would bring back the good old days when the peasantry could be exploited with impunity.

The foundation of the Agricultural Bank is but one of many facts which have made it far harder for this coterie of vested interests in Cyprus to dilate upon British apathy since the Island became a British Colony. The British taxpayer, probably unknown to himself, now shoulders a yearly liability of £32,000, which was previously a charge on Cypriot revenue on account of a Turkish Loan. Mining resources have been sympathetically fostered, and royalties are now an important item in the Island's revenue. Both these unearned accretions of wealth have been well applied to the development of roads, hospitals, harbours, forestry and agriculture generally. In fact, in the last six years, social and economic progress has improved the lot of the Cypriot peasant out of all measure.

This state of affairs was naturally far from agreeable to the vested interests in the Island. Their strength lay in a discontented Anglophobe countryside; and as it became more settled economically, they developed political unrest as a means to suit their ends. Their main power has always been in the towns, among the professional classes; in the country, the Church shapes the opinions of the simple peasant; and, to-day, the Church, through its bishops and deacons, is the stimulus of agitation in every village, however small. And all this is done under the banner of *Enosis*. It is a thoroughly redoubtable organisation with a thoroughly plausible slogan; and by all and every means will this partnership of vested interests strive to keep alive, especially in the country districts, the lure of *Enosis* as the remedy for every Cypriot ill. It is a tragic situation. For Greece is but a red herring drawn across the trail of their real designs, which are to achieve unfettered power in Cyprus.

The future calls for patience and courage; and, above all, the problem must be confined within its terms of reference. In Greece, pro-Cypriot committees are being formed. Their counsels are irrelevant. Those who provoked the outbreak and broke their oath of allegiance

have been deported. They must not be allowed to return. We have declared our policy and our determination to maintain our position in Cyprus, and Mr. Venizelos has not challenged our right. We must see to it that we are not moved either by windy threats or by false appeals to sentiment. Our duty is towards the Cypriot peasant; and although he will never be demonstratively grateful, his welfare is the secret of Cypriot prosperity, which we have undertaken to promote.

I may, I hope, be forgiven if I end this article on a pungent if not a highbrow note. The outsider sees most of the game; and just as the news of the burning of Government House came through, I happened to meet an American with whom I had travelled in Cyprus four years ago. "*Enosis!*" he said. "Pure bunk! That handful of half-bred townees and so-called holy men are out for one thing and one thing only—their own pockets. You're the spoil-sports, and don't you be bluffed by them. You're not doing your job badly; and if you chuck it up now, you'll only be playing into their hands. Go on; and don't leave Mr. Hayseed of Cyprus in the lurch at their mercy. He is a decent fellow, even if he can't spell his name; and although at the moment he is as drunk as an owl with all that his bishops and his patriots have been pouring down his throat, you wait until he wakes up to-morrow morning. He is going to have a frightful head, and then he'll remember which side his bread is buttered. He is 'Cyprus for the Cypriot', and that is good horse-sense; and that is what you are giving him. But Cyprus for the Greeks! All eyewash! Cyprus for the moneylenders and the church-boxes is the true bill."

He paused for breath, and I smiled encouragingly. His reaction was startling.

"Great snakes!" he shouted. "I believe the man thinks I'm one of those Imperialist fans. Why, the word makes me sick! Only I don't want to see you Britishers done down by that Levantine crowd. Next time they ask for *Enosis*, you give them *Enosis*—union with *Turkey*. That'll learn them!"

COUNTRY SPEECH

By H. J. Massingham

THERE must still be a number of people who deplore the mechanisation of our English language, which, at any rate, used to be the richest, the most dramatic and flexible in the world. The Age of the Machine has, no doubt, increased the capital of English or pseudo-English words, but the standardisation that accompanies it has produced the most blighting effect upon the vitality, saltiness and expressiveness of common speech. Just as arterial roads plunge through the countryside without any recognition of, or deference to, the individual varieties between one area and another, so the era of mass-production enforces a like uniformity both upon our general language itself and its local peculiarities. The growing poverty of our bountiful tongue, stored with the honey of ages of thought and human drama, is cruelly illustrated by our more and more reliance upon Americanese for our slang terms, our homelier idiom, and our means of labelling popular new inventions. As the Americans themselves borrow from the classical languages without knowing how to use them, the results, after these words have recrossed the Atlantic, are ghastly.

If, for instance, a middle-aged Englishman were to visit a Hollywood " talkie " for the first time to-day, it is no exaggeration to say that half of the words spoken would be a foreign language to him. But the alien element is understood of the millions whose entertainment is the " movies ", and they import what they hear into their daily communications without absorbing them into the native speech. The enormous growth of population ; the network of great roadways between the cities and towns ; cheap and rapid transport ; the urbanisation of the countryside ; the loss of craftsmanship in mass-production ; the picture

palace and the more venal Press, together with the general uniformity of thought and custom throughout the land—all these factors are fatal to the individuality, the freshness and livingness of the words we speak, quite apart from their poetry. The modern orchard is a spruce drill-yard whose trees are drawn up on parade, all alike, each equidistant from its neighbours, while the old grassy orchard whose wilful weather-beaten trees were like old country characters who went their own rough, sweet way—this is passing away. It is much the same process with our modernised speech.

It is, therefore, of great interest that there do still exist in the lonelier parts of English country little languages all on their own, which are not exactly dialect, and yet are foreign to the townsman without losing their title of English. I am only familiar with one of these; but it is such a fine, sinewy, pictorial and beautifully earthy tongue, that it is very well worth relishing before it withers, as wither it must. There are, of course, a number of old glossaries of rural speech in existence which profess to list that portion of the vocabulary of rustics diverging from our normal currency, and the one of particular relevance to my theme is J. D. Robertson's *Glossary of Dialect and Archaic Words used in the County of Gloucestershire*, published in 1890. But the defect of all these volumes is that they give no indication of what proportion of the words found in them are still in use. If you do not know, for instance, whether a word like " oontitump " for a molehill, a Cotswold term, comes naturally to-day from the lips of Cotswold men, it might as well be dead to you as alive. Such volumes, in effect, are as academic in interest as a dictionary of Old Gaelic, and are of service only to the philologist. But if you know that certain terms you have never heard, and don't know the meaning of, are still passed between living men who are your own countrymen, these words are no longer mere shells picked up on the beach of human memory ; there is life inside them. The coins of Cotswold speech I have collected are rustless because they are yet in local being, chiefly among the farm-labourers of the North Cotswolds, and they are

of such a quality and force in themselves that they deserve the attraction of everybody who cares for the way he speaks or writes and how other people speak or write for him. I can vouch for the authenticity of them all.

Before I was introduced to the enticing experience of hearing a new language akin to but quite unlike my own, I had assumed, as I think most people do, that a country dialect must inevitably be remote from all bookish or literary associations. Its breath would be of more pungent odour than that of thyme or marjoram, those highly sophisticated herbs almost more real to us from the pages of books than springing from common or hedgerow. The tang of Cotswold speech would be of the earth earthy, and that alone, and I could not dream of ever hearing terms which smelled of book-learning.

But, to my astonishment, I proved to be quite wrong; and though a very large number of current Cotswoldisms are agricultural in meaning, literature was the original home of some of them, or rather we ourselves only gathered them from the streams of Helicon. The Cotswold language is, in fact, the only one known to me which preserves in a living matrix what is left of our Renaissance heritage and "the tongue that Shakespeare spake". What our actor-managers, our literary doctors, our libraries and museums fail to do is achieved all unconsciously by the unlettered rustic over a mug of scrumpy (local cider). It became evident to me, after a time, that the unsurpassed Shakespearian expression must have been—a not inconsiderable part of it—as common on the "high wild hills" of the North Cotswolds that Shakespeare knew as blackberries and the meadow crane's bill. Continuity and segregation alone have fostered the life in the relics of it. If you or I on a bright day of February were to speak of the "rathe primrose", who would know what we were talking about? Dr. Saintsbury and his erudite company, a handful of cultivated people, the shade of Milton—and the Cotswold labourer. But no others. Is it not strange to hear from the mouth of a hard-bitten shepherd of the wolds the identical term "make" for "mate" that echoes so poignantly

from the "Ballad of the Nutbrown Maid"? Or to hear "goodspeed" or "good sped" for our well-dressed good-bye, self-conscious *au revoir*, or jaunty, "so long"?

Here are a few of the Elizabethan words that were heard at the "Globe" more than three hundred years ago, and are heard to-day in the inns between Chipping Campden and Stow-on-the-Wold. "Away with", in the sense of put up with, as Shakespeare used it in the second part of *King Henry the Fourth*; "doxy", an over-dressed woman; "lickerish", in the slightly changed modern sense of mawkish or luscious; "lush", just as Shakespeare used it in *Midsummer Night's Dream*; "mazzard", for head (*Hamlet* and *Othello*); "plash", a small pool (*Taming of the Shrew*); "orts", for leavings (*Troilus and Cressida*); "quar", by which Ben Jonson meant, and the hillmen mean, a quarry; "puckfoisted", for bewitched; "reneague", to renounce a job (*King Lear* and *Antony and Cleopatra*); "rune", for whisper, which is probably the Scandinavian word that has floated away from its original ritualistic significance; "scathe", for damage (*Richard the Third*); "slobberly", for sloppy (*King Henry the Fifth*); "snotch", for twang, though no longer of the bow-string (*Julius Cæsar*); "tice", for coax (*Titus Andronicus*); "twit", for blab (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*); "cark", for care; "fettle", a verb meaning to put in order; "glim", for light; and "cooten", for fool—these words still tell the ghost of Shakespeare that he is in England and not in Bohemia.

But the Cotswold speech affords an even livelier interest than in the innocent tenacity with which it has saved some of its great countryman's language from oblivion. That lies in the Cotswold rustic's use of words which we should, in a generic sense, describe as literary words, and these, more frequently than not, bear a different meaning from the ones usually associated with them. "Blow" for blossom, and "blowth" for orchard blossom, are good examples—any poet would have been happy to have invented or pounced upon so glowing a term, especially

as it rhymes with " growth " ! Here are some other examples. " Brave " is a colloquialism for well or healthy, and this no doubt was its archaic significance ; while " kind " for the thriving plant, " nuzzle " for nestle, " ramp " for rage, and " upstart " for bumptious, all suggest the foster-mothering of words which have either become antiquated or have sideslipped in their meaning. Other literary or semi-literary—or at any rate thoroughly non-corduroy—words still flourish among the men who affect such trousering, but in a different translation from the normal. Such are " comfortable ", which means amiable or easy to get on with ; " knowledgeable ", a common word for sensible ; " perishty ", for withered ; " underminded ", a fine word for a mean action ; " comical ", for out of sorts ; " crass ", for peevish ; "oof ", or "oaf ", a verb for to play the fool ; "nay-word", which simply means a common phrase ; " logic ", that the rustic (perhaps wisely) employs for abuse ; " teem ", a verb meaning to pour out ; " urchin ", another Shakespearian word which all true Cotswold men understand so long as you refer to a hedgehog ; " deadly ", in the sense of " black slugs be out deadly " ; and " mumble ", which for some inexplicable reason (unless it has something to do with the movement of the jaws) means to eat without appetite.

" Gnerl " is an obvious variant of gnarl ; but whereas only the cultured use the latter, none but the unlettered use the former. But it is not so easy to tumble to the fact that " oodle " and " waywind " are really as literary as they make 'em, only corrupted. The first, by which the Campden folk refer to the nightingale, was once " woodwail ", and the second (once " wave-wind ") is the bindweed. " Moil ", for labour, has both literate and ancestral warrant ; but the admirable word " scambling ", for makeshift, may, for aught I know, be a portmanteau expression from scamping a job and scrambling through it. At any rate, I found it very singular to have heard so many words from the mouths of homespun men, which look as though they had been stolen out of literature or a conversazione at the Poetry Book Shop.

An utterly different class of words, jostling among the Shakespearian and the bookish, is the onomatopœic. This form of expression, where the quality or function of the object is more or less represented by the sound which describes it, is doubtless the most primitive of all speech—more primitive by far than the language of the early Egyptian pictographs. None the worse for that, since an onomatopœic term must by its very nature be graphic and robust. It is a speaking term indeed, one in closest touch with what it refers to, one which acts it to the life. Cotswold possesses a number of these dramatic words which are historiettes or little pantomimes in themselves. The farm-labourer of the wolds, for instance, will " grizb ", not gnash, his teeth, and it is because his wife " cagmags ", not henpecks him. As the " chackle " she makes strikes him " smullock " (all of a heap) ; and he cannot bring himself to " bommux " her (we in our transatlantic jargon would say " beat her up "), and the pub will be " mortable " cheerful with a " peffle " of snow falling outside, and he feeling a bit " snoffely " in the head, off he goes to " bibble " a mug of scrumpy and " nobble " a hunk of cheese. Back he comes in the thaw, " shlosheting " through the long grass and " kyolloping ", or, as we should flatly and dully put it, feeling no end of a chap.

Some of the words that roughly fall under this heading are more subtly expressive than their cruder brethren—for example, to " smyther " or cajole with fair meaningless words, which exactly conveys a bland, unctious, deceiving artfulness. When a man " dinks " along, he is walking stoopingly and shamblingly, as though with milk-pails round his shoulders ; and when he " yarrops " away, he is arguing aggressively. A flighty girl he calls a " giglet ", a cockchafer a " humbuz ", and a chaffinch a " chink " ; and if you want to be on your way and fidget about as he stops to listen to the last, he will probably say, " Don't 'ee be a-fistlen' about ".

Onomatopœic language naturally brings one into contact with the wider pastures of dramatic or pictorial language, and here the Cotswold labourer, pursuing his monotonous

round, is richly endowed. Why is it so? Is it because, as he strode behind his team over the furrows, the ages, passing over him like clouds, dropped their honeydew of fresh sparkling speech upon him, while we in towns rushed along from the old to the new and, regardless of where we were going, called it progress? Or is it because he is eye to eye with the seasons and hears the movements of the earth, her foreshadowings and fulfilment, flushings and rejoicings, sweetness and storm, so that her moods, her instabilities and yet passionate purposes, so unerringly accomplished, enter into his being? Perhaps it is both, but sure it is that the Cotswold countryman's speech can be well-nigh as full of colour, sinew and vivacity as an oak or an April day. The rustic is not usually a good naturalist, because he is not a trained observer and takes the birds, beasts and flowers of the field for granted. But what he does note, his words see as well as he sees himself.

Thus on Cotswold a film of ice on the road is a " gleer ", snowdrops are " Candlemas Bells ", woodlice are " Church pigs ", the flowers of the wild arum the " cow and calf " (also Shakespearian), the hedgehog (as well as the " urchin ") the " Fuz man pig ", the bumble-bee the " humbledore ", the rowan the " quicken tree ", a mole-hill a " woont-heave ", and the yaffle " Laughing Betsy ". Though an extension of the onomatopœic habit, this type of word-drama, instead of conveying things only in their own image, visualises them more vividly still in the image of something else. Words, again, like " scrimpy " (puny) " bofflement " (worry), " pitchipoll " (somersault), " plubby " (swollen), " scrump " (to eat ravenously), " quops " (a faint queasy feeling), " cherky " (dry in the mouth, possibly a corruption of chalky), " chaun " (gape), " cludgy " (stout, thick), " moither " (to tire or harass), " mombley " (bewildered—commonly used for the dazed and slightly dizzy condition of just one too many), " slommacky " (a devil-may-care attitude), " twerty " (ill at ease, nervous), " quiddle " (fuss), " mugglement " (confusion), " scud " (to rain slightly), " kyaw " (to stare), " yawny " (a simpleton), " daddocky " (decayed wood),

" carneying " (wheedling), " wimbling " (poor and weedy), "womble" (to move awkwardly), and others, are conceived on a broader basis than that of imitating an object, action or condition by sound. They dramatise them by an attempt at interpreting through a visual impression the spirit of the thing or state described. They are essentially word-pictures, concrete representations as remote as possible from the Latinisms which swing us out into the abstract. There is a strict unity between the thing seen and the sound by which it is conveyed, but the conveyance itself is to the imagination, whereas in more closely onomatopœic terms it is the senses which are invoked.

Words like " afterclaps ", meaning bad results, " dab in the fist " for bribe, " hopping mad " for furiously angry, " will-jill " for an effeminate person, " whiffle " for snow driving in wreaths, " snarly " for bark covered in rugosities, " peart " for lively, " ripping " or " sniping," the adjectives of a very sharp frost, and " slimber ", a verb meaning to take your ease or feel at rest—are playlets in themselves. One so often gets the impression that traditional Cotswold terms are like performing marionettes. " He fell mumpus ", a man will say, and flat goes the little wooden prancer before our mind's eye, but the curtain is down as soon as we say " full length ". Other words in this category remind us of Anglo-Saxon poetry—such as " shut of day " for twilight, " weepy " for a moist soil, " peeping " for dawning, " nesh " for delicate or weak, and " lie-by " for bedfellow. Their derivations are plain enough in some cases, impenetrable in others; and I can make nothing of the history of words like " povey " (owl), " zothy " (foolish), " quomp " (to subdue), " mollar-holt " (to grip or clutch), " dowkes " or " mawkes " (a slattern), " dornicky " (rotten), " casalty " (changeable weather), and their kind. " Lady Godiva ", for instance, is an expression used by a domino champion when he blocks up his opponent who cannot follow suit. All we can say is that these are words which tap wristy strokes upon the mind to compel its notice.

Yet another genus of this still living vernacular (and very much alive-oh it is) may be grouped under variations

of words in common use. They vary both in their meaning and spelling, and, whether by the one process or the other, are somehow animated and lit up. Of the latter class, some are Saxon plurals—"we'm", "cot housen" (cottages), "mousen", "flen" (fleas), "snail housen", "stonen", or rather "stwunen", which in this termination means made of stone. Others introduce capricious re-spellings with pleasing effect "primmy rose", "mowlter" (moult), "careluck" (charlock), "clomber" (climb), "clumbersome" (clumsy), "sooty" (sweep), "ellern" and "ellum" trees, "veldwer" (fieldfare), "fammel" (famished), "joy pie" and "maggotty pie" for "they birds in them hills and woods", "lattermath" (aftermath), "filbeard" (filbert nut), "ninny-hammer" (that's a "yawny"), "scort" (hurry), "fot", the past tense of fetch, and "roach" of reach, "fussicky", "mews" (hare's form), "masonter" (mason), "gake" (gape), and "free gracious" (free and gratis). Others are orthodox enough in spelling or nearly so, but don't mean at all what we do. "Nivel", which has plainly lost its prefix "s", means to sneer; "collogue", to consult with; "menajery", a contrivance; a "pothery" day is a muggy one; "wimwam", a queer contraption; "sleepy" stands for a rotting apple, or opple as they say on Cotswold; and "hunkid", possibly derived from unkind, can sometimes signify awkward, but more commonly is for dreary. "Lousy" and "summery" both indicate the qualities of beer— the one when it is full of condition and body, the other when it is tart in hot weather.

Without the reader's aural experience, it is impossible to convey either the accent or the rhythm of the slow, undulating Cotswold speech, so true to the landscape. No sooner are you off the hills than not only is the capital of the language itself impoverished, but the voice-inflections and pronunciation are drastically modified. The mountain speech is sweeter and the valley speech is flatter. A good old book about the Cotswolds I once met declares that the true folk-speech in broad dialect tends to fall into the measure of blank verse or the wave-like hexameters of the *Iliad*, viz., "I'd's vine a potch o' taeters 's a man 'ud

wish to zee". I was sceptical of this at first, but later was less inclined to unbelief.

The only and second-hand way of illustrating Cotswold talk is to quote a small section of it *verbatim* and as I have heard it. The company was discussing the merits of an epical liar, now dead, called Tommy Boots. Tommy Boots had a dog, and one day that dog, said Tommy, was carried up in a whirlwind, "yarropy, yarropy up to heaven and kow-whelping up in they clouds." Another of his yarns was then delivered: "I wuz a-minding churries fur my feither when I do zee vower and twenty vinches a-setting on a churry tree. So I ketches 'old a my old muzzle lowder, and I lowdes 'ee up uv vower and twenty tintacks. Then, *tling-wing-boom!* I guz, an' I nails they vower and twenty vinches to that churry tree." *Tling-wing-boom!* echoed the company in chorus.

I have given a very rough classification of about half the Cotswold terms furrin' to us with which I am familiar, and some measure of the once richness of country speech may be gathered from the fact that the entire vocabulary now in currency represents only a fraction of the language which the forefathers of the Cotswold hillmen knew and uttered. Moreover, it is no longer of wide circulation, being strictly confined to the uplands. I have been careful to exclude all archaisms, and these dead outnumber the living by twenty to one. Their pungency, their virile stock and expressive fitness to the realities of rustic life, have not been enough to save them from the moth. The survivors, too, must in a few years join their ghostly company, until the man from Birmingham recognises the speech of the wolds as his own. But that sad, soon inevitable, day is not yet, and meanwhile the Cotswold villages, the Cotswold hills, and the Cotswold tongue, are three graces which form a unique and lovely kinship; nor has the malignant coccus of time quite ravaged the vital energy of one of them.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

I HAVE written so often the words at the head of this page that, as a rule, they cease to have meaning, but to-day it comes back. Tide variations are not just the swing of a pendulum; you have springs, or neaps, and even one springtide will be bigger than another—such as was that of 1906, when a Liberal flood left the Tories at the lowest ebb in recent history. But now and then there comes a wholly distinct phenomenon; October 27th was a tidal wave, submerging all known landmarks. It was without recorded precedent; yet appeal to the country in August 1914 would have produced very similar results, though then the democracy found a different and even more impressive way of expression. Impressive or not, this last demonstration was staggering. It proved that, whatever may be true elsewhere, you can trust democracy with the purse strings in England. Nothing is so alluring to ignorant minds as the appeal: Take more from the rich, who can afford it; do not touch the allowance which public wisdom has set up to stand between unemployment and starvation. Yet look at the answer. One eminent critic has called it a stampede. Can even Mr. Bernard Shaw stampede people uphill? For my part I had rather call it a response to leadership, and that is a fine thing to see in a free people. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden reached not only the mind of the country, but its imagination. As for Mr. Thomas, the electors of Derby put twenty-seven thousand votes between him and the poll of his opponent, and it is more than likely that railwaymen all over the country followed his lead. But inspiration came from the other two men, and so far as concerned the destruction of opponents, this was Mr. Snowden's election. Tied physically to his room, he was able through

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modern contrivance to launch his fierce energy all over the field, and where he struck it was a brain-blow. Mr. MacDonald's power was rather that of evocation, and the chorus responding to his summons was led by Mr. Baldwin, to whom it comes natural to do a fine thing simply. An action of his in the war is remembered; but that example had few imitators. Now, he can use not example, but authority, and uses it to reinforce another's leadership. Without these two combined directing pressures, it is doubtful whether Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir Donald Maclean would have succeeded in their three-cornered contests.

Mr. MacDonald, in his address to the electors published after the declaration of the first results, used a phrase that was natural enough; yet it sounded oddly to hear that the successes of his campaign were "almost embarrassing". It rests with himself, with his own courage, to sweep aside all trace of embarrassment. There is no mistake about the mandate. The nation realises its danger to a degree that was not expected of so insular a people, and it demands sound finance, administered by men above all suspicion of bias towards capital as against labour. The Government comes back with a perfectly free hand to try tariffs, and undoubtedly it would be insane not to content the desire for this experiment which is active in the majority of the Government's supporters. But the positive mandate is to stop waste: to ensure the security of savings, and perhaps even more to put an end to what thousands of workers see with indignation: namely, other workers refusing employment which they could obtain because it would only add five shillings a week to the pay received for doing nothing. It is not the rich man who is angriest at this: it is the man and woman who work for such a wage as is rejected, and who are perfectly well aware that he or she by working make it possible for those others to refuse work. The most important and difficult task in the new Government will fall to the Minister in charge of unemployment insurance.

No Embarrassment

Sir John Simon's appointment to the Foreign Office was a surprise : for he had never been conspicuously associated with that side of the Government. But no clearer brain, or more versatile in its power of application, was ever brought to the work of a great office. Scarcely any lawyers, I think, have held this charge, yet his immediate predecessor was Lord Reading, who stood aside to make room for younger men. So did Sir Austen Chamberlain. It is a good sign of the temper in which the Prime Minister will be met that men so representative in different wings of the national party should have withdrawn claims so conspicuous. Distributing among five hundred the loaves and fishes which formerly had to feed little more than half that number might have been a grim business ; but these examples must have given the task a very different colour. Mr. Baldwin's reply to Sir Austen Chamberlain's generous communication was a singularly pleasant thing to read ; it reminded us what we owe to the man who steps down. For in the last resort one thing matters more even to England than the stabilisation of the pound and restoration of the balance of trade : it is the stabilisation of Europe. How much we can build on what was done at Locarno, time must show, but that is the only solid piece of foundation work accomplished for Europe since the war ended.

Yet even under the happiest omens the Prime Minister must look forward with anxiety to his task. He and Mr. Baldwin will have to cope with an exaggerated form of what confronted the Liberal leaders from 1906 to 1910—a majority so large that any group in it holding a special view will feel at liberty to register their convictions in the division lobby. Besides, clever aspirants will not get so many chances as they would desire of addressing the House, and that breeds discontent. Even if the Speaker modifies the practice of calling men alternately from different sections, all the budding Tory talents must grow like saplings in a close-set plantation, whereas the Opposition Speakers will have plenty of air and light to spread

Control in the House

themselves in—yes, even of limelight. Between 1906 and 1910, F. E. Smith had the ball at his foot ten times for once that it ever came to John Simon or to Rufus Isaacs ; and Sir Stafford Cripps is likely to rise very rapidly in public note. However, his first effort on the address was not a triumph, and it opened the way for a war dance from Mr. Thomas, which made me realise how formidable this Welshman is who can hit so hard with such suppleness and with such good humour. There can be few equals to him on a platform, and this was one of the occasions when the House of Commons lent itself to a platform speech : yet it was dexterously adapted to a parliamentary audience.

The new House is an odd one to look at with Sir Robert Horne, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Amery grouped on a back bench to the right ; hardly anyone on the front opposition bench who was in Parliament before 1918, except Colonel Wedgwood, that pacifist who rose up and denounced the movement to war when the House was cheering itself mad for Sir Edward Grey's speech—and who in a few weeks was buccaneering about France in an armoured car, and in a few months was landing from the " River Clyde " at Gallipoli. It would be a poor world without such knights errant ; besides no man has worked harder to instruct himself in all the matters, foreign and domestic, that come within Parliament's cognisance.

Old Faces New Places

Mr. Maxton will necessarily have front bench importance in the new grouping—a fact that may have interesting developments ; but he and his knot of Clydesiders have chosen to sit on the front bench just below the gangway—a *frondeur's* position, for very long associated with the figure of Lord Hugh Cecil. Extremes meet on this bench ; Sir Henry Page Croft and his stalwarts rub shoulders with Mr. Kirkwood and Mr. Buchanan. The Tories' extremists can probably give their leaders more trouble than the Maxton group will cause Mr. Lansbury, whom it is charming to contemplate as official leader of the opposition. When Mr. Lloyd George is well enough to come and sit by him, ready with assistance, the spectacle

will be even more entrancing to connoisseurs. They may look forward to good sport: for Mr. Lloyd George will have incomparably more freedom and less responsibility than have been his lot at any time for the last five and twenty years. He will probably take the line that Socialism is off the map for practical purposes and that the real dividing line is between patrician and plebeian, rich and poor.

What does seem to be off the map is trade unionism as a governing force in politics; Mr. Snowden, who put so many things incisively during the election, after the election laid this down: Labour is not destroyed as a party, but must begin to build again on a principle of citizenship, not of class. There spoke the Socialist. Socialism, whatever else it is, is a creed for the community; but the trade unionists concentrated—(for domestic politics)—on a single effort to maintain a rigid scale of wages till they honestly believed that all would be well if you maintained at a high nominal figure the basic stage—the wage of unemployment. Sooner than alter that, they were ready to risk the whole fortunes of the community.

Violence in India

Meantime, external difficulties accumulate. While the Round Table Conference sits, murderous attacks on European officials occur. Yet considering the enormous area of territory, the vastness of population, and the spread of disaffection to the idea of foreign rule, one should be surprised rather at the fewness of these than their repetition. Mr. Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence must retain a considerable hold, even in his absence. The trouble in Kashmir is much more significant. Here a Moslem population ruled by a Brahmin aristocracy is so fiercely in revolt, that the native Government has needed to call in British troops. If India is to remain a unity, there must clearly be some army of the central authority. Yet, supposing that central government controlled by the Hindu majority, would the effect of calling on it for troops to put down Moslem disorder be so likely to bring tranquillity as when the appeal is made to a government neither Moslem or Hindu? I can only say to myself, Suppose a Dublin government were asked to send down troops to stop trouble between Protestant and Catholics in Belfast, what would happen? Still, I do not think the unity of Ireland impossible, for the problem is of manageable size. But how to impose a modern European government, which implies consent of the governed, on agglomerations of three or four hundred millions, I do not see. America manages it, up to a hundred millions: but then its population has grown up under such institutions as Indians and Chinese want to adopt by a single act. China was free to try the experiment, and we see the result. What is worse, we see the menace to a community of nations which seeks to include among its members a "nation" of this inchoate bulk.

Obligations of Nationhood

The League of Nations at its outset made the mistake common to philanthropists: it accepted adherents too easily. Weakened as it was by the abstention of the United States, it took on lightheartedly the embarrassing association with China. No such League can be of service to the world unless its members can perform the ordinary functions of a Government within their own territories. Several of the Powers have suffered seriously from China's incompetence to discharge these obligations; but Japan, lying nearest, has most to complain of; and, as various articles in *The Times* and still more Mr. Green's in the last number of this *Review* made plain, Manchuria is a vital interest to Japan. What she has done there, no doubt in her own interest, but to the great advantage of the Chinese, may be compared to England's work in Egypt; and she is fully entitled to ensure that her results shall not be destroyed nor her trade obliterated. Technically, she has been put in the wrong by China, under the rules which members of the League lay down for their own conduct. But never before the creation of the League, or since it, has Japan failed to fulfil her obligations to powers who were able to fulfil theirs · and the first thing to ask is

whether France, England or the United States, if situated as Japan has been, would have acted otherwise. The rules of the road are for those who can observe them, and cannot always be followed when a clumsy lorry lurches along out of control. China long ago showed its inability to perform any useful task as a member of the League ; it now asks to be protected against the consequences of its own disorder. We come down to this. Nations must arrive at a certain point of civilised organisation before they are entitled to come forward and claim that military coercion shall not be used against them. If that claim is prematurely admitted, the whole fabric is endangered. At present the mischief is done, the situation exists and the League must only make the best of it. But it should be clearly recognised that Japan's military action so far bears no resemblance to a war of conquest. Yet one of the worst consequences flowing from Chinese disorder is that it drives a wedge between Japan and the modern civilisation to which the Japanese have so marvellously adapted themselves. It is one of the principles pre-supposed by that civilisation that a government shall be able to speak for its army : yet in Japan the army is technically not amenable to parliament, and remaining elements of feudalism, which have no love for either parliament or the League of Nations, got their chance in Manchuria to break away from government control. They urged that honour was at stake, and they inflicted discredit. Thus a proud people has been placed between the choice of losing face abroad or at home : and that is the beginning of trouble—which goes back to the fact that those who admitted China to the League disregarded realities.

Corsica and Cyprus

Minor matters have interest. Corsica always offers a high degree of local colour and the campaign to stamp out brigandage recalls vividly Mérimée's *Colomba*. It seems clear that the ancient institution, springing from a cult of vendetta, has been vulgarised by American examples : Latin brigands were degenerating into blackmailing gunmen. But no questions of conscience are involved in the campaign. France only asks whether the possible results are worth the military outlay. England has a very different problem in Cyprus, for England recognises the principles of nationality, always in theory and sometimes even in practice. The island is Greek and wants to belong to Greece. It is true there are Turks there, some twenty-five per cent. of the people. It is also probably true that Cyprus was never so well administered in its history as under English rule. But these truths applied equally to the Ionian islands, yet they did not prevent England from yielding them to the principles of nationality —after the islanders had obstinately shown a very injurious attitude in face of British benevolence. Sir Ronald Storrs, the governor, on whom most regrettable loss has been inflicted, is no doubt as much a phil-Hellene as Mr. Gladstone was ; but Mr. Gladstone could do nothing with the Ionian nationalists. It is to be hoped that the Government will not affirm that never under any conditions can Cyprus be allowed to become Greek, for undignified retreats often result from such assertions. We are told that Cyprus was offered to Greece in the war in return for certain services ; these were not rendered and so the plan fell through ; but plainly no vital principle of strategy can demand its retention. And I have never been able to see why the increase of Greek influence in the Mediterranean should not be considered as obvious British interest.

Frank Harris on Shaw

The British public is never tired of hearing about Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and of late its appetite has been glutted. There was the G. B. S.-Ellen Terry correspondence : then there was Mr. Gordon Craig's protest and Mr. Shaw's rejoinder. Now we have a Life of Mr. Shaw, written, against his repeatedly expressed wish, by the late Frank Harris, who died, leaving to his subject or victim the task of correcting his proofs. If we ask why Mr Shaw, by carrying it out, put himself in an awkward position, one answer is that Mr. Shaw, to do him justice, has never been deterred from doing anything by any such consideration. He is always confident in his power

to extricate himself. But the other answer is more significant. One of the keys to Mr. Shaw's character which this book affords is his perpetual willingness to do a good turn. Indeed, the biographer goes so far as to say: "It may be seriously questioned whether Shaw would have ever written a play if there had been no theatres to be kept open and no actors to be obliged." The truth behind that exaggeration is that we should have had much fewer Shaw plays if such considerations had not given a push to one who had no need to write. The untruth in it is that it ignores the writing of *Man and Superman*, *Back to Methusaleh*, and *Heartbreak House*, which was prompted by no such necessity; and these are probably the plays to which their author attaches most importance—as we can learn from other passages in the book: for Mr. Harris frequently, if not always, provides the means to correct his own over-statements. We need not bother a great deal about his analysis of Mr. Shaw's opinions, whether on religion or politics, for it makes very confused reading; but there is no mistaking the vitality of the portraiture of the man. It is done in a rampageous and ruffianly manner, entirely characteristic of the artist, but it is candid—it comprises the insertion of a letter in which Mr. Shaw reasons with Mr. Harris for being ruffianly—using that word and expounding it. Only on such terms would it have been possible to have maintained any kind of friendship with Frank Harris for forty years. Inadvertently we are let know—though Mr. Harris did not stress this—that Shaw considered himself under a lasting obligation to the editor in whose journal he first made himself an assured position. We may also infer that the relation remained possible because Mr. Shaw, though willing to give service, would neither borrow money nor lend it.

However, the pith of the matter is that we here have what seems to me an extremely interesting and credible account of Mr. Shaw's very odd upbringing and of his early experiences before even the beginnings of success came his way: the formation of his mind is traced, through early apprenticeship in music, through much miscellaneous

reading, through study of scientific philosophy, to the stage when thought passed into action and the student became a propagandist of socialism at street corners, and then the first pillar of the Fabians. Journalism was bread-winning work: but stagecraft began as a mere extension of propaganda.

Dramatic Frigidity

Since as a dramatist Mr. Shaw had to deal largely with questions of sex, he has been led to allow himself to be catechised on what would be called now-adays his sex history: and since decency was to Mr. Harris not a word, but a byword, he has written his own confession. "Poverty and fastidiousness", in his own words, but one may add, laboriousness, caused him to defer the ordinary sex experience till he was twenty-nine: his later affairs of the kind were not numerous, and though he enjoyed them they did not involve more than a small part of his nature. In other words, he never experienced that fusion of imagination and physical desire which makes this passion formidable. The result is evident in his plays. A French critic, reviewing the work of a young dramatist, censures him for modelling himself on Mr. Shaw, and blames it on their nationality (for M. Steve Passeur is half Irish) that both are *glacial*. It is true that though both handle themes which most dramatists avoid, and though M. Passeur is reproached for brutality, yet their men and women seem moved by intellect or by will, as it were disembodied, even when the chief concern of their lives is represented as being sex or the traffic in it. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* may shock the young—or one should rather say, the elderly; it cannot demoralise them. These satirists, unlike Wycherley and his successors, provide no aphrodisiacs. The result is, I think, that matters can be usefully discussed on the stage by Mr. Shaw, which D. H. Lawrence, for instance, could not have approached without creating an excitement that certainly does not conduce to clear thinking.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

No more dispassionate judge of the voice of Demos can be found than SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, whose recent articles in the *Fortnightly* have attracted wide comment and praise in the press of several countries. ROGER CHANCE, who recently collaborated with Oliver Baldwin in a book, "Conservatism and Wealth", believes that "Socialism is not dead, or even dying." Mr. Chance's article is a warning to over-confident Conservatives.

European disturbances are discussed this month by two well-known journalists E. W. POLSON NEWMAN and OWEN TWEEDY. Both writers made a special journey to the respective seats of trouble in order to study the situation at first hand. Another writer who speaks with personal knowledge of his subject is O. M. RASMUSSEN, who has lived for twenty-eight years in China and knows from experience the odd characteristics that go to make up the Chinese soldier.

R. D. CHARQUES, writing this month on the educational achievements of the Soviet Republic, has done a good deal of Russian translation for the English papers. Formerly he was on the staff of *The Times* as assistant dramatic critic. "A Chapter in Constructive Finance" is what T. G. BARMAN, the Swedish correspondent of *The Times*, calls the remarkable rise to power of Ivar Kreuger, head of the famous firm of Kreuger & Toll.

Several articles have recently appeared in the press on the vexed question of "the Right to Die," and Dr. Killick Millard's able summing-up of the pros and cons is very welcome at this time. Dr. Killick Millard is President of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, and is a frequent contributor to medical papers.

The name of H. J. MASSINGHAM needs no introduction, as his books on anthropology and kindred subjects have been read by everyone who is interested in the history of man. STEPHEN GWYNN continues to contribute his notes on the ebb and flow of events during the month.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE NEW MACAULAY

by REGINALD BERKELEY

THE WORLD CRISIS—THE EASTERN FRONT, by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. *Thornton Butterworth*. 30s.

IT is typical of the vicissitudes of politics that, at a time of world crisis unparalleled in the history of the present civilisation, one of the most active political minds of our age should be condemned to dwell in a crisis of nearly twenty years ago. His friends may justly assert, and his enemies are bound to admit, that Mr. Churchill played an important, and in some respects even a paramount, part in the events that led up to and immediately followed the outbreak of war in 1914. The origins of that War, like the roots of some monstrous cancer, are deeply imbedded in the last century. Mr. Churchill, exploring for these origins, makes a fine Macaulayesque endeavour to rivet the blame on Aerenthal, Foreign Secretary of the Dual Monarchy, who played a large part in the annexation of Bosnia-Herzgovina.

On the surface there is much to be said for this point of view. But the aim of history is to look under the surface. How far was Aerenthal more than a mouthpiece for the Ballplatz, swept, willingly perhaps, but nevertheless powerless, upon the tide of bureaucratic opinion? How far was he the fountain of policy? How far was he the instrument of one of those political tendencies that, without being definitely attributable to any individual, or even to any group, and without being traceable to any certain time of birth, do somehow grow and ripen in public departments, and become eventually fathered on the head of the department for the time being? To give an illustration from recent events in this country, it is far from unlikely that some historian of the future, writing of the crisis through which the world is now moving, and seeking to put his finger upon some definite event, rather than a general drift, as the *fons et origo*, might single out Mr. Churchill (as Mr. Churchill has here singled out Aerenthal), pointing to the decision to put Great Britain back on the Gold Standard as the first step in the process of collapse. It would be good dramatic construction, and might make superb reading. The Napoleon of finance sitting at the Treasury; the harassed officials; the moment of decision. One can almost imagine how Mr. Churchill himself would describe it: "In that moment rang the knell of Old England" (he would doubtless comment); "the glory of Nelson, the splendour of the Armistice, both passed away; and nothing succeeded to them but the grinding wheels of economics." It would be stirring prose, no doubt, but would it be sound history if it omitted to give weight to the pedestrian pressure of Treasury officials and the City of London? The Minister may strut as an autocrat and take the credit and the kicks, but, in practice, autocracy of that kind is not in human nature. The most absolute ruler is ruled by others—as the influence of Monsignor Talbot over Pio Nono reminds us. Lenin was powerfully

swayed by his entourage. Even Mussolini, could one peer behind the façade, would not be a figure of iron. The man of iron is made of Hollywood. The conspiratorial diplomatist is at best Seton Merriman. The historian's job is to show us the multitude of hands in the department, as well as the puppet whom they guide.

We suffer to-day from the effort to make history "interesting", by dramatising persons and events. The place for drama is the stage, where, by the way, the technical development is all in the direction of showing the dramatic quality of the essentially undramatic. Human life is not dramatic and packed with antitheses. The dramatic thing about life is the hum-drummery of life. Under the sub-heading "Doom", on page 81, Mr. Churchill, after printing a conversation between Berchtold and Conrad von Hotzendorf, in which the procedure to be followed against Serbia was rather off-handedly discussed, proceeds: "Sentence of death had thus been signed, sealed and delivered upon the Empire of the Habsburgs, upon the Russia of Peter and of Catherine the Great, and upon the Germany of Bismarck. The end of the world of Queen Victoria was at hand." These are splendid phrases; but are they historical phrases? We ask ourselves where we have read this kind of thing before, and our memory replies that we have read it in Macaulay's History of England. It is the method of the pamphleteer rather than the historian. Is it to be supposed, if there had been no ultimatum to Serbia, that the Germany of Bismarck, (which, by the way, is a passingly inaccurate description of the Germany of 1914) would not have shattered itself otherwise; that the empire of the Habsburgs conceivably could have been held together for more than a few years; that the Russia which so nearly foundered in 1907 would not, in any case, have run aground by 1917; and that the world of Queen Victoria would have gone on everlasting? The true historical view is not that the Archduke's murder and the ultimatum to Serbia brought on the War, so much as that they were symptoms, like the rash of scarlet fever, or the pustules of the bubonic plague, of a deadly malady with which the whole of Europe was infected.

Having said so much, I am smitten by anxiety lest I should seem to imply that Mr. Churchill has not written a good book. It is not a good history—at least not in my judgment. But it is magnificently worth reading. The best history—that is to say, the most accurate history—is often diabolically bad reading. Anyone who has made a comparison of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, with Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, will understand the distinction. The painstaking Motley is heavy-going. The gloriously partisan old Gibbon, like the equally partisan Macaulay, careers through the ages, trampling facts underfoot and telling a story. Gibbon is read where Motley is only consulted. And Mr. Churchill deserves to be read for the sweep of his prose and the vividness of his picture. Where he fails as an historian he fails in the company of Gibbon and Macaulay (which is uncommon good company)—not so much by the suppression or selection of facts, which was their vice, as by the colour of his comments on the facts, and the infusion of his personality into the narrative. You cannot get away from his personality even should you wish to, which you will not. He is a man of action and an artist of letters, bringing to the telling of a tale the tremendous courage and the abounding vitality that go with such characters, together with a creative capacity that, while it brings life into every page, cannot help transforming and gilding the narrative as it goes along.

Whenever I read Mr. Churchill's books I exhaust myself in excitement, as if I were watching a battle being enacted before me; for he has the quality of projecting himself through the printed page, and you can't help feeling, if he had had charge of it all, how infinitely better the whole thing would have been done.

As a piece of descriptive narrative, his book is superb. You follow the fortunes of the old Emperor; of Hindenburg waiting in Hanover; of Ludendorf coming out of confusion to prove his worth, and thereafter puffed up with egotism; of François at Tannenberg, putting (if the modification of an immortal phrase may be permitted) his deaf ear to the telephone. You share the perplexities of von Moltke; you are with Samsonov in his despair and suicide; you are carried to heights of hope when it seems the War must end; you are struck down into despair by the pitiless intervention of fortune. Hither and thither, all over Europe, the narrative carries you breathless. Now you are in Antwerp with the Belgians; now in London with Kitchener. You share the Kaiser's dread when the battles of Ypres have signalled disaster. You see the break-up of the Russian front and the Czar's train rumbling back to ruin. A few tremendous sentences hammer home the tragedy—and you shut the book, and come back to earth saying: "*What* a film scenario! . . . I wonder what really happened?"

PRINCE VON BÜLOW: Memoirs, 1903-1909. *Putnam.* 25s.

THE long leisure and easy circumstances which Prince von Bülow enjoyed for twenty years after his resignation of the Chancellorship in 1909, lent themselves to the production of the sort of monumental work which his countrymen delight in, but which he himself pleasantly satirises on page 322: "the besetting sin of our Foreign Policy is the tendency to refer the events and questions of the present to causes far too remote in the past." However, in spite of the apparent efforts of the English publisher, by the use of thick paper and great capitals widely spaced on the cover to make the volume look even more monumental than its 520 closely printed pages demand, these Memoirs are by no means as formidable as they look and will prove a considerable source of amusement even to the casual reader. Prince Bülow had unequalled opportunities of studying the mentality of that entertaining, if devastating, personality in European politics, William II, and he reveals not a few of those plunges into diplomacy and picturesque personal interventions which made the first decade of the twentieth century so fertile in journalistic "scoops".

The year 1903 was in more than one aspect a critical one. At home the Social Democrats had scored heavily in the elections. The Kaiser met their success by a telegram to his Chancellor, not even safeguarded by cipher, that it was all one to him "whether red, yellow or black monkeys gambolled in the Reichstag". Abroad, France showed a dangerous tendency to come to a good understanding with England, regardless of any supposed German interests in the Mediterranean. The Kaiser set off on a Mediterranean cruise on a Hamburg-Amerika liner, with a squadron in attendance, and expressed to the Chancellor his intention of intercepting President Loubet on his way home from Naples. An hour's talk on a German quarter-deck, he thought, would have an excellent effect, though he was somewhat perturbed over the ceremonial proper to the occasion. "It is contrary to my legitimist principles", he wrote "to let the band of any German boat play the 'Marseillaise.'" Finally he compromises on the military march

"Sambre et Meuse"; but, as tact on the part of the commodores of both squadrons contrived to elude such a meeting, the President escaped the interview, however harmoniously heralded.

But some of the Kaiser's indiscretions were harder to deal with the letter, for instance, sent direct to Lord Tweedmouth as Head of the Admiralty suggesting a check upon naval construction; or the interview with an English Military Attaché which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. The latter story Prince von Bülow tells in such fulness that one is reminded of the proverb *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. It seems almost incredible that a Chancellor of his experience, with such an *enfant terrible* of a sovereign, should have passed, as he says he passed, the MS. of any interview which that sovereign proposed to publish on to his subordinates, and merely have taken their word for it that it was innocuous. Yet the Prince avers that that is what he did. When the storm broke, he gallantly faced it, and did his best to shield his sovereign. Six months later the Chancellor resigned.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

OUR FATHERS, by Alan Bott. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

MR. ALAN BOTT'S task is neither to rehabilitate the Victorians nor to deride them; all he desires is to exhibit them, and to exhibit them, in the most literal sense, as they drew themselves. In other words, his book is three parts contemporary pictures, and only one part text. He gives a rapid history of the second half of the great Queen's reign, but only as a background to his pictures, which are chosen from the unique store of drawings which the illustrated weeklies of our youth provided. It is a new and excellent idea, for, as Mr. Bott says, we shall never see their like again. The present generation, familiar with the riot of cheap photographic reproductions which bespatter the pages of the popular Press, has little conception of the admirable craftsmanship of these wood-blocks, which competition and the necessity of rapid production have swept away. As art they were no doubt a long way behind the lovely prints and engravings of an earlier and still more leisurely period; but as a living effort to recapture the spirit of a scene and to record current events and changing manners they were as superior to the facile process block of to-day as a portrait painting is to a snapshot. The artists commissioned to draw them, either as eye-witnesses or "from information supplied" were sometimes men of the stamp of Herkomer, du Maurier, Brangwyn and W. L. Wylie. Mr. Bott has combed the sources where their work appeared with an almost scientific thoroughness, and one may look upon the result as the quintessence of later Victorian England. He revives for us the era when hansoms and bicycles filled the streets, when the Crystal Palace was deemed London's favourite "temple of pleasure", when woman, in a land not yet over-populated, still maintained the sex taboo and went to the Park and the tennis ground in corsets and bustle, when the political scene was dominated by the glamour of Gladstone and the glitter of Disraeli, and when the British Army, having always, as has been said, prepared for the previous war, provided the illustrated weeklies with stirring pictures of British prowess against feeble foes in a hundred frontier fights. The only traces left of all this, observes our author, are "the English Sunday in the towns, some mildly snobbish hierarchies in the countryside, a Gladstonian unction among elder statesmen, and the Church's outlook on divorce."

H. R. WESTWOOD.

FEDERALISM THROUGH EASTERN EYES

by E. H. CARR

THE PROBLEM OF FEDERALISM, by Sobei Mogi. Two vols. *Allen & Unwin*. 36s.

THE author of this remarkable essay in political science is a Japanese. Professor Laski, who contributes a prefatory note, speaks of "the impact of peculiarly Western conceptions upon a mind to which they have come with the full force of novelty." Occasional phrases display, indeed, a pleasing Oriental detachment, as when we come across a reference to "Nicholai Lenin, a Marxist apostle of revolution." But generally speaking, Mr. Mogi writes as a European for Europeans, and it is evidently his desire to be judged as such. He has produced a work of research of which no European scholar of the highest rank would need to feel ashamed.

The modern history of Federalism goes back, like so much else in the modern world, to Rousseau. Rousseau, deriving from his studies of antiquity a fervent prejudice in favour of the small state, sought to remedy the obvious defects of his ideal by a system of federation, which would "unite the advantages of the large state with those of the small." His genius bestowed on the federal idea the sentimental halo which still surrounds it. Proudhon, that malicious and destructive genius who voted against the French constitution of 1848 "not because it was bad, but because it *was* a constitution," was nevertheless an enthusiastic devotee of Federalism. "Either the twentieth century," he wrote, "will see the era of federations, or humanity will begin over again a purgatory of a thousand years." Bakunin the anarchist, whom Mr. Mogi strangely ignores, convinced himself, by a course of argument incomprehensible to anyone but himself, that while the state is "the most flagrant, most cynical and most complete denial of humanity," Federalism is one of the three sheet-anchors (Atheism and Socialism being the other two) of human salvation. Even in our own day, so matter-of-fact a thinker as Professor Laski has not been deaf to the siren tones of the blessed word "federation". The words Federalism and Imperialism often seem to represent in his pages the opposing forces of Good and Evil; though there is nothing in itself particularly altruistic about a federation, and it would not be in any way paradoxical if, a hundred years hence, Federalism were to be associated in the popular mind with precisely those aggressive and self-seeking qualities in international relations which we now accidentally associate with the word Imperialism.

Mr. Mogi does not, however, allow himself to be tempted by such abstract speculations. The plan of his book is mainly historical. He divides it into three sections devoted respectively to American, British and German federal ideas. This scheme leads him into some difficulties. It compels him to place the French writers on Federalism in the American section (since their ideas were never applied in their own country, and their influence was felt most strongly on the other side of the Atlantic); and Bryce appears both in the British and American sections. The Anglo-Saxon reader may, moreover, be conscious of a certain lack of proportion. It is probably true that three times as much has been written about

Federalism in German as in English. But this does not mean that German federal ideas are three times as important as those which have found expression in the Anglo-Saxon world, or that a writer on Federalism is justified in devoting three-quarters of his book to the study of them. Had Mr. Mogi found it in his heart to omit or curtail his analysis of some of his minor German authorities (not all of whom are of great importance or interest), space might have been found for some mention of the Swiss Confederation, the oldest and most successful federal institution in Europe, and of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which purports to be a federation and about which, on its constitutional side, scarcely anything has yet been published in western Europe.

These are, however, minor criticisms. These two solid tomes are so closely packed with information that the reviewer who emulates Oliver Twist may well be charged with perversity. The English reader will probably be tempted to dip, first of all, into the chapters on British Federalism. He will remember that the two oldest and largest of the self-governing Dominions possess federal constitutions, and that several attempts were made to apply the federal principle in South Africa, before South African unity was eventually realised in the form, not of a federation, but of a union. But he may have forgotten, and will, in any case be glad to be reminded by Mr. Mogi, that there was, in the 'seventies and 'eighties of last century, a strong movement, widely supported in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, as well as in the mother country, for establishing an imperial constitution on a federal basis. An "Imperial Federation League" was founded in 1884 and conducted for many years, through public meetings and pamphlets, a vigorous and influential campaign. The principal opponents of the idea were the "little Englanders", Goldwin Smith and John Morley; but it was killed not so much by the skill of its assailants as by the enthusiasm of its supporters. The conception was attractive; but every attempt to elaborate a concrete scheme revealed insuperable difficulties. The movement survived, in a rather nebulous form, until the first Imperial Conference of 1911, when New Zealand alone, through the mouth of Sir Joseph Ward, spoke in its favour, and Mr. Asquith read over it, with his customary grace and tact, the inevitable funeral oration.

In some interesting concluding remarks, Mr. Mogi considers that the future development of the federal idea will tend to bring about a "renunciation of the absolute notion of legal sovereignty". If he had studied the constitutional problems of the mandatory system set up by the Treaty of Versailles, he might have found other signposts pointing in the same direction.

RETURN TO YESTERDAY, by Ford Madox Ford. *Gollancz.* 18*s.* net.

When Mr. Ford Madox Ford is wandering in the maze of reminiscence, there is only one way to follow him; all other ways lead blindly into the ditch. The reader must lie back upon his pillows, clear his mind of dates and statistics, and relax implicitly to the flow of his author's rich and glamorous imagination. If the reader sit forward to his desk, provided with pen and paper, to start upon the dreary business of comparison and verification, he will be irretrievably lost. He will find Mr. Ford confusing two authors of the same name, and confirming his confusion by circumstantial anecdote; he will find—but what does it matter what he finds? He will have lost what is of infinitely more value than all his pedantic "corrigenda"; he will have

lost track of his author's personality, of his rich and rapid response to experience, his charming and most companionable air of sympathy and understanding—of everything, in short, that makes Mr. Ford at once the most irresponsible and irresistible autobiographer of these lean and hungry years.

"The accuracies I deal in," says Mr. Ford, "are the accuracies of my impressions. If you want factual accuracies you must go to . . . But no, don't go to anyone, stay with me!" The discerning reader will not have penetrated far into these glowing pages, before he has yielded himself, hand and foot, to the invitation. He must go far before finding better company in which to stay.

These reminiscences are scattered over twenty years, from 1894 to 1914. They range from literature to politics, from Winchelsea to New York, from cabbages to queens, from commerce to poetry. Wherever Mr. Ford penetrates, his quick eye takes in the shyest feature of a landscape, the characteristic gesture of a great man bent on hiding his greatness from the little, or of a little man puffily assuming what he imagines to be proper graces of the great. He is as much at home among humbugs as in the quiet confidence of genius; he protests that some people dislike him, but he compels you to believe that that is no fault of his own. He is not so much an egotist as a universal interpreter of alien egotism, and there are a few outstanding figures in the world of his remembrance who will never be more intimately described than they are here.

Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, W. H. Hudson, these have made his chosen company, and

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he reflects, with a wistful air of loneliness, that he can never speak with any one of them again. In the past, however, he has spoken with them to such purpose that he has absorbed their idiosyncrasies, looked out on life through their eyes, and then looked back into the tangle of their little foibles and failings with his own clear sight unblurred by the mists of friendship. He is free enough from sentimentality to be able to regard a friend dispassionately, and his quick, glancing humour is generally kind at heart. Conrad is his central figure, returning again and again into the heart of the narrative, and the portrait of that impetuous, brooding, often disappointed, but perennially courageous genius, will most certainly stand the test of time. But there are other portraits only a little less vivid. Because the natures they portray afforded scantier opportunity; and a posterity that is curious about the enigmatical, elusive personality of Henry James will find no surer guide than Mr. Ford to the hesitations and contradictions of his exacting but expansive temperament.

"Celebrities are always rude to me," he says. Nobody will believe that, although he himself is sometimes, in his impressionistic mood, a trifle rude to celebrities. Still, the accuracy of the impression bites into the sensitive plate. "Partial portraits" some of them may be, but they are all interpretative, "convincing", and alive.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

SELECTED VERSE

PURSUIT OF PSYCHE, by W. J. Turner. *Wishart.* 3s. 6d.

STRICT JOY, by James Stephens. *Macmillan.* 5s.

I HAVE always believed Mr. W. J. Turner to be a poet capable of some sudden eruption into a divine insanity that should make him as oracular as the genius who wrote "The Triumph of Time". Mr. Turner's technique has become more and more original, more chiselled and defined, as he has matured. But maturity, and the labour of perfecting that technique, have not cooled the ardour or dimmed the vision of the younger man. He has never threatened to become safe and conscribed. By some element of wilfulness and wicked perversity, he has kept open a way of escape so that when the summons should come, he might obey.

That summons *has* come. Teased and torn by the problem of love, and exasperated by the old and new philosophies which have tried to answer it, Mr. Turner has suddenly become illuminated, like Saul on the road to Damascus, and has run crying aloud into the wilderness where the answer that is no answer hovers like a mirage. In "Pursuit of Psyche" he has attacked, destroyed, and rebuilt, employing his enemies' weapons, wriggling and changing himself like Proteus in the struggle, and has triumphed. For this poem is superb; a wonderful and audacious musical structure (utilising all his own familiar marmoreal harmonies, but with greater ease and scope), upholding a central idea (or rather vision of that unifying kind which is reached by the human mind only in the highest exercises of the imagination.

The poem is an attack on dualism, that hideous, enervating doctrine which has been at the fate of mankind since the beginning of thought, hardening every reflexion, every ethical effort, and finally breaking them. In this attack Mr. Turner is subtle and quick as fire, snatching evidence for his belief like brands from the two pyres of

experience and thought. He is mystic and materialist, Christian and Hellenist, counter-pointing these orthodoxies with flashes of heresy whose lightnings point the way to his superb conclusion on the unity of love, of lust, of chastity, of flesh and spirit. I truly believe that no poet, not even amongst the Greeks, has paid a more exalted and clear-sighted homage to the spirit of Love than has Mr. Turner in this great hymn to Psyche and Aphrodite in one, the divinity of all poets who are true to their vocation, whether they call themselves Christians, scientific agnostics, or any other name. It would be a sacrilege to tear out quotations from this poem, though passages ring in my ears and I long to share them.

Mr. James Stephens also writes in full command of his mature powers. Always a poet of immediate response to the joys and miseries around him, he has now *developed* (not *arrested*) that spontaneity into a kind of sensuous philosophy, giving, as his title implies, strictness to the joy, and purpose to the misery, by which his genius is kindled.

The result is a lovely serenity, a glow of evening gold over his work, that smooths down the excitement of immediate experiences, veiling feeling in thought, and typifying the particular in the same way as did the Greek sculptors.

"For, as he meditated misery
And cared it into song—strict care, strict joy,
Caring for grief he cared his grief away!
And those sad songs, tho' woe be all the theme,
Do not make us grieve who read them now
—Because the poet makes grief beautiful."

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WISHART

These intellectual activities—though indeed they are more spiritual than mental, if the two can be divided—have been undertaken by Mr. Stephens as an urgent and desperate measure. Every man whose youth has been tender with wonder and sympathy over the new universe which has been made for him, is stricken sooner or later by disaster. His senses grow weary in wonder, and begin to play treachery, withholding authentic responses, and simulating excitement for the purpose of some base desire. They learn the trick of habit-forming, and function when there is no true stimulus, lying asleep and cold when real need comes. Then life becomes a middle-age madness, with

> "Strange frenzy, wakening at heart of love!
> O cruelty, at mid of gentleness!
> Horror, at very quick and pith of life!
> How shall we see! How dwell upon! Or out
> To credible bring what from imbecile!"

Then begins the real labour of life, the effort of the baffled man to save his soul from this splitting asunder of the world on which he stood. That dreadful thing again—Duality! Most people accept the catastrophe, and build over it a wobbling structure of religion, with a room each side the abyss, living now guiltily in one, The Flesh, and now conscience-stricken in the other, The Spirit. But thus divided in will, a man can never be alone, and without solitude he can never know peace. Mr. Stephens has realised that such a shaky dwelling is no place for the poet who wants "to remember in tranquillity," and therefore,

> "He dares to be alone! He dares
> Waste, and blank, and mystery:
> Not desolation, dreadful airs,
> Not silence, nor the clamouring sea
> Can edge his wise tranquillity,
> Nor fret his joy—
> For only this,
> To be sufficient and alone,
> Is joy, and joy's rewarding kiss,
> Is ecstasy, and all of bliss
> That bird, or man, or god hath known."

RICHARD CHURCH.

MINNIE MAYLOW'S STORY, by John Masefield. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

SELECTED POEMS, by L. A. G. Strong. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.

MIRRORS AND ANGLES, by V. H. Friedlaender; pencil sketches by Margaret Dobson, A.R.E. *Country Life.* 10s. 6d.

NEW ENGLISH POEMS, collected by Lascelles Abercrombie. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Among the holders of reverend position now no longer exempt as by right from assault that is anything but reverent we must number to-day the Poet Laureate; not necessarily, be it understood, Mr. Masefield himself, but the Laureate whoever he be. That, in a way, is a relief, though I am far from wishing to suggest that Laureate-baiting be indulged in as a pastime, much as such a pastime would endear itself to many. Mr. Masefield, one might almost say, was by no means entirely to be congratulated on his elevation to the position he holds; for not only do we tend to expect always something excellent, if not exalted, from the Laureate, but Mr. Masefield, even before he received the honour, was not invariably either excellent or exalted.

That he is a true poet in the best meaning of the English tradition few will be found to deny. There is even a deal of fine and beautiful poetic writing in his new volume, *Minnie Maylow's Story*. The apparent artlessness of the narrative verse which he employs very largely here, as in his earlier *Midsummer Night*, is by no means as artless as a first reading might

suggest, and in Mr. Masefield's hands becomes a potent instrument for the creation of beauty—the beauty of word poetry and detailed description. Were these the sole criteria of fine work, *Minnie Maylow's Story*, despite the few lapses we always expect of its author, might very well be acclaimed a success.

But that it is not an unqualified success must be apparent to every reader. Not only do we meet here with the lapses from poetry which, everywhere except in his sonnets, have jarred on us in Mr. Masefield's earlier work—lapses we have been willing to condone for the greater excellence of the whole; but there is much in this book which we cannot help feeling to be unworthy of its author and, if one may use the word, unjustified. "Minnie Maylow's Story" itself, dexterously though he rings the changes on the never-ending swarm of locusts; "Young John of Chance's Stretch" and "Richard Whittington", to mention only three of the pieces, are, frankly, unworthy of their author, even if, as spoken narratives or scenes recited by his "beautiful speakers", they succeed in satisfying their author.

But Mr. Masefield's failings do not end here; and what are we to say of a Laureate who deliberately (it cannot be otherwise) invents an alternative ending to the story of Tristan, lovely as much of his version may be? Or again of a Laureate who so far forgets himself as to make Achilles participate at the sack of Troy? Such lapses would be unpardonable in a lesser poet than Mr. Masefield; in a Laureate—nothing too strong can be said of them.

Nevertheless, there are moments still when Mr. Masefield warms the heart—moments of lyric beauty and delicate touch, and others more stirring, like the description by Brutos by the chariot race in "The Wild Swan". If Mr. Masefield always wrote like this—one might weary of him from time to time; but a new volume from his pen would

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be something to jump at in this case, and we should be spared (to say the least) many moments of irritation and bathos.

Mr. Strong is already known as a poet of some standing as well as a novelist of promise. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he has wisely made a representative selection of poems from five published books, instead of giving us a "collected" volume up to date. Never primarily an intellectual, he restricts himself to the things he knows, sparing us the tortuous self-revelations of much modern poetry and adopting more often an objective standpoint. Consequently we find in him warmth, vigour, sympathy, a rare, if occasional, delicacy, a broad humour and a penetrating observation. His book is divided into six sections—Dublin, Devon, Epitaphs, Other Epigrams, Love Poems, and Scotland—in all of which there is something excellent. His thumbnail sketches are first rate; his lyrics betray the sure touch of a sensitive artist; and if latterly he seems to be developing beyond his "village rustic" stage, such poems as "Rain" and "Departure" show that the development is in a forward direction and hold out even higher hopes for his future.

I would recommend Miss Friedlaender's poems for a quiet hour, when tired, by the fireside. She is, perhaps, more a woman's poet than a man's, quiet, whimsical, and reflective; a poet of the everyday. That is not to say that she is commonplace; far from it; only that her poetry (and it is real poetry) springs from sources common to us all, so that its insight, delicacy and humour will appeal to many who do not always wish to breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain tops. Her book, with Miss Dobson's charming sketches, will make an ideal Christmas gift.

New English Poems is rather disappointing. It leaves one not the least surprised that poetry to-day is out of favour. Not that there are no good poems here. The trouble is that there are so few in a book representing forty-six living poets, most of them fairly well known by name. Professor Abercrombie tells us that we to-day are in no position to see or judge our poetry "in the round". That may be so; yet in some respects we can forestall the later critic. He will, I fancy, among other things, remark on the very unlyrical, unspontaneous nature of our too-introspective intellectuality. We suffer, yes; and become disillusioned—a result which, as Mr. Priestley has said, is not productive of great poetry. *New English Poems*, therefore, left me feeling not a little despondent. Nevertheless, it is good to welcome such worthy work as is here to be found from the pens of Edmund Blunden, Wilfred Rowland Childe, Wilfrid Gibson, Frank Kendon and Miss Sackville-West, to mention only the most outstanding.

JOHN LISSELL.

GIOTTO. THE LEGEND OF ST. FRANCIS AS DEPICTED IN THE ASSISI FRESCOES AND FAITHFULLY COPIED BY EDITH M. COWLES, with a foreword by G. K. Chesterton. *Dent.* 21s.

THE PRODIGAL SON, shown in pictures by Thomas Derrick. *Blackwell.* 7s. 6d.

THE PARADISE OF TINTORETTO, by J. Howard Whitehouse. *Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6d.

CONFRONTED with three picture-books, one is bound to speak of Art. However wide the separation between Giotto, Tintoretto and Mr. Thomas Derrick, separation of centuries, of race and place, all three are artists, choosing, instead of a life lived to themselves alone, a life of communication with as many as possible of their fellow human

beings. For you cannot be an artist without this impulse—the desire to have others see your point of view, share some undefined difference or intensity of vision, to be in some sort pioneer, leader, teacher—not of morals, but of fulness of life.

Something of what Giotto communicated can be had to-day by turning the tenderly coloured prints in this portfolio. The life of St. Francis, a subject, as one might say, commissioned by the world, is only incidental. What we go to Giotto's pictures for, after so many centuries, is not so much St. Francis as Giotto. The fresh simplicity, faith that is so unselfconscious that it is trust, the direct look, the delight in tall slender buildings, in sunlight, clear sky, and crowds—these things are to be had from the St. Francis frescoes because Giotto painted them, and not because they illustrate the life of St. Francis. I feel strongly, after looking at these twenty-eight reproductions of copies, that Giotto was not a subordinate, an illustrator. His job, as the Franciscans saw it, was to tell the important incidents in the life of their Little Father; but the money they paid was the less important part of his wages. His job, as he or God or destiny saw it, was to organize twenty-eight moments of a clear, full-feeling vision of lovely order, to fill each one of those score of squares with shapes, lights, colours, in a labour of strict sincerity: each painting a double problem—to satisfy the Franciscans without robbing Giotto the artist of his other and all-important wages, the satisfaction of intention by achievement. Giotto has survived to give delight to men because he did the work his hand found to do with all his might, the work being not to preach religion, not even to honour St. Francis, but to paint bright pictures.

One is not so certain of Mr. Thomas Derrick (who will probably be astonished to find himself spoken of in the same breath as Giotto). In *The*

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Compton Mackenzie (*Daily Mail*). "The perfect biography. . . . Not merely a vital portrait of his subject, but an historical composition of astonishing yet always unconfused richness.
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That summons *has* come. Teased and torn by the problem of love, and exasperated by the old and new philosophies which have tried to answer it, Mr. Turner has suddenly become illuminated, like Saul on the road to Damascus, and has run crying aloud into the wilderness where the answer that is no answer hovers like a mirage. In "Pursuit of Psyche" he has attacked, destroyed and rebuilt, employing his enemies' weapons, wriggling and changing himself like Proteus in the struggle, and has triumphed. For this poem is superb; a wonderful and audacious architecture (utilising all his own familiar marmoreal harmonies, but with greater ease and scope), upholding a central idea (or rather vision) of that unifying kind which is reached by the human mind only in the highest exercises of the imagination.

The poem is an attack on dualism, that hideous, enervating doctrine which has been at the root of mankind since the beginning of thought, hardening every religion, every ethical effort, and finally breaking them. In this attack Mr. Turner is subtle and quick as fire, snatching evidence for his belief like brands from the two pyres of

experience and thought. He is mystic and materialist, Christian and Hellenist, counter-pointing these orthodoxies with flashes of heresy whose lightnings point the way to his superb conclusion on the unity of love, of lust, of chastity, of flesh and spirit. I truly believe that no poet, not even amongst the Greeks, has paid a more exalted and clear-sighted homage to the spirit of Love than has Mr. Turner in this great hymn to Psyche and Aphrodite in one, the divinity of all poets who are true to their vocation, whether they call themselves Christians, scientific agnostics, or any other name. It would be a sacrilege to tear out quotations from this poem, though passages ring in my ears and I long to share them.

Mr. James Stephens also writes in full command of his mature powers. Always a poet of immediate response to the joys and miseries around him, he has now *developed* (not *arrested*) that spontaneity into a kind of sensuous philosophy, giving, as his title implies, strictness to the joy, and purpose to the misery, by which his genius is kindled.

The result is a lovely serenity, a glow of evening gold over his work, that smooths down the excitement of immediate experiences, veiling feeling in thought, and typifying the particular in the same way as did the Greek sculptors.

"For, as he meditated misery
And cared it into song—strict care, strict joy,
Caring for grief he cared his grief away!
And those sad songs, tho' woe be all the theme,
Do not make us grieve who read them now
—Because the poet makes grief beautiful."

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—*Evening Telegraph.*

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WOLVES OF THE CHANNEL
By W. BRANCH JOHNSON
Illustrated. 15s.
"A vastly entertaining book, full of thrilling tales of the sea and daring adventures of men who were bold and fearless."—*Sheffield Independent.*

WISHART

These intellectual activities—though indeed they are more spiritual than mental, if the two can be divided—have been undertaken by Mr. Stephens as an urgent and desperate measure. Every man whose youth has been tender with wonder and sympathy over the new universe which has been made for him, is stricken sooner or later by disaster. His senses grow weary in wonder, and begin to play treachery, withholding authentic responses, and simulating excitement for the purpose of some base desire. They learn the trick of habit-forming, and function when there is no true stimulus, lying asleep and cold when real need comes. Then life becomes a middle-age madness, with

"Strange frenzy, wakening at heart of love!
O cruelty, at mid of gentleness!
Horror, at very quick and pith of life!
How shall we see! How dwell upon!
Or out
To credible bring what from imbecile!"

Then begins the real labour of life, the effort of the baffled man to save his soul from this splitting asunder of the world on which he stood. That dreadful thing again Duality! Most people accept the catastrophe, and build over it a wobbling structure of religion, with a room each side the abyss, living now guiltily in one, The Flesh, and now conscience-stricken in the other, The Spirit. But thus divided in will, a man can never be alone, and without solitude he can never know peace. Mr. Stephens has realised that such a shaky dwelling is no place for the poet who wants "to remember in tranquillity," and therefore,

"He dares to be alone! He dares
Waste, and blank, and mystery:
Not desolation, dreadful airs,
Not silence, nor the clamouring sea
Can edge his wise tranquillity,
Nor fret his joy -
For only this,
To be sufficient and alone,
Is joy, and joy's rewarding kiss,
Is ecstasy, and all of bliss
That bird, or man, or god hath known"

RICHARD CHURCH.

MINNIE MAYLOW'S STORY, by John Masefield. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

SELECTED POEMS, by L. A. G. Strong. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.

MIRRORS AND ANGLES, by V. H. Friedlaender; pencil sketches by Margaret Dobson, A.R.E. *Country Life.* 10s. 6d.

NEW ENGLISH POEMS, collected by Lascelles Abercrombie. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Among the holders of reverend position now no longer exempt as by right from assault that is anything but reverent we must number to-day the Poet Laureate; not necessarily, be it understood, Mr. Masefield himself, but the Laureate whoever he be. That, in a way, is a relief, though I am far from wishing to suggest that Laureate-baiting be indulged in as a pastime, much as such a pastime would endear itself to many. Mr. Masefield, one might almost say, was by no means entirely to be congratulated on his elevation to the position he holds; for not only do we tend to expect always something excellent, if not exalted, from the Laureate, but Mr. Masefield, even before he received the honour, was not invariably either excellent or exalted.

That he is a true poet in the best meaning of the English tradition few will be found to deny. There is even a deal of fine and beautiful poetic writing in his new volume, *Minnie Maylow's Story*. The apparent artlessness of the narrative verse which he employs very largely here, as in his earlier *Midsummer Night*, is by no means as artless as a first reading might suggest, and in Mr. Masefield's hands becomes a potent instrument for the creation of beauty—the beauty of word poetry and detailed description. Were these the sole criteria of fine work, *Minnie Maylow's Story*, despite the few lapses we always expect of its author, might very well be acclaimed a success.

But that it is not an unqualified success must be apparent to every reader. Not only do we meet here with the lapses from poetry which, everywhere except in his sonnets, have jarred on us in Mr. Masefield's earlier work—lapses we have been willing to condone for the greater excellence of the whole; but there is much in this book which we cannot help feeling to be unworthy of its author and, if one may use the word, unjustified. "Minnie Maylow's Story" itself, dexterously though he rings the changes on the never-ending swarm of locusts; "Young John of Chance's Stretch" and "Richard Whittington", to mention only three of the pieces, are, frankly, unworthy of their author, even if, as spoken narratives or scenes recited by his "beautiful speakers", they succeed in satisfying their author.

But Mr. Masefield's failings do not end here; and what are we to say of a Laureate who deliberately (it cannot be otherwise) invents an alternative ending to the story of Tristan, lovely as much of his version may be? Or again of a Laureate who so far forgets himself as to make Achilles participate at the sack of Troy? Such lapses would be unpardonable in a lesser poet than Mr. Masefield; in a Laureate—nothing too strong can be said of them.

Nevertheless, there are moments still when Mr. Masefield warms the heart—moments of lyric beauty and delicate touch, and others more stirring, like the description by Brutos by the chariot race in "The Wild Swan". If Mr. Masefield always wrote like this—one might weary of him from time to time; but a new volume from his pen would

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By J. M. KEYNES, C.B. 10s. 6d. net.
This is Mr. Keynes's first volume of collected essays. It contains various writings on public affairs from 1919 to 1931 (including extracts from his published books).

Vacant Thrones
SIR IAN MALCOLM
Author of *Lord Balfour: A Memory.*
"In these vivid sketches of the many notable politicians he has met at close quarters he supplies a number of personal details which undoubtedly help to make the dry bones of biography live . . . these interestingly intimate recollections."—*Daily Telegraph.*
Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

Unpublished Early Poems
By ALFRED TENNYSON. Edited by CHARLES TENNYSON (his grandson).
Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
This Edition consists of 1500 copies composed in Imprint type and printed on Whatman hand-made paper by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., at the Chaucer Press, Bungay.

Macmillan

be something to jump at in this case, and we should be spared (to say the least) many moments of irritation and bathos.

Mr. Strong is already known as a poet of some standing as well as a novelist of promise. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he has wisely made a representative selection of poems from five published books, instead of giving us a "collected" volume up to date. Never primarily an intellectual, he restricts himself to the things he knows, sparing us the tortuous self-revelations of much modern poetry and adopting more often an objective standpoint. Consequently we find in him warmth, vigour, sympathy, a rare, if occasional, delicacy, a broad humour and a penetrating observation. His book is divided into six sections—Dublin, Devon, Epitaphs, Other Epigrams, Love Poems, and Scotland—in all of which there is something excellent. His thumbnail sketches are first rate; his lyrics betray the sure touch of a sensitive artist; and if latterly he seems to be developing beyond his "village rustic" stage, such poems as "Rain" and "Departure" show that the development is in a forward direction and hold out even higher hopes for his future.

I would recommend Miss Friedlaender's poems for a quiet hour, when tired, by the fireside. She is, perhaps, more a woman's poet than a man's, quiet, whimsical, and reflective; a poet of the everyday. That is not to say that she is commonplace; far from it; only that her poetry (and it is real poetry) springs from sources common to us all, so that its insight, delicacy and humour will appeal to many who do not always wish to breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain tops. Her book, with Miss Dobson's charming sketches, will make an ideal Christmas gift.

New English Poems is rather disappointing. It leaves one not the least surprised that poetry to-day is out of favour. Not that there are no good poems here. The trouble is that there are so few in a book representing forty-six living poets, most of them fairly well known by name. Professor Abercrombie tells us that we to-day are in no position to see or judge our poetry "in the round". That may be so; yet in some respects we can forestall the later critic. He will, I fancy, among other things, remark on the very unlyrical, unspontaneous nature of our too-introspective intellectuality. We suffer, yes; and become disillusioned—a result which, as Mr. Priestley has said, is not productive of great poetry. *New English Poems*, therefore, left me feeling not a little despondent. Nevertheless, it is good to welcome such worthy work as is here to be found from the pens of Edmund Blunden, Wilfred Rowland Childe, Wilfrid Gibson, Frank Kendon and Miss Sackville-West, to mention only the most outstanding.

JOHN LINNELL.

GIOTTO. THE LEGEND OF ST. FRANCIS AS DEPICTED IN THE ASSISI FRESCOES AND FAITHFULLY COPIED BY EDITH M. COWLES, with a foreword by G. K. Chesterton. *Dent.* 21s.

THE PRODIGAL SON, shown in pictures by Thomas Derrick. *Blackwell.* 7s. 6d.

THE PARADISE OF TINTORETTO, by J. Howard Whitehouse. *Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6d.

CONFRONTED with three picture-books, one is bound to speak of Art. However wide the separation between Giotto, Tintoretto and Mr. Thomas Derrick, separation of centuries, of race and place, all three are artists, choosing, instead of a life lived to themselves alone, a life of communication with as many as possible of their fellow human beings. For you cannot be an artist without this impulse—the desire to have others see your point of view, share some undefined difference or intensity of vision, to be in some sort pioneer, leader, teacher—not of morals, but of fulness of life.

Something of what Giotto communicated can be had to-day by turning the tenderly coloured prints in this portfolio. The life of St. Francis, a subject, as one might say, commissioned by the world, is only incidental. What we go to Giotto's pictures for, after so many centuries, is not so much St. Francis as Giotto. The fresh simplicity, faith that is so unselfconscious that it is trust, the direct look, the delight in tall slender buildings, in sunlight, clear sky, and crowds—these things are to be had from the St. Francis frescoes because Giotto painted them, and not because they illustrate the life of St. Francis. I feel strongly, after looking at these twenty-eight reproductions of copies, that Giotto was not a subordinate, an illustrator. His job, as the Franciscans saw it, was to tell the important incidents in the life of their Little Father; but the money they paid was the less important part of his wages. His job, as he or God or destiny saw it, was to organize twenty-eight moments of a clear, full-feeling vision of lovely order, to fill each one of those score of squares with shapes, lights, colours, in a labour of strict sincerity: each painting a double problem—to satisfy the Franciscans without robbing Giotto the artist of his other and all-important wages, the satisfaction of intention by achievement. Giotto has survived to give delight to men because he did the work his hand found to do with all his might, the work being not to preach religion, not even to honour St. Francis, but to paint bright pictures.

One is not so certain of Mr. Thomas Derrick (who will probably be astonished to find himself spoken of in the same breath as Giotto). In *The*

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Hugh Walpole in *The English Review*:—"These letters reveal more fully than have been revealed before two important and interesting personalities, or rather they amplify . . . . Bernard Shaw is the most generous, kind-hearted fellow alive. . . . Of all the enchanting, generous, unselfish women who have enriched the English theatre, Ellen Terry is supreme."

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By BRIG.-GEN. C. BALLARD, C.B., C.M.G. 15s. *net*

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STRANGE INTELLIGENCE
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By HECTOR C. BYWATER and H. C. FERRABY 10s. 6d. *net*

Daily Telegraph:—"A candid and piquant record of the actual work performed by agents of our Naval Secret Service, it differs from the ordinary class of 'spy' literature by being based solely on fact. The authors contrive to put a thrill into every chapter."

FREDERICK II (1194-1250)
By ERNST KANTOROWICZ. English Edition by E. O. Lorimer. 27s. *net*

D. C. Somervell (*News Chronicle*):—"A Life of Frederick II at last. . . . A mine of interesting and detailed information. The translation is excellent."

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CONSTABLE

MAID IN WAITING, by John Galsworthy. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

MR. & MRS. PENNINGTON, by Francis Brett Young. *Heinemann*, 8s. 6d.

MR. GALSWORTHY has established a tradition of his own. The mansion of the Forsytes stood empty when the spirit of Soames fled, and nothing thereafter could inhabit the house with dignity. Now, following the same tradition, the foundation for another mansion is laid. The Charwells (pronounced Cherrell) are not men of property, but, like the Forsytes, they represent a fineness and strength in English life which time and change are threatening to destroy.

The Forsytes were city men; the Cherrells are of the land; not the rollicking, fox-hunting kind, with a veneration for everything that is "County," but simpler, quieter folk, with less wealth and more breeding, and with two simple tenets of faith: a firm belief in their right to certain privileges, and a sense of duty to their country. From such families have come the soldiers, sailors, priests, and judges of England. Theirs is the tradition of service.

The Cherrells promise a development as interesting as that of the Forsytes. Mr. Galsworthy is always at his best in working on a large canvas, and *Maid in Waiting* suffers nothing in comparison with its predecessors in comprehensiveness of outline and unity of idea.

In accordance with Mr. Galsworthy's traditional method, the emotional storm of the story centres round a woman, while the social commentary, so valuable a part of the Galsworthy novel, is made through the men. As it was with Irene and the Forsytes, [illegible] is with Dinny and the Cher[illegible]bout that rich background, would be. On an expedition in Bo[illegible] Hubert Cherrell shoots a muleteer returning to England, the leader the expedition, an American, writes book in which he charges that Hub Cherrell betrayed him. As a conse quence, Cherrell's army career threatened. The situation is compl cated by the fact that the Bolivi Government demand his extradition on a charge of murder. Dinny efforts to save him are the materi from which the plot is made.

But Dinny's tragedy and Hube Cherrell's trial are but ordinary na rative. This book gains its strengt from the clear and moving portraya it makes of a privileged class awakenin to the fact that the new democracy does not recognise its privileges, and discounts the qualities of loyalty and service as a return for them.

With *Mr. and Mrs. Pennington* we descend from high estate to low, from a story of rich background but senti mental thread to a story with a realisti thread but a depressing and not al together convincing background. In a way, the stories are curiously alike, as the most moving, if not the main part of Mr. Brett Young's novel is concerned with Susan Pennington's efforts to save her husband when he is charged with murder. Mr. Brett Young is a con scientious artist, working with assiduity among his humdrum material, and by his very efforts vitalising the murky background of a middle-class provincial town.

Mr. Brett Young is not concerned with social comment. *Mr. and Mrs. Pennington* does not present a picture of middle-class suburban life, but it does present an enlargement of life as it may be lived in "Chatsworth, Ada Road. From that you may generalise, if you wish, but Mr. Brett Young's responsibility has ended with the vivid portrayal of a particular example.

LOVAT DICKSON

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS

THE TWILIGHT OF MAGIC, by Hugh Lofting. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES, by E. Kastner. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

SWALLOWS AND AMAZONS, by Arthur Ransome. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

SWALLOW DALE, by Arthur Ransome. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

THE STORY OF BEASTS, by Eric Fetch Daglish. *Dent*. 6s.

LEGENDS OF ANIMALS FAR AND NEAR, by Rose Yeatman Woolf Tuck. 3s. 6d.

FLOOR GAMES, by H. G. Wells. *Dent*. 5s.

LITTLE WARS, by H. G. Wells. *Dent*. 5s.

THE HOW AND WHY SERIES, 4 Vols. A. & C. Black. 2s, 6d. each.

IN making a selection for review from the stupendous output of juvenile literature at the Christmas season, it is impossible to cater for all ages, and I have thought it best, therefore, to choose a few representative books that would interest the average girl and boy between the ages of ten and fifteen.

As a good jumping-off book from the fairy story of the nursery, I can heartily recommend *The Twilight of Magic*, by Hugh Lofting. This book is a happy blend of magic and adventure, in a mediæval setting. In choosing the romantic background of the Middle Ages, Mr. Lofting has wisely selected a period when anything, one feels, might happen. Witches, the philosopher's stone, and all the alchemist's arts balance so precariously upon the edge of make-believe that it only needs a gentle push to send them tumbling in. The children in the story accept the adventures that come their way in an entirely matter-of-fact manner, as is proper in a tale of this sort, and the Witch Shragga may be seen hobbling down the street in any English village. A good story for the ten-year-old.

For the realists of the younger generation I would suggest Mr. Ransome's two stories of adventures, *Swallows and Amazons* and *Swallowdale*. The first of these was published last year, and received so well that further adventures of the gallant crew of the *Swallow*—John, Susan, Titty and Roger—should be welcomed with joy. These children—I mean the crew—are blessed with sensible parents who allow them, without too much fuss, to sail over to an adjacent island and spend their holidays under canvas. It is obvious that under such conditions, adventures of a surprising nature are bound to happen.

Another book of this nature is *Emil and the Detectives*, translated from the German, which relates the history of a small boy who, sent to visit his relations in Berlin, is robbed of his money. With the aid of a cheerful gang of children, self-styled "The Detectives," Emil foils the thief and recovers the money. Needless to say, virtue, in the form of Emil, receives its due reward, and the gallant youth is publicly thanked by the Mayor and Chief of Police amidst the plaudits of the crowd. And very right and proper too! (I should mention that all these books are charmingly illustrated.)

Leaving fiction for the moment, I would like to include in my list Eric Daglish's *The Story of Beasts*, copiously illustrated by the author's delightful woodcuts. There are few children who are not interested in animals, and, in my opinion, this book strikes just the right note. The writing is clear and straightforward but the youthful reader is not left with the feeling of being "written down to". As an accompanying book I would suggest *Legends of Animals Far and Near*.

I do not know whether I am straying over the border of Christmas books if I mention the new "How and Why



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